

The Heavens 821

Chapter 821: Mopping Up Li Linger!

[/expand]

As he was dragged along, Sun Hai lost consciousness from the pain several times. However, the misery quickly caused him to reawaken. This was a feeling the likes of which he had never experienced before in his entire life.

Were he able to shout, he would definitely scream with incredible bitterness.

Meng Hao didn't even look at him. He gripped his hair tightly as he dragged him along, intentionally choosing a rough and difficult path to tread. Sun Hai had no choice but to bump along behind him on the ground like a writhing snake.

Soon, darkness began to fall. When everything was pitch black, the bronze lamp above Meng Hao's head suddenly trembled. Meng Hao stopped in his tracks as he sensed the blood in his body being absorbed by the lamp. His face went pale as the lamp's flame hissed to life.

The flame was dim, but it cast countless shadows in all directions. Someone far away would not be able to see it, but anyone nearby would definitely notice.

Meng Hao frowned, but after trying everything he could to prevent the light from shining out, and failing, he sighed lightly and proceeded forward with glittering eyes. Instead of leaving the mountain range, he headed deeper in, proceeding along as fast as possible.

Here, there were many more restrictive spells....

Everything was silent. There was wind, but it made absolutely no noise as it brushed across his face. Sun Hai's pain caused him to hover between life and death as Meng Hao dragged him around for several hours. By now, it was the middle of the night, and as Meng Hao walked along, he suddenly stopped in place. A sense of deadly crisis rose up, and he turned to find a woman approaching through the trees.

She was incredibly beautiful, and as she walked out from the darkness, she looked as if she were descending from an Immortal paradise. She wore a long gown and had mark on her forehead in the

shape of a willow leaf. Everything seemed to fade in comparison to her beauty, as if she were the only thing worth looking at in the world.

“Give me the Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion,” she said calmly. This was none other than Li Ling’er from Planet North Reed. When she looked over at Meng Hao, her eyes seemed to be filled with heavenly bodies.

As she walked along, the grass swayed gently and grew taller, and flowers bloomed, as if her aura breathed life into everything around her.

“When Fan Dong’er was around, I didn’t notice that you were also really quite pretty,” said Meng Hao, his eyes widening. Li Ling’er was another of the people who had ganged up to attack him earlier, and in the brief interchange with her, he could tell that she was beyond ordinary.

There was something dreadful lurking within her aura, although the only physical thing that drew Meng Hao’s attention... was the willow mark on her forehead.

However, what caused his eyes to become like sharp blades was the fact that... there were no Dao Protectors standing next to her.

He clearly remembered that back when she stood outside of the courtyard, she had been followed by Dao Protectors. That there were none with her now indicated that she was extremely self-confident. Apparently there were quite a few other Chosen who possessed such confidence.

Zhao Yifan was the same, as was Ji Yin. Fan Dong’er was like that, and now this Li Ling’er.

Li Ling’er’s expression didn’t change at all in response to Meng Hao’s words, as if she didn’t care about them at all. She continued to walk forward, an intense energy surging out that caused an enormous, shocking tree to appear behind her.

The tree was wizened and withered, and a vine wrapped around it that looked like a flood dragon. The tree itself was pitch-black, but its leaves were emerald-green.

“Are you going to give it to me, or not?” she asked. Her expression seemed calm, but her eyes were filled with arrogant pride as she gazed at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao sighed, and then said, "I want to give it to you, but... I'm already married."

His words caused Li Ling'er's jaw to involuntarily drop. Meng Hao's response had absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with her actual question.

Even as she gaped in shock, Meng Hao's eyes began to glow brightly. His Dharma Idol appeared behind him, and he shot forward in a flash, clenching his hand into a fist and punching toward Li Ling'er.

Sun Hai had already been tossed off to the side. He was bound up, so all he could do was look on with anticipation as Meng Hao and Li Ling'er began to fight.

"You aboriginal South Heaven cultivators are incompetent insects," she said coolly. The vine on the huge tree behind her began to glow, and then countless branches shot out, slamming into Meng Hao's Dharma Idol with a boom. At the same time, Meng Hao's punch slammed into a huge leaf which blocked his way.

However, before Li Ling'er's expression could even change, Meng Hao snorted and then lifted up his left hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron. As electricity danced, a scornful smile appeared on Li Ling'er's face.

"You can't get away!" she said. As the words left her mouth, countless branches sprouted up around Sun Hai, completely locking him in place.

"I wasn't planning to run!" he said, almost simultaneously. Electricity flashed, and Meng Hao and Li Ling'er switched places!

Meng Hao really hadn't planned to flee, but instead, switched locations with Li Ling'er instead of Sun Hai!

Li Ling'er was shocked, and before she could react, a rumbling echoed out as, in the blink of an eye, she and Meng Hao switched places seven or eight more times.

The rapid frequency of the transpositioning was something Li Ling'er couldn't deal with. One time was fine, and two could be dealt with. But after the third time, being shuttled back and forth left her feeling as if she would be ripped apart.

Thankfully, Meng Hao had an incredibly tough fleshly body, otherwise, he wouldn't be able to handle it either.

What caused Li Ling'er's face to fall more than anything else was how Meng Hao was able to launch attacks even in the middle of switching back and forth. He was able to use his divine abilities exactly as he normally could, but often Li Ling'er's attacks would be interrupted.

BOOOOMMM!!

In the blink of an eye, a brilliant light began to shine out from Li Ling'er. A vine flew out, which transformed into a flood dragon that shot between her and Meng Hao, tearing a rift into the air itself, pushing them completely apart.

Li Ling'er shot back rapidly, blood spurting out of her mouth. She looked up to glare at Meng Hao, shocked at the incredible power of his fleshly body.

"Despicable!" she said. However, electricity crackled around Meng Hao even as the words left her mouth, causing her face to fall.

However, Meng Hao did not switch positions; he was merely using the dancing lightning to startle her. He punched out again, followed by his Dharma Idol. At the same time, his second true self appeared, and was just about to assist in suppressing Li Ling'er when, shockingly, a Dharma Clone of Li Ling'er stepped out of thin air!

The Dharma Clone immediately began to battle with Meng Hao's second true self.

Booms filled the air, and Meng Hao roared as he turned into a roc, which flew forward as fast as lightning. Li Ling'er had already been injured, and now she was being forced back bit by bit. Meng Hao was incredibly ferocious, and his attacks provoked peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. There was an aura of invincibility surrounding him that caused Li Ling'er to feel suppressed.

In a short period of time, the space of only a few breaths, they fought back and forth viciously. The Blood Demon Grand Magic reappeared. In response, Li Ling'er clasped her hands together above her, causing her entire body to glow with brilliant emerald-green light that transformed into the shape of a magical bottle which fought back against the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

Meng Hao transformed from a roc to the form of a Blood Demon head, slammed into the magical bottle, causing it to explode. At the same time, Li Ling'er waved her right hand, causing the image of a vine to materialize, which then slapped into Meng Hao.

The Blood Demon head shattered, causing blood to ooze from Meng Hao's mouth. However, he didn't retreat in the least. Instead, he charged forward, his fleshly body bursting with intense power. He waved a hand, causing countless enormous mountains to appear one after another. They became a mountain range that forced Li Ling'er to retreat, her heart filled with shock. From what she could tell, Meng Hao was actually more powerful now than he had been when fighting Fan Dong'er.

In fact, he seemed to be building up his energy!

"He could actually become invincible," she thought. "I can't let him finish building up that energy. Otherwise... this battle will end with my defeat!" Eyes flickering, she backed up, performing a double handed incantation, her expression unprecedentedly solemn.

"World Tree, detonate. Rebuke the Heavens with your spirit. Transform for me! Stifle all the Earth!" As she spoke, she shoved both of her hands out in front of her. A sound could be heard that seemed explosive, and yet at the same time, stifled, like the thump of a heartbeat.

Meng Hao's face flickered. A second sound rang out, then a third, and a fourth. It was at that point, that the huge tree behind Li Ling'er collapsed into pieces, as if it had just passed through countless years of time. The pieces transformed into a three-hundred-meter log that then passed through Li Ling'er to shoot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao immediately sensed critical danger as the log neared him, as if it were filled with death itself. In that critical moment, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a rock.

It was a golden-colored rock that looked like a sun, which he shoved out toward the incoming log, filling it with all the power of his cultivation base. Even his Dharma Idol faded as he called upon all the power he could muster. A brilliant light exploded out, illuminating everything in the entire area in a way that everyone in the entire mountain range could see.

Something that looked like a burning sun slammed into the log, causing the ground to quake and the heavenly bodies up above to tremble. The log melted, and the stone's light faded away. Blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and Li Ling'er convulsed violently. Blood sprayed from her mouth, and she retreated backward with an expression of complete disbelief on her face.

“Trying to run away?” said Meng Hao, eyes flickering with killing intent. “My mom has no maidservant and you’ll do just fine!” With that he extended his hand and pointed toward Li Ling’er.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex immediately surged out.

In that instant, Li Ling’er’s face fell. All of a sudden, it was as if she had no cultivation base. Although it only lasted for a moment, in the middle of magical battle, a moment could change everything.

She stopped in midair, and Meng Hao appeared next to her. He was just about to reach out and grab her when a vicious expression appeared on her face. The air behind her flickered as she prepared to once again utilize the same magic she had used moments before.

However, there was no way Meng Hao would allow that. The Lightning Cauldron appeared, and they once again switched places. Then, again and again, until they had switched places dozens of times!

Even Meng Hao was having difficulty enduring, and his skin began to split and tear. Li Ling’er was even worse off; she coughed up blood as she sustained serious internal injuries.

Gritting her teeth, she crushed a jade slip, causing ripples to spread out into the air. Clearly, she was just on the verge of teleporting away. Meng Hao snorted, then lifted his right hand and employed the Star Plucking Magic... to suddenly viciously grab Li Ling’er’s firm rear end and drag her back toward him.

Li Ling’er trembled, and her entire body went numb. Goosebumps spread out over her skin as she was pulled back to Meng Hao. He sealed her cultivation base, and then everything went dark as she was shoved into his bag of holding.

Chapter 822: From Now On, Call Me Lil Hai!

[/expand]

Off to the side, Sun Hai’s eyes were wide with astonishment as he watched Meng Hao tuck Li Ling’er into his bag of holding. The attacks he had seen just now left his scalp tingling.

“This guy’s just one of those aboriginal local cultivators, how... how could he be so powerful!?!?”

Meanwhile, a roar of rage drifted out from some distance off. The voice belonged to Fan Dong'er, who was followed by a large group of people.

Meng Hao's body flickered as he once again put Sun Hai into his bag of holding. His second true self turned into his shadow as he then sped off into the distance.

The burning lamp floating above his head let off a weak light as Meng Hao proceeded forward. He wiped the blood off of his mouth and then produced some medicinal pills to consume. His eyes shone with a brilliant gleam as a beam of sword qi flew down from a nearby mountain peak, where a single silhouette could be seen.

It was Zhao Yifan, who was separated from Meng Hao by a mountainous valley. The airspace in this area was restricted, so he was incapable of flying directly over. However, his sword qi could slice through the air, and its incredible energy caused huge ripples to spread out in all directions as it descended on Meng Hao. Everyone to whom it was visible found it completely shocking.

Meng Hao looked up at the incoming sword qi, and couldn't help but recall the nine sword forms taught to him by his father. Although the incoming sword was nothing compared to his father's, he could see some clues regarding the Dao of the sword within it.

His eyes shone with a strange gleam as he took a deep breath, then extended his left leg. His body bent like a bow, and in his mind, he could visualize the breathing technique his father had passed down to him. In that instant, multilayered ripples spread out, and the ground seemed to shrink. Meng Hao himself suddenly seemed to grow rapidly.

As he breathed, it seemed as if all the energy in the entire area were being sucked into him. Popping sounds could be heard as, although his hand did not hold a sword, shockingly... scattered bits of sword qi appeared!

Meng Hao felt like his body was about to explode. He knew that the next movement involved moving his right foot forward, and that it must be executed rapidly along with a powerful gust of wind. Unfortunately, he wasn't capable of executing the movement properly. His body was already at its limit, filled with incredible, and in fact too much, power.

He decided not to go into the second movement, and instead, swept his arm up into the sky like an arrow. Immediately, all the hair on his body stood on end and the incredible energy within him, along with all the power of his cultivation base, exploded out.

Rumbling filled the air as the onlookers saw a shocking sword qi on the mountain Meng Hao stood on. Although it was unfocused, it was still able to surge out and meet the incoming sword qi from Zhao Yifan.

Cries of surprise instantly rang out throughout the mountains.

“The Dao of the sword!”

“What?! He’s... he’s proficient in the Dao of the sword too!?!?”

“The sword!? Only people with benevolent hearts can cultivate that Dao. This guy is shameless to the extreme! How is it possible for him to utilize the Dao of the sword!?”

Rumbling filled the air as the two beams of sword qi slammed into each other. Brilliant, resplendent light flashed in the air, brightening the entire area.

