

The Heavens 801

Chapter 801: We Will Meet Again!

Meng Hao's father and mother didn't hesitate for even a moment. As long as there was a chance for Meng Hao to get better, they were willing to pay any price. If that price was a loss of freedom, and required them to relinquish their status and prestige and go to Planet South Heaven to guard it for 100,000 years...

Then they were willing!

They would leave Planet East Victory, and take Meng Hao and his older sister with them. They would leave the Fang Clan!

On the eve of their departure, the entire elder generation of the Fang Clan emerged to see them. Because they could not take anything with them that was contaminated with their Karma, Meng Hao's father was forced to leave everything behind.

The only thing he took was an iron sword.

They did not take Meng Hao's two Nirvana Fruits with them. The clan's elder generation, including the Patriarch, chose to hold them in safe keeping. When Meng Hao recovered and returned, the two Nirvana Fruits would belong to him.

Meng Hao's father sneered coldly in response to this. How could he not understand the true meaning behind the directive? Originally, he hadn't planned to leave the Nirvana Fruits behind.

"Very well, the Nirvana Fruits will be left here with the Clan Chief," he said, his eyes glittering with a sharp light. "In a few years, Hao'er will personally return to retrieve them!" With that, he tossed out the precious treasures that were the Nirvana Fruits.

Of course, what the elders didn't know was that to Meng Hao's father, these two precious treasures were actually the source of incredible sorrow.

They left a few days later, taking Meng Hao and his older sister with them. Ever since the most recent Nirvanic Rebirth, he had been lethargic and somewhat blank.

When they arrived at Planet South Heaven, they went to the remote State of Zhao, beneath Mount Daqing, and settled down in Yunjie County. Meng Hao's sister didn't stay with them. She went to the Eastern Lands, where she joined the Eastern Lands division of the Fang Clan, and focused on cultivation. She wanted to leave her father and mother alone to spend what remained of the seven years with her little brother.

During those seven years, Meng Hao was actually very happy. He gradually grew to be very intelligent, and began to focus on studying. On the eve of his seventh birthday, a violet wind gusted outside. His parents were heartbroken and anxious, but in order to save his life, they left. They had no other choice.

When he awoke and began to weep, his parents broke down....

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Meng Hao opened his eyes. The tears streaming down his face had soaked his garments. The vision faded away, and he saw his father and mother sitting there in front of him.

He could now see some white hairs on his mother's head that hadn't been there before. His father's face looked older than it had in the past.

They were looking at Meng Hao with a love that made his heart tremble.

Now he understood everything. His doubts were resolved. His questions were answered. When he saw the events that had taken place in his previous two lifetimes, they seemed like a dream. Yet now he had awakened, and still, everything that had happened during the dream remained in his head, and would never be wiped away.

"Seventh Year Tribulation...." he thought. "My parents agreed to guard this place for 100,000 years.... for me. 100,000 years...." Meng Hao couldn't even wrap his head around such an incredible period of time. The twisted feeling in his heart was completely gone. He no longer felt wronged, and in fact, felt a bit of pain and regret.

His parents did not deserve blame.

They had paid far, far too much, and never complained even once. They did not make any demands of him, nor ask for any compensation. They only wanted... for him to be able to live.

Meng Hao trembled, and even more tears began to stream down his face.

“Mom....” he said softly. “Dad....”

Trembling, his mom stepped forward and took him into her arms. She was crying too.

“Hao’er, everything’s going to be fine. You transcended the tribulation. Everything will be okay....”

Meng Hao’s father, who was once the eldest son and direct bloodline descendant of the Fang Clan, an astonishing Chosen who was still marveled at in the outside world, stepped forward and wrapped his arms around his wife and son.

“It’s past us now, Hao’er. It’s all in the past now....” His voice quavered a bit, and he was crying too. This was only the second time he had ever cried as an adult.

The first time was when Meng Hao had experienced Nirvanic Rebirth for the second time. When he watched his son revert from being seven to an infant, when he saw the pain on Meng Hao’s tiny face, when he saw his eyes slowly grow listless... he had cried.

“What about my big sister...?” Meng Hao asked softly. He would never be able to forget the image of his stern older sister protecting him in his second lifetime.

Nor would he ever forget the words she had spoken.

Don’t be scared little brother, your big sister is here to protect you!

Weeping happily, his mother responded, “She’s been in secluded meditation in the Eastern Lands for some time. After we go back, we’ll wait for her to emerge, and then we can have a big reunion!”

“What about Grandpa Meng and Grandpa Fang...?” asked Meng Hao.

When he asked the question, his father stood there silently for a moment. Meng Hao's heart began to thump. He remembered that his two grandfathers had left together to go search for an Outsider.

The Outsider came, but his two grandfathers had never returned.

After a long moment, his father said, "All things come with a price. Your Grandpa Meng's and Grandpa Fang's life lamps still burn. They are still alive, but... we don't know where they are."

Meng Hao sat there silently, and his heart twinged painfully. Now that he knew the reason for everything, he felt deep guilt regarding his two grandfathers.

Were it not for them, that Outsider would never have appeared, and he would have long since returned to the dust, with only four Nirvana Fruits left behind.

It was because of him that his two Grandfathers had never returned.

Furthermore, his parents were stuck guarding South Heaven for 100,000 years. When he thought about this, Meng Hao felt even worse. He looked at his parents, and although he didn't say anything, his feelings were already etched deeply in his heart.

He would never be able to pay back the kindness shown to him by his parents and relatives.

Patriarch Blood Demon never awoke, and soon it came time for Meng Hao to leave with his father and mother. His father and mother faced to Mount Blood Demon, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

A few days later, when the restoration work was well under way in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao and his parents left. Before returning to the Eastern Lands, they went to visit his master, Pill Demon.

His mother and father were very grateful for everything Pill Demon had done, and even offered expensive gifts. In response, however, Pill Demon's face darkened. It didn't matter that he was facing people with mighty cultivation bases, he refused to accept the gifts.

"Meng Hao is my disciple! How could I accept gifts from you!?" he said.

Meng Hao's father clasped hands and bowed deeply to him, then sent out a strand of his Dao will, which solidified inside of Pill Demon's body and caused a tremor to run through him.

Dao Will such as this was something very important to Pill Demon, and would help him to verify his path of cultivation.

"How rude of us," said Meng Hao's father. "Forgive me, Grandmaster. Please accept this strand of Dao will. Hao'er was not born in the lands of South Heaven, so the Immortal destiny for this ten thousand year period cannot belong to him. Grandmaster, I very much admire your aspirations regarding the Dao. When your true Immortal Tribulation arrives, I will personally act as a Dao Protector for you!"

They stayed in the Violet Fate Sect for several days. Chu Yuyan continuously avoided Meng Hao, which caused him to sigh. However, he didn't force the matter, and eventually left with his parents. They went to visit Patriarch Song, and then finally left the Southern Domain.

When they transformed into beams of prismatic light that shot off into the distance, Chu Yuyan was standing proudly on a mountain peak in the Violet Fate Sect. She said nothing, but merely stood there, looking somewhat desolate. When Pill Demon caught sight of her, he sighed.

It was in this fashion that Meng Hao left the Southern Domain with his parents.

On the way, Meng Hao mentioned that he wanted to stop by the Milky Way Sea to look for that old turtle Patriarch Reliance. Meng Hao's mother shook her head with a smile.

"The turtle you're talking about left a long time ago. He's not in the lands of South Heaven any more."

Meng Hao gaped, and then a hateful expression appeared on his face. "It's a good thing he left so quickly," he thought to himself, "otherwise I would have tracked him down and shown him a thing or two!"

Meanwhile, out in the starry sky....

An enormous turtle was drifting among the stars. He had an entire continent on his back, upon which existed countless lives, including numerous cultivators and sects.

Of course, they didn't realize that they were floating out among the stars. When they looked up, what they saw was a magically produced sky.

The turtle, of course, was none other than Patriarch Reliance. Currently, his head was tucked inside of his shell, and he was humming a little tune. He looked incredibly happy and proud of himself.

"Heh heh heh! The Patriarch is the most incredible, yet again! Now that I've fled out here, that little bastard will never be able to find me!

"Hahaha! From now on, my future is as boundless as the sea and sky! The Patriarch has freedom at last!

"Let's see how that little bastard reacts when he finds out that I'm no longer on Planet South Heaven. He'll be struck dumb! Hahaha!" The thought of Meng Hao going to the Milky Way Sea to look for him, only to be unable to find him, caused Patriarch Reliance's spirits to instantly be lifted even higher. He continued to muse on how he was vastly more intelligent than Meng Hao.

"You want the Patriarch to be your Dao Protector? Impossible! Ai... it's all the fault of those old bastards from the League of Demon Sealers. They must have damaged my brain somehow. How come it didn't occur to me before that I could simply fly away from Planet South Heaven?!

"Although, it's better late than never. Now that I've finally flown away from South Heaven, I feel like I've actually gotten smarter!

"Aiyaaa, where should I go now? Ah, it doesn't really matter. I remember that years ago I had a beloved on Planet East Victory. I wonder how she's doing after all these years? I should go see my old sweetheart." Sighing somewhat emotionally, Patriarch Reliance flickered as he shot toward Planet East Victory, taking the State of Zhao with him.

As he flew, he hummed his little tune, feeling extremely happy....

There was someone else speeding along through the starry sky. It was a crazy old man who was clearly not Immortal. However, for some reason, he emanated a strong Immortal qi, and was capable of flying among the stars.

“Immortal Ascension.... Immortal Ascension....” As his voice echoed out, a strange transformation seemed to be occurring. His face was ancient for a moment... but then looked young all of a sudden.

However, the old face and the young face looked different from each other. They were two different people!

This was the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. As for the transformation to his appearance... were Meng Hao here, he would recognize that young face. It was none other than... Wang Tengfei, whose soul had been swallowed up by his ancestor!

Meanwhile, two figures appeared on the border between the Northern Reaches and the Eastern Lands, creeping forward stealthily. One of them was a young man in black robes who looked delicate and pretty, almost like a scholar. If you looked closely, he actually resembled Meng Hao. However, there was a perverted expression in his eyes that completely ruined the entire image.

Next to him was a tall, fat man, who occasionally mumbled complaints.

“Run, run, run away. All you know how to do is run away. I’ve been telling you all along, this is wrong. It’s immoral! It’s very, very shameless! We should never have fled back then.... We’re finished. Completely finished! Meng Hao has become incredibly powerful.... What do we do now? What is Lord Third supposed to do now?”

“Shut the hell up!” the young man replied loftily, looking at the fat man out of the corner of his eye. “Lord Fifth hasn’t even said anything yet, what are you flapping your gums for? What the hell do you want? Let me ask you, do you know what comes after three? Can you count all the way to five?”

“Well, Lord Fifth can!”

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! Lord Fifth is taking you to the Eastern Lands! With this feather that fell from the sky, we’re definitely going to be able to live the good life!” The young man shook his body in much the same way that a bird does when straightening out its feathers.

Chapter 802: Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion!

In the vast Eastern Lands was the ancient city of Chang’an.

It was a place that countless scholars in the lands of South Heaven dreamed of. All of them hungered to pay homage to the Great Tang, and to stroll through Chang'an.

The military strength of the Great Tang was incredible, and even possessed garrison states populated entirely by cultivators. There was no location in the mortal worlds of South Heaven in which people did not pay homage to the Great Tang.

It was no surprise that there were great numbers of sects and clans in the Eastern Lands. Their strength and influence exceeded that of any of the powers that existed in the Northern Reaches, Southern Domain or Western Desert. In terms of sects alone, there were nine major ones.

In addition, there were seven great clans with vast numbers of disciples, followers, and clan members. The Eastern Lands were a flourishing place with countless Chosen, many of whom were famous even in the other continents.

Even the Imperial family had its own Daoist teachings and doctrines, which they used to exercise control over the whole continent. Emperor Tang himself possessed a powerful cultivation base, and although he rarely made public appearances, his power held sway over the all the land.

Chang'an was the center of it all, and was encircled by ten defensive fortresses. Of those, eight belonged directly to the Great Tang, with the remaining fortresses belonging to two different clans.

One was the Fang Clan and the other was the Ji Clan!

Just because they occupied the defensive fortresses didn't mean that these two clans bowed their heads to the power of the Emperor. They were independent, and in fact, above everyone else. It was the other sects and clans who bowed their heads to them!

This was especially true of the Ji Clan. The Heavens themselves belonged to the Ji Clan, so who was there that could possibly surpass them?

As for the Fang Clan, they had vast and powerful resources at their disposal. Although they were only a subdivision of the main clan, they were still deep and immeasurable. Of course, in compliance with their clan rules, they respected the Great Tang, and would protect the Tang Dynasty for all time. After all... the Tang Emperor was surnamed Li!

However, despite the fact that these were the circumstances surrounding Meng Hao at the moment, they were far distant from his daily life.

Currently, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in a courtyard in the Fang Clan, underneath an ancient tree. Sitting next to him was a trembling little crocodile who was oh-so-cautiously looking at the man sitting cross-legged in front of Meng Hao.

That man was none other than Meng Hao's father.

"Hao'er," he said, "your future path is your own to tread. As to what you do and how you do it, your mother and I can assist from the sidelines, but will not help you directly. The most important thing you should focus on is... Immortal Ascension!

"You're already halfway into true Immortality, lacking only that final half step. Then you will be in the Immortal Realm.

"The chance to gain true Immortality is something that comes along once every 10,000 years. There are many cultivators of the elder generation, and even current Chosen, who are willing to suppress their own cultivation bases, all for the chance to get that true Immortal destiny.

"During this 10,000 year period, the true Immortal destiny lies in the lands of South Heaven. However, since you weren't born on South Heaven, it cannot belong to you. The location of your true Immortality is on Planet East Victory.

