

## The Heavens 891

Chapter 891: Divine Flame Incinerates Immortals!

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The faces of the two men instantly fell, and they immediately wanted to flee. They were in a dangerous situation, but considering the level of their cultivation base, it wasn't impossible to dodge aside. However, it was at this moment that Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a vicious gleam.

He immediately sent out a message with divine will: "Second true self, detonate!!"

His second true self's eyes flickered, and his arms locked in place. In the blink of an eye, he self-detonated. This was the self-detonation of a true Immortal's soul and Meng Hao's fleshly body, as well as the Devilish will inside. A massive explosion shook the stars, and brilliant light spread out in all directions, almost like a sun.

BOOOMMMM!

The sudden detonation of Meng Hao's true self was a decisive move that few other people could pull off. However, Meng Hao had practiced cultivation for many years and had experienced many deadly situations. Because of his decisive personality, he didn't hesitate for a moment to detonate his second true self.

The two black-robed cultivators had been on the verge of fleeing, but the self-detonation was something that shook even them. Blood sprayed from their mouths as they lost their chance to retreat.

At the same time, raging killing intent could be seen in Meng Hao's eyes. He held out the ancient bronze lamp and then blew. A tiny bit of his breath brushed against the lamp, causing the flame inside to suddenly expand. Instantly, a flame sea sprang into being in front of Meng Hao.

The stars trembled as the flame sea raged.

It didn't spread out very far, only a few dozen meters. However, within that space, the shocking flames caused everything to ripple and distort. From a distance, the sea of flames resembled an enormous fiery butterfly, spreading destruction as it fluttered its wings.

The two black-robed men let out miserable screams. They tried to use magical items to defend themselves, but even the third black-robed man's treasures were instantly destroyed. Flames engulfed their bodies, and their skin cracked and burned.

The potency of the flame went beyond even Meng Hao's expectations. In the end, it only took a few breaths of time for the fire to completely incinerate the two black-robed men, who had actually excelled in terms of speed. One of them, in the moment before his death, glared at Meng Hao viciously, then used some unique divine ability to rapidly wither his own body and send a burst of energy out.

"We die together!" he howled. The energy surged toward Meng Hao, enveloping him.

Meng Hao's entire body began to tremble; massive power began to shred his skin. In the exact same moment that his body exploded, his Eternal stratum surged into action. The only thing left behind was the bronze lamp. By that time, the second black-robed man finally transformed into ash, and his soul dispersed. In the last instant before he died, no regret could be seen in his eyes; he had accomplished his mission.

The two men were incinerated, even their bags of holding and very bones transformed into nothing but ash.

Any presence of their existence was completely blotted out.

Off in the distance, the first black-robed man was still tangling with the crocodile. When he saw what had just happened, his jaw dropped in disbelief and terror.

"What fire is that!?!?"

He could never have imagined that the person he was going up against would be so terrifying. In order to kill him, two of his compatriots, both stage seven Immortals, had been killed, and had even been forced to attempt to end their own lives to accomplish the mission.

Those flames left the black-robed man's face completely ashen, and his heart pounding. He was now even more frightened than before, and was actually rejoicing that he hadn't been so hasty in his attack earlier. If he had been, he would most likely be dead now.

“This Meng Hao was vicious! He actually detonated his own clone to kill his opponents! Were it not for his decisiveness, the two of them would have been able to flee. With their cultivation bases, they shouldn’t have been destroyed in body and spirit.

“If this kid hadn’t met such an early end, then he would definitely have become famous throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

“Well, it’s too bad that he did die!” A look of greed appeared in the man’s eyes. Even as he fought with the crocodile, he looked over at the bronze lamp, which had a slice of bloody flesh laying across it. Next to it was Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

“That precious treasure belongs to me now! Also that Lightning Cauldron with the transposition powers!

“Plus, now I will get all the credit for killing Meng Hao!” However, it was in this moment of excitement that his face suddenly filled with disbelief. Voice hoarse, he said, “Impossible!”

In that moment, the shredded, bloody pieces of Meng Hao’s body formed back together. An ancient aura spread out that carried the feeling of Eternity. In only a moment, Meng Hao was completely formed anew!

His face was pale, but his eyes flickered with the desire to kill. He looked up at the black-robed man, his expression icy, as if he were looking at a dead man. The black-robed man’s face fell and, despite the level of his cultivation, he was filled with terror and wanted to flee. Unfortunately for him, the crocodile went crazy to block his way.

Meng Hao coldly patted his bag of holding to produce a set of clothing, which he quickly donned. Then he put the bronze lamp back into his bag of holding. The spark inside was clearly much dimmer; it would probably only be usable once or twice more.

After putting everything in order, Meng Hao looked at the spot where his second true self had detonated. He waved his hand, causing all of the bits of blood and flesh to fly toward him. The soul of the true Immortal had not completely dissipated, although it had been reduced to only ten percent of its former power. All that was left of his body was a lump of gore, within which was the fully coalesced Devilish will. The whole thing resembled a black heart.

After sealing it and putting it away, Meng Hao headed toward the crocodile and the black-robed man.

He had sustained heavy losses in this fight, but had survived thanks to his Eternal stratum. If he hadn't made the sacrifices he had, he would definitely be dead now.

The black-robed man looked at him, his heart filled with fear. Meng Hao looked like some ancient fiend as he slowly approached.

The black-robed man was filled with shock, and had already sustained injuries. His heart was in chaos as the crocodile suddenly bit down on his right leg, causing cracking sounds to emanate out as the leg was shattered. It was in that moment that Meng Hao arrived, a red vortex beneath his feet. The vortex grew larger and larger until it resembled a sea of blood.

"Come no closer!" howled the black-robed man. He tried to retreat, but the crocodile had him pinned down, and he was injured again. By this point, he couldn't even unleash the full power of his cultivation base; he was now at the level of a stage five Immortal.

Meng Hao moved forward with incredible speed, the blood sea beneath his feet growing larger and larger. In the end, the sea of blood churned in a massive vortex that surrounded Meng Hao, until he wasn't even visible anymore.

**BOOM!**

The black-robed man performed an incantation, unleashing a divine ability that slammed into the sea of blood. It began to fall apart, but then reformed. The black-robed man's face was pale white, as he performed constant incantation gestures and constant attacks. He continued to try to retreat, and was continually harassed and injured by the crocodile.

His will to fight had long since vanished. Seeing his two companions die had struck quite a blow, and then Meng Hao had returned to life, which was an even more intense shock.

Furthermore, no matter how he attacked, Meng Hao's blood sea vortex couldn't be destroyed. Every time the vortex began to fall apart, it would quickly recover. In the space of a few breaths of time, the blood sea vortex reached the black-robed man and then began to envelop him.

Booms rang out, accompanied by the black-robed man's muffled, bloodcurdling shrieks. The vortex collapsed, but then exploded back out. Every time it collapsed, it reformed, until gradually, the screams grew weaker. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, the cries faded away.

After a moment, the blood sea began to shrink back down, transforming into Meng Hao once again. In front of him was the desiccated corpse of the black-robed man, who stared up with wide, vacant eyes. His flesh and blood, cultivation base, and even soul had been sucked dry.

Meng Hao's face was a bit flushed as he hovered there among the stars, eyes closed. After a long moment, he opened his eyes, and he looked exhausted. Yet, within that exhaustion could be seen the desire to kill.

“So, they're actually from... the Fang Clan!!” In the end, Meng Hao had used one of the abilities of the ultimate form of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, a terrifying divine ability with potentially fatal side-effects, that required only a bit of time to perform.

It was an ability that left him completely vulnerable to outside attack, which was why he had never used it before, a divine ability that allowed him to completely absorb the victim's memories.

“How cute,” he thought, “and what a lovely clan. I haven't even arrived yet, and they've already sent people to kill me....”

“Clearly, someone doesn't want me to get back to the Fang Clan alive....”

“It's too bad that someone used a memory-wiping technique on this black-robed cultivator, making it impossible to determine who gave the orders to kill me. Clearly that person truly fears me.” Meng Hao smiled, although it was a somewhat sinister smile.

As of now, he was no longer the Meng Hao who, after reuniting with his father and mother, could rely on their help. He was back to his old self, running wild, with only himself to depend on.

“The more somebody wants to prevent me from getting back alive, the more I want to get to the Fang Clan,” he thought, his eyes flickering with murderous intent. Gradually, the killing intent faded into the recesses of his mind. He opened the black-robed man's bag of holding, but there was nothing inside other than a flying shuttle.

The flying shuttle operated on spirit stones, and would enable to him to make his way through the stars. As long as he had spirit stones, it would work. Unfortunately, because of the quality with which it was constructed, and the spell formations that it operated, its effectiveness was limited. However, higher quality spirit stones would enable it to move much faster

After he saw the flying shuttle, Meng Hao examined it closely. After determining that there were no booby traps or similar dangers, he quickly branded it with divine sense, then waved his hand, causing the shuttle to grow larger. When it reached thirty meters in length, he sat down inside of it, then, suppressing the pain he felt, placed a high-grade spirit stone down onto its surface. Rumbling could be heard as the shuttle then began to move forward.

Meanwhile, in another location in the starry sky, another black-robed man whose cultivation base exceeded the Immortal Realm suddenly stopped in his tracks. He lifted his right hand, and three shattered jade slips appeared within it.

“Dead? I sent those three to kill a Spirit Realm cultivator, and they ended up getting killed...? Did someone else interfere?” After a moment of silence, the black-robed man continued onward at top speed, intending to search for Meng Hao personally.

“In order to have Meng Hao killed, his excellency even sent people to keep Prince 19 from interfering. All just for this chance. Failure is not an option. Meng Hao... must die! He must not get to Planet East Victory alive!”

Chapter 892: East Heaven Gate

The flying shuttle was a beam of bright light that shot through the starry sky at a speed far, far greater than that Meng Hao was capable of achieving. At the same time, the rate with which it consumed spirit stones was terrifying.

Meng Hao’s heart hurt, but he had no other options at his disposal. He could only continue to feed the high-grade Spirit Stones into the slot.

This type of flight method was something most people only used over short distances. To use it over a long period of time in the way Meng Hao was using it right now was quite rare.

“Just to be safe....” Meng Hao patted his bag of holding and the meat jelly appeared. It immediately began to jabber on and on but, this time, no matter what Meng Hao said in response, it wouldn’t agree to help him.

Having no other choice, he finally produced the copper mirror and brought out the parrot.

As soon as it emerged, it began to wail and shout.

“Dammit, Haowie! Dammit!” it cried, seemingly on the verge of tears. “Dammit, Lord Fifth is finally out!” It had been sealed in the mirror for a long time; from its perspective, it seemed almost like 10,000 years. Now that it was free, it flew out squawking.

Meng Hao looked at the meat jelly and the parrot, and suddenly felt a headache coming on.

“Have the meat jelly change my appearance again,” he said. “Otherwise I’ll seal you back inside.”

The parrot was enraged and refused to cooperate, but then it thought of the pain of being sealed away, and recalled being unable to have furred and feathered lovers, and was suddenly extremely frightened.

Finally, they reached an agreement. As long as the parrot agreed not to do anything out of line, it wouldn’t be sealed away again. It immediately flew up to the meat jelly and began to arrogantly use some unknown method to get the meat jelly to suddenly look very anxious. Finally, with a dour expression on its face, it helped Meng Hao change his appearance, as well as the appearance of the flying shuttle.

The flying shuttle then whooshed away, taking a circuitous route toward Planet East Victory, instead of heading directly toward it.

Several days later, the black-robed man with a cultivation base exceeding the Immortal Realm appeared in the location where Meng Hao had fought the other black-robed men. After looking around for a moment, he was visibly moved.

“What flame was it that burned them up...?”

“Don’t tell me he has a Dao Protector who cultivates a flame power of the Ancient Realm!” An unsightly expression appeared on the man’s face. After a moment, he sent his divine sense out, but couldn’t find any traces of Meng Hao. Most importantly, he couldn’t detect Meng Hao’s aura, and thus couldn’t lock down a specific area in which to search for him.

Finding someone in the middle of space is like looking for a needle in the middle of an ocean.

“If I say you can’t escape, then escape you shall not!” said the man with a cold harrumph. He lifted his right hand, within which could be seen an archaic turtle shell which was obviously very, very old.

“His excellency even gave me this precious treasure to use, all for the purpose of seeing you dead! With this item, I can definitely track you down.” Eyes glittering, he slowly raised up the turtle shell and began to chant a complicated, awkward-sounding incantation. Finally, he spit out some blood onto it.

“Fang Hao!” he growled. The turtle shell sucked in the blood and then began to quiver. Slowly, bubbles began to rise up from it, and images floated within each of them.

The black-robed man stared intently at the bubbles, chuckling coldly. He was very confident that this strange treasure would be able to find Meng Hao because of the clan blood that ran in his veins.

A moment later, the treasure began to shine with flickering light, and Meng Hao’s image appeared. However, in the exact moment that he appeared...

The strange treasure began to shake, as if during the process of searching for Meng Hao, it had encountered some indescribable force of interference. Then a boom could be heard as the treasure exploded into countless fragments.

As it exploded, a shocking aura surged out from the treasure that caused the black-robed man to tremble, and a roaring sound to fill his mind.

It happened so quickly that he didn’t have time to react. The force of the explosion sent him flying thirty thousand meters away, where he coughed up three mouthfuls of blood. A look of shock filled his face.

“His fate is untraceable?!” he said, his face ashen. Then he thought of the aura just now, and his scalp went numb.

Time passed. Three months. The atmosphere in the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory was a strange one during that time. Three months before, a clan member had been set to return, and yet no one showed up.



The welcoming ceremony was cancelled. Eventually, they realized they had lost contact with Prince 19, who had been sent to escort the direct bloodline grandson back. His disappearance made the atmosphere even stranger than before.

All of the members of the direct bloodline were furious. Many of them even left Planet East Victory to conduct searches of their own, but it was all in vain.