On the mountain opposite Meng Hao, Zhao Yifan stood there trembling. Although he was not injured, he was excited. His eyes gleamed more than ever with the desire to do battle.

“It’s you.... You are the grindstone to polish my sword!!”

Zhixiang was off in the distance, and when she saw what was happening, her delicate mouth went wide with shock. The more she learned about Meng Hao, the more enigmatic he seemed to be. In fact, he almost seemed to be completely different than the Meng Hao she remembered.

“How could he... have changed so much!?” she thought, gasping. It was at this point that Fan Dong’er’s enraged voice could be heard echoing off in the distance.

“Meng Hao, I’m gonna kill you!” she screamed, seemingly on the verge of going mad. The female corpse floated behind her like a shadow. During the day it wasn’t so bad. It was frightening, but at least it didn’t make any noises....

However, at nighttime.... The corpse’s hair would fly about, and its eyes would shine with a strange light. It would begin to weep with choked, horrifying sobs that penetrated deep into Fan Dong’er’s soul. When she sat down and mediated, the weeping would wrench her out of her trance.

The Mount Sun Holy Land and the Song Clan especially wanted to kill Meng Hao. However, they were worried because he had taken their Young Lords captive, and they weren't sure whether they were alive or dead. Therefore it was with both great anxiety and deadly intent that they pursued Meng Hao.

The three members of the Fang Clan had spread out in different directions to search. Fang Donghan was somber, and rarely made any moves in public. In fact, many people actually overlooked him. However, were it not for the inhuman Fang Wei, the blazing sun of the Fang Clan would actually be Fang Donghan.

Fang Yunyi saw nothing unusual about Meng Hao's sword qi, and as for Fang Xiangshan, she was completely focused on cultivation and didn't pay much attention to the outside world. If it weren't for the fact that the Patriarch had made the request, she would not have come to this place. Therefore, although she didn't have negative feelings toward Meng Hao, neither did she have a good impression.

However, Fang Donghan was currently staring at Meng Hao disappearing into the mountains, and his mind was buzzing. He... actually recognized that sword move! It was a mysterious Daoist magic recorded in the ancient records of the Fang Clan. The Heaven Severing Sword!

In all of the Fang clan, the only person who had mastered the Heaven Severing Sword and forged his own Dao, was Fang Xiufeng!

"Meng Hao.... That kid from all those years ago would actually be my older cousin.... He was the oldest grandson of my generation.... His name was Fang Hao!

"Fang Hao. Meng Hao...." Fang Donghan took a deep breath, and his eyes glittered brightly.

By the time everyone rushed over to the mountain where Meng Hao had just been seen, he was long gone and nowhere to be found.

However, it didn't take long for the members of the Li Clan to discover that their Holy Daughter Li Ling'er... was missing.

Soon, people from the Church of the Emperor Immortal realized that their Chosen had also vanished....

After double-checking, they came to the conclusion that Li Ling'er and Sun Hai had in fact disappeared. Obviously... the person responsible for this was most likely Meng Hao!

“Heavens! Taiyang Zi, Song Luodan, Li Ling'er, and Sun Hai were all captured by Meng Hao!”

“Don't forget Fan Dong'er. Although she wasn't taken captive, she's actually in a much more bitter position than if she had.”

“This Meng Hao... wishes to defy the Heavens!”

Few words were spoken for the rest of the night. There were many people searching for Meng Hao, but the mountain range was simply too vast. The various sects and clans even used some secret powers at their disposal, but because they couldn't utilize flight, they were unable to find Meng Hao, at least temporarily.

Mysteriously, the restriction on the airspace actually did not decrease when the ancient temple disappeared, and actually, grew more intense, and covered an even wider area.

Soon it was dawn. Meng Hao stood beneath an ancient tree, his eyes gleaming brightly. After resting for a few hours, his energy was completely restored, and he was just about to continue onward when suddenly he decided to slap his bag of holding and take out Li Ling'er and Sun Hai.

Their cultivation bases were sealed, so all Li Ling'er could do was glare at Meng Hao. Her hair was a mess, and she was grinding her teeth; as of this moment, there was no aloof pride to her whatsoever.

Sun Hai was shivering, and when he saw that Meng Hao was about to grab him by the hair, he immediately wailed, “I'll write the promissory note!”

He did not dare to oppose Meng Hao any further. His clothing had long since been torn to shreds, and his flesh had become a mass of scrapes and wounds. After that, he had witnessed Meng Hao's fight with Li Ling'er, and he immediately decided to yield.

“Why didn't you say so earlier!?” said Meng Hao, smiling happily. He immediately produced a paper and pen and handed it to Sun Hai, who sighed and then began to write down a huge sum. He

looked sullenly at Meng Hao, and then inwardly swore that if he survived this ordeal, he would never forget Meng Hao's face for the rest of his life.

Having taken care of Sun Hai, Meng Hao next turned to look at Li Ling'er. She stared back at him furiously, causing him to clear his throat.

"Don't look at me that way," he said. "I really am married already, and my wife is way prettier than you." With that, he took a look into Li Ling'er's bag of holding, and instantly, his eyes began to shine brightly.

"You Chosen... are... really stinking rich!!" He took a deep breath as he glanced over the vast quantities of spirit stones in the bag of holding. There were also rare medicinal pills and a jade box.

Inside the jade box was a deep-gold shortsword, upon which was affixed a magical talisman.

The pressure it exuded was comparable to the sunstone he had acquired earlier. It was definitely a very precious item!

The sword was something that required advanced preparation to wield; Meng Hao's incredible power had put her in such a bad position during their battle that she'd never had time to focus on using it.

"I really hate to say it, but I'm going to need to take this sword," he said, clearing his throat. Flames seemed to be on the verge of bursting out of Li Ling'er's eyes. Meng Hao put her bag of holding away, then reached out and put his hand into her robe, and after searching for a while came out with a jade slip and a few other miscellaneous objects.

Off to the side, Sun Hai looked on wide-eyed, feeling a bit envious of Meng Hao.

Li Ling'er's face went bright red, and her murderous intent and rage burned even harder. Even as Meng Hao took away all her miscellaneous items, her body suddenly flashed. Shockingly, she still had a bit of cultivation base accessible. She leaned to the side and then reached out toward the bronze lamp. She moved with lightning speed, having waited patiently for this one moment to make her move. As her hand closed in on the lamp, the flame dimmed, as if it were about to be extinguished.

“What a patient little wench,” Meng Hao said coolly. He then lifted his right hand up and spanked her rear end.

A slapping sound rang out, and Li Ling'er let out a miserable squeal. Her entire body went numb, and she crumpled to the ground in pain, completely incapable of reaching out to touch the ancient bronze lamp. Her face went pale, and cold sweat began to drop down her forehead. Meng Hao had struck her... far too viciously. In fact, from Sun Hai's vantage point, it was obvious that... Li Ling'er's buttocks were now uneven....

“You've been bad,” Meng Hao said somberly. He lifted his right hand up into the air again, and as Sun Hai looked on in shock....

SMACK!

Sun Hai's mind was now completely blank as he realized that Li Ling'er's rear end... was now even once again.

Li Ling'er was in such pain that tears rolled down her face, and she couldn't see clearly. Somehow, that made her look even more beautiful than before in a way that could cause people to fall in love with her. Meng Hao looked like he was smiling, but actually, his eyes were completely calm. After everything he had experienced in his life, he wasn't the type of person to be moved easily by those kinds of things.

After thoroughly sealing Li Ling'er, he put her back into his bag of holding and then looked at Sun Hai.

“Let's see, you're Fellow Daoist Sun, right?”

Sun Hai began to shiver when he realized Meng Hao was staring at him. His heart trembled, and he put a very fawning expression onto his face.

“Elder Brother Meng, I still haven't introduced myself. In the future, you can just call me Li'l Hai....

“Elder Brother Meng, you know, as soon as we all caught sight of you for the first time outside the temple, I could tell that you were a dragon amongst men, a Dao child amongst Chosen, a prodigy

amongst Dao Children! Your eyes are like two seas of stars, and from the moment I saw you, my esteem for you was burned deep into the recesses of my soul!

“In fact, I, Li'l Hai, could not be more grateful for the painstaking instruction you have provided me with these past few days. That gratitude is etched upon my very heart, filling its every nook and cranny. Every bit of my soul is filled with respect for you, sir!”

Meng Hao gaped at him.

“Please,” Sun Hai repeated somberly, “from now on, call me Li'l Hai!”

Chapter 823: Ambush!

[/expand]

Although Meng Hao had experienced a lifetime of volatile situations, to see Sun Hai from the Church of the Emperor Immortal so quickly change his tone, to put on such a flattering air and to speak such fawning words, caused him to first gape and then sigh emotionally. He suddenly missed the shameful and degenerate meat jelly and parrot.

After Sun Hai finished talking, Meng Hao cleared his throat. Although he was actually inwardly pleased, he glared solemnly at Sun Hai and said, “Well aren't we glib!? Do you really think I'm the type of person who likes to be flattered!?”

Sun Hai's heart began to pound, and he muttered to himself that things were not looking good. In his entire life, he had only met a few people with personalities as strong as this, and he knew that they were the most difficult of all to deal with. He hesitated for a moment, and then Meng Hao suddenly sighed.

“However,” Meng Hao said, “considering that everything you said is completely true, I'll forgive you just this once.” With that, he grabbed Sun Hai by the hair and made to toss him back into his bag of holding.

Sun Hai was inwardly outraged. It seemed to him that his hair was on the verge of falling out completely. However, he didn't dare to struggle, and actually put on a thankful expression.

Inside, he was cursing with grief and indignation.

After putting Sun Hai away, Meng Hao coughed lightly.

“Gratitude etched upon the very heart, filling its every nook and cranny. Every bit of the soul filled with respect. Well said.” Meng Hao looked up into the sky, then flickered into a blur as he headed deeper into the mountains. His expression was the same, but his eyes gleamed coldly as he proceeded along, completely soundless.

“Considering the level of dad’s cultivation base, he could have prevented these people from even coming here. This is a trial by fire for me.... Therefore, it won’t exceed the limits of what I can handle.

“All those old bastards are actually Immortals. Their cultivation bases definitely exceed the Spirit Realm, but they’ve obviously sealed themselves....” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he considered the speculations he could put together with the clues he had.

“They don’t dare to unseal themselves... otherwise they would face a complete catastrophe!”

One by one, several days passed.

Meng Hao would alternate between resting and traveling. When he would encounter pursuers every so often, he would often flee after a bit of fighting. Sometimes he would intentionally show up in order to baffle them and throw off their predictions of where he would be.

More days passed. Eventually, all of the injuries he had sustained during his battle with Li Ling’er were healed. The bronze lamp floating above his head continued to burn. By this point, he was able to vaguely sense traces of Immortal might swirling around inside of it!

That got him very excited, and fueled his determination to endure for the entire 49 days.

“The end is in sight!” he thought. Taking a deep breath, he once again sped off into the distance.

Three more days passed. It was evening, and Meng Hao was moving along as usual, when suddenly, he stopped in place, then dashed backward. A ghostly figure was closing in on him, seemingly heading directly toward his forehead.

At the same time, a person approached from off in the distance. Every step he took caused the ground to quake, as if he weren't a person, but rather, some ancient wild beast.

He had no hair, and was incredibly well-built. His body emanated incredible pressure, and his eyes seemed to be filled with glittering stars. Blinding, brilliant light swirled around him.

These were signs that his fleshly body had been cultivated to the peak. This person... was Fang Yunyi from the Fang Clan!

"Sure enough, I find you here," he said with a proud smile.

"Sure enough?" replied Meng Hao, his eyes glittering like swords. The words "sure enough" carried a lot of meaning, and this Fang Yunyi was not unfamiliar to Meng Hao. He was one of the three members of the Fang Clan that Meng Hao had taken special notice of back outside the temple.

Meng Hao had complicated feelings regarding the Fang Clan.

"I don't care about your good fortune. What I'm interested in is you yourself!" As he spoke, he rushed forward like the wind, rapidly closing the gap between him and Meng Hao.

"Join my entourage... or die!" As he spoke, the heavenly bodies in his eyes grew more apparent, and his energy surged up to the pinnacle.

The last word he spoke echoed out like thunder in all directions, causing everything to ripple. Amorphous rifts were torn into the air, and in the blink of an eye, Meng Hao turned into a tiny rowboat in a raging sea. The intense pressure weighing down seemed as if it would crush him at any moment.

"Screw off!" said Meng Hao, looking coldly at Fang Yunyi. His simple words rang out as shocking as massive peals of thunder, creating a sound wave that shattered the pressure formed by Fang Yunyi's invisible energy

"Looking to die?!" Fang Yunyi said with a cold laugh. He took a step forward, clenched his right hand into a fist, and then punched out with the energy of a fleshly body that exceeded peak Dao Seeking. Massive power exploded out. Furthermore, a huge, illusory Dharma Idol appeared behind him. It was blurry, making it difficult to clearly make out what exactly it was, but it was clearly humanoid.

Meng Hao's eyes grew colder, and he said nothing further. He strode forward, and the power of his own fleshly body exploded out as he punched out with his right fist, meeting Fang Yunyi's attack directly.