"The simplest way to achieve true Immortal Ascension is by means of the rarely seen Immortality Illumination Vine. Use that to gain enlightenment regarding the meaning of Immortality, and you can achieve true Immortal Ascension.

"Although Immortality Illumination Vines are rare, it is not impossible to acquire them. In fact, there are enough that, during each 10,000 year period, most powerful sects manage to produce one or two true Immortals. However, the vines are only effective in the 1,000 years after the true Immortal destiny appears.

"The second way to achieve true Immortal Ascension is very difficult, and that is to acquire the Immortal destiny that appears once every 10,000 years, and use it to tread the path to true Immortality. That is the path your master Pill Demon must take.

“Both of these types of Immortals are true Immortals.

“Your master is going about it the most difficult way. If he succeeds, then he will most certainly be taken away by some powerful organization and made a Conclave disciple.

“Therefore, when the time comes for your master’s true Immortal Ascension, the lands of South Heaven are going to be a very lively place. The various Chosen of other sects and clans who have left South Heaven will return to fight for their chance. When that time comes, I will act as Dao Protector for your master.

“As for you, after you help your master transcend his tribulation, then you will go to Planet East Victory. Father has already prepared an Immortality Illumination Vine for you there!

“Initially, using the Immortality Illumination Vine produces a slightly inferior result. However, cultivation isn’t always dependent on the first steps, and using that method can also lead you to great glory.

“So there are only these two ways to achieve true Immortal Ascension?” asked Meng Hao, a bit surprised. “Why could the Resurrection Lily achieve it?”

“People aren’t flowers and flowers aren’t people. The path of the Resurrection Lily can be learned from, but if cultivators try to follow it, they will find it very difficult to realize their Dao.

“There is a third path which is not dependent on any of the planets or any Immortal lands. It is to achieve true Immortality... by your own power!

“This is a very rare thing. According to the legends, only Patriarch Kṣitigarbha, the Earth Store Bodhisattva of the Fourth Mountain

has ever traveled that path. Other than him, no one has ever pulled it off. When he did, it caused all of the Immortal qi in the Mountain and Sea Realm to surge and swirl towards him, such that everyone knew about it.

“As to how to tread that path, even I don’t know.” Meng Hao’s father shook his head. Even though he had a high opinion of Meng Hao, he didn’t think it was possible for him to tread that third path. “For now,” he said, looking at Meng Hao sternly, “focus on my nine sword forms. Make sure you understand them thoroughly.”

Sadly, Meng Hao's older sister Fang Yu was still unable to emerge from secluded meditation. Meng Hao's return had caused many in South Heaven's Fang Clan to act with great caution. They were unfamiliar with him, and didn't dare to even try to probe him for information.

Word of Meng Hao's deeds in the Southern Domain had long since spread amongst the cultivators of the vast Eastern Lands.

When it came to the Ji Clan, there quite a few people there who were currently vacillating nervously.... Those people were the Chosen who owed Meng Hao spirit stones from back in the Demon Immortal Sect. There were Chosen from other sects in the Eastern Lands as well, all of whom had mixed feelings about Meng Hao.

As they sat there beneath the tree, Meng Hao's father waved his hand, causing a scintillating command medallion to fly out toward Meng Hao. It came to rest in front of him, where it floated in the air. It only took a glance for Meng Hao to be able to sense the vast ancientness pulsing off of it.

"This is an Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion," said Meng Hao's father.

"In the future, when you leave the lands of South Heaven, you could return home to the clan to continue your cultivation, or you could use this medallion to join the Ninth Mountain's Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite and cultivate their Daoist magic!

"In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there are many Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temples. Whenever one of those temples opens its doors, it will attract a lot of attention.

"Currently, only the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite of the Ninth Mountain continues to pass on its legacies. Many cultivators practice cultivation among them, making them one of the most superlative Daoist Societies in the Ninth Mountain. By the time any Daoist rite temple is revealed to the world, it will already long since been left untended and abandoned.

"Only the most powerful of Chosen can join the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. Lord Li joined, as did Lord Ji. The Fang Patriarch of that era also joined. Their requirements for accepting disciples are very strict. However, if you possess an Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion, then you can join directly as a Conclave disciple.

"Take good care of this medallion!

“The medallion has another function. I happened to discover an Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple. Although it’s deserted, if you enter it, the temple will automatically come to life....

“Accept the medallion’s guidance, and you can cultivate enlightenment in the temple. It will greatly improve your chances at achieving Immortal Ascension.

“However, after the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple comes to life, others will detect it. Therefore, Chosen from the sects and clans of the other planets will come to try to seize the luck and good fortune in the temple.

“What they will be most interested in obtaining is the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion.

“That will be your chance to hone your skills.”

Meng Hao looked closer at the medallion, and inside, he could just barely make out an Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, filled with countless figures practicing cultivation. There was also a glowing Immortal who was giving a sermon regarding the Dao.

The music of a great Dao floated through the air, which Meng Hao couldn’t hear clearly. However, it caused him to perceive an unusual sensation of being bathed in an celestial radiance, with Immortal qi swirling around him.

After a long moment, he trembled, and recovered his senses. He quickly reached out to take hold of the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion.

“Keep the Dao medallion safe, and achieve Immortal ascension. Those are my tests for you. If you can’t accomplish these things... then it would be better for you to stay here with me and your mother.

“If you can fight with all your might against the Chosen of the sects and clans of the other planets, if you can protect this medallion, if you can achieve true Immortal Ascension, then... your mother and I will be confident that you are ready to leave us and forge your own glorious future!”

Meng Hao clutched the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion, looked up at his father, and slowly nodded.

Meng Hao's father looked back and then smiled. It was a smile full of love and encouragement.

"Go," he said. "Leave this crocodile here. When you achieve Immortal Ascension, it will be the mount you can use when you leave. Hao'er... you did not have me and your mother at your side in this lifetime. You've reached your current stage by relying only on your own efforts!"

"Likewise, I believe that in the future... you won't need help from me or your mother. Your path will lead you much further... and you can do it on your own!"

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then bowed to his father.

"Now go. We cultivators don't focus on the trifles in life. Besides... you've grown up." His father's smile grew wider. From the look in his eye, you could see that he wished for his son to be a dragon, to truly succeed. It was a look similar to the one Meng Hao had seen in the eyes of Ke Yunhai.

Meng Hao rose to his feet and caught sight of his mother approaching. She walked up to him, adjusted his clothes, and then looked at him lovingly. She clearly did not wish to part with him, and was also worried.

"Mom, I'm fine," he said with a bashful smile.

When she saw his smile, his mother shook her head.

"That's the same smile you used to make when you were little," she said, "whenever you were about to get into mischief."

Meng Hao's smile grew even more bashful. He chatted a bit more with his parents, then clasped hands and bowed. Giving them a final deep look, he turned and made his way off into the distance.

They watched him leaving, and Meng Hao's mother sighed.

"This is how cultivators were meant to practice cultivation," his father said calmly. "Hao'er is a dragon amongst men. His path... is his own to tread!"

"I'm still worried though..." his mother said.

“It was without our help that he stepped halfway into true Immortality,” his father replied proudly. “He’s grown up, and given his personality, it would be impossible for him to stay with us here for 100,000 years. Since we can’t leave, he needs to temper himself with appropriate challenges. Moreover... in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there truly are few who have achieved a cultivation base like his at such an age!”

“I’m just afraid that this Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple that you’ve activated will attract people above the Spirit Realm...” his mother said softly.

Meng Hao’s father laughed coolly. “Fang Xiufeng makes the rules here on Planet South Heaven, and I say... if anyone above the Spirit Realm dares to enter, I’ll just kill them!”

Meng Hao left the Fang Clan, the first time he had done so since arriving. The streets were busy, and as he looked around at the bustle, it was clear that this was a city of mortals. There were cultivators present too, but they didn’t dare to act superior to others. Apparently, cultivators were not permitted to act aggressively in the lands controlled by the Great Tang.

Meng Hao looked up, and off in the distance he could see an enormous city. That was... Chang’an.

At first glance it looked ordinary, but when Meng Hao circulated his Immortal qi, he was shocked to find that there were ninety-five gold dragons spiraling through the air above the city. Occasionally they would let out shocking roars. Of course, it was something that everyone else could not see or hear.

Gradually, the ninety-five dragons merged together into a figure sitting there in midair. When Meng Hao looked at it, the figure seemed to sense his gaze, and then looked back at him.

Suddenly, a majestic voice filled Meng Hao’s mind. “The son of Elder Brother Fang. As expected, you are quite extraordinary. It’s a pleasure to meet you. Allow me to bless you with some qi reserves to incorporate into your body.”

The ninety-five dragons each spit streams of draconic qi, which merged together into an extremely lifelike golden dragon. It turned into a golden beam of light that shot through the air and merged into Meng Hao. As it swirled through his body, an incredibly refreshing feeling filled him.

Cracking sounds could be heard from inside him, and an otherworldly aura seemed to be washing over him, like a baptism. It almost seemed as if he had formed a resonance with the land, and could now see various Daoist magics and natural laws wherever he looked.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as the figure looked away from him.

"Emperor Tang!" gasped Meng Hao. He was certain that the person just now.... was the Emperor of the Great Tang!

"The lands of South Heaven are filled with hidden dragons and crouching tigers...." he thought. "The Emperor of the Great Tang has an unfathomable cultivation base. Is South Heaven the only place like this, or are the other planets similar? Perhaps only people in the same Realm as father can understand such things."

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed toward Chang'an. Then, he transformed into a beam of colorful light as he followed the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion's guidance toward the temple. His second true self became the shadow beneath him, following him wherever he went.

Meng Hao had just appeared outside the city, and was about to head off into the distance, when his eyes glittered.

"I heard mom say that the Ji Clan isn't too far away from here...." A bashful smile appeared on his face and he rubbed his bag of holding. He still had many promissory notes inside, some of which were written by Chosen of the Ji Clan.

"I think it's time to go settle accounts...." Meng Hao thought with a dry cough. He took out a jade slip which continued a detailed map of the vast Eastern Lands. After examining it for a moment, he headed toward the Ji Clan's fortress....

Chapter 803: Going to the Ji Clan to Collect Debts

The Ji Clan didn't just have one ancestral mansion, but many. The one located within the fortress was just one of those.

It was enormous and sprawling, taking up roughly thirty percent of the entire fortress. On the outside it looked relatively ordinary, but once you stepped foot inside, you would catch sight of indescribably beautiful carved balustrades and marble steps.

An ancient, aged will emanated out in all directions, making every block of wood and stone seem sentient. It was something completely extraordinary that even the Eastern Lands' Fang Clan couldn't equal.

Meng Hao navigated his way through the fortress using the map, and eventually found the Ji Clan's main gate. He walked up the gate and cleared his throat. As he looked around, he didn't see anyone around standing guard.

He knocked, and, seeing that there was no reaction from within, flew up into the air and prepared to simply fly into the mansion. However, a massive pressure bore down on him as soon as he rose up into the air. Clearly, the airspace here was restricted.

Meng Hao suddenly heard someone chuckling behind him.

"Fellow Daoist, don't waste your time! People like you come here every day hoping to pay respects to the Ji Clan."

There were two cultivators there who had caught sight of Meng Hao as they were passing by.

"The Ji Clan is the number one clan in the lands of South Heaven," said the first one, "and this is one of their ancestral mansions. You think you can just waltz right in? The only way to get inside is if you're invited by the Ji Clan."

"Why even try?" chuckled the second one. "You might end up irritating one of the Ji Clan members, and then you'd be in grave danger."

Actually, Meng Hao's handsome appearance and down-to-earth disposition left these two cultivators with a good impression, so they really were trying to help him out.

"I'm not here to pay respects," said Meng Hao, coughing lightly. "I'm here to collect some debts." His eyes suddenly glittered brightly as he caught sight of the two iron hoop handles that adorned the main gate.

The two iron hoops seemed ordinary, but by using his Celestial Vision technique, he could instantly sense the aura of ancient magical symbols pulsing off of them.

“These things are magical treasures!” Meng Hao thought. Taking a step forward, he grabbed one of the iron hoops and then yanked hard on it. Unfortunately, the gate didn’t budge an inch. The two startled cultivators looked on in shock.

“Fellow Daoist, what... what are you doing?”

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and strange gleam appeared in his eyes. As he prepared to yank on the iron hoop a second time, the wide-eyed cultivators behind him began to back up. They came to the citadel frequently to go shopping, and often saw cultivators pacing back and forth in front of the Ji Clan’s main gate, hoping to gain entrance to offer respects.

However, they had never, ever seen someone covet the iron hoops on the main gate. The mere sight of it made their scalps numb. As they backed up, Meng Hao wrenched at the iron hoop with full force.

Some distance away, a group of seven or eight youths were loitering on the street corner, chatting and laughing. When they noticed what Meng Hao was doing, one of their number gaped for a moment and then let out a roar of fury. He instantly flew into the air toward Meng Hao.

“How brazen! Did you just eat a dragon heart?! How dare you behave so boorishly in front of the Ji Clan!?!?”

The two cultivators near Meng Hao were so scared they could barely speak, and began to back up even faster.

“Not good! It’s Ji Xueming! He’s a Quasi-Array disciple of the Ji Clan!”

Ji Xueming’s hands flashed in an incantation gesture as he whistled through the air. Bright light pulsed off of his body, which then transformed into a long spear that emanated a strong force like a tornado. He stabbed the spear toward Meng Hao without hesitation.

