

# The Heavens 921

## Chapter 921: Objectives

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he sat there cross-legged in his residence. Although he was physically in the Fang Clan right now, he didn't have much of a sense of belonging.

"This isn't my home," he murmured softly. "My dad and mom aren't here. Since they're on Planet South Heaven, Planet South Heaven is my home."

At the moment, he was completely exhausted. After spending half a year in the Medicine Pavilion, and then experiencing the encounter moments ago, he was worn out mentally and in pain physically.

Then he thought again about all of the merit points he had basically lost while he was in the Medicine Pavilion. It was like a knife stabbing through his heart.

"Oh, the pain...." he thought, clenching his jaw. "Thankfully, I didn't go all the way through. Next time I'm definitely going to arrange things ahead of time. No merit points, no watching me!" Having made this decision, he let out a long sigh and then closed his eyes and rotated his cultivation base to begin his recuperation.

Ten days later, he opened his eyes, and they shone with an energetic gleam. He took a deep breath. During the past half year, he had expended a lot of mental energy. Now that he was fully recovered, his eyes glittered. He produced the tome that had been given to him from his bag of holding.

"So, Pill Elder gave this to me...." After a moment of thought, he began to flip through the pages. The more he saw, the more brightly his eyes glowed. This was the true Classic of Plants and Vegetation, and it was incredibly detailed. There were even medicinal plants recorded therein that he hadn't seen in the Medicine Pavilion.

As he skimmed its contents, Meng Hao suddenly realized that his divine sense had experienced growth after his experience in the Medicine Pavilion. He sent it out into the courtyard, where he saw Fang Xi sitting there abjectly. The parrot and meat jelly were not sitting on his shoulder as usual. They were nowhere to be seen.

Meng Hao gaped for a moment. He remembered seeing Fang Xi in the group of 500,000 spectators outside of the Medicine Pavilion, but he couldn't remember if the parrot and meat jelly had been there. He pushed open the door of his residence, and the sound caused Fang Xi to look up. His eyes were a bit blank, and when he saw Meng Hao, he sighed and rose to his feet.

Hanging his head, he bitterly said, "Coz, you need to punish me. It was all my fault. Lord Fifth and Lord Third, they... I... I...."

Apparently, he couldn't finish his thought.

"What's wrong?" asked Meng Hao in amazement.

"I don't know what happened with Lord Fifth. After you came out of the Medicine Pavilion, I was going to take him and Lord Third back here. However, something happened to Lord Fifth. All of a sudden... he headed toward tier 7 alchemist Fang Shuiyan, that old woman. Lord Fifth and her peacock started fighting...."

"There was nothing I could do to stop it. Lord Fifth went crazy.... Lord Third couldn't say anything to stop what was happening either, so he eventually just joined Lord Fifth." Fang Xi seemed to be completely out of sorts, and wasn't even speaking coherently.

As soon as Meng Hao heard Fang Xi's story, he knew exactly what was going on. He remembered that peacock, and its luxuriant coat of feathers....

"Don't worry about it, the parrot was just having some fun with the peacock," Meng Hao said euphemistically.

"Having fun? Coz!" exclaimed Fang Xi in agitation. He seemed upset. "There was definitely nothing fun going on!"

"You didn't see what happened. It... it was terrifying. The peacock's rear end virtually exploded! It was horrific!!" Fang Xi shuddered. When he thought about what he had seen, he felt a sense of terror. Then he thought about how much time he'd spent with Lord Fifth, and how the parrot was constantly glancing behind him, and all the hair on his body stood on end.

"Coz, that bird... you need to find a place to set it free. It's simply appalling!" Fang Xi's breath came in ragged pants.

“You’re still young so you don’t understand,” Meng Hao said, sounding very sure of himself. “As far as the birds are concerned, it was just having fun.”

“Coz, there’s something else I didn’t mention,” Fang Xi continued, unable to hold back. “Once when I went out with Lord Fifth and Lord Third, we encountered a fierce bear, and Lord Fifth... Lord Fifth had... had some fun.”

Meng Hao patted Fang Xi on the shoulder and explained once again that it was all in good fun.

“In the end,” added Fang Xi, “Lord Fifth and Lord Third were taken away by Alchemist Fang Shuiyan....”

“Don’t worry,” said Meng Hao, waving his hand nonchalantly, “That meat jelly can’t be killed, and if the parrot dies, then the world will simply have one less scourge to worry about. Don’t pay them any more attention.” He was well aware that the two morons were incredibly tenacious, and couldn’t be hurt easily. They were virtually indestructible.

“But—”

“Really, don’t say anything more. Come on. Let’s head over to the Dao of Alchemy Division. I wasted an entire half year in the Medicine Pavilion. It’s time to go make some merit points!” Meng Hao shot out of the Immortal’s Cave and Fang Xi reluctantly followed him. The two of them sped toward the Dao of Alchemy Division as fast as possible.

Along the way, Meng Hao’s heart began to surge with excitement. He very much wanted to find out if his tactic of going to the Medicine Pavilion would solve his problem with the merit points.

“Hardships prompt changes, changes bring solutions, solutions resolve hardships!” Before long, the two of them reached the Dao of Alchemy Division and entered the outer mountains. Meng Hao was instantly recognized.

“It’s Fang Hao! He’s here!!”

“Could it be that he’ll go to the Medicine Pavilion again!? It’s too early, isn’t it? Wait, don’t tell me... he’s going to give a lecture on plants and alchemy!?” As soon as the nearby apprentice

alchemists saw Meng Hao, they got very excited, and began to spread word to their friends in the clan.

By the time Meng Hao got to Peak #7191, he was being followed by tens of thousands of people. He stepped onto the platform, cleared his throat, and was just about to begin speaking when suddenly, numerous beams of bright light shot toward the area. In the blink of an eye, the crowd exceeded 100,000 people.

There were even alchemists who emerged from within the inner mountains to come hear Meng Hao lecture about plants and vegetation.

Meng Hao had proven to everyone how terrifyingly skilled he was with plants and vegetation. By now, most people were convinced that his skill was at least tier 8 level!!

In the entire Dao of Alchemy Division, not counting Meng Hao, there were only nineteen people who were presently at tier 8 level when it came to skill with plants and vegetation. Those were the tier 8 alchemists, also referred to as Pavilion Elders of the Pill Pavilion.

People like that would never go out and give lectures. From this, it can be imagined how enthusiastic the audience was. Before much time passed, the audience swelled to 200,000.

Meng Hao didn't need to say a word about the merit points. Everybody knew the rules, and immediately paid their due.

Meng Hao was also excited to note that the old woman Fang Shuiyan was no longer present on the opposite mountain peak. Without any competition to worry about, he shelved his idea of increasing prices and proceeded to give his lecture.

Six hours later, having collected hundreds of thousands of merit points, Meng Hao gritted his teeth and decided to talk for four more hours. That pushed his profit into the 1,000,000 range, and Meng Hao went wild with joy.

With so many merit points, Meng Hao now felt much more at ease. All he had to do was give a lecture for a few hours a day, and vast amounts of merit points would come flowing in. All of a sudden, he felt a sense that the Fang Clan's Dao of Alchemy Division was showing him quite a bit of hospitality.

Meng Hao now lived a life of extravagance. He bought vast quantities of medicinal pills and medicinal plants. He even procured plenty of Immortal jade, which, after absorbing the spiritual energy, causing his Immortal meridian to become even more solid. On one occasion, after acquiring what was essentially the clan's entire yearly supply of Immortal jade, he was able to instantly solidify his Immortal meridian to a degree of ninety percent!

His cultivation base experienced rapid growth. He no longer had eighty percent of the power of a true Immortal, but rather, ninety percent. His battle prowess even broke past that of a stage 4 Immortal. Back in his Immortal's cave, he produced the crocodile, and after a bit of sparring, determined that he was now comparable to a stage 5 Immortal!

He was also just barely able to detect the power of Tribulation forming. He knew that once he became one hundred percent true Immortal, the Door of Immortality would descend.

"I've been waiting for a long time for that day to arrive," he thought, eyes glittering with excitement. "I've prepared well, so once I step into true Immortality, I'm going to absorb huge amounts of Immortal qi from the Door of Immortality. I'm going to open dozens of Immortal meridians in one shot!"

This was the same reason why the Chosen of so many sects consolidated their power and waited for true Immortal destiny before making their breakthrough. They wanted to burst into true Immortality by opening multiple Immortal meridians. There were even some Chosen who opened sixty or seventy Immortal meridians in one shot.

Such opportunities were available only when the Door of Immortality appeared. At other times, it would be impossible to experience such a wild leap in one's cultivation base.

At the same time, Meng Hao continued to concoct Spirit Elixir with increasingly rare plants. The quality of the Spirit Elixir he was producing had reached a terrifying level.

The life force in the Nirvana Fruits was growing stronger. Of course, his spirit stones were rapidly depleted, and when he finally reached the end of his supply, he started exchanging merit points to get more spirit stones.

Unfortunately, after making a few exchanges, he was unable to acquire any more spirit stones; the number of spirit stones that could be doled out to any given person was limited.

Actually, few people were aware that such a rule existed. After all, not many people would ever spend as many merit points as Meng Hao had on spirit stones. Meng Hao was shocked by this development, and nearly went mad.

Right now, he did not lack merit points, he lacked spirit stones. He even thought about selling his merit points for spirit stones, but that was actually a violation of clan rules. Of course, violating the rules didn't bother him, since he didn't care much about the rules to begin with.

However, the Fang Clan was in a delicate state at the moment. Meng Hao knew that there were quite a few people who were secretly watching him, and even the slightest mistake could be turned into a major issue.

There were some areas of the ancestral mansion that Meng Hao had never visited. He had stuck to and risen to prominence in the Dao of Alchemy Division. Thanks to his fame and position there, the people who considered him a problem couldn't make a move against him easily.

For the most part, he wasn't very familiar with the Fang Clan. He wasn't well acquainted with the various relatives from other branches, and didn't even know very many people from the direct bloodline.

The people he had dealings with the most were Fang Xi and 19th Uncle. He didn't really feel like getting very close with anyone else.

He caught sight of Fang Donghan a few times, who always seemed to be trying to avoid him. Meng Hao knew quite well that he was a Chosen, just like Fang Wei. However, he had been suppressed by Fang Wei, and was looking forward to when Meng Hao and Fang Wei finally squared off. Meng Hao understood how he felt.

As far as Fang Xiangshan went, she also avoided him. On the few occasions when they ran into each other, Meng Hao could see the fear in her eyes.

He couldn't help but sigh at this. Was he really that scary?

Regarding the other Chosen, he didn't know them, nor did he have any desire to get to know them.

He had no plans to stay in the Fang Clan for a long time. After all, he had only three objectives in coming here.

The first was to get his Nirvana Fruits. The Second was to excel for his dad and mom's sake, and make all the Chosen of the Fang Clan look at him with respect.

The third was to reach true Immortal Ascension!

Once he achieved those objectives, Meng Hao would leave the Fang Clan. Then, he would use his Immortal Ancient Dao Medallion to join the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. There... was where he would continue practicing cultivation and truly rise to prominence.

"It's important to have someone to rely on. I learned that when I was in the Reliance Sect. Here in the Fang Clan of Planet East Victory, the Dao of Alchemy Division is what I have to rely on." Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes glittered. Moments later, though, he grimaced.

"However, I'm out of spirit stones. What do I do about that...?"

Chapter 922: The Sound of a Drum in the Pill Pavilion!

"Spirit stones... spirit stones!" Meng Hao's face glowed and he took a deep breath.

"Fang Qun told me that the Dao of Alchemy Division has three types of medicinal pills that no one has ever been able to concoct. The clan will give a huge reward to anybody who does. Since I don't have any spirit stones, I might as well go see if I can concoct one of them and get that reward!" This was the simplest method he could think of, and he was just about to go try it out when Fang Xi's excited voice could be heard outside his residence.

"Coz, are you there?!"

Before Meng Hao could even respond, Fang Xi pushed the front door open and rushed in, looking very excited, even entranced. As he ran over, Meng Hao noticed that sky outside looked somewhat different than usual.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed in concentration.

It was currently midday, but the sky outside almost appeared to be aflame. The entire sky was crimson red, yet no sun was visible.

It was just barely possible to see that the natural law of a great Dao hung up in the sky.

“Coz, I just saw Goddess Fan Dong’er from the Nine Seas God World!!

“And Li Ling’er from the Li Clan! And also some new disciple from the Church of the Blood Orchid!” Fang Xi seemed very excited. When he mentioned Fan Dong’er’s name, his eyes seemed to gleam with adoration, and he seemed especially enthusiastic when he talked about Li Ling’er.

“Lots of Chosen have come. Taiyang Zi, Sun Hai from the Church of the Emperor Immortal, Wang Mu from the Wang Clan, and Song Luodan from the Song Clan. There’s even a guy from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, someone named Zhou Xin!” As Fang Xi spoke, Meng Hao rose to his feet. Eyes shining, he reached out and grabbed Fang Xi’s shoulders.

“Taiyang Zi is here? And Song Luodan? Li Ling’er? And Sun Hai...?” Meng Hao started laughing out loud. Just when he started worrying about his lack of spirit stones, a whole throng of people showed up who all happened to owe him money.

“Over the next few days, even more Chosen are going to arrive from the various sects and clans. They’re here to watch the East Ascension Sun from the East Ascension Pavilion,” Fang Xi exclaimed excitedly. Although he felt that Meng Hao was acting a bit strange, he didn’t put too much thought into it.

“East Ascension Sun?” This was the second time Meng Hao had heard someone mention East Ascension. The first time had been when Fang Hong’s group had mentioned it.

“Every hundred years, the sun outside of the Nine Mountains and Seas reaches the point in its orbit in which it is closest to Planet East Victory. At that time, Planet East Victory will experience a brand new rising sun!

