

The Heavens 791

Chapter 791: Great Dao Resonance!

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When the Milky Way Sea merged with the Violet Sea, its color changed; it was now indigo-blue!

The water on the surface churned, and the foamy waves suddenly looked like hair floating up from within the sea.

The enormous Resurrection Lily bridge that connected the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches suddenly began to tremble. Then the tentacles retracted from both the shores of the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches!

They pulled back to the surface of the Milky Way Sea to form... a shocking Resurrection Lily!

A seven-colored Resurrection Lily!

The Resurrection Lily was blooming, and its colors were fading along with the Milky Way Sea's change in color. It now bore the semblance of an indigo-blue lotus.

Boundless spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth surged toward the Blue Lotus that had once been a Resurrection Lily, as if the process of transformation desperately needed the entire planet's energy.

Colors flashed in the sky, and the winds screamed. The Ji Clan immediately noticed these phenomena, and the clan members' minds were shaken.

In the lands of the Southern Domain, the ordinary cultivators didn't notice anything more than a slight reduction in the spiritual energy around them. However, the Dao Seeking experts up in midair could detect the astonishing changes that were occurring in the direction of the Milky Way Sea.

The number one most powerful expert of the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, couldn't help but look shocked. The other peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches were also astonished. Now that the Resurrection Lily bridge had disappeared, they had no escape route back to the Northern Reaches!

“Dammit!” Their faces fell.

As for Pill Demon and Patriarch Song, their eyes flickered with killing intent. They weren't sure what the Resurrection Lily was planning to do. Right now, the most important task at hand was slaughtering the Northern Reaches cultivators!

Even if the sky were falling, they would still fight as desperately as before.

Rumbling filled the air, and fierce fighting raged. The three parties of the Northern Reaches, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert all fought bitterly. The Dao Seeking experts up in midair were the same. With the addition of the forces from the Western Desert, the battle was now much more even.

It was now a fair fight!

However, the battle was being fought in the Southern Domain, the home of the Southern Domain cultivators. If the fighting kept going on much longer, the Northern Reaches cultivators would surely be beaten!

Unfortunately, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert would have to pay a grievous price to win this war. However, it had to be won, no matter the cost. Anything was better than the foundation of their cultivation being destroyed.

“Kill them!”

The ground trembled and blood flowed everywhere. The sky was rent, and wild winds whipped across the land. The entire rotation of South Heaven was influenced.

In fact, there were even some areas of the Southern Domain which quaked so badly that the land collapsed, allowing the Milky Way Sea to rush in.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Bloodline Clan's ancestral statuary floated in midair, emanating an ancient aura. Inside the cage, Meng Hao was now facing the most critical danger he had ever faced in his life.

The cage's world was shrinking. As of this moment, he could see that the entire world was barely 30,000 meters wide!

An intense pressure bore down on him, sealing him completely.

Blood oozed out of his mouth. He performed incantation gestures to summon divine abilities. The Blood Demon Grand Magic raged as he attempted to break through the seal. However, nothing worked. No amount of power did anything to affect the area around him.

He could only watch, wide-eyed, as the 30,000-meter world became 25,000 meters, and then continued to shrink.

“Dammit!” he said, his eyes bloodshot. He flew up into the air, focusing all the power of his cultivation base to transform into a shooting star that sped up into the sky in the hopes of making a hole and breaking out.

BOOM!

Meng Hao's body shook violently and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He slammed back into the ground, having done absolutely nothing to weaken the power of the seal.

The area was continuing to shrink. Now there were only 20,000 meters left!

Meng Hao's head suddenly jerked up. His hair was in disarray, and his body was filled with rumbling. He took all of the qi and blood power that he had absorbed earlier and focused it in his right hand, creating... the most powerful punch he had ever unleashed.

At the same time, his cultivation base exploded with incredible ripples, as he focused all of the cultivation base power he had absorbed into his right hand. By now, his right hand was glowing with a blinding, dazzling light.

“Souls!” Meng Hao roared, and vast quantities of struggling souls screamed out. Hundreds of thousands of them seemed to blot out the sky. Then Meng Hao's hand became a black hole that began to suck in the souls.

By now, his fist contained a terrifying destructive power, a power that was the absolute peak of what he could summon. He flew up and then struck out at the sealing barrier which surrounded him.

A massive boom raged out which caused the entire world to shake. Time ground to a halt, and a gigantic vortex ripped open that seemed capable of sucking the whole world into it.

Heaven and Earth distorted, and cracking sounds could be heard. The seal seemed to be on the verge of falling apart, until... the stone monkey in the middle of the world suddenly opened its eyes. A bizarre light shone out, which then surrounded the entire world.

Everything seemed to be freezing over!

BOOM!

The vortex collapsed, and the distortion disappeared. Everything returned to normal. The previous 20,000 meter distance was now 10,000!

Meng Hao coughed up some blood and backed up. The world was shrinking too much, and the pressure weighing down on him had doubled. He coughed up more blood.

An archaic voice echoed out from the stone statue.

“The world of Immortals is the source of all chaos. Immortals are the source of all slaughter. The Immortal Realm must be sealed! Immortals must be suppressed!”

The pressure grew more intense, and Meng Hao could hear cracking sounds inside of him, as if his bones were being broken.

Anyone else in this situation would already have been crushed out of existence; it was only because of his incredibly powerful fleshly body that he could hold out.

“What the hell are you talking about?!” he said. The words spoken by the stone monkey didn’t make any sense to him. However, his eyes were completely shot with blood, and the killing intent he felt in his heart continued to grow stronger. Being stuck in this sealing cage was causing him to feel completely helpless.

“I was a bit too weak just now,” he thought. “This stone monkey’s gaze negates anything I do! I don’t have the power to break open the cage, but... I can borrow some power!” His eyes suddenly filled with a gleam of determination. He took a deep breath, and no longer made any attempts to violently break out. Instead, he sank back down to the ground and sat down cross-legged, a profound look in his eyes.

“I’ve already reached an understanding regarding the path of my Third Severing.... I’ve only been hesitant about the correctness of the path. But now... I might as well just go ahead with it!

“I’ll borrow the power of the blade of the Third Severing, the Dao Severing blade, to break open this cage!” His eyes gleamed with decisiveness.

“My First Severing cut away the Resurrection Lily, and carved out freedom. That was my direction!

“My Second Severing cut away the past, and carved out my Dao Fruit!

“My Third Severing... will cut away the Devil in my heart! I will carve away my desire to become Devilish. That is Devil Severing!

“I must... Sever the Devil and Seek the Dao!” When he looked up, an intense glow could be seen in his eyes. He took a deep breath and began to rotate his cultivation base. He used all of the power of his cultivation base to stimulate the blade of the Third Severing!

In Spirit Severing, there were three blades. As long as one was confident of the Dao, and one’s spirit was ready, the blades could link with Heaven and Earth to cause a Dao blade to descend!

If the Severing was correct, then the cultivation base would experience a breakthrough. If the Severing was incorrect, the body would perish and the Dao would dissipate!

Spirit Severing cultivators who were not 100% confident would not easily perform a Severing. What they feared most was realizing at the last minute that they had Severed incorrectly. Their fate would then be death.

The First Severing was difficult, and the Second was incredibly dangerous. As for the Third Severing... that was the most critical of junctures!

If the Severing was correct, then the cultivator would step into Dao Seeking. If it was incorrect, the cultivator would die. If the Severing was somewhere in between, neither correct nor incorrect, the result was an existence of being crippled. No further advancements would be possible, and they would forever remain in the Third Severing stage until their longevity ran out and they returned to the dust.

As for what was correct and what was incorrect, the answer could only be found in the heart of the cultivator!

If the heart was correct, everything was correct. If the heart was incorrect, so everything else would be!

It had been a profound mystery since ancient times, and even in modern days, no one completely understood the matter.

Meng Hao's cultivation suddenly surged out. It was irrelevant that he was in a cage, or that he was sealed. The Dao was amorphous, and although places existed in Heaven and Earth where there was no Dao, clearly... this cage was not one of those places!

Almost as soon as Meng Hao's cultivation base exploded out to call his blade of the Third Severing, lightning and thunder crashed in the world outside. Rumbling filled the air, and the sky split. A vortex appeared, and the power of a great Dao suddenly emerged.

This great Dao power descended from the starry sky, nearing the lands of South Heaven, and the battlefield on the Southern Domain!

In the blink of an eye, virtually all of the cultivators down below could sense the power of the great Dao. One by one, looks of shock appeared on their faces.

“That's... a great Dao of Spirit Severing!”

“Who's calling to a Dao of Spirit Severing!?”

“Don't tell me someone is about to break through to Spirit Severing right in the middle of the battlefield!?”

Despite the fact that battle was raging, the appearance of the power of a great Dao made it impossible for people to remain calm. From the expressions on the faces of the peak Dao Seeking experts of the three territories, it was clear that they were thoroughly astonished.

Their gazes swept about, but none of them could see anyone who seemed to be attaining Spirit Severing enlightenment.

It was at this point that suddenly, the rumbling great Dao power intensified by tenfold. The vortex up above seemed to be completely obscured. It was as if nothing were left in the world except for the great Dao.

Even the cultivators who were locked in vicious combat suddenly found that it was extremely difficult to utilize any magical techniques or divine abilities. It was as if they were being assimilated by the great Dao.

It was the same with the peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair. People began to gasp, and expressions of shock could be seen everywhere.

“That’s not a blade of First Severing, that’s a Third Severing blade!”

“That can’t be right! There’s never been a Third Severing blade with such astonishing power before!”

“Don’t tell me that....”

Rumbling echoed out as the power of the great Dao grew more intense. The entire sky of the lands of South Heaven was shaking and blurred. And yet, the power of the great Dao grew even stronger. Even the Resurrection Lily in the Milky Way Sea was astonished.

The power of this great Dao was shocking the entire world. It was like a wall that prevented anyone on the battlefield from attacking. Their expressions were that of shock as they realized that the Imperial Bloodline Clan’s ancestral statuary cage was now emanating intense light.

After looking closely, it was possible to see that the source of that light was none other than Meng Hao, who was still in the cage!

The bright light appeared to be some sort of resonance!

A Great Dao Resonance!

Chapter 792: The Dao Becomes a Mist; the Mist Becomes a Blade!

“It’s Meng Hao!!”

“It’s the exalted Meng Hao! How could that dinky ancestral statuary possibly suppress his excellency Meng Hao!?”

“Isn’t his excellency Meng Hao at Dao Seeking...? How could there be a great Dao of Spirit Severing?”

The Southern Domain cultivators were in an uproar, and many of them were completely flabbergasted. From the feeling most people got, Meng Hao couldn’t possibly be in the Spirit Severing stage. Essentially, most people had long forgotten that his cultivation base was actually at the Second Severing level!

In the history of the lands of South Heaven, there had never been a Spirit Severing expert who possessed a peak Dao Seeking clone. Nor had there ever been a battle in which a Spirit Severing cultivator actually fought and killed someone at the peak of Dao Seeking.

The things which these cultivators were witnessing were completely unheard-of. Therefore, there were quite a few people who actually believed that Meng Hao... was at the peak of Dao Seeking!

Of course, the Northern Reaches cultivators’ shock and astonishment was even more intense.

“The ancestral statuary can’t keep him suppressed! Just... where is this guy from!?”

“He’s actually at the Spirit Severing stage? That’s impossible!!”

“Heavens! How... how could he possibly be a mere Spirit Severing cultivator!? If he can fight the peak of Dao Seeking now, then when he steps into Dao Seeking, doesn’t that mean he could fight false Immortals!?!?”

The Northern Reaches cultivators were thoroughly astonished. One by one, they all looked over toward Meng Hao with expressions of shock and disbelief.

These people were not very familiar with Meng Hao. Now that they realized the truth about him, it was almost impossible for them to accept.

As for the Western Desert cultivators, they immediately began to make loud exclamations, the noise of which turned into a sound wave that shook everything.

“The number one non-Immortal in all the lands of South Heaven!”

“The exalted Meng Hao is about to free himself!”

“Spirit Severing into Dao Seeking!”

As for Pill Demon and Patriarch Song, they were unfazed. Although they knew Meng Hao’s true cultivation base, and had gotten used to his incredible power, they had stopped paying attention to the fact that he was actually still in the Spirit Severing stage.

However, the Northern Reaches cultivators did not know this, and they stared with gaping mouths. The obese woman was especially astonished, and she suddenly glanced over at the expressionless face of Meng Hao’s second true self.

Then she started to tremble, and her scalp went numb. She suddenly had the feeling that the Northern Reaches had made a colossal mistake in invading the Southern Domain.

There was someone who was even more shaken than her, a person whose heart filled with massive waves of astonishment. That was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief!

He was in a daze, and could hardly believe what was happening. In fact, he wasn’t willing to believe. The incredible battle he had just experienced with Meng Hao had left him wounded, and had forced him to use the ancestral statuary. And that... was a battle with a Spirit Severing expert!?

“Impossible!” he gasped. His eyes were filled with not just shock, but also terror. He could never have possibly imagined that there really was an unequaled Chosen who could accomplish the things Meng Hao had while merely in the Spirit Severing stage.