A rumbling boom echoed out as Meng Hao transformed into a roc. The Mountain Consuming Incantation became numerous mountains that linked together into a mountain range that swept across the area. Fang Yunyi's face flickered, and in the blink of an eye, nearly a hundred exchanges had occurred.

Booms rang out, and the air was ripped to pieces. Finally, they both separated. Fang Yunyi's face was pale, and he was unable to prevent the blood from oozing out of the corners of his mouth.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he prepared to leave.

"Stop annoying me!" he said.

Fang Yunyi's eyes were bloodshot, and blue veins bulged on his neck and face.

"Heaven Sundering!" he suddenly roared. Rumbling filled the air as the blurry image of the Dharma Idol behind him suddenly became clear. Shockingly, it was a two-headed giant!

The giant emanated an archaic aura, as if the Dharma Idol itself had originated in ancient times, and had traveled through time to appear here. The two heads tilted back and a shocking, soundless roar filled the air. At the same time, Fang Yunyi's energy shifted and became completely different than before.

It now possessed a shocking savagery!

He roared again as he shot forward, aiming another punch directly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted from the sense of grave crisis he felt from Fang Yunyi. His expression was solemn as his own Dharma Idol appeared, an equally shocking giant whose appearance caused everything to tremble. Meng Hao clenched his hand into a fist as he moved to intercept Fang Yunyi.

Even as the two of them closed in on each other, the sound of wailing filled the air as a figure appeared, shooting like lightning toward Meng Hao.

In addition to the wails of grief, the figure howled shrilly, “Meng Hao!!”

The voice was filled with boundless hatred, and its owner was a woman. It was none other than Fan Dong'er, and the wailing did not come from her, but rather... Inky, who was only a few inches behind her.

At the same time, two more figures neared. They were older cultivators, one from Mount Sun and the other from the Li Clan. From the method of their arrival, it seemed as if they knew Meng Hao would appear here.

Rumble!

As the three newcomers neared, Fang Yunyi's mouth twisted into a derisive smile. Although he looked crude and impetuous, he was actually very capable of crafty scheming. His right fist opened up into a palm that moved to grab hold of Meng Hao's fist. He was convinced that all he had to do was delay Meng Hao for a few breaths of time, and he would be defeated.

At this critical juncture, Meng Hao's eyes flickered. His right index finger pointed out as the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was unleashed. Demonic qi swept about, and Fang Yunyi trembled. His face fell as he realized he was suddenly completely locked in place.

Next, Meng Hao touched the tips of his five fingers together to form the shape of a mountain. A vicious expression could be seen on his face as his hand stabbed directly into Fang Yunyi's palm.

At the same time, his Dharma Idol roared as it slammed into Fang Yunyi's Dharma Idol up in midair.

Rumbling filled the air as mountains crumbled. Blood sprayed out of Fang Yunyi's mouth. Shock filled his face, but before he could retreat, Meng Hao turned into a roc that slammed into his chest. A cracking sound could be heard, and Fang Yunyi's face fell. It felt like a star was slamming into him. Even as his breastbone shattered, Meng Hao unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic, which began to suck away at Fang Yunyi. At the same time, his second true self emerged and shot toward Fan Dong'er.

Meng Hao was now borrowing the strength of Fang Yunyi's fleshly body to replenish himself. At the same time, he endured the powerful incoming attacks from the two old cultivators.

A shocking boom could be heard, and Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood. Fang Yunyi let out a miserable shriek as his body withered up. He was just on the verge of passing into death when Meng Hao tossed him into his bag of holding and then began to speed off into the distance.

The Lightning Cauldron appeared, crackling with electricity. He was just on the verge of using its powers when suddenly, a beam of starlight appeared. The electricity was snuffed out, and Meng Hao's Form Displacement Transposition failed!

Shockingly, Fan Dong'er held a chunk of starstone in her hand, which radiated glittering starlight.

It was in that moment that a shocking beam of sword qi shot down from up ahead, heading directly toward Meng Hao. That was none other than Zhao Yifan.

"So, somebody figured out that I would pass by this way, and... they set up an ambush!" Were Meng Hao unable to put the pieces of this puzzle together, he would never have been able to rise to prominence in the lands of South Heaven.

The flame in the bronze lamp above his head was still burning, but was much weaker than before. It looked like it might wink out at any moment. Furthermore, Meng Hao was in a very difficult position. Not only was everyone attacking him all at once, but at this time he was also the more seriously injured than he had been this entire time.

There was sword qi blocking his path forward, which came from Zhao Yifan, who stood there looking like a sword Immortal. Behind him was Fan Dong'er, who was tangling with his second true self. Her eyes radiated killing intent, and the sea of stars surrounding her surged toward Meng Hao to smash him.

On the left and right respectively were the two old cultivators. Their faces were cold and grim, and their sealed cultivation bases gave them power similar to false immortals.

Meng Hao was surrounded on all sides, and was the target of a deadly attack that would surely kill him!

Starlight filled the area, restricting the airspace completely and sealing his surroundings.

At the same time, Ji Yin from the Ji Clan sat cross-legged on a nearby mountaintop, surrounded by boundless, swirling Karma that made it difficult to make out his appearance.

However, his eyes obviously glowed with merciless coldness, piercing out through the layers of Karma to look... at the bronze oil lamp hanging over Meng Hao's head.

“That lamp... does not exist within Karma,” he murmured. An unprecedented burning fervor gradually appeared within the coldness of his eyes.

“The main reason I came to the lands of South Heaven was because I could sense through Karma that there was an object here clearly connected to me by destiny!

“This Meng Hao is extraordinary, but that destiny... belongs to me!”

Chapter 824: Wrecking the Ambush

[/expand]

It was a deadly ambush. Meng Hao didn't even have the time to try and take Li Ling'er and the others out of his bag of holding to use as hostages. Power bore down on him from all sides, and in any case, Fan Dong'er and Zhao Yifan wouldn't withhold from attacking him because of hostages.

In the time it takes a spark to fly up from a piece of flint, a threatening, cold gleam appeared in Meng Hao's eyes, and he stopped in place. He took a deep breath and then extended his right hand, within which was the sunstone he had acquired. Boundless blinding heat waves instantly exploded out in all directions.

Rumbling could be heard, and everything distorted as ripples spread out. The two old Dao Protectors stopped in their tracks, and Zhao Yifan's eyes exuded a penetrating glow. In the blink of an eye, he transformed into the shape of a greatsword that slashed down toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, starlight from Fan Dong'er's starstone shot out to resist Meng Hao's sunstone.

A mere sunstone was in no way capable of doing anything to stop the combined attack of four experts. All it could do was make them pause for a moment. However, Meng Hao used that moment of time to spin around and transform into a prismatic beam of light that shot toward Fan Dong'er.

He moved with incredible speed, and as he closed in, his Dharma Idol appeared and attacked. In the blink of an eye, he exchanged several moves with Fan Dong'er. Meng Hao was shaken, and blood even spilled out of his mouth, but he did not back up. A vicious gleam appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly swung his leg in a kick that screamed through the air like a cyclone. A series of booms echoed out, and Fan Dong'er's face fell. Meng Hao felt completely different to her than he had before; now he attacked relentlessly, consumed with boundless, bloody fiendishness.

Fan Dong'er performed a double-handed incantation, and an enormous conch shell appeared behind her. As the susurrating droning sound of the conch filled the air, Meng Hao produced his beast claw. The image of a black cat materialized, and a piercing screech filled the air as it slashed toward Fan Dong'er.

A snapping sound could be heard as the image of the black cat was destroyed. However, the conch also trembled and then exploded. Fan Dong'er gave a cold snort, performed another double handed incantation gesture, and pushed forward. The shattered pieces of the conch then swirled together into a cyclone that shot toward Meng Hao.

Fan Dong'er herself backed up rapidly, then faced off against Meng Hao's second true self.

Meng Hao's expression became even more vicious. Behind him was Zhao Yifan's monstrous sword Qi. The two old Dao Protector's killing intent was even more intense than before as they sped toward him. The ripples of power from Meng Hao's sunstone were now incapable of restraining them in any way.

Meng Hao shouted as he relied on the strength of his extraordinary fleshly body to slam head first into the incoming cyclone of conch shell fragments. He became a golden roc that moved with lightning-like speed as he smashed through the cyclone. He came out the other side slashed and bleeding, and before Zhao Yifan or the two Dao Protectors could get near, was speeding in pursuit of Fan Dong'er!

Fan Dong'er's face fell. She had never imagined that Meng Hao could be so vicious. In their previous encounter, she had taken him to be shameless, and nothing more. But in this fight, she could sense an unprecedented level of savagery on his person.

Such savagery wasn't something most people could possess. It was something earned from events that ordinary people couldn't experience, and that gave rise to incredible power.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent. The golden roc's wings spread as it swept toward Fan Dong'er. Rumbling filled the air as she hastily made a counterattack. A boom rattled out, and blood

sprayed from Fan Dong'er's mouth. She instantly fell into retreat, her eyes filled with hatred as she crushed the starstone she held in her hand!

The stone shattered, causing boundless starlight to spread out and envelop Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was rendered motionless.

Because of that pause, the incoming sword qi from Zhao Yifan... slashed down onto Meng Hao.

He trembled as the attack slashed a huge bloody gash down his back, revealing the bones within. Were it not for his powerful fleshly body, and the ripples of the sunstone causing everything in the area to be weakened, that sword would have completely cut Meng Hao in half!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. In the same moment in which he was slashed by the sword, the two old Dao Protectors closed in from either side. Divine abilities and magical techniques slammed directly into Meng Hao.

A huge boom filled the air, and more blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. Thankfully, he was well prepared; a mountain range materialized around him, along with the Black White Pearls. The sunstone was weakened, but Meng Hao was not dead. However, he was sent spinning like a kite with its string cut. He flew through the air and then slammed into the ground some distance off. He struggled to his feet, coughing up more blood.

"DIE!" cried Fan Dong'er, flickering as she charged toward him. A divine sea appeared around her, within which were countless roaring sea dragons that sped toward Meng Hao.

Zhao Yifan's expression was calm, albeit slightly disappointed. As for the two old Dao Protectors, they approached Meng Hao with cold smiles, clearly intent on cutting him down.

Meng Hao's vision was swimming, and the bronze lamp over his head was dim, and seemed to be on the verge of being extinguished. When he saw that, Meng Hao suddenly smiled coldly.

"Second true self.... Devilish will, return!" When his words rang out, the sky and the land began to rumble. The air twisted as his second true self closed his eyes. Immediately, black mist began to pour out of his nose, ears and mouth.

Shockingly, it transformed into an enormous head which radiated an indescribable murderous desire as it shot forward. This was Meng Hao's Devil Construct, formed from the murderous desire that had led him to kill countless enemies.

Back when he stepped into Dao Seeking, he had severed it, then fused it into his second true self, having believed that he would never need it again. The Devilish will could make him even more powerful, although the consequences would be immense!

It was even possible that it might influence him on a psychological level. In this critical moment, though, it was without hesitation that he took a deep breath, causing the boundless black mist to shoot toward him.

It moved with incredible speed, merging into him in the blink of an eye. Instantly, black veins appeared all over his skin. At the same time, an unprecedented murderous aura exploded out from him.

This was the aura of a Devil!

This was an aura of murder!

This was Meng Hao's previous pinnacle!

Countless evil spirits suddenly surrounded Meng Hao, ferocious and savage as they emitted soundless howls. These were the ghosts of all the people Meng Hao had slaughtered.

The entire area suddenly became incredibly cold, and filled with fluttering black snowflakes.

Meng Hao's hair whipped around him as his energy rocketed up. A cold mercilessness appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly gave off the feeling that he was a god of death!

Fan Dong'er started trembling, and her eyes went wide with disbelief.

"Who is this guy?" she thought. "For such a murderous aura to appear all of a sudden, means... just how many people has he killed? Only a powerful expert who has climbed mountains of corpses and swam through seas of blood could have a Devilish, murderous aura like that!"

Zhao Yifan's eyes once again began to shine brightly.

The two old Dao Protectors stared in shock, but it was without hesitation that they charged toward Meng Hao, their killing intent even stronger than before.

As they closed in, Meng Hao suddenly looked up. Then, he started laughing. A Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex appeared, causing the vegetation and trees in the area to wither. Even the ground began to crack and split.

Meng Hao's energy was still soaring upward, and as his four enemies closed in on him, he rose to his feet and took a step forward. He extended his right hand and used the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex at full power.

RUMBLE!

The Eighth Hex coalesced all of the murderous aura and Devilish will inside of him. Explosive power caused everything to shake as invisible Demonic qi caused the four other cultivators to instantly stop in place.

Meng Hao took another step, and was then standing in front of Fan Dong'er. He raised his right hand and punched Fan Dong'er in the stomach, causing blood to spray from her mouth. Cracking sounds could be heard as three separate jade slips on her person were shattered, as if they took her place in passing away into death.