“Daoist magic and natural laws of Heaven and Earth will appear. Because the sun is so close, if you have the intuition and understanding, then in the moment that the East Ascension Sun rises, you can bathe in the resulting boundless sunlight. That sunlight contains a great Dao that can strengthen your fleshly body!



“Coz, you definitely have to go watch. When the East Ascension Sun appears, all of the clan members under the age of 1,000 will fly up to bathe in the sunlight. The higher you fly, and the closer you get to the sun, the more you’ll benefit!

“A hundred years ago,” Fang Xi continued excitedly, “Wu Daozi from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite made a breakthrough, and his fleshly body reached a height almost comparable to true Immortality!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. His fleshly body was already incredibly powerful, but now that his Immortal meridian had appeared, his fleshly body was actually a bit weaker than his cultivation base. Furthermore, he knew of no way to improve it. If he could use this chance to do so, it would be great good fortune.

“When does it start?” Meng Hao asked.

“In seven days,” Fang Xi replied.

Meng Hao rubbed his bag of holding and then licked his lips. “Where are Taiyang Zi and all the others?” he asked. “Take me to them.”

“Huh?” Fang Xi hesitated for a moment. Just now, he had seen the aforementioned group at the ancestral mansion’s main gate. “Oh, Fang Wei invited them all to the East Ascension Pavilion in the East District. That... belongs to their branch of the clan. It would be appropriate to go there on the actual day of the East Ascension Sun, but right now....”

“Oh, I see....” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he smiled. “Well, never mind, then. I’ll just see them in seven days. First, I need to make a trip to the Dao of Alchemy Division. Why don’t you come along?”

Fang Xi shook his head.

“Dad wanted me to go find him. I only came here to tell you about the East Ascension Sun. You go ahead without me, Coz.”

Meng Hao nodded, and he and Fang Xi walked out of the residence, after which they went their separate ways.

Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot out of the ancestral mansion and headed toward the Dao of Alchemy Division. Before long, he arrived. Many of the apprentice alchemists were discussing the East Ascension Sun, and numerous full alchemists were making special preparations to concoct pills during that time. Condensing the power of the sun into fire-type medicinal pills would significantly increase their medicinal strength.

Furthermore, the power of the sun could be used to condense sunlight itself to concoct East Ascension Pills. Such pills could only be concocted once every hundred years, during the rising of the East Ascension Sun!

Furthermore, only tier 7 alchemists or higher could actually concoct such pills.

Meng Hao did not go to Peak #7191, but instead, went to find Fang Qun. After he explained what he wanted to do, Fang Qun stared back at him in a daze. He had never seen Meng Hao concoct pills. In fact, he wasn't the only one. No one in the entire Dao of Alchemy Division had ever seen Meng Hao concoct pills.

Because of that, many people speculated that Meng Hao only understood plants and vegetation, not pill concocting.

Others believed that Meng Hao would definitely have an understanding of the Dao of alchemy, and only wondered what realm his pill concocting was in.

When Fang Qun heard that he was going to try to concoct one of the three legendary pills that nobody had ever concocted, he stared in shock. A moment later, though, he started to get excited. Nodding his head, he began to show Meng Hao the way.

The two of them sped through the Dao of Alchemy Division, straight into the inner mountains. Many apprentice alchemists saw them, and their eyes began to shine.

“Fang Hao’s going into the inner mountains? Could it be that he’s heading to the Medicine Pavilion again?!?!”

“I need to go early this time or I won’t get a good seat.”

“Come on, let’s follow him!” Numerous apprentice alchemists hurried to follow Meng Hao, and soon, he had a crowd of thousands following him. Bright beams of light shot through the air into the inner mountains. Many of the alchemists there sensed what was happening, and immediately joined the crowd.

After they realized he wasn’t heading to the Medicine Pavilion, many of them were disappointed. However, it was at this point that people started to realize that he was actually headed...

To the Pill Pavilion!

The Dao of Alchemy Division had a Medicine Pavilion and also a Pill Pavilion!

Enshrined within the Pill Pavilion were vast quantities of medicinal pills. Whenever alchemists concocted pills, they could actually sell them here in exchange for other items that they needed.

It was also the location where a huge reward was offered for those three sacred pills!

“He’s going to the Pill Pavilion? Maybe he’s going to buy some medicinal pills?”

“No, that isn’t right...the Pill Pavilion doesn’t sell pills, it only buys them.... Don’t tell me he knows how to concoct pills?”

All of the people following Meng Hao were very curious. Few of them left; most continued to follow him as he neared the Pill Pavilion.

This pavilion didn’t look very different from the Medicine Pavilion. There were also two old men standing guard outside, as well as a huge stone stele that was packed tight with the names of various medicinal pills.

Another difference between the two was that the Medicine Pavilion floated in the air, seemingly held in place by fetters, as if it wished to fly out of the Dao of Alchemy Division into the sky.

The Pill Pavilion did not float in the air. It was held down on the ground by an enormous stone hand, the fingers of which pierced into the pavilion itself. It, too, seemed to wish to fly away, but was forever obstructed by the gigantic hand.

“The Medicine Pavilion was obviously snatched from somewhere else and then brought to the Dao of Alchemy Division by the Fang Clan’s first generation Patriarch,” thought Meng Hao. “That’s why it’s held in place with fetters; to prevent it from returning to its original master. As for the Pill Pavilion, at a single glance you can tell that it was also snatched from somewhere else, and is being held in place to prevent it from going back to its true master.” A strange expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face as he looked at the Pill Pavilion. From the situation of these two pavilions, it was possible to see how domineering the first generation Fang Patriarch had been.

In front of the Pill Pavilion were three enormous drums, each of which looked ancient, as if they had existed for countless years. On each of the drum heads could be seen ancient characters, glittering with radiant light.

Heavenly One Thought Pill!

Sea-Cleaving Heaven-Defying Pill!

Skypalace Sunspirit Pill!

Three drums, three sets of ancient characters. These three medicinal pills had been the life’s work of three Patriarchs of the Fang Clan of ages past. And yet, in all the years since, no one else from the Fang Clan had been able to concoct them!

It was even publicly acknowledged that not even this generation’s most powerful alchemist, Fang Danyun, could concoct it. However, some people speculated that, although Pill Elder could not concoct the Heavenly One Thought Pill and the Sea Cleaving Heaven Defying Pill, he actually could concoct the easiest of the three pills, the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and sent out his divine sense. As soon as it touched the three drums, an archaic voice echoed inside of his head.

“Skypalace Sunspirit Pill. Whoever concocts this pill will receive a reward of 100,000,000 spirit stones, 100,000 Immortal jades, 5,000,000 merit points, 10,000 medicinal plants of your choice from the Dao of Alchemy Division, three clan Daoist magics, and one Immortal treasure. Furthermore, the Dao Bell will toll nine times! Those who wish to attempt this pill, strike the drum and produce the fee of 1,000,000 merit points to acquire a set of ingredients.

“Sea-Cleaving Heaven-Defying Pill! Whoever concocts this pill will receive a reward of 1,000,000,000 spirit stones, 1,000,000 Immortal jades, 20,000,000 merit points, 100,000 medicinal plants of your choice from the Dao of Alchemy Division, six clan Daoist magics, and one Ancient treasure. The Dao Bell will toll 18 times! The ingredient fee is 10,000,000 merit points.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he began to pant. He looked at the drums with wide eyes.

“Heavenly One Thought Pill. Whoever concocts this pill will be the Lord of the Dao of Alchemy Division! The prerequisite to attempt this pill is to concoct the previous two pills. The ingredient fee is 100,000,000 merit points.”

Meng Hao’s mind reeled. He knew that, considering the rewards that were available, and the fact that tens of thousands of years had passed without anyone concocting the pills... the Heavenly One Thought Pill was incredibly difficult to concoct.

“I don’t really need to concoct the Heavenly One Thought Pill,” he mused. “If I can simply concoct the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill and get that 100,000,000 spirit stone reward, that will be enough.” Licking his lips, he kept the thought of the reward in his mind as if he had just imprinted it onto his soul. His eyes were completely bloodshot.

“For the spirit stones!! And for that Immortal treasure!” He flew forward.

“I’m going to go all out!” Transforming into a beam of light, he shot toward the Pill Pavilion as the surrounding audience of several thousand looked on. He didn’t enter the pavilion, but instead, headed toward the three drums. The eyes of the audience went wide.

In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of the drums. He then extended his right hand toward the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill drum and struck it with his palm.

DONG!!

The drum reverberated with a deep thrum that echoed out through the entire Dao of Alchemy Division. Ripples spread out in all directions, and all alchemists and apprentice alchemists heard the sound.

“That’s... the sound of someone striking a drum at the Pill Pavilion!!”

“Someone’s trying to concoct one of the three impossible medicinal pills! Even the simplest one requires a fee 1,000,000 merit points. Who could possibly be so rich? Those pills can’t be concocted! It’s a complete waste of 1,000,000 points!”

“That’s... an entire 1,000,000 points!!”

The Dao of Alchemy Division was instantly thrown into an uproar.

Chapter 923: Meng Hao Concocts Pills!

Many of the apprentice alchemists in the outer mountains were listening to various alchemists giving lectures about plants and vegetation. When the drum echoed out, all of the apprentice alchemists lifted their heads up in shock. When they realized that the sound of the drum came from the Pill Pavilion, their faces flickered.

“That’s the sound of the drum from the Pill Pavilion! Someone’s trying to concoct one of the three legendary medical pills from the Dao of Alchemy Division!!”

“The simplest of them all requires a fee of 1,000,000 merit points! Unless you successfully concoct the pill, those merit points are wasted!”

“Who is it, I wonder?”

The apprentice alchemists in the outer mountains weren’t the only ones to have such a reaction. The alchemists in the inner mountains also heard the sound of the drum, and their faces filled with shock. There were some who even subconsciously sneered.

“Nobody has tried to concoct one of those pills for years. I wonder which alchemist is going to try.”

“1,000,000 merit points is such a waste. It’s a real pity. Although, things like this only happen every so often, so I definitely need to go watch.”

Many alchemists flew up from the inner mountains. There were even many alchemists who rarely made public appearances, but still flew toward the Pill Pavilion. After all... this was a spectacle that could only be had at the cost of 1,000,000 merit points.

The tier 7 alchemists in the inner mountains flew into the air with glittering eyes. Even the nineteen tier 8 alchemists heard the sound of the drum, and several of them immediately flew toward the Pill Pavilion.

In the very center of the inner mountains, Pill Elder Fang Danyun sat cross-legged on his mountain peak, looking off toward the Pill Pavilion, his eyes shining with a light of curiosity.

“So, Fang Hao is finally going to try his hand at pill concocting.”

It took only moments for tens of thousands of people to gather around the Pill Pavilion. Beams of light shot toward it continuously as more and more people arrived. When people saw that it was Meng Hao standing outside the Pill Pavilion, they were shocked.

“It’s Fang Hao!”

“Now it makes sense that someone could afford so many merit points. It turns out to be him! But... can he concoct pills? Even if he can, does he really dare to take on those legendary pills, a challenge that countless people have failed over the past tens of thousands of years?”

“He has too many merit points. You know, I think he’s just flaunting the 1,000,000 merit points to attract the attention of the whole Dao of Alchemy Division, and thus, gain more fame. That’s all.”

Meng Hao ignored the crowds that were gathering. As the sound of the drum reverberated out, he held out his identity jade medallion, and 1,000,000 merit points vanished.

Simultaneously, the sound of the drum seemed to enter Meng Hao’s body, and suddenly, a pill formula appeared in his mind. The pill formula was extremely mysterious: he could see it clearly, and yet was unable to commit it to memory.

It was also impossible to imprint it onto a jade slip. Apparently, it was protected by some unique restrictive spell. Actually, Meng Hao was not unfamiliar with such a situation; he had experienced similar things in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

“They want to protect the pill formula, in order to make sure it doesn’t get leaked outside the clan.” His eyes flickered as the head of the drum in front of him suddenly rippled like water, and a set of medicinal plants floated out.

In total, there were thirteen of them.

Each medicinal plant could be considered extremely precious. There were five of them that caused a shocking botanical aroma to spread out in all directions as soon as they appeared. Even Meng Hao’s pupils went wide because of that. There were two plants in particular that he found shocking.

One was completely black, with a single delicate flower. It was beautiful, and at a single glance it was obvious that it had an aura of extreme heat circling around it.

Surprisingly, the other plant... was a Sun Blossom!

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He had thought Sun Blossoms to be virtually extinct in the outside world. He had never imagined that he would run into one here. Unfortunately, when compared to the Sun Blossom he had harvested in the Ruins of Immortality, this Sun Blossom was damaged and incomplete. However, it was still a Sun Blossom.

“Considering all of this, those 1,000,000 merit points were actually worth it....” he thought, taking a deep breath. However, he knew that he couldn’t simply take these medicinal plants away; he had to use them here and now to concoct a medicinal pill.

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in front of the Pill Pavilion and closed his eyes to analyze the pill formula. Time passed. More and more people arrived, and soon, 500,000 people were crowded around.

All of them stared at Meng Hao. The sight of someone spending 1,000,000 merit points to concoct a pill was a sight that could only be come across serendipitously. And yet, such a scene was playing out right in front of them. Whether or not Meng Hao succeeded, all of the onlookers were happy to be able to watch this rare scene.

Four hours later, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and they shone brightly.



“This medicinal pill... will not be easy to concoct,” he murmured. “I’ve never come across anything like it before.... It might not be as difficult as concocting something from nothing, but it’s still very challenging. Most importantly, if I fail, the cost will be immense!” He frowned.

“The concocting method actually changes depending on the weather and the time of day. Furthermore, it must absorb Yang qi from each of the twelve two-hour periods in the day without interruption. Divine Will then comes into being, and it can become a sun spirit!