It wasn't just the direct bloodline clan members who went out searching. Ordinary clan members also went out to search for Meng Hao. Of course, the black-robed men were out searching as well, to find either Meng Hao or his corpse.

No one dared to deliver the news to Fang Xiufeng on Planet South Heaven. When Prince 19 finally returned and made his report to the Grand Elder, his face was extremely dark.

The Grand Elder appeared to be enraged, and even personally went out to where the teleportation tunnel had collapsed. Eventually, he determined that it had been an ambush set up by a sect who had harbored enmity with Prince 19.

The fact that Meng Hao had been dragged into this situation caused quite an uproar, and the Fang Clan eventually sent some experts to destroy the offending sect completely, which was quite a shock.

After three months with no news from Meng Hao, his 19th Uncle wallowed in guilt on a daily basis. He would constantly go out to search for Meng Hao, but never found anything. 19th Uncle felt especially guilty towards Fang Xiufeng, but didn't dare tell him about the matter.

Of course, he had been scared of his older cousin from the time he was small, and knew exactly what type of personality he had. If Fang Xiufeng found out what had happened, who knew what could happen as a result. One thing was for sure... a catastrophic storm would definitely occur.

Slowly, things calmed down in the Fang Clan. Fewer people went out to search for Meng Hao, until eventually, only the direct bloodline members were interested in the matter.

The Fang Clan was huge, and the direct bloodline had once been at the peak of glory. Meng Hao's grandfather had a monstrous cultivation base, there were other direct bloodline Patriarchs, and of course Meng Hao's father was a Chosen who struck awe into the hearts of everyone in his generation.

Now, however, Meng Hao's grandfather was missing, the other direct bloodline Patriarchs were reaching the point of Nirvanic Rebirth, and were in secluded meditation, and Fang Xiufeng had gone to Planet South Heaven.

In addition to all that, Meng Hao, the eldest grandson, had been born crippled. Gradually, the direct bloodline was now losing its power and influence. Before, it had been at the height of power, but now, only about ten percent of the other clan members were still loyal to the direct bloodline.

As the direct bloodline declined, auxiliary bloodlines rose. There was one bloodline in particular from which the Chosen Fang Wei descended. His father, and other Patriarchs of the bloodline, were shining radiantly, and in the past few hundred years, had worked hard in service of the clan. Their reputations had even spread outside the clan, and therefore, their power only continued to grow. Soon, they commanded the loyalty of roughly thirty percent of the clan.

The remaining sixty percent remained in a position of neutrality, maintaining their own power structures and assisting each other as needed.

An entire half year passed. It was now almost a year since Meng Hao had gone missing. By now, even the direct bloodline had little hope that he would return, and ceased virtually all searching.

Even the cultivators in the black robes gave up, having assumed that Meng Hao died out in space. Not even the black-robed expert whose cultivation base exceeded the Immortal Realm was able to find traces of Meng Hao. Space is an enormous place, and it was impossible to completely lock down the starry sky which surrounded Planet East Victory; there was simply too much activity there.

Planet East Victory gradually returned to normal, and people stopped thinking about Meng Hao.

On one particular day, two thirty-meter flying shuttles limped and tottered into the starry sky outside Planet East Victory. As they gradually approached the planet, Meng Hao could be seen sitting cross-legged in one of the shuttles. His clothes were in tatters, and his face was withered and yellow. However, his eyes shone brightly. At first glance, he seemed to cut a sorry figure, but deep in his eyes, he seemed even more powerful than when he had left Planet South Heaven.

He had been traveling for nearly a year to get to the planet up ahead; at long last, he was almost there.

The number of spirit stones he had wasted had reached a shocking level. Whenever he thought about it, he gnashed his teeth, and his heart hurt painfully.

Throughout the year of travel, he had been forced to be extremely cautious in order to avoid being tracked down and killed. Even so, he had faced many dangers and run into many evil cultivators. Magical battles had ensued on multiple occasions.

It could even be said that he had experienced tough training throughout that year. He quickly forgot about the protection he had enjoyed from his father and mother. Once again, he experienced what it was like to be on his own.

“Finally... I can see Planet East Victory with my own eyes!” he thought, looking at the planet up ahead. It was huge, composed of about thirty percent blue ocean water, and seventy percent land. One of the continents spread out over nearly half the planet, was red in color, and emanated a bizarre aura.

The planet also had a glowing ring surrounding it, composed of countless drifting asteroids. The sight was spectacular.

As he looked over the scene, Meng Hao was shocked to find that there were cultivators sitting cross-legged in meditation on many of the asteroids. There were even some asteroids that had Immortal’s caves cut into them.

The planet seemed to teem with powerful experts, and their shocking auras combined together to emanate dazzlingly out into the starry sky.

Without even setting foot onto the planet, Meng Hao was able to tell that it was a flourishing place. Countless cultivators entered and exited the planet. Colorful beams of light flashed to and fro, and the whole scene looked very different than Planet South Heaven, causing a cold light to shine in Meng Hao’s eyes.

A young man sat cross-legged in the flying shuttle next to Meng Hao’s. Smiling, he used divine will to transmit a message to Meng Hao.

“Elder Brother Meng, this is Planet East Victory. Once you take care of your affairs, don’t forget to come visit me in the Medicine Immortal Sect. I can introduce you to some nice friends.”

The young man's name was Feng Xun. Meng Hao had rescued him from the clutches of a gang of rogue cultivators, for which Feng Xun had been eternally grateful. After they had begun chatting, Meng Hao found out that he was a disciple of the Medicine Immortal Sect. Upon hearing that Meng Hao was traveling to Planet East Victory, he had immediately volunteered to personally escort Meng Hao there.

"Many thanks, Elder Brother Feng," Meng Hao replied with a smile. "I definitely will." As he looked at Planet East Victory, the bright light in his eyes suddenly turned cold.

"According to my analysis," he thought, "the people in the Fang Clan who tried to kill me are definitely also afraid of my father. There seem to be some other reasons as well. Perhaps because of certain clan affairs, they feared anyone finding that they were the ones who killed me if they succeeded.

"That's why they lured 19th Uncle away, and then sent those black-robed men to kill me. Plus... those men had their memories erased, which lends proof to my speculation.

"Well then, although the Fang Clan might seem to be a dangerous place for me, I should actually be pretty safe there. They won't dare to kill me right in the middle of the clan!

"I have a high position in the Fang clan, so they definitely wouldn't be so bold as to do something in the open." Chuckling coldly, Meng Hao sent the flying shuttle closer to Planet East Victory. As soon as he neared, a powerful divine sense shot out from the planet. It swept over him, then vanished and transformed into a vortex.

Simultaneously, a cold voice transmitted into his ear.

"Foreign cultivator: enter the vortex up ahead of you, and it will take you to the planet. Prepare your travel permits and jade identification plaque."

An imperceptible gleam flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. A vortex had appeared in front of Feng Xun as well. Looking around, Meng Hao saw similar scenes playing out with other arriving cultivators. Apparently, this was how things worked on Planet East Victory.

"Elder Brother Meng, there are a lot of rules on Planet East Victory. Everyone who arrives here is treated like this. If you have no travel permits and no identification plaque, then you'll have to pay dozens of times as many spirit stones, but will still be able to enter. Of course, the amount of spirit stones you pay will depend on how long you plan to stay on the planet.

“If you try to force your way in, you’ll be killed.

“There’s really nothing you can do about it. The entire planet is under the power of the Fang Clan. Years ago, Lord Ji actually gave the entire place to them....” Smiling wryly, Feng Xun collected his flying shuttle, clasped hands to Meng Hao, and stepped into the vortex.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao also put his flying shuttle away and stepped into the vortex.

Glittering light filled his eyes, and when everything became clear, he was no longer out in space. A sparkling shield of light stretched out beneath his feet, allowing him to see the lands below.

Directly in front of him was an enormous gate!

The gate was thirty thousand meters tall, forged from bronze, and was completely ancient in appearance. Carved with designs that appeared to have come from ancient times, it was completely shocking. However, if you looked at it closely, the images on the gate would be too blurry to make out.

There were three characters inscribed on top of the gate that were visible to all.

East Heaven Gate!

It was just a gate, but when Meng Hao looked at it, his pupils constricted. This gate... actually resembled the Door of Immortality.

Arranged in formation in front of the gate were over a hundred cultivators, looking around coldly at the over 1,000 other people who were lined up, waiting to enter.

On either side of East Heaven Gate were three other gates, much smaller. One of those gates was inscribed with the characters Puppet God, and on the other was a carving of a Blood Orchid.

The last gate was special. It looked archaic and bizarre, but it pulsed with a power that stimulated the bloodline power within Meng Hao.

Feng Xun appeared next to Meng Hao and began to explain.

“Elder Brother Meng, this is East Heaven Gate. Those other two gates are for the Church of the Puppet God and the Church of the Blood Orchid. The last one... is only for children of the Fang Clan.”

Chapter 893: Might As Well Make a Scene!

East Heaven Gate was the only gate that had large numbers of cultivators lined up outside of it. The gates for the Church of the Puppet God and the Church of the Blood Orchid had no lines whatsoever, nor did the Fang Clan’s gate.

“Elder Brother Meng, the only way to get onto Planet East Victory is by going through this gate. I’m actually from Planet East Victory, and even though the Medicine Immortal Sect has no gate, I have special privileges. However, since this is your first time here, I’ll wait in line with you.” Feng Xun ended his words by clasping hands and bowing.

Meng Hao clasped hands in thanks and the two of them took their place at the end of the line. He looked around at everything that was happening and mused about how completely different this was from Planet South Heaven.

Planet East Victory was huge, and in terms of how it was guarded, as well as how orderly everything was, there was a sense of sternness to everything. There also seemed to be an excess of rules.

Any cultivator who entered the Planet was carefully inspected. Only members of the sects from Planet East Victory enjoyed any sort of special treatment, and the most special treatment of all went to the Fang Clan.

As Meng Hao stood at the end of the line, he noticed that virtually all of the cultivators around him were in the Immortal Realm, although the majority were only stage two or three. There were few who were stage five or higher. Furthermore, although there seemed to be large numbers of them, they were all False Immortals.

After all, only cultivators in the Immortal Realm could step out into the starry sky. Cultivators in the Spirit Realm could only go there temporarily.

As time passed, the cultivators in line slowly passed through East Heaven Gate. Meng Hao remained in place, his expression calm, as he watched the cultivators handing over spirit stones in exchange for jade medallions.

Occasionally, miscellaneous cultivators from the Church of the Puppet God or the Church of the Blood Orchid would return from the stars, and would disappear into the gates specially set up for their sects. Every so often, people would leave from those gates as well.

Four hours passed rather quickly. Soon, Meng Hao was toward the front of the line, with only about seven people ahead of him. It didn't take long until their turn arrived. It was in this moment that ripples suddenly spread out up above in the starry sky. In the blink of an eye, eight streaks of light shot down.

They were eight cultivators, dressed in luxurious clothing, laughing and chatting as they proceeded along, as comfortable as if they were walking through the garden of their own house. The two cultivators in the lead position seemed to be in high spirits, full of energy and with extraordinary cultivation bases. They emanated an air of elitism.

“Look, people from the Fang Clan!” Feng Xun whispered to Meng Hao. “I recognize the two in the front. They're from a collateral bloodline of the Fang Clan that is second only to the direct branch of the clan.”

The cultivators in the area immediately began to whisper to each other. Meng Hao's expression didn't change, though a barely detectable flicker could be seen in his eyes.

When the hundred or so cultivators gathered in front of the East Heaven Gate saw the eight newcomers, their expressions turned solemn. They immediately stepped forward, clasped hands, and bowed deeply.

“Greetings, Princes.”

The two cultivators in the lead position among the eight smiled and turned back to a young woman among their number.

“Junior Sister Hong,” one of them said, smiling, “9th Uncle has been waiting for some time for you to return from your outside training!”

The pretty young woman smiled in response. Then she and the rest of the group walked past the bowing cultivators, nodding to them as they headed toward the Fang Clan gate. One by one, they passed through the gate, and as they did, glowing beams of light rose up into the air. The height of each beam was different, and when the young woman who had been addressed as Junior Sister Hong stepped through the gate, the light shot up roughly 300 meters into the air.

Expressions of envy could be seen on the faces of the cultivators around Meng Hao as they discussed what was happening in low tones.

“A 300-meter Bloodline Gatebeam! That young woman... she definitely has a high position in the Fang Clan! Could she really be THE Fang Hong!?”

“It probably is. The Fang Clan gate only opens for members of the Fang Clan, and the thicker their bloodline is, the higher that beam of light!”

“Last year I was fortunate enough to catch sight of Prince Wei. When he walked through the Fang Clan gate, the Gatebeam was 24,000 meters high! It was spectacular!”

Of course, despite their envy, there was nothing they could do to alter their own bloodline backgrounds. Even if they became Outer Clan disciples, having Fang Clan blood was still an honor they wouldn't have.

Feng Xun was a disciple from the Medicine Immortal Sect, but even he was sighing in envy. Then he proceeded to explain all the advantages of being a member of the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory to Meng Hao. Of course, despite everything he said, it was still possible to hear how proud he was of his own identity.

“The Fang Clan might be powerful, but I'll never leave the Medicine Immortal Sect,” he concluded.

Meng Hao listened silently during Feng Xun's explanation.

Eventually, the bowing cultivators straightened up. Their ingratiating expressions became once again solemn, and they resumed collecting spirit stones from the line of cultivators in exchange for allowing them to enter one by one.



Finally, Meng Hao was standing directly in front of the gate. The cultivator responsible for collecting spirit stones had a black birthmark on his forehead, making him look quite ferocious as he stared coldly at Meng Hao.

“How long do you plan to stay?” he asked. “If you have no identity medallion, then you’ll have to pay 100 spirit stones per day. If you exceed a month, the price increases to 1,000 per day. After two months, the price is 10,000 per day.”