Meng Hao's face was cold and merciless as his right hand suddenly snaked out to latch onto Fan Dong'er's arm. He violently wrenched down, and a ripping sound could be heard as Fan Dong'er, her eyes filled with determination, allowed her arm to be ripped off as she herself shot backward at top speed. Meng Hao looked at her coldly, but didn't pursue. Instead, his body flickered, and he appeared in front of Zhao Yifan. Another punch was sent out, and Zhao Yifan was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth.

At that moment, Meng Hao raised his hand, holding the sunstone aloft.

"Shatter!" he said, his voice raspy. The sunstone shuddered and then exploded, causing a wave of intense heat to billow out in all directions, instantly enveloping Zhao Yifan.

Zhao Yifan's entire body burst into flames, and he let out a muffled grunt, then sped backward at top speed, blood spraying from his mouth.

At the same time, Meng Hao delivered a third punch. This punch landed on Li Ling'er's Dao Protector. Backed by the full power of the Devilish will, his blow caused the old man to cough up blood. He instantly sagged weakly, his expression one of astonishment.

As of this moment, it appeared as if Meng Hao had borrowed the power of the Devil Construct to temporarily break past the peak power of the Spirit Realm.

He did not land a fourth blow, as his vision had begun to swim. He could recall his Devilish will, but if too much time passed, the effects would be irreversible. It was at this moment that, all of a sudden, a figure appeared off in the distance.

"Stay away!!" cried Fan Dong'er, her facial expression flickering. The most important aspect of their ambush had been to restrict Meng Hao's ability to use his Lightning Cauldron. In addition to using the starstone to suppress it, it was also important that there be nobody in the area that he could switch places with.

This was something that everyone understood, and also why only four people were attacking him, while everyone else waited off in the distance, out of Meng Hao's field of view.

As soon as the approaching figure heard Fan Dong'er's words, it sped backward at top speed. However, Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he looked at the figure off in the distance; suddenly, the Lightning Cauldron appeared in his hand. Electricity danced, and Meng Hao used Form Displacement Transposition on the distant figure.

The instant they switched places, Meng Hao heard a voice speaking in his ear.

"Elder Brother Meng, Ji Yin is the one who figured out that you would pass by here."

Meng Hao ignored the voice, almost as if he hadn't even heard the words being spoken. His eyes were dark, and he almost didn't seem to be conscious. However, an almost undetectable flicker could be seen in his eyes when he realized that the person he had switched locations with was none other than Fang Donghan!

After switching places with him, Meng Hao was free of the ambush. Electricity danced around him as he looked toward the crowds of shocked people off in the distance.

He quickly found another target to switch places with. As long as he could see someone, he could switch places, and would not find himself locked down in an ambush like he had been.

Because of the repeated use of Form Displacement Transposition, his body was on the verge of collapse, and his Eternal stratum was hard at work. However, because it was still recovering from its earlier depletion, it was unable to provide its previous high-speed regeneration until it had fully been restored. And that, would require time.

Chapter 825: Zhixiang Pays Her Debt!

[/expand]

Unfortunately, time was a luxury that Meng Hao did not have!

He was surrounded by Chosen and Dao Protectors from the various clans and sects of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Virtually all were present, and even though he could use Form Displacement Transposition, he still had his limits.

Furthermore, the Chosen and Dao Protectors had now recovered from being stunned at Meng Hao's escape from their ambush and were once again racing to catch up to him.

Meng Hao's face was pale as he sped along, pursued by Wang Mu and some other Chosen. Gradually, more and more figures began to gather in pursuit around him. Although Meng Hao couldn't actually see any of them, he could sense them, and knew that there were many.

The one-armed Fan Dong'er was clearly visible behind him giving chase, although Zhao Yifan was nowhere to be seen.

Meng Hao could also see the Fang clan's Fang Xiangshan in the crowd.

From the look of things, a grand battle was about to break out. However, it was at this point that a huge boom rang out. The ground beneath Meng Hao's feet quaked, and massive fissures spread out as a mountain peak up ahead of Meng Hao collapsed into pieces.

As it exploded, a huge beam of majestic light shot out from the ruins of the mountain. It appeared to be some sort of precious treasure manifesting itself, and it immediately attracted the attention of all of Meng Hao's pursuers.

At the same time, the ground seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. A huge depression appeared as an enormous yellow loach suddenly exploded out of the ground that was nearly a thousand meters long. Actually, it was not one, but a total of nine that appeared.

In an instant, the situation on the battlefield had completely changed.

"A Demon Loach!"

"How could there be a Demon Loach in this place!?!?"

"Dammit! Aren't Demon Loaches native to Planet North Reed!?"

The entire area was thrown into an uproar as the nine Demon Loaches roared onto the scene. The ground quaked, and all of a sudden, an urgent voice transmitted into Meng Hao's mind.

"Meng Hao, head toward the third Demon Loach!"

Because of the voice, Meng Hao awoke somewhat from his previously hazy mental state. He looked over at the third Demon Loach, and then instantly began to speed toward it. As he neared it, the enormous Demon Loach opened its mouth and swallowed him up, then dove back down toward the ground.

People on ground-level in the area began to call out, and several attempted to block the diving loach. However, it was at this point that the rest of the Demon Loaches spontaneously exploded. Massive booms rattled out over the land. At the same time, the bright light shining from the mountain reached a pinnacle of intensity, covering all the land until no one could see anything except the light.

Eventually, the light got so bright that it turned into blackness!

As for Meng Hao, everything went dark after being swallowed by the Demon Loach. However, he could feel that the creature was moving along at high speed, so he sat down cross-legged and

rotated his cultivation base. He quickly began to exorcise the Demonic will, then consumed large quantities of medicinal pills to begin his healing process.

Meng Hao had been quite seriously injured in the battle just now. However, throughout his life, he had been seriously injured on many occasions, so from beginning to end, he was calm inside.

Time passed. A few days later, the Demon Loach finally stopped moving, and instead sank downward into the earth. Meng Hao's eyes opened, and he saw that there were three people with him inside of the Demon Loach's tunnel-like body.

The person in the lead position was a woman wearing a veil. It was impossible to see her features clearly, but her eyes were beautiful, and from that it was possible to tell that the woman herself was stunning.

Standing on either side of her were two old women, both of whom were ancient, with faces covered with wrinkles. They seemed to have seen many years between them, and their eyes were dim. Of course, within that dimness was hidden storm-like violence.

Meng Hao looked at the woman and calmly said, "We haven't seen each other for years."

The woman was none other than Zhixiang!

One of the old women standing next to Zhixiang coolly said, "The kindness you showed to the Demon Immortal Sect has been paid back to you by us two this day. Our Demon Loach has already taken you away from the the deadly ambush set for you by Ji Yin."

The woman glanced at the bronze lamp above Meng Hao's head, then looked away and said nothing further. She, along with the other Dao Protector, sat down cross-legged.

Zhixiang stepped forward to stand in front of Meng Hao. After looking him over for a moment, she covered her mouth with her hand and laughed.

Despite the fact that her face was covered by a veil, her laughter was sweet and attractive.

“Like I said, the Demon Immortal Sect was deeply in your debt,” she said. She extended her right hand toward Meng Hao, within which was a jade bottle. “This is a medicinal pill, an ancient medicine from the Demon Immortal Sect. It should heal your wounds rapidly.”

Meng Hao didn't respond, nor was he surprised by any of this. The urgent voice he had heard transmitted into his mind earlier had belonged to her.

He took the jade bottle and opened it up. There was a red medicinal pill inside, which, based on his skill in the Dao of alchemy, he could instantly tell was extraordinary. After a moment of consideration, he picked up the medicinal pill, examined it closely, then swallowed it.

“You're not afraid?” Zhixiang asked suddenly.

“There is nobody in the lands of South Heaven who can harm me,” Meng Hao said calmly.

“Oh? What about that deadly ambush just now?”

“I was tempering myself through training. If there was really a chance that I was going to die, things would have changed.” With that, he closed his eyes, which caused the two old women to open their own eyes and look at him.

The pill contained no poison, and as soon as he consumed it, it transformed into a warm current that flowed through his body. The injury on his back immediately healed up, and black mist slowly seeped out of the palm of his right hand.

A few days passed, and by the time Meng Hao opened his eyes again, his hand was filled with a black mist that was the Devil Construct, which was now completely forced out of his body.

Having expelled the Devil Construct, Meng Hao felt his heart pounding in trepidation. The danger he had faced in this incident was not the threat to his life, but rather, the influence of the Devilish will. Although the Devil Construct could give him access to incredible power, he had to pay a steep price for that.

Now that the Devil Construct was taken care of, Meng Hao's injuries were nearly completely recovered.

“Thank you,” he said to the two seated old women, and Zhixiang.

Zhixiang looked at the Devil Construct in Meng Hao’s hand, thought for a moment, and then looked at Meng Hao.

“Ji Yin sealed your second true self and took him away.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered coldly.

“That’s fine,” he replied. “I’ll just have to go get him back.” With that, he rose to his feet, clasped hands, and bowed deeply to Zhixiang and the two old women. “Many thanks to you.”

“There’s no need to be so polite,” replied Zhixiang. “We were simply repaying you for the favor from that year.” The two old women merely looked deeply at Meng Hao.

Zhixiang smiled. Seeing that Meng Hao wished to depart, she waved her hand, causing a spinning vortex to appear behind him. Within the vortex could be seen the mountain range in the outside world.

“Regardless, I will remember what you have done for me this day,” said Meng Hao. He bowed again, then gave Zhixiang one final look. Zhixiang couldn’t prevent her heart from quivering a bit as she recalled everything that had happened back in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

Meng Hao turned and walked toward the portal.

“I heard you got married. Is it true?” asked Zhixiang.

Meng Hao stopped walking.

“It’s true.”

“Congratulations,” Zhixiang said with the same calm smile as ever. “Oh, there’s one other bit of news that I wanted to tell you. It won’t be long now before something big happens in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. The Three Great Daoist Societies will be hosting a disciple recruitment event, which will be supported by the Five Great Holy Lands, and the Three Churches and Six Sects!

“This sort of thing happens every so often, and when the time comes, any cultivator in the Ninth Mountain and Sea who is above the Nascent Soul stage and below the Immortal Realm may participate.

“Some people do it in the hopes of joining a sect. Others do it for the precious treasures that are prepared as rewards for the momentous occasion!”

Meng Hao’s eyes filled with a look of concentration. After a moment of thought, he nodded his head and then walked into the vortex, whereupon he vanished.

Silence reigned inside the Demon Loach. The two old women’s eyes flickered as they exchanged a hesitant glance.

“He did me a great favor,” said Zhixiang calmly.

The two old women nodded.

“Oh well. He appeared to be injured, but he is obviously as cautious as ever. A Chosen like him would definitely have other tricks up his sleeve.

“Besides, after he woke up, he appeared to be confident in having someone to back him. Now that I think about it, that makes sense, especially considering he was able to get into the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple before everyone else.”

**

Meng Hao left the Demon Loach via the vortex, emerging beneath an evening sky. A tongue of flame appeared in the bronze lamp above his head, which caused Meng Hao to breathe a sigh of relief.

The lamp was still unextinguished, and if Meng Hao’s calculations were correct, there were only four more days left of the 49 day period.

“Four days....” he thought, a cold gleam appearing in his eyes.

“In four days, the good fortune of the bronze lamp will be completed. When that happens, I won’t have anything holding me back from making all of these people pay the price for coming here!” He snorted coldly and then disappeared as he flashed off into the distance.

The first thing he did was find a suitable place to act as a hidden Immortal’s cave. He sat down cross-legged to meditate and wait for time to pass.

As the days went by, the situation in the outside world reached a frenzy. In the boundless mountain range, numerous Chosen and Dao Protectors had spread out in all directions in their search for Meng Hao.

They had set up sealing spells all over the mountains to ensure that Meng Hao couldn’t flee. They literally did everything in their power to find traces of him.

The battle that had resulted from the ambush made it so that none of his pursuers looked down on him any more. In fact, to them, he was now viewed as the cream of the crop when it came to the Chosen.

After all, any other Chosen who ended up trapped in an ambush like he had been, would surely have been killed!

In contrast, Meng Hao had seriously injured Zhao Yifan, severed Fan Dong’er’s limb, and severely hurt a Dao Protector. During the process, he himself had been seriously injured, and yet had managed to escape from the ambush.

Although quite a few people could tell that he had received aid in the end, his reputation was still rapidly growing!

One could imagine how, after all these people left Planet South Heaven, they would spread word of Meng Hao’s escapades throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

He had suppressed Taiyang Zi, sealed Song Luodan, captured Li Ling’er and crushed Sun Hai and Fang Yunyi.

Because of him, Fan Dong'er was transformed from being a Goddess into a woman haunted by a ghost, and had also lost a limb. Zhao Yifan was seriously injured, and had retreated from battle. He had injured a Dao Protector, and evaded the search of roughly a thousand people for days. All of that... was enough to leave any Chosen completely shaken.

As of this point, Meng Hao's tempering was complete.

And yet... he wasn't satisfied!

"The end is almost here!"