“However, that’s not all. The first word in the name of the pill, Skypalace, is important. It’s actually referring to that mythical celestial palace which exists beyond the clouds in the sky....”

Meng Hao frowned deeply. After a while, he patted his bag of holding to produce a pill furnace. It was pitch black, and a face was just barely visible on its surface, which stared fiercely at Meng Hao.

This was the pill furnace Meng Hao had acquired years ago when he became a Violet Furnace Lord in the Violet Fate Sect.

He tapped the pill furnace, and a clear, crisp sound echoed out. The pill furnace shuddered, and the face’s vicious expression suddenly turned into one of fear and respect.

When the sound of the pill furnace spread out, the apprentice alchemists didn’t think much of it. However, the expressions on the faces of the tier 5 and higher alchemists all changed. No longer did they look at Meng Hao with scorn, but rather, with intense concentration.

Whenever masters go to work, the evidence of their foundation can be seen.

All of the tier 5 and higher alchemists could tell that the method with which Meng Hao tapped the pill furnace contained the Dao of alchemy!

“All pill furnaces need to be warmed up! Even a pill furnace that has been used millions of times needs to be warmed up before its full power can be unleashed. But Fang Hao simply tapped the furnace... and produced the same result! Ingenious!”

“It’s a different technique for warming up the furnace! How domineering! He dispersed the medicinal qi within the furnace, making it easier for the pill to take shape!”

“To accomplish something like that requires incredible skill in the Dao of alchemy!”

Meng Hao ignored all of the comments from the audience, and focused all of his attention on the medicinal pill he was going to concoct. No matter how he went about it, he had to attempt to the concoct the pill in order to solve his spirit stone quandary.

“I’m actually not sure I can do it,” he thought. After reflecting for a moment, he reached out to grab one of the medicinal plants. As he held it there in his hand, it seemed to come to life. All of its impurities dissipated, and it turned transparent, like crystal. Then Meng Hao crushed it and placed it into the pill furnace.

This action also caused the other alchemists to be visibly moved.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked up into the sky. Then, he placed his left hand onto the pill furnace, causing it to burn, although there was no flame. The medicinal plant instantly began to melt into a liquid.

Two hours later, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and he selected another medicinal plant. Soon, 24 hours had passed. Last, he put the Sun Blossom into the mix, and then, he placed both hands onto the pill furnace.

Everyone was panting as they watched. During the last day in which they had watched Meng Hao work, they had been able to catch glimpses of his pill concocting techniques. People began to grow more and more shocked at Meng Hao’s proficiency in the Dao of alchemy.

“Time to look at this pill!” Meng Hao growled above the rumbling sound that echoed out from within the pill furnace. Suddenly, the pill furnace’s lid popped off, and a medicinal pill flew out.

As soon as it appeared, it radiated incredible light for 300 meters in all directions, causing everyone’s minds to reel, and a collective gasp to ring out.

“He succeeded?”

“He... actually succeeded?”

Meng Hao closed his eyes. Cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from the medicinal pill, and it shattered, transforming into black sediment that appeared to be somewhat toxic. The sediment slowly transformed into wisps of black smoke.

Failure.

After a moment of silence, everyone burst out into conversation. Meng Hao sat there with his eyes closed, thinking. In truth, he had already known that he had failed about halfway through the concocting process.

However, a failure was exactly what he needed. Based on his skill in the Dao of Alchemy, his analysis of the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill formula told him that there were thousands of different possible concoction methods. Each one seemed as if it would lead to success, and yet simultaneously seemed doomed to lead to failure.

After an hour, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly opened. "Based on what I learned from this failure, further analysis now reveals 791 possible concocting methods remaining."

With that, he extended his hand and struck the drum again. The sound of it echoed out, and 1,000,000 merit points vanished. Once again, thirteen medicinal plants flew out.

The audience saw Meng Hao making another attempt and thought he was crazy. Despite the outrageous amount of merit points he was spending, he had decided to try again.

24 hours later, the pill furnace rumbled, and another medicinal pill flew out. This time, it radiated light for 3,000 meters. The pill itself was violet-gold in color, and looked like an inimitable treasure. However, a moment later, cracking sounds could be heard, and it collapsed into wisps of black smoke.

"As expected," Meng Hao thought, "Based on what I learned this time, I've narrowed it down to 216 concocting methods!" Without stopping to rest, he hit the drum, paid another 1,000,000 merit points for thirteen more medicinal plants, and started a third concocting effort.

The audience gaped in shock. When they saw him squandering such a vast amount of wealth, even they felt pain in their hearts.

“Just how many merit points does he have to squander them so freely? After all these years, nobody has ever successfully concocted that medicinal pill, what makes him think he can?”

“If he thinks he has too many merit points, he should just give some of them to me...”

Another 24 hours passed, and rumbling could once again be heard. Meng Hao’s third concoction was a failure.

However, his expression lacked the slightest bit of dejection, and in fact, his eyes were glowing.

“From this third defeat, I’ve now narrowed it down to 17 possible methods that could lead to success!” He struck the drum a fourth time, shocking everyone. Even the tier 6 alchemists thought he was crazy.

After another 24 hours, four straight days of concocting, he failed again.

“From this fourth failure, I have now narrowed down the total possible methods to only 3!” Taking a deep breath, eyes completely bloodshot, he struck the drum again.

The sound reverberated through the air as he began a fifth concoction.

24 hours later, a medicinal pill flew out of the furnace, shone with brilliant light, and then collapsed. Meng Hao suddenly shot to his feet.

“I understand now!” Eyes shining, he struck the drum a sixth time!

Chapter 924: Skypalace Sunspirit Pill

All of the successive failures left the onlookers astonished. However, the tier 7 alchemists were starting to catch on to what Meng Hao was doing.

“Every failure actually represents an exponential increase in the chances for success!”

“He... might really be able to succeed in concocting it!” The tier 7 alchemists were all panting as they exchanged shocked looks.

As for the tier 8 alchemists present, their eyes shone with curious gleams.

Meng Hao now only had a bit more than 1,000,000 merit points left. If he failed for a sixth time, he would be unable to continue with further attempts. He spent the merit points, and then his eyes flashed as the thirteen medicinal plants flew out.

“The first difficult aspect of concocting the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill is that the medicinal plants must be adjusted every two hours according to the weather, time, and strength of the spiritual energy in the area!

“Success requires profound skill with plants and vegetation, as well as significant preparation in terms of grafting techniques.

“The second difficult aspect has to do with the pill itself. Although the role of the thirteen medicinal plants in the pill formula seems fixed, in actuality, there is no true set pill formula. The thirteen medicinal plants cannot be used in a fixed sequence, but rather, must be added according to the time of day in which the pill is being concocted.

“The original pill formula can definitely be used to successfully concoct a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, but only in a unique place, at a unique time, and under unique conditions of spiritual energy. Under any other circumstances, concocting the pill with the original formula would lead to failure.” Meng Hao eyed the thirteen medicinal plants and took a deep breath.

“A third area of difficulty... is that this pill actually does not require a pill furnace. It requires twelve two-hour periods to concoct, and yet thirteen medicinal plants are provided. One of those medicinal plants... acts as the pill furnace!

“A fourth difficulty is that the concocting must be completed in exactly twelve two-hour periods. Even one breath beyond that amount of time will lead to a high chance of failure.” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light. He had concocted many pills, and had even concocted something from nothing.

His skill in the Dao of alchemy was unfathomable. And yet, this was his first time encountering a medicinal pill that had so many intrinsic internal variables. He took a deep breath and looked up at the sky. Currently, it was midday.

He waited silently. Time passed one breath at a time. Most of the audience looked on, astonished, but the tier 8 alchemists' eyes were suddenly shining brightly.

Simultaneously, at the center of the inner mountains, Pill Elder rose to his feet and gazed at the Pill Pavilion. A glimmer of excitement could be seen deep in his eyes.

“He’s onto something!” murmured Fang Danyun. “Actually, I can also concoct Skypalace Sunspirit Pills, but only on this mountain, during the middle of the centennial rising of the East Ascension Sun. That is the only day... when I can perfectly concoct it.

“On any other occasion, my success rate of concoction would be only one in ten, and the result wouldn’t be of very high quality.”

Back above the Pill Pavilion, the sky was now shifting into afternoon. Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he quickly reached out to grab the Sun Blossom. All of its branches and leaves were stripped off in the blink of an eye, leaving behind only the flower petals themselves, which spread open into the shape of a bowl.

“Refine the Sun Blossom into a pill furnace!”

In the moment that the Sun Blossom was successfully transformed into a pill furnace, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with the glow of augury as he mentally analyzed all of the twelve medicinal plants. Then, he reached out to grab one of the medicinal plants, at the same time sending the power of his cultivation base out to transform the shape of the plant. Its medicinal properties were neutralized, and he began to mold it according to the current Yang qi and spiritual energy in the area.

A moment later, the entire medicinal plant transformed into a drop of shining, golden liquid, which he dropped into the Sun Blossom.

Beads of sweat dotted his forehead by the time he finished with that first drop. He continued to channel heat into the Sun Blossom, and also meditated to clear his mind. Soon, the second of the two-hour time periods arrived, and his eyes snapped open. He looked up at the sky, felt the sunlight and the spiritual energy, and then selected another medicinal plant. Following the same method as before, he transformed it into a liquid, which he dropped into the Sun Blossom.

The third two-hour period arrived, then the fourth, and the fifth...

Time passed. The sun set, and dusk fell. Two moons rose as Meng Hao refined a black flower. His expression was extremely intent, especially during the final four two-hour periods. He was clearly expending an incredible amount of mental energy, as much as he had when challenging the Medicine Pavilion.

Every two hours, he had to select the appropriate medicinal plant, and then transform it in accordance with the transformations of Heaven and Earth. This required significant consideration and judgement, and was something that even tier 8 alchemists would have difficulty with.

If it wasn't for the fact that Meng Hao's skill with plants and vegetation was at an incredible level, and that he also had shocking talent in the Dao of alchemy, he would never have been able to accomplish this.

The ninth two-hour period came, then the tenth and the eleventh....

Noon of the second day arrived as Meng Hao selected the final medicinal plant. He transformed it into a liquid, and then dropped it into the Sun Blossom pill furnace. Eyes bloodshot, face a mask of exhaustion, he extended both hands and pushed down onto the Sun Blossom.

His action caused the Sun Blossom to wrap around itself, transforming into a fist-sized flower bud that slowly floated up into the air.

As of this moment, the eyes of hundreds of thousands of panting spectators were all fixed on the flower bud.

The events of the past six days had left everyone shaken, apprentice alchemists and full alchemists alike. Meng Hao's pill concocting was something that exceeded the imaginations of everyone present. Despite having witnessed the matter with their own eyes, it was still something that words could not describe. They weren't even sure exactly what he was doing.

The moment had arrived which would reveal whether this concoction was a success or a failure.

Meng Hao looked up at the floating Sun Blossom bud.

Suddenly, beam after beam of light began to shoot out from inside. They pierced through the petals, shining out for 100,000 meters in all directions, penetrating Heaven and Earth.

More beams of light continued to shoot out, the pinnacle of resplendence. The flower bud slowly began to open, the petals spreading apart one by one to reveal a blinding light.

The light caused the sky to fade and all the land to go quiet. In the blink of an eye, all color everywhere dimmed, despite it being high noon. It was as if these flower petals... contained a sun.

That sun rose up, and just barely visible within was a figure seated cross-legged. It was almost as if this figure had been born inside the sun, and was a sun spirit!

Skypalace Sunspirit Pill!

DONG.... DONG.... DONG....

The ancient Dao bell slowly appeared above the Fang Clan ancestral mansion and began to send out its ancient toll. Nine tolls could be heard, which echoed out in all directions. At the same time, writing became visible on the surface of the bell itself.

Fang Hao - Skypalace Sunspirit Pill Concoction - Success!

The words, along with the sound of the bell, were transmitted into the minds of every clan member on Planet East Victory. As of that moment, everyone knew exactly what had just occurred.

The entire Dao of Alchemy Division was thrown into an uproar. Even people who had not come to watch events unfold at the Pill Pavilion could see the blinding light emanating from that very area, and their faces flickered.

Then the toll of the bell could be heard in their minds, and they flew into the air toward the Pill Pavilion.

At the same time, every Fang Clan member on Planet East Victory felt roaring in their minds, regardless of where they were or what they were doing at the moment.

“Fang Hao again!! He... he actually concocted a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill!!”



“Nobody has been able to concoct that medicinal pill for tens of thousands of years. I can’t believe he succeeded! From today on, his position within the Fang Clan is going to be completely different!!”

All bloodlines were astonished, and countless clan members felt their minds reeling. By now, the name Fang Hao was committed to all of their memories. It could be said that during the past year, Fang Hao... had repeatedly astonished the Fang Clan.

In all of the Fang Clan, he was the one who had caused the Dao Bell to ring the most. Not even Fang Wei could do something like that. Even more important... he caused his name to appear on the Dao Bell itself. To the Fang Clan, that was an inestimable honor!

His name, and the words next to it on the Dao Bell, would last for an eternity. As long as the Fang Clan existed, along with its Dao Bell, those words would remain!

The direct bloodline was thrown into a state of complete excitement. The more Meng Hao rose to prominence, the greater their hope in the revival of the direct bloodline.

“Cousin, it’s clear that Hao’er is a true Chosen of the Fang Clan!” thought 19th Uncle, laughing loudly as he looked in the direction of Planet South Heaven.

Meanwhile, Fang Wei’s father and grandfather sat gloomily in the ancestral mansion. Fang Wei’s father, Fang Xiushan, grabbed a magical jade bottle that rested next to him, and crushed it.

“That damned son of a bitch! I can’t believe his Dao of alchemy is at such a high level!

“He concocted a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill. By rising to prominence in the Dao of Alchemy Division, he has risen to prominence in the clan in general. Nobody will dare to make a move against him now!” Fang Xiushan gritted his teeth, and a vicious expression could be seen on his face.