Meng Hao frowned. He had heard the prices mentioned earlier, when he was further back in line, and they seemed extremely expensive. In contrast, if you did possess an identity medallion, then the price was only 10 spirit stones per day.

“I have no identity plaque,” Meng Hao muttered, holding out a hundred spirit stones.

“One day?” The cultivator with the black birthmark grinned slightly. Over the years, he had encountered many cultivators who had claimed to only plan to stay one day, but who actually intended to stay longer, and just wanted to avoid paying the spirit stones.

People like that were eventually arrested by the Fang Clan, and then ended up paying even more spirit stones.

The man looked Meng Hao up and down, then tossed him a white command medallion and looked at Feng Xun, who stood further back.

Feng Xun’s demeanor was different now than the one he used with Meng Hao. He looked a bit proud and arrogant as he threw his medallion over to the man. As soon as the cultivator saw the command medallion, his face broke into a smile, and, although he didn’t clasp hands the way he had for the members of the Fang Clan, obviously treated him differently than Meng Hao.

Meng Hao held the white command medallion in his hand and walked toward East Heaven Gate. Just as he stepped into the gate, a powerful repelling force surged out, enveloping him and ejecting him from within the gate.

This scene immediately caused expressions of sympathy to appear on the faces of the cultivators in line. Feng Xun gaped in shock, then suddenly seemed to realize something, and involuntarily frowned. As for the cultivators standing guard outside the gate, their cultivation bases exploded with power and they immediately surrounded Meng Hao.

“Ejected by East Heaven Gate, huh? Seems you must have some evil intentions! Come with us. If the investigation proves that you’re innocent, then you’ll obviously be set free!”

“East Heaven Gate only rejects people who harbor malicious thoughts. Your cultivation base isn’t very high, so if you resist us, we’ll just kill you!”

The guard cultivators all stared at him with cold eyes.

Meng Hao frowned and looked down at the identity plaque he held. A moment ago, he had clearly sensed that the reason he had been obstructed by East Heaven Gate was because of the jade medallion, not he himself.

Feng Xun immediately approached, not hesitating to mention his status as he smoothed the matter over. After he finished speaking, the cultivator with the black birth mark, the one who had given Meng Hao the jade plaque, spoke up.

“Since Fellow Daoist Feng here is willing to vouch for you, we can forgo the investigation. Just hand over 10,000 spirit stones as bail, and we’ll forget the matter.” His eyes overflowed with scorn as he looked at Meng Hao. He was convinced that a person like Meng Hao, with no identity medallion and a low cultivation base, had obviously run into trouble outside, and was now attempting to seek refuge on Planet East Victory.

Had Meng Hao been generous to begin with, and just handed over 10,000 spirit stones to purchase the right to stay there, then he wouldn’t have caused any problems for him. However, he was obviously seeking a favor from Planet East Victory, and yet at the same time was being stingy. Whenever the cultivators who guarded the gate ran into people like this, they would make sure to teach them a lesson.

Of course, if Meng Hao had an incredible cultivation base, then they wouldn’t dare to do something like that. But with his current cultivation base, he was definitely the type they would give a hard time to.

If it weren’t for the fact that they wouldn’t do anything to offend Feng Xun personally, they would definitely do everything they could to take advantage of Meng Hao.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. He had never imagined that just being a little stingy and handing over too few spirit stones for the toll would cause such a fuss.

Especially since... this was his home, the Fang Clan of Planet East Victory.

Especially since... he had experienced numerous twists and turns on his journey here, and had even had people trying to track him down and kill him. All of those things which had been brewing in Meng Hao's heart were now on the verge of causing him to explode.

Originally, his plan had been to get onto Planet East Victory, look around a bit, and then go to the Fang Clan. But as of this moment, he changed his mind. Now that he had finally arrived at Planet East Victory, he actually needn't keep a low profile any more. It was time for him to see who it was that actually dared to try to kill him!

He chuckled coldly, slapped his bag of holding, and caused 10,000 spirit stones to trickle out and form a small mountain.

The surrounding cultivators who guarded East Heaven Gate looked on with snide smiles. The man with the black birthmark made a grasping motion to collect the spirit stones. Then he looked scornfully at Meng Hao and threw him a jade plaque.

"If you'd done this to begin with you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble. Now, you may enter Planet East Victory."

Feng Xun quickly walked over to Meng Hao and murmured, "I forgot to mention this earlier, Elder Brother Meng. These aren't ordinary guards, they're Outer Clan members of the Fang Clan.... If you had just spent a bit more money, then they wouldn't have given you a hard time.

"But, you only bought one day on the planet, and you didn't even have an identity medallion...." Inwardly, Feng Xun was shaking his head; were it not for the fact that Meng Hao had saved his life before, he would never have intervened and vouched for him.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he looked at Feng Xun and coolly said, "Many thanks for your assistance in this matter, Elder Brother Feng. However, on Planet East Victory, if somebody takes my spirit stones, they will pay me back a hundredfold."

His words caused Feng Xun to gape.

Meng Hao turned and headed, not toward East Heaven Gate, but rather, in the direction of the Fang Clan's gate.

This immediately caused all of the cultivators in the area to stare him shock.

The more than one hundred gate guards were also looking on in astonishment.

“Is this guy crazy? He's actually heading toward the Fang Clan's gate?”

The man with the black birthmark sneered and said, “How reckless! Well, if he tries to force his way through the Fang Clan gate, then he'll be crushed to death. We don't have to do anything.”

Feng Xun's face fell and he immediately hurried forward.

“Elder Brother Meng, it's... it's impossible for you to enter this gate! If you don't have the blood of the Fang Clan in you, then you'll be killed!!”

Meng Hao paid him no heed, and in the blink of an eye, was in front of the gate. While all the other cultivators looked on in astonishment, he lifted his foot and stepped into the gate.

Chapter 894: His Bloodline Shakes the Clan!

Discussions immediately broke out among the onlookers outside of East Heaven Gate.

“This guy is nuts....”

“If he doesn't have Fang Clan blood, then he's dead for sure! But, if he does possess a Fang Clan bloodline, then why would he wait in line and even pay a spirit stone tax?”

“Maybe he has some other way to get through the Fang Clan's gate. But wait, that's not possible! No matter what you do, even if you're from the Fang clan itself, you can't hide your bloodline. Anyone who isn't from the Fang Clan will definitely be killed by that gate.”

The over one hundred Fang Outer Clan members standing guard outside the gate looked on with cold smiles, especially the cultivator with the black birthmark, whose eyes especially shone with scorn.

“You went looking to die, so you can’t blame anyone else,” he sneered. “Fellow Daoist Feng, it’s not that I didn’t give you face, sir. I already gave him permission to enter East Heaven Gate, and yet, he’s choosing to kill himself.”

Feng Xun stamped his foot, and then an anxious expression appeared on his face. However, there was nothing he could do.

It was in this moment that Meng Hao began to step into the Fang Clan’s gate. Only half of his foot had actually entered the gate when it began to rumble.

“It’s going to crush him to death!” said the cultivator with the black birthmark, a coldly sinister smile plastered across his face. A moment later, that smile suddenly froze, then turned into an expression of disbelief. Everyone else who was discussing the matter also stopped, and their eyes went wide.

The more than one hundred Outer Clan disciples who were guarding East Heaven Gate stared with open mouths.

Feng Xun’s eyes flickered with shock, and his brain filled with roaring as he gasped in astonishment.

Everyone could clearly see that as Meng Hao stood there, the gate trembled and... began to shine with light.

It took only a moment for a 300-meter beam of light to rise up, completely filling the pupils of all onlookers with glittering reflected light.

“Impossible!” said the cultivator with the black birthmark, his voice hoarse. He suddenly began to quiver.

The more than one hundred cultivators guarding East Heaven Gate gasped, and their minds reeled.

The crowds immediately went into an uproar.

“A 300-meter Gatebeam! Heavens! He’s a member of the Fang Clan, and not an ordinary one at that! The fact that he has a 300-meter Gatebeam shows that his bloodline exceeds that of an ordinary clan member!”

“If he’s a member of the Fang Clan, then why did he try to go through East Heaven Gate?”

It was then that the crowds fell silent.

As soon as Meng Hao’s foot touched onto the ground, and half of his body entered the gate, the beam of light shot up... from 300 meters to 3,000 meters, accompanied by deafening rumbling sounds.

The 3,000-meter Gatebeam was spectacular to behold, and all of the cultivators outside of East Heaven Gate felt as if they couldn’t breathe. They stared in shock and disbelief, their minds reeling.

“A 3,000-meter Gatebeam.... Heavens! He’s a Chosen of the Fang Clan!!”

“Who is he? A cultivator with 3,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam can’t be a nobody! He must have a high status in the Fang Clan!”

The cultivator with the black birthmark staggered backward a few steps, his face deathly pale, and a feeling of intense regret rose up in his heart. He even felt resentful.

“Y-y-you... you’re actually a member of the Fang Clan!” he thought, panting continuously. “With a bloodline like that, why would you go through East Heaven Gate!? Why did you have to make trouble for me...? Well, even if you do have a 3,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam, I was just enforcing the law as I should have, so my actions were justifiable!” Even still, his heart was filled with intense apprehension.

Feng Xun stood there gaping at Meng Hao, unable to even speak.

If that were all there were to the matter, it wouldn’t be a big deal. But then, Meng Hao finished stepping into the gate, which caused the rumbling sounds to increase, and the beam of light to shoot higher into the air.

3,000 meters. 4,500 meters. 6,000 meters. 7,500 meters....

In the space of only a few breaths of time, the beam of light reached a height of 9,000 meters!

A plopping sound could be heard as the cultivator with the black birthmark suddenly seemed to lose all of his cultivation base and strength. He sat down onto the ground, his face as pale as a corpse's, without the slightest sign of color.

"9... 9,000 meters!!" he thought. "Finished. I'm finished! If... if it were only 3,000 meters, I could still say I was just enforcing the law, but he... he has a 9,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam. A clan member like that, I... I...."

He wasn't the only one who was acting like that. The Fang Outer Clan members who had surrounded him earlier and mocked him coldly were now looking on with fallen faces. Their scalps were numb, and they were terrified.

The rest of the people standing outside of the gate were watching with wide eyes and slack jaws, their minds trembling.

"9... 9,000 meters.... What bloodline is that? That's second only to the number one Chosen in the Fang Clan, Prince Wei. When Prince Wei entered the door, his Gatebeam reached 24,000 meters!!"

"Who is this guy...?"

It wasn't just the people outside the gate who were shocked. In the Fang Clan's ancestral mansion in Planet East Victory, there was a huge bell. Moments ago, that bell had begun to toll. The sound of it rang out through all of the clan's various branches. No outsider could hear it; it rang out only in the minds of the members of the Fang Clan.

In the main hall of the ancestral mansion, an old man with a full head of white hair sat cross-legged in meditation. His expression was solemn, and when he opened his eyes, his gaze was profound, and his eyes flickered like lightning. Sitting in front of him were eight other people, all of whom were engaged in a discussion.

When the bell tolled, the faces of all of the men in the main hall flickered, and they looked up.

“Someone with a strong bloodline just entered the Fang Gate and has invoked the toll of the bell!!”

“The Dao Bell only tolls when a clan member enters the gate for the first time, and a Bloodline Gatebeam of 3,000 meters or higher appears!”

“What member of the junior generation has gone to test out their bloodline?”

Everyone was shocked, and the old man sitting up front looked up, suspicion flickering in his eyes.

When members of the Fang Clan came of age, they would enter the Fang Gate to test their bloodline. The Dao Bell would only ring the first time they did so.

As of this moment, there were many locations within the Fang Clan in which expressions of surprise could be heard. Meng Hao’s 19th Uncle was currently sitting cross-legged next to a lake, clutching a flagon of alcohol, his face glum and anguished. When the bell tolled, he almost didn’t seem to hear it, and just kept drinking. Off to the side, a young man with a bitter expression on his face hung upside down in midair.

In another location was a stretch of pitch black land from which a volcano rose up. Sitting cross-legged deep inside the volcano was a middle-aged man, whose eyes suddenly snapped open and began to shine with brilliant light.

In another area, there was a blood-red desert, where a young man could be seen sitting. He suddenly raised his head and looked up into the sky.

In a variety of locations, clan members began to take notice of the tolling of the bell. When it tolled a second time, even more people were visibly moved. When it tolled a third time, even more people were shocked.

However, after the third tolling of the bell... it didn’t stop!

Meng Hao stood there in the Fang Clan’s gate, unmoving, surrounded by a gentle aura that swirled around his body, stimulating his bloodline. His face was calm; since he had chosen this route, then he would continue to shock Heaven and Earth.



He took a deep breath and fully released the power of his bloodline, allowing the gentle power of the gate to thoroughly assess its strength.

In the blink of an eye, the Gatebeam exploded up. It broke through from 9,000 meters to 12,000, causing the bell to toll a fourth time!

That fourth bell toll could be heard by all the Fang Clan members over the entirety of Planet East Victory, and caused even more people to feel astonishment. Next, however, the Fang Gate's Gatebeam shot higher, reaching 15,000 meters. A fifth bell toll echoed out, shaking the entire Fang Clan.

“Five bell tolls! Who is testing out their bloodline? It's... so strong!”

“In the younger generation of the Fang Clan, there are less than fifty people who can achieve a 15,000-meter Gatebeam! When it comes to a 18,000-meter beam, there are less than ten, and as for a 21,000-meter beam... there are only three! And then there's... Prince Wei, with his 24,000-meter beam!!”

The Fang Clan was in an uproar. Meng Hao stood bathed in light in the Fang Clan's gate, the Gatebeam so bright that no one could see him inside of it. Meng Hao took another breath, and his eyes glittered as the Gatebeam... shot up once again!!

It went from 15,000 meters up to 18,000 meters, the scintillating light seemingly limitless. All of the people outside of East Heaven Gate were struck speechless.

When the sixth bell tolled, the entire Fang Clan was sent into a stir.