The four day period was over. As the search continued in the outside world, Meng Hao's eyes opened, and were filled with anticipation regarding the bronze lamp.

Chapter 826: !

This day was the 49th day Meng Hao had kept the bronze lamp alight!

This day was the last day!

It was currently nighttime, and the moon wasn't visible. The entire mountain range was swathed in pitch black, without the slightest bit of light anywhere.

The only light in the entire land... was in Meng Hao's Immortal cave... from that flickering flame.

The bronze lamp burned with Meng Hao's blood, creating an Immortal flame that had flickered to the very end.

Meng Hao was staring at the bronze lamp, waiting. He had experienced much carnage to reach this point, and now... the moment was here.

"Keep the lamp burning for 49 days," he murmured, "and then, in the moment that it's extinguished, it will form an Immortal meridian inside me!"

“Gain enlightenment about that Immortal meridian, and my path... will be the path of ancient times!” By this point, the Chosen and Dao Protectors of the various sects and clans had sensed that something strange was going on.

A pressure had gradually arisen that weighed down on the entire mountain range. At the same time, the restrictions on the airspace... had suddenly been loosened.

Gradually, a sensation of imminent crisis could be sensed.

Ji Yin stood atop a mountain, looking at the surrounding lands. Karma swirled around him, making it impossible for anyone to see him clearly. However, his eyes shone with intense light.

“Dammit... this Karma wasn’t supposed to be his!!” Ji Yin abruptly vanished, transformed into countless strands of light that merged into the mountain range. This was a unique search method that he hoped would be able to locate Meng Hao.

The other Chosen in the mountain range used various other methods to try to track him down. This was especially true of Fan Dong’er. Her arm had been recovered by this point, but having been thwarted twice by Meng Hao, her pride had suffered nearly irrecoverably.

“Only by defeating him can I confirm my Dao heart!” she thought, her eyes gleaming with killing intent.

Fang Donghan was sitting quietly off in another location, watching everything play out, a smile on his face. His actions earlier had made him the subject of suspicion, but he didn’t care.

“Fang Hao. Meng Hao.... Interesting. I can’t wait until he runs into Fang Wei.”

Wang Mu’s face was grim. He felt that he was always a step too slow to catch Meng Hao. Every time they crossed paths, he hadn’t had the chance to truly engage him in combat. Currently, he sat with his right hand placed onto the ground in front of him. He closed his eyes, and his face went slack as he employed a secret technique. His soul was now merged into the land as he used his divine sense to search for Meng Hao.

Most anxious of all were the cultivators from Mount Sun, the Song Clan, the Li Clan, and the Church of the Emperor Immortal. Their Chosen had been captured by Meng Hao, which was a

complete humiliation. Glum expressions could be seen on their Dao Protectors' faces as they carried out their search.

“Dammit, if our cultivation bases weren't sealed, then Meng Hao would never dare to be so arrogant!”

“He's dead! Once we find him, he'll be dead without a doubt!”

Everyone was looking for Meng Hao, and gradually, the search perimeter grew smaller. Everyone was getting closer to Meng Hao and his Immortal's cave.

Nighttime... began to turn into dawn!

The bronze lamp's flame suddenly grew incredibly intense. It became a torch that illuminated the entire Immortal's cave. In fact, the light seeped out through the walls of the cave... to shine brightly in the outside world.

Meng Hao trembled as his blood suddenly began to flow in reverse. He started to bleed from his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, drops of which flew up and merged into the flame, causing it to burn even brighter.

Rumble!

The entire mountain range was shaking, and a roaring sound filled it as incredible pressure radiated out. Many of the cultivators began to tremble, and were forced by the incredible pressure to sit down cross-legged and begin meditating.

RUMBLE!

A second roaring sound rose up. At the same time, Meng Hao's Immortal's cave began to melt as a burning light rose up into the sky.

The ground was quaking even more severely, almost as if giants were running across it, and the intense pressure increased exponentially. On one particular mountain, countless Karma threads suddenly appeared, which then merged together into the shape of a person. It was Ji Yin, and blood was oozing out of his mouth.

He had no choice but to immediately sit down cross-legged and fight back with all the power he could muster.

As for Wang Mu, blood sprayed out of his mouth and he immediately began to meditate. Fan Dong'er and all the other Chosen were shaken and forced to meditate.

Next, a third roaring sound filled the air, and without exception, all of the Dao Protectors in the mountain range coughed up blood and sat down in meditation.

The mountains were trembling, and what seemed like a never-ending vortex appeared up above. Massive roaring sounds shook Heaven and Earth, and it was even possible to see the shape of the land changing!

Outside the mountains, in the Eastern Lands, Meng Hao's father and mother hovered in mid-air with Shui Dongliu, staring off at the mountains. A strange light could be seen gleaming in Shui Dongliu's eyes.

“The moment in which fate is changed!”

In the Milky Way Sea, the old man sat cross-legged on the ship. He slowly opened his eyes and looked toward the mountain range.

Back in the mountain range, in the location previously occupied by the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, there was only a crater. However, at this moment, a figure slowly coalesced in the middle of that crater.

It was an old man wearing a dilapidated gray robe, and he was looking off in Meng Hao's direction.

RUMBLE!!

A fourth sound spread out, and this time it was filled with power that could tear open the sky. The blackness of night changed as the vast sky above the mountain range distorted, and then became a starry sky, seemingly that of ancient times.

Up in that starry sky, blurry figures could be seen, speeding along. There were numerous true dragons and mighty Immortal beasts, one after another.

A fifth sound echoed out. The land quaked, and countless mountains vanished as a Daoist rite temple suddenly appeared!

This was the real Daoist rite temple, with countless figures seated cross-legged in meditation. A towering pillar could be seen, seated atop which was an old man, giving a sermon on the Dao. Astonishingly, on top of his head... was a bronze oil lamp!

The flames emitted green smoke that rose up into the sky and, as the man flicked his sleeve, the smoke... transformed into a huge character.

‘Immortal!’

In response to the materialization of the character, all of the figures in the Daoist rite temple began to prostrate themselves toward the old man. The stars in the sky dimmed, and countless figures up above began to kowtow.

In that instant, the sun and moon stopped shining, and even the stars bowed their heads. All living things knelt in worship, and it seemed as if all creation were bowing down!

It was then that the sixth roaring sound blasted out. Boundless dazzling flames surrounded Meng Hao, sending an indescribably brilliant light shining out in all directions.

All of the cultivators in the entire mountain range could now see Meng Hao as he slowly rose up into the air, surrounded by boundless light.

He was cross-legged, and shockingly, a bronze lamp could be seen above his head!

He looked almost exactly like the old man!

That was especially the case... when Meng Hao, bathed in light, rose up to superimpose over the image of the old man. Everyone was completely shocked.

Meng Hao's mind was blank, and his body was currently withering. All of the blood in his veins poured into the bronze lamp, which then began to burn with the final vestiges of his life force.

From the onlookers' perspective, Meng Hao was now replacing that old man!

All of the figures who were bowed in worship were no longer worshipping the old man, but rather, Meng Hao! The sun and moon trembled, and the stars went dim. All of the dragons and other Immortal beasts kowtowed in worship.

Everyone was prostrated in worship, even the almighty beings who plucked stars, the enormous giant who shouldered the starry sky, even Heaven and the Earth!

It was in this moment that a seventh roaring sound could be heard!

It filled all of the lands of South Heaven, almost like the tolling of a bell. It did not pass out of Planet South Heaven, and yet... in the other Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple on the Ninth Mountain, the temple where incense still burned and its legacy still existed, the tolling of the bell could be heard, and countless Immortal figures appeared, astonishing everyone on the Ninth Mountain!

At the same time, back in the lands of South Heaven, in midair above the mountain range, the bronze lamp on Meng Hao's head... faded away completely in response to the seventh roaring sound!

The flame was extinguished, but light still spread out!

A wisp of green smoke rose up above the bronze lamp, a smoke that seemed to embody a great Dao. In the moment that it appeared, it transformed into the character 'Immortal!'

A single character made up of green smoke, causing the minds of all onlookers to reel.

Next, the 'Immortal' character once again dissipated into green smoke, which then rushed toward Meng Hao. It poured in through his nose, mouth, and ears, then circulated through his body, linking together to become... an illusory meridian!

It was... an Immortal meridian!

The moment the Immortal meridian appeared, Meng Hao felt a tremor run through his body. Everything in his body felt as if it were changing. His bones, his flesh, his blood. All of it was completely transforming.

Rumbling filled the air, as if an Immortal were being born inside of him. His energy surged, and the sky and land darkened.

His Dharma Idol appeared behind him, and his cultivation base experienced an astonishing transformation!

Fifty percent of a true Immortal!

Sixty percent of a true Immortal!

Seventy percent of a true Immortal!

Eighty percent of a true Immortal!

Meng Hao's cultivation base rose in shocking fashion, and his Immortal qi grew more intense. His flesh and blood were reaching the pinnacle of power!

As he sat there cross-legged, he looked almost exactly like an Immortal!

The Immortal meridian was complete, and the path to Immortality was open!

He did not need some true Immortal destiny that appeared once every 10,000 years! He did not need some Immortality Illumination Vine! Meng Hao's Immortality was completely his own. He... would tread his own path of true Immortality!

He was not a true Immortal yet. However, based on the path he was treading, once that illusory Immortal meridian became true and complete... then he would, beyond a doubt, be a true Immortal!

When the day came that he opened 100 meridians, because he had this extra Immortal meridian, he would have more Immortal meridians than others. He would be... a 101-meridian Immortal!

When it came to those 100 meridians, whether you had 1 extra or 10,000 extra, they were all extra. Thus... having 1 extra was the same as having 10,000, which was the same as having 100,000,000, which was the same as having an infinite amount!

Everything rumbled as Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. The brilliant light that filled the world suddenly faded, and Meng Hao's voice filled the entire mountain range.

“Fan Dong'er. Ji Yin. Zhao Yifan. Who of you... will fight me!?”

Chapter 827: Never Too Late for Revenge!

Meng Hao's voice echoed out through the vast expanse of the sky. He hovered in midair, filled with power that held all under Heaven in contempt. A brilliant light surrounded him, and the Dharma Idol behind him did not look illusory in any way. Furthermore, he emanated pulses of Immortal might!

That... was a pressure that exceeded that of a false Immortal!

That... was eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal!

He hovered cross-legged in midair, looking every bit like an Immortal. His eyes appeared to contain stars, and his voice was awe-inspiring as it echoed through the lands like thunder.

Wild colors flashed in the sky, and the wind screamed. The cultivators in the surrounding rugged mountains could only watch, their minds filled with roaring. This was especially true of the three whose names Meng Hao had called out. Their minds were filled with panic and shock.

Fan Dong'er's face had completely fallen, and she was panting as she stared at Meng Hao. Her heart was in tumult, and her face was a mass of disbelief.

“True Immortal might! He actually has true Immortal might!”

Furthest away of the three was Zhao Yifan, who stood on a far off mountain, his face pale. He had suffered severe injuries, and had had no choice but to withdraw from this struggle for good fortune. Now, he gazed silently at Meng Hao hovering in midair, and began to breathe heavily. The desire to

fight burned in his eyes, but his pupils constricted, and it was easy to see that inwardly, he was anything but calm.

The last person who Meng Hao called out was Ji Yin. He sat cross-legged on another mountaintop, looking at Meng Hao, face expressionless but hands clenched tightly at his side.

The entire mountain range was completely silent except for the sound of Meng Hao's voice echoing about. Countless Chosen and innumerable Dao Protectors looked on with trembling minds.

It was in this moment that the restriction on the airspace... suddenly vanished!

It was as if the restriction on the airspace had been in place only in preparation for good fortune to appear within Meng Hao.

"I'll fight you!" someone bellowed. A figure flew out from the mountains, a young man with eyebrows like swords and eyes like stars. It was none other than Wang Mu!

When he flew out, his fighting spirit burned brightly, and his heart was filled with rage. None of the three names Meng Hao had called out were his, which he took to be a personal humiliation.

As he flew, he performed a double-handed incantation, calling the wind and summoning the rain. Everything trembled as it all transformed into black dragons that roared as they shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked over coldly at the incoming Wang Mu. As he neared, Meng Hao waved his hand to unleash the Star Plucking Magic!

Backed by Meng Hao's eighty-percent true Immortal cultivation base, the Star Plucking Magic caused everything to grow dark as an enormous hand appeared and shot toward Wang Mu.

Rumbling filled the air, and Wang Mu let out a shout, extended his hand and pointed out with his index finger. An incredible power exploded out that caused the descending, illusory hand to suddenly stop in place.

Wang Mu chuckled coldly and continued to charge toward Meng Hao. He performed another incantation gesture and then pointed toward Meng Hao. A will of extermination exploded out, turning into a shocking energy that seemed to contain infinite destructive power.

Before that power could even get near, Meng Hao took a step forward, appearing directly in front of Wang Mu, whereupon his hand slapped out with incredible speed. Wang Mu's face filled with shock as Meng Hao completely ignored his extermination attack, and in fact, allowed it to land on him. At the same time, his slap connected with Wang Mu.