As Meng Hao stood there at the entrance to the Ji Clan, he turned his head to look at the incoming spear, then gave a cold snort. He waved his right index finger, causing the long spear to tremble and then explode into pieces. The shockwave didn’t even lift a hair on Meng Hao’s head, but Ji Xueming was sent tumbling backward through the air. He slammed into the ground about three hundred meters away, coughing up blood, his face ashen.

His companions' faces filled with rage as they looked over at Meng Hao.

“Looking to die!?!?” Ji Xueming howled, crawling to his feet. His cultivation base was at the late Nascent Soul stage, and although Meng Hao's cultivation base was not visible to him, he raged at him nonetheless.

“You're Ji Xueming?” Meng Hao asked. “Okay, hold on a second...” With that, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce a large stack of promissory notes. After flipping through them for a moment, his eyes sparkled and pulled out one in particular.

“Are you related to Ji Xuelin?” he continued, sounding hopeful.

“He's my big brother! How dare you act so wildly in the Ji Clan! You're DEAD!!” With a shrill cry, he waved his right hand, causing spiritual energy to surge in mid-air, giving rise to ripples that only a cultivator could see.

Meng Hao smiled bashfully, then proceeded to ignore Ji Xueming and look back at the iron hoops. He was getting even more excited about them.

“This is really a lovely treasure!” he thought, causing his cultivation base to begin to rotate. His Dharma Idol flickered into being behind him, which then reached down to grab an iron ring and yank on it.

A boom could be heard as the entire main gate shuddered. Even the ground quaked as the iron ring... was ripped off the door by Meng Hao.

The two cultivators who had just been trying to persuade Meng Hao to leave, were now watching with wide eyes.

Ji Xueming's companions' eyes went even wider with disbelief, as if they had seen a ghost. As for Ji Xueming, his shrill cry gurgled to a stop, and he gaped at Meng Hao in shock.

The huge boom just now had echoed throughout the city, and quite a few cultivators had hurried over to see what was happening. When they saw what was going on, they instantly began to cry out in shock.

“He... he ripped off a door hoop?”

“That’s... that’s impossible....”

“Is that guy crazy!? How could he possibly dare to provoke the Ji Clan!!”

“This is the Ji Clan’s ancestral mansion, a representation of the whole clan’s face! And yet... he actually ripped a door hoop off!!”

“He’s poking the Heavens in the eye!!”

A buzz of conversation immediately echoed out.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he hefted the iron hoop in his hand to get a sense of its weight. Then, his eyes shone with a gleam of pleasure.

“Truly a lovely treasure,” he thought. It was at this point that his head swiveled to look at the other iron hoop. He was just about to reach out and grab it when a cold snort echoed out from inside the Ji Clan. Next, the gates silently swung open and a young man walked out.

His long hair draped down over his shoulders, and his features were handsome, albeit cold. A Spirit Severing aura swirled around him as he strode out. Instantly, a rumbling sound filled the air, as if bizarre ripples were spreading out from his body.

“According to the clan rules,” the young man said as he walked out, “anyone who damages the clan gate will be exterminated to the ninth degree of kinship.” He looked over coldly at Meng Hao, and then suddenly, his jaw dropped.

Three hundred meters away, Ji Xueming didn’t notice that point. He was extremely excited and cried out, “Big brother, kill that guy!”

Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with a strange light. As soon as he laid eyes on this newcomer, he couldn’t help but feel happy. He laughed loudly and then said, “Fellow Daoist Xuelin, do you remember me?”

At first, the young man's bearing had been cold and aloof, but after looking closely at Meng Hao and hearing his words, his face went deathly white. Even if he had a more steely will, he would still have cried out hoarsely in alarm. As it was, he couldn't prevent himself from staggering backward several paces.

"No, I don't remember!" he cried out, then slammed the gate shut.

Eyes glittering, Meng Hao lifted his right foot up and then kicked hard onto the huge gate. A boom echoed out as the gate crashed open. Ji Xuelin was on the other side, and was sent tumbling backward, blood spurting out of his mouth. Then he began to cry out loudly.

"Meng Hao's here! Meng Hao's here!!"

His urgent call immediately caused the faces of numerous Ji Clan old-timers to flicker. As for the Chosen who happened to be in the mansion, they didn't comprise all of the Ji Clan Chosen. However, there were four or five who happened to owe Meng Hao spirit stones, and their faces filled with shock.

When the people gathered outside the Ji Clan heard Ji Xuelin's call, they were completely taken aback. Many weren't able to put the pieces together, but there were some whose expressions flickered with understanding.

"Meng Hao? That's the guy who ended the war between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches! He's half a step into true Immortality, and is the number one figure in his generation!"

"It's him... he's actually in the Eastern Lands. Dammit! Now that I think about it, the sect issued orders recently that we are not to offend Meng Hao in any way! I didn't understand before, because I thought he was in the Southern Domain. But it turns out he's already in the Eastern Lands!"

"So... he really is Meng Hao!"

Stories of the war of the Southern Domain had long since spread widely throughout all the lands, and Meng Hao's name could be heard everywhere. He had sealed the cultivation bases of more than 100,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, cutting off their path to the Nascent Soul stage and reducing them to felon citizens. Furthermore, he had summoned a huge mountain to suppress five peak Dao Seeking experts.

Because of all of that, Meng Hao was now thoroughly famous in all the lands of South Heaven.

Ji Xueming stood there quivering, face pale and eyes wide. He vaguely remembered that some time ago, word had been passed down through the clan forbidding anyone from provoking Meng Hao.

Everything trembled as Meng Hao entered the Ji Clan. As he passed the nearly destroyed gate, he casually reached down to wrench off the other iron hoop, which he put in his bag of holding.

The sight of him doing so caused gasps to rise up from the people who stood outside watching; Meng Hao's domineering manner had already left them with a deep impression. On the other hand, flames of rage could be seen burning in the Ji Clan members' eyes.

After all... there were only a few people who actually owed him spirit stones. To all the other members of the Ji Clan, Meng Hao's actions just now were nothing short of blasphemous.

Immediately, eight older members of the Clan snorted coldly and then stepped forward. Hands were waved, and divine abilities appeared. However, when they neared Meng Hao, his eyes flickered and he flicked his sleeve. Rumbling echoed out as a storm wind rose up. It blasted out in all directions, causing the eight older clan members to tumble back with blood spraying from their mouths.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and pulled out some promissory notes.

"I'm not here to cause a ruckus," he said, as he began leafing through the notes. "I just want to collect some debts. Ji Xuelin, Ji Tianyi, Ji Xiaoxiao...." In a brief moment, he recited seven or eight names.

Finally, he looked up.

"When exactly were you people planning on paying me back the tens of millions of spirit stones you owe me?! Hand them over!!"

His voice roared out to be heard not only by the entire Ji Clan, but also everyone on the outside. Instantly, all of the people whose names he recited, with the exception of those not present, suddenly grew incredibly wrathful. How could they not? After all, the sheer amount of spirit stones owed... made it impossible for them to pay off the debt.

“You’re shameless, Meng Hao! You forced us to write those promissory notes!”

“We didn’t want to write them! You made us!!”

“Yeah, you threatened us! We had no choice but to sign the promissory notes, so they don’t count!”

When the other Ji Clan members heard what was being cried out, they couldn’t help but be shocked. The cultivators on the outside were also looking on with wide eyes.

“I can’t believe Meng Hao was so daring back then! He actually forced Ji Clan Chosen to write promissory notes!!”

“Tens of millions of spirit stones! How... how do you force someone to the point of signing that kind of promissory note?!”

Meng Hao’s eyes went dark. “Not going to acknowledge your debt!?”

Chapter 804: Debts Must Be Repaid!

The Ji Clan members glared furiously at Meng Hao, their eyes brimming with killing intent. For years on end, no one had ever dared to crash through the Ji Clan’s gate. Well... except for a certain husband and wife.

Now, Meng Hao was the third person to do so.

“What a pack of lies!” a voice said from among the Ji Clan members. As the same time, a surge of energy burst out, accompanied by three older clan members. They moved with incredible speed, and were in front of Meng Hao in the space of one breath. Their cultivation bases emanated the shocking power of Dao Seeking, and even as they arrived in front of Meng Hao, they snorted and launched attacks.

They knew Meng Hao was extraordinary, which was why they joined forces to attack in unison. Everything trembled violently, even the sun and moon. The illusory image of an altar appeared which rumbled toward Meng Hao, exuding incredible pressure.

“For the sake of your parents, we won’t kill you today, but that doesn’t mean we’ll let you off without teaching you a lesson!” The ground quaked as the altar descended toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm. He smiled and glanced at the incoming altar, then suddenly clenched his fist. Even as his punch sailed through the air, the Ninth Mountain materialized, which then slammed into the altar.

A huge boom rattled out and the altar was sent spinning backward. The Ninth Mountain floated there, emanating shocking pressure, and most shocking of all, surrounded by swirling Immortal qi. The three Ji clan members staggered backward, blood oozing out of their mouths, their faces filled with shock.

In the same moment that they fell into retreat, seven more older clan members flew up into the air. They also joined forces, shoving their hands down from above to summon an enormous lake. There were fish swimming to and fro within the lake, one of which leapt out and transformed into a red dragon that roared and headed toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao lifted his foot up and took a step forward. The ground quaked as a massive force rippled out in all directions. The three Dao Seeking experts coughed up blood and fell back once more, astonishment written on their faces.

As for the seven old clan members who had summoned the red dragon, blood sprayed from their mouths and they tumbled back through the air like kites with their strings cut.

Then there were the ordinary clan members, whose faces fell as they felt themselves being shoved back violently, their bodies completely beyond their own control. They looked over in shock at Meng Hao, who stood there, towering above everyone.

The people on the outside continued to watch with wide eyes and gaping mouths. To them, Meng Hao looked like a Paragon, standing there unmatched and invincible!

“Debts must be repaid!” Meng Hao said, walking forward again. “It’s a law of Heaven and a principle of Earth! If you renege on your debt, then I’ll just have to come take it myself.” As he advanced, the Ji Clan members were forced to fall back. It was almost like they couldn’t even control their own bodies, and were literally being forced back by an incredible power.

One of their number was a young man who suddenly felt an incredible force wrapping around his body. He was suddenly hauled out from the other Ji Clan members and pulled directly in front of Meng Hao.

It was Ji Xuelin.

“Meng Hao, you’re pushing things way too far!” he cried shrilly, glaring furiously at Meng Hao. He looked like he was about to fly into a rage, but inwardly, he was trembling. Even as the words left his mouth, he braced himself for something horrible to happen. However, he had no choice but to speak such words; after all, this was the Ji Clan, and if he didn’t say something, how could he possibly hold his head up in front of his fellow clan members?

“You owe me money, and I’m here to collect! How is that pushing things too far?”

In the face of all the nearby Ji Clan members, Meng Hao grabbed Ji Xuelin’s bag of holding and opened it up. He frowned.

“You barely have more than 1,000,000 spirit stones? How could that be!?” Meng Hao’s tone turned stern. “Ji Xuelin, that’s simply not enough. Okay, let me see.... you owe me 7,650,000 spirit stones....” He reached out, stuck his hand into Ji Xuelin’s robe and started to loosen it.

“Meng Hao! Y-y-you....” Ji Xuelin let out a roar. Meng Hao had just snatched away his bag of holding, and then taken away some of his other personal belongings. After that, shockingly, Meng Hao began to disrobe him! This caused Ji Xuelin to be frightened out of his wits, filled with unprecedented terror and astonishment.

“Y-y-you... what are you DOING!?!?”

He wasn’t the only frightened one. The other Ji Clan members looked on with wide, disbelieving eyes as Meng Hao pulled Ji Xuelin’s robes off.

“You owe me money! These clothes are pretty nice. I bet I could sell them for a few spirit stones.” Meng Hao put the robes away and then looked at the shivering Ji Xuelin. Finally, he heaved a sigh of pity.

“If I had known things would turn out this way,” Meng Hao said, shaking his head sympathetically, “I would have done things differently back then. Ah, young people. You shouldn’t write promissory notes so easily, you know? I hope that in the future, you keep that in mind. Turn over a new leaf!

“Although, don’t forget that you still have to pay me back what you owe me. This little bit today can just be considered interest.”

Ji Xuelin let out a mighty roar, and then coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was so enraged that he then passed out and flopped over onto the ground, although it was hard to say whether it was real or an act....

It was at this point that a cold snort echoed through the air. A shadow passed over the mansion, and an incredibly cold aura spread out. Boundless killing intent roiled through the air as an enormous black hand appeared up above. Rumbling pressure weighed down in all directions, transforming into the power of peak Dao Seeking. As Meng Hao looked up, the hand descended toward him.

Just barely visible behind the huge hand was an old man wearing a black robe. He was thin and emaciated, and emanated an aura of decay and rot, as if he had just climbed up from a grave.

“You don’t qualify to run amok in the Ji Clan!”

Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and astonishing killing intent filled the air. It seemed evil to the extreme, and caused the bright spring day to suddenly become as cold as dead winter. Black snowflakes began to flutter down, and the entire place appeared to have turned into... a midwinter battlefield.

Suddenly, countless corpses appeared on the battlefield, as well as innumerable cultivators locked in deadly combat. All of it was incredibly realistic! It was... a Dao Seeking Region!

It was a peak Dao Seeking Region!

As Meng Hao stood there in the middle of the Region, his face grew dark and grim. Anyone who saw the expression found their hearts suddenly thumping. This version of Meng Hao seemed completely different, a vicious version which had been hiding inside him all along!

“Killing intent? You can’t have more than I do,” he said coolly. Suddenly, the shadow beneath his feet rippled, and his second true self emerged. At first, his eyes were closed, but as he stepped out,

they opened, and blood-colored light spilled out. A killing intent radiated out that was exponentially stronger than the previous killing intent. It caused the sky to change color and the clouds to seethe. The sun and moon trembled as the intensity of the killing intent caused everything in the area to shake.