“Dad, that son of a bitch MUST die, for Wei’er’s sake! We need to open the Fang Clan Immortal World!!”

His father took a long, deep breath, and his eyes flickered with killing intent.

“That’s not something I can do on my own,” he said. After a moment of thought, even stronger killing intent flickered in his eyes.

In the main temple of the ancestral mansion, Grand Elder Fang Tongtian stood at the door, gazing off toward the Dao of Alchemy Division. On his face could be seen rare look of surprise.

“Did I... do the wrong thing?” The Grand Elder suddenly seemed to grow a bit older. “No, I didn’t. It’s all for the clan!”

In another location within the East District of the ancestral mansion was a lake known as Brightmoon Lake. Long ago, an ancient Heavenly Dragon passed away in this location, making the Immortal qi abundant there. In fact, the location was essentially a one-of-a-kind Blessed Land on Planet East Victory.

In the middle of the lake was a beautifully ornamented building. It was very large, and was currently occupied by a few dozen people who were talking and laughing. In the middle of them all was Fang Wei, next to whom as Fang Yunyi and other Fang Clan Chosen such as Fang Hong.

Fang Donghan and Fang Xiangshan were there, as well as Taiyang Zi, Sun Hai, Song Luodan, Wang Mu and Li Ling’er, and Chosen from other clans.

Fan Dong’er was also in the group, with the female corpse floating there behind her. Her expression was calm, and she did not seem out of sorts like she had back in the Ruins of Immortality. Quite the opposite; she now wore a sweet, beautiful smile.

Fang Wei was also smiling softly. He was versed in the ways of etiquette, and was very cultured and refined, causing quite a few of the female cultivators to be in very high spirits.

Currently, the group was discussing the Three Great Daoist Societies’ recent trial by fire. Of course, the name Fang Mu came up; many people believed that Fang Mu... was either not a member of the Fang Clan, or was actually Fang Wei himself.

Fang Wei did nothing to refute the idea that he was Fang Mu; all he did was shake his head and change the topic. Of course, that only confirmed the suspicions of many.

“I’ve heard that the Fang Clan has an Astral Projection magic,” said Taiyang Zi, his eyes glittering. “So in the end, is Fang Mu... really you, Elder Brother Fang?”

Fang Wei smiled, and was about to say something in response when his face suddenly flickered. It wasn't just him; the faces of all the members of the Fang Clan flickered, and they subconsciously turned to look toward the Dao of Alchemy Division.

Chapter 925: Future Brother-In-Law?

Fang Yunyi's face suddenly looked extremely unsightly. The faces of the other Chosen who surrounded Fang Wei also darkened, as did the faces of all the other Fang Clan members who were there to accompany Fang Wei.

In their opinion, even though Meng Hao was the eldest grandson of the direct bloodline, in the Fang Clan, it was Fang Wei who had been declared Dao Child by the Patriarch. Fang Wei was sure to reach the Ancient Realm within a thousand years, and therefore, he was someone that no one could afford to depose or offend.

In addition to that, there were Fang Yunyi's provocations; he constantly told everyone about how vicious Meng Hao was. In the end, many of the Chosen of the clan were already fed up with Meng Hao.

Deep within Fang Donghan's eyes was a virtually imperceptible flicker. Everything that was happening was exactly what he wanted to see. The more Meng Hao rose to prominence, the more at odds he would be with Fang Wei, and the two would surely become irreconcilable adversaries.

"The two of them are going to fight each other sooner or later," he thought. "And my own opportunity to rise up will come... when that battle ends!" He lowered his head so that others would not be able to see the wild ambition in his eyes.

Fang Xiangshan stood off to the side, panting, her eyes wide. She had seen Meng Hao a few times within the clan, and had always scurried away at the sight of him. Now the sound of the bell echoed in her mind. How could she ever have imagined that Meng Hao... would actually concoct a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill?

The entire Fang Clan was shaken!

"What happened?" asked Song Luodan with a smile, his eyes flickering. The Chosen of the other clans all looked curiously at Fang Wei, even Li Ling'er and Fan Dong'er.

A touch of scorn could be seen within Li Ling'er's expression. When the subject of Fang Mu came up earlier, she could only laugh grimly at how Fang Wei had acted. She well knew that Fang Mu was not Fang Wei, but rather, the detestable Meng Hao.

Fang Wei's expression returned to normal, and he smiled slightly as he turned back to the other Chosen.

"Oh, nothing really," he said. "Just a clan member concocting a pill, which caused the Dao Bell to toll, that's all. Fellow Daoists, once this day passes, the day of the East Ascension Sun will be upon us.

"I, Fang Wei, would like to congratulate all of you ahead of time on what you will gain. This is a day of jubilee for the Fang Clan that happens once every hundred years, and as one of the Four Great Clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, it is always our pleasure to invite disciples from all the various sects and clans. Let us once again enjoy this East Ascension Sun together!!"

Fang Wei's words made it difficult for anyone to ask further questions. They resumed chatting and laughing, although nobody forgot about what had just happened.

Sun Hai's expression was that of extreme haughtiness as he chatted politely with the Fang Clan cultivator next to him. The Fang Clan members didn't show the slightest bit of disrespect. After all, they had recently heard that Sun Hai had clinched the nomination to become the Imperial Child of the Church of the Emperor Immortal.

"Now that you mention it," said Sun Hai, laughing heartily and rubbing his bald head, "I actually have a deep connection with the Fang Clan.

"I have a Junior Sister in the Church of the Emperor Immortal who happens to be a member of the Fang Clan." When Sun Hai mentioned this Junior Sister, his eyes glowed with adoration. He still remembered the first time he had seen the young woman, how he had stared blankly, and how it felt as if his mind were being struck relentlessly by lightning. In that moment, it had seemed as if that young woman from the Fang Clan was the only thing that existed in the whole universe.

Although her true identity was kept a secret in the Church of the Emperor Immortal, Sun Hai knew that she was a member of the Fang Clan.

He had sworn an oath that, one day, the two of them would be united as beloved. In the course of pursuing that dream, he had already been violently beaten up on several occasions, all just to be near her....

Each time he was beaten up, he got extremely excited, as he took it as an expression of her desire to be on intimate terms with him.

Within the East Ascension Pavilion, everyone was talking about the imminent sunset, and then the following rise of the East Ascension Sun. Outside of the pavilion, the shores of Brightmoon Lake were encircled by more than a hundred thousand people. Most of them were Fang Clan members younger than 1000 years of age, and although they were all extremely excited in their anticipation of the following day's sunrise, they were now all shaken inwardly by the tolling of the Dao Bell.

Fang Xi was in the crowd, a bit closer to the lakeshore than most of the others. Currently, he was clenching his fists in excitement, but also feeling a bit disappointed that he hadn't gone to watch Meng Hao's performance earlier.

In his excitement, he didn't notice that within the East Ascension Pavilion, Fang Yunyi's grim gaze had come to rest on him.

"I don't dare to provoke Meng Hao again," Fang Yunyi thought, "but Fang Xi... is always following him around! He's just looking for trouble!" With a cold snort, he turned his head to a nearby clan member and whispered a few sentences. The young man hesitated in response, after which Fang Yunyi spoke a few more words. The young man immediately left the pavilion to go make the appropriate arrangements.

Meanwhile, back in the Dao of Alchemy Division, Meng Hao was looking at the medicinal pill floating in midair. He exhaled deeply as the blinding but gentle light surged out from the medicinal pill. Finally, he made a grasping motion, causing the pill to fly down into his palm, whereupon he examined it closely.

The minds of the surrounding cultivators trembled as they stared blankly at Meng Hao and the medicinal pill in his hand. Gasps filled the air.

It was clearly... a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill!

The medicinal pill contained unsurpassable Yang characteristics, as well as a divine air. To cultivators who cultivated fire magic, it was like a Heavenly material or Earthly treasure. In fact, it

was a medicinal pill that Spirit Realm cultivators couldn't consume, and even Immortal Realm cultivators who used it would do so with extreme caution.

After absorbing it successfully, one's fire magic would without doubt achieve an incredible breakthrough, as would one's cultivation base. Any fire poisoning that resulted would actually be an incredible divine ability to any cultivator who practiced fire magic.

Furthermore, because of the East Ascension Sun on the following day, if this pill was consumed at that time, the internal fire and the external fire would combine, catalyzing the pill's medicinal properties and making it endlessly powerful in terms of body refinement!

To any alchemist, this pill... was even more precious. By studying it, one could potentially refine and improve one's Dao of alchemy. When it came to the other two rare medicinal pills of the Fang Clan, there were none left in the Pill Pavilion. There were still some Skypalace Sunspirit Pills remaining though, less than ten.

Rumor had it that those pills had been there for a long time, and could only be acquired by exchanging a significant amount of merit points.

Of course, the Medicine Immortal Sect could concoct the pill, but to purchase it there required a vast and dreadful expenditure of spirit stones. Even tier 7 alchemists wouldn't necessarily be able to buy one.

Immediately, the surrounding alchemists began calling out, desirous of purchasing the pill.

"Alchemist Fang, are you going to sell that pill?"

"How many spirit stones are you selling it for?! I want to buy it!"

As soon as Meng Hao heard spirit stones mentioned, his eyes began to glow. As he hesitated, the previously invisible tier 8 alchemists in the area suddenly materialized.

Immediately, the faces of the full alchemists in the crowd flickered, and they simultaneously clasped hands and bowed.

"Greetings, Pavilion Elders!"

Their reaction caused the other members of the audience to gasp and look at the unprepossessing old men who had just appeared. Their minds spun as they realized that, other than Pill Elder, these were the most supreme figures in the Dao of Alchemy Division, the Pavilion Elders!

“Greetings, Pavilion Elders!”

“Greetings, Pavilion Elders!”

All of the surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators clasped hands and bowed. The rumbling sounds of their voices echoed out like thunder. In response, the five Pavilion Elders’ faces remained expressionless. One of them, a rather short, hunchbacked old man, smiled and waved his hand, causing him to flicker and then appear in front of Meng Hao.

“Fang Hao offers greetings, Pavilion Elder!” said Meng Hao, clasped hands and bowing.

“Fang Hao, there’s no need to act like this. The Dao of Alchemy Division has a rule that any person who concocts one of the three sacred pills will be granted the status of Pavilion Elder. Come. I shall take you to pay a visit to Pill Elder.” The old man’s face glowed with admiration and approval. The other four elders around them, despite their expressionless faces, emanated similar feelings.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he obediently followed them. The entire group transformed into beams of prismatic light that shot further into the inner mountains.

They left behind hundreds of thousands of cultivators, all of whose faces shone with envy. As for all of the apprentice alchemists who had listened to Meng Hao’s lectures, they looked extremely excited. Since they considered themselves to be followers of Meng Hao, that meant... they were the followers of a Pavilion Elder!

Off in the distance in midair, the Pavilion Elders looked at Meng Hao’s obedient and charming demeanor, and their approval of him deepened.

“Neither arrogant nor rash,” said one of the elders, smiling. “Furthermore, you have no flaws of character, and also understand etiquette. You might be a bit greedy, but there’s no harm in that. Hao’er, you’re really remarkable! Far more exceptional than your father.”

“My dad?” Meng Hao gaped.

“Back before your father met your mother, he came to me to concoct some pills. He was extremely arrogant and domineering, and even threatened me! He said that if I didn’t concoct the pills for him, he would set up my granddaughter with some Junior Brother of his.” The old man suddenly looked a bit irritated, and he harrumphed.

“Really?” exclaimed Meng Hao, staring with wide eyes. He could hardly believe that his father, who seemed so mighty and solemn, eternally strict, would act like the person this Pavilion Elder had just described.

“It’s absolutely true in every way!” said another of the Pavilion Elders, nodding earnestly. “After he met your mother, your father became much more restrained. To think that, back in the day, he was the number one bully on East Victory. He oppressed all the men and subjugated all the women!” The old man sighed.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and shook his head, unsure of what to say, and still not quite able to believe what he was hearing.

“That’s why I say that you’re remarkable, Hao’er,” said the hunch-backed old man. “Wonderful and with boundless prospects.” He laughed heartily and looked at Meng Hao with an expression of praise.

“Pavilion Elder,” Meng Hao asked, “in the end... did you refine the pills for him?”

“Hmph! I am upright and proud,” the old man said haughtily. “I won’t bow my head to anyone! I have my principles, and because of that, if I don’t feel like concocting pills, it doesn’t matter who comes to me, even your father, do you think I would make an exception? Therefore, I only concocted five hundred batches of medicinal pills for him. Not one more!”

Off to the side, another old man who hadn’t spoken so far looked at Meng Hao and winked.

Meng Hao blinked, cleared his throat, and didn’t dare to ask another question.

Before long, the Pavilion Elders had led Meng Hao to the very center of the inner mountains. Off in the distance was a peak that towered up into the swirling clouds. Upon close inspection, it was possible to see countless caves riddling the heights of the peak.



Gradually, a droning sound became audible from within the caves, a sound that caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb.

Before they could get very close, countless black beams shot out from the caves. In the blink of an eye, the sky was filled with millions of black beetles, which were usually known as Split-horned Scarab Beetles!

Buzzing sounds filled the air as millions of them swarmed around Meng Hao's group, emanating astonishing energy.

"Fear not," said the hunchbacked Pavilion Elder, smiling. "We call these bugs Unicorn Immortals, and they are personally raised by Pill Elder himself. Actually, there's something about him you probably don't know. Pill Elder... excels, not in the Dao of alchemy, but in the Dao of insects!"

Meng Hao was shaken. Pill Elder didn't excel in the Dao of alchemy, and yet was a tier 9 alchemist. One could only imagine how terrifying he would be if he did excel in it. Seeing these Unicorn Immortals, caused him to recall the countless black beetles he had seen in the medicinal plant garden in the Ruins of Immortality.