Multiple figures shot up from various locations in the clan and headed toward East Heaven Gate. Even the Elders in the main hall of the Ancestral Mansion flew outside and then began to teleport toward the gate.

Tens of thousands of people all flew out at the same time, including countless powerful experts. In the blink of an eye, numerous people emerged from East Heaven Gate and looked over toward the Fang Clan's gate.

The other cultivators outside of East Heaven Gate began to edge backward, their bodies trembling, their expressions that of excitement. They looked at the people walking out of East Heaven Gate and realized that all of them were cultivators from the Fang Clan, powerful experts.

These people peered at the Fang Clan's gate, but were unable to clearly see who was inside.

"I wonder which branch's child has achieved such a level!!"

"Hahaha! The Immortals are blessing the Fang Clan. Another Chosen has appeared!"

"Who is it? Is it Tao'er? Or Young Hai? Perhaps Hong'er?"

The Fang Clan members who had just arrived were all waiting in anticipation. It was at this point that a group of eight figures appeared, led by the white-haired old man who had been sitting in the lead position in the main hall of the ancestral mansion.

As soon as he appeared, the other Fang Clan members looked over in shock, and then clasped hands.

"Greetings, Grand Elder!"

This old man was none other than the person who had been left to preside over the Fang Clan's affairs after the Patriarchs had gone into secluded meditation. He was... the Grand Elder, Fang Tongtian!

Just as his name suggested, Fang Tongtian had an exceedingly high cultivation base that was virtually beyond comprehension. As he walked out of East Heaven Gate, he looked over at the Fang Clan's gate, but even he could not see who was inside. All he could see was a vague shadow.

Fang Tongtian laughed loudly and said, "An 18,000-meter Gatebeam is an incredibly important matter for the Fang Clan. Very well, very well... a clan member with a bloodline like this means that the Fang Clan will definitely have a new Chosen!"

At the same time, more and more Fang Clan members were emerging from East Heaven Gate.

Meanwhile, the Outer Clan cultivators who had been guarding the gate were so scared that their limbs had become like jelly. They seemed on the verge of dropping dead from fright. As for the cultivator with the black birthmark, he was laying on the ground shivering uncontrollably.

Feng Xun was also shaking. He looked around at the powerful figures around him, and then back at the Fang Clan's gate, his face covered with a look of disbelief.

It was at this point that more rumbling sounds could be heard as the light exploded up once again. It went from 18,000 meters to 21,000 meters, completely shocking the Fang Clan and everyone else outside the gate.

Grand Elder Fang Tongtian's eyes were shining with unprecedented brightness.

Chapter 895: He's... Back!

"21,000 meters!! In the current generation of the Fang Clan, there aren't even ten people who can cause a 21,000-meter Gatebeam to appear! Today... there's one more! Who is this person?"

"It's definitely someone from an auxiliary bloodline. I'm eighty percent certain that it's Tao'er."

The Fang Clan members outside East Heaven Gate were completely astonished. Meanwhile, back on Planet East Victory, seven bell tolls had rung out into the ears of all Fang Clan members. It was at this point that Meng Hao's 19th Uncle, who sat by the lake drinking alcohol, suddenly quivered. He slowly put the flagon of alcohol down and looked up into the sky.

"Seven bell tolls..." he thought. "Who exactly is stepping into the Fang Clan's gate for the first time. Could it be... that it's Hao'er?!?!" 19th Uncle suddenly stood up and waved his hand. The young man who had been hanging there upside down let out a shriek as 19th Uncle grabbed him and flew up into the air.

"Dad! Dad, it was my fault! I really made a mistake...." 19th Uncle completely ignored the young man's shrieks, simply carrying him along as he shot toward East Heaven Gate. He had to see if this newcomer... really was Meng Hao!

Meanwhile, in the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, there was another temple hall in which two people sat. One was an old man, the other slightly younger. They sat there cross-legged, listening to the tolling of the bell.

The old man's eyes opened, and he coolly said, "Go see which bloodline this person comes from. If it's ours, then it doesn't matter. If not... ask that person to come here; I can always adopt another grandchild."

The middle-aged man's expression was dignified, and he actually somewhat resembled Fang Xiufeng. He nodded, then strode away and vanished. When he reappeared, he was up in the sky.

His eyes glittered brightly.

"Latent talent with a 21,000-meter Gatebeam. That's only a little bit less than my boy, and makes this person worthy of becoming his little brother."

At the same time, deep down in the earth beneath the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, there was an Immortal's cave. It was filled with dense Immortal qi, the reason being that the entire Immortal's cave... was made of Immortal jade!

A young, bare-chested man sat cross-legged in that Immortal's cave, surrounded by nine wizened old men. The old men were bound with iron chains that were in turn connected to spell formations. The men howled shrilly as Immortal qi flowed out from them into the spell formations, and was then absorbed by the young man.

There were an additional three old men who stood in the cave, observing the process with slight smiles.

"Prince, your cultivation base is continuing to progress."

"Considering your latent talent, Prince, you can definitely be reckoned one of the very best in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Soon, even the Chosen from the Three Great Daoist Societies will have no choice but to bow their heads in your presence."

"Prince, you have incredible ambitions. It won't be long before you reach true Immortal Ascension. Then, you will be able to sweep across all the Chosen in the Ninth Mountain and Sea."

It was at this point that the tolling of the bells reached their ears, and the faces of the three men flickered. The young man, however, continued to meditate.

None of the non-Fang Clan members on Planet East Victory could hear the bells. However, more and more Fang Clan members were flying out and heading toward East Heaven Gate, gathering there to look at the boundless Gatebeam.

“Just who exactly is it...?”

“There’s no need to get excited. We’ll be able to see who it is soon enough. Pretty soon, this person’s rank in the clan is going to be very different from everyone else!”

Within the crowd, Meng Hao’s 19th Uncle peered toward the shadow in the Fang Clan’s gate, trembling. Nobody else had ever seen Meng Hao before, and thus, wouldn’t recognize him. However, 19th Uncle could sense something familiar about the shadow.

“Who is it?” asked the young man next to 19th Uncle, staring with wide eyes. “Who has a 21,000-meter Gatebeam?” In response, his father smacked him hard.

“Dad....” grumbled the young man, scowling. He was just about to say something else when, all of a sudden, more rumbling could be heard, and the beam of light coming from the Fang Clan’s gate... shot higher once again.

RUMMMBLLLLL!

It went from 21,000 meters all the way to 24,000 meters. The grand sight caused all the Fang Clan Members outside East Heaven Gate to stare blankly.

“Heavens! What’s... what’s going on!?!?”

“24,000 meters. I can’t believe... that it actually reached 24,000 meters! Prince Wei’s Gatebeam is also 24,000 meters! This person’s bloodline is actually as strong as Prince Wei’s!”

“Who is there in the clan that could pull this off? It’s impossible! If I remember correctly, there is no clan member at all who has a bloodline like this!!”

Amidst all the uproar, there were a few old men in the crowd from the Fang Clan whose expressions were grim and bitter, and who said nothing. There weren’t many people like that in the crowd, but they were all direct bloodline descendants of the Fang Clan!

Their glory was now a thing of the past. First Meng Hao's grandfather had gone missing, then his father went to Planet South Heaven. After that, the direct bloodline Patriarchs all went into secluded meditation and wouldn't emerge. The direct bloodline was in decline, and the situation was only continuing to grow worse.

When they saw the boundless light in front of them, they could only sigh.

"Our bloodline used to have someone who could be considered a true Chosen!! It's too bad... he was supposed to return last year, but... now we don't even know if he's alive or dead."

There was another person in the crowd, a person who had just arrived. He was the middle-aged man who intended to try to acquire Meng Hao for his own bloodline. Originally, he stood there in the middle of all the other clan members, smiling broadly.

However, now that the Gatebeam had reached 24,000 meters, his eyes widened, and deep therein could be seen a flicker of killing intent. It didn't matter who this person in the gate was, the fact that they had caused a 24,000-meter Gatebeam to appear meant that they were a threat to his son.

Grand Elder Fang Tongtian's pupils constricted imperceptibly. However, his expression was one of kindness, and even more so, excitement.

"Wonderful! It appears that the Fang Clan will soon have another almighty Chosen like Fang Wei!"

The Fang Clan was in an uproar. On Planet East Victory, the bell had tolled eight times, and the clan members who had not already flown up into the air were astonished. Whether it was the young man in the blood-colored desert, or the middle-aged man practicing cultivation in the volcano, or anyone else, they all flew up.

Back in the ancestral mansion, the old man who had sent his son to East Heaven Gate suddenly opened his eyes, and they shone with terrifying light.

"24,000 meters. Other than my grandson, there is no one in the current generation of the Fang Clan who has such a strong bloodline. This person must not be from Planet East Victory!"

“It’s him... it must be that damned son of a bitch!! He’s not dead after all!” At first, killing intent flickered in his eyes, but then he frowned, and felt fear welling up in his heart. This was Planet East Victory, and because of the Fang Clan Dao Reserves... it didn’t matter how high up he was in the clan, he didn’t dare to publicly break clan rules.

“Dammit, he’s making such a big scene! You can tell he’s a profound schemer!”

By now, everyone in the Fang Clan was shaken. Meng Hao’s Gatebeam put him on par with the number one Chosen in the clan, Fang Wei. The strength of such a bloodline was completely terrifying.

The ordinary clan members were all excited, but those clan members with deep cultivation bases or otherwise held significant influence watched with various expressions. They were happy to see a Chosen appear. However, if that Chosen’s power reached a terrifying level... then it wouldn’t actually be a joyous occasion.

If this person threatened Fang Wei’s status, a fight would surely break out like that between a dragon and a tiger, the result would be a clan member dying, and would affect the struggle for supremacy by the various sub-branches in the family. In-clan fighting was a very complicated thing.

Meng Hao stood there in the Fang Clan’s gate, his eyes closed but his blood surging. As it flowed through his body, he could sense that... there was still more power locked in his blood.

He took a deep breath and then suddenly opened his eyes.

“If I’m going to make a big scene, then I might as well go all out!” His cultivation base exploded with power, his blood flowed, and the entire gate began to shake. The Gatebeam outside once again shot up higher into the sky.

25,000 meters. 26,000 meters... 27,000 meters!

A buzz of conversation rose up, but was quickly silenced as... the beam continued to climb higher!

28,000 meters. 28,500 meters... 29,000... All the way to...

29,900 meters!

30,000 meters!!

All of the Fang Clan members were completely shaken to the maximum. Although Grand Elder Fang Tongtian's pupils dilated with shock, his face was plastered with a huge smile. The older members of the clan were frowning, but the ordinary clan members were shouting out in happiness.

“30,000 meters!! That's even more than Prince Wei! This person's bloodline purity is unprecedented!!”

“A 30,000-meter Gatebeam! In the tens of thousands of years of recorded clan history, there has never been something like this before!!”

“According to the legends, only the early ancestors of the clan had a 30,000-meter Gatebeam. That means this person's bloodline... evoked an Ancestral Awakening!!”

Meng Hao's 19th Uncle was incredibly excited, and his eyes shone brightly.

“It's definitely Hao'er. Only a grandson of the direct bloodline could have blood like that!!”

On Planet East Victory, the ninth bell tolled, and then a tenth. As they echoed out, the old man in the ancestral mansion suddenly shot to his feet, an expression of disbelief on his face. Deep beneath the surface of the ground, the young man in the Immortal's cave who was absorbing the Immortal qi from the nine old men suddenly opened his eyes. His pupils were violet, and shone with a strange glow.

“So, has he returned...?” the young man murmured.

On this day, the Fang Clan members were sent into unprecedented astonishment.

On this day, the crowds were packed tight outside East Heaven Gate.

On this day, all of the powerful experts of the Fang Clan flew out to East Heaven Gate.



On this day, the cultivators who had lined up outside East Heaven Gate experienced something they would never forget.

On this day, Feng Xun saw something that he would remember for his whole life, something like a dream. A cultivator he knew as Meng Hao... stepped into the Fang Clan's gate, and a 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam shot up. It was the stuff of legends, and perhaps, the foundation of a myth.

Rumbling echoed out from the Fang Clan's gate as the brilliant light slowly faded away. The eyes of all onlookers, of all the Fang Clan members, were cast toward the gate. Gradually, what became clear was an unfamiliar young man who walked out to stand in front of everyone.

He was tall and slender, and wore a long blue robe. His black hair drifted about in the air around him, and his face was somewhat sallow and thin. However, as he stood there, he looked like he was standing on top of the sun.

His eyes shone brightly, like stars, and as he stood there, he looked around at everyone a bit bashfully.

“My father is Fang Xiufeng. My mother is Meng Li. My big sister is Fang Yu. I took my mother's surname, and my name is Meng Hao. Grandfathers and Grandmothers, Uncles, Brothers and Sisters... greetings!”

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply.

Chapter 896: The Fang Clan of Planet East Victory!

Meng Hao looked at all the members of the Fang Clan and introduced himself in an unprecedented fashion. The response to his words was complete and utter silence.

All the clan members looked at Meng Hao, at his unfamiliar face, and the Fang Clan gate behind him. The 30,000-meter beam of light from moments ago had faded away.

Meng Hao was a name they weren't familiar with, but when it came to Fang Xiufeng, that was a name that had once been the most glorious name in all the Fang Clan, and a name that would never be forgotten. Fang Xiufeng was the eldest son of the direct bloodline, and the number one Chosen of his generation. He had swept easily across all the other clan members of the other bloodlines, and had also suppressed the Chosen of various other sects in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

During that time, Fang Xiufeng was so mighty that he was like a blazing sun in the sky and all others in his generation were like ordinary stars that served only to illuminate him in his splendor.

Furthermore, he ended up marrying an exceptional daughter of the Meng Clan. People came from the Eighth Mountain to attend their cultivator bonding ceremony, turning it into a grand occasion that people from both of those great Mountains and Seas still discussed.