The emaciated man up in midair gasped, and his face filled with disbelief. The surrounding Ji Clan members were all shaking in astonishment, and many of them were coughing up mouthfuls of blood.

Everyone on the outside felt as if they were frozen in place by icy coldness, and were shivering violently.

This was Meng Hao's second true self, who had absorbed his boundless Devilish will!

The Devilish will was shocking; a black aura exploded out from Meng Hao's second true self, transforming into roiling black clouds that then formed into the image of an enormous face. The face was matchlessly savage, and seemed to contain a madness that wished to exterminate all forms of life.

The intense killing intent immediately exerted incredible pressure on the emaciated old man, who felt his scalp go completely numb.

"This... this...." His mind was reeling. This ferocious spirit, this killing intent, this madness... were something rarely seen in life.

Meng Hao's mood had turned sour. His voice level, he said, "As for this battlefield illusion, let me ask you... have you ever seen a real battlefield before?"

His second true self's body distorted, causing what looked like beams of light to shoot out in all directions, causing... a different battlefield to appear!

It was a battlefield of complete carnage, with rivers of blood flowing everywhere. A mountain-like giant roared, and a woman was hidden in ball of mist. Fierce fighting raged as people chose to self-detonate rather than see their home be overrun. The ground was stained bright red, and up above in the sky, peak Dao Seeking experts fought at close quarters. One of them laughed uproariously and self-detonated.

The scene was incredibly realistic, because... these were images of things that had actually occurred in the war between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches!

“Have you ever been on a battlefield like that?” asked Meng Hao. His second true self’s eyes flickered and he took a step forward. His ferocious spirit merged with the energy of the battlefield, which then rose up into the air to meet the descending pitch-black hand, and the emaciated old man.

A huge boom rang out as the black hand collapsed into pieces. The emaciated man coughed up blood and was flung backward. As he flew through the air, he coughed up three more mouthfuls of blood. His cultivation base dropped, and cracking sounds rang out as a life-protecting jade slip was destroyed. Without that jade slip, he would most certainly have been dead.

Everything was dead silent. The Ji Clan members were completely shaken as they stared at Meng Hao. It was the same with the cultivators on the outside.

“Now that... is Meng Hao!”

“He is a Chosen who rose to fame during the war between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches. He’s the number one figure of this generation in the lands of South Heaven...”

“That battlefield just now must have been images from the war...”

A sharp inhalation could be heard, followed by the image of Meng Hao shaking his head. “Couldn’t control it fully,” he said.

With that, he made a beckoning motion, and his second true self vanished, once again turning into his shadow. From what everyone watching could see, it appeared as if Meng Hao was once again calm and tranquil.

“That’s enough, you little punk!”

The next voice that echoed out was ancient and archaic. It came from deep within the Ji Clan ancestral mansion, from a location that looked very different from the beautifully decorated buildings around it. It was a thatched cottage that seemed completely ordinary in every respect. Suddenly, the cottage’s door opened, and a teenager stepped out.

He appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen, but had a full head of white hair. His expression was the type you would see on an old man; clearly, he cultivated some technique that allowed the body to reverse the effects of aging.

As soon as he stepped out, everything in front of him trembled. Shockingly, an enormous Dharma Idol appeared behind him.

The Dharma Idol was not humanoid, but rather, was an enormous bottle gourd which was a swirl of red, blue and yellow colors. As soon as it appeared, shocking light spread out to cover over the entire fortress.

As soon as the Ji Clan cultivators saw the bottle gourd and heard the ancient voice, their spirits were lifted. Regardless of age, they all turned toward the gourd, clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Patriarch Nine!”

“It’s Patriarch Nine! Greetings, Patriarch Nine!”

Simultaneously, the teenager strode forward a single step. It was as if the entire Ji Clan fortress shrunk; in the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of the crowd of Ji Clan cultivators. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his white hair floated around him as he stared icily at Meng Hao.

Chapter 805: We’ll Pay You Back!

A false Immortal!

This was a false Immortal!

The teenager made his appearance coldly, and as he stood in front of the other Ji Clan members, his eyes fell onto Meng Hao.

“Screw off!” he said. He was well aware that Meng Hao had powerful backing, and didn’t want to provoke him. However, the ancestral mansion was under his personal command. If Fang Xiufeng showed up, he wouldn’t do anything to offend him. But for a member of the junior generation to dare to act in this way filled his heart with rage.

His appearance on the scene immediately caused the surrounding Ji Clan members to grow excited. Ji Xuelin instantly “regained consciousness,” and looked excitedly at Patriarch Nine. Then he looked back at Meng Hao with anticipation regarding his imminent vengeance.

“You’re definitely going to get put in place this time!” he thought.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and looked up at the enormous bottle gourd Dharma Idol floating there.

“Dharma Idol, huh....” Meng Hao smiled. “Well I have one too.” Eyes glittering, he took a step forward. Up to this point, he hadn’t called on the full extent of his power. Now, he rotated his cultivation base, and Immortal qi emerged. As soon as it did, everything trembled and shook, and an enormous Dharma Idol appeared that seemed capable of holding up the sky.

The strength of this Dharma Idol was extraordinarily shocking; it was like some primordial giant whose face was that of Meng Hao!

The sky shook and the ground quaked the moment the Dharma Idol appeared; natural law spread out, along with a vast pressure that weighed down on everything. The bottle gourd began to quiver, and it seemed to be expending all of its energy as it struggled to fight back against Meng Hao’s Dharma Idol.

The sky looked like it was on the verge of being torn to shreds, and ear-shattering booms filled the air. The incredible pressure seemed capable of tearing Heaven and Earth apart from each other, and the land looked as if it were about to shatter into pieces.

Almost instantly, Meng Hao and the teenager were in a deadlock!

The Ji Clan members looked on, panting, their expressions blank. Their scalps were numb and their minds reeled. They knew that Meng Hao was strong, but... how could they ever have imagined that... he would be this strong!?

He could even fight Patriarch Nine to a standstill. And their Patriarch Nine... was an Immortal!!

The teenager’s face sank, and a strange light appeared in his eyes as he looked at Meng Hao. Inwardly, he let out a long sigh. He had known before that Meng Hao was extraordinary, but it wasn’t until he actually faced up against him that he realized... he had underestimated him.

“So it’s true that he’s actually... half a step into true Immortality!”

By now, the nearby cultivators had spread the news that Meng Hao had charged into the Ji Clan fortress. The news reached other sects, and soon all of the powerful experts of the Eastern Lands knew. Divine sense streamed forth, and gasps could be heard in the various sects throughout the Eastern Lands when they saw that Meng Hao could grapple with a false Immortal.

“This Meng Hao is incredible!”

“His father is extraordinary, and... so is he!”

“The Fang Clan...”

Countless eyes throughout the Eastern Lands were now fixed on the Ji Clan, and Meng Hao. Meng Hao’s eyes blazed with the desire to do battle; ever since his incredible cultivation base breakthrough, he had not battled a false Immortal. He truly wished to know how such a battle would turn out!

He reached out his hand and pointed toward the teenager, and his desire to fight was clear.

“Make your move!” he said.

The Ji Clan cultivators were panting, especially those who normally flaunted their status as Chosen. Their faces were pale, and they were forced to admit that there was now a vast, unimaginable gap between themselves and Meng Hao. It was like the difference between Heaven and Earth, and was a chasm that could not easily be crossed.

“He... is so much stronger than us!!”

“It’s laughable to say that we are of the same generation. We can shake things up, but he... he can battle with our Patriarch!”

“We... don’t even qualify to be his opponent...” This fact was quite a blow to the Chosen. Earlier, they had heard about Meng Hao’s strength, but to witness it with their own eyes was shocking to the soul.

As he faced up against a bristling Meng Hao, Patriarch Nine realized that he was in somewhat of a dilemma. As the saying goes, if you ride a tiger, it’s hard to get off. Even as he hesitated, an archaic voice suddenly rang out from thin air to fill the Ji clan.

“The Ji Clan cultivates Karma. Spirit stones are material objects, and can be considered a seed of Karma. The Ji Clan must not be infected by such Karma. Anyone who owes this person spirit stones must pay them back!

“All of you, pay heed. The Ji Clan’s cultivation is different than that of the masses. To cultivate Karma, we must revere Karma. If you do not have the power to sever Karma, then you must yield to it!

“Give it to him! Him coming here to ask for his spirit stones is in fact an aid to you in severing Karma with him. Do you still not understand? Once the Karma is severed, your cultivation will surely flourish.”

As these few sentences reverberated through the air, the voice vanished. Patriarch Nine’s body jerked to a stop as he realized that the voice had come from the true Patriarch of the Ji Clan here in the Eastern Lands. His energy immediately dissipated along with the Dharma Idol, and he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

“Many thanks for the assistance you have provided to these children of the Ji Clan in severing Karma, my young friend. Please inform me of exactly how many spirit stones are owed, and I will give them to you.”

There were many people who appeared to be enlightened, and not just members of the Ji Clan. As for the handful of Chosen who owned spirit stones to Meng Hao, their bodies trembled as brilliant Dao light shone out from them. What seemed to be the music of a great Dao swirled around them, as if in this moment, their Dao heart was nudged forward.

Meng Hao gaped in shock at this sudden reversal. That was especially so when he saw that the Dao light shining off of Ji Xuelin had intensified. From the look of it, he was experiencing a cultivation base breakthrough, which caused Meng Hao to breathe deeply.

“I can’t believe the Ji Clan’s magic is so Heaven-defying!” he thought. “Cultivate Karma, revere Karma, sever Karma....”

He watched wide-eyed as Ji Xuelin suddenly clasped hands and bowed to him.

“Elder Brother Meng, many thanks for helping me to sever the Karma from that year.”

The Chosen who owed Meng Hao spirit stones immediately began to clasp hands toward him and bow in thanks.

“Many thanks, Elder Brother Meng!”

“Many thanks, Fellow Daoist Meng Hao!”

Meng Hao abruptly took a few steps back. He was actually a bit angry. He had merely come here to collect some debts; how could it have ended with him helping them?

“Who was that old geezer who was talking just now?” he thought, frowning. “He’s so powerful! With just a few words, not only was he able to settle the dispute, he provided his clan members with good fortune AND turned me into the grindstone to help them polish their understanding of severing Karma.

“Dammit!” Meng Hao was just about to leave when Patriarch Nine hurried forward, smiling.

“Young friend, what are you doing?” he asked. “How many spirit stones do they owe you? Tell me and I’ll hand them over to you.”

“Uhh, no, that’s fine,” Meng Hao said hastily. “All of us are actually good friends, and I was just pulling a little prank. Let’s leave the debt in place, alright? I’m... I’m in no hurry.” By this point, he was already back at the huge gate.

“No, that won’t do,” said the youthful-looking Patriarch Nine. “There’s no need to say anything more, young friend. You’re being too magnanimous.” He turned to the Chosen. “All of you, tell me how much you owe. And tell me how much Xiaoxiao and the other two owe, too.” Patriarch Nine had also been somewhat enlightened now. He knew that to sever a Karma infection was something of great importance to these Chosen.

To Ji Xuelin and the others, it was clear that great fortune had just arrived. Having just been enlightened about such a great truth, they immediately responded.

“7,650,000!”

“9,180,000!”

“14... 14,000,000!”

“8,330,000!”

“Altogether, Xiaoxiao and the other two probably don’t owe more than 30,000,000....”

When the youthful-looking Patriarch Nine heard how many spirit stones were involved, he stared in shock, then looked deeply at Meng Hao.

“Young friend, you really are very magnanimous. In the future, you’ll surely be incredibly rich.”

“You’re too kind, really,” said Meng Hao clearing his throat, and backing up. “Since Ji Xiaoxiao and the other two aren’t here, they can’t return what they owe personally and it doesn’t count as them settling the debt.” As far as he was concerned, these people from the Ji Clan were a bunch of lunatics. Who would possibly offer to pay back so many spirit stones? If he owed so many spirit stones to someone, he sure wouldn’t pay them back, even if he were beaten to death!

“Really,” he said, “there’s no need to be hasty. How about this... you people get back to what you were doing. My dad asked me to help out around the house, so I’ll head home now....” By this point he was outside the main gate. However, just as he was about to leave, a bag of holding flew out and landed in his hand.

“Inside that bag are all the spirit stones owed to you from the people here. As of now, they have no Karma connected to you.”

There was a booming sound as the Ji Clan’s main gate slammed shut.

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. The promissory notes in his bag of holding instantly turned to ash. Luckily... there were still three remaining, the ones belonging to Ji Xiaoxiao and the others. Since they weren't here, they wouldn't be able to resolve their Karma.

Meng Hao had his money, but was actually a bit depressed. Of course, what he didn't know was that his matter of collecting his debts had actually shaken the entire Eastern Lands. Countless gazes were being cast in his direction at that very moment.

He looked at the Ji Clan's main gate, then recalled the iron hoops in his bag of holding. He hesitated for a moment.

"Fudge, who cares about all that crap he said about Karma!? I'm keeping the iron hoops!" With that, he turned, clasped hands to the surrounding cultivators, then turned into a beam of prismatic light that shot off into the distance.

He moved with such speed that in the blink of an eye, no trace of him remained. He reappeared far off in the distance, in the sky above the Eastern Lands. He sent some divine sense out to make sure that no one was watching him, and then his expression darkened.

After a long moment, his eyes flickered.

"I think that in the future, I should get more people to write promissory notes. Getting them to personally write the notes... is Karma...."

"Interesting. Perhaps these promissory notes will be of some use in the future!" Eyes glittering, Meng hao was just about to allow the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion to guide him to the Daoist rite temple when suddenly, he stopped in place.