It was at this point that an archaic voice suddenly echoed.

"Fang Hao, come..."

The Unicorn Immortals circled around the mountain peak and then shot back into one of the caves.

Chapter 926: Daos and Tools!

Meng Hao took a deep breath and headed toward the mountain peak. When he arrived, he saw an old man in white robes, surrounded by swirling mists. He stood on top of the mountain, his back to Meng Hao. As Meng Hao approached, the man turned to face him, and smiled.

Meng Hao's eyes widened as soon as he caught sight of him.

The feeling he got when he looked at this old man was very similar to the feeling he got from Pill Demon!

It was actually extremely similar. In fact, although their physical appearance was different, in terms of the energy within him, it seemed almost exactly the same.

As he stood there with the mists swirling around him, Meng Hao almost thought he was looking at his master.

Both wore white robes, and both had long white hair. Both were aged, and both were surrounded by a swirling medicinal aroma. They seemed equally kind, and seemed to both be filled with the same feeling of anticipation.

The old man looked over at Meng Hao and said, “Fang Hao, to be able to concoct a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, especially considering that it was done at a time of year and time of day not specific to the pill formula, means that your Dao of alchemy has already reached the pinnacle.”

From the man’s words, Meng Hao was already able to tell that the rumor about Pill Elder being incapable of concocting the three sacred medicinal pills was likely not true.

The key to understanding the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill was understanding that there was ‘no specific’ time or hour. For Pill Elder to say this indicated that he already had a deep understanding of the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill.

Meng Hao thought for a moment. As he looked at Pill Elder, the drone of the Unicorn Immortals filled his ears. Sometimes, all of them would make noise at the same time, giving rise to an incredibly intense sound. Other times, only a few would make noise. Either way, the sound was continuous.

“Fang Hao, look over there, and tell me what you see.” Pill Elder glanced off into the distance, toward the numerous cloud-wreathed mountain peaks.

Meng Hao suddenly realized that his heart had become very calm after laying eyes on Pill Elder. He felt free and at ease, as if listening to the old man speak had caused him to enter some strange state.

Although he couldn’t explain it clearly, for some reason his heart felt more and more calm as he looked off into the distance at the mountains and clouds.

Instead of answering the question, he asked one of his own. “Senior Pill Elder, may I ask, what do you see, sir? Or perhaps you can tell me what it is you wish me to see?”

Pill Elder laughed at Meng Hao’s slippery words. He didn’t seem to mind, and in fact, seemed to approve. Apparently he hadn’t been looking for an answer to begin with.

“I see mountains, and I see clouds,” said Pill Elder. “I see the cultivators of the Dao of Alchemy Division, and I see the world that belongs to our Dao of Alchemy Division.” He sighed.

Meng Hao remained silent, unsure of what hidden meanings might be contained within Pill Elder’s words.

“These things are tools. They are both tangible and intangible, visible and invisible. They are tools of the Dao of Alchemy Division, or perhaps you could even say, its physical form.

“30,000 years ago was the golden age of the Dao of Alchemy Division. Our Dao and our tools were united, and seemed as if they would exist for all eternity.... However, many of the Patriarchs of the Dao of Alchemy Division passed away into meditation. Then, the last of the Patriarchs from that age turned against our Dao of alchemy, and founded the Medicine Immortal Sect.

“At that time, we were battered by theories from other Daos of alchemy from the outside world. From that time on, the tools of the Dao of Alchemy Division... were shattered.

“For tens of thousand of years after that, one generation of alchemists after another has contemplated alchemy, and attempted to restore us to our previous pinnacle. However... their Dao of alchemy had long since forgotten the existence of our own tools, and was influenced by the Daos of alchemy from the outside world.

“It was as if their Dao of alchemy was soulless.

“As if their souls had fled, leaving behind an empty husk.

“It was as if the Fang Clan’s Dao of alchemy had been walking in a dream. Its soul had been struck too viciously by the outside world, and had been influenced by too many random alchemical philosophies. The body of the Fang Clan had no soul, and therefore rested all its hope in aimless searching... among the philosophies of the outside world.

“If things continue in this fashion, then the Fang Clan’s Dao of alchemy will gradually become a lost part of history, and will fade into nothing.

“Daos and tools must be combined. Pick up the Fang Clan’s Dao of alchemy, and restore it to its pinnacle. That is the true way to cause the Fang Clan’s Dao of Alchemy Division to rise to prominence once again.

“And thus, the three sacred medicinal pills!

“Do you understand?” His gaze returned from the distance to settle on Meng Hao. His eyes seemed to be piercing deep into Meng Hao, to be viewing his very soul.

Meng Hao was silent for a long moment and then nodded at Pill Elder.

“I think I understand some of what you mean, Senior,” he said. “Tools can be tangible or intangible. The Fang Clan’s Dao of Alchemy Division used them for many years, after which they formed a soul. That soul must return to the body, lest the Dao of Alchemy Division be submerged in ignorance.”

Pill Elder stood there quietly, unspeaking.

“However, there is one thing I don’t understand, Senior,” Meng Hao continued calmly. “People who comprehend the Dao, and who also absorb various schools of thought, will eventually form their own Dao. Isn’t such a thing unavoidable when coming to comprehending the Dao?”

“Absorbing various schools of thinking regarding the Dao of alchemy in order to achieve your own Dao, is absolutely a path to comprehending the Dao. However... the premise is that you possess your own Dao to begin with. If you do, then of course you can absorb the ideas of others. However, if you don’t, and simply attempt to tangle with the tools of the other schools of thought, then you won’t be absorbing them, you will be assimilated by them.

“Tools are like a home. The Dao is the heart. When you merge tools with the Dao, then your heart is home! Fang Hao... do you really understand?” He once again looked deeply at Meng Hao.

After a moment, he casually continued, “I heard that the Grand Elder gave you two Nirvana Fruits.”

It was hard to say whether or not it was a coincidence, but as soon as he began to speak those final words, the Unicorn Immortals on the mountain suddenly began to buzz loudly. If Meng Hao hadn't been standing very close to Pill Elder, he wouldn't have been able to hear clearly.

As soon as he finished speaking, Pill Elder waved his hand, causing a bag of holding to fly over and hover in front of Meng Hao.

"In there are the rewards for concocting the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, with the exception of the Immortal treasure. Think about your exact requirements for the treasure, and tell me later. I'll make the arrangements to have it forged for you."

Meng Hao trembled. As he thought about the two exhortations just given to him by Pill Elder, he had to ask himself if he truly understood what it all meant....

"Perhaps the deeper meaning in his questions about the Dao of alchemy are a reminder that the Nirvana Fruits are not mine," he thought. "Or could it be that he's indicating that there are still secrets I don't understand about the Nirvana Fruits?" Meng Hao didn't pursue the conversation topic. Instead, after hearing about the Immortal treasure, his eyes flickered.

After a moment's hesitation, he said, "Senior Pill Elder, um... I really don't need any Immortal treasures. Can I exchange that reward for something else?"

Pill Elder looked at Meng Hao for a moment, and then began to chuckle. This was the first time he had actually smiled. "What exact reward would you like to exchange it for?"

"Um..." Meng Hao cleared his throat and decided that he might as well give his idea a shot. "Senior Pill Elder, I think those Unicorn Immortals are pretty incredible. Would you mind teaching me a bit about the Dao of insects, sir?"

"Oh?" Pill Elder replied with a smile. "Well, these Unicorn Immortals have the power of Ancestral Awakening in their bloodline. I raised them for years before they reached the point where they could be trained. The Dao of insects is a top-secret magic. Even though you're a clan member, you would still need to undergo an assessment before you could start to work with it."

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Considering that Pill Elder hadn't refused him outright, that meant that there was a bit of hope. As soon as he had neared this mountain, those Unicorn Immortals had

drawn his attention. Ever since he'd returned from the Ruins of Immortality, there had been an idea percolating deep within him.

He had long since become quite envious of that cloud of beetles he had seen in the Ruins of Immortality. Ever since, he had thought that if he could wave his hand and cause tens of millions of black beetles to fill the sky, then any opponent he faced would instantly become as petrified as he had been that year. With a mere thought, he could instantly turn his enemies into nothing but ash.

The mere thought of being able to do something like that one day, left Meng Hao very excited.

This was especially true considering that there were several black beetles currently inside his bag of holding. Their life force was incredibly powerful, and they had not died, but rather remained dormant inside his bag of holding after being sealed.

“Senior, look, you know... I'm the kind of old-fashioned cultivator who doesn't like to rely on external weapons.” As he spoke, his tone continued to grow more somber. “If you start using magical items, then eventually you'll start to rely on them. The Dao of insects is different! It's like a divine ability, an academic art, even more so, a Dao!

“Senior, I don't want any magical weapons. I just seek the Dao.” As he spoke his final sentence, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

In his mind, he felt quite satisfied with his eloquence, especially in the delivery of that last line.

Pill Elder looked at Meng Hao for a long moment, then waved his right hand. A jade slip flew out to hover in front of Meng Hao. It was emerald green, and one side was carved with the image of a Unicorn Immortal. The creature seemed matchlessly vicious, with a monstrous killing aura.

The other side was carved with another Unicorn Immortal. However, this one was extremely placid, and looked like it wouldn't even hurt a fly.

“Take a look at the first of the three volumes on the Dao of insects. If you have the talent, I'll teach you.

“You'll also find a command medallion in that bag of holding. According to the rules of the Dao of Alchemy Division, anyone who concocts the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill will automatically become a

tier 8 alchemist. Your status in the clan is now equal to a Clan Elder. You may also select any mountain in the Inner Mountains to serve as your Immortal's cave.”

With that, he waved his sleeve, causing a gentle wind to materialize. It swirled around Meng Hao, causing his vision to swim. When it became clear again, he was far away from the mountain.

He looked back toward the mountain peak in the center of all the other mountains. For just a moment, he could make out all of the caves on the peak. Eyes glittering, he took a deep breath, clasped hands and bowed.

Then, he left.

He flew out of the inner mountains, during which time he encountered several alchemists. As soon as they saw Meng Hao, their expressions filled with awe, and they immediately clasped hands in greeting. The story of Meng Hao concocting the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill had already spread throughout the Fang Clan, and everyone knew about it.

There were some people who hadn't been convinced by Meng Hao charging all the way to the seventh level of the Medicine Pavilion. Now, though... Meng Hao had concocted a legendary medicinal pill. In Dao of Alchemy Division, he was as stable as Mount Tai, and not a single voice of doubt could be heard regarding him.

In the world of cultivation, respect is given to the powerful. It was no different in the Dao of Alchemy Division!

Just as Meng Hao was about to leave the inner mountains, he suddenly stopped in place and turned his head to look at one particularly beautiful mountain peak. The entire mountain was jade green, and its snow-capped peak was surrounded by swirling clouds.

Almost in the exact moment that he turned to look at the mountain, he heard a miserable, bloodcurdling shriek echo out from within the misty mountain.

That scream was not the scream of a cultivator, but rather... it came from the beak of a beautiful peacock.

At the same time, a bellow of rage could be heard that obviously came from the mouth of an old woman.

“You damned mutt of a bird! It’s time we fight! I’m going to refine you into a pill!!”

Next, the arrogant and despotic voice of a parrot could be heard squawking out. “Do you know how many years Lord Fifth has swept across Jianghu? Huh? Look, you old crone, Lord Fifth screwed a hole through the Heavens before you were even born!

“Do you know who Lord Fifth’s master is? Well I’ll tell you, and you’re gonna be scared to death! Lord Fifth’s master is Fang Hao!”

Chapter 927: The Shore of Brightmoon Lake

Meng Hao’s face was unsightly. Feeling somewhat helpless, he watched a multicolored parrot flapping its wings as it flew through the air. A small bell could be seen attached to its claw, and the parrot looked very pleased with itself. It somehow seemed licentious, and even had a black strip of cloth wrapped around its head, covering one of its eyes. The remaining visible eye gleamed brightly as it flew out from the mountain peak.

“You just wait for Lord Fifth, you old hag. And as for you, my beloved concubine, don’t worry, Lord Fifth will be coming back for you. I’ll risk everything to rescue you from this place!”

Behind the parrot was the tier 7 alchemist, the old woman. Her face was a mass of fury as she shot after the parrot at top speed. Behind her was a beautiful young woman, clad in a white robe, the picture of purity and innocence. This was the same young woman who Meng Hao had encountered after challenging the seventh level of the Medicine Pavilion, the clan Junior Sister named Wan’er.

Miserable shrieking could be heard in the distance, and Meng Hao could just barely make out a beautiful peacock, gasping and struggling in vain to rise to its feet. From the look of the situation, it had just experienced some unimaginable catastrophe.

Meng Hao sighed, feeling quite sorry for the peacock. Anything with feathers that showed up in front of the parrot would find it difficult to escape the bird and its fiendish hobbies.

As soon as the parrot flew out, it caught sight of Meng Hao, and its uncovered eye lit up. It hurried over and began to cry out plaintively.



“Master, save me! Master, this old hag is out of control! She’s trying to kill me! Save me, master!”  
As the parrot cried out, the bell attached to its claw suddenly made a popping sound and transformed into the meat jelly, which also began to cry out to Meng Hao.

“Master, here you are, finally! There’s a bully following us! Master, she’s a real bully!”

Not too far behind, the furious old woman caught sight of Meng Hao, as did the young woman in the white robe. The young woman’s jaw dropped in surprise, as if the Meng Hao in her mind couldn’t possibly have anything to do with this shameless parrot.

Clearing his throat, Meng Hao hurriedly backed away, and then made to continue on his way as if he hadn’t seen anything that was happening.

“Master, save me....” the parrot screeched immediately, flying toward Meng Hao at top speed.