A boom rang out and Wang Mu gave a muffled grunt. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he tumbled backward. A manic look appeared on his face, and he was just about to charge back into the fight when Meng Hao snorted and transformed into a golden roc.

The golden roc spread its wings, causing golden light to explode out. Then the roc disappeared as it transformed into a golden beam that shot toward Wang Mu. Numerous mountains appeared, which linked together into a mountain range that also slammed down toward Wang Mu.

Incredible rumbling sounds rose up. Wang Mu roared angrily and struggled with all of his might, but Meng Hao spun toward him like a tornado. Suddenly, a blood colored glow ignited and bashed into Wang Mu's shoulder.

A cracking sound rang out as Wang Mu's right shoulder was shattered. Intense pain filled him, and a cold sweat instantly broke out all over his body. In the blink of an eye, he began to wither up, and yet, he gritted his teeth, clearly not willing to give up the fight.

"Screw off!" said Meng Hao, punching Wang Mu in the middle of his stomach with eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal. Blood showered out of Wang Mu's mouth, and his entire body trembled. Meng Hao grabbed Wang Mu's bag of holding as Wang Mu himself shot like a meteor down to the ground, where he slammed into the earth. He coughed up more blood, and his mind was filled with anxiety. He was completely shocked by the level of Meng Hao's power.

All of the surrounding cultivators looking on gasped. The Chosen's eyes were wide, and the Dao Protectors were watching with serious expressions.

"He's almost a true Immortal!!"

"He got all of the good fortune of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple! Dammit!"

As the onlookers' expressions flickered, Meng Hao gave a cold snort and then swept his gaze across the crowds until he found the Dao Protectors from Mount Sun and the Li Clan. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he looked at the two men.

Their faces fell as Meng Hao extended his right hand, within which was the Lightning Cauldron. Electricity danced as Meng Hao suddenly switched positions with someone standing near the Li Clan Dao Protector. As soon as he appeared, he stamped his right foot viciously onto the ground. A boom rattled out, and the ground was shattered. A blood-colored vortex sprang up, and just as the old man was about to flee, Meng Hao pointed out with his right index finger.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was unleashed, and the old man's face fell. He instantly froze in place, and Meng Hao closed in. Meng Hao had an incredible fleshly body, and eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal, all of which he poured into three powerful punches that slammed into the old man in quick succession.

Blood sprayed from the old man's mouth, and his face went pale. Roaring, he performed an incantation gesture, causing a divine ability to appear. An enormous magical bottle materialized in midair; it radiated boundless energy that instantly surged to envelop Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's Dharma Idol roared, which caused everything in the area to shake. Ripples spread out, and the magical bottle distorted. Even as the old man's face began to fall, Meng Hao's Dharma Idol punched out.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao and the old man fought back and forth in midair. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, a swirling blood-red vortex that turned into a Blood Demon head that viciously headbutted the old man.

Blood spurted out of the old man's mouth, and his body withered rapidly. He fell back, his expression one of astonishment and ferocity. At this point, he prepared to unseal his cultivation base, only to be shocked to find... that he couldn't!

"What...?" The old man's face flickered as Meng Hao once again turned into a huge golden roc. Blinding golden light flickered as he shot toward the old man with indescribable speed. The onlookers only heard a miserable shriek. When the golden light finally faded away, they could see that the old man's head had completely exploded into pieces.

Meng Hao took his bag of holding, and before the old man's Nascent Divinity could escape, had his Dharma Idol grab him and pop him into its mouth.

An air of ferocity filled the area, and gasps could be heard in all directions. Meng Hao's body flickered as he next moved toward the Mount Sun Dao Protector. It was time to collect interest from the debts incurred by those who had ambushed him earlier.

The Mount Sun Dao Protector's face flickered, and he shot backward, attempting to unseal his cultivation base. Then, his face completely fell when he also realized... that he couldn't unseal it!

His scalp went numb and he fled as fast as possible.

"Fellow Daoists!" he screamed miserably, "join forces with me to kill this bastard!!"

Immediately, four or five people flew forward, clearly intent on blocking Meng Hao's path. However, it was at this point that electricity danced, and Meng Hao used Form Displacement Transposition to appear directly in front of the old man from Mount Sun. His expression was cold, and his eyes flickered with killing intent as he raised his right hand. The Blood Demon Grand Magic spun, a massive vortex that instantly enveloped the old Dao Protector.

Rumbling filled the air, mixed with the old man's bloodcurdling screams. Meng Hao and the old man were inside the vortex for only a few breaths of time before the four or five interlopers arrived and launched divine abilities. The blood-colored vortex faded, and Meng Hao's body flickered and reappeared off in the distance. As for the old man from Mount Sun, he was nothing more than a skeleton.

All of his flesh and blood, his cultivation base and soul, had been absorbed!

"Kill him!"

"Join forces to wipe him out!"

"He's on the verge of true Immortality! Refine his body and we might be able to concoct a True Immortality Pill!" Seven or eight people flew out, including several Chosen and Dao Protectors. After joining forces with the people who had just attacked, they made a force of more than a dozen that transformed into beams of prismatic light that charged toward Meng Hao.

Another group of about ten people approached from another direction.

There were others who looked on with flickering eyes. They had to admit that Meng Hao was powerful, but he was only one person. In their minds, that wasn't enough to shake all of them together.

Dozens of people closed in on Meng Hao, who hovered there in midair. Just as they were about to launch their deadly attacks, Meng Hao laughed coldly. The image of his father's first sword form appeared in his mind as he took a deep breath, bent his body like a bow and raised his right hand.

In the blink of an eye, he appeared to become like a black hole, sucking in all of the power of Heaven and Earth. Sword qi appeared, and as the people closed in, Meng Hao's hand suddenly chopped downward.

An astonishing beam of sword qi exploded out, slashing about in all directions. Rumbling filled the air, and the dozens of attackers shot backward, faces filled with shock. There were even two or three who were directly slashed by the sword qi and then shattered to pieces, leaving behind only bloodcurdling screams.

Meng Hao used this slight pause to again utilize the Lightning Cauldron, and Form Displacement Transposition to... close in on Fan Dong'er!

"Fan Dong'er, you wanted to kill me, right? Well, here I am!"

Fan Dong'er's face fell. As of this moment, Meng Hao's power made him virtually invincible. There was no way for anyone to stand in his way. So far, Fan Dong'er had lost an arm and been seriously injured. Although she had recovered some, the process wasn't complete, and she knew that there was no way she could win against Meng Hao. Her face fell as she retreated backward.

As soon as she started backing up, Meng Hao became a golden roc that shot toward her with incredible speed. Golden light filled the air, and he was upon her in the blink of an eye.

From a distance, everyone could see the beautiful Fan Dong'er, her hair in disarray, facing up against a gigantic, golden roc, which extended its claws viciously toward her.

Many of the surrounding Chosen greatly admired Fan Dong'er, so when they saw what was happening, their faces fell. There were even seven or eight who immediately flew out toward Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao, you're pushing things too far!!" cried Fan Dong'er miserably.

"Who cares!" replied Meng Hao coolly. The golden roc closed in.

Chapter 828: Invincible!

[/expand]

Fan Dong'er's pupils shrank into tiny dots, and she shot backward, simultaneously performing a double-handed incantation. Instantly, a boundless sea appeared behind her, made up of endless heavenly bodies, even suns and moons.

"Nine Seas God World!" she cried. In response, the huge sea behind her grew exponentially in size. In the blink of an eye, it had covered the entire area. Next, the heavenly bodies inside of it all began to shoot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, the eight Chosen closed in on him.

"Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify!" As Meng Hao transformed into a golden roc and shot forward, he began to change color. He was now bright red. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared around him, forming a massive vortex.

The vortex then turned into a face that emanated shocking, blood-colored ripples that spread out in all directions. The incoming group of Chosen were instantly affected. Then, the face opened its mouth and cried a soundless cry, immediately shaking their minds.

Instantly, smoke began to seep out from the tops of their heads, rising up as if from the flames of war! Shocking rumbling filled the air.

Suddenly, their blood began to flow backward, and then their bodies began to fall apart. In the blink of an eye, they were covered with masses of blood and gore. Faces filled with astonishment, they coughed up blood and were forced to retreat.

“Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that cover the sky!” Meng Hao transformed into a huge, crimson roc that shot toward Fan Dong’er and the Ninth Sea. As they barreled toward each other, sundered clouds appeared up above, and bloody rain fell, which transformed into a sea of blood! Shockingly, two massive seas were now visible in the sky up above.

One was the Ninth Sea, and the other was a sea of blood. Above the Ninth Sea, Goddess Fan Dong’er glowed with boundless light. In the sea of blood, Meng Hao’s Dharma Idol stood like a shocking giant. The two slammed into each other, and a massive boom echoed out.

The sky shook, and the land quaked and began to split. Everyone fell back, shocked by what they were seeing.

As the two seas collided, Meng Hao’s roc form shot directly toward Fan Dong’er and viciously raked out at her with sharp claws.

Rumble!

Fan Dong’er performed a double-handed incantation. Nine sea dragons materialized around her and roared as they moved to block Meng Hao. However, sea dragons are not really dragons, only enormous serpents. The golden roc’s vicious claws ripped them to shreds. Their miserable shrieks were still echoing in the air when Meng Hao finally reached Fan Dong’er.

Sharp claws slashed at her, and blood sprayed from her mouth. She fell back yet again, her hair in disarray. Glaring at Meng Hao, she performed a double-handed incantation that caused the conch shell to appear again. Even as she began to unleash her divine ability, Meng Hao and his Dharma Idol roared, and he rotated his cultivation base to full power.

Shocking rumbling filled the area, and the sky went dim. The sound from the conch... was unexpectedly suppressed, and began to tremble violently. Fan Dong’er coughed up another mouthful of blood.

At the same moment in which she began to retreat, Meng Hao’s right hand extended in the Star Plucking Magic.

Fan Dong’er’s face fell once again, and she waved her hand, causing countless illusory, sensuous mermaids to fill the area. It took only a moment for them to organize into a huge formation that moved to block Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, and a bright, bloody glow rose up into the air. The Blood Demon Grand Magic was unleashed at full power. In the blink of an eye, a blood-colored vortex appeared, fully three hundred meters wide. However, as Meng Hao surged forward, all that could be seen was a gigantic Blood Demon head that directly headbutted the mermaid spell formation.

The resulting boom filled the entire mountain range. The spell formation collapsed, and the mermaids withered away. Meng Hao's Blood Demon head vanished, but he pressed forward, his body shining with bloody light. A fist descended, and a huge boom rattled out. Fan Dong'er retreated again, blood spurting from her mouth, her face filled with astonishment.

This version of Meng Hao left everyone feeling shocked to the extreme. Meng Hao's momentum was impossible to stop!

"Die!" he said, slashing his hand toward Fan Dong'er's neck. Just when it seemed to be on the verge of making contact, Fan Dong'er let out a miserable shriek. Her body began to twist and distort as she transformed into a blue flood dragon. Her mouth opened wide as she shot forward to swallow up the golden roc.

There was a boom, and the flood dragon collapsed. Meng Hao's golden roc also shuddered and vanished, revealed Meng Hao himself.

Fan Dong'er took advantage of this opportunity to use a secret magic. Her body suddenly experienced a rapid weakening in exchange for a burst of speed that put her far off in the distance. Then she waved her hand, causing the blue bracelet on her wrist to fly out. It shattered in midair, forming a wall of fragments that resembled heavenly bodies. It was as if the two areas she and Meng Hao occupied were now completely separated by a huge divide.

Fan Dong'er glared at Meng Hao in a way that seemed to suggest she was committing his facial features to memory.

"We will meet again," she said through gritted teeth. "Next time, I'm going to kill you!" She performed a double-handed incantation, after which, rumbling could be heard as a huge door began to coalesce behind her.

That door lead directly to the Nine Seas God World!

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes, and he was just about to tear apart the divide composed of heavenly bodies when the seven or eight Chosen who worshipped Fan Dong'er moved to block his way.

They shot forward with incredible speed, immediately unleashing divine abilities. The images of a true dragon and a flaming phoenix appeared, as well as a vicious golden tiger. One of the Chosen waved his hand to produce 1-meter-long giant ants; more than a thousand of them filled the sky as they moved to block Meng Hao.

"There's not going to be a next time!" said Meng Hao, snorting coldly. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Behind him, his Dharma Idol began to shrink down in size and then superimposed itself over his body.

In that instant, the Immortal qi inside of him suddenly exploded out. In that instant, he was the Dharma Idol, and the Dharma Idol was him!

The eight people closing in on him were instantly shaken inwardly. An intense sense of deadly crisis filled their hearts, and they were suddenly overwhelmed with the sensation that Meng Hao was too dangerous to even get close to.

As their faces fell, Meng Hao began to stride forward. The air vibrated, and the two Chosen nearest Meng Hao fell back in astonishment, blood spraying from their mouths. He didn't even attack them. The mere rise in his energy injured them, causing their terror toward him to climb even higher.