"If I remember correctly... I still owe money to some people too.... I owe Steward Zhou three pieces of silver...." When he considered the matter, something about it didn't seem right.

"But when went looking for him before, Steward Zhou was already dead. Should I go find his descendants? Agh! That damned Patriarch Reliance has the State of Zhao on his back. And he left the lands of South Heaven! How... how am I supposed to settle that Karma!" After a moment, he smiled bitterly.

Shaking his head, he sighed, then sent some divine sense into the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion. Following its guidance, he headed off into the distance.

Several days later, Meng Hao appeared at the edge of a boundless mountain range in the depths of the Eastern Lands. He then vanished as he entered the mountains. As he proceeded along, he saw no signs of life. He passed many treacherous locations, and faced quite a few dangers.

As he traveled further into the mountains, the air up above became restricted, and eruptions of black mist would occur frequently. Despite Meng Hao's incredibly powerful fleshly body, he could still be injured by that black mist, which filled his heart with trepidation after it happened a few times.

"They don't seem like restrictive spells," he thought. "Could it be that somebody buried something here? Whatever they are, they're incredibly dangerous!" After some careful examination, Meng Hao was certain that there were items buried beneath the ground that would explode if stepped on.

There were also naturally occurring restrictive spells which, if he got caught in their explosions, would certainly cause his cultivation base to drop.

Thankfully, the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion was very effective in avoiding both the restrictive spells and the objects buried underground. Using the medallion's guidance, he was able to proceed onward for several days with no incident. Finally, he found himself on a narrow path which cut deep through the mountains in such a way that he could only see a sliver of the sky up above. This path also was laced with the buried, explosive objects. Thankfully, by means of the medallion, and utmost caution, he was able to proceed along the path for some time without incident. Three times, eruptions occurred, but in the end, he finally found himself... in front of a run-down old temple.

Chapter 806: The Wind Stirs in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Twenty days earlier on Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao's father had slashed out with his sword, causing sword qi to descend on the Eastern Lands. It had pierced into a mountain range, to a dilapidated old temple, whereupon the illusory images of a Daoist rite temple had appeared. The whole thing had been unsealed by Meng Hao's father.

When such a thing happened, it was only the beginning. The invisible ripples that spread out were very difficult to conceal, and in fact made their way from Planet South Heaven out into the starry sky, whereupon many almighty figures sensed them.

On Planet East Victory, about half of the entire planet belonged to the Fang Clan. Actually, if the Fang Clan wished it, they could easily take control of the entire planet.

When the invisible ripples spread out from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple on Planet South Heaven, an ancient voice floated out from inside of an archaic temple on Planet East Victory.

“So, another Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple has been unsealed... and in the lands of South Heaven.... Have the Array Chosen of the clan go to acquire good fortune.... Fang Xiangshan. Fang Yunyi. Fang Donghan. You three have a predestined connection to go seek your fortunes there. Your clan uncle Fang Xiufeng is there on South Heaven, so he might be able to provide you with some assistance.

“As for the other clan disciples, although you might not have the destiny, if you wish to go... you may.” The voice echoed out throughout the entire planet, and in response, incredible energy surged up from three specific locations. One such location was a lake, on the surface of which was a solitary boat. Sitting cross-legged in the boat was a woman wearing white garments, who seemed graceful in an otherworldly way. Her long, lustrous hair fell like a cape down her back, and she seemed ethereal, beyond that which was mortal. On either side of her were two indistinct figures, guards who were there to protect her at all times.

The woman’s eyelashes fluttered as her eyes opened.

“If this is your order, Patriarch, then Xiang’er will definitely make the trip.”

In another location was a wild stretch of mountains that was constantly filled by roars of wild beasts so shocking they seemed capable of ripping the sky apart. This place was actually referred to as a restricted area, and was incredibly dangerous. Standing there in the mountains was a young, bare-chested young man currently locked in deadly combat with a gigantic ape that glowed with glittering, golden light. The ape roared, and shockingly, a Dharma Idol appeared. However, the vicious young man still managed to rip the ape in half, showering himself with copious amounts of blood.

“Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple?” said the young man. “That means that an Immortal Ancient Daoist Medallion will certainly appear! Fang Wei is out training and won’t be back any time soon. This good fortune will certainly fall to me, Fang Donghan!” The young man drank a huge mouthful of ape blood then rose to his feet. Two beautiful woman materialized, not with physical bodies, but with spirit bodies. Any worldly-wise person would know at a single glance that these were Wind Spirit bodies, something that only members of the Wind Spirit people could possess. Few members of their people existed like this; only a handful would be born in any given generation that were suitable to cultivate this type of Wind magic.

The two women picked up a cloak, which they draped over the young man.

The third location was an enormous basin filled with countless chunks of broken stone. These were no ordinary stones; each and every one came from outside in the starry sky, and had fallen to this place as meteors.

As a result, the basin was filled with incredible pressure, and any cultivator inside would find it hard to even take just a few steps. When inside, it felt as if one's entire body were bound tightly, and if you managed to force yourself to be able to walk, your body might explode.

Currently, a young man could be seen sitting cross-legged in the depths of the basin. He had no hair, and wore golden clothing. Cracking sounds could be heard ringing out from inside of him; his fleshly body was powerful to the extreme. In fact, he could rely on that power alone to resist the shocking pressure that surrounded him.

After a few moments passed, he opened his eyes. Within each of his eyes was the image of what appeared to be a planet, bizarre and strange.

“Interesting. An Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion.... If I could acquire that and give it to Goddess Zhixiang, it would probably improve her impression of me.” The bald young man smiled and rose to his feet. He walked out of the basin, where he was met by two old men who stood guard at his side.

In addition to these three people, there were more than ten others from Planet East Victory who chose to compete for this particular opportunity.

Meanwhile, a slender young man stood in the middle of a desert on Planet West Felicity. He wore a green robe which swayed in the wind, and the sword strapped to his back emanated a monstrous sword aura that caused the desert around him to seem like a lake of swords. The music of a Dao floated in the air, and the entire area seemed like a Holy Land. As he stood there, he appeared to be respectfully listening to someone. After a moment, a brilliant glow appeared in his eyes.

“Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.... I have the strange feeling that if I don't go, I'll regret it. In that case... I'll just have to go check it out.” He smiled faintly, then transformed into a sword beam that shot off into the distance.

In another location on Planet West Felicity, a veiled woman sat cross-legged on a mountain peak. Demonic qi swirled about, causing wind and thunder to roll through the air. The woman's eyes were closed, and her aura seemed Demonic, and yet not; Immortal, and yet not.

"Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple," she murmured softly, her voice mesmerizing and charming. "The Southern Domain...." She smiled as she seemed to visualize the image of a young man.

"Ah, why not go and see some old friends?" she said. "I wonder if that little punk succeeded in Spirit Severing."

At the same time, on Planet North Reed, a shocking scene was playing out.

The Li Clan of the Southern Domain had merely been a collateral branch. The real Li Clan was extremely famous in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Currently, a massive airship was flying out of the Li Clan. It was fully 30,000 meters long, and at the front of the ship stood ten clan members, who looked out as the ship shot through the starry sky.

One of those clan members was an icily arrogant woman who sat ramrod straight at the head of the group. Moonlight flickered in her eyes, and the mark of a willow leaf could be seen on her forehead. Her expression was as cold as freezing ice.

"The Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion must be mine!"

There were two other locations on Planet North Reed where similarly shocking sights could be seen. In one location, an old man suddenly materialized outside the mouth of an enormous volcano. He clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Young Lord Luodan, the Patriarch has issued a command. He wants you to lead some people to Planet South Heaven. An Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple has been activated. He wants you to go do your best to seize the good fortune."

Rumble!

A flame-cloaked figure strode out from inside the volcano. He stopped in front of the old man, whereupon the flames that surrounded him merged together to form a flame crow that perched on his shoulder.

He was a tall, strapping young man with a scar that ran from his forehead all the way down to his neck, giving him a thoroughly fearsome appearance. His garments were composed of magical flame symbols, merged together into robes.

“I understand,” he said coolly, then made his way off into the distance.

In another location was a pitch-black bamboo forest, within which lurked numerous recently deceased souls that flew back and forth wildly. A young man sat cross-legged on a bamboo stem. He was handsome, with eyebrows like swords and eyes like stars. His eyes shone brightly as he looked over at another nearby bamboo stem.

On that other piece of bamboo was an old man who resembled a monkey. He was staring at the young man with arrogance and contempt, and the young man was staring back at him.

“You’re coming with me!” the young man said.

“Like hell I am!” the old man replied with arrogant disdain. “Your Grandpa Xu has been famous for years. You think I’m going to go around with a wimpy little brat like yourself? Scram! If I was like the old me, I would already have beaten the crap out of you!”

“I’ll remind you I’m surnamed Wang!” the young man through gritted teeth said.

“Wang Shmong! You bastard!” the old man said impatiently. He waved his hand, sending the young man flailing backward, blood spraying from his mouth.

When he rose to his feet, a ghost flitted over, came to a stop next to the young man, and whispered in his ear. The young man’s eyes flickered with irritation.

“You just wait, you crotchety scoundrel! After your Young Master gets the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion, I’m gonna come back here and boil you to death! You belong to me!”

“SCREW OFF!” echoed the old man’s impatient voice. “Listen to Grandpa Xu and screw the hell off!”

The unsealing of South Heaven's Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple sent great waves crashing throughout the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea. In addition to the super planets, there were many other smaller powers who detected the matter. Orders were issued, sending the disciples of many sects to Planet South Heaven to fight for good fortune.

Even the Ji Clan of the Ninth Mountain was sent into motion. Their clan was located on the peak of the Ninth Mountain, where they ruled over all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Inside the Ji Clan, several figures approached a teleportation portal. One of them was a tall, slender man who was surrounded by boundless, swirling Karma. It was difficult to clearly make out his features, but the other Ji Clan members backed up as he neared, expressions of reverence and fanaticism on their faces.

He said nothing as he entered the teleportation portal and sat down cross-legged. When he closed his eyes, boundless Karma surged around him, transforming into thin strands that glowed with brilliant light when they touched each other. Everyone who looked at the scene was dazzled, and felt as if their souls were being tugged over, completely beyond their control.

"This Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple was activated when the Son of Ji is in secluded meditation and can't emerge. I never thought that Ji Yin would chose to go!"

"The year when those three fought over the title of Son of Ji, the Heavens and Earth fell into darkness. Even the sun and moon trembled. The whole Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken and countless people looked on.... In the end, Ji Yin was defeated, and yet, he is still so powerful that he is viewed as a major rival by the Chosen of the Three Churches and Six Sects, the Three Great Clans, and the Five Great Holy Lands."

"In this generation... not many could stand up to people like him. Although, I heard that in the Fang Clan there's someone named Prince Wei who beat Ji Yin in a fight once. I'm not sure if that's a true story though...."

The whole Ninth Mountain and Sea was in a stir. Countless sects and clans were spurred into motion and sent Chosen disciples toward the lands of the South Heaven, to try to acquire good fortune in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.

Even the Ninth Sea, which was located between the Ninth Mountain and the Eighth Mountain, was included in the commotion. You could say that it was a sea, but actually, it was composed of countless fragments of heavenly bodies that emanated spiritual energy, which then turned into a sea of mist.

Rumbling could be heard within that starry sea as an enormous door rose up. As the door appeared above the surface of the sea, countless sea dragons flew out. Trembling, they prostrated themselves in front of the door, which emanated a boundless light, as well as the music of a great Dao. It almost seemed like countless Immortal Divinities were sitting cross-legged in meditation surrounding the door. The energy was completely shocking.

Slowly, the door opened, giving view to an entire world.

A woman walked out from that world. She had long hair that stretched all the way to her calves. She was incredibly beautiful, as if all the charm in Heaven and Earth were collected on her person. She emanated the air of an orchid as she waved her hand, causing the door to close behind her and then sink back down to the bottom of the sea.

“Currently, the Three Great Daoist Societies’ Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite only has four Conclave disciples,” murmured the woman. “That’s one less than my Nine Seas God World. I can’t let that daoist medallion fall into anyone else’s hands.” She took a step forward, and a roaring sea dragon flew out obediently beneath her feet, then carried her off into the distance at top speed.

In the great Ninth Mountain and Sea, the ancient Fang Clan, the Three Great Clans, the Three Great Daoist Societies, the Five Great Holy Lands, the Three Churches and Six Sects... were all mobilized into action. A vast group of Chosen were all heading toward Planet South Heaven.

Chapter 807: Ancient Immortal Daoist Rite Temple!

Planet South Heaven. The vast Eastern Lands.

In the middle of a seemingly endless range of mountains was an area that was considered a forbidden zone by Eastern Lands cultivators. Even Dao Seeking cultivators who entered it would never come back out. According to rumor, there were fearsome entities inside that stopped countless explorers in their tracks and made it so that no one dared to ever enter.

Even a Patriarch of the Ji Clan had on one occasion led a group in to search for the Karma within. However, the entire force was completely wiped out except for the Patriarch, who fled back to warn the Eastern Lands’ Ji Clan to never again set foot inside the area.

Actually, that Patriarch still resided in the Ji Clan. He was the peak Immortal Realm young man who had just recently lost his arms!

Even he was incapable of penetrating the depths of the mountain range. En route, his force was completely rocked by the restrictive spells. This place was a mystery relating to the lands of South Heaven, and as such, the Ji Clan Patriarch did not report the matter to his superiors. He knew that... there were far too many terrifying aspects to the place.

He never attempted to enter the place again. As far as he was concerned, the only way to do so was by use of incredibly powerful clan treasures. Without such treasures, it was simply impossible.