In his disbelief, he felt his scalp grow completely numb.

“No matter how you put it, you have to say that the Third Severing is the most critical of all,” he thought. “The slightest mistake, and you immediately perish. Even if you aren’t completely right or wrong, your cultivation base will be forever restrained.

“Meng Hao obviously hasn’t prepared well for the Third Severing, that much can be determined. Therefore, this Spirit Severing right now is being done because he’s been forced into a corner. It’s a forced Severing!

“In that case... if he fails, then he will perish this very day!

“Meng Hao... there’s no way that you can succeed!” The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was truly frightened, and simply couldn’t believe how unimaginably powerful Meng Hao would be if he succeeded in entering into Dao Seeking....

The great Dao was growing even more powerful. The entire sky above South Heaven was now completely obscured.

In the lands of South Heaven, in that tower of Tang, the man and woman stood together, trembling. The woman was excited, and the man was apparently trying to keep his cool, but failing.

They had been waiting for this day for a very, very long time.

“We still can’t go,” murmured the man. “Just wait a bit longer. Only a little bit.... This is the final stretch!

“If he succeeds, then we will finally be able to reunite. If he doesn’t succeed....”

His wife clasped his hand tightly. Both of their palms were slick with sweat.

In their entire lives, this man and woman had never been so nervous, nor was there any event they had ever experienced that was so important. Even if some shockingly powerful individual attempted to interfere with what was happening, they would pay any price to stop that person from causing even the slightest bit of trouble!

“We’ve waited for three lives. For hundreds of years.... Just for this moment!”

“Hao’er, you... must... succeed and reach Dao Seeking!”

Back in the cage, Meng Hao sat cross-legged, trembling slightly, his hair floating around him. The world around him had shrunk down to only about three thousand meters. There was virtually nothing around him except for air. All of the mountains and everything else had been crushed into dust by the shocking pressure.

Cracking sounds could be heard emanating out from his body, as if his skeleton were being ground away.

However, Meng Hao didn’t notice. All of his concentration was focused on summoning the blade of the Third Severing. The more intense his summons grew, the more obscure Heaven and Earth became in the outside world.

The great Dao grew stronger, to the point where a mist appeared.... The mist was first seen on the battlefield and then spread out to cover all of the lands of South Heaven.

The peak Dao Seeking experts from the three territories immediately recognized what was happening. They began to speak in hushed tones, which were overheard by the other cultivators, causing their hearts to tremble.

“That’s....”

“A Dao turned into mist!!”

“The only time a Dao will take form as a mist is when an incredibly powerful expert gains enlightenment of a great Dao! Only then will such transformations of Heaven and Earth take place!!”

“This is something you only hear about in legends! It’s virtually unheard of in the lands of South Heaven!!”

A gleam of excitement appeared in Pill Demon’s eyes, and he almost couldn’t hold back the laughter that burst out in his heart.

Patriarch Song looked equally excited.

In contrast, Meng Hao’s second true self suddenly closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged in midair!

The descent of the great Dao caused all hostilities to cease. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts were incapable of making attacks during the great Dao’s descent. The Northern Reaches experts could do nothing but stare in wide-eyed disbelief at Meng Hao’s second true self sitting there cross-legged.

“Dammit! You’d better not pull it off, Meng Hao!” thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. His heart was pounding.

Currently, all of the powerful experts of the Northern Reaches, Western Desert and Southern Domain were closely observing the scene. Back in the Eastern Lands, the Ji Clan was completely quiet. As for the young Patriarch with the missing arms, he was staring fixedly at what was happening.

By this time, there were other powerful experts from various sects and clans in the Eastern Lands who had also sensed what was happening. Shocked, they sent out their divine sense to observe. However, no one dared to do anything. After all, if the Ji Clan wasn’t interfering, how could they dare to interfere?

It was at this point that, back in the cage, Meng Hao abruptly lifted his head. His eyes opened, and he cried out: “Third Severing!”

His voice echoed back and forth within the world, which had now shrunk to 1,500 meters. At first it didn’t seem that the sound could be heard in the outside world, but in actuality, it was as if there were innumerable Meng Haos issuing an echoing cry that could be heard faintly by those outside.

It almost seemed as if the sound was coming from the mist itself, as if the echoing response came from within the descending great Dao itself.

Countless ears heard the voice, and everyone who did was completely and thoroughly shaken.

As the voice echoed out, the mist that covered all of South Heaven suddenly surged back, roiling as it condensed above the battlefield in the Southern Domain. There, in midair, it formed into the shape...

Of a Mist Blade!!

Mist Blade!

Dao enlightenment!

As soon as the Mist Blade appeared, the eyes of all of the peak Dao Seeking experts on the battlefield went wide. Their minds filled with a roaring sound. Even Pill Demon wore an expression of disbelief.

The fact that there was a Dao that became so strong it turned into a mist was shocking enough. Something legendary like that was possible to accept. However... to see the mist turn into a blade was something that filled them with uncontrollable shock.

“Mist... Blade!!” thought the shocked Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. “That’s... something that should be experienced on the Immortal Mountain, just before pushing open the Door of Immortality, when reaching Immortal Ascension!!”

“Those who achieve true Immortal Ascension must face Immortal Tribulation. After they transcend the tribulation, they will stand on an Immortal Mountain of their own. As they take that step forward, a Mist Blade will fall. Then, they will be severed from the Spirit Realm and have the power to push open the Door of Immortality, and become a true Immortal!

“But he... is using a Mist Blade to perform his Third Severing!! When that Mist Blade slashes through him, it will sever his Spirit Nucleus and stabilize the path to true Immortality!!”

His mind was reeling, and his body trembling. Suddenly, he realized that sending troops into the Southern Domain had been a monumental error!!

All of the peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair were shocked. Of course, it wasn't just them. In the Eastern Lands, the Patriarchs of the various sects were equally astonished. They could hardly believe what they were seeing, and were filled with shock and disbelief.

“Who is that young man!?”

“He's using a Mist Blade for his Third Severing! If he fails then it doesn't matter, but if he succeeds, wouldn't it be a defiance of the Heavens?!”

“If he succeeds, then will he step into Dao Seeking, or Immortality?”

The armless young man in the Ji Clan suddenly rose to his feet, his eyes wide and filled with disbelief.

“Rumor has it that Fang Xiufeng, the number one Chosen in the Fang Clan, used a blade composed of twenty percent mist in his Third Severing. That caused a huge commotion among the ancient clans of the Ninth Mountain. Even the Patriarch watched the whole thing with rapt attention.

“This Meng Hao... he... he's actually even more Heaven-defying in his Spirit Severing than Fang Xiufeng. He's actually... using a complete Mist Blade!”

In the Tower of Tang, the woman gasped.

“The Dao became a mist, and the mist became a blade!” The woman's eyes shone with excitement, and she was trembling violently. “Husband... can you believe Hao'er is doing this!?!? He even... he... he didn't just bring SOME of the mist together, he actually used all of it to make a Mist Blade! He's vastly more shocking than you!!”

“Seventh Year Tribulation,” murmured the man. “Four lifetimes. Three incarnations predestined... Only by preventing his Karma from being contaminated by ours, could we give him a slight chance at life!

“The Dao became a mist, the mist became a blade. That blade will complete the gap between Immortal and Devil!” The man’s eyes shone with a bright light, and he couldn’t help but lift his head up and laugh. “It’s natural that a son of Fang is even more astonishing than his father!”

Chapter 793: Sever the Devil, Seek the Dao!

Third Severing!

The mist sent the sound of his voice throughout the lands of South Heaven, and then it, along with the contraction of the mist, was sucked back in. In the end, the mist was formed into a Mist Blade, and Meng Hao’s voice echoed above the battlefield in shocking fashion.

The Mist Blade looked ordinary in every aspect.

It was made from nothing but mist, and yet that mist... was formed by a great Dao that had reached an utmost purity! Inside of that blade was the distillation of the entirety of the great Dao that had descended!

That blade didn’t just contain the mist from before, all of the obscurity that had existed in the sky had been turned into countless amorphous strands of power that joined the mist in transforming into the enormous blade.

It was a blade, and it was a Dao!

It was a mist, and it was enlightenment!

It was a Mist Blade, and it was Dao enlightenment!

SEVER!

The Mist Blade descended toward the cage. Inside, the stone monkey’s eyes snapped open, and they gleamed with a strange light that tried to fight back against the blade. However, almost as soon as it shone out, the light shattered. The blade dropped, slicing into the cage and bearing down on Meng Hao.

The stone monkey howled and leaped up into the air in an attempt to block the blade.

As soon as it touched the blade, however, rumbling filled its entire body and blood sprayed from its mouth. Then... it was directly sliced in half, powerless to affect the Mist Blade in the least.

There were only three hundred meters left within the world of the cage. As the Mist Blade sliced down, it easily split what had moments before been an unshakable barrier to Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the air as the cage was completely split open!

The walls collapsed, the stone monkey was split in half. The cage that was the ancestral treasure of the Imperial Bloodline Clan was completely destroyed. It finally shattered into countless pieces, and Meng Hao once again appeared in the outside world!

He sat cross-legged just as before, looking up, his white hair fluttering around him. Devilish flames engulfed him, and his skin glowed with a black aura that seemed to penetrate deep down inside him.

That was his Devilish will, the source of his desire to kill. That was his Devilishness!

Rumbling filled the air as everyone looked on mutely. All onlookers were incapable of moving, even the peak Dao Seeking experts.

They could only spectate, wide-eyed, as this once-in-a-lifetime event occurred right in front of their eyes!

The Mist Blade rumbled as it sliced down. When it touched the top of Meng Hao's head, a twinge of pain could be seen on his face. The blackness that surrounded him rapidly flew into motion, becoming countless struggling, twisted faces.

Meng Hao quivered; the pain he was experiencing was indescribable. He almost felt like his body was being ripped apart. And yet, his eyes shone with determination.

By now, it wasn't just the crowds on the battlefield who were watching him. The Patriarchs in the Eastern Lands were using a variety of methods to observe, some of which even came at a high price.

The Ji Clan was looking on, as were the couple in the Tower of Tang.

Everyone was watching closely, keen to find out whether Meng Hao would succeed or fail!

“Sever the Devil!” thought Meng Hao, his eyes shining with decisiveness. He looked at the Mist Blade and let out a powerful roar, and his cultivation base exploded out with incredible power as he stimulated the Devilish will inside of him. Deep within his heart, the desire to slaughter rose up. At the same time, images appeared of all the murderous massacres he had carried out after becoming bedeviled.

The Mist Blade trembled, then continued to descend. This time, it stabbed three inches down into the top of Meng Hao’s head. No blood flowed out, because this was not a physical blade, but a Dao!

And yet, Meng Hao still experienced intense pain, a pain more powerful than he would feel were the blade physical. The black aura began to spread out from him, where, shockingly, it transformed into a face.

That face... looked exactly like Meng Hao’s!

However, it was filled with vileness, savagery, and madness. Devilish qi roared up, and the face opened its mouth, soundlessly howling at the Mist Blade.

The Mist Blade gradually descended further. The power of this blade did not come from the Heavens, from the Earth, or from the underworld. No, it was Meng Hao’s!

This was Meng Hao’s Severing!

The power of the Severing came from his own will. Whatever he wished to Sever, this blade would Sever. If he gave up, then the blade would fade away, and his Spirit Severing would be a failure!

“SEVER!” he said hoarsely, through gritted teeth. Rumbling could be heard as the Mist Blade continued to slice down. It cut through his head, then his neck. The blade trembled. As for the ferocious, vile face that existed around Meng Hao, it was now possible to see a huge split down the middle of it, something that would never be mended.

Miserable screams could be heard coming from the vile face's mouth. Then the face scattered and surged back into Meng Hao's body. Now, everything below his head was completely black.

"My path is not incorrect!" he murmured. "True freedom and true independence! The Resurrection Lily was incapable of possessing me! I even awoke from death! My Dao... is not the Dao of the Devilish!

"Devilishness can be a type of obsession. That kind of perseverance is something that I need. What I don't need is something that controls me. I am not a Devil. I am not an Immortal. I am me and nothing else!" He took a deep breath, and more power poured into the Mist Blade. Rumbling could be heard as it began to slice down once more.

RUMMMMMBLE!

The Mist Blade sliced through his shoulders, and then down to his dantian region. There was now only a moment left, and Meng Hao's Severing would be complete.

Currently, black qi had merged together on either side of him to form the shape of two wings. Gradually, they took on the appearance of Meng Hao himself. One of the figures was roaring in rage at Meng Hao, the other was whispering to him silently.

They seemed unwilling to be severed away; they were born of his Devilish will, and were part of him. They wanted to exist within his mind, and were not willing to be severed.

Meng Hao sat there silently, a blank expression on his face.

As of this moment, he forgot that he was engaged in Spirit Severing. In his mind, he saw two images of himself, and they were fighting each other.

As the Devilish will raged, he thought back to the things he had seen the first time he had charged into the Black Sieve Sect. As the other Devilish will whispered to him, he thought of how he had held Xu Qing's corpse, and the ruthless laughter of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

He paused.

In that moment in which his will paused, the Mist Blade also paused.