Then Meng Hao was born, which pushed Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li to the peak of fame.

But then, in much the same way that luxury often fades to poverty, everything had changed in the blink of an eye. To the surprise and disbelief of many, Fang Xiufeng's father disappeared, and then Fang Xiufeng... went to Planet South Heaven to guard it for 100,000 years....

And all of this was for his son, Fang Hao!

He was a boy with a strong bloodline, who had experienced Nirvanic Rebirth at the age of seven. He had a Heaven-defying bloodline, but had been born crippled. During those years, there were many people who believed that Fang Hao was holding his mother and father back.

But now, Meng Hao had returned!

Or perhaps you could say, Fang Hao had returned!

The return of this one individual had prompted the entire clan to emerge to receive him. When he left with his parents, it shook all of Planet East Victory. Then he returned, and similarly shook the entire planet once again.

That was because his return was marked with a 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam, which immediately vanquished the number one Chosen of the Fang Clan, Fang Wei. His actions swept across all clan members, and made him the focus of all eyes.

After a moment of silence, the clan members erupted into conversation.

“Meng Hao.... He's Fang Hao! The eldest grandson of the direct bloodline!”

“Heavens! It’s actually him! He’s returned! He’s the kid from years ago who had the strong bloodline and underwent Nirvanic Rebirth at the age of seven! He’s... back!”

When Meng Hao spoke the names of his parents, the direct bloodline clan members in the crowd began to tremble with excitement. 19th Uncle strode forward, staring at Meng Hao. During the past year, he had been wallowing in guilt and self-blame for letting his older cousin down, to the point where he had almost drowned in the negativity. Now that he saw Meng Hao safely returned, and also surging with incredible power, the joy he felt was virtually impossible to even describe.

Laughter rang out as Grand Elder Fang Tongtian walked forward. He looked at Meng Hao and then smiled kindly.

“As long as you’re back, that’s what’s important. It doesn’t matter if your name is Meng Hao or Fang Hao, you are still a member of the Fang Clan, and the eldest grandson of the clan’s direct bloodline!

“I held you in my arms when you were a little kid, you know.” Fang Tongtian laughed heartily, and the kindness on his face was readily apparent. The more he looked at Meng Hao, the happier he seemed.

Behind him were other elder members of the clan, all of whom wore happy smiles on their faces as they approached Meng Hao.

“What a good kid! You must have suffered many hardships through the years.”

“As long as you’re back, that’s what’s important. Now that you’ve returned to the clan, your future prospects are limitless.”

“Today is a day for great rejoicing! Wonderful! Simply wonderful!”

All the members of the Fang Clan were crying out in joy. In the cultivation world, when it comes to clans and sects, bloodlines and family, while they may be complicated, they are sometimes very simple.

Meng Hao’s return was the subject of great happiness for countless individuals. The previously taciturn middle-aged man was laughing out loud. He stepped forward, looked Meng Hao over, and then sighed deeply.

“Hao’er, I’m your 2nd Uncle. Years ago, your father and I fought in battles together, grew up together, and practiced cultivation together. In fact, you and Wei’er were born only an hour apart. You were virtually born together.

“The most important thing is that you’re back. You’re a member of the Fang Clan, and within our clan, you are definitely Chosen!”

More people crowded around Meng Hao, especially the direct bloodline clan members. They were more excited than anyone else. Meng Hao’s return was a source of incredible inspiration and encouragement. Furthermore, the appearance of the 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam finally gave them hope for their own bloodline.

“Hao’er,” said the Grand Elder, “come. Come here to me, and we can return home together.” The praise and geniality in his eyes were clear.

19th uncle approached and began to introduce everyone to Meng Hao. “Hao’er, this is the Grand Elder. The Patriarchs are all in secluded meditation. Fortunately, the Grand Elder is here to handle clan affairs.”

Meng Hao quickly clasped hands and bowed.

“Junior offers greetings, Grand Elder.”

The Grand Elder laughed; he seemed to be growing fonder of Meng Hao by the minute.

“However, I can’t return to the clan at the moment,” said Meng Hao, sounding a bit embarrassed. In response to his words, everyone stared in shock.

“A few moments ago, somebody stole some of my spirit stones,” Meng Hao continued, sighing. His gaze swept across the group of Outer Sect cultivators who had been guarding East Heaven Gate, lingering for a moment on the cultivator with the black birthmark. In response, a tremor ran through the man, and then he passed out from fear.

“How much was stolen?” asked the young man standing next to 19th Uncle, looking excitedly at Meng Hao.

“A million,” Meng Hao replied indignantly.

“Alright, well I’ll take care of it.” The young man licked his lips. “Oh, my name is Fang Xi.” This young man was also a direct bloodline descendant, and was Meng Hao’s younger cousin.

The rest of the Fang Clan members started to laugh out loud. The scene that was playing out in front of them was almost like a comedy. Clearly, someone had offended Meng Hao earlier, before they had known who he was. The Fang Clan members viewed the honor of the clan as an important thing, and wouldn’t tolerate that honor being trampled, not even by Outer Clan cultivators who weren’t aware of Meng Hao’s identity. Those cultivators had unwittingly committed a grave mistake, and would have to be punished.

Immediately, clan members sprang into action, lining up the ashen-faced guard cultivators and taking them away.

As the cultivator with the black birthmark was taken away, he howled miserably. In his regret, tears streamed down his face.

The Grand Elder shook his head and laughed, then clasped Meng Hao’s hand and led him into the Fang Clan’s gate. The other Fang Clan members followed behind. Light from the gate shot high into the air, and rumbling sounds echoed out in all directions.

Feng Xun stared in shock. As Meng Hao walked off, he turned back and nodded benevolently. Although Meng Hao said nothing, Feng Xun was very moved.

Gradually, all of the Fang Clan members returned to Planet East Victory. A new set of cultivators was brought to stand guard outside the gate. These new cultivators trembled nervously; they knew what fate was in store for the previous guards, and held deep respect and fear for Meng Hao.

Now, they treated the crowds lined up outside the gate with incredible courtesy as they let them through.

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Back in the Fang Clan, clan members from various bloodlines returned from afar and gathered together in the ancestral mansion for a grand welcoming ceremony.

Compared to the gathering that had been prepared one year before, it was exponentially grander. After all, the previous gathering had been more for show. This time... many people came back of their own volition. They wanted to see for themselves exactly what Meng Hao looked like, this clan member who had a 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam.

Roughly half of Planet East Victory was under the Fang Clan's jurisdiction and was occupied by various auxiliary bloodlines. On this planet, there was no Imperial dynasty, only the Fang Clan.

Regardless of whether it was their mortal cities, or their cultivators, the Fang Clan... was so large and powerful that they eclipsed everyone else. Furthermore, the Church of the Blood Orchid and the Church of the Puppet God both had deep connections to the Fang Clan.

Of course, the Medicine Immortal Sect was independent, since it had been founded by a Patriarch of the Fang Clan who was still alive, creating a unique relationship.

The Fang Clan ancestral mansion was essentially a huge city, and served as the capital city of the Fang Clan. It was situated next to an ocean, and was the location where the innumerable bloodlines of the Fang Clan would come to gather. It was filled with extravagantly decorated palatial buildings and numerous pagodas that stretched out as far as the eye could see.

In the past, only the direct bloodline had occupied the ancestral mansion, but in recent years... as the direct bloodline declined, some areas had been occupied by an auxiliary bloodline. Now, the direct bloodline only controlled about half of the entire ancestral mansion. In fact, signs pointed to that auxiliary bloodline eventually coming to be considered the main branch.

The welcoming ceremony for Meng Hao's return was an affair attended by tens of thousands of clan members, who were now gathered in the central square in the middle of the ancestral mansion. To Meng Hao, it looked vaguely similar to what he had seen in the illusory Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple.

The ground was paved with green stone slabs, and numerous spell formations could be seen, which emanated incredible pressure. To Meng Hao, it almost felt as if an enormous ocean were covering everything and weighing it down.

The buildings he saw in all directions were luxurious, and it was as if an enormous sect that could shake all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea had suddenly revealed a tiny portion of itself to Meng Hao.

Yet, all of it was really just the tip of the iceberg. There were further layers of power that Meng Hao couldn't even sense with his cultivation base. All he knew was that it was impossible for him to even imagine how many Fang Clan members there were on Planet East Victory, and that wasn't even mentioning the Outer Clans or other cultivators who had been specially bestowed with the surname Fang.

Altogether... it was a staggering number of cultivators.

Furthermore, the people who had appeared earlier outside of East Heaven Gate were only the most illustrious members of their various bloodlines.

The Grand Elder presided over the welcoming ceremony, and introduced Meng Hao to many clan members. After sacrifices were made to the ancestors, he gave Meng Hao a command medallion and numerous other trifles. After that, he led Meng Hao to the Fang Temple in the ancestral mansion.

The temple was enormous, and from the outside, resembled some enormous beast sitting there cross-legged. Inside was a coliseum-like structure, with ten thousand seats arranged in concentric rings. At the moment, more than half of those seats were occupied by various elder members of the clan. All of them looked on with sparkling eyes, and had cultivation bases so profound that Meng Hao couldn't assess them.

Grand Elder Fang Tongtian sat up in the front, his gaze as bright as fire as he looked at Meng Hao standing in the middle of the temple. There were many other clan members seated nearby, including his 2nd Uncle, as well as an old man covered with wrinkles, who gazed piercingly at Meng Hao as he measured him up. That old man... was Fang Wei's paternal grandfather, the same old man within whom killing intent toward Meng Hao had flickered earlier.

There were other clan members seated in the area. Most of them were young, and among their number, Meng Hao caught sight of Fang Donghan, who looked at him and smiled.

Meng Hao also saw Fang Xiangshan. When she saw him looking at her, she trembled and lowered her head. She obviously still remembered everything that had happened on Planet South Heaven

Many Chosen from the Fang Clan were there, including a young man in a white robe, with skin as smooth as jade. He was the young man who had been practicing cultivation earlier in the Immortal's cave deep under the ancestral mansion. Currently, he sat in a seat, surrounded by a group of over a hundred cultivators roughly his age.

One of the young cultivators near him was Fang Yunyi!

Fang Yunyi gave Meng Hao a venomous stare, then leaned over and whispered something into the ear of the young man in the white robe.

Actually, that young man had no need for the entourage. Comparing their energy to his was like comparing the darkness of night to a raging fire. He seemed like a wolf in the middle of a flock of sheep, and was someone anyone would recognize at a single glance.

This was the previous number one Chosen in the Fang Clan, Prince Wei... Fang Wei!

Chapter 897: Fang Wei!

Fang Wei was always surrounded by groups of fellow young cultivators. No matter where he went, he was the center of attention. After all, he was Fang Wei, the long time number one Chosen of this generation in the Fang Clan.

He was famous in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Furthermore, although he wasn't the legitimate eldest grandson of the Fang Clan, he essentially held that position.

In this generation of the Fang Clan, the only person who ranked above him in seniority was Meng Hao!

As he sat there calmly, he glanced at Meng Hao for a moment, then closed his eyes. A year before, when the clan had convened the welcoming ceremony, he did not make an appearance; he couldn't care less that Meng Hao had been scheduled to return.

The only reason he came today was because the strength of Meng Hao's bloodline had piqued his interest.



The air in the temple was very solemn. All of the people seated inside were Fang Clan Elders, and although not every single clan Elder had come, this group comprised the majority of those who were on Planet East Victory.

Each person in the temple looked like an Immortal Deity. All of them, be it in terms of their qi and blood, or in terms of their aura, were terrifying to the extreme. As Meng Hao looked around, he realized that he couldn't gauge any of their cultivation bases.

As of this moment, Meng Hao gained a clearer understanding of how powerful the Fang Clan was.

If you didn't count the Ji Clan, this clan could actually be considered the number one clan in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea. The year that Lord Li disappeared, if the Fang Clan had been stronger by just a hair... the Ninth Mountain and Sea might now be following a Lord Fang.

Meng Hao was also well aware that he was really only looking at the tip of the iceberg. The Fang Clan had even deeper and more powerful resources, making them a force that few would ever trifle with lightly.

Furthermore, Meng Hao... was the eldest grandson of the direct bloodline of the Fang Clan. It was easy to imagine what would have happened if he hadn't experienced the Seventh Year Tribulation. Had he grown up in the Fang Clan, his status and fame would definitely have made him well-known throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea, as well as the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

All of the Elders were now looking at Meng Hao. It was impossible to tell whether they were happy or angry; their expressions were abstruse and impossible to read, and filled the hall with incredible pressure. As for Fang Wei, and his father and grandfather, undetectable gleams flickered in their eyes.

Meng Hao was the only person standing, right there in the middle of the temple. As for the pressure that emanated from those surrounding him, Meng Hao didn't even flinch.

After a long moment, Grand Elder Fang Tongtian finally spoke.

"Fang Hao!" he said, his expression solemn. His voice echoed out in the temple, making it sound almost as if a throng of people were speaking. Everything trembled.

“Having offered sacrifices to the ancestors, you are now officially a member of the Fang Clan. Henceforth, you shall enjoy access to the Fang Clan’s cultivation resources, and many things will now tilt in your favor.

“However, there is something you must never forget!” The Grand Elder’s expression was suddenly threatening, although it lacked any anger.

“Now that you are a member of the Fang Clan, you must follow all of the clan rules. Violate those rules, and it doesn’t matter how strong your bloodline is, or that you have a 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam. Despite that... you will still be punished!

“Speaking of the clan rules, I will give you a detailed copy that you can study in a moment.”

Meng Hao stood there silently, looking at the Grand Elder.

After the Grand Elder finished speaking, a white-haired, ruddy-faced old man seated off to the side smiled and said, “Ladies and Gentlemen of the clan, let us discuss how the cultivation resources will be allocated to Fang Hao.”

“Hao’er is the eldest grandson of the direct bloodline,” someone said. “In fact, he is the highest-ranking grandson of his generation in the entire Fang Clan. He’s had a hard time in the outside world during these years. Now that he’s back in the clan, he should naturally be given the very best of everything!”