However, such powerful clan treasures were few and far between. Furthermore, considering his status in the clan, it didn't matter that he was in charge of the forces on Planet South Heaven. He still did not have access to such things. The Immortality Bestowal Dais was one such treasure, but it possessed its own consciousness and was not something that he could wield by means of force. Other treasures... were only bestowed upon Chosen disciples of the clan.

No one really understood why Planet South Heaven was so unique. There was actually no single power that held complete sway. Even the Ji Clan's dominant position was maintained only by the threat of their clan's military might. It was a sharp contrast to Planet East Victory, where the Fang Clan occupied half of the planet, and yet could easily take over the entire planet if they wished.

In the lands of South Heaven, there were four main areas, each with their own core Daoist teachings and doctrines. If one investigated the matter, it became obvious that... most of the sects on South Heaven did not actually originate there. The majority were auxiliary branches of sects that existed outside the lands of South Heaven.

It was as if most major powers wished to leave some of their core Daoist teachings and doctrines behind there.

Furthermore, it was in the lands of South Heaven that Meng Hao's father had become the Prison Warden of the Ninth Mountain. At first, the word "Prison" seemed to explain a lot....

And yet, when Meng Hao asked about it, his father told him that the word "Prison" actually didn't carry the usual meaning of the word!

Regarding the particulars, he offered no further explanation. His expression was vague, as if he himself felt that the truth was so unbelievable that it caused him to be at a loss for words.

In any case, the lands of South Heaven... were completely unique!

Meng Hao had transcended his Seventh Year Tribulation there, and the League of Demon Sealers had also passed down their legacy there. Patriarch Blood Demon had hidden there when the ancient Demon Immortal Sect was destroyed. Even more unbelievable to Meng Hao was that... there was a mighty mortal empire, the Great Tang!

Meng Hao was even more astonished when he thought about the Tang emperor.

One thing that Meng Hao was very perplexed about was the area beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes, where he had participated in the trial by fire and heard the Overseer mention an ancient treaty. And there was... the terrifying experience of the final level.

The Essence of the Divine Flame!

All of it left Meng Hao feeling quite at a loss. Now, here he was, having followed the guidance of the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion to this place deep in the mountains. When he caught sight of that ancient temple, his heart trembled.

That was because, all of a sudden, his vision swam and he saw a completely different and unbelievable place.

It was a majestic Daoist rite temple that stretched seemingly without end. Mountain peaks, vegetation, everything around him vanished. He now stood on the green limestone-paved main square of that enormous temple.

Countless figures sat cross-legged around him, and each was so powerful that Meng Hao couldn't help but gasp. They seemed like innumerable Immortal Divinities sitting there in meditation. The music of great Daos floated around in all directions, and the sun and moon trembled in the sky as if here, in this place, they were incapable of emitting any light.

In the middle of the Daoist rite temple was an altar, upon which an old man sat cross-legged. He exuded the air of a transcendent being, and a faint smile could be seen on his lips as he gave a sermon on the Dao. His voice was muffled and indistinct and seemed to harmonize with and meld into Heaven and Earth. Meng Hao couldn't quite make out what he was saying, but he could see that many of the people who were listening to his sermon seemed to be gaining enlightenment.

It was at this point that the old man lifted his right hand up into the air, waved it about... and caused an enormous “Immortal 仙” character to appear!

It was was an azure “Immortal 仙” character!

It was simply a character, and yet it caused all the colors in Heaven and Earth to fade. The sun and moon dimmed, and Heaven and Earth seemed to prostrate themselves in worship to it in much the same way that people would.

Meng Hao trembled as he looked around at the terrifying world around him. Each green slab of limestone beneath his feet seemed to emanate an indescribable energy filled with Immortal qi. The intensity of that Immortal qi was difficult to even comprehend.

Also visible in the Daoist rite temple were nine gigantic cauldrons scattered about in different locations. Puffs of green smoke wafted out of them, and numerous worlds could be seen inside the smoke as it swirled up into the air.

Up in the sky... were heavenly bodies. A river of stars flowed; the sun and moon rose and fell. Even more unbelievable was that almighty figures could be seen flying about up in the sky. Occasionally, they would stretch out a hand and pluck a star out of the river of stars! It would then be refined by a massive illusory hand. When the hand returned to its owner, the star would be a glittering treasure in that person’s palm!

There were other people who stamped their feet onto the ground, causing massive rifts to appear. Subterranean fire would rise up and transform into living creatures which resembled Earth spirits. The cultivators would snatch them up and then use them to pull war chariots that screamed through the sky, chariots to which were harnessed thousands of Earth spirits.

There was one man up in the sky who laughed heartily then spoke a few words. Popping sounds could be heard as his body grew rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he was so large that you couldn’t even see his entire body. The only thing that could be seen... was a toe that seemed to fill the entire world as far as the eye could see!

As for how large his body was, it was impossible to even imagine.

Flying about and plucking stars!

Refining spirits from the depths of the Earth!

Rising up to shoulder the universe!

All of these images swirled together in Meng Hao's eyes, finally merging into one... into a dilapidated temple.

The temple's main door was shut, and the grounds were in a state of complete disrepair. Portions of the outer wall were collapsed, making it so that you wouldn't even need to pass through the gate as there were "entrances" all around. Through these gaps the inner temple hall could be seen, where there should have been glorious statues of deities. Presently, though, all of the statues were in various states of disintegration. Their former glory now existed only in the praises uttered by later generations, and their eternal legends had long since crumbled into a void of nothingness.

There was a bronze oil lamp, covered in layers of rust that told the story of its ancientness. Oil burned within the lamp, emanating faint popping sounds. Lamplight shone out in all directions, within which could be seen the projections of numerous shadowy figures.

Other than that, everything was completely still and silent.

A well could be seen in the courtyard, the bottom of which was pitch black. Perhaps evil spirits lurked there, but it was impossible to tell. However, a single glance at the well would leave anyone scared stiff. Next to the well was a bamboo trellis, covered with dried-up vines. From the look of it, a grapevine had grown up to cover the bamboo trellis many, many years ago, providing a shady and cool place to rest one's head.

Underneath the bamboo trellis were some dried up white flowers, which were completely unremarkable in appearance.

Meng Hao stood there quietly. Everything he had seen amidst the silence suddenly caused his scalp to grow numb. Were it not for the fact that his father had instructed him to come here, he would immediately turn around and get as far away from this place as possible.

His heart trembled, and although he felt no pressure weighing down him, he found it difficult to breathe. There was no visible danger, yet he felt an unprecedented sense of crisis in his heart.

Everything about this place was completely bizarre!

Why was there a temple in these mountains? Clearly the temple was not in harmony with its surroundings; it was as if it had flown here from some distant place in some age long past.

Meng Hao took a breath, steeling himself, and then stepped forward. After only walking a few steps, he suddenly heard the sound of weeping. It was woman, choked with sobs, the sound of which caused Meng Hao's hair to stand on end as it floated past. His cultivation base surged with power, and he whipped his head around to look behind him. However, he saw nothing strange.

There wasn't even a wind blowing....

After a moment's silence, his eyes flickered and he slapped his bag of holding. Instantly, the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion appeared in his hand. Meng Hao wasn't sure whether or not it was specifically because of the medallion, but now, the place didn't seem as cold and sinister as it had.

He carefully proceeded forward until he was in front of the main gate. The strangeness of this place made him feel that it would be best not to jump over the wall or find alternate routes to enter. The best way to go in... would be the straightforward and above-board way.

He waved his sleeve, pushing the door of the temple open.

He had assumed the door would actually be difficult to open, but it wasn't. It creaked open, revealing the courtyard, the main temple hall, and the well.

A cold wind blew, making it seem as if something was walking past him. Meng Hao's face flickered as the feeling grew stronger. He circulated the Immortal qi inside his body, focusing it on his right eyes. After blinking several times, he looked around.

There was nothing except for ruins.

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly.

"Dad, what the hell kind of place did you send me to...?"

He took a deep breath and then stepped inside. Overall, the temple wasn't very large, nor was the courtyard. Meng Hao glanced over at the well, and couldn't shake the feeling that there was something very strange about it. He studied the bamboo trellis for a moment, and was just about to walk further into the courtyard when suddenly his scalp vibrated. He stopped in place and jerked his head to look back at the bamboo trellis. Panting, he walked over to the trellis and looked closely at the dried up little flowers beneath it. He couldn't prevent a look of astonishment from appearing on his face.

"These.... These are... Resurrection Lilies!" Meng Hao was more than familiar with Resurrection Lilies and was completely astonished to find that... all of the little flowers were Resurrection Lilies!

However, these Resurrection Lilies... were apparently just garden-variety flowers in this place. The scene caused him to breathe heavily; this place really was... completely veiled in mystery.

Currently, the sky was darkening as evening fell. Meng Hao hesitated for a moment as he looked around at the dilapidated statues of deities, and the dust that covered everything. Even the prayer mats that could be seen were old and worn out, but after a moment of thought, he knelt down on one of them and began to offer worship to one of the broken statues.

"Bless and protect me, Divine Immortal. Bless and protect me, Divine Immortal...." After murmuring his worship, Meng Hao felt as if the sinister air around him had again faded a bit. Apparently his prayers were effective. As he rose to his feet, a wind blew, and the lamplight flickered. Dust was lifted up from the ground, causing Meng Hao's eyes to narrow. Now that some of the dust had been moved, he could see that the ground... had an enormous character carved into it!

Immortal 仙!

It was the same character he had seen in the vision he had experienced moments ago, when the old man had waved his hand.

It looked completely identical!

When he saw the character, a crude and ancient aura blasted against his face, almost as if someone was whispering something to him. It almost sounded like someone giving a sermon about the Dao, an archaic voice echoing out from ancient times.

However, Meng Hao's heart lightened at the thought of his good luck. He sat down cross-legged and retrieved the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion, then focused all of his attention on the character.

Chapter 808: Projections Passing Down Daos!

It was difficult to say how much time passed. It seemed both long and short. Outside, the sky gradually darkened, and faint moonlight spread out into the blackness.

Under the darkness of night, the flame in the bronze oil lamp danced back and forth, and it almost seemed as if the shadow of a person existed in the wick, looking up at the moon....

Shadows began to appear inside the temple, revealed by the lamplight. As the lamp's flame danced, the shadows seemed to sway back and forth gracefully.

Meng Hao didn't realize it, but the color of his garments were fading into a gray color, and were actually becoming tattered. It was as if his clothes were passing through time, becoming ancient even as he sat there cross-legged.

His whole person exuded this same feeling, as if his soul were being transported back through time to the ancient Daoist rite temple, to listen the music of the Dao. At the same time, the effects to his soul spread to his body, causing it to become ancient.

Deep night....

Suddenly, the sound of weeping floated out. It drifted out through the night air, clear and vivid. As the weeping echoed about, it gradually transformed into faint sighing.

"Do Immortals still exist in this world...?" asked a voice. Then there was silence, broken only by the rustling of the leaves in the trees.

At the same time, wisps of smoke began to rise up from the well. If there were someone standing next to the well, they would surely be shocked to find that it was filled with countless long strands of hair!

The black hair swirled out from within the well and then sank to the ground, where they spread out quickly to fill the entirety of the courtyard. It was at this point that cracking sounds could be heard coming from the bamboo trellis.

A dried up vine sagged down, making an arc-like shape that almost resembled a swing. It began to rock back and forth, almost as if... there were a person sitting on the vine, using it as a swing!

The sound of wailing drifted out from within the well, and laughter could be heard from the swing. They mixed together to fill the courtyard with an eerie sense of bizarreness. As for Meng Hao, he sat there in the courtyard, eyes closed, completely motionless.

He was surrounded by the flickering lamplight and the shadowy projections it revealed. The projections distorted and rippled, and then began to move, walking to and fro in the courtyard. Some sat down cross-legged, some prostrated themselves in worship. Some concocted medicinal pills, some held brooms in their hands that they used to sweep the floor. Some of them even approached the area where Meng Hao sat and peered at him curiously.

As for the dilapidated statue of the god, it now stood tall and straight like it had in the past. The statue's shadow, which stretched out beneath it, suddenly separated from the statue and transformed into an old man.

The old man's clothing looked very similar to Meng Hao's long, worn-out robe. The man's face was ashen, and blood oozed out from his eyes, ears, nose and mouth; severe injuries could be seen on his head. He looked like an evil spirit as he approached Meng Hao. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking as he floated to a position behind him, where he stood and looked down at the top of Meng Hao's head.

A moment later, all of the projections within the courtyard turned and looked at Meng Hao. They approached, crowding around to stare at him closely.

Up above in the sky, black clouds covered half of the moon, and a soft wind blew across the land, along with an intermittent wail that sounded like mournful, choked sobbing.

It was at this point that the ground trembled, and muffled moaning sounds could be heard coming from deep within the temple.

“Home.... This place isn't my home.... I want to go home....”

“Take me home.... Take me home, Paragon... take me home....”

When the voice drifted out, the projections in the temple all trembled. In the temple’s courtyard, the black hair spreading out from the well suddenly flew up into the air. The swinging vine suddenly stopped moving.

At the same time, a head emerged from the well. It was illusory and pallid, and the expression on its face was incredibly terrifying and ferocious. Apparently this was... a head that had been soaking in the well’s water for millions of years, and yet had not decomposed. It was the head of a woman, whose listless, pupil-less eyes stared at the ground.

No figure was visible on the swing, and yet drops of black blood dropped down onto the ground beneath it.

It was at this point that a tremor ran through Meng Hao’s body. A hair-raising sense of terror filled him, and he opened his eyes. When he looked up, his scalp went numb as he realized that a pitch-black figure was standing directly in front of him.

In fact, he was completely surrounded by shadowy projections, all of whom appeared to be on the verge of touching him. His mind was sent completely spinning.