Everyone on the battlefield was watching him closely, as were the Patriarchs of the various sects in the Eastern Lands.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief wore an expression of joy. Seeing that Meng Hao was hesitating, he joyously called out in his heart: “Stop! Just stop!”

In the Ji Clan of the Eastern Lands, the armless young man, the Patriarch, looked on with shining eyes.

In the Tower of Tang, the woman looked extremely anxious. And yet, there was nothing she could do. Anything she did to interfere could have a huge negative influence. Everything... was completely up to Meng Hao.

Ten breaths of time passed.

Even though it was a mere ten breaths, to everyone watching it seemed like a very, very long time.

Meng Hao sat there quietly, his eyes closed. When they opened, they were calm, so calm that it was impossible for anyone to tell what he might be thinking. However, the two Devilish images on either side of him appeared to be delighted.

“People say that there are two opposing concepts: good, and evil,” murmured Meng Hao.

“Rather than say my Third Severing is a Severing of the Devilish, it would be better to say that it is a Severing of the evil.

“But... is it really possible to completely Sever evil?”

“If humanity was left only with goodness, perhaps that would make the world a more beautiful. Unfortunately, that isn’t realistic. Without the existence of evil, perhaps good... would no longer be called good.

“Good and evil are the desires of the heart. If I earnestly perform good deeds, evil can be suppressed. Likewise, if I malevolently perform evil deeds, good will be suppressed.

“Perhaps there is nothing truly good or truly evil in the world, similar to what my master Pill Demon told me about what is correct and incorrect.

“What I have... is my own will!

“The choices I make decide everything!” As his voice echoed out, the music of a great Dao rose up around him, as well as the power of natural law. These were things that did not exist moments before, but gradually appeared along with Meng Hao’s words.

Apparently...The laws of nature were being dictated by the words that Meng Hao spoke!!

When the Dao Seeking experts sensed that natural law, their minds trembled. It was at that exact moment that...

“Oh great Dao, continue your severing!”

RUMBLE!

The Mist Blade sliced down through Meng Hao’s dantian region, completely passing through him. Miserable shrieks could be heard emanating out in all directions as the two Devilish figures on either side of him were separated completely from his body.

In that instant, any ferocious air that Meng Hao had faded away. The aura of a scholar returned. Furthermore, the mark on his right hand once again flickered brightly, filled with an aura of mystery. Powerful natural law surged around him, distorting the air, transforming into a shocking windstorm that swept about.

After witnessing what was happening, the Southern Domain cultivators on the battlefield instantly understood what had happened, and their faces went wild with joy.

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!” The combined voices of a hundred thousand people rose up. Their eyes were filled with fanaticism. Fatty was in the crowds, yelling at the top of his lungs despite his hoarse throat.

The Western Desert cultivators were also roaring, especially the members of the Golden Crow Tribe and the Church of the Golden Light.

In sharp contrast, the Northern Reaches cultivators trembled and looked at Meng Hao with fear and dread.

Up in midair, Pill Demon was laughing uproariously, along with Patriarch Song, despite his weakened state.

The peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches’ faces were ashen and pale. All of them were wondering... exactly how powerful Meng Hao was about to become!

“He just entered Dao Seeking,” thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He clenched his jaw. “Well, I’ll make sure that the day he enters Dao Seeking is the day that he perishes!” He pushed aside his dread, and intense killing intent could be seen in his eyes.

Meanwhile, the two Devilish wills merged together, transforming into a monstrous black aura. Since they had been Severed, they were unable to exist any longer, and began to fade away.

“It really would be a pity to let a Devilish will like this simply dissolve...” Meng Hao said coolly. With that, he lifted a finger, causing the Devil Construct to tremble. Then, it shot directly toward Meng Hao’s second true self.

The second true self’s eyes snapped open, and he sucked in a breath. Immediately, the Devilish will surged into him through his nose and mouth. The second true self’s eyes instantly began to glow with intense coldness. It was a coldness that seemed to be completely callous and grim, even vile. The desire to kill began to emanate off of it.

He was surrounded by a black aura that made him look completely like a Devil Immortal!

Chapter 794: Invincible Meng Hao!

[/expand]

Meanwhile, out on the Milky Way Sea, the enormous Resurrection Lily was shrinking in on itself. The petals folded up into a bulb, and the tentacle roots weaved together to form the shape of a Blue Lotus!

The Blue Lotus swayed back and forth, and although it appeared to be in full bloom, there also seemed to be something missing, as if it was unstable and could revert to the shape of a Resurrection Lily at any time.

“The gap between Immortal and Devil has appeared....”

**

On the battlefield in the Southern Domain, the crowds were crying out with loud voices. The Northern Reaches cultivators stood there ashen-faced as the great Dao blade slowly faded away.

At the same time, the state of motionlessness which had been imposed on everyone gradually disappeared. However, no fierce fighting broke out. The Northern Reaches forces began to form up in groups. Up above, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief let out a roar and transformed into the Primordial Lightning Dragon. Bypassing the three South Cleaving Sentinels in bronze armor, he shot toward Meng Hao.

“Let’s see just how strong you are now that you’re in Dao Seeking!” he roared.

As the old man neared, killing intent flickered in the other four peak Dao Seeking experts’ eyes. Their cultivation bases burst with power; they knew that their only chance was to attack in unison. If they didn’t do that now, the battle would definitely end in a huge defeat!

If they could kill Meng Hao now, then... they might have a chance to turn a defeat into a victory!

Five people closed in at incredible speed.

“Kill him!”

“He was already powerful before, so there’s no chance that he won’t be Heaven-defying now that he’s in Dao Seeking. Except, his cultivation base is unstable since he just completed his Third Severing. Kill him now!”

“Only by killing him can we turn this battle around! We can’t leave him alive!”

“Kill him before he truly enters Dao Seeking!”

Those were the thoughts running through their heads as they closed in, roaring.

The extremely obese woman rumbled through the air, surrounded by colorful streams of mist that transformed into seven hypertoxic strips of paper!

Each strip was a different color, and each one was covered with countless glittering magical symbols that pulsed with Dao Seeking auras.

Flying next to her at top speed was the effeminate man whose body emanated shocking coldness. The coldness transformed into an obscene statue that possessed both male and female properties. Furthermore, it emanated a Dao will that seemed to combine the properties of both yin and yang.

Glittering light spread out, and the effeminate man suddenly began to transform into a woman, extremely beautiful, and yet filled with a murderous aura.

Of the other two peak Dao Seeking experts, one of them was the old man who looked like a hopping vampire. Suddenly, black fur sprouted out all over his body, and his eyes began to glow with a green light. Cracking sounds could be heard as his body grew larger, and an aura of death surged out from him. Now he looked like a drought ghoul!

He was surrounded by an aura of death, and although he should have emanated yin-type coldness, he actually burned with ghost fire. The ghost fire spread out, its faint glow causing the sun and moon to tremble. Within the flames could be seen countless evil spirits, so many that they blotted out the sky and the land. Rumbling filled the air as they shot toward Meng Hao.

The last Dao Seeking expert was the man in the violet robe who had participated in the second wave army’s attack. Despite being seriously injured, he had continued to fight all the way down to this final, decisive battle. He spit up blood, and seemed like an arrow at the end of its flight, completely spent of all energy. Nonetheless, he let out a roar, and his body suddenly grew larger. His features became aged, and in the the blink of an eye, he looked like an old man.

By sacrificing longevity, he was able to gain earth-shaking power. His body expanded rapidly, and scales grew out to cover his skin. A horn even grew out of his forehead, and a long tail appeared behind him. He now completely resembled a Demon Devil!

A savage aura burst out, as well as rancid wind. Dust swirled around him in the wind, transforming into a sandstorm that flew directly toward Meng Hao.

These four peak Dao Seeking experts went berserk as they unleashed pyrrhic divine abilities that could kill a thousand enemies at the expense of eight hundred allies. As for the number one most powerful person from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, he instantly transformed into a Primordial Lightning Dragon. Thunderous booms filled the air as he shot toward Meng Hao.

The five of them swept through everything in their path, as if nothing could possibly block them. They closed in from five different directions, radiating such indescribable power that the air vibrated and everything shook. Not even Pill Demon and the others could block them.

From the look of it, even a false Immortal would be seriously injured by this all-out attack by five peak Dao Seeking experts, in which caution was thrown to the wind!

Down below, the Southern Domain cultivators' eyes were shot with blood.

“Your excellency Meng Hao!!”

“Not good! Blood Prince Meng Hao just performed his Third Severing and hasn't had time to stabilize himself! Those damned Northern Reaches cultivators!!”

Patriarch Song's and Pill Demon's faces fell. They were just about to risk everything to try to block the Northern Reaches cultivators when all of a sudden, Meng Hao's voice echoed out.

“Allow them to come.”

It was one sentence, with only four words.

They were words spoken with the utmost confidence, such confidence that apparently he didn't even need to utilize his second true self.

As soon as those words rang out, the Southern Domain cultivators calmed down.

No one did anything to block the Northern Reaches cultivators. As for the five peak Dao Seeking experts, rumbling filled the air as they shot through the air in five beams of colorful light.

“Meng Hao, you’re DEAD!!” they roared.

As they neared, Meng Hao looked up at them, his face calm in an unparalleled manner. Then he slowly rose to his feet from his cross-legged position.

The movement only took a moment, but during that time the air around him rumbled as a power exploded up within him that seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth apart.

Shocking thumping sounds filled the air.

As he stood, the power of natural law descended and the area around Meng Hao filled with streams of ancient magical symbols. They glittered brightly as they formed Meng Hao’s personal natural law of Dao Seeking.

It was a Dao of freedom, a Dao of good and evil, formed from Meng Hao’s will. It was a law that could transform Heaven and Earth with a single thought.

When the natural law appeared, the rumbling in the area grew even more shocking. The sky shook as something appeared that seemed to be a mountain. It was not the Ninth Mountain, but rather a lush, green mountain.... It was...

Mount Daqing! It was also a Dao-confirming mountain!

As soon as it appeared, it began to shine with brilliant light. Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked down at the mark on his right hand. It was also pulsing with an aura that merged into his body and then transformed into the aura of an Immortal.

It was Immortal qi!

After experiencing the mist blade, Immortal qi had appeared on Meng Hao!

When the Immortal qi appeared, the world trembled. The Northern Reaches cultivators down below were shaking in their boots, and the Southern Domain forces were getting even more excited than before.

Pill Demon gasped, and then murmured, “Severing the Devil and Seeking the Dao. This is something rare that only exists in legends!!”

Patriarch Song was equally excited.

Moments before, the peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches had a sliver of hope that they might win by a fluke. Now that the Immortal qi had appeared, they gasped, and their minds were sent spinning.

The five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were astonished.

“He just stepped into Dao Seeking and he already developed Immortal qi! Impossible! I’ve been in Dao Seeking for years and still haven’t developed even a scrap!”

“Just what level of cultivation base does he have! I actually... can’t even clearly make out what his cultivation base is!!”

“It seems like early Dao Seeking, but at the same time, mid Dao Seeking, and also peak Dao Seeking! What’s going on!?!?”

“Now that I think about it, there’s a legend about a type of Dao Seeking which isn’t split into multiple levels! As soon as you step into it, you’re at the peak....”

However, they were already like arrows unleashed from the bow. They had to go through with their attacks; if they didn’t, their fate would certainly be death.

Considering that retreat meant certain annihilation, then the only course of action they could take... was to attack!

The five of them closed in on Meng Hao, surrounded by rumbling sounds!

The fastest of them all was the man who had assumed the shape of a beautiful female cultivator. He was the first to arrive, surrounded by a shocking cold aura. The matchlessly bizarre statue emanated faint light; it had been refined by the man after he had reached Dao Seeking, by sacrificing some of his his own life force. It could unleash a shocking divine ability.

“Yin-Yang Nine Tribulations!” the cultivator bellowed, stretching out both hands. His goal was to completely destroy Meng Hao in one shot.

However, even as he neared, Meng Hao clenched his right fist and punched out. It was a tidy and efficient blow, delivered with indescribable speed. The air was sucked in, and massive energy surged. The beautiful cultivator’s face fell as he sensed an unsurpassable pressure surging toward him like Heavenly might. It was something impossible to contend with, and the amorphous power blasted into him before he even had a chance to retreat.

BOOOOMMMMM! A huge explosion rattled out.

The beautiful cultivator was at the peak of Dao Seeking, and was burning life force in an incredible display of power. Despite all of that, blood sprayed from his mouth in a constant stream. The statue shattered into pieces. His body trembled, and then exploded into pieces. His Nascent Divinity sped out, shrieking.

One punch had completely destroyed a peak Dao Seeking expert who was burning life force!

The sight caused countless gasps to ring out. At the same time, Meng Hao gave a cold snort. His eyes shone with a strange light as he unexpectedly did not destroy the Nascent Divinity, but instead, slapped his hand out toward the extremely obese woman and her hypertoxic, multicolored strips of paper.

The slap was calm and even leisurely, almost as if he were swatting a fly. As it neared her, the woman’s eyes went wide and she let out a miserable shriek. She went all out with every scrap of power she had, causing the seven strips of paper to emanate blinding beams of light. Ghost images sprang up from the papers, making them look like a bound book. She placed her hand on the book and shoved it out to meet Meng Hao’s palm.