Meng Hao waved his hand, and his body disappeared in a minor teleportation. When he reappeared off in the distance, the parrot immediately changed directions and continued to speed toward him. As for Meng Hao, he suddenly seemed to radiate an air of righteousness. Expression solemn, he began to speak.

“I do not know you, evildoer! Exactly who the hell are you?” he said. Then a slightly confused expression appeared on his face as he looked at the pursuing old woman.

“Meng Hao!” squawked the parrot, glancing back the old woman, who was about to catch up. “I have spirit stones!”

“Hold your tongue, evildoer!” said Meng Hao, stopping in place. His face was somber, as if he was the sole representative of justice. “There is no enmity between us, and yet you try to frame me? Well, never mind. I might as well just put you in your place right now!” With that, he waved his right hand.

Meng Hao didn’t even have a chance to unleash a divine ability. Before anything could actually happen, the parrot let out a miserable shriek, and then its body went stiff, as if it had just been seriously injured. Then, it shot directly into Meng Hao’s sleeve.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and inwardly cursed the parrot’s unconvincing performance.

“Senior,” he said to the old woman, cautiously backing up. “This bird is vile and detestable. I’m just on my way back from visiting Pill Elder, after having been fortunate enough to become a tier 8 alchemist. Junior will help you take care of this bird, don’t worry.”

The old woman’s cultivation base was so profound that Meng Hao couldn’t assess it. In the Dao of Alchemy Division, alchemy was the true Dao, and one’s cultivation base played a mere supporting role. However, because of all the life-or-death scenarios that Meng Hao had faced, he still edged backward carefully as if guarding against any contingencies, simultaneously flashing his tier 8 alchemist’s command medallion.

The old woman looked at Meng Hao backing away, and said nothing. Eventually, he transformed into a beam of light that fled into the distance. At that point, the old woman’s eyes flashed.

The young woman hesitated for a moment, then quietly said, “Grand-aunt, that bird....”

“Just forget about it,” said the old woman, turning to head back toward the mountain. The young woman followed.

Along the way, the young woman couldn’t refrain from asking, “Grand-aunt, Fang Hao...?”

The old woman did nothing other than shake her head. A flash of insight could be seen deep within her eyes. From the moment Meng Hao had challenged the seventh level of the Medicine Pavilion, she knew that he would be a new force coming to the fore of the Dao of Alchemy Division. Then he concocted the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, which left her shaken inwardly, and also thoroughly convinced that Fang Hao would be a blazing sun of the Dao of Alchemy Division!

She wasn’t sure if he was the type of person to nurse grudges. Because of the level of her cultivation base, she had been aware all along that the parrot and the meat jelly belonged to him. Furthermore, she had intentionally driven them out at the exact moment in which Meng Hao had been passing by.

Her entire goal had been to resolve any feelings of resentment Meng Hao might have toward her.

She was much higher than him in terms of clan seniority, had a profound cultivation base, and had been famous for many years. Therefore, she was well versed in finding clever ways to resolve

problems, and the scene that had played out just now was just the method she had come up with to resolve her issues with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao continued flying through the Dao of Alchemy Division. When he realized that the old woman wasn't pursuing him, his eyes flickered. He, of course, understood her intention.

As they emerged from the Dao of Alchemy Division, the parrot's spirits seemed to lift. It flew out of his sleeve and arrogantly cried, "You just wait for Lord Fifth, you old hag! Lord Fifth will be back!"

Off to the side, the meat jelly nodded its head vigorously. For the meat jelly to act in such a way was clear evidence of the sufferings these two dunces had endured in recent days.

However, as soon as the parrot finished speaking, Meng Hao's right hand shot out, grabbed the parrot, and dragged it in front of him. The parrot's eyes bulged.

"What are you doing!? What are you grabbing your Lord Fifth for!?"

"What did you say just now about spirit stones?" Meng Hao asked coldly. Whenever he and the parrot interacted, it was never with courtesy.

"Spirit stones?" the parrot pretended to be confused. "What spirit stones?"

Meng Hao glared at the parrot, and then suddenly, a bashful expression appeared on his face. The parrot's eyes immediately went wide, and it began to shiver.

The meat jelly gasped and let out a muffled shriek.

"It's that expression again! Finished! We're finished! Whenever that expression appears, it means the end is near! The bird is really done for this time...."

The parrot's eyes filled with fear, and before Meng Hao could even say anything, it fawningly said, "Hahaha! I'm just playing around with you! Spirit stones... ah, spirit stones. That old hag has a whole vein of spirit stones underneath that mountain of hers. Whenever you feel like going to steal them, Meng Hao, I'll help you dig them up.

When Meng Hao heard the words ‘vein of spirit stones,’ his eyes began to shine. He then began to ask about the specifics.

One man, one bird, and one meat jelly flew back toward the ancestral mansion, conversing with each other in hushed tones.

By now, evening was falling. Off in the distance, the setting sun filled the sky with golden light. When Meng Hao got back to the ancestral mansion, he saw numerous clan members heading toward the East District. Meng Hao looked in that direction and suddenly remembered what was going to be happening in the morning.

“East Ascension Sun!” Muttering to himself, he changed directions and flew toward the East District. The parrot perched on his shoulder, and the meat jelly transformed into a bell and attached itself to the parrot’s claw.

Meanwhile, in the East District’s East Ascension Pagoda, Fang Wei smiled as he chatted with the various Chosen. Not once did he mention the event which had just sent the entire Fang Clan astray.

Although nothing seemed unusual about the way the other Chosen were carrying themselves, all of them had long since caught on to the fact that something unusual had happened. The mere fact that Fang Wei had brushed the matter aside was what had led them to this conclusion in the first place.

At one point, somebody brought up Fang Mu again. Just like before, Fang Wei didn’t openly admit that he was Fang Mu, and yet, he looked over and gave Li Ling’er an apologetic smile. Quite a few Chosen noticed this, and began to consider what it meant.

Li Ling’er snorted coldly, and even more derision could be seen in her expression. She was even more convinced than Sun Hai that Meng Hao was Fang Mu. She hated Fang Mu deeply, but when she looked at Fang Wei, her expression was one of ridicule. She seemed to be sickened by him.

When Fang Wei saw the look on her face, his eyes flickered imperceptibly. He suddenly changed the topic and began to chat about the East Ascension Sun.

Sun Hai’s eyes flashed, but when he thought about how the girl he adored was a member of the Fang Clan, he didn’t say anything. Instead, he pulled another of the Fang Clan Chosen off to the side and asked whether or not he knew a member of the Fang Clan named Fang Yu.

The sky was growing dark, and more and more members of the Fang Clan clustered together around Brightmoon Lake. Originally, they had been waiting quietly, but now they were all discussing the matter of Meng Hao concocting the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill. Although the Dao Bell had long since ceased to toll, the sound of it still rang within their hearts.

“I can’t believe Fang Hao actually concocted a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill!”

“That’s one of the three sacred pills! I never could have imagined that he would be able to concoct one of them!”

“When Fang Hao returned, I didn’t really think much of him. He was kind of quiet. But now he’s causing all sorts of waves!”

Words such as these echoed out constantly. Fang Wei’s expression was the same as ever, making it impossible to determine what he was thinking. In contrast, Fang Yunyi’s face only continued to grow darker. Then he looked over at Fang Xi near the lakeshore, chatting excitedly with the clan members around him, and he snorted coldly.

A cold gleam flickered in his eyes, and his lips twitched into an icy smile; the people he had arranged to take care of Fang Xi were now closing in.

“The direct bloodline... is crap! They had their glory in the past, but now they’re in decline. The Fang Clan... is no longer a place where they hold the upper hand!” Fang Yunyi snorted again. “Today is the day when I humiliate Fang Xi of the direct bloodline!” His eyes narrowed.

Meanwhile, Fang Xi stood in the crowd, excitedly flaunting his recent experiences to the clan members standing next to him.

“Of all the people over all the years in the Dao of Alchemy Division, nobody has ever been able to concoct that medicinal pill. But my Coz concocted it!

“He had a 30,000-meter Bloodline Gatebeam, and he even challenged the seventh level of the Medicine Pavilion. And then he concocted the legendary Skypalace Sunspirit Pill. That’s my Coz! Fang Hao!” The other clan members panted as they heard the stories of Meng Hao. More and more people were elevating their personal estimation of Meng Hao’s status to the same level as Fang Wei.

About this time, two young men appeared nearby, pushing their way through the crowd. Their expressions were icily arrogant as they neared Fang Xi, then rudely waved their hands, causing a burst of wind to materialize. It descended onto Fang Xi, causing his face to flicker. He tried to fight back, but was no match. He made a slight grunt as he was involuntarily shoved backward ten paces.

“The clan has ordered that it is prohibited to be loud and disorderly during the rise of the East Ascension Sun!” said one of the two young men, his eyes cold. “Anyone who violates the rule will be stripped of the qualifications to observe!”

“You....” said Fang Xi, looking up with rage in his eyes. However, when he saw who the two young men were, his face fell. The other clan members in the area also looked shocked, and immediately backed up.

Chapter 928: You Stick With Me!

The young men who had pushed Fang Xi back wore long black robes decorated with images of a moon. There seemed to be an especially stern and forbidding air about them, an icy coldness that caused anyone they looked at to feel as if they were being stared at by a viper.

Furthermore, they had stage 3 Immortal cultivation bases, and emanated amorphous ripples that gave them the appearance of mighty Immortals.

As soon as the surrounding clan members saw who the two young men were, their faces flickered and their hearts filled with awe. They slowly backed up.

“They’re Blackmoon Guards!”

“Lots of Chosen from other sects are here for the East Ascension Sun, and the Blackmoon Guards have been tasked with keeping things orderly!”

“There are nine guard corps in the Fang Clan, four of which are stationed off-planet, and five of which have jurisdiction here on Planet East Victory. Of those five, the Blackmoon Guards and the Violetsun Guards are responsible for the ancestral mansion!”

The nine guard corps of the Fang Clan had each earned glorious achievements in battle, and had shaken the Ninth Mountain and Sea. As for the Blackmoon Guards, they were known for being sinister and vicious, just like vipers.

That was their reputation among outsiders and within the Fang Clan itself. Everyone feared the Blackmoon Guards.

Fang Xi looked at the two young men, and his face flickered. Whatever words he had been about to say stuck in his throat. He might be from the direct bloodline, but everyone in the clan knew that the direct bloodline was on the decline. He... could not afford to offend the Blackmoon Guards.

“Fang Xi,” said one of the young men, his voice cold, “for loud and disorderly conduct on the shore of Brightmoon Lake, for disturbing public order, and for losing face for the clan in front of guests from other sects, you will move your ass 300 meters back from this location!” The young man spoke without the slightest bit of courtesy.

“If you dare to step within 300 meters of any Blackmoon Guard,” said the other young man, his eyes brimming with scorn, “then it will be taken as an act of insurrection! Fang Xi, get the hell out of here!” With that, he waved his hand, causing another shocking wind to appear, which swept Fang Xi up and forced him back.

Fang Xi was powerless to resist, and in the blink of an eye had fallen back nearly three hundred meters. There was complete silence as all of the surrounding clan members looked over at Fang Xi.

He finally came to a stop at 299 meters. His face was pale, and he was trembling. Rage flickered on his face as he glared murderously at the two young men.

He was no fool, and knew that these two had intentionally come to humiliate him in front of the other clan members. Word would quickly spread that he had been unceremoniously dismissed by them.

What was especially obvious... was the sinister way in which they went about humiliating him. With their cultivation bases, they could have easily pushed him 300 meters away. Instead, they only pushed him 299 meters, making sure that Fang Xi would have to voluntarily step back the final meter.

Fang Xi's eyes were bright red, and he panted as he glared at the two young men nearly 300 meters away. He did not wish to step back, but he also knew that clan rules took precedence over anything and everything. The Blackmoon Guards were responsible for keeping order in the area, and if he defied them openly, they would have a vast array of options regarding how to deal with him. Most important of all was that the Blackmoon Guards... were under the direct control of Fang Wei's branch of the family.

Fang Xi clenched his fists tightly and, as everyone watched, bowed his head and stepped back one last meter until he was at the 300-meter mark.

That final step was a movement that crushed Fang Xi's dignity, and humiliated his bloodline. However, Fang Xi had to accept it; there was no way he could fight back.

He stood there trembling as everyone looked at him. Not a word was spoken by anyone, although many of the onlookers sighed inwardly.

As for the two young Blackmoon Guards, they laughed coldly and then, ignoring Fang Xi, turned and left.

Everyone who was watching assumed that the chiding of Fang Xi was now over. Even Fang Xi assumed that by bowing his head, he would face no further difficulties....

However, it was at this point that two Blackmoon Guards suddenly appeared next to Fang Xi. Instantly, they waved their hands, causing their cultivation bases to surge with power. A fierce wind kicked up, wrapping around Fang Xi and driving him backward yet again.

This time, he was yet again sent back 299 meters.

"The Blackmoon Guard has already warned you once," said one of the two, his voice cool. "You must remain 300 meters away from any location we occupy! We're standing here now, so scram!"

"YOU!!" Fang Xi was trembling, and his eyes were bright red.

The two Blackmoon Guards laughed at Fang Xi's reaction, and their eyes radiated cold glows. It was as if they were just waiting for Fang Xi to fight back. Although they might fear his father, they had received orders under the auspices of Prince Wei. Besides, they were responsible for maintaining order here, so if Fang Xi did anything rash, their backers would shield them from any consequences.

Fang Xi was in a rage, and he wanted to cast everything aside and fight back. But then he thought about how often his father sighed about the decline of the direct bloodline. Fang Xi didn't have a



strong personality, and in fact, was often gentle. Not wanting to cause any further troubles for his father, he bitterly took another step back.

As he stepped back, a hint of dejection could be seen in his eyes.

It was at this point that more than ten Blackmoon Guards suddenly appeared. The crowds stepped back, making a wide path for them. The Blackmoon Guards stared at Fang Xi with cold eyes.

