

The Heavens 961

Chapter 961: Necropolis

Above the Ninth Sea, the Door of Immortality opened, and boundless Immortal light emanated out, completely bathing Fan Dong'er. At the same time, enormous quantities of Immortal qi exploded out from the door and bored into her body.

When the Door of Immortality opens, so do Immortal meridians. Every person is different, so the number of Immortal meridians that can be opened depends on a variety of aspects.

Take Pill Demon for example. Although the moment of his true Immortal Ascension did not come with any display of Immortal meridians, that was because he was the first true Immortal of the era. Therefore, he had gained the approval of all the Nine Mountains and Seas, and his name was engraved upon the Immortal scroll.

Those who used Immortality Illumination Vines to become true Immortals were also approved by the Nine Mountains and Seas, and their names were also recorded on the Immortal scroll, although they were viewed as lacking some of the destiny of Heaven and Earth that Pill Demon had.

However, at its root, cultivation is about defying the Heavens and contending for control of fate. The path to Immortality is one of ascension through defiance of the Heavens.

As far as Meng Hao was concerned, if he succeeded in becoming a true Immortal without using an Immortality Illumination Vine, and without acquiring the Immortal destiny to gain the approval to become a true Immortal, then his true Immortality would be completely domineering!

He would be an overbearing true Immortal who everyone had to acknowledge, whether they wanted to or not!

Currently, Immortal qi raged above the Ninth Sea. Everyone watched as Fan Dong'er's body emitted scintillating light, and her aura exploded with power.

10 meridians. 20 meridians. 30 meridians.... The light which emanated out from her grew more intense, and shocking images like that of dragons or phoenixes swirled around her!

40 meridians. 60 meridians. 80 meridians.... Rumbling filled the air and shook the hearts of all onlookers as she reached 90 meridians! She was now the complete center of attention, and yet, wasn't done yet!

91 meridians. 93 meridians. In the end... she opened 96 meridians!

The entire Ninth Sea was completely astonished!

As the Door of Immortality faded away, Fan Dong'er hovered there in midair, her 96 Immortal meridians emanating Immortal power. She could sense that she had been thoroughly remolded, and was now vastly more powerful than before.

She looked out into the starry sky in the direction of Planet East Victory.

“Meng Hao.... I'm a true Immortal now, and when I utilize the Ninth Sea Immortality Incantation, I can double my power. There is still a fight to be had between us, so I hope you're able to keep up with the current generation.”

At almost the same moment that Fan Dong'er opened 96 Immortal meridians, back in the Fang Clan ancestral land on Planet East Victory, within the mist, Meng Hao was holding the bronze lamp aloft as he stepped into the open door of the necropolis.

He was now entering a place... that no one had ever entered from the moment the first generation Patriarch passed away in meditation until now! The necropolis!

As he entered, he looked up and saw a field of twinkling stars. There was also a huge mountain, which was surrounded by four planets. Next to the mountain was a starry sea.

It was the Ninth Mountain, the Ninth Sea, and the four planets.

That was the ceiling of the enormous hall in which he found himself. Starlight glittered down onto a middle-aged man who sat atop a woven rush mat. His face was calm, without the slightest hint that he might be dead. And yet, his entire person emanated an aura of rot.

He was almost like a statue that had been sitting there motionless for countless years.

He wore a simple robe and a scholar's hat. He sat there cross-legged, his lips turned up in a slight smile. In his hand he held a scroll of bamboo slips, and a glowing sphere of starlight hovered around him, flickering.

In addition to this, there was a pill furnace, without any cover. Inside of the furnace was a swirling mass of seven-colored mist, making it impossible to see clearly whatever was inside. Above the pill furnace, occupying Meng Hao's entire field of view, was... a dragon.

It was... a dragon cast from bronze, its long body twisted around the columns that supported the roof. Cracks spread out from the areas where the dragon's claws sank into the column, and its tail disappeared into the darkness. Its head hung down directly above the pill furnace, into which it was gazing with an expression of greed. Its mouth was open as if it were about to consume whatever was inside the pill furnace.

The bronze dragon was incredibly realistic, even down to the scales, making it almost look alive. Meng Hao even noticed several areas on the dragon's body where the scales were severely damaged, as if they were scars earned from hundreds of battles.

As he looked at everything around him, Meng Hao began to pant. He almost couldn't believe that this was merely a bronze casting of a dragon; to him, it almost felt as if it were a real, flesh-and-blood dragon.

One of the reasons for that sensation was that when he looked at it, the Immortal meridian inside of him began to pulse violently and emit an aura of longing, as if it wanted to completely absorb it!

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment. In a situation like this, he would not act rashly. He scanned the huge temple hall, and then decided to skirt the pill furnace and head over to the man sitting on the rush mat. He looked at him sitting there meditating, and realized that he looked exactly like the statue outside.

"First generation Patriarch...." murmured Meng Hao. As he looked at the man, his blood began to thrum, as if it were a resonance between the two of them.

After a long moment, Meng Hao knelt down and kowtowed to the man.