BOOOOOOMMMMM!

A deafening explosion caused everything to shake.

The book composed of seven pieces of colored paper trembled, and didn't even manage to stay together for the space of one breath of time. It exploded into swirling confetti, which then became dust. As for the woman, her hypertoxic mist was completely incapable of fazing Meng Hao. She flew backward, blood spurting from her mouth. After ten meters, her arm exploded. After twenty meters, her entire body began to crack. After thirty meters, her body completely exploded.

Meng Hao did not destroy her Nascent Divinity either, but rather, allowed her to flee, her face filled with with terror and astonishment.

“And now you,” Meng Hao said coolly, turning to the hopping vampire. He pointed out, and its body began to tremble. A look of despair appeared on its face as the ghost-fire which covered it was immediately extinguished. To Meng Hao, it was so weak it couldn't withstand a single blow. The man's Nascent Divinity emerged, surrounded by an aura of death. He looked at Meng Hao, trembling, his eyes shining with intense fear and astonishment.

“Invincible!! He's invincible!!”

Everything was shaking. Of the five peak Dao Seeking Experts, three had just had their fleshly bodies completely destroyed. As for the violet-robed man who looked like a Demon Devil and the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, they were roaring madly as they descended upon Meng Hao, like moths to the flame.

Chapter 795: Half a Step Into Immortality!

[/expand]

The violet-robed man who looked like a Demon Devil had skin covered with scales. Even his face had transformed; his eyes were deeply sunken in, whereas his jaws protruded, revealing a mouthful of wicked fangs. He had a long horn with a razor sharp tip, as well as a lashing tail.

He had already been shaken by Meng Hao, but now he had no other choice than to attack. He roared as his body burst into flames, causing his cultivation base to instantly surpass that of the three Nascent Divinities nearby. He became a cyclone that shot directly toward Meng Hao.

As he neared, he stretched out both hands in front of him and made a ripping motion.

“Rupture the Heavens!” he roared, causing everything around him to shake. A huge rift was ripped open in the air, like a gigantic mouth that wanted to swallow Meng Hao whole. However, even as the rift was almost upon Meng Hao, Meng Hao gave a cold glance in the old man’s direction.

It was a single glance, a simple look.

The rift collapsed, and the fiend-form old man let out a miserable shriek. Meng Hao’s gaze was like that of a god. Indescribable pressure bore down on the old man, causing first his hands, and then both arms to explode in a haze of blood.

His eyes were red, and he tilted his head as he attempted to use his horn to pierce through the pressure radiating out from Meng Hao’s eyes. Perhaps he couldn’t kill Meng Hao, but at least he would be able to wound him in some way.

However, just when the horn seemed about to stab Meng Hao, he reached up and grabbed it. His expression was calm, but he seemed to be recalling the brutal image of the old man slaughtering Southern Domain cultivators earlier. Meng Hao twisted his hand, and a cracking sound could be heard as the horn snapped off.

Screaming, the old man tried to attack with his tail, but before he could get near, a rumbling sound filled his entire body, which then began to collapse into pieces. Terror flooded into his mind, completely submerging him. His Nascent Divinity burst out, terrified, and tried to flee. As he did, one word blared out in his mind.

“Invincible...”

Down below on the ground, the cultivators gasped. Everyone was looking on, eyes wide with disbelief.

Four of the five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches now had nothing left but Nascent Divinities. It was unclear why Meng Hao hadn’t destroyed them; if he wanted to, though, all four of his opponents would already be dead.

As for Meng Hao, he was calm and unruffled. And invincible!!

The last person left was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, who was still in the form of a Primordial Lightning Dragon. He

roared at the top of his lungs, and it was a roar filled with indignation, despair, and even... the desire for death.

“DIIEEEE!” he howled. Lightning crackled as he shot through the air, surrounding him with a lake of lightning. It was lightning summoned from the highest Heavens; apparently he wished to die together with Meng Hao.

At this point, the air behind Meng Hao rippled, the sky above him rumbled, and the ground down below quaked. The entire world seemed to be in motion, set off as a foil to Meng Hao himself.

The Immortal qi in his body grew stronger as he finally finished rising completely to his feet. He was surrounded by a boundless, blinding light as he gazed at the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Suddenly, behind him, all of the motion swirled together to form... a giant!

The giant looked exactly like Meng Hao in every way, but was unimaginably tall. Its head touched the sky, and its feet were planted on the ground. Its body emanated a shocking pressure that caused the land to quake. The countless cultivators down on the ground below were completely shocked to find that their cultivation bases were utterly suppressed.

Gradually, all of the natural law in the area began to swirl around the enormous figure behind Meng Hao. Starlight from the starry sky outside of the vortex up above shone down on it, bathing it in brightness, giving it a completely unearthly energy.

It looked like a Paragon!

The enormous image behind him looked very much like the type of image that Dao Seeking cultivators could normally summon. And yet, it was completely different. The images summoned by Dao Seeking cultivators were illusory, powerful beings from ancient times who were summoned via means of a magical technique. In contrast, the image behind Meng Hao was like a projection of himself!

Of the two kinds of images, one was illusory and the other was a projection. Although neither were real, the difference in caliber between the two was like the difference between Heaven and Earth.

In fact, one day, if Meng Hao ever became strong enough, then anyone who received his approval could summon the same image by calling upon his name.

That was another area in which his image was completely different.

This image was referred to by a unique name....

Dharma Idol!

“It’s a Dharma Idol!!”

“He... he actually summoned a Dharma Idol!!”

“Only Immortals can summon Dharma Idols! But look, he has one!!”

As soon as the Dharma Idol appeared behind Meng Hao, everything began to rumble. All of the lands of South Heaven were shaken.

The Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches, the Western Desert and the Southern Domain all gasped. In the Eastern Lands, gasps of disbelief could be heard in all of the ancient sects.

“He just stepped into Dao Seeking, but I can’t see his cultivation base! That can only happen in that legendary state when both the fleshly body and the cultivation base are in the Dao Seeking stage!! That man... that man couldn’t have a Dao Seeking fleshly body, could he?! Impossible!!”

“Immortal qi. He actually has Immortal qi! And it’s not false Immortal qi, but that of a true Immortal! True Immortal qi!! He hasn’t even stepped into the boundless Immortal Realm, and yet he already has that aura!”

“The path to Immortality opens every 10,000 years. Don’t tell me that South Heaven’s sole true Immortal from this generation is that man!?!?”

“He actually produced a Dharma Idol. That’s.... that’s a divine ability that, according to the legends, belongs only to Immortals. That kid... that kid is half a step into true Immortality!! Other than the Ji Clan and a few other mysterious beings, this kid could stand up to anybody!!”

The great sects of the Eastern Lands were all shaken. Meng Hao hovered in the air above the battlefield, his face calm, and his aura devoid of anything even the least bit vile. Now, he looked

like a scholar from the mortal world. He wore a green robe, and his hair was no longer white, but pitch black.

His eyes shone brightly, and the enormous Dharma Idol behind him radiated a shocking pressure that stifled the breathing of everyone in the area.

Next to him was his second true self, which radiated monstrous Devil flames. It was sinister to the extreme, filled with a vileness that carried the desire to kill. It looked around at the world with cold eyes.

“DIE!!” the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief roared as he threw all caution to the wind, bearing down on Meng Hao in his Primordial Lightning Dragon form.

Meng Hao looked at the man and then waved his finger.

As he did, the Dharma Idol behind him also waved its finger. It seemed to blot out the Heavens, transforming into a gigantic land mass that descended to slam into the Primordial Lightning Dragon.

A massive boom rattled out. The Primordial Lightning Dragon collapsed into pieces. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief coughed up blood and staggered backward, his face filled with astonishment and disbelief. He came to a stop several hundred meters back, where he continued to cough up seven or eight mouthfuls of blood. His body was listless and weak.

“You....” he said, his face deathly white. Meng Hao was now so powerful that the simple wave of a finger left the man seriously injured. Then, Meng Hao’s gaze fell upon him, and he felt his mind reeling as an intense, indescribable pressure weighed down him. It felt like countless bolts of lightning were about to slam into him.

“That little cauldron of yours is connected to me by destiny,” said Meng Hao, a bashful expression appearing on his face. He waved his hand, causing the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s Lightning Cauldron to fly over onto his palm.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s face grew even more pale, and he coughed up more blood. He seemed to have aged rapidly in just the past few moments, and his eyes shone with hopelessness. Behind him were the other Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts, all of whom shook with fear as they looked at Meng Hao.

His gaze swept over them, and they trembled so violently that it seemed their Nascent Divinities would explode at any moment.

Finally his gaze shifted to the forces of the Western Desert, and the South Cleaving Sentinels.

“Fellow Daoists from the Western Desert, many thanks for your assistance. This kindness... will be remembered by the Southern Domain for generation after generation. It will never be forgotten!”

With that, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

Immediately, the South Cleaving Sentinels bowed back with deep respect, as did all of the Western Desert cultivators. Meng Hao’s incredible bravery and power, coupled with the events of past years, made it so that the Western Desert cultivators viewed Meng Hao as one of their own.

“This war is now over,” said Meng Hao, looking out at the Northern Reaches cultivators.

“More killing would be meaningless. There is no path for you to return to your home, so you will stay in the Southern Domain. The price you will pay for this invasion is that your cultivation bases will be sealed. From this generation forward, your bloodlines will not produce Nascent Soul cultivation bases. Your path to Immortality is broken. Henceforth... you are felon citizens.” Meng Hao’s voice was calm, but his words struck like thunder, making it clear that his words would be strictly enforced. When he said ‘felon citizens,’ the words were branded deeply into the hearts and minds of the Northern Reaches cultivators, and they knew that this would be their identity for generations to come.

Furthermore, among the more than 100,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators trembled as their Nascent Souls involuntarily shattered. Their cultivation bases fell, and in the blink of an eye, not a single Nascent Soul cultivator could be found among the Northern Reaches forces.

Next, he turned his attention to the Dao Seeking experts.

“As for you people.... Your war has shattered the Southern Domain. Innumerable cultivators have died, and the spiritual energy of the land has become sparse. The five of you will be suppressed and turned into the Southern Domain cultivators’ foundation in the future. For generations to come, the power of your Nascent Divinities will be extracted to replenish the spiritual energy in the Southern Domain!” Even as he spoke, he waved his hand, causing the Ninth Mountain, which had been

trembling this entire time, to suddenly rise up into the air. Revealed beneath was a woman, blood oozing from her mouth, left with only a tiny scrap of life force.

The mountain then shot toward the five Dao Seeking experts.

“Henceforth, this mountain shall be called Sin of the North!”

Meanwhile, back in the Ji Clan, in a hidden location, the armless young Patriarch took a deep breath. A look of regret appeared in his eyes, and he shook his head.

“Fang Clan....” he murmured. “Son of a Chosen, with fifty percent of the power of a true Immortal. Half a step into true Immortality.... That mark on his hand... it must be... THAT mark.” A strange light appeared in his eyes, and he smiled. Apparently he had just recalled something.

“Interesting. I just remembered that the main branch of the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory has a peerless Chosen by the name of Fang Wei. If the two of them ever meet, I wonder what will happen.”

At the same time, the couple in the Tower of Tang wore excited expressions. They exchanged a glance, then clasped hands and stepped forward.

“It’s time to reunite....”

“We’ve been waiting for this day for so long....”

“Seventh Year Tribulation. Ah, the Seventh Year Tribulation. My son has transcended the tribulation. Now the fish will make its leap into being a dragon amongst men!”

Chapter 796: Putting the North in its Place

“NO!!”

“I’ve practiced cultivation for thousands of years! I refuse to be suppressed!”

“Sealing the path to the Nascent Soul for Northern Reaches cultivators? Suppressing us with a mountain? Extracting our spiritual energy to bolster the Southern Domain?! I won’t allow it!” The

five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches, including the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, were in a rage. However, they were no match for Meng Hao, now that he had produced a Dharma Idol and was half a step into true Immortality.

The peak of Dao Seeking was simply not a match for him, not even when they joined forces like they had earlier. Roaring, the five transformed into prismatic beams of light as they attempted to flee.

In this war, the Northern Reaches had been defeated... completely and utterly defeated!

However, as long as the five of them remained alive, there was always the possibility that they could turn things around in the future. Therefore, they fled at top speed, each one heading in a different direction.

Meng Hao floated in midair, calmly looking on. He waved his hand, and the Ninth Mountain rumbled, shooting forward to appear directly in front of the obese woman.

The woman was moving with indescribable speed. However, as soon as the Ninth Mountain appeared, her body sank down and her Nascent Divinity flew out amidst the shattering air. She let out a miserable scream, and a boom rang out as the Ninth Mountain completely suppressed her, sealing her Nascent Divinity inside of it.

Then the mountain flickered again, reappearing off in the distance, where it began to suppress the old man who had looked like a hopping vampire. His cultivation base was the weakest of them all, and his Nascent Divinity had a look of despair on its face. He tried to attack madly, but was completely incapable of doing anything to the mountain. Rumbling could be heard as he was sealed inside.