“The Immortal’s cave next to Brightmoon Lake has good fortune of Heaven and Earth inside,” another person said. “Furthermore, the remains of a Heavenly Dragon can be found therein. It is absolutely the best Immortal’s cave in all of Planet East Victory. From my perspective, that Immortal’s cave should definitely be given to Hao’er.”

Another of the Elders looked at Meng Hao with praise in his eyes and said, “That’s right. For years, no one has possessed the qualifications to have that Immortal’s cave. We of the direct bloodline have him as our eldest grandson, and in fact, the highest-ranking grandson of his entire generation! He is the only one who could possibly be qualified to have that Immortal’s cave.”

This was not a situation where people were trying to bring Meng Hao down by over-praising him. These people truly wanted Meng Hao to have the best resources to help him advance himself in the quickest manner possible.

Almost as soon as the Elder from the direct bloodline finished speaking, other Elders began to speak.

“That’s not entirely proper. Hao’er has just returned, and hasn’t yet made the least contribution whatsoever to the good of the clan. You can’t reward him with that Immortal’s cave on the basis of his position alone. That wouldn’t be fair.”

“Precisely. In the Fang Clan, one’s standing is based on how much one has contributed to the clan. To avoid causing other clan members to have feelings of resentment, Hao’er should not be given that Immortal’s cave.”

It only took a moment for a clamor to arise as numerous Elders began to give their opinions. In the end, Meng Hao could tell that about thirty percent of the Elders disagreed, with only about ten percent standing on Meng Hao’s side. The rest maintained their silence.

The Grand Elder had predicted that something like this would happen, so he sat there silently, his expression the same as usual.

It was at this point that suddenly, Fang Wei, who sat in a chair surrounded by over a hundred young companions, suddenly opened his eyes to speak.

“Respected Elders, I regret to inform you that Junior has already taken the Immortal’s cave by Brightmoon Lake and gifted it to someone.” His voice was placid and seemingly devoid of any emotion whatsoever. As soon as he spoke, the direct bloodline Elders’ faces grew dark. However, none of them offered any sort of response.

An imperceptible flicker appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. The words spoken by Fang Wei carried much meaning. This was a meeting of Fang Clan elders, and none of the other members of the younger generation had seats except for Fang Wei.

Furthermore, his words actually carried a domineering weight that seemed to be intolerant of any opposition. It was so domineering... that even the direct bloodline Elders didn’t dare to retort.

Meng Hao looked over at Fang Wei, and Fang Wei looked back at him for a moment before closing his eyes.

Then, the direct bloodline Elder spoke up again.

“Other than the Immortal’s cave, there are also the ten batches of Rainbow Immortal Evanescence Pills concocted by Pill Elder from the Dao of Alchemy Division. That type of pill is a rare medicine that provides mysterious assistance when rising from the Spirit Realm into the Immortal Realm. Seven batches of those pills should be given to Hao’er!”

“That’s not appropriate either,” said another Elder. “Only ten batches of pills are concocted per year, and the medicinal plant ingredients are all extinct in the outside world. The Rainbow Immortal Evanescence Pill is the Fang Clan’s strongest type of pill that exists in the gap between the Spirit and Immortal Realms. They are concocted for the benefit of the entire junior generation. Therefore, giving seven batches to Hao’er is impossible. I say, one batch should be enough.”

As before, the Grand Elder said nothing. It was at this point that the white-robed Fang Wei opened his eyes and spoke again.

“Respected Elders, I regret to inform you that Junior has already made arrangements for all ten batches of Rainbow Immortality Evanescence Pills.”

Immediately, silence once again filled the entire temple. Fury burned in the direct bloodline Elders’ eyes, but all they could do was clench their jaws and maintain silence.

Meng Hao had not spoken yet either, but his brow had gradually become furrowed as he looked over at Fang Wei. Fang Wei had only spoken twice, yet each time his words had silenced the Elders. This fact revealed a lot.

In addition, Meng Hao was gradually coming to detect something familiar about Fang Wei, although he couldn’t quite put his finger on what it was. After a moment, he began to wonder if he was just imagining it.

Silence reigned in the temple, and while the direct bloodline clan members sat there gloomily, there were Elders from other bloodlines who were smiling slightly. Finally, Grand Elder Fang Tongtian cleared his throat and then began to speak, his eyes shining.

“Well, since we have a disagreement regarding the Immortal’s cave and the medicinal pills, let’s put those matters aside for now. Hao’er, you are the eldest grandson of the direct bloodline, so I will take responsibility for you now. There will be no more discussion. You will be given the highest

quality compensation from the clan.” With that, he waved his right hand, causing a jade slip to fly out and come to float in front of Meng Hao.

“Take this jade slip to the clan’s Hall of the People. That is where you can withdraw your monthly set cultivation resources.

“As for the Immortal’s cave....” The Grand Elder muttered to himself for a moment, then waved his hand, causing a gentle light to spread out, which rapidly solidified into a map.

There were various dots of glowing light on the map, each of which represented an Immortal’s cave. The closer the Immortal’s caves were to the center of the map, the stronger the auras they emitted. In the very center of them all was a lake, which was none other than Brightmoon Lake.

“Hao’er, go ahead and select an Immortal’s cave from among the ones you see here. The dim lights represent Immortal’s caves that have already been spoken for.” As the Grand Elder spoke, about eighty percent of the lights on the map went dark. Not many were left behind. There were still a few next to Brightmoon Lake, but most were located in other areas, and especially along the edges.

All eyes were on Meng Hao, and most of the onlookers seemed concerned, although it was impossible to tell whether such feelings were true or false.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment, then clasped hands and bowed to the Grand Elder.

“Grand Elder, Junior has come to Planet East Victory upon my father’s request to take my two Nirvana Fruits. I don’t really care about Immortal’s caves or medicinal pills. I don’t need them. I just want my Nirvana Fruits.” Having directly spoken these words, Meng Hao gazed at the Grand Elder.

Complete silence filled the temple.

Finally, the Grand Elder waved his hand as if he couldn’t accept Meng Hao’s refusal of the Immortal’s cave and other things.

“Hao’er, you just got back to the clan,” he said, his voice kind. “You need some time to get familiar with everything. An Immortal’s cave, cultivation resources, and those medicinal pills are things that, as a member of the Fang Clan, belong to you by right.

“Regarding the Nirvana Fruits, fear not, they’re yours. Naturally, they will be returned to you. I personally promised your father exactly that when he left.

“Don’t worry about that matter. Although, it is a significant affair. Two days from now, I will make an announcement throughout the entire clan, inviting clan members here to bear witness to the returning of the Nirvana Fruits into your hands.”

Meng Hao didn’t respond. Originally, he didn’t have any desire to come to the Fang Clan. Now that he was here, and he understood the situation, he was even less willing to stay.

In fact, he was even of a mind to simply leave right then and there. However, when he thought of his parents’ hopes, he took a deep breath, and a fierce glow appeared in his eyes for a brief moment. He nodded, and then decided to say one more thing.

“Grand Elder, there is also an Immortality Illumination Vine that my father had prepared for me. Could you please return that to me as well?”

Before the Grand Elder could even respond, the white-robed Fang Wei’s voice could be heard.

“I regret to inform you that I’ve already made arrangements for that Immortality Illumination Vine as well,” he said coolly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao’s eyes sparkled with icy coldness. He looked over at Fang Wei, smiled slightly, and then began to speak.

“Junior Cousin Fang Wei,” he said, his voice ice cold despite his smile, “apparently, I beat the crap out of you too hard when we were young. That’s the only explanation for why you’ve become such a nutcase. Otherwise, what would possibly make you think it was acceptable to steal from me?”

When Fang Wei heard this, his eyes glowed with icy coldness as he stared dead at Meng Hao.

Chapter 898: Do You Want to Die?!

“Could it be that as long as something belongs to me, you’ll try to steal it?”

“Your twisted view of life is really my fault. In the future, I’ll do my best to help you correct the error of your ways.” Meng Hao said these things while staring directly at Fang Wei.

“Do you want to die?” replied Fang Wei coolly.

“How pretentious of you!” said Meng Hao, walking toward Fang Wei. Each step he took caused the ground to tremble, and his eyes were cold as he stared at Fang Wei.

“In terms of status,” he continued coldly, “I am the eldest grandson. In terms of bloodline, my Bloodline Gatebeam was 30,000 meters. In terms of clan seniority, I’m your Elder Cousin. It’s my duty to admonish you, and you have no grounds upon which you would be justified in resisting! Since you insist on spewing hogwash, I have to ask you, Fang Wei... do YOU want to die?” Meng Hao’s words were incredibly aggressive.

After he finished speaking, he turned to the Grand Elder and clasped his hands.

“Grand Elder, Fang Wei has shown disrespect to his elders, which undermines the norms of etiquette, a sin that neither Heaven nor Earth can forgive. For a clan to prosper, it must have a standard of conduct. Given the Fang Clan’s status as a great clan of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the rules must be stricter than others. Respect for seniority is the standard which must be met for the future growth of the clan!

“Do the clan rules permit someone to act in this way? If not, then he has violated clan rules. What might the punishment be for such actions?” As he spoke, the surrounding Elders’ eyes went wide, especially the direct bloodline Elders, who were greatly shocked.

When Meng Hao spoke, his words were as sharp as a sword, completely astonishing everyone in the audience. None of them could possibly have imagined that he would speak in such a vicious tone.

Of course, they didn’t know that Meng Hao had been raised as a scholar, and loved to spar with words. Back in his days as an alchemist, he had engaged in a debate that had resulted in his opponent’s Dao Heart becoming unstable. From that, it could be seen how sharp his words could be.

Furthermore, he had verbally dueled with the meat jelly on many occasions, which could be considered further training in debate.

It was at this point that Fang Wei's father, who sat off to the side of the Elders, suddenly spoke, his voice cold.

"Fang Hao, clan rules prohibit internal conflicts. How could you speak such malicious words? You need to spend some time in self-examination! Men, take him away!"

Meng Hao showed no fear in response, but instead, began to laugh uproariously. Now that he was here in the Fang Clan, and could now take advantage of the Clan's regulations and ordinances, he would not allow anyone to dare try to openly put him at a disadvantage.

"2nd Uncle, correct? Were my words really malicious? I said that I beat him too severely when we were young. That is a simple fact. I said that he has become abnormal, an expression of regret. Then I said that I wish to help him correct the error of his ways. As his Elder Cousin, all of this is a condemnation of myself!

"As his senior, it is my responsibility, in fact, my DUTY to help my Junior Cousin. Therefore, I am unsure as to why 2nd Uncle would call such words malicious."

Fang Wei's father frowned. "How nasty and derogatory! Your histrionics will do you no good! Facts are facts!"

"I'll tell you the facts," retorted Meng Hao. "This headstrong Junior Cousin wants to steal my Immortal's cave. He also wants to steal my medicinal pills. Despite that, I said nothing. He is the Junior and I am the Senior. If I ALLOW him to have those things, then very well, he can have them.

"However, the reason that I chided him was because he also expressed his desire to steal the Immortality Illumination Vine left for me by my father. Since that item belongs to my father, how could a Junior member of the clan possibly steal it? Can a Junior member of the clan actually be permitted to steal things that belong to someone of the Senior generation? 2nd Uncle, is it possible that you actually approve of such a thing?

"Isn't such behavior a violation of clan rules? It certainly does not respect the rules of seniority, does it? Aren't such actions tantamount to open rebellion?

"In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, what clan exists that permits members of the Junior generation to steal things from the Senior generation? What clan exists that believes such a thing to be proper? Furthermore, what clan exists that intentionally misrepresents the facts, inverting right and wrong?



“2nd Uncle, please, enlighten me. Junior’s experience is limited, and I’m really unsure of the answers to these questions.” Meng Hao flicked his sleeve and looked over at Fang Wei’s father, his eyes glittering.

“You....” Fang Wei’s father looked enraged, but he apparently couldn’t think of anything to say in response.

The temple hall was completely silent. The Elders who had originally maintained a position of neutrality were now looking over curiously at Meng Hao.

19th Uncle’s son, Fang Xi, was also there in the crowd, staring blankly at Meng Hao. He had never imagined that Meng Hao could speak so incisively.

Meng Hao had just taken a small matter and turned it into something important, had transformed a relatively minor event into a huge one. He had struck people speechless. Such skill in speaking was something that Fang Xi had never encountered before in his life, and it caused his eyes to shine brightly.

“Enough!” said Grand Elder Fang Tongtian. He frowned and swished his sleeve.

“We’re all members of the same clan; there’s no need for bickering. The matter has passed and will not be brought up again. Hao’er, the Immortality Illumination Vine left behind by your father will be given to you.” With that, he made a grasping motion, causing a bag of holding to suddenly appear in his hand. He tossed it out toward Meng Hao, who grabbed it and scanned it with spiritual sense. Inside, he could see the Immortality Illumination Vine, roughly three inches long and as thick as a finger.

Killing intent flickered in Fang Wei’s eyes. He gave a cold harrumph, then stood up and walked out of the temple, completely ignoring Meng Hao in the process. Rustling sounds could be heard as his more than one hundred followers left with him. Each and every one glared menacingly at Meng Hao as they left, especially Fang Yunyi, whose eyes were filled with intense venom.

Meng Hao ignored Fang Wei, as if he wasn’t worth looking at. He clasped hands and bowed to the Grand Elder, then looked back at the map of Immortal’s caves. As of now, he was determined to rise to prominence in the Fang Clan, all for the sake of his father and mother. As such, he would need to make some preparations.

“Dad and mom want me to fight hard and excel for their sakes, and they want me to make sure all the people in the Fang Clan see it... As their son, that’s exactly what I’m going to do!”

After looking over the Immortal’s caves, he found one that didn’t seem very extraordinary at all, although it did have a nicely-sized medicinal plant garden.