“Fang Hao of the Junior generation offers greetings, Patriarch,” he said, his voice sincere. Although he might have a bit of enmity toward the Fang Clan, he only had feelings of respect for the first generation Patriarch who had founded the clan.

After kowtowing, Meng Hao got to his feet and looked at the sphere of starlight hovering around of the first generation Patriarch. Deep inside the light, he could just barely make out a fingernail-sized asteroid.

As the starlight entered his eyes, Meng Hao’s breathing sped up a bit. From what he could tell, this object... was probably a manifestation of the One Thought Stellar Transformation.

He tried to reach out and grab the starlight, but no matter how he attempted to take ahold of it, it did no good, as if the sphere were completely ignoring him. It just continued to orbit the first generation Patriarch.

Meng Hao thought for a moment, then abandoned any attempts to force the matter. After all, the sphere of starlight was hovering around the first generation Patriarch, so any attempt to forcibly take it away would probably involve making contact with the Patriarch’s corpse, a level of disrespect that Meng Hao wouldn’t show.

He took a few steps back, looking around and then floating up into the air to take a closer look at the places where the bronze dragon’s claws sank into the column. After a moment, he took in a deep breath, and his expression was one of complete disbelief.

He then sank back down to the ground and glanced around vigilantly, his heart pounding.

Moments ago, he had been able to determine that the cracks had not been carved there, but had occurred naturally, as if... on some day in the past, a real dragon had actually latched onto the column with its claws.

As he continued to gaze at the bronze dragon, images began to appear in his mind. In the vision, he saw the hall, empty and peaceful. Then a dragon charged in, swirling through hall and then wrapping around one column after another. Its claws pierced into the columns as it lowered its head, eyes flickering with greed as it attempted to consume the pill furnace. It was in that moment that a powerful force rippled out, and the dragon died instantly, transforming into nothing more than a bronze statue.

As soon as Meng Hao experienced this vision, he was filled with shock.

“This necropolis sure is full of strange things....” he thought, blinking. He looked back at the first generation Patriarch, then was struck by a sudden impulse. Meng Hao walked past him, then sat down across from him, back facing the Patriarch, looking out into the hall.

His scalp instantly went numb as he realized that from this position, he could directly see the dragon’s chin, and the lower part of its body. Furthermore, it appeared that... if he were powerful enough, he could use a single finger to cause the entire bronze dragon to explode.

He raised his hand and pointed in that very manner, then stood up and followed the line that his finger had pointed at. When he arrived at the place where that path intersected with the dragon’s chin, and examined it more closely, he could sense something that caused his mind to tremble.

He was almost frightened out of his senses when that specific spot on the dragon’s chin rippled as if with magic; apparently there was still the residue of some sort of magical technique, left behind in this spot.

That indicated... that this was the point of impact that had led to the bronze dragon being turned into a statue!

Meng Hao slowly turned around to face the first generation Patriarch. Mouth parched and dry, he forced a smile onto his face and then clasped hands and bowed.

“Patriarch,” he began carefully, “I am a member of the Fang Clan, the sole descendant of the direct bloodline. I’m the only heir. Do you get what that means, sir?! Basically, if I die, then the direct bloodline will be gone!!

“Sir, you are an exalted and magnanimous person, so, um... well, I’m here, not to disturb you, sir, but rather, to acquire a legacy so that I can perform meritorious services for the clan!”

Meng Hao’s speech was met with silence, so after a moment, he backed up, thought for a moment, then looked over at the pill furnace in hesitation.

“Whatever it was that caused this incredibly powerful dragon to feel such greed must definitely be a precious treasure.... Who knows how this dragon managed to charge its way in here, but it shows that it’s definitely not weak. Most likely, it actually came here before the Misty Heaven Vault was

created, and before the first generation Patriarch perished. The fact that the first generation Patriarch caused the dragon to remain in the necropolis shows just how powerful it was.

“And the item it desired....” Meng Hao’s heart thumped as he hesitated, torn about what to do. Finally, he looked up and yet again clasped hands to the first generation Patriarch.

“Patriarch, my Bloodline Gatebeam rose up 30,000 meters, making me fit to be called the number one figure of the Fang bloodline right now. That indicates... that you and I have a very close connection, grandfather.” He blinked.

“Considering our close relationship, if you were still alive, sir, well, I think you would be very happy to see me. I have a pretty good personality, and an even temper. I’m very obedient, and always follow instructions. Pretty much everyone likes me.” Meng Hao slapped his chest proudly as he described himself.

“Patriarch, you’re a member of the Elder generation, so to see someone of the Junior generation after so many years, especially someone as outstanding as myself, must surely make you very happy. You definitely would want a member of the Junior generation like me to be handsomely rewarded.

“I actually want nothing else than the contents of that pill furnace. Why don’t you give it to me, okay? Oh, and the One Thought Stellar Transformation? I’d love to continue to develop it. Right, about that dragon, I’ll clear it out for you, how about that!?” Meng Hao, feeling emboldened, and yet also gritting his teeth, slowly approached the pill furnace and looked at the seven-colored mist inside. He then gently blew on the mist.

As soon as his breath touched the mist, Meng Hao saw that inside of the pill furnace was a jade plate, upon which was a blob of seven-colored liquid.