After that, the mountain flickered again, to appear in front of the effeminate man. His body was covered with glittering magical symbols that made him look almost like a moon. Seeing that he would be incapable of escaping, a ruthless gleam appeared in his eyes, and he chose to self-detonate.

He would rather die than be suppressed!

However, before he even had time to self-detonate, the rumbling Ninth Mountain sealed his Nascent Divinity inside, filling the effeminate man's eyes with despair.

After quickly sealing those three people in succession, the Ninth Mountain's spiritual energy was incredibly strong. A droning sound filled the air as it moved once again, causing winds to stir and the air to distort. It was now in front of the old man who looked like a Demon Devil. He struggled, but it only made the situation worse. He was suppressed and absorbed into the mountain.

Finally... the mountain vanished for the final time, to appear in front of the Northern Reaches' most powerful expert, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. The man's face was ashen, and he began to laugh bitterly. Turning his head to Meng Hao, he said, "We will replenish the spiritual energy of the Southern Domain, but you have to give the Northern Reaches a time limit... then I will help you!"

"Ten thousand years!" said Meng Hao, his voice neutral.

"Ten thousand years...." The old man laughed bitterly, but ceased his struggling and allowed the Ninth Mountain to suppress and seal him.

After suppressing five powerful experts, the mountain was now bursting with spiritual energy. It looked like a spirit mountain as it slowly descended down to the lands below. When it touched down, it would fuse with the Southern Domain, and use the spiritual energy coming from the five peak Dao Seeking cultivation bases to nourish the land.

These five people were now like five spirit stones; their spiritual energy would be slowly sucked away until the Southern Domain's spiritual energy once again flourished like it used to.

It was then that, all of a sudden, a faint sigh echoed through the land. At the same time, a woman appeared, coming from the direction of the Milky Way Sea.

She wore a blue gown which spread out to cover everything beneath her, almost like a stretch of sky. She floated toward the battlefield from off in the distance, a swath of blue drifting between Heaven and Earth.

As soon as she appeared, the natural law in the world faded. Even time seemed to come to a standstill. The Ninth Mountain hovered there in midair, incapable of touching down onto the ground. As for all of the cultivators on the battlefield, they stood there trembling.

Even the Dao Seeking experts could do nothing but stop in place. Everything was motionless.

The woman was the only one who was moving. She strode through the air up toward Meng Hao.

“He once said... when the vortex eye appears, the lotus transformation will be seen; in the gap between Immortal and Devil, the blue lotus will appear.... And now...” The woman’s voice was faint but profound as it echoed out through Heaven and Earth. Behind her, a faint image appeared, that of a Blue Lotus. It was... a Dharma Idol!

“Under the gaze of the countless stars, the blood of a million cultivators flows, and the vortex eye appears.

“The Western Desert Apocalypse created the boundless Violet Sea, within which was concealed the transformations of the lotus.

“The day has arrived in which the Heavens are numbed and filled with grieving ghosts. Now my Blue Lotus... can appear!

“The only thing I am missing is the gap between Immortal and Devil.... The Mist Blade descended, you severed the Devil and sought the Dao, and thus, the gap between Immortal and Devil appeared.” The woman’s gaze seemed somewhat distant. At first glance, her eyes looked calm, at second glance, insane, and at a third glance, profound. It was as if her gaze contained countless cycles of reincarnation.

“I will use the blood of millions as mud. The countless aggrieved ghosts as muddy stains. I will... emerge unstained from the blood-soaked mud, without a blemish upon me. I will... shed the Resurrection Lily and become a Blue Lotus!

“I sought the Dao on the day the Heavens were numbed. By dawn, I had already reached Immortal Ascension. I severed my goodness, and cut away my root of Immortality. Only when my evil reached the pinnacle, could I risk everything to make a transformation.” She strolled forward, and came to a stop three hundred meters in front of Meng Hao.

“I’ve been making preparations for a long time. Now that the gap between Immortal and Devil has appeared, I can assimilate you, and then be complete.

“I scattered countless roots years ago, so the gap between Immortal and Devil was bound to appear eventually. Originally, I wouldn’t have selected you, but you became part of the League of Demon Sealers. It seems you were fated by Karma. Now... I must thank you.” With that, she gave him a curtsying bow.

Meng Hao didn't respond at first. The pausing of the natural law of Heaven and Earth, and of time, was all due to this woman. However, cracking sounds could suddenly be heard around Meng Hao, like that of something shattering. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was restored to normal. The Dharma Idol behind him began to shine with resplendent light.

"Mother of the Resurrection Lily," he said. "Dawn Immortal."

The woman nodded, and a faint smile could be seen on her face. It was a beautiful smile that contained reminiscence. As she studied Meng Hao, she suddenly looked a bit distracted.

"You don't look like him... but your aura is the same," she said softly. "From ancient times until now, the League of Demon Sealers... has been cold and heartless."

"I'll assimilate you, and become a Blue Lotus. Karma will be fulfilled. What was sown that year will be reaped this year. From now on, I owe him nothing, and he owes me nothing." She stretched out her hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

Immediately, everything seemed to change. The world filled with shocking, illusory waves of seawater that swept toward Meng Hao from all directions, seemingly preparing to inundate him. However, it was at this point that the Dharma Idol behind him suddenly opened its mouth and roared.

It was one roar, but it caused everything to shatter. Cracking sounds echoed out, and the waves collapsed. The seawater vanished as if it had evaporated, transforming into endless dark clouds up above.

"Back in the Reliance Sect," said Meng Hao coolly, "you were lurking in the shadows. When I was in the Milky Way Sea, you were there hiding. You even showed your face at the battle of the Blood Demon Sect. And yet again, here you are in this territorial war."

"I don't care about your motive for all of this. You want to assimilate me...? Unfortunately, you're not qualified." His Dharma Idol's eyes glittered; it then took a step forward and lifted its hands up. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, an enormous vortex which shot toward the woman.

If you looked closely, you would see that the Blood Demon Grand Magic was similar to the vortex up in the sky. As it rotated, the clouds up above swirled and also surged toward the woman.

“When the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors,” the woman said softly, “the petals fall, Immortality in one thousand years.” She looked at the incoming vortex, then waved her finger. Shockingly, a seven-colored Resurrection Lily appeared in front of her. Instantly, it shattered, forming seven multicolored wisps that floated through the air like dandelion seeds as they collided with the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex.

A shocking boom could be heard. As the seven multicolored wisps passed through the vortex, they trembled slightly. They might have seemed weak, but they didn’t pause at all. They transformed into beams of multicolored light that shot directly toward Meng Hao.

As they neared him, they became seven flower petals that resembled magical sealing marks.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with coldness. His Dharma Idol roared, causing the surroundings to distort, and the seven petals to stop in place.

It was at this moment that he raised his right hand, in which... the copper mirror appeared!

A glittering light could be seen within the copper mirror. If you looked closely, you would be able to make out... Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

When Meng Hao merged the Demon Weapon into the copper mirror, he had been unable to use it. Only after he had entered Dao Seeking, had Immortal Qi, and could summon a Dharma Idol, was he finally able to sense Lonelytomb inside.

He pushed down onto the copper mirror and grabbed, and a huge roar filled the air. A gust of Demonic qi surged out, filling the air everywhere. It was at this point that a long, red spear appeared in his hands.

It was both red and white, the colors intertwined in a way that made it impossible to describe with any word other than Demonic.

With Lonelytomb in hand, Meng Hao didn’t hesitate for even a moment. He immediately struck out toward the seven petals.

The spear shot through the air, and everything rumbled. Demonic qi surged out, sweeping across everything. As Demon Weapon Lonelytomb surged through the air, shockingly, a tombstone suddenly appeared in front of Meng Hao.

The tombstone instantly suppressed everything in the area.

BOOOOMMMMM!!!!

The seven flower petals were destroyed, exploding into seven-colored motes of light that spread out into the air.

In this moment, Meng Hao stood there, holding Demon Weapon Lonelytomb in hand, and he looked like a Paragon of Heaven and Earth, undefeatable!

The woman's expression was the same as ever, as if she didn't care at all about Meng Hao's grandiose aura. In fact, a look of pity appeared on her face.

"You are of the League of Demon Sealers, so I won't lie to you. Nobody can save you. This planet's branch of the Ji Clan owes me a favor, and they won't do anything to stop me.

"Other than them, there are a few ancient beings on this planet, but none of them will do anything to obstruct my way either. Today... nobody can save you.

"The time has come, for you... to be assimilated." As she spoke, she began to glow with boundless light. Behind her, the Blue Lotus began to sway and emit an indescribable, crushing pressure. For the first time, Meng Hao's facial expression flickered.

Neither he nor his Dharma Idol were capable of moving even the slightest bit. Furthermore, it even appeared as if a Blue Lotus... was about to sprout out of his body!

At this exact moment... a cold snort echoed out like thunder, shattering the air as it rolled across the land.

"I dare you to touch him. Just try it!"

Chapter 797: Reuniting....

“I should have killed you the last time we met in the Milky Way Sea, slut!” This second voice was that of a woman.

The two voices instantly shattered the pause which had caused everything to cease moving. The Ninth Mountain continued to descend, and all the cultivators could move again.

Even as the cold snort continued to echo about, a sword beam shot through the air to completely sever the invisible connection between the Dawn Immortal and Meng Hao!

Booming echoed out, and a tremor ran through Meng Hao. The Blue Lotus vanished, and his Dharma Idol was restored. His eyes went wide as he saw two figures approaching from off in the distance.

It was a man and a woman, and when Meng Hao could see them clearly, his mind filled with thunderous roaring.

He knew those faces well. Even if tens of millions of years passed, he would not be able to forget them. The woman was his mother, the mother who had held him in her arms when he was a child, and told him stories. The man was his father, who seemed strict, but whose eyes were filled with boundless fatherly love.

Meng Hao began to tremble, and could do nothing more than stare blankly. At the same time, the mark on his hand began to shine brightly.

As soon as the man and woman appeared, the Dawn Immortal's face flickered. She began to pant, and her expression was one of complete disbelief as she backed up.

She had only retreated by three measures when the man's gaze locked onto her.

A rumbling sound echoed out, and then blood sprayed out of the Dawn Immortal's mouth. A look of astonishment covered her face. It was at this point that the Dharma Idol behind her directly exploded into countless pieces.

Furthermore, the enormous resurrection lily on the Milky Way Sea, which was the Dawn Immortal's true body, also exploded, shattering into countless pieces. The Resurrection Lily... was completely defeated.

"One look from him shattered my Dharma Idol," thought the Dawn Immortal, her face pale. "It even seriously injured me.... What just severed my Blue Lotus bridge just now was not a sword, it was his gaze!

"Who is he!?!?"

"His level of power is unimaginable. Even the Ji Clan can't begin to compare!" Her foundation had been destroyed, and now, she didn't dare to back up any more. In the face of an almighty being like this, whether or not she lived or died wasn't up to her.

"Before I came to this planet," the man said coolly, standing between Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal, "an old friend revealed to me that there was a flower here within the ocean, left behind by his benefactor. The flower had long since become a Demon that had existed for countless years.

"It had experienced nirvanic rebirth numerous times, and was not willing to truly ascend to Immortality. You must be the flower he spoke of.

"You clearly could have achieved true Immortal Ascension long ago, and made your way out into the starry sky. Why have you made things hard on yourself, and on others? Well, considering your existence has provided some benefit to my son through all his tempering, I won't slay you this day.

"Go break through to Immortal Ascension already!" The sky and land trembled as if struck by countless peals of thunder. When this man spoke, natural law conformed to his words. The Dawn Immortal's face went pale, and more blood sprayed from her mouth as she fell back a full three thousand meters. Finally, she looked up, and a smiled a heartrending smile.

The woman standing next to the man suddenly spoke up. "Why waste your words on her? Just sever her head!"

Meng Hao stood behind the two of them, his mind spinning with disbelief. His heart was in complete chaos, and he had no idea what to say.

“Sever me?” The Dawn Immortal laughed bitterly. Her face twisted savagely, and her hair was thrown into disarray. She had lost her foundation, the actual Resurrection Lily. Her Dharma Idol had been destroyed. And yet, a look of madness could be seen in her eyes.

“The League of Demon Sealers are all a heartless bunch. I kept that man company, but he severed me in the end!

“My heart beats with HATRED!!

“I was born in ancient times, and yes, I could have achieved Immortal Ascension on many occasions throughout the years. The only reason I never left this place is because of what he told me back then.

“He severed me here, and then left on his own. I killed countless members of his bloodline, but my hatred remains!

“And now you... YOU want to sever me too!?” She lifted her head up and laughed. Then she flung her arms out wide.

“I have existed in the lands of South Heaven since ancient times. I may have stayed hidden and out of sight, but now, I call on all of the people who owe favors to me, the Dawn Immortal.... All of you... help me assimilate this child!

“Help me achieve my desire! Abide by your promises from the past!”

Her shrill voice echoed out throughout all the lands of South Heaven. As it did, a soft sigh could be heard echoing out from within the Ancient Dao Lakes. The sigh seemed to contain helplessness, and at the same time, shocking power.