“Grand Elder, I’ll take this Immortal’s cave.”

The Grand Elder nodded and performed an incantation gesture. Immediately, a command medallion appeared and flew out toward Meng Hao.

“Very well. This clan meeting will now adjourn.” Next, he looked kindly at Meng Hao and said, “Hao’er, in two days, come back here, and I will personally give you your Nirvana Fruits. There’s no need to feel anxious about that.” It seemed the Grand Elder approved of how Meng Hao had behaved during the meeting.

As the crowds dispersed, 19th Uncle called Meng Hao over and introduced him to the Elders of the direct bloodline. When they looked at him, emotional expressions of reminiscence could be seen on their faces.

Some of these men had watched Meng Hao’s father grow up, and had even held Meng Hao when he was a baby. They began to talk, and when Meng Hao’s father was mentioned, they sighed. Then the subject of his grandfather came up, and their expressions darkened.

It was evening before they finally dispersed. Fang Xi volunteered to escort Meng Hao through the ancestral mansion to his Immortal’s cave.

En route, Fang Xi took him to get his cultivation resources, and the two of them began to chat amiably.

“Ai, Coz, it’s a good thing you’re finally back. If you hadn’t returned, the direct bloodline would only continue to waste away....

“You have no idea how angry I’ve been recently. Every time I see Fang Wei, I have to hold back from giving him a taste of my fist! What’s so special about that bastard, huh? His latent talent? His strong bloodline?”

“Hmph. If it weren’t for his father and grandfather, and their Patriarch who occasionally shows his face, their branch would never have started eyeing the ancestral mansion!”

Fang Xi continued to complain to Meng Hao the entire way.

“In terms of latent talent, Coz, yours is definitely the best. Your Bloodline Gatebeam was 30,000 meters high! Fang Wei can’t even compare! Let’s see how he continues to claim to be the number one Chosen in the future!

“And then there’s that good-for-nothing Fang Yunyi. He’s vicious! Coz, in the future, you really need to be careful about him.

“Come to think of it, Coz, your cultivation base needs some improvement. It’s too bad about those Rainbow Immortal Evanescence Pills. They’re powerful, very powerful. With pills like that, coupled with the power of an Immortality Illumination Vine, it’s easily possible to achieve true Immortal Ascension, and then have a big improvement in your cultivation base.

“It’s one of the Fang Clan’s miraculous pills. In fact, when you consider medicinal pills for the Spirit Realm, Rainbow Immortal Evanescence Pills are one of the top types of pills in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

“Damn that Fang Wei! If it wasn’t for him, all of those pills would have been yours.” Fang Xi jabbered on and on, almost like the meat jelly. Eventually, he started to tell Meng Hao stories from when he was young, starting from the time he was one year old and going all the way until he was hundreds of years old....

Meng Hao just smiled and listened to Fang Xi’s grumblings and other explanations about the Fang Clan. From all of this, he now had a much better understanding of the Fang Clan. Gradually, though, Fang Xi’s energetic blabbering turned into nothing more than a buzzing in Meng Hao’s ears.

Overall, though, Meng Hao could sense the sincerity in Fang Xi.

As they walked along, they ran into many Fang Clan members, all of whom looked curiously at Meng Hao. Some wore smiles, other scowls. Just about any expression imaginable could be seen.

“Coz, there’s another important thing. You were really badass back at the temple! I’ve never seen anybody from the Junior generation dare to stand in the middle of the temple and talk like that. Every single thing you said was true and sensible. They were all struck speechless!”

Night had fallen by the time Fang Xi led Meng Hao to his Immortal’s cave, which was located in the far northern section of the ancestral mansion. It was a quiet, idyllic location that almost looked like a painting. It was night, but the two moons in the sky lit up everything, making it a beautiful scene.

Meng Hao’s Immortal’s cave was actually a sprawling two-story residence, beautifully decorated and quite luxurious. There was a small lake nearby, and a stone path which led to it. The canopy of stars overhead was reflected by the lake water, making everything sparkle.

A garden surrounded the little lake, within which grew a variety of medicinal plants. There wasn’t a huge amount, but they still caused a sweet fragrance to fill the air. Lotuses could be seen floating on the surface of the lake, and overall, the entire scene looked like something celestial.

Meng Hao looked around and was quite content. Although this place might not count as very special when compared to all of the other Immortal’s caves in the Fang Clan’s ancestral mansion, in the outside world, it would be considered one of the best.

There was abundant spiritual energy here, as well as Immortal qi. Meng Hao walked into the courtyard and then took a deep breath; he really liked this place.

“Coz,” said Fang Xi, “about your gift of the tongue... do you think you could teach me about that? My dad says that I jabber all the time, but that nothing I say makes sense. He’s even beaten me on more than one occasion because of it. Coz, could you help me out? Please?” Fang Xi’s tone was one of piteous entreaty.

Meng Hao turned to look at Fang Xi and smiled.

“Are you sure?”

Fang Xi’s expression brightened, and he nodded.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment, but seeing Fang Xi’s hopeful expression, he couldn’t help but sigh. Tapping his bag of holding, he caused the meat jelly to appear in his hand.

The meat jelly immediately pouted and then began to jabber discontentedly.

“Meng Hao, you bastard, you deserve to die a horrible death! You dumped me and then exploited me! Wait. No. You exploited me then dumped me! Y-y-you, you’re immoral! You’re shameless! You’re a big bully! I’m going to convert you!”

“Fang Xi,” said Meng Hao, clearing his throat, “keep coming to visit me. Every time you do, you can chat with this thingamajig. When you can hold a conversation with it for three days, you’ll be a badass.”

Chapter 899: Difficult To Distinguish Between Enmity and Benevolence

“That thing?” said Fang Xi, staring with wide eyes at the meat jelly. The meat jelly suddenly stopped talking and looked at Fang Xi. Both of them seemed to be somewhat at a loss at first, but soon, bright glows appeared in both of their eyes.

“Killing intent!” gasped Meng Hao, backing up as he sensed the aura building between the meat jelly and Fang Xi.

“So, finally a worthy opponent!” said the meat jelly, leaping up into the air and landing next to Fang Xi, an expression of unprecedented solemnity on its face.

“It seems I’ve met my match!” replied Fang Xi, having sensed the energy within the meat jelly. It was an explosive energy that only he could sense, and from it, he knew that the meat jelly could continue a conversation for days on end.

“It seems I need to warm up a bit first,” said the meat jelly, clearing its throat. “Ahem. Look kid, Lord Third is going to tell you a story that took place three three three three three... well anyway, countless three years ago. This was back in the early days of Heaven and Earth....”

“Cut the crap! All you know is three? Three three three three three. What a disgrace!” Fang Xi hadn’t even begun speaking when all of a sudden, the parrot flew out from Meng Hao’s bag of holding. It landed on a nearby tree branch and looked at Fang Xi with a look of disdain.

“Kid, don’t listen to his jabbering,” said the parrot. “You study with Lord Fifth. Look at my mouth, is it sharp or not? From that, you should be able to imagine how sharp-tongued I am!”

Meng Hao quickly left the courtyard and fled into the Immortal's cave itself. In his opinion, the battlefield occupied by the meat jelly, the parrot and Fang Xi, was a place he shouldn't remain in. He had already experienced some of Fang Xi's gift of the tongue on the way here. He had talked the entire way, telling stories from the day he was one year old all the way to the present, and tales from the founding of the Fang Clan all the way to modern times. When he had run out of conversation topics, he had then begun to introduce the different members of the Fang Clan to Meng Hao.

Of course, it wasn't an introduction made in person, just his own opinions....

Inside his residence, Meng Hao looked around and saw extreme luxury. Even the furniture was made of spirit stones, which caused his eyes to grow wide.

"The Fang Clan... is really rich! And I'm the eldest grandson! Yet... I'm so poor..." Sighing at the injustice of it all, he waved his hands, causing all of the spirit stone furniture to be sucked into his bag of holding.

The once luxurious residence was now simple and stark, and as he looked around, he felt much better. Finally, he sat down cross-legged on the ground, his eyes glittering.

"Father wanted me to get my Nirvana Fruits. It goes without saying that reason is because he wants me to rise to prominence in the Fang Clan....

"It won't be incredibly difficult to do that, but as for the Nirvana Fruits... the Fang Clan... will they actually be able to give them to me?" Frowning, Meng Hao considered the ambush he had experienced on the way here, and how they had tried to kill him, and his eyes glowed with coldness.

"I wonder if Fang Wei's branch of the clan sent the assassins..." Meng Hao had learned of how the clan's direct bloodline was currently in a very poor situation. On the other hand, Fang Wei's branch of the clan was on the rise. Not only did they have the support of many of the clan Elders, but they had even occupied some of the ancestral mansion. Some branches of the clan remained neutral, but for the most part, Fang Wei's branch had completely eclipsed the direct bloodline.

"The Grand Elder was acting strange," Meng Hao thought. "He seemed kind, but in my opinion, it was just an act." He smiled coldly. Other people all assumed that he had been taken care of by his father and mother from the time he was young. They believed that, although his life had not been what it might have been had he stayed in the Fang Clan, surely he had not experienced the twists and turns of a dangerous life.

The truth of the matter was that from the age of seven onward, Meng Hao had been completely alone. In the mortal world, he had struggled hard during his youth, and had developed a spirit of independence. Then he had entered the cultivation world, and had experienced many things, and had survived numerous deadly crises. Step by step, he had advanced through life to reach his current situation. The help he had received from his parents had been scant, to say the least.

Although he might not be a perfect judge of character, he rarely made mistakes when sizing people up. He had quite a bit of experience in contending with others, and naturally, had become quite good at it.

“In two days, they will most likely not give me the Nirvana Fruits. They’ll come up with some excuse that I won’t be able to dispute, and then delay the matter....”

“Of course, me returning to the clan has probably caused a huge headache for whoever it was that was trying to have me killed. However... the higher my position within the Fang Clan, the more afraid they will be to do anything to me.”

After some more thought, his eyes flickered, and he opened the bag of holding that contained his cultivation resources from the Fang Clan. After looking it over, he couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

There were a hundred bottles of medicinal pills, 1,000,000 spirit stones, and one hundred magic manuals. Although there were no Daoist magics, there were many powerful divine abilities. As for the Fang Clan’s most powerful Daoist magics, of course there were none.

That was something else Meng Hao had learned from Fang Xi. Not even Fang Wei could have access to those core Daoist magics, not without performing deeds of merit. Such deeds were considered contributions to the Fang Clan.

The more deeds of merit one performed, the more rewards could be acquired.

It was a rule that applied to all of the Fang Clan; not even the Grand Elder could violate it.

“I get one thousand merit points every month based on my status in the clan alone. Unfortunately, that’s simply not enough to enable me to get some of those core Daoist magics.” Meng Hao’s eyes

gleamed as he pulled out a jade slip which listed the names and properties of countless medicinal pills, Daoist magics, and other magical items.

All of these things were items that could be purchased with merit points.

There were many that caused Meng Hao's heart to thump after seeing them.

"There are many ways to earn merit points. The most common way is to complete some of the various trials by fire that are publicly announced throughout the clan. Different trials by fire can earn you different amounts of merit points."

At the same time that Meng Hao was studying the jade slip, Fang Wei's father and grandfather were seated cross-legged in a temple in the eastern section of the ancestral mansion.

Fang Wei's father was named Fang Xiushan. Frowning, he looked at his own father and said, "Dad, I can't believe that brat has returned...."

"It doesn't matter," the old man replied coolly. "I've already taken care of the matter." A sinister gleam appeared in his eyes. "If he had returned and kept a low profile, it wouldn't have mattered. But since he has decided to act so high and mighty, he's already placed himself half a step into the Yellow Springs.

"Make sure Wei'er focuses on his cultivation. He's a Chosen of the Fang Clan, and the Patriarch of our bloodline has high hopes for him. Don't let him get distracted."

"Dad, there's no need for you to worry about that. Wei'er has true willpower. He won't be rattled by that son of a bitch." Fang Xiushan smiled.

"The direct bloodline is rapidly declining," said the old man confidently, his eyes flickering as if with fire. "Fang Hehai has been missing for years, and although his life force flame has not been extinguished, if he were capable of returning, he would have long since done so.

"His son Fang Xiufeng agreed to guard Planet South Heaven for 100,000 years for his crippled son. All of that has doomed the direct bloodline to fall!



“It has also ensured that our bloodline will once again become the next lords of the Fang Clan, and the new direct bloodline!

“Years ago, Fang Hehai suppressed me, and his son Fang Xiufeng suppressed you. In this generation, our Wei’er will definitely rise to prominence. That insignificant Fang Hao will be nothing more than a mere stepping stone to him.” The old man flicked his sleeve.

Time passed. For two days, Meng Hao did not leave his residence. He sat there meditating, doing breathing exercises to absorb Immortal qi. Those two days were like an entire month spent on Planet South Heaven. Being able to practice cultivation like this was of great benefit to Meng Hao.

He pulled out the heart of his second true self and began to nourish it with the Immortal qi near his villa.

It was about noontime when Meng Hao opened his eyes from his trance to slap his bag of holding and produce a jade slip that was glowing brightly. He quickly scanned it with divine sense.

“Hao’er, come to the main temple.” It was the voice of the Grand Elder, and in response, Meng Hao smiled coldly. He put the jade slip away and walked out of the residence. The first thing he saw in the courtyard was Fang Xi. He had dark circles under his eyes, and his aura was incredibly weak.

The meat jelly and the parrot were currently taking turns bombing him indiscriminately with various arguments.

As soon as Fang Xi saw Meng Hao, he hurried to his feet and looked over at Meng Hao with an expression of both madness and veneration.

“Coz, you’re incredible,” he called out. “Having these two following you day in and day out, and living to tell the tale, it must be so hard. Coz, don’t worry. I’ll definitely learn the ways of a sharp tongue!” Fang Xi gritted his teeth with resolve.