All of these people gasped and looked at Meng Hao in shock. Their bodies stopped in place, and they didn't dare to move forward even an inch. Everyone in the area was now beginning to back up, fully aware of how powerful Meng Hao was.

Even Fan Dong'er's face completely fell.

Meng Hao took his first step forward, and the illusory Immortal meridian inside of him rotated and began to emanate scintillating light that swirled around Meng Hao. His second step took him through the air and completely into the divide. His body trembled a bit as he passed into it, and yet, he was able to take a third step!

At that moment, countless gasps could be heard from the surrounding cultivators.

“He fused with his Dharma Idol! That’s something only people in the Immortal Realm can do! He’s not in the Immortal Realm, though he’s immeasurably close to it, and yet he can still successfully fuse with it!”

“Is he really a cultivator from the lands of South Heaven...?”

“This Meng Hao is just too powerful! If he doesn’t perish in this battle, then he’ll become completely famous in the Ninth Mountain!”

All of the exclamations came when Meng Hao took his third step. When that step fell, the divide began to vibrate; clearly he was just about to emerge from within it.

By this point, the huge door behind Fan Dong’er was now fully visible. The door began to open, and Fan Dong’er let out a quiet sigh. She gave Meng Hao one final cold glance, and then turned to enter the huge door.

“Inky!” Meng Hao suddenly said.

As soon as his voice rang out from the divide, the listless eyes of the corpse that followed Fan Dong’er suddenly flickered. Long strands of black hair floated out and began to wrap around her.

Fan Dong’er’s face filled with panic and shock, and she nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood. Just when she was about to step into the door, rumbling filled the air. Meng Hao had taken his fourth step, and emerged from within the divide. In that instant, his Immortal qi was in full circulation, and he stretched his hand out in a claw-like gesture toward Fan Dong’er, who screamed shrilly.

Fan Dong’er was already halfway through the invisible door, and just about to vanish. Meng Hao frowned. He could sense an incredible feeling of peril from beyond the door, and yet didn’t hesitate. He unleashed the Star Plucking Magic, and a gigantic, illusory hand appeared. Just in the moment when Fan Dong’er was about to disappear.... the giant hand grabbed her by the hair.

The hand yanked back viciously. In that moment, a muffled grunt could be heard from Fan Dong’er. She vanished, and the illusory door disappeared amidst a rumbling boom. Meng Hao was left with only a handful of hair, the roots dripping with blood, which caused his expression to darken.

Meng Hao looked at the hair for a moment and then thought back to one of the magical techniques he had learned in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. It was a cursing magic, which he immediately unleashed, causing the hair in his hand to burn with green flames. Then, he blew out the flames and performed an incantation, which resulted in a single black hair materializing in front of him. He quickly put the strand of hair away. He now had a powerful weapon to use next time he encountered Fan Dong'er.

Everything was silent. All eyes were on Meng Hao, and no one was speaking. As far as the Chosen were concerned, Meng Hao was incredibly intimidating. Furthermore, because the Dao Protectors were unable to loosen the seals on their cultivation bases... they were no match for him either.

The shock was especially intense among the people who had fought with Meng Hao before. All of them began to edge back, hearts filled with astonishment. Meng Hao's gaze swept across the crowd until they finally came to rest on Ji Yin, who was still sitting cross-legged on the distant mountain peak.

From start to finish, Ji Yin hadn't moved from that mountain, and had watched Meng Hao achieve eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal, as well as his apparent invincibility.

"Ji Yin, you took something that belongs to me," Meng Hao said calmly. "Are you really sure you want to sow Karma between us?"

"You also took something that belongs me," Ji Yin replied slowly, looking over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness as he transformed into a roc that surged with Immortal qi. He flew into the air and shot directly toward Ji Yin.

He moved with incredible speed, surrounded by a glow of blood. This was not a golden roc, this was a crimson roc!

"Taking care of you will be simple!" said Meng Hao as he closed in. The words were simple, but they contained a profoundly domineering air. Anyone who heard them felt shock in their hearts.

It must be said that although Ji Yin had met defeat when struggling to become Dao Child of the Ji Clan, he was still a Ji Clan Chosen!

And the Ji Clan... ruled the Ninth Mountain!

“Laughable!” said Ji Yin coolly.

Chapter 829: Severing Versus Hexing!

The words echoed out, and Ji Yin’s eyes flickered. As Meng Hao bore down on him, he slowly lifted his right hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

Ripples immediately appeared around him as two black fish materialized, which then twisted back and forth as they sped toward Meng Hao.

As they neared, Meng Hao let out a cold snort. He waved his right hand, causing eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal to surge out. It transformed into a shocking sound which shattered the air in all directions and then transformed into a blood-colored vortex. The vortex was like a giant mouth that directly swallowed up the two fish.

In that instant, however, the fish leaped upward. Shockingly, they transformed in midair into two black dragons, which roared as they proceeded onward toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao snorted again and punched out. A mountain range appeared, which then rumbled through the air to crush down onto the two black dragons.

A boom rattled out as the black dragons crumbled to pieces. However, there were two black strands of light that were apparently impossible to blot out. They instantly formed a sealing mark on Meng Hao’s palm, and then began to sink into his flesh. In that moment, everyone who knew Meng Hao suddenly felt their minds tremble, as if there were some amorphous force interacting with the Karma that existed between him and them.

A serious expression filled Meng Hao’s face, but a cold smile could be seen on his lips. He advanced, as if he didn’t even notice the fluctuations in the Karma. He appeared in front of Ji Yin and raised his right hand, within which could be seen a blood-colored vortex. He shoved his hand toward Ji Yin.

Ji Yin’s expression was the same as ever. However, his eyes flickered, and all of the Karma that surrounded him surged, transforming into countless illusory images behind him. These were all the people who he remembered, or who remembered him.

Shockingly, one of those figures was Meng Hao.

All of the figures had Karma Threads attached to them, which then exploded with energy. It was as if Meng Hao was now fighting back against all of them at the same time.

Rumbling filled the air and nearby mountain peaks crumbled. Meng Hao and Ji Yin rose up into the air, and in the blink of an eye they had exchanged over a hundred moves.

The Blood Demon rumbled out, and Ji Yin frowned. However, he didn't retreat. The Karma attached to him glittered, and then spread out to lock down the entire area. The glow of the confinement magic fought back against the Blood Demon, and was not affected in the slightest by the gravitational force it emitted.

Ji Yin waved his right hand again, then performed an incantation. Then he pointed at the countless figures behind him, and the one that belonged to Meng Hao began to tremble, and then coughed up blood.

Meng Hao's face flickered, and he felt a stabbing pain in his chest. However, his eyes flickered, and he forced himself to take another step forward. As he raised his hand, Countless mountain ranges appeared, including the Ninth Mountain, which then crushed down toward Ji Yin.

Rumbling filled the air as Meng Hao's Blood Demon head smashed forward. Wild colors flashed in the sky, and Ji Yin was forced into retreat. An incantation gesture flashed in his hand, and the boundless Karma that surrounded him began to spread out and transform into threads that shot toward Meng Hao.

"When it comes to the Dao of Karma, you must not let yourself be contaminated. If you do, an accounting must eventually be made!" As Ji Yin spoke, the Karma Threads began to entwine around Meng Hao. As of this moment, Meng Hao's mind was trembling, and he was secretly shocked. Seeing the Karma Threads threatening to bind him up, he threw his head back and roared. Immediately, his body began to expand, as if his Dharma Idol were struggling to break free from the boundless Karma.

"Karmic Severing!" said Ji Yin, his eyes glinting coldly. Gazing steadily at Meng Hao, he lifted his right hand up into the air and then chopped it down.

As he uttered the words, the entire sky, all the lands, the whole world suddenly went deathly silent. It was as if all the natural laws had changed, or were influenced. Time almost seemed to stand still.

Absolutely everything went completely silent.

Meng Hao was locked down tight in midair. And yet, he still managed to lift his right hand and point toward Ji Yin.

Although he said nothing, the power of the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex, Karmic Hexing, was being unleashed.

One was the power of Karmic Severing, the other was the power of Karmic Hexing!

In Karmic Severing, the Karma Threads are severed, and life becomes death!

In Karmic Hexing, Karma is restrained. The more Karma one has, the more powerful the effects!

The Karma that swirled around Ji Yin seemed terrifying, but from Meng Hao's perspective, he was the perfect target for Karmic Hexing!

As he was rooted there in place, countless flickering threads of numerous shades and hues of color began to emerge from within Meng Hao. These threads were all of Meng Hao's Karma.

They started out as a solid clump, which then spread out in all directions. Some of the Karma Threads were connected to nearby cultivators, but most spread out over the vast lands of South Heaven.

"I have been shrouded by the Dao of Karma since I was young," said Ji Yin. "I will not sever all of your Karma, only one thread. However, that will mean that you can never step into the Immortal Realm." Although his voice was calm, he was actually quite apprehensive about Meng Hao. That was why, when he finally attacked, he did so with his most powerful Daoist magic!

He gestured slightly with his hand, and Meng Hao's Karma seemed to ripple as if someone was flipping through them like they were pages of a book, then begin to rapidly connect to Ji Yin's Karma.

The scene that was playing out in front of the nearby cultivators caused the expressions of even the Chosen to fill with shock.

“So this is the power of the Ji Clan...”

“The Dao of Karma is something nobody under Heaven can fight back against. According to the legends, Lord Ji used the Dao of Karma to place the Heavens over Lord Li!”

“No wonder this Ji Yin was able to contend for the spot of Dao Child. I heard that there was something bizarre about his birth, that he had Karma on him from the moment he appeared in the world. Supposedly, his skill in the Dao of Karma is incredible.”

“Meng Hao... is definitely dead!”

However, in the instant in which Ji Yin was browsing through Meng Hao’s Karma, his face suddenly flickered with disbelief. Although no observer could see it, all of the Karma that surrounded him was suddenly thrown into chaos.

Then, Meng Hao’s karma threads began to separate. Not just one, but all of them. Shocking rumbling sounds filled the air as the Karma Threads joining the two of them began to pull apart from each other.

At the same time, the Karma Threads connecting him and Meng Hao began to snap one after another. Each thread emitted shocking booms as they snapped, and the Karmic connection between the two was rapidly broken!

At the same time, the Karma Threads around Meng Hao slowly began to grow dim, and he was no longer locked in place, but could move normally. He hovered there in midair, staring impassively at Ji Yin.

As for Ji Yin, he was trembling, and his face was filled with disbelief. His Karma threads were in complete disorder, and rumbling sounds pulsed out from them. It almost seemed like countless screams were echoing out.

His Karma threads spread out in all directions, causing the air around Ji Yin to ripple. Then the Karma threads began to merge together. Brilliant light would burst out every time one collided with another.

Ji Yin was trembling. It was at this point that one of his Karma Threads drooped down onto him and bored into him like a sealing mark, the power of which then spread out to every corner of his body.

After that, another Karma Thread descended onto him, bored into him, and vanished. Then another. And another.

As more and more of the Karma Threads vanished, Ji Yin's appearance was finally becoming visible.

The onlookers were shocked at this development, and were unsure of what exactly was happening. Moments ago, Ji Yin had clearly been unleashing the Ji Clan's Karmic Severing. And yet a moment later, Ji Yin was suddenly in a losing position.

All of it happened in the space of a few breaths of time. Now, people were able to see Ji Yin's facial features for the first time ever. As soon as people's eyes fell onto Ji Yin, the sound of gasps could be heard, and eyes went wide.

What they saw was the face of a young woman, beautiful, with pale skin. On her forehead could be seen an image depicting a pair of fish, and her entire person exuded an air of sickly beauty.

She... was Ji Yin!

Even in the Ji Clan, very few people knew that Ji Yin was a woman!

Everyone looked on silently as Ji Yin was revealed. She trembled as she sensed her cultivation base fading away. The Karma that she herself had cultivated was now not even under her own control. It was as if some astonishing power were interfering with it, allowing her opponent to use it to lock her down!

"This is impossible...." she thought, her mind reeling. In the entire time that she had cultivated Karma, she had never encountered a situation like this before. It left her feeling... completely terrified!

"You...." Her face was pale as she looked at Meng Hao. At this moment, the last of her Karma threads bored into her body, becoming a portion of what was sealing her.

As of now, everyone could clearly see that she was a young woman wearing a long black robe. The paleness of her face was a sharp contrast to the darkness of her robe, and for some reason, the contrast made her seem incredibly fragile.

“How are you doing this?” she asked.

Meng Hao’s expression was placid, his eyes cold as he stepped forward. He stood before Ji Yin, who now had no cultivation base, and was incapable of any struggle. He reached out, grabbed her, and threw her into his bag of holding.

As of that moment, everyone was filled with utter shock. As they looked at Meng Hao, they wondered what unfathomable secrets he carried.

The onlookers didn’t really understand what had just occurred in the battle; only Meng Hao and Ji Yin were aware of the frightening truth. Meng Hao had fallen victim to the Ji Clan’s Karmic Severing before, and knew how terrifying it would have been if Ji Yin had succeeded.