“I should not emerge. According to the treaty from back then, I cannot emerge. And yet this favor... must be paid back.” A gold-violet beast suddenly appeared from within the Ancient Dao Lakes.

At the same time, dust began to fall off one of the statues inside the Ancient Temple of Doom. The statue’s eyes opened. At first, they looked confused, but then an archaic light began to shine out, and the statue slowly rose to its feet.

“It was she who enabled me to go into hiding in this ancient temple, and acquire that joss stick’s power. If I don’t emerge, I can’t rest my heart at ease.”

Far beneath the surface of the Milky Way Sea, an emaciated figure suddenly clawed its way out from within the mud and silt.

“The favor from years ago will be repaid today. However, before that happens, I must consume more blood.”

In the vast Western Desert, because of the draining of the Violet Sea into the Milky Way Sea, its water level had been greatly reduced. Not too far beneath the surface of the Violet Sea was a mountain that at first seemed completely ordinary. But then the mountain began to shake, and suddenly a face appeared on it. This mountain... began to rise up.

It was no mountain, but rather, an enormous giant. It looked like a mountain deity as its head broke through the surface of the water. Its expression was archaic as it flew up into the air.

“Slaughter! To repay my debt, I shall slaughter a million cultivators!”

Also underneath the Violet Sea was a mountain range called the Black Dragon Mountains. The mountain range began to tremble, sending numerous boulders tumbling down its sides. Shockingly, an enormous crocodile appeared. It swished its tail as it shot out of the water, causing everything to shake.

A brutal gleam could be seen in the crocodile’s eyes, and it did not speak. However, its unbridled ferocity exploded with intensity.

In the Northern Reaches, in the lands of a minor tribe, was an altar, upon which rested a skull that had remained in that position year in and year out. It was impossible to tell how long it had been there. At this moment, a dim light began to shine out from the skull, and it flew into the air.

Also in the Northern Reaches was a valley that was sealed over with ice. It was a forbidden zone for cultivators, and deep in its depths... was a chunk of ice. Sealed inside of the ice was a man who had golden wings growing out of his back.

The man’s eyes snapped open, and cracking sounds could be heard as the ice shattered. He stepped out, frowned, then gave a light sigh.

“Back when I arrived, I was seriously injured and was on the verge of death. She kept me alive... and made me promise to pay her back.”

In the vast Eastern Lands were two forbidden zones.

One was the Ancient Paradise. Rumor had it that the entire place was filled with countless ancient medicinal plants, each one of which emanated strong auras of death. That was because the Ancient Paradise was actually... an ancient battlefield.

Within the Ancient Paradise was an enormous, withered tree, whose roots spread throughout the ground. The tree trembled in response to the Dawn Immortal's call, and its roots retracted back into the body of the tree. When that happened, the tree... surged with shocking energy!

There was another forbidden zone in the Eastern Lands, which some people called the Immortality Temple. It was located in a sprawling mountain range, and was filled with innumerable restrictive spells. Deep in the mountains was an ancient, dilapidated temple.

The statue of whatever divinity it was that the temple had been erected to had long since crumbled, and was impossible to see clearly. However, inside the temple was an oil lamp which had not been lit for uncountable years. As of this moment, that oil lamp blazed with fire, and began to pulse with a divine light.

The light covered the entire ancient temple, as well as the statue of the divinity. Suddenly, a figure appeared, who then sighed.

“Well, she came from here, and is connected to me...” It separated from the image of the divinity, floated up out of the ancient temple, then flew off into the distance.

A total of nine auras surged out, causing rumbling to spread throughout all the lands of South Heaven. The sky turned dark, and the living creatures in the land trembled. All of the cultivators on the battlefield appeared to be on the verge of losing consciousness.

The great sects of the Eastern Lands were completely astonished, and their Patriarchs began to think about the various legends recorded in their ancient records.

In the Ji Clan of the Eastern Lands, the armless young Patriarch stood up, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

“The Dawn Immortal is incredible! Even I could never have imagined that she would have set up so many contingencies!

“And it’s no wonder! She has existed for... countless, countless years. If she had focused solely on cultivation, it would be impossible to even speculate what Realm she would be in.”

As the lands of South Heaven trembled, the husband and wife stood there in front of Meng Hao. The woman’s face flickered as she looked around, then she stepped back to stand next to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s mind was still spinning, and as he looked at her face, he felt like he was in a trance.

“Are you... really my mom...?” he murmured.

“Hao’er,” she responded. “You’ve suffered many hardships throughout the years.” This woman was none other than Meng Hao’s mother. When she looked at him, her heart stabbed with pain. She reached out to clasp his hand, and her eyes were filled with both love and tears.

“It’s all my fault,” she said. “I’m a bad mother for not being able to take care of you. You were so young back then.... When daddy and I left, you ran out of the house crying and yelling. I saw you fall down, and my heart broke.”

It was at this point that the man turned back to look at Meng Hao. It was a gaze that caused Meng Hao’s mind to tremble. It was filled with love and kindness, and it instantly caused tears to begin to stream down Meng Hao’s face.

He never imagined that he would cry at this moment in time. He had never imagined that he would reunite so quickly with his father and mother.

He wasn’t sure what to say, but he couldn’t stop the tears from streaming down.

His mother saw Meng Hao weeping, which caused more tears to flow down her own face.

“Hao’er...” she said, and then embraced him warmly, which made Meng Hao think about the times when he was a boy, and how he hated leaving her side.

“Don’t cry,” said his father, tousling his hair. He was smiling, and the love in his eyes seemed to grow even stronger.

“You’re grown up now...” he said calmly. “You’re already half a step into true Immortality, so it’s time that I pass on some Daoist magic to you. My Dao, is the Dao of the sword.... Watch carefully, I’m going to show you nine sword forms.

“First form!” He extended his left leg and bent it slightly. Then his body sprang into motion. He bent backward gracefully until he looked almost like a taut bow, completely at one with Heaven and Earth. In the next breath, it seemed as if Heaven and Earth were wholly incompatible with him, and yet were helpless to do anything. It was as if he had drawn an incredible burst of power down from the Heavens.

He extended his right hand, within which appeared an ordinary iron sword.

The sword... swept toward the Southern Domain’s Ancient Dao Lakes!

Chapter 798: Father Makes a Laughingstock of South Heaven

[/expand]

“Three thousand great Daos,” the man said softly. “They each have their powerful and extraordinary aspects. In fact, it’s impossible to say which is the most powerful....

“The Dao exists in the heart, and the heart is born of the will. If your will is strong, then your Dao will be powerful, and your sword... will be invincible!

“Pay attention to my movements. There are nine in total, and each one can stir up the power of the stars.” The iron sword descended.

The sky and land shook, and all the light in the world seemed to vanish. The only thing left behind was the sword beam. Everything grew faded and blurry; the only thing remaining was the iron sword!

The sword beam surged, and the iron sword descended. It appeared above the Ancient Dao Lakes, directly in front of the flying beast that had just emerged. The beast stared in shock at the sword beam, and its face fell completely. It let out a miserable shriek, and appeared to be in a state of thorough astonishment and disbelief. It raced backward in an attempt to get back into the Ancient Dao Lakes.

“This... this....” Even as the beast retreated, the sword beam closed in. At the same time, the Ancient Dao Lakes erupted, and an archaic voice echoed out.

“Your Excellency, please calm your anger. I beg of you to show mercy to this clan member of mine....”

“Request denied!” growled a voice which caused explosive pressure to fill the air above the Ancient Dao Lakes. The sword beam swept through the air, and the beast let out a bloodcurdling scream. Its body exploded into burning chunks as it was destroyed in body and spirit.

One sword blow blotted it out of existence. Everything rumbled as one out of the nine auras which had appeared was wiped away. The remaining eight auras froze in midair, and their faces filled with astonishment. After only a moment, they hurriedly retreated.

Unfortunately for them, it was too late!

“Hao’er,” said Meng Hao’s father, “look carefully at the second sword form. Always remember that when you attack with a sword, your mind must be empty, free of all distraction. You are the Dao, and the Dao is the sword!” Shockingly, what he was passing on was the most powerful Dao he had ever mastered in his life.

A Dao could not be passed down lightly. However, this was his son. Considering that he had agreed to stand guard over South Heaven for 100,000 years for Meng Hao, there was no need to even wonder about whether he would pass down a Dao.

Even as he spoke the words, he stepped forward with his right foot. The move was made so quickly that it kicked up a fierce wind. The second sword beam exploded out. The sky vibrated under the terrifying power; it almost seemed like all the man had to do was exercise a thought, and the Heavens could be slashed apart!

Rumbling could be heard as the sword beam appeared above the Southern Domain’s Ancient Temple of Doom. The image of the statue was terrified, and already fleeing at top speed. However,

before it could enter the temple, the sword beam slashed through the air. A bloodcurdling scream rang out as an almighty being was beheaded. His body raged with fire as he was completely destroyed.

The only thing that remained was the lingering cry of death.

“Above the Spirit Realm is the Immortal Realm,” said Meng Hao’s father. “Right now, you are half a step into true Immortality, which means you are in the space between the Spirit Realm and the Immortal Realm. When you complete that step... you will enter the Immortal Realm!”

“Now, pay attention to the third sword form.” Breathing steadily, he caressed the blade of the sword with his left hand, almost as if he were awakening its spirit. In this third sword form, the blade was stabbed down into the ground, causing the entire land to shake. The sword beam appeared beneath the Milky Way Sea, behind the withered figure there that was fleeing at top speed.

“Who are you!?!? Don’t kill me! I surrender! I can be your son’s Dao Protector!!”

Back in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao’s father looked back at him. “Hao’er, do you want him?”

Meng Hao stared in shock, and then subconsciously shook his head.

His father laughed.

“Dao Protector? You’re not worthy to play such a role for my son.” As his voice echoed out, the sword descended. Rumbling filled the withered figure as his body collapsed into pieces which burned into nothingness.

Three sword forms had slaughtered three almighty beings!

When the Patriarchs of the ancient sects in the Eastern Lands saw what was happening, they rose to their feet and began to tremble with terror. As they observed, they began to surmise what exactly was happening.

In the Ji Clan, the armless young Patriarch sighed.

“If you people hadn’t showed your faces, none of this would have happened. He wouldn’t have gone to make trouble for you. At any other time, it wouldn’t have mattered. Considering his temperament, he really wouldn’t have paid you any attention. But now... you had to go and mess with his son.

“Messing with his son is like rubbing a cat’s fur backward! Who would dare to do such a thing?”

The remaining six auras were trembling violently. How could they ever have imagined that the Dawn Immortal would actually provoke someone this terrifying? Of these six auras, two ceased falling back, and instead shot high up into the sky, as if to flee the planet itself.

One was the skull, the other was the mountain deity from the Western Desert’s Violet Sea.

“On the path of cultivation, one cannot rely on the protection of others. You haven’t left Planet South Heaven yet in this lifetime. Let me tell you, I’ve seen far too many Chosen who utilize the help of Dao Protectors. By now... each and every one is as useless as a wild chicken or a stray dog.” Meng Hao’s father turned to him and chuckled, then performed an incantation with his left hand, extending his index finger and middle finger together. It almost seemed as if he were wresting away energy from Heaven and Earth, causing a bizarre glow to surround his entire body as he took two more steps forward. With each step, a blast of sword qi shot up into the sky.

A moment later, the mountain deity let out a miserable shriek. Its enormous frame was clearly just about to escape Planet South Heaven. Nonetheless, it collapsed into pieces, which then burned into nothing.

As for the skull, it shot out into the starry sky and was speeding away. Unfortunately for it, even with such speed, it could not outrun the sword qi.

“NO!!” screamed the skull. Then, it was completely destroyed, including its Nascent Divinity.

Meng Hao’s eyes widened, and he stared blankly at his father. He had taken five steps, and unleashed one sword after another. One by one he had slaughtered five terrifying beings as easily as if he were killing baby chickens. Those almighty creatures’ auras were such that any single one would leave Meng Hao dazed; any of them could have slaughtered him easily. And yet, a single beam of sword qi from his father, and they were completely eradicated.

“What... what Realm are they in?” Meng Hao murmured.

The first to reply was his mother. “They have opened their Immortal meridians, solidified their Dao Fruit, and stepped into the peak of the Immortal Realm. They refer to themselves as Dao Lords, but are unable to open the door to the Ancient Realm. They aren’t even true Immortals, and will one day return to the dust.”

“In the Spirit Realm, Dao Seeking is the absolute peak,” said Meng Hao’s father. “In the Immortal Realm, there are two paths. The first path involves offering worship to an ancestor, acquiring that ancestor’s Dao Fruit, and then using it to tread the path to Immortality. On that path, you will never have a Dharma Idol of your own. Immortals like that are referred to as false Immortals. That is because, if that ancestor ever perishes, everyone who worships him will experience a drop in their cultivation base!

“That is the easy path to Immortality, the one which the vast majority of people choose to follow. However, there is another path.... On that path, you worship yourself. Your Dharma Idol is your own. You experience Immortal Tribulation and tread your own path. Others can worship you and tread your path of cultivation as false Immortals. This second path is the path of... the true Immortal!”