A strange expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face, and he cleared his throat, unsure of exactly what to say. Then he saw the determination in Fang Xi’s eyes, and he patted his shoulder and left the courtyard.

“Speech is endowed by Heaven, but requires tempering,” he thought. “If he can endure the training provided by the meat jelly and the parrot, then he will eventually gain the long-windedness of the

meat jelly, and the acidic speech of the parrot.” Clearing his throat again, he hurried toward the main temple.

The ancestral mansion was huge, and flight was prohibited there. It took Meng Hao two full hours to stroll all the way to the temple. When he got there, he could see tens of thousands of clan members, as well as the Grand Elder, filling the area, seated cross-legged.

As soon as he saw Meng Hao, the Grand Elder’s face broke out in a kind smile, and he nodded his head.

“Hao’er, your Immortal’s cave is some distance away. How about this, I’ll give you a command medallion that gives you special privileges in the ancestral mansion. Other than some specially restricted areas, you will now be able to fly wherever you wish.” With a smile, he handed Meng Hao a violet jade slip. When the onlookers saw this happening, they gaped in shock and jealousy.

Normally speaking, only Elders were permitted to fly inside the ancestral mansion. Of the members of the Junior generation, only Fang Wei had the honor of being able to do so. Now, Meng Hao did too.

Meng Hao accepted the jade slip. If he didn’t trust his own judgement, then it would seem for all intents and purposes that the Grand Elder really did like him a lot. Considering his position as Grand Elder, it appeared as if what he was doing was not only a true kindness, but at the same time, just and even-handed. He was doing his best to follow the clan’s rules.

“Today, many clan members have gathered to bear witness to an important event!” the Grand Elder proclaimed.

“Years ago, Hao’er became weak with illness. His Seventh Year Tribulation caused many clan members to worry greatly about him. As for me, when I saw a young lad like him enduring such incredible suffering, it also pained my heart.

“Thankfully, the Immortals are blessing the Fang Clan, and an Outsider came, providing us with a way to deal with the problem. Fang Xiufeng and his wife took the child away, leaving the Nirvana Fruits behind with the clan.”

Meng Hao stood in front of the Grand Elder, staring in shock. From the way the old man was speaking, and the expression on his face, it didn’t seem at all like he was going to delay the matter; rather, it looked like he was really going to hand the Nirvana Fruits over.

“Don’t tell me I was overthinking things...?” thought Meng Hao.

Chapter 900: Third Grandpa

“Years ago, the Patriarchs who are now in secluded meditation personally said that these Nirvana Fruits were to be returned to Hao’er when he came back to the sect. What once belonged to him, will always belong to him!

“It doesn’t matter that he only just arrived and is not yet familiar with the clan, or that his cultivation base is not at the proper stage to assimilate the Nirvana Fruits, or that he has not performed any meritorious service to the clan!

“No.... He is the eldest grandson of the direct bloodline, and was once a blazing son of the Fang Clan. He has endured many hardships over the years, and as such, now that he has returned to the clan, none of those other things matter. It is as if they don’t exist!

“These two Nirvana Fruits are his!

“Today, I will take the responsibility to give him these Nirvana Fruits! If the Patriarchs come out of meditation in the future and ask about the matter, I will assume all responsibility!” The Grand Elder’s words were spoken decisively, and his face was very solemn. When it came to the part about the past, he sighed emotionally.

Many of the surrounding Elders had looks of surprise written on their faces, and those from the direct bloodline seemed, at first shocked, but then excited.

Meng Hao was panting as he looked at the Grand Elder speaking so warmly. Meng Hao had never imagined that the Grand Elder would say such things in front of so many people.

“Don’t tell me... I really misjudged the situation?” thought Meng Hao. “Impossible! He’ll definitely say something more.” Meng Hao took a deep breath and calmed himself.

“Fang Hao!” the Grand Elder said suddenly. His eyes shone as he looked at Meng Hao.

“Remember, you will always be a member of the Fang Clan. The blood of the Fang Clan runs through your veins. You can always determine what will happen to you in the future, but you can never make any decisions regarding your birth!

“Your surname is Fang!

“We Elders are old, and the Patriarchs are even more ancient. Even if they are still alive now, they will eventually perish. But you... you are a future blazing sun of the Fang Clan! You are the hope for the future.

“You must work hard in your cultivation. The day will surely come in which you will grow into a mighty tree that stretches up into the Heavens!” Grand Elder Fang Tongtian seemed quite excited. As he spoke, he raised his hands up, clasped them together, and then bowed toward the rear of the temple.

“Respected Patriarchs. On this day, I, Fang Tongtian, ask all of these clan members to bear witness to the return of the Nirvana Fruits to Fang Hao!” With that, he lifted his right hand up into the air and made a grasping motion.

Immediately, shocking rumbling filled the sky, echoing out in all directions. A huge vortex appeared in midair, and as it spun, it slowly revealed some sort of celestial abode.

A tall pagoda could be seen, glowing with boundless light that attracted all eyes. The nearby Fang Clan members saw the pagoda and began to cry out in shock.

“It’s the Ancestral Treasure Pagoda!!”

“In the Fang Clan, only precious treasures can be placed within the Ancestral Treasure Pagoda!!”

“The pagoda itself is a precious treasure left behind by the first generation Patriarch!”

“Even if Heaven and Earth were destroyed, the Ancestral Treasure Pagoda would survive. Even the Grand Elder can only exercise limited control over it to retrieve items. He says the name, and the pagoda will send the item out.”

Meng Hao couldn’t believe it. What was happening went completely contrary to his sense of judgement. Everything that was happening was the opposite of how he had expected it to be. His heart was now starting to pound with shock.

He had great faith in his sense of judgement, but what was happening right now was impossible to disbelieve.

The Grand Elder took a deep breath, then performed a double handed incantation gesture. Finally, he shouted, “Ancestral Treasure Pagoda, please produce the Nirvana Fruits!”

Immediately, rumbling could be heard, and more beams of brilliant light shot out. At the same time, a jade box flew out from the pagoda. In the blink of an eye, it had already sped out of the vortex and landed in the Grand Elder’s hands.

After that, the vortex up above gradually faded away, obscuring the treasure pagoda, which disappeared from sight.

Meng Hao was panting as he stared at the jade box. Even now, he still couldn’t believe that the Grand Elder was simply going to hand the Nirvana Fruits over to him.

He had assumed it would be difficult to get them, but it had turned out to be quite the opposite. It all seemed too simple.

The Grand Elder unhesitatingly opened the box and lifted it up for all the surrounding clan members to see.

Meng Hao immediately caught sight of two withered fruits. They were so dried up that it seemed as if the slightest breeze might cause them to vanish. As soon as he laid eyes on them, Meng Hao’s blood surged in his veins, and he felt a sensation like that of a summoning. He was immediately able to tell that these were, in fact, Nirvana Fruits.

“Nirvana Fruits!!”

“Years ago, I saw Hao’er’s two Nirvana Fruits, and those are definitely them!”

Many of the surrounding direct bloodline clan members were shocked, especially Meng Hao’s 19th Uncle.

“Those are Nirvana Fruits!”

Meng Hao panted as the Grand Elder looked over at him with glittering eyes. Suddenly, a thought occurred to Meng Hao.

“Maybe he’s giving them to me because he intends to send someone to steal them from me?” Meng Hao still had faith in his own judgement, and he just couldn’t believe that the grand Elder would hand over the Nirvana Fruits so lightly.

The Grand Elder suddenly tossed the jade box out into the air toward Meng Hao, who caught it. As soon as he touched the box, the blood in his veins seemed to boil.

“There is one more thing that I must say in the presence of all you clan members,” said the Grand Elder, looking around with coldly glowing eyes. “Let me make one thing very clear.

“These Nirvana Fruits belong to Hao’er, and now, he has them in hand. Perhaps there will be people who harbor malicious intentions. However, in all of Planet East Victory, neither the Church of the Blood Orchid nor the Puppet God Sect would dare to try to steal a precious treasure of the Fang Clan. Even now that they are in Hao’er’s possession instead of the clan’s, they still wouldn’t dare.

“Regarding the other sects around here, they would be even less willing. When it comes to people not from Planet East Victory, we have the East Heaven Gate, which restricts most people from entering. Therefore, if Hao’er’s Nirvana Fruits turn up missing, then the only culprits would be other members of the Fang Clan!

“Therefore, do not blame me for reminding all of you that if any person steals the Nirvana Fruits from Hao’er, I will have no choice but to carry out the will of the Patriarchs and exterminate that person’s entire bloodline! Fang Heshan, your bloodline would do well to keep this in mind!” As he spoke the final words, the Grand Elder’s eyes shone with cold light as he stared at Fang Wei’s grandfather. The old man’s face was unsightly, and he bowed his head in acknowledgement.

“The rules of the clan must be complied with. Today, I swear an oath that if anyone dares to steal Hao’er’s Nirvana Fruits, I will without fail take action. Furthermore, if I myself have any selfish thoughts regarding the matter, the Heavens shall eradicate my soul!” As soon as the words left his mouth, rumbling sounds could be heard up above; Oath Thunder, which indicated that he was swearing upon the Dao.

The other clan members were shaken. Moments ago, some of them had actually harbored some malicious intentions. As of this moment, however, those malicious intentions were completely wiped away.

Meng Hao's mind trembled even harder. He really couldn't believe everything that was happening. However, the facts were right in front of him, and the Grand Elder had even gone so far as to swear an oath.

"Perhaps I was actually wrong...." Meng Hao thought. "But, how come I still feel like the Grand Elder is putting on an act.... Of all the things he's said, what is true and what is false?" Meng Hao didn't say anything. He took a deep breath, put the Nirvana Fruits away, and then bowed deeply toward the Grand Elder.

The Grand Elder looked at Meng Hao, his kind smile wider than ever.

"Hao'er," he said loudly, "I've already made arrangements for the Rainbow Immortal Evanescence Pills. Seven batches are really too much, so you'll be given five batches!"

"As for the Immortal's cave, you can switch at any time. It doesn't matter what arrangements have been made, I have the authority to make these decisions!" The surrounding clan members' hearts trembled.

Now, they looked at Meng Hao in a completely different light than before.

"All of you are dismissed," said the Grand Elder, waving his arm. "Hao'er, you come with me." As he led Meng Hao inside the temple, the surrounding clan members burst into conversation. The events that had just occurred would surely spread through the entire clan in a very short period of time.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and suppressed his suspicions as he followed the Grand Elder into the temple.

The temple was quiet, and nobody was inside other than Meng Hao and the Grand Elder.

As soon as they were inside, the Grand Elder turned and looked at Meng Hao. His expression was one of approval and reminiscence, as if looking at Meng Hao caused him to remember things which had happened in the past.

“Grand Elder....” Meng Hao said softly.

“When no one else is around, you can call me Third Grandpa,” said the Grand Elder. “Your grandfather is my older brother, and he used to occupy the position of Grand Elder. However, he went missing, and your Second Grandpa and his bloodline are up to no good....” He sighed.

“Therefore, the Patriarchs asked me to assume the title of Grand Elder. The Fang Clan has no Clan Lord, and since the Patriarchs are normally in secluded meditation, the Grand Elder is responsible for just about everything in the clan.

“I... am also a member of the direct bloodline,” he said quietly. “Your grandfather and I are blood brothers.

“However, from the moment I took on the position and responsibilities of Grand Elder, I officially belonged to no bloodline. I maintain the entire clan’s operations, and have to keep a balanced relationship with all the different bloodlines.

“There are many things in which... I have no power. My heart lies with our bloodline, but my position forces me to be unbiased in everything. All my decisions... must be in accord with the clan rules!

“This is the only occasion in which I asserted my authority and made a decision unilaterally, and gave you your Nirvana Fruits!” The Grand Elder looked kindly at Meng Hao, almost as if he were looking at his own grandson.

“I have no son, and since your grandfather is my Senior in the bloodline, it means that his grandson is also my grandson.

“Grand Eld—“ almost as soon as Meng Hao began to speak the words, the Grand Elder scowled. Meng Hao quickly said, “Third Grandpa!”

His heart was filled with complex emotions. He still felt that something fishy was going on, but he couldn’t figure out what it was that made him feel so uneasy.



“Hao’er, these two Nirvana Fruits are now several hundred years old, and have long since dried up. However, they are precious treasures formed from the Fang Clan’s bloodline. Therefore, they won’t wither away. As long as you have some Spirit Extract, you can return them to their previous state.

“The next step you need to take is to cultivate these Nirvana Fruits on a daily basis. Fuse as much Spirit Extract as you can into them. Because they belong to you, you can actually absorb them very easily. Once you absorb them... your cultivation base will advance by leaps and bounds. You can easily advance to be the Number One Chosen in the Fang Clan, and become the blazing sun that you once were!

“Remember, you must absorb them as quickly as possible. This might be shocking to the clan, but the longer you wait, the more likely it will be that someone will recklessly try to make a move against you. However, once you absorb them, they won’t be able to do anything.

“Hao’er, remember, absorb them as quickly as possible. Third Grandpa has bought you some time, but I’m afraid it won’t be much.”

Meng Hao nodded in acknowledgement, but inside, his heart was thumping.

“Spirit Extract....” he thought. “Is it possible that my feelings of suspicion have something to do with the Spirit Extract?”

“Another thing,” said the Grand Elder. “The Spirit Extract you need to absorb the Nirvana Fruits requires your own blood to be part of the mixture. That’s something nobody else would have access to. Therefore, you don’t need to worry about that aspect. How about this: I noticed that the Immortal’s cave you selected has a medicinal plant garden. Assumably, you know something of the Dao of alchemy.

“Why don’t you go to the Fang Clan’s Dao of Alchemy Division. You can use your merit points to get some medicinal plants and Spirit Extract formulas. Spirit Extract is easy to concoct, so making it yourself will be the safest thing.” The Grand Elder seemed very sincere in his words. Perhaps what he had said was coincidental, but the result was that all of Meng Hao’s conjectures were shattered.