Fang Xi lowered his head and continued to retreat. 300 meters. 1,500 meters. Soon he was almost out of the crowd entirely, a full 3,000 meters away from Brightmoon Lake. The Blackmoon guards stared contemptuously at Fang Xi, who was by now figuratively scarred and battered.

“One more step!” said the Blackmoon Guard closest to Fang Xi, his voice cold. Currently, they were separated by 299 meters.

Nothing could be heard but silence. Many of the Fang Clan members sighed inwardly, but said nothing. The Fang Clan’s direct bloodline was on the decline, and Fang Wei’s was on the rise. That was current state of affairs.

Fang Xi laughed bitterly as he realized that he couldn’t stay here any longer. He was just about to turn and leave when suddenly, a hand appeared behind him and patted him lightly on the back, preventing him from taking that final step.

At the same time, a calm voice could be heard from behind him.

“What’s wrong, Fang Xi?”

When Fang Xi heard that voice, a tremor ran through him. He turned back to see that Meng Hao was behind him, having appeared there at some undetermined point in time. Perched on Meng Hao’s shoulder was the parrot, who winked at Fang Xi.

Meng Hao had appeared without the slightest sound, and not a single one of the nearby clan members had even noticed. All they saw was Meng Hao suddenly standing there, right behind Fang Xi.

The more than ten Blackmoon Guards looked over with fiercely glinting eyes. They were shocked, because even they had no idea how Meng Hao had appeared there. He had literally shown up in the blink of an eye.

His appearance on the scene immediately caused a stir among the Fang Clan members.

“It’s Fang Hao!”

“What a strange way to make an entrance! He didn’t make any ripples of displacement at all!” Many people felt their hearts beginning to pound. Meng Hao had just concocted the Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, and had caused the Fang Clan’s Dao Bell to ring. By now, Meng Hao was a person many of the clan members were pondering deeply.

“Coz....” said Fang Xi, looking over at Meng Hao. His expression was one of grievance, the kind of look that appears when a dear relative shows up right when you are being picked on.

Meng Hao smiled lightly, then patted Fang Xi’s shoulder. However, within Meng Hao’s heart, icy coldness surged up to monstrous heights. A moment ago, he had been off in the distance, watching Fang Xi being pushed back by the sinister Blackmoon Guards.

“Fang Xi, you stick with me. Let’s see who tries to stand in my way.” With that, Meng Hao stepped in front of Fang Xi and then began to walk forward. Fang Xi took a deep breath. Eyes filling with determination, he began to follow Meng Hao.

The dozen or so Blackmoon Guards watched with various expressions as Meng Hao walked forward. When he had walked about thirty meters toward them, two of the Blackmoon Guards snorted and then closed in on him.

“You may approach,” said one of them, “but Fang Xi disturbed the public peace here, and if he dares to step within 300 meters of us, he’ll be punished!” In the blink of an eye, the two Blackmoon Guards were right in front of Meng Hao.

Their words still hung in the air as Meng Hao suddenly lifted his right hand and pushed it out in front of him. Rumbling could be heard as a gale force wind sprang up. An incorporeal Flying Rain-Dragon suddenly appeared, roaring soundlessly as it shot toward the two Blackmoon Guards. In the blink of an eye, it was upon them. Their faces flickered, and they fought back with all the power they could muster. However, blood sprayed from their mouths as they were tossed to the side.

This development immediately sent the crowds into an uproar. It must be noted that even though the Blackmoon Guards had targeted Fang Xi, the only thing they did was drive him away. They did not attack or injure him. In sharp contrast, Meng Hao attacked with domineering force, immediately injuring the two Blackmoon Guards.

Fang Xi instantly started to get nervous, but Meng Hao's expression was as cold as ever. As he proceeded forward, the rest of the dozen or so Blackmoon Guards up ahead began to head toward him.

“You've disturbed the peace and even dared to hurt people! Fang Hao, it doesn't matter if you're backed by the Dao of Alchemy Division, you will still face the clan's punishment this day!”

The dozen or so Blackmoon Guards bore down on Meng Hao. When they were only a few dozen meters away, brilliant beams of light suddenly exploded from Meng Hao's eyes, and he said one thing.

“SCREW OFF!”

The words rang out like claps of thunder. Rumbling filled the area, and even the Chosen in the East Ascension Pavilion heard it and looked over.

The Blackmoon Guards in front of Meng Hao felt as if some enormous, invisible mountain was crushing down onto them. Blood sprayed from their mouths, and deafening roars filled their ears. They suddenly felt as if their cultivation bases had become unstable. It didn't matter that they were in the Immortal Realm; they began to tremble as a terrifying wind swept over them, sending them tumbling backwards. Meng Hao's one sentence caused their minds to reel, and sent them flying away.

The surrounding Fang Clan members were completely shocked.

Fang Xi looked on, stupefied, as Meng Hao calmly proceeded to walk forward. The crowds immediately parted, making a path for him that led all the way to Brightmoon Lake!

On the island in the middle of the lake, within the East Ascension Pagoda, Fang Wei and the others around him all saw the crowd part as if some sort of Immortal Divinity had appeared.

Meng Hao strode out, back straight, long hair draped over his shoulders like a cloak. His expression was grave and stern, as if his rise to prominence gave him a blinding aura that no one could ignore.

When the Chosen in the pavilion saw that it was Meng Hao who was walking toward them, a variety of different expressions could be seen.

Li Ling'er's face flickered with hatred as she stared at him.

Sun Hai's eyes went wide, he took a deep breath, and subconsciously edged backward.

Song Luodan and Taiyang Zi saw Meng Hao at the same time, and their eyes shone with piercing light.

Then there was Fan Dong'er, whose gaze turned as sharp as a dagger. In that moment, she had no stronger desire than the wish to chop Meng Hao into tiny pieces. She began to pant, and it suddenly became impossible for her to maintain her previously stoic expression.

“Meng Hao....”

Chapter 929: Momentum

Fang Wei's gaze immediately fell onto Meng Hao. His expression was the same as ever, although his pupils constricted. He wasn't surprised to see that Meng Hao had shown up. Back in their initial meeting in the main temple, the moment they looked at each other, Fang Wei could tell that Meng Hao was not a pushover. However, he hadn't paid much attention to him, and had in fact disregarded him. It wasn't until Meng Hao rose to prominence in the Dao of Alchemy Division that he had been forced to take him seriously.

That was especially true now, when he was suddenly acting so aggressively. Fang Wei snorted coldly.

A moment later, his expression was seemingly as placid as ever, without any hint of disturbance.

Wang Mu was also there in the East Ascension Pavilion. When he saw Meng Hao, his eyes shone with a sharp light, and his desire to do battle increased.

Fang Yunyi stood there as well, looking venomously in Meng Hao's direction, a cold smile twisting the corners of his lips.

The crowds surrounding Brightmoon Lake were in an uproar. They made way for Meng Hao as he strode slowly forward, Fang Xi in tow, who was both excited and nervous. The Blackmoon Guards were one of the nine guard corps of the Fang Clan, and were responsible for maintaining peace. They would most certainly not respond kindly to Meng Hao provoking them.

"Coz...." he whispered. Suddenly, whistling sounds could be heard as more than thirty figures closed in on Meng Hao from all directions.

These were more Blackmoon Guards, the keepers of the peace! As they flew toward Meng Hao, their cultivation bases roared with power; shockingly, all of these cultivators were in the Immortal Realm!

Two of them were even stage 5 Immortals, and as they all closed in at high speed, they unleashed divine abilities and magical techniques. Brilliant light shot out in all directions, exerting intense pressure.

"How brazen!"

"You dare to attack the Blackmoon Guard? You dare to sow public chaos!? It doesn't matter who you are, kneel now and prepare to be sent to the dungeon to be tortured!"

As the shouts echoed out, Fang Xi started to look anxious.

However, Meng Hao's expression didn't change at all. Instead, he smiled coldly.

"It seems that even random nobodies dare to squawk in front of me," he said. "Could it be because I haven't used force often enough in the clan?" With that, he stepped forward. As soon as his foot touched the ground, he transformed into a bright beam of light.

The beam of light was gold-colored, and inside, Meng Hao took the form of a golden roc. A droning could be heard as he shot toward the incoming Blackmoon Guards at high speed.

In the blink of an eye, he slammed into three of them. The roc's talons slashed, ripping the air and causing cracking sounds to ring out. The three Blackmoon Guards' faces fell and blood sprayed from their mouths and their bodies twisted before they could even fight back. They were instantly sent flying backward by Meng Hao's talons, powerless to resist.

Even as they flew backward, coughing up blood, they looked back at Meng Hao with expressions of shock.

“How... how could he be so strong!?!?”

Meng Hao didn't pause for even a moment; he instantly swept towards the other guards. The roc flapped its wings, and in the blink of an eye, five more Blackmoon Guards let out muffled grunts. Blood sprayed from their mouths as they were thrown into the air, and looks of shock covered their faces as they looked at roc-form Meng Hao.

“What cultivation base does he have? Even the combined power of all five of us can't stop him!”

To describe all of these actions takes quite a few sentences, but these eight people were injured and sent tumbling hundreds of meters away in a brief flash. Eight people had been injured and flung over 300 meters away. Now, there were seven Blackmoon Guards left in front of Meng Hao.

Among those seven were the two stage 5 Immortals, who were now panting. Their expressions that of astonishment, they gritted their teeth and joined voices to call out, “Blackmoon Formation!”

Immediately, the other five of their number joined with the first two, combining together to form the shape of a moon!

Because their clothing was black, that moon... was also black!

A black moon!

As soon as the moon appeared, a monstrous energy surged out that weighed down on everyone in the area. The Chosen in the East Ascension Pavilion all looked on with strange gleams in their eyes.

“The Blackmoon Guards' first fusion art!” said Taiyang Zi, his eyes flickering.

“Rumor has it,” said Sun Hai, eyeing the black moon, “that with this art, seven people make the formation, seven formations make a magic spell, seven spells make a divine ability, seven divine abilities make a Dao!”

Others had similar reactions, although Li Ling'er simply watched with coldly flickering eyes.

The crowds surrounding Brightmoon Lake were also in a commotion.

Fang Xi's face fell, and Fang Yunyi smiled an overtly sinister smile.

In that moment....

Meng Hao, in golden roc form, didn't hesitate for a moment. He charged toward the black moon, and as he did, the roc turned blurry and transformed into numerous mountains. The mountains linked together to form a chain of mountains that then crushed down onto the black moon!

This was none other than the Mountain Consuming Incantation!

From a distance, it looked like massive mountain peaks suppressing the very moon in the Heavens. Boundless, enormous mountains filled the sky, and as for that black moon, it was visibly shrinking.

Everyone watching was astonished, especially the Chosen in the East Ascension Pavilion who had previously crossed swords with Meng Hao. When they saw the mountains, they were reminded of that year in the lands of South Heaven, when Meng Hao had single-handedly swept over all of the Chosen. Despite being chased by over a thousand opponents, he had been as valiant as ever.

Booms echoed out in all directions.

The black moon only lasted for the space of a few breaths under the crushing pressure of the mountains. Subsequently, it shattered into pieces, and the seven people inside coughed up blood and tumbled backward, their faces filled with terror.

The mountains faded away, and Meng Hao stepped out from within them. He once again transformed into a beam of light that shot forward.

“Fang Xi, keep up!” he said loftily. “I’m taking you to the pavilion on the lake!” To everyone who heard his booming voice, it was as if Meng Hao was the only person in existence.

There were many clan members who suddenly felt as if they were meeting Meng Hao for the first time. Their hearts trembled with shock, and even Fang Xi was panting. Gritting his teeth, he flew to follow Meng Hao.

The two of them proceeded onward toward Brightmoon Lake, Meng Hao in the lead, Fang Xi following.

In the East Ascension Pavilion in the middle of Brightmoon Lake, the various Chosen were all looking at Meng Hao. Regardless of whatever conflicts they had with him, as of this moment all of them had no choice but to admit that Meng Hao... was a blazing sun!

Fang Wei stood there quietly, his eyes icy. Fang Yunyi, on the other hand, had an expression filled with incredible venom.

Fang Hong was already in awe of Meng Hao, and subconsciously stepped backward, as did Fang Xiangshan. Fang Donghan was secretly excited; this outcome was exactly what he wanted, a fight between Meng Hao and Fang Wei.

As everyone watched Meng Hao nearing the edge of Brightmoon Lake, all of a sudden, a person appeared on the shore.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a black robe embroidered with two moons. He had the flourishing cultivation base of a stage 6 Immortal.

“You ignominious fool!” the man said coldly. “Back down!” This stage 6 Immortal was the leader of the Blackmoon Guards in this area. He stood there, brow furrowed, doing nothing to conceal his loathing of Meng Hao. Even as he spoke, he pushed his hand out in front of him, causing shocking pressure to roil out. At the same time, an enormous, illusory hand appeared that shot toward Meng Hao.

“I’m from the direct bloodline of the Fang Clan,” Meng Hao replied, “I’m the eldest grandson of this generation, with a supreme status in the clan. You’re the one who’ll be backing down!” Instead



of slowing down, he sped up. At the same time, he clenched his right hand into a fist and punched out into the air nine times.

Nine Heavens Destruction!

RUMMMBLLLLLE!

Massive roaring filled the air as his Dharma Idol suddenly materialized behind him. 15,000 meters tall, shocking to the extreme, it also punched out. Nine blows descended toward the middle-aged man, seemingly capable of shattering Heaven and Earth.

When Meng Hao's attacks slammed into the palm strike, the hand shattered. The man's face fell as Meng Hao's fist continued onward the man himself.

Dozens of blows were exchanged in the blink of an eye. Each exchange caused the man's face to flicker; his expression was now being taken over by fear as he realized that his cultivation base was being weakened, as was his life force. It was being absorbed by Meng Hao!