Meng Hao’s father moved like the wind as he took two more steps forward. Each step caused the ground to quake. His hair swirled around him in the air, and wisps of mist rose up from the top of his head. He waved his right hand, causing two more beams of sword qi to fly out, one toward the Eastern Lands, the other toward the Western Desert.

In the Ancient Paradise of the Eastern Lands, the tree’s branches were rustling, and its aura surged. Its mind was unprecedentedly focused as it drew upon all the power it could muster. The entire Ancient Paradise began to vibrate. The ground split, and the tree’s roots writhed as it prepared to fight back against the incoming sword qi.

A boom rang out, and the tree wailed. All the power it could muster did nothing to stop the incoming sword qi. The tree was split completely in half, and then began to burn. Screams of pain filled the air as the tree was transformed into ash.

Beneath the surface of the Violet Sea in the Western Desert, the crocodile was trembling. It fled with all the speed it could muster, but the sword qi descended upon it nonetheless. In the blink of an eye, it was right above its head.

The crocodile wore a look of hopelessness.

“I... I can be a mount!” the crocodile cried out. “I don’t qualify to be a Dao Protector, but I... I’m willing to be a mount!”

When it cried out, the sword qi suddenly came to a stop in midair. It swirled around, transforming into a sealing mark which fused onto the crocodile’s body.

“You possess some of the bloodline of a Scaly Dragon. Thus, you are qualified to be a mount for my Hao’er.”

The crocodile trembled, and its mind was completely occupied by terror and fear. After being sealed, its body shrank down until it was only about three meters long. Then it was pulled back rapidly until it appeared in front of Meng Hao.

The crocodile knew that it was dealing with a Little Patriarch, so it immediately put on an ingratiating air and swished its tail back and forth.

Meng Hao looked at the crocodile, an awkward expression on his face.

“Unfortunately,” said Meng Hao’s father, shaking his head, “you’ve only opened 53 meridians. If you could open at least 60 or more, then you could summon the power of the Scaly Dragon’s bloodline.

“Hao’er, in the Immortal Realm, there are no stages. There are only the 100 meridians of the Dao of Immortality.

“All living creatures have 100 meridians, that is a constant. No living thing has more or less.

“Once you enter the Immortal Realm, you will cultivate those 100 meridians. The soul is grouped into three spiritual aspects and seven physical aspects; a total of ten vessels. The meridians are organized into groups of ten, each of which form a vessel. If all 100 meridians are opened, you have achieved the Immortal Soul, and will produce your own unique Dao Fruit, whereupon you can open the door to the Ancient Realm!

“Unfortunately, success in the Immortal Realm is not so easy. From ancient times until now, someone with 50 opened meridians would be considered to be at the peak of the Immortal Realm, and could attempt to open the Ancient Door. According to legend, it is as easy to find someone with 80 opened meridians as it is to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn. Only Chosen who are direct descendants of various great sects and clans would have a chance to do so.

“90 opened meridians is something even rarer, and exists only in legends. As for the full 100 meridians... from ancient times until now, no one has ever done it.”

“But you can, Hao’er!” said his mother immediately.

His father laughed, then suddenly crouched slightly, then straightened up, his posture like a giant holding up the weight of the world. He took two steps forward and waved his arms, causing two beams of sword qi to shoot out, one toward the Eastern Lands, the other toward the Northern Reaches.

Considering the level of his cultivation base, he actually didn’t need to use such meticulous movements; he normally moved as fluidly as the clouds or flowing water. However, for Meng Hao’s sake, he was demonstrating all of the movements in detail.

In the frozen valley in the Northern Reaches, the man who had walked out from the ice earlier was now laughing bitterly. He didn’t make any move to evade, but rather, sat there cross-legged, chuckling, his eyes shining with a light of madness.

Suddenly, his skin turned purple, and the power of a curse began to circulate around him as the sword qi bore down.

“Anyone who kills me will have their bloodline cursed!” he cried, and the wings on his back suddenly opened wide.

A cold snort echoed out. “Someone from a measly species of curse-users? Your bloodline isn’t pure, and yet you dare to try to curse the house of Fang?”

The sword qi descended, slashing directly into the winged man’s head.

Flames burst out, dissolving the curse power. It never even had a chance to be unleashed before it was dissipated completely.

Chapter 799: Born On East Victory!

The final blast of sword qi shot through the ground toward the deep mountains of the Eastern Lands, and the ancient temple. An intense, glowing light rose up from the temple, as well as the

music of a great Dao. It seemed as if there were countless Immortal Divinities sitting cross-legged inside the temple. The mountain itself, as well as everything surrounding it, seemed to be part of a Daoist rites temple. It was even possible to see that crowds of Chosen had practiced cultivation there throughout the years.

“Oh?!” exclaimed Meng Hao’s father. The sword qi came to a stop.

The door of the ancient temple opened up, and a figure emerged. It was impossible to see the figure clearly, but it stood there facing Meng Hao’s father.

“I didn’t realize that there was an Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple here.... How rude of me! Well, since this location has been activated... hand over the Immortal Ancient Daoist Medallion!”

The figure was silent for a moment, then waved a hand. The ancient temple rumbled, and out flew a command medallion that pulsed with Immortal qi. The bright light emanating from the temple faded, and the figure vanished.

Nine powerful experts had appeared; one after the other perished. The crocodile became a mount, and the figure from the Immortal temple offered up an Immortal Ancient Daoist Medallion to prevent any trouble. The other seven were all slain.

It all happened incredibly quickly. By the time Meng Hao’s father finished speaking a few words to Meng Hao, everything was over.

The cultivators on the ground in South Domain were astonished. The peak Dao Seeking experts in midair were completely shaken.

The Dawn Immortal laughed bitterly and staggered back a few paces. Blood oozed out of her mouth as she looked at Meng Hao and shook her head.

“Fate, how cruel you are....” she said. “I wanted to become a Blue Lotus... not for the sake of true Immortality, but because he said... once upon a time... that he loved lotuses.” The Dawn Immortal chuckled sadly and backed up further. Her body seemed to be starting to dissipate.

She had lost her foundation, and since she couldn’t assimilate Meng Hao and become a Blue Lotus, the only thing left for her to do now was fade away.

“Meng Hao....” she murmured. “You are of the League of Demon Sealers. From ancient times, they have always been cruel and heartless. One day, if you ever encounter one of them who mentions Resurrection Lilies, I’d like you to ask him something for me....”

“Ask him if he remembers a flower back in the lands of South Heaven.... A Resurrection Lily whom he severed away.”

She looked up into the sky, and tears glistened down her cheeks as she began to fade away. “I am filled with hatred.... But what I hate is not you. I hate myself... for not being a Blue Lotus.” Her soft voice echoed out across the lands before fading away.

Meng Hao’s mind trembled as he watched the Dawn Immortal vanish into nothing.

The war between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches... was over.

The Western Desert left, their towering South Cleaving Sentinels leading the way. The Southern Domain would never forget the kindness shown to them by the Western Desert; it would be engraved in their memories for generation after generation to come. As for the sinners from the Northern Reaches, they had lost their path back home, and become felon citizens....

There were now only a hundred thousand cultivators in the Southern Domain. Many sects and clans had been completely wiped out. Numerous core Daoist teachings and doctrines had vanished. Even the spiritual energy in the land was sparse. Thankfully, the mountain that Meng Hao had created continued to infuse the land with spiritual energy.

Perhaps many years later, the Southern Domain would once again shine with its former glory.

Pill Demon went back to the Violet Fate Sect, and Patriarch Song to the Song Clan.

If you didn’t count Meng Hao, they were the two remaining peak Dao Seeking experts in the Southern Domain. Furthermore, the Violet Fate Sect and the Song Clan were now like Holy Lands within the Southern Domain.

In the days to come, they would lead the Southern Domain cultivators to rebuild their sects and clans, and also select appropriate people from among the mortal populace to begin practicing cultivation. Slowly, the Southern Domain would be restored.

What was needed was time; at the very least, hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years.

The mountain in which the five peak Dao Seeking Northern Reaches cultivators was sealed, the one named Sin of the North, stood tall above the lands. As time passed, it would become a famous landmark in the Southern Domain.

The war... was over.

During that war, Meng Hao had risen to complete prominence. His name was famous in the Southern Domain and the Western Desert. It had even shaken the Eastern Lands. Meng Hao... had become the focus of attention of all the lands of South Heaven.

As for all the Chosen of his own generation, some were dead and some had faded into obscurity. None of them were able to keep up with Meng Hao, let alone surpass him.

To the cultivators of the Southern Domain, Meng Hao's stories were the stuff of legend.

He had started out in the Reliance Sect, acquired the Blood Immortal Legacy, thrown the Southern Domain into chaos, and shocked everyone at the Song Clan. Then, in the Violet Fate Sect, he had rocked the entire Southern Domain again under the name of Pill Cauldron.

At the Rebirth Cave, he had slain one of the sons of Ji, a Quasi-Array member!

In the Black Lands, he had participated in the siege of Holy Snow City!

In the Western Desert, he had led his tiny tribe through the Violet Rain Apocalypse. Because of him, they rose to glory one step at a time, until he finally brought them to the Black Lands.

Then, he had vanished, only to reappear years later, fighting the Spirit Severing expert Patriarch Huyan in a shocking battle that had astonished the Western Desert and Black Lands alike. Then, he had left everyone reeling in shock as he went to the Demon Immortal Sect.

The Chosen of the Southern Domain had congregated in the Demon Immortal Sect, but couldn't do anything to Meng Hao even after joining forces. After wresting away virtually all of their good fortune, Meng Hao had next appeared in the Milky Way Sea!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had appeared in person, and Meng Hao narrowly avoided death. His Perfect Dao foundation was stolen, and just when he was about to truly die, Xu Qing saved him, proving that they were destined to be bound in marriage. After he awoke in the Rebirth Cave, he battled the Black Sieve Sect, then shockingly, descended into Bedevilment.

At the Ancient Dao Lakes, he had snatched the soul of a true Immortal. Four powers of the Southern Domain had allied against the Blood Demon Sect in a shocking war. Then, on the day of his grand wedding, the Northern Reaches invaded. Xu Qing died, and Meng Hao went mad. Fight, fight, FIGHT!

Kill, KILL, KILLLL!!!

Finally, he severed the Devil and sought the Dao, stepping halfway into true Immortality.

Meng Hao's story swept through the Southern Domain like storm winds. The Western Desert heard the tales, as did the shocked Northern Reaches. Even the Eastern Lands caught wind. Meng Hao's name... had truly risen to prominence!

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Currently, Meng Hao sat in Blood Prince Gorge in the Blood Demon Sect. His father and mother sat in front of him. Meng Hao was no longer shaken like he had been before. Instead, he sat there quietly, even taciturn.

Hundreds of years had passed, and he had finally reunited with his parents. Although the memories from when he was seven years old had not been erased, they were somewhat foggy. However, the affection he felt because of the blood connection with his parents made things even more complicated.

There were so many things he didn't understand, too many perplexing conundrums. Why did his father and mother leave that year? Why had they suddenly reappeared now? Where had they been this whole time...?

Where were they when he was experiencing grave crises?

Where were they when the Resurrection Lily infected him?

Where were they when the Wang Clan Patriarch stole his Perfect Dao foundation?

Where were they when he nearly died in the Rebirth Cave?

Where were they... when Xu Qing died?

If they were merely mortals, it wouldn't matter. But they had just casually slain nine incredibly powerful experts in a single short battle. Meng Hao now knew that his father and mother were powerful. So powerful, in fact... that the Ji Clan hadn't appeared during the entire affair.

He needed an answer. He needed an explanation. His heart... felt twisted into a knot.

"Hao'er..." began his mother, tears streaming down her face. "You don't need to worry about Xu Qing. Your father placed a stream of divine sense on her. It will keep her safe during reincarnation, and will guide her back to you."

"I know what is gnawing at your mind," his father said. "You must have many questions." There was love in his eyes, and it was clearly strong. He stretched out his hand, and a brilliant glow appeared at the tip of his finger.

"Allow me to take you into the past, to awaken your memories. Then... you will see the explanation with your own eyes." The brilliant glow rose up and approached Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked at his father, and then looked at the brilliant glow. Finally, he closed his eyes. The bright glow fused into his forehead, then pulled him down into the deepest recesses of his memories.

When he was born, there were two moons in the sky, and countless stars. It was picturesque.

He heard laughter ringing about in a magnificent temple. The temple was so enormous that it spread out across half of the entire planet it occupied. That entire area belonged to...

The Fang Clan!

“This boy will be a qilin of the Fang Clan!

Throw a banquet that will last for 300 years! Invite all of the Fellow Daoists from Planet East Victory!

“Wait. Planet East Victory isn’t enough. My grandson’s name will definitely shake the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea! Invite the Fellow Daoists from all the other three planets! Invite the ancient sects as well!

“This child is my daughter’s son, which means that his future path of might will encompass the Eighth Mountain too! Invite everyone from the Eighth Mountain to come offer their congratulations!”

The voice rang out amongst endless cheerful laughter. When Meng Hao opened his eyes, these were the things he heard and saw.