As for his Karmic Hexing, it was the bane of those who pursued the Dao of Karma. The more Karma someone had, the more powerful its hexing effects, which made it especially shocking when used against the Ji Clan.

It was at this point that a voice rang out from the crowd.

“Kill him! As long as he lives, he retains all the good fortune! He can’t be allowed to remain alive!”

“He already captured Taiyang Zi, Li Ling’er, Sun Hai, Fang Yunyi, and Song Luodan. Now he has Ji Yin! This guy’s set a record for creating calamities! He’s definitely going to end up dead!”

“He must die! He might be strong, but he’s only one person!”

“He can fight back against the Dao of Karma, which means he’s definitely hiding some precious treasure! It’s probably good fortune from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple!” As the voice drifted through the area, it was obvious that this person was trying to stir up the crowd to attack Meng Hao.

People’s eyes began to flicker in response to the voice. How could they not understand what this person’s intentions were? After all, his argument made sense.

Even as their hearts began to surge, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. The Lightning Cauldron danced with electricity, and Meng Hao vanished. When he reappeared, shockingly, he was standing directly next to a man wearing a wide bamboo hat.

Meng Hao's sudden appearance caused the man's face to fall. This, of course, was the person who had just spoken. He tried to retreat backward, but Meng Hao was too fast. He burst out with eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal, causing rumbling to fill the air as he punched out seven times in quick succession. The young man in the wide bamboo hat was crushed as easily as dried weeds, and exploded into a haze of blood.

Meng Hao took his bamboo hat and bag of holding, then turned to face the dozens of figures who were currently bearing down on him. Behind them were hundreds of other cultivators, all flying toward him to attack together.

"You shouldn't be in such a hurry to attack me," Meng Hao said coolly. "Starting from now, and lasting until the time you leave the lands of South Heaven... we're going to play a little game!"

"A game of cat and mouse!" His body flickered as he used Form Displacement Transposition to suddenly appear far off in the distance. Earlier, he had escaped an ambush with only fifty percent of the power of a true Immortal. Now that he had eighty, if he wanted to leave this place, there was nobody who could stop him.

When everyone in the area heard his words, their minds filled with shock.

Chapter 830: Evacuation!

Meng Hao transformed into a beam of prismatic light that shot off into the distance. Hundreds of people trailed behind him in pursuit, but as of now, most had cultivation bases that didn't compare to his at all, and the others were incapable of releasing the seals that would make them his match. Furthermore, Meng Hao had the Heaven-defying Lightning Cauldron and its Form Displacement Transposition. Therefore, it only took a few hours for him to completely lose any pursuers.

The hundreds of people who remained behind fell silent. After a while, some of them just decided to give up; they immediately flew up into the air to leave Planet South Heaven. However, there were still quite a few who weren't willing to give in so easily.

This was especially true of the sects and clans whose Young Lords and Ladies had been captured by Meng Hao. They obviously could not leave, and had no choice but to join together to search for Meng Hao.

By this point, they didn't care about the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple's good fortune at all. It had all been acquired by Meng Hao. Therefore, it was easy to imagine how, once everyone left Planet South Heaven, it wouldn't take long before Meng Hao's name was spread throughout the Ninth Mountain.

Meng Hao now sped along silently through the mountains, wearing a wide bamboo hat. The hat was actually quite miraculous; after putting it on, his aura was completely concealed, making him completely unfathomable. He could even use the hat to change his appearance.

If that were all there was to it, it wouldn't be a big deal, and the item could be considered as useless as chicken bones. After all, even after changing his appearance and hiding his aura, any intelligent person who had seen him take the hat would know it was him as soon as they saw the hat itself.

However... the bamboo hat had another function. After putting it on his head, the music of a great Dao surrounded him. Although it wasn't very clear, he felt incredibly tranquil once the music entered his ears.

Meng Hao felt that it wasn't a bad item, so he put it on as he began to rifle through the bags of holding he had acquired. Wang Mu's bag of holding had quite a few miscellaneous objects in it that caused Meng Hao's eyes to shine. The Dao Protectors' bags were also filled to the brim.

"Rich! These Chosen from outside South Heaven are all totally rich!" His eyes shone as brightly as two suns. After quickly putting the bags of holding away, his body flickered as he sped onward.

Two hours later, a boom echoed out, and the ground quaked. An enraged roar could be heard, along with a bloodcurdling scream. The source of the commotion was a group from one of the Three Sects and Six Churches, the Church of the Blood Orchid. Only moments before, Meng Hao had suddenly appeared and attacked them. He didn't kill anyone, but did beat them to a pulp until they were seriously injured, and then took their bags of holding.

Even as he made to leave, he scanned the bags of holding belonging to the Chosen of the Church of the Blood Orchid, after which his fury raged.

The bags of holding weren't all empty, but were definitely much lighter than they should have been. It was almost as if someone had looted them at some point earlier in time!

“Dammit!” cried Meng Hao. He turned and thrashed the Church of the Blood Orchid disciples a bit more. Their Dao Protectors were enraged to the point of insanity, but with their cultivation bases sealed, all they could do was endure.

As for the Chosen, they were forced to write promissory notes. The hatred they felt for Meng Hao was now completely beyond description.

“These South Heaven people are all bandits and thieves!” said one of the Chosen from the Church of the Blood Orchid, a young woman who appeared to be on the verge of bursting into tears.

“Don’t worry,” Meng Hao said grimly. “I’ll help you get your revenge. Who the hell dares to steal my business!?”

Six hours later, in another part of the mountain range, the ripples of magical techniques spread out in all directions from a group from one of the Five Holy Lands, the Blue Lotus Sky.

Their fate was the same as the Church of the Blood Orchid. Meng Hao was invincible, booms rang out, and serious injuries were inflicted. Afterwards, Meng Hao took their bags of holding, and was happy to find that they were much fuller than the last group, and had not been ransacked before.

In the following several days, Meng Hao roamed about, occasionally killing people, but mostly just inflicting injuries. Despite that, widespread indignation and discontent rose up among the various power groups. Many opted to just leave, and when they finally reached the starry sky outside Planet South Heaven, they breathed sighs of relief. The Dao Protectors’ cultivation bases were restored, and they hated Meng Hao down to their bones. However, they were incapable of setting foot back on the planet, and had no choice but to stamp their feet angrily and leave.

This was... an evacuation....

Meng Hao had single-handedly stood up to all the Chosen and Dao Protectors of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Sea. Now, the mountains were being evacuated. The fate of anyone he ran into was to be picked clean after failing to escape.

When he came across empty bags of holding, he would often make their owners write promissory notes. Anyone who didn’t cooperate suffered the same fate as Sun Hai, and were dragged around by the hair.

More and more sects and clans chose to leave. Even Mount Sun and the Li Clan eventually lost their courage and had no choice but to depart. Sticking around was simply a source of too much pain for them.

Though the Dao Protectors had higher cultivation bases than him, those cultivation bases were sealed. The fact that Meng Hao, a member of the junior generation, had defeated them, was driving them mad.

A few days later, Meng Hao spent an entire day searching without finding anyone left behind in the mountain range. After some thought, he came to the conclusion that everyone had left. However, it was at this point that suddenly, he stopped in place and turned to look off in the distance. Because of the level of his cultivation base, he was just barely able to make out some faint ripples.

“There’s still someone who hasn’t left?” he thought, surprised. During the past few days, he’d been methodically attempting to force a complete evacuation, and had assumed that everyone had already chosen to leave. Unexpectedly, he now found that there were still people remaining.

He disappeared in a flash as he shot off into the distance. Soon, he caught sight of a group of four people who were traveling along at maximum speed. One of them was Fang Xiangshan. Next to her were two old women, apparently her Dao Protectors, and finally, an old man, who was presumably one of Fang Yunyi’s Dao Protectors.

As Meng Hao neared, the faces of these four Fang Clan members flickered. The two old women stepped forward and glared at Meng Hao. As for Fang Xiangshan, hatred flickered in her eyes as she looked at Meng Hao.

“Everyone else has gone,” he said suddenly. “Why haven’t you people?”

In response to his words, Fang Xiangshan’s face flickered suspiciously, and she rushed out from behind her two Dao Protectors to charge toward Meng Hao.

The old man quickly grabbed Fang Xiangshan’s arm.

“Young Lady, let’s get out of here!”

The other two Dao Protectors, the old women, transformed into beams of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

“Go find your clan uncle Fang Xiufeng! Then you’ll be safe! Get out of here!”

They had been advancing with extreme caution, and were obviously scared of attracting Meng Hao’s attention. However, now that Meng Hao was here, there was no need to try to remain hidden, so they sped forward as fast as they could.

When Meng Hao heard the words “Fang Xiufeng”, he couldn’t hold back from coughing lightly. He was just about to say something when the two old women let out shrill shrieks, and then attacked viciously. A cloud of poison spread out, within which were two skeletons that radiated mysterious light. As they passed through the air, the vegetation beneath them withered up and died.

Meng Hao frowned, then punched out with his right hand. The Mountain Consuming Incantation caused a mountain range to materialize, which swept out to crush down onto the two old women.

Rumbling could be heard as the two old women attacked with all the power they could muster. False Immortal cultivation base power exploded out as they attempted to block Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then waved his hand, causing his Dharma Idol to appear, whose fist slammed into the ground, causing everything to quake and fissures to appear on the surface of the land. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, and instead of chasing after Fang Xiangshan, he continued to battle with the two old women.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, booms filled the air and the old women coughed up blood. Their bodies were severely withered as they were tossed down to the ground, where they stared at Meng Hao with venomous hatred.

“You’re dead!”

“We’re in the lands of South Heaven, and a powerful expert of the Fang Clan is stationed here! Now that you’ve dared to treat us this way, you’re going to die beyond the shadow of a doubt!”

“I wasn’t planning to kill you, so stop tempting me,” Meng Hao said coldly.

With that, he turned and shot off in pursuit of Fang Xiangshan. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was something fishy going on with her. By now, everyone had left South Heaven, but she was still here. Most important of all was her reaction to his words just now.

“Could it be that there's still some good fortune left to be had in this place?” he thought curiously. Even as he sped through the air, the two old women's faces flickered. Gritting their teeth, they flew after him in pursuit.

Meanwhile, nine enormous teleportation portals had opened up in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven. Glittering light spread out in all directions as more than a dozen figures appeared in the nine huge teleportation portals.

The figures were blurry, and were obviously not true selves, but rather divine will clones. Despite being nothing but divine will, for them to appear here caused ripples to spread out through the starry sky, and immense pressure to bear down on Planet South Heaven.

The figures all began to speak at almost exactly the same time.

“Fellow Daoist Fang, we can forget about what happened in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.... However, I only hope that you can return Ji Yin of the Ji Clan to us. Fellow Daoist Fang, please show some charity....”

“Elder Brother Fang, a Chosen of Mount Sun was also captured.... Please, allow him to be released!”

“The Li Clan has a good relationship with the Fang Clan. How could Li Ling'er of the junior generation possibly have been taken captive here...? She's a young woman, and if her purity has been compromised, the Li Clan can tolerate it. However, don't forget, Fang Xiufeng, Li Ling'er is the future fiancée that links our clans!”

“Elder Brother Fang, my eldest son Song Luodan was also taken captive. We became friends as soon as we met way back when, Elder Brother Fang. Look what's happened now....”

“Elder Brother Fang, you're close friends with the Pontifex of the Church of the Emperor Immortal. Ai... the Pontifex is sealed in critical meditation and can't come out. So... could you give us some face? Sun Hai is one of my own descendants.”

“Big bro Fang... the Patriarch is somewhat at a loss considering what happened, and asked me to come talk with you.... Uh... my son, your nephew, Fang Yunyi was also taken captive....”

As the voices echoed about in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, Shui Dongliu shook his head and smiled, then vanished. Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li also chuckled bitterly. After the restrictive spells had been removed from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, they had seen and heard everything that had occurred.

“That rascal, he’s too....” Fang Xiufeng sighed, and couldn’t help but feel that he was, indeed, somewhat in the wrong. Had the people outside of South Heaven been rude and abusive, then the situation would have been easier to deal with. However, they were very calm and polite, and they were correct to point out the relationships that existed. As a result, Fang Xiufeng felt a bit embarrassed.

His wife, Meng Hao’s mother, was actually beaming with joy and was clearly very pleased.

They exchanged a look. Then, Fang Xiufeng muttered and then waved his hand toward the sky. Everything trembled, and an enormous rift appeared. More than ten figures immediately flew down from up above.

Even though they were still blurry, their appearance caused all of Planet South Heaven to tremble from the incredible pressure that spread out. However, this was Planet South Heaven, and they still needed to act cautiously.

They clasped hands in greeting to Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li, and in response, Fang Xiufeng smiled wryly.

“Fellow Daoists, this matter... oh, never mind. I’ll take you to the scene to make sure the members of your junior generation are all safe.”

These people were being polite because they had no desire whatsoever to offend Fang Xiufeng. In response to his words, the group transformed into prismatic beams that shot toward the mountainous location of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.