In the end, blood sprayed from his mouth, and he was forced to retreat.

In that moment, Meng Hao grabbed Fang Xi. As everyone watched, he flew up into the air... directly out over Brightmoon Lake!

As soon as Meng Hao was airborne, all of the dozens of Blackmoon Guards in the crowd urgently took flight and sped toward Meng Hao. It didn't matter if he was a fellow clan member, his flagrant challenge of the Blackmoon Guards was something that could not go unanswered.

However, Meng Hao completely ignored them. He dragged the astonished Fang Xi through the air, transforming into a long beam of light that shot over Brightmoon Lake toward the East Ascension Pavilion.

Inside the pavilion, the Chosen were all shocked. Li Ling'er clenched her jaw, and a cold light could be seen in Fan Dong'er's eyes. Wang Mu was itching to fight, and Song Luodan's face was icy. As for Sun Hai, he was getting nervous. Taiyang Zi and the others felt their energy surging as Meng Hao sped toward them.

Fang Wei frowned. Fang Yunyi was panting; seeing Meng Hao's powerful momentum caused him to subconsciously step backward.

Everyone watched as Meng Hao carried Fang Xi across the water. In the blink of an eye, he was almost at East Ascension Pavilion. Just when he was about to set foot inside....

"You don't qualify to be here," Fang Wei said calmly.

He took a step forward and then struck out with his palm!

The palm strike unexpectedly... caused everyone to feel as if the land were quaking and the mountains were trembling. The surface of Brightmoon Lake churned, as if some ancient being were awakening underneath and was now emitting a terrifying aura.

The palm strike looked ordinary, and yet as soon as it was delivered, a golden magical symbol appeared outside of the East Ascension Pavilion. The symbol was like the sun, instantly causing everything outside to turn golden.

In response to the palm strike, all of the Chosen in the pavilion, even Fan Dong'er and Zhou Xin from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, narrowed their eyes in concentration. Various expressions could be seen; the explosive energy of Fang Wei's attack left everyone shocked.

This was even more the case when people realized that Fang Wei's attack contained an aura of reincarnation. It was almost like a natural law, as if... anyone who opposed Fang Wei was actually an enemy of the Heavens!

A sense of crisis rose up in Meng Hao, and his eyes widened. He released Fang Xi, simultaneously causing the Black White Pearls to swirl out. Furthermore, a Blood qi rose up, transforming into the head of a Blood Demon. All of it coalesced onto Meng Hao's hand, after which he also... struck out with his palm.

Rumbling filled the air in the space between Meng Hao and Fang Wei in the East Ascension Pavilion.

This was the first time that Meng Hao and Fang Wei exchanged blows!

Chapter 930: I've Missed All of You!

It was a collision of gold and blood!

It was a struggle between the power of reincarnation and the Black White Pearls!

This was Fang Wei... versus Meng Hao! Their first battle!

Rumbling filled the air as the colors of gold and blood smashed into each other. The night sky suddenly grew bright as the power of reincarnation and the Black White Pearls collided, causing Heaven and Earth to tremble. Massive roaring echoed out in all directions.

The Blood Demon head collapsed, and the world of gold shattered. The sensation of reincarnation faded away... and Meng Hao's Black White Pearls also collapsed.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and his Eternal stratum immediately surged into action, giving him the power to completely shrug off the blow. What all onlookers saw was that Fang Wei's palm strike did nothing to stop him! He didn't even pause... he just stepped right into the East Ascension Pavilion!

Fang Wei's eyes brimmed with icy coldness, and his face had turned a bit pale. Although he had been separated from Meng Hao's counterstrike to his palm attack, he was still struck by the backlash.

Most shocking of all was that this was Brightmoon Lake, a place where Fang Wei practiced cultivation. He had formed a resonance with the lake water, and therefore held the upper hand. Furthermore, Meng Hao had been protecting Fang Xi.

In the end, however, it was really difficult to determine which of them was actually more powerful!

Almost in the same moment that Meng Hao set foot into the pavilion, dozens of Blackmoon Guards flew out across the lake toward him.

Meng Hao completely ignored them. Instead, his cold gaze flitted across the crowd and came to fall on Fang Wei.

“Junior Cousin Fang Wei, why is it that I’m not qualified to enter this pavilion?”

“Anyone who is being pursued by the Blackmoon Guards is naturally not qualified to set foot inside,” Fang Wei replied coolly. The Blackmoon Guards were closing in on the pavilion, and even more were now converging further out beyond the lakeshore. Furthermore, it would only be a short time before their true experts arrived.

In his heart, Fang Wei laughed coldly. He truly wanted to see how Meng Hao could possibly resolve the current situation.

Fang Xi’s face was ashen as he stood there next to Meng Hao, panting. He had never been inside the East Ascension Pavilion before, and would normally have been very excited. Right now though, the Blackmoon Guards were moments away from catching up, and when he thought about what would happen then, he couldn’t help but take a deep breath and brace himself to go for broke.

He had already decided that because all of this was happening because of him, he would take full responsibility, and make sure that the clan didn’t cause any problems for Meng Hao.

“Is that so?” replied Meng Hao, smiling. Sharp whistling sounds could be heard as seven or eight Blackmoon Guards shot through the air behind him. Their expressions brimmed with killing intent, and they were just about to attack when...

Meng Hao casually raised his hand and showed something to the Blackmoon Guards behind him.

Then, without even turning his head, he coldly barked, “Screw off!”

As his voice echoed out, the Blackmoon Guards outside of the pavilion saw the item in his hand. Their faces fell, and they suddenly stopped in place, staring in disbelief at Meng Hao’s hand, and the object therein.

Then they began to pant. Meanwhile, more Blackmoon Guards converged in the area. All of them had the same reaction, as if lightning were crashing around inside their minds.

The dozens of nearby Blackmoon Guards, and the hundreds that were gathered further off, all stared wordlessly in shock.

When the Chosen in the East Ascension Pavilion saw what was happening, their eyes gleamed with a strange light. Fang Wei suddenly seemed to remember something, and his face turned extremely unsightly. Fang Yunyi gaped, unsure of how to react to this sudden development.

He couldn't understand what the Blackmoon Guards had seen that would suddenly cause them to stop in place and not dare to get any closer.

Fang Hong stared in shock. Fang Xiangshan hesitated. Fang Donghan's eyes shone with curiosity.

"What the hell are you still doing here?" said Meng Hao icily, still not deigning to look behind him.

The instant the words left his mouth, the Blackmoon Guards behind him gasped. They suddenly clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then bitterly turned and made their way off.

Many among the audience around Brightmoon Lake saw this, and gaped in shock. They had just personally witnessed the Blackmoon Guards, brimming with killing intent, suddenly stop in place and then retreat en masse, clearly not daring to get even an inch closer.

There were a few people in the crowd who had exceptional eyesight, and managed to catch a glimpse of the object Meng Hao held in his hand. They gasped, and expressions of blank disbelief appeared on their faces.

"The command medallion of a tier 8 alchemist!!"

"That's the same as a clan Elder's command medallion.... A tier 8 alchemist's command medallion!! That gives him the same status as a clan Elder! And clan Elders... are qualified to order the Blackmoon Guards to stand down!"

"Fang Hao concocted a Skypalace Sunspirit Pill, which means that he instantly became a tier 8 alchemist!!"

The sounds of the tumult outside drifted into the pavilion, causing the cultivators gathered there to inhale sharply.

Fang Xi gaped, and then suddenly went wild with joy.

Meng Hao slowly lowered his hand, looking at Fang Wei with a slight smile.

“Would you say I’m qualified now?”

Fang Wei’s expression was extremely unsightly as he stared at Meng Hao. Before he could even respond, Meng Hao stepped forward and raised his right hand. Fang Yunyi’s face fell, and he tried to escape, but his body involuntarily flew through the air toward Meng Hao, who grabbed him by the neck.

“You see me, and don’t greet me properly,” Meng Hao said, smiling, gently patting Fang Yunyi’s cheek. “Ah, Yunyi, it seems that the last time I taught you a lesson, you just didn’t get it.”

Meng Hao’s smile caused Fang Yunyi to begin to tremble. He was about to say something, when suddenly Meng Hao’s face darkened and he slammed Fang Yunyi onto the floor of the pavilion.

The pavilion was magically reinforced, and couldn’t be damaged by such an action. It was incredibly tough, which resulted in Fang Yunyi letting out a bloodcurdling scream. Next, Meng Hao slammed him into the ground seven or eight more times.

Blood sprayed from Fang Yunyi’s mouth, and he screamed over and over again. He even begged for mercy. Fang Wei frowned.

“That’s enough!” he said.

Meng Hao smiled and looked over at Fang Wei.

“Under my authority as an Elder, I’m reprimanding a clan member. Junior Cousin Fang Wei, on what authority did you speak those two words to me just now?”

With that, Meng Hao grabbed Fang Yunyi by the hair, swung him around and then chucked him off to the side. Blood splattered everywhere. The Chosen in the room watched and said nothing. However, as they observed at Meng Hao’s actions, each of them were thinking different things.

That was especially true of Sun Hai, who was shivering slightly.

Fang Wei's expression was extremely grim as he looked at Meng Hao. He was about to say something, when Meng Hao laughed.

"On the other hand," he said, "the moon is out tonight, and the stars are bright. Tomorrow is the rise of the East Ascension Sun, an auspicious day. Besides, I see a lot of old friends here, which makes me happy. I won't make things any harder for you." He looked out at all the Chosen, each of whom had different expressions on their faces.

Sun Hai subconsciously bowed his head. Li Ling'er stared in rage. Fan Dong'er's face flickered with killing intent, and Wang Mu looked like he wanted to fight then and there. Song Luodan and Taiyang Zi were both staring at him with clenched jaws.

Their past experiences with Meng Hao were things that they would never be able to forget.

Meng Hao looked slightly embarrassed, then chuckled bashfully as he looked down at the terrified Fang Yunyi, who lay there bedraggled and broken-boned.

"Write me a promissory note," Meng Hao said, narrowing his eyes and smiling. He immediately produced pen and paper from his bag of holding, which he held out in front of Fang Yunyi. "You know me, and you know what to write."

With that, he patted Fang Yunyi on the head.

Fang Yunyi's face was pale white. To him, Meng Hao was the most evil fiend imaginable in Heaven and Earth. Trembling, he used his own blood to write out a promissory note.

Meng Hao accepted the promissory note, blew on it a bit to dry it, and gingerly placed it in his bag of holding as if it were a treasure. Then, he smiled at Fang Yunyi and said something that caused Fang Yunyi's blood to run cold.

"Yunyi, you'll get no third chance. If you act like this again the next time you see me... I'll make sure you live a life worse than death." Meng Hao's smile stretched from ear to ear, but his words were as cold as ice. It was a stark contrast that caused all of the Chosen in the pavilion to look on in reticent silence.

Fang Yunyi started to pant and tremble, and his expression turned into one of extreme terror. He could sense the murderous intent in Meng Hao's words, and was also certain that when Meng Hao said he would do something... he would never fail to follow through on his promise.

Fang Yunyi knew that if he did not respectfully greet Meng Hao the next time he saw him, Meng Hao would definitely... leave him wishing he were dead.

He was frightened, well and truly frightened. Even Fang Wei was incapable of helping him in this situation, causing his fear to reach heights that it could not be described even with the word 'terror.'

"Now, screw off to whatever hole you crawled out of," said Meng Hao. He grabbed Fang Yunyi by the hair and violently tossed him out of the pavilion. Intense pain wracked Fang Yunyi's body as he flew out over Brightmoon Lake and landed in the middle of the crowd outside.

After being helped to his feet, he left immediately, trying to put as much distance between himself and Meng Hao as possible. The entire time, his heart was gripped with icy terror.

Back in the East Ascension Pavilion, Meng Hao looked around at the various Chosen, and a bashful smile appeared on his face, as if he were slightly embarrassed to have suddenly run into so many old friends.

"Greetings, Fellow Daoists!" he said. "We meet again! I've missed all of you!"

Looking quite at ease, he walked up to Sun Hai and, before he could back away, slid his arm around his neck, as if they were good friends.

"Hey, if it isn't L'il Hai! How are you?! Have things been well? Why did you shave your head? Not bad, I think it's quite a unique hairstyle."

Sun Hai started to tremble, and he looked as if he might start crying at any moment. Meng Hao's shadow lurked perpetually in his heart, a point that could be seen clearly from his cleanly-shaven head.

Meng Hao rubbed Sun Hai's shiny head and patted it a few times. Sun Hai choked with silent fury, feeling frustrated to the extreme. At this point, Meng Hao's gaze came to rest on Li Ling'er. Subconsciously, he couldn't refrain from... looking at Li Ling'er's curvaceous rear end.



“Aiya! Little sis Ling’er, I haven’t seen you for so long! You’re even prettier than before. Your rear end... looks really nice....” He cleared his throat. “Hey, don’t look at me that way! You know, now that I think about it, we were actually engaged as children!”

Li Ling’er’s expression was extremely dark as she stared at Meng Hao. Her chest rose and fell as she panted, and she looked like she was on the verge of exploding. Were it not for the fact that she knew she wasn’t a match for Meng Hao, and that they were also in the Fang Clan, then she would definitely go all out to fight him.

Seeing that Li Ling’er was on the verge of bursting, Meng Hao quickly looked away, turning his attention to Fan Dong’er. Instantly, his eyes brightened.

“Eee? Inky! You’re here too! Little sis Dong’er, I’ve already loaned you Inky for quite a while now, when will you be giving her back to me?”

Fan Dong’er’s eyes blazed with rage, and she raised her right hand. Cracking sounds could be heard as two violet flying daggers suddenly appeared. Mysterious flames hissed up from the daggers, and they emanated terrifying auras.

“I dare you to say one more word!” she said through gritted teeth.