A woman was holding him in her arms. When he looked up at her, he saw his mother, although she looked much younger. Standing next to her was a young girl of five or six years of age, looking at him with a curious, mischievous smile. Occasionally, she would take advantage of her mother’s distraction to make faces at him. That was his older sister.

Further off in the distance was his father, who looked very excited. He was surrounded by old men who were constantly toasting him.

Meng Hao’s birth caused a huge sensation throughout Planet East Victory. The reason was that... his father was a direct descendant of the Fang bloodline, and also the eldest son. As for Meng Hao... he was also a direct descendant, and the eldest grandson!

Another reason was that Meng Hao’s maternal grandfather was not from the Ninth Mountain. He was from the illustrious Meng Clan of the Eighth Mountain. In fact, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain was surnamed Meng!

When Meng Hao was born, even the Ji Clan sent congratulatory gifts, and Lord Ji sent a Dharma Clone to visit.

Meng Hao's birth rocked all four great planets, the entire Ninth Mountain, and all the ancient sects.

There were many people who understood that as long as this baby didn't turn out to be completely useless, then considering the power of the Fang and Meng clans, he would one day shine with blazing brilliance among the stars and seas.

This was especially the case because the child had been born with a special mark on the back of his hand. It was a Nirvana Brand!

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"Young Lord, you can't go in there! That's a restricted area! You can't just barge in!"

"Young Lord, I beg of you, please don't bite that!"

"Young Lord, stop it, stop it! You can't dig holes there! The Patriarch planted that tree there personally! Y-y-you... that tree never did anything to you, don't dig it up...."

He was a five-year-old boy who caused headaches for everyone in the Fang Clan. He was simply far too naughty.

Virtually every day he ran around followed by a trail of fellow clan members. If there wasn't someone keeping an eye on him at all times... havoc would be wrought.

"Little brother, you've been naughty again!" said his older sister, cracking her knuckles and looking at him with narrowed eyes and a mischievous smile. She was a head taller than him, and the sight of her stomping toward him caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb. He backed up, stammering, and was just about to try to make an explanation when the smackdown began.

As his sister grew up, she continued to be very strict on him, to the point where Meng Hao's heart filled with fear at the thought of her and her violent personality.

Chapter 800: Seventh Year Tribulation!

“Young Lord, you need to study now....”

“Young Lord, stop bullying your cousin Prince Wei! Look, he’s crying because you hit him!”

“Aiya! Young Lord, don’t bully Princess Ling’er. She’s... she’s your future beloved! The Patriarch already issued the official order!”

Meng Hao gaped at everything that was happening. He watched the five-year-old version of himself pummeling another boy his age. Apparently the boy had told on him, which earned Meng Hao beating from his sister. This was his revenge. In the end, the boy was in tears and begging for mercy. In another scene, he saw himself setting fire to the hair of a young girl who was about the same age as him. That left him feeling quite shocked. In fact, he couldn’t help but think... this kid couldn’t really be him, could he?

He saw many unfamiliar faces, and he also witnessed the carefree life he had lived until he was seven years of age. The life he had lived was one of simple happiness.

He wasn’t studious at all, which made Meng Hao recall how poorly he had fared in the Imperial examinations.

However, on his seventh birthday, everything changed!

The day his seventh birthday arrived, something completely unforeseen happened to him. It was a misfortune, an extremely shocking matter that caused a huge commotion throughout the entire Fang Clan, although the news was quickly hushed up.

The Fang Clan had a bloodline legacy, a Daoist Magic that was completely Heaven-defying. It manifested differently among different clan members, depending on their bloodline. It was a Daoist magic that could... allow for Nirvanic Rebirth up to four times! It was an ability that essentially gave them a chance to live up to four lifetimes!

The character ‘Fang’ is composed of four strokes, just like those four lifetimes

It was this Daoist magic that ensured that the Fang Clan remained as a towering force in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, regardless of whether it was the era of Lord Li or Lord Ji.

Any clan member who was born with a Nirvana Brand was considered Chosen. If a clan member was born without it, it was very difficult to develop it later in life.

Furthermore... throughout all the years, it was virtually unheard of for anyone to actually live all four lifetimes. Even some of the clan Patriarchs, when they became old and weak, could only experience Nirvanic Rebirth once. Those who had been able to experience Nirvanic Rebirth twice were extremely rare.

It required a deep cultivation base, as well as a very pure Fang clan bloodline.

Every time Nirvanic Rebirth was experienced, a Nirvana Flower would bloom. It would meld into the body, and allow the subject to become incredibly powerful by living an entire additional lifetime!

On Meng Hao's seventh birthday... he experienced Nirvanic Rebirth!

He did not have a powerful cultivation base, and yet... he experienced Nirvanic Rebirth!

This matter shook the whole Fang Clan. Meng Hao's father and mother were even more astonished!

That was because... although Nirvanic Rebirth was a good thing, and enabled someone to live more lifetimes, for something like that to happen to a seven-year-old child was the most brutal of calamities!

He hadn't even lived a life yet. He had a road of endless possibilities ahead of him, but was stifled before he could explore any of them! All of the essence of his flesh and blood, all of his fated good fortune that had yet to be revealed, was sucked into the Nirvanic Rebirth as he started over from the beginning!

His body began to degenerate as he passed backward from seven years of age until he was in the same state he had been when he was born. The Nirvana Brand on the back of his hand faded some, and a layer of it fell off, which then transformed into a flower. Shockingly, the flower... gave bloom to a fruit!

That fruit gave rise to further shock in the Fang Clan. Even the Patriarchs who were locked away in secluded meditation came out to see.

According to the legends, the pinnacle of the Fang Clan's Nirvanic Rebirth Daoist magic was none other than the Nirvana Fruit!

Nirvana Flowers were rare, but there were people in every generation who produced them.... However, for many many years in the Fang Clan, the Nirvana Fruit had only been spoken of as the stuff of legend. Up until then, in the entire Fang Clan there was only one shriveled up, auraless husk of a Nirvana Fruit.

Nirvana Flowers bloomed when a member of the Fang Clan experienced Nirvanic Rebirth and began to live another lifetime. They were born inside of the body, and could enable one to grow incredibly powerful. When that clan member died later on, the Nirvana Flower would wither and fade away.

However, Nirvana Fruit... were the absolute pinnacle of power. They could be preserved... and passed on as legacies!

And now... little Meng Hao actually produced a Nirvana Fruit!

This matter shook the Fang clan, and many clan members started to view Meng Hao as an extraordinary Chosen. However, his father and mother were a bit uneasy about the matter. And as they watched as their son reverted from being seven years of age to being an infant, that unease grew more intense.

This type of good fortune was something that they didn't dare to think too deeply about. If they did... it caused their hair to stand on end in terror. It was the prospect of a child who, at seven years of age, had lost an entire lifetime, as if an eighth year of life didn't even exist for him.

Meng Hao's paternal grandfather looked on silently. Then one night, he left. Before leaving, he told Meng Hao's father and mother that he was going to seek an Outsider, who he believed was the only person who could explain what was happening. Meng Hao's maternal grandfather, the venerable old man from the Eighth Mountain's Meng Clan, went with him.

The two of them disappeared into the starry sky.

Little Meng Hao grew up again, almost as if he had been reincarnated. He did not retain the memories of his previous life, and his personality had changed drastically. He was much quieter. He also noticed the strange looks that many clan members would give him when they thought no one was looking, and it scared him.

Such gazes were not the look you would give to a child, but rather, some type of Heavenly material or Earthly treasure.

When people looked at him in that way, his older sister would burst into a ranting rage and storm over with Meng Hao in tow to beat them up. She was frequently at his side, watching out for him.

“Don’t be scared little brother, your big sister is here to protect you!” She was fifteen or sixteen years old now, and was already slender and elegant. However, her violent personality hadn’t changed. In fact, she had actually grown more violent.

One day, a senior member of the clan gave Meng Hao that same strange look, which left him very frightened.

Later, he told his father about it. His father smiled and tousled his hair, then rocked him to sleep. After Meng Hao fell asleep, his father turned to leave, and his face was extremely grim. That day, the entire Fang Clan was sent into an explosive uproar, and many miserable shrieks rang out. Meng Hao’s father swept through the entire clan, sword in hand.

From that day onward, there were far fewer such gazes cast Meng Hao’s way.

Time passed. The other children who were once Meng Hao’s age were now older, and the people he used to bully began to make progress along the path of cultivation. He could no longer set fire to that increasingly beautiful girl’s hair. He was completely incapable of beating up Prince Wei, whom he found so objectionable. None of his former friends would play with him. Although he was constantly attended by various clan members, he was still plagued by a festering feeling of loneliness. Eventually, he also found out about the rebirth he had undergone when he had turned seven.

The only people who he truly had to accompany him were his father, his mother, and his older sister. During this second lifetime, Meng Hao rarely went outside. Most of those seven years were spent in silence....

Finally, the seventh birthday of his second lifetime arrived, and... he once again went through Nirvanic Rebirth.

When it happened, Meng Hao felt fear, and pain. His body withered, and everything went blurry. It was as if his flesh and blood were fading away. The mark on the back of his hand once again shone with a bizarre glow.

The Fang Clan was yet again thrown into chaos. As Meng Hao experienced the Nirvanic Rebirth, his mother held him in her arms, and tears flowed down her face onto his. As he experienced these blurry memories, Meng Hao couldn't help but stare blankly at his mother, and the look of pain and heartbreak on her face.

Little Meng Hao's voice was hoarse as he said, "Mother... don't cry.... Didn't you tell me that this is just like sleeping a bit...? I'll rest for a while and then wake up.... When I wake up, you have to tell me a story, okay...?" His older sister stood off to the side, weeping as she watched her little brother. She was already twenty years old, and to see her little brother grow up twice, only to experience Nirvanic Rebirth twice, was heartrending.

His father stood off to the side, fists clenched tightly at his sides, eyes seemingly on the verge of dripping with tears of blood. Unfortunately, there was no way for him to vent the anguish he felt in his heart.

Nirvanic Rebirth was certainly Heaven-defying. However... for it to happen twice to a young child on his seventh birthday, was no good fortune. It was a tribulation!

Seventh Year Tribulation!

If it happened a third time, and then a fourth, then what awaited Meng Hao would be certain death. He would leave behind four Nirvana Fruits, and would then vanish into nothing.

His life would be one in which... he never reached eight years of age.

A strange atmosphere fell over the Fang Clan. Many people were watching, waiting for Meng Hao to complete the Nirvanic Rebirth, and then give bloom to a second Nirvana Fruit. However, no strange looks could be seen, and no one spoke.

They watched as Meng Hao gradually degenerated, once again becoming a young child.... The mark on his hand produced a flower, which then bore a Nirvana Fruit.

Thus, the curtain fell on Meng Hao's second incomplete life.

When he finally became an infant yet again, he didn't cry. As his mother held him in her arms, he gazed blankly up at the stars.

His mother wept. Trembling, his father lifted his head up and roared. Unfortunately, that didn't change anything. They could see the mark on the back of Meng Hao's hand, the Nirvana Brand, and they knew that the third lifetime had begun.

This time, he was clearly doomed to experience Nirvanic Rebirth again on his seventh birthday.

There were many aged members of the Fang Clan who were observing what was happening. Many of them appeared to be very distressed; others sighed.

Word of the matter finally began to spread outside the clan. However, the secret of Nirvanic Rebirth was maintained. The only thing that people on the outside knew was that the Fang Clan's eldest grandchild, the direct descendant of the bloodline, was born with tribulation attached to him. Every seven years he would experience such tribulation.

A child like that was essentially crippled.

Meng Hao's mother spent her days with tears staining her face. His older sister's violent temper caused her to get into fights virtually every day, as if that was the only way for her to give vent to the anger in her heart. His father did everything in his power to try to figure out a way to solve the problem, but it was all in vain.

His two grandfathers never returned.

When he was one year old during his third lifetime, a young man came to Planet East Victory. His arrival caused the elder members of the clan to reel in shock. One after another, they came out to bow in respect.

The young man said he had been sent by Meng Hao's grandfathers. After laying eyes on Meng Hao, he was silent for a long time. His face flickered with memories and conflicting emotions, as well as surprise.

"In life, all things relate to the reaping and sowing of Karma. Farming is an example. You must work hard before you can bring in the harvest.... You must pay out before you can profit.

"As a husband and wife, are the two of you willing to abandon any future glory, to give up your current status and become the Prison Wardens of the Ninth Mountain, to guard the door of South Heaven for 100,000 years? Are you willing, no matter what Heaven-shaking Earth-shattering events take place, no matter what calamitous tribulations occur in the outside world, to spend 100,000 tedious years in that one place and not step foot outside of South Heaven? Are you willing to guard the gate of South Heaven, and not let any living beings from the outside world pass through it?

"If you are willing to leave behind everything that has been polluted by your Karma, then take this child to South Heaven. That place is the origin of the entire Ninth Mountain. If you take him there... then you must leave him before his seventh birthday. Keep your distance from him until the day he reaches Dao Seeking. You must not meet him, and must not allow your Karma to contaminate him. All of this will depend on the level of your sincerity. If you are truly sincere, then you can succeed.

"He must not be surnamed Fang. Have him take his mother's surname.

"If you do these things, then perhaps... he will have a chance at a life."