The shades seemed to know that Meng Hao had awakened, and they floated backward and then sat down cross-legged some distance away from him. Meng Hao could clearly see all of the projections, as well as the black hair in the courtyard. He saw the swinging vine, and the floating head. Feeling more creeped out than ever, he slowly rose to his feet to leave the temple.

He was filled with the feeling... that this place wasn’t somewhere he should continue loitering about in.

As he stood, he suddenly felt a coldness behind him. Without thinking about it, he turned his head and caught sight of an ancient face only an inch away from his own, blood flowing out of its eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Completely startled, Meng Hao staggered backward a few steps, his eyes widening.

“Who are you!?” he cried, sending his cultivation base rotating rapidly. His Dharma Idol appeared behind him, and his heart began to pound rapidly. The strangeness of this place left him feeling completely and utterly unsafe.

The old man’s expressionless eyes completely ignored Meng Hao. He turned and walked back toward the statue of the deity. As he neared it, his body gradually faded and then disappeared altogether.

The other projections in the area were still there, some sitting in meditation, some walking about, some practicing cultivation.

Meng Hao was panting rapidly as he began to leave. However, when he reached the threshold of the temple, he stopped in place and looked over to see a shadowy projection sitting cross-legged off to the side. It had a pill furnace in its hand, and was apparently concocting pills.

Furthermore... Meng Hao had never seen this method of pill concoction before; it was as if through absorbing the power of Heaven and Earth, no medicinal plants or other physical ingredients were needed!

Meng Hao gaped in shock. After looking more closely for a moment, his eyes began to shine with a strange light. He was a grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy, and his skill in concocting pills could be considered the highest in the lands of South Heaven, with the exception of Pill Demon.

“Creating something from nothing....” murmured Meng Hao, his eyes shining brightly. Back in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, he had created a pill from nothing, and it still remained in his bag of holding. He had never consumed it.

Meng Hao felt that it was a miracle that he had even succeeded in concocting that one pill, and he had even tried on one occasion to duplicate it with the copper mirror, but had failed.

Now he saw this dark projection concocting pills here in this place. Its hands moved with adept proficiency, calm and unhurried.

Meng Hao blinked, and then decided not to leave. He looked around at the projections around him. Some were practicing cultivation, some were walking to and fro, some were utilizing incantation gestures to perform various Daoist magics.

The scene caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble.

“Passing down Daos!!” he murmured. “They're passing down Daos!!” His heart trembled even more than before. A Dao was not something to pass down lightly, but that was exactly what these projections were doing. It was as if all he had to do was go observe and contemplate them, and he would have the opportunity to acquire them.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then looked back at the dark projection who was concocting pills. He walked over and sat down cross-legged in front of it and watched as it worked. The light in his eyes grew brighter and more brilliant. After a while, he pulled out his own pill furnace and began to imitate the dark figure's pill concocting technique.

A night passed. It wasn't a long time, but it felt very, very long to Meng Hao. It felt like such a long time that he couldn't properly wrap his head around it. Finally, when the sky began to grow bright, the shadowy figure finished concocting a single pill, which it casually tossed out into the mountain range outside of the temple. At some point, Meng Hao became aware that he had also successfully concocted his own pill.

The sky was light now.

The projections in the temple faded away. The strands of hair in the courtyard vanished, and the vines returned to their original state, as if none of it had ever happened. Panting, Meng Hao looked down at the medicinal pill in his hand, which was surrounded by swirling blackness.

Actually, it was not really a pill. It was only a mass of swirling black mist. However, when the sunlight touched it, a black peel formed around it, and then it turned into a black-peeled medical pill.

There was no medicinal aroma to it, but rather, an explosive power.

Meng Hao frowned as he looked at the black-peeled pill. After a moment of thought, he squeezed it, whereupon his face instantly fell. Without hesitation, he threw the pill away from him. In midair, it began to emanate black mist, and then suddenly exploded.

A shockwave swept about in all directions.

“An incomplete concoction... and this is the botched product,” he thought. “But it was still creating something from nothing.” He was actually quite shocked. The explosive power caused by the medicinal pill’s explosion was like an attack.

“It’s too bad it’s so unstable. Simply touching it causes it to explode. Although now that I think about it, something about it seems familiar.” Eyes flickering, he thought back to the path he had trod up to this ancient temple. He had encountered many areas where the ground exploded. All of a sudden, he thought about how the figure had thrown out the medicinal pill just now, and everything clicked....

“This thing... has another use.” Eyes glittering, he thought for a moment, then produced his pill furnace and began to use the same method he had learned the previous night to absorb the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth and use it to concoct more pills.

After several failures, he finally succeeded in producing two of the same swirling masses of black mist. When the sun touched them, they were covered over with a black peel. Holding the pills in his hand, he flew out of the temple. After a bit of experimentation, he found that the explosive effect would be activated simply by throwing it out. It could be used as a trump card.

“Burying it seems like a waste. I can’t really control it. Throwing it out directly is the best way to use it. With something like this, I have another life-saving technique at my disposal. It’s too bad though. This thing is pretty explosive, but appears to be connected to the unique aura of this place. I doubt I’ll be able to concoct them outside.” After some more thought, he returned to the temple and continued to concoct pills.

Several days passed. At night, Meng Hao would seek enlightenment regarding the Daos being passed down by the projections. During the day, he would concoct medicinal pills. Soon he had several dozen. He tried to imbue them with divine sense, but it was a failure and he eventually gave up on the idea.

He even left the mountains at one point to try to concoct the pills on the outside, but it didn’t work. That confirmed his theory. This type of pill... could only be concocted using the spiritual energy that existed inside the temple.

After returning to the temple, he continued to concoct the unusual black-peeled explosive medicinal pills.

“I imagine that the Chosen from the other worlds will be arriving soon....” His eyes glittered with anticipation regarding the fighting that would break out when they came. He keenly desired to see how he measured up to them, and... exactly how strong or weak he was.

Chapter 809: Immortal Ancient Dao Meridian!

Time passed. During the nights, Meng Hao closely observed the projections in the temple. Upon deeper examination, it became clear that all of them were different from each other. There were men and women, old people and young. Some of the figures weren't even human, but were strange and beast-like.

After the passage of so much time, Meng Hao had long since lost any sense of fear toward the place. He was also used to all the bizarre scenes that played out. Every day at nightfall, the black strands of hair would emerge from the well. Eventually, Meng Hao found that sitting cross-legged in the hair would fill his body with an incredible coldness that benefited his attempts to gain enlightenment from the figures passing down their Daos.

As for the weeping which came from within the well, after listening to it for some time, Meng Hao realized that there was a bit of charm within the wails....

Then there was the vine swing. Meng Hao had the feeling that some great Dao existed within the swinging motion. An image appeared in his mind of a swing, swaying endlessly back and forth.

Meng Hao even got used to the voices calling out about “going home.” Occasionally he would impulsively stamp his feet on the ground in annoyance when the voices disturbed his cultivation.

Essentially, he got used to everything that went on in the temple. That included the old man with blood oozing from his orifices. Whenever Meng Hao sought enlightenment, the old man would stand behind him and look at the top of his head.

After a while, he simply allowed the man to continue to do so.

Meng Hao changed his clothes several times, but no matter how new they were, whenever he awoke after having sunk into enlightenment, the clothes would be tattered and old. Finally, he gave up and stopped changing them.

Recently, Meng Hao had been observing one particular figure who sat cross-legged in meditation. However, powerful ripples emanated off of the figure's body. After observing for quite some time, the air in front of Meng Hao grew blurry, and a black roc appeared that emanated a savage energy.

"This is a Daoist Magic form!"

It made Meng Hao think of his battle with the Northern Reaches' Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, and the bizarre divine ability he'd used to transform into various wild beasts. In Meng Hao's opinion, it had been completely extraordinary.

He continued his contemplation, losing himself to it. It was as if he actually returned to that ancient Daoist rites temple to hear the music of the great Dao. He awoke when the sky turned bright, having been significantly enlightened.

Everything in the temple returned to normal around him. Meng Hao could sense that he had made great strides in terms of his cultivation base. His personal Dao Seeking did not contain discrete stages. According to what his father told him, the result of using the Mist Blade to perform his Severing turned his Dao Seeking into a single stage and put him at the very peak of the entire Spirit Realm.

His next step would be true Immortality.

To Meng Hao, the imparting of these strange Daos was incredibly suitable to his current situation. After working with the Daoist magic of Roc Transformation, he proceeded on to another Dao Projection after gaining some enlightenment.

Unfortunately, he could not gain enlightenment regarding all of the Dao Projections. Many were in conflict with his personal direction, which made it impossible for him to understand them.

Meng Hao was now watching a Dao Projection near the wall of the temple. The image that flickered in his eyes was that of a man floating in a clear sky. The man's hand formed into the shape of a claw, which he stretched out, causing the land beneath him to shatter into pieces.

"It's a claw attack method!"

Meng Hao's consciousness trembled as he imprinted the image into his mind.

A few days later, Meng Hao had just gained enlightenment regarding another Dao Projection when he saw a Daoist off in the distance stretching his hand out and grabbing onto a star. He then pulled down violently, causing the star to tremble and transform into a resplendent glow in the palm of his hand.

“That’s... a... magic of Star Plucking!”

Meng Hao immersed himself in gaining enlightenment from the Daoist legacies in the temple. Eventually, he realized that the flame in the bronze oil lamp was showing signs of flickering out. He could tell that when that happened, the good fortune in this particular Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple would be over.

Several days later, Meng Hao took a deep breath as he woke from meditation. By this point, he had identified all of the Daoist Projections that he could gain enlightenment from; unfortunately they were quite miscellaneous. There were only three that Meng Hao truly had a basic understanding of.

The Claw Attack, the Roc Transformation, and the Star Plucking Magic.

However, these were just types of magic, not Daos.

“There are millions upon millions of magics, but the Dao can only exist in the heart. Where exactly is... the Dao of this Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple?” Meng Hao looked around until his gaze finally came to rest on the dilapidated statue of the deity.

Finally, he stood and approached the deity. After sitting down cross-legged, he looked up at the broken statue.

The deity statue was more than half destroyed. It had no head, and its torso was half gone. It was only possible to tell that it was sitting cross-legged, with its right hand extended to form an incantation gesture.

Meng Hao could make the same gesture, but when he did, he got no special feeling at all from the statue.

Feeling a bit annoyed, he turned to the old man behind him and said, “You’ve been following me around for half a month already. Is my head that interesting to stare at?”

Looking at the man, Meng Hao didn’t think he looked fierce or frightening at all any more, just dull and lifeless. “You’re formed from the shadow cast by the fire of that oil lamp. Don’t tell me you’ve been watching me this half-month for no reason at all?”

“Immortal!” the old man suddenly said, his voice hoarse and scratchy.

Meng Hao’s eyes widened. This was the first time the old man had spoken in the entire half month.

“What did you just say?”

“Immortal!” repeated the old man. “This statue is an Immortal!”

Meng Hao gaped.

“Do you wish to become Immortal?” the old man blurted. His eyes glowed with a strange light as he stared at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was now starting to once again feel that this old man was very strange. His eyes narrowed slightly as he said, “I only have half a step to take and I’ll be a true Immortal.”

“How could Immortal be split between true and false...? That’s an incorrect path.” The old man shook his head, and from the look in his eyes, he seemed to be recalling the past. Then he murmured: “An incorrect path.... Has the legacy been cut off...? Too many years have passed since that war....”

All of a sudden the old man started laughing crazily. “They’re all dead! The land is shattered! The river of stars is cut off....” The man continued to laugh, then started to pace back and forth in the temple, weeping.

“Cut off! I can’t suppress the living, I can only suppress the ghosts....”

“Gone, everything’s gone....”

Meng Hao's mind was spinning. He looked at the projected image of the demented old man, and realized he seemed to be filled with an ancient forlorn sadness. The weeping from the well grew more shrill, and more blood dripped down from the swinging vine.

“Senior, which war are you talking about?” Meng Hao asked.

The old man laughed and wailed. The flame in the bronze oil lamp danced wildly, and the projections all rose trembling to their feet and walked around Meng Hao in circles, laughing and weeping.

Meng Hao was panting, and was on the verge of saying something when suddenly a popping sound rang out as... the bronze lamp was extinguished.

Everything vanished.

Darkness reigned. Meng Hao looked around in shock before noticing that far off in the distance, the sun was just beginning to rise.

Meng Hao was in a bit of a daze for the rest of the day. The old man's words, and all the other events of the previous night, left him feeling that there was some incredible mystery pertaining to this Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.

It was a secret that perhaps... related to all the lands of South Heaven!

“Why did the enormous Daoist rite temple... disappear just now?”

“All of those projections... where did they go to?”

“Why is the temple hall in such a state of ruin?”

The day passed, and when night fell, the bronze lamp burned once again, although the flame was dimmer than it had been at the beginning. The old man appeared again. This time, he positioned himself next to the door of the temple hall. He was no longer weeping or crying, but rather, stood there silently.

After a moment, the man suddenly looked over at Meng Hao. “Your father is powerful. Even in the era in which I lived, he would be considered a powerful expert.

“He is also aware that his path is the incorrect one. However, he can do nothing to change that. If he could, he would be even more powerful.

“You have a good foundation, even better than many of the cultivators from my era. Do you... wish to become Immortal? I do not speak of any sort of false or true Immortal. Just Immortal.... A full 100-meridian Immortal!

“Only by opening all 100 meridians can one truly be considered Immortal! Even in past ages, full 100-meridian Immortals were few and far between. Only those who inherit great Daos might be able to reach that state, and with great difficulty at that.”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. According to his father, 80 meridians made one Chosen, 90 meridians were rarely seen, and 100 meridians... supposedly didn’t exist. Meng Hao nodded in response to the man, his eyes glittering.

“Magic can not be spoken of lightly, and Daos cannot be passed down recklessly. Now that this place has been unsealed, the whole Ninth Mountain and Sea will be set astir....This bronze oil lamp was kindled in ancient times, but what it illuminates is the present.

“It has already burned for more than ten days, and will soon be extinguished. Use your blood as the oil and ensure that it continues to burn unceasingly for seven cycles of seven days, forty-nine days. Do not allow anyone to set foot into the temple hall and touch it. Ensure that only your aura is present in it from beginning to end.

“If you do these things... if the flame burns for seven cycles of seven days, forty-nine days, then it will emit a strand of Immortal Ancient Dao Qi. Fuse that into your body, and it will become an Immortal Ancient Dao Meridian!

“If you have that Dao meridian, given the proper circumstances, you can gain enlightenment of the Dao of Immortality!” The old man gave Meng Hao a profound look, then turned and merged back into the deity statue.

As Meng Hao stood there silently, a glow of determination filled his eyes. He looked down at the “Immortality” character carved into the ground, and an ancient aura suddenly rose up from within his heart to fill his whole body.

“False Immortal. True Immortal.... Immortal!” he murmured. The bronze lamp abruptly became dimmer, and showed signs of being extinguished. Meng Hao walked forward, cut a slice into his wrist and poured some of his blood into the lamp. Crackling noises could be heard as the flame, instead of being extinguished, actually burned brighter.

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged in front of the lamp, feeling an unprecedented level of clarity in his mind.

A few more days passed. Suddenly, brilliant beams of light appeared in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven. An enormous teleportation portal could be seen which caused all of the stars to dim. A glow of starlight spread out in all directions as several dozen figures appeared in the middle of the teleportation portal.

The first three were the Chosen from the Fang Clan. Behind them were more than ten additional Fang Clan members, as well as their accompanying Dao Protectors from the clan.

Their appearance caused the starry sky to shudder. However, most of them were not in the Immortal Realm, and thus could not stay out in the starry sky for long periods of time, requiring others to protect and escort them. Their cultivation bases were in between Dao Seeking and the Immortal Realm, as were those of the three Chosen.

However, there were some clan members who were beyond the Spirit Realm, and although they were not Chosen, their cultivation bases were Immortal. Their appearance on the scene was completely shocking.

“We’re here. This is Planet South Heaven!”

“It seems the Fang Clan is the first party to arrive on the scene. Let’s go. It’s time to acquire some good fortune!” The group of a dozen or so people, including the Dao Protectors, immediately shot toward Planet South Heaven at top speed.

The three Chosen among the group kept their distance from each other. Each one of them was a person who the other clan members looked up to with reverence. The woman was Fang Xiangshan,

and the other two included the bald young man with stars in his eyes and the incredible fleshly body, Fang Yunyi. The other was the one who bathed in the blood of wild beasts, Fang Donghan!

Chapter 810: Two Restrictions!

Just as the group from the Fang Clan was about to enter Planet South Heaven, a cool voice echoed out from down below.

“Now that the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple has been unsealed, there are two rules here on Planet South Heaven. One. Only cultivators in the Spirit Realm may enter Planet South Heaven. Two. The door to South Heaven will only open once. All who wish to enter must wait to do so together with everyone else.”

As the voice echoed into the Fang Clan members’ ears, their facial expressions flickered.

“That was clan uncle Fang Xiufeng!”

“Clan uncle, can you please bend the rules a bit? The Patriarch commanded us to come here for good fortune. Clan uncle, please assist us in acquiring it!”

“Immortals can’t enter? That’s a good rule for others, but we’re all from the same clan! We demand to be allowed to enter!”

The calm voice once again rang out from the lands of South Heaven. “I am the Prison Warden of the Ninth Mountain, and I guard Planet South Heaven. Anyone who breaks one of these two rules... will be struck down.”

Killing intent bubbled up, causing the Fang clan members’ minds to spin. Many were actually enraged. One of the Immortal Realm clan members frowned, and then, relying on the protection his status earned him in the clan, flew directly toward South Heaven.

However, before he could even get close, a beam of sword qi shot up and sliced through him like a sharp knife cutting a blade of grass. Blood spurted out in all directions, and the man’s eyes went wide as his body was slashed completely in half. He didn’t even have a chance to say anything before he was dead.

Immediately, the Fang Clan members all went silent. The eyes of Fang Xiangshan, Fang Yunyi, and Fang Donghan went wide, and their faces fell.

“Fang Xiufeng, are you saying that we Dao Protectors are not allowed to enter South Heaven?” The voice that spoke was an ancient one. It belonged to an old woman who was positioned behind Fang Xiangshan, and whose eyes glowed with a brilliant light as she spoke.

“You may not!”

“What happens if some accident befalls these members of the younger generation? What then?”

“They are Chosen, and have come to acquire good fortune. They should be prepared to die an early death! Life and death are determined by fate!”

“Just... just because your son is a cripple doesn't mean you should make it hard for other clan members! No matter what you say, they are your juniors. They—”

“I dare you to call my son a cripple again!” Fang Xiufeng's voice was suddenly ice cold, causing the old woman to shiver. Beads of cold sweat began to drip down her forehead, and she didn't speak another word.

It was at this point that an airship could be seen speeding through the void some distance away. More than a hundred people could be seen onboard; this was the Li Clan from North Reed. Sitting in the lead position was the extraordinary woman with the glittering willow leaf mark on her head.

“That's Li Ling'er!”

“They say that she's the Dao Daughter of this generation of the Li Clan! Her cultivation base is extraordinary, and even exceeds peak Dao Seeking. She could face Immortal Tribulation at any time!”

Next, another figure appeared in the starry sky. It was a young man who stood on a flying sword. Sword light spread out in all directions as he sped forward.

His expression was placid, his features handsome. Just barely visible on his forehead was a third eye. As he neared, quite a few members of the Fang Clan and Li Clan looked over, and their eyes flickered.

“That’s Zhao Yifan from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, one of the Three Great Daoist Societies. Every generation, they only send two disciples out into the world!”

“People say that he once fought Song Luodan from the Song Clan, and defeated him!”

As the buzz of conversation rose up, a cold snort echoed out. A sea of flames appeared in the starry sky off in the distance, within which could be seen dozens of figures. In the lead position was a young man in a red robe. Perched on his shoulder was a flame crow, and his expression was one of fury. He seemed to emanate the air of a Paragon, and as he flew, the area around him twisted and distorted.

“Zhao Yifan!” he cried. “We didn’t finish fighting last time. Why not pick things up where we left off!?” This young man was none other than Song Luodan of the Song Clan. As he looked at Zhao Yifan, his eyes brimmed with the desire to do battle.

Fang Donghan of the Fang Clan stepped forward, his energy surging. Li Ling’er, daughter of the Li Clan, looked on with a calm expression, but the willow leaf on her forehead emanated an astonishing moon-like glow.

It was at this point that rumbling could be heard from off in the distance as two more teleportation portals appeared in the starry sky outside of South Heaven. Dozens of people appeared within each of the two teleportation portals. In one of them, a veiled woman could be seen. She was slender and graceful, and a bizarre aura emanated out as soon as she appeared on the scene.

Quite a few people looked over at this veiled woman.

In the other teleportation portal, a young man could be seen with eyebrows like swords and eyes like stars. His features were plain, his expression cold. As he stepped forward, his energy surged up with each step. It almost seemed like he wished to exert pressure on the other Chosen, all of whom snorted coldly.

“Demoness Zhixiang from the Demon Immortal Sect!”

“That’s... Clan Prince Wang Mu from the Wang Clan! They say that he has energy from the Wang Clan Patriarch, and that he can even force the Wang Clan’s ancient sword spirit to capitulate to him!”

Next, one teleportation portal after another appeared. Rumbling could be heard as people from the Five Great Holy Lands, the Three Churches and Six Religions, essentially every major power in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, all appeared in the starry sky above South Heaven. Ripples flowed out in all directions, and energy surged that seemed capable of repressing the entire planet.

Cries of astonishment could be heard from all directions. Each one of these groups contained Chosen who were already famous in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, so their appearance here was completely sensational.

It was at this point that suddenly, a scroll painting swirled out through the starry sky toward the congregated cultivators. It was fully 30,000 meters long, completely shocking, and depicted an enormous mountain.

Countless figures were seated cross-legged on that mountain. One of those figures was surrounded by a swirling Karma blade. When he opened his eyes, everything around that he looked at instantly began to tremble mentally.

“The Ji Clan!!”

“The Ji Clan is here! That’s... Ji Yin!”

“The year that the three Ji Clan members fought over the title of Son of Ji, Ji Yin was defeated. However, he is still considered Chosen, and few people of this generation could possibly contend with him!”

Everyone was shaken by the appearance of the Ji Clan; however, the desire to do battle could clearly be seen glowing in the eyes of the various Chosen.

The scroll painting flashed by all of the other cultivators, completely ignoring them as it headed directly toward Planet South Heaven. Before it reached the planet, a beam of sword qi flew out toward it. However, an old man then stepped out from within the scroll painting. He waved his arm to block the sword qi, but then coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and staggered backward three thousand meters. He looked up, shaken.

“Fang Xiufeng, what is the meaning of this!”

The voice of Meng Hao’s father could be heard from Planet South Heaven. “Two things are not permitted. Anyone above the Spirit Realm, and anyone entering ahead of the appointed time. Rule violators will be beheaded.”

The old man’s face flickered. “You...”

The faces of the cultivators from the other powers also flickered, and then stared down at Planet South Heaven.

“Fang Xiufeng.... I heard that he was honored with the position of top Chosen in the Fang Clan. He was a consummately powerful expert who could shake even the Patriarchs of the various sects!”

“It’s too bad that for the sake of his crippled son, he agreed to guard Planet South Heaven for 100,000 years... and not leave it.”

“I also heard about his story. It’s been a few hundred years, so presumably, his crippled son is long since dead. That’s probably why he’s not too happy with all these Chosen.”

“Hmph! Even if his crippled son isn’t dead, there’s no way he could compare to the Chosen of all the sects! Why the hell is Fang Xiufeng not allowing Immortal Realm cultivators to enter!?”

Even as the standoff continued, a sea dragon appeared, floating through the void. It roared, and the stars seemed to become a sea. Everyone looked over at the woman who sat cross-legged atop the sea dragon, her long hair floating around her.

“That’s Fan Dong’er from the Nine Seas God World!”

“It’s Goddess Fan Dong’er!”

“I can’t believe she’s here!” Everyone was looking over at her, most notably, Fang Xiangshan and Li Ling’er.

Fang Donghan's eyes gleamed brightly, and Zhao Yifan's expression brightened. The eyes of Wang Mu from the Wang Clan also flickered brightly.

As of this point, all of the Chosen from the Ninth Mountain and Sea who could come, were present!

Meng Hao's father's voice once again drifted up from South Heaven. "The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple has been unsealed. All of you may enter."

Someone immediately asked, "If those of us in the Immortal Realm seal our cultivation bases and limit ourselves to the Spirit Realm, can we enter?"

Meng Hao's father was silent for a moment, and was apparently thinking. Then he said, "If you seal yourself, then yes, you may enter. But if you exceed the Spirit Realm, you will be destroyed in body and soul!"

"Very well!" Although the various groups weren't happy, this was the mysterious Planet South Heaven, and they didn't dare to piss off Fang Xiufeng in his capacity as Prison Warden. Furthermore, before coming to South Heaven, all of the Patriarchs from their various organizations had instructed them to be cautious in all matters.

There were well over a thousand people who now flew toward Planet South Heaven. Those in the Immortal Realm sealed their cultivation bases so that they were at the peak of the Spirit Realm. Together, they formed a cluster of light beams that shot toward the planet.

On that day, the cultivators in the lands of South Heaven looked up to see over a thousand shooting stars flying across the sky. They descended like meteors, emanating astonishing energy that caused the minds of all South Heaven cultivators to tremble.

Many sects immediately ordered their disciples to remain indoors and not emerge.

There were some sect Patriarchs who came out from secluded meditation. There were precious treasures within their sects that emitted brightly shining light, apparently having formed resonances with some of the approaching strangers.

The lands of South Heaven were shaken, but the newcomers did nothing to interfere with the planet itself. Before coming here, they had been strictly instructed that because of the unfathomable mysteriousness of Planet South Heaven, it was not to be unnecessarily disturbed.

Therefore, the over one thousand beams of light whistled through the air but did not near any of the sects there. Relying on the auguries from the clan and sect Patriarchs, they headed directly for the Eastern Lands.

They charged into the deep mountains of the vast Eastern Lands, toward the mountain range that housed the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple. In the blink of an eye, the sky trembled and the land shook, almost as if it were on the verge of tearing itself to pieces. Countless numbers of cultivators noticed the shocking display.

There were some great sects in the Eastern Lands who came to the conclusion that some valuable treasure had appeared. That was the only thing that would cause such an incredible display of power.

However, nobody emerged. As they looked out from within their sects, they could see that many of the most terrifying figures emitted ripples that were only of the Dao Seeking stage. However... some were very close to being Immortal, and were obviously there to protect the younger members.

As for the young people, the feeling they gave people was that they were like gods. Soon they would be respected Immortals with flourishing energy, completely shocking to everyone. Therefore, the sects of the Eastern Lands were all struck with fear.

“These are definitely Chosen from outside of South Heaven. Not even the Ji Clan has emerged... they’re just watching.”

“I wonder what sort of precious treasure appeared to attract so many fearsome Chosen. They... look young, and not because of some art of bodily preservation, but because they truly haven’t practiced cultivation for very long. And yet, their cultivation bases are incredible...”