The moment he saw the seven-colored liquid, all of the hair on his body stood on end. As a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy, it didn’t matter that he had never seen a liquid like this before, his intuition instantly informed him that this was something that could not be consumed by cultivators.

It contained a shocking, violent aura which indicated that any cultivator who consumed it would be killed instantly.

It was at this moment that a thrumming sound could suddenly be heard from within his bag of holding. The jade box inside shattered, and the two Nirvana Fruits that had been given to him by the Grand Elder, the ones that belonged to the first generation Patriarch, suddenly flew out of their own volition. Seemingly striving to outdo each other, they shot toward the seven-colored liquid inside the pill furnace.

It was as if the first fruit to touch the liquid would be completely restored!

Chapter 962: The Number One Person of Immortal Destiny!

It happened so suddenly that Meng Hao could only watch with wide eyes as the two Nirvana Fruits shot toward the pill furnace. The one that took the lead was the one which Meng Hao had spent so many spirit stones on, and was on the verge of already being completely restored.

Meng Hao's mind filled with roaring as he suddenly realized that the seven-colored liquid must have the same function as Spirit Elixir. It wasn't meant to be consumed, it was meant to be used to restore Nirvana Fruits.

A Yin aura of death could be sensed within the liquid, an aura that represented the lack of life and destruction. The Nirvana Fruits had been withered for eons, and were essentially dead. However, it seemed that when they touched the seven-colored liquid, the Yin death aura would reach a pinnacle in which life force suddenly appeared!

That life force represented the restoration of the Nirvana Fruits.

The violent surge of energy from the seven-colored liquid would replenish the Nirvana Fruits, leading to a rapid increase in life force.

Meng Hao's mind trembled; the first thought that entered his mind was that he must not under any circumstances allow the Nirvana Fruit which he had so painstakingly worked on to succeed right now. If it did, the losses he would sustain as a result would be too incredible.

He used all the power he could muster to reach out and grab the Nirvana Fruit, which was just on the verge of touching the seven-colored liquid. Even as he did this, the other Nirvana Fruit that he had ignored all this time melted down into the liquid.

In that instant, blinding beams of seven-colored light stabbed out, and a thick, seven-colored mist spread out to cover the entire pill furnace.

The other Nirvana Fruit, which Meng Hao now held in his hand, seemed to calm down, and ceased moving. Meng Hao quickly tossed it into his bag of holding, and then backed up several paces, his facial expression fluctuating with anxiety.

He looked over at the first generation Patriarch, then back at the seven-colored mist in the pill furnace, and began muttering to himself in uncertainty.

“No one has ever been to this necropolis before.... Therefore, nobody knows that the Spirit Extract within the pill furnace can provoke such a reaction from the Nirvana Fruits.... This is the necropolis of the first generation Patriarch, and the Nirvana Fruits belong to him.

“I wonder if, after the fusion is complete, the Nirvana Fruit could be consumed?” Meng Hao hesitated for a moment; currently, he couldn’t see anything in particular inside of the pill furnace’s mist.

“If I can consume it, then it would definitely be a big win for me!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with bright light.

“Even if I can’t consume it, losing one of the Nirvana Fruits isn’t completely unacceptable.” With that, Meng Hao took a deep breath and calmed himself down. Then, he looked up at the bronze dragon.

This time, it seemed different than before. Its greedy expression had changed into one of fear, and instead of its mouth being open in preparation to consume the pill furnace, it now looked as if someone had violently wrenched its mouth open with the purpose of distilling the essence of its life force.

That essence seemed to be formed from the frenzied terror it had experienced in the moment of death. Then, after it died, the Yin death power formed together... merging to create a drop of liquid filled with boundless Yin death and violence. That drop had then descended onto the jade plate in the pill furnace.

Meng Hao wasn’t sure whether or not he was mistaken, but it seemed that as soon as the Nirvana Fruit merged into the liquid and the dense mist filled the pill furnace, some sort of natural law seemed to have been nullified, which made the bronze dragon’s expression change again. This time, it seemed almost relieved, as if it had experienced a release.

Next, cracks suddenly spread out across the bronze dragon's body. They rapidly covered its entire body, to the point where the dragon gradually... began to dissipate right before his eyes!

He stared in shock, and took a deep breath as he backed up.

He looked on as the bronze dragon began to fade, transforming into strands of mist that maintained the shape of a dragon as they intertwined with each other and began to swirl around the hall.

When it got close to Meng Hao, the misty dragon head looked at him thoughtfully. Eventually, a gleam of appreciation could be seen in its eyes, after which it shot forward and slammed headfirst into Meng Hao!

It instantly began to fuse into him, transforming into Immortal qi, which then surged into his Immortal meridian.

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and his Immortal meridian shook violently. It even began to resemble the appearance of a dragon as it madly absorbed the misty dragon's Immortal qi.

Cracking sounds could be heard as his Immortal meridian solidified even further, and Meng Hao's true Immortal aura grew stronger and stronger.

A strange gleam appeared in his eyes. His breath came in ragged pants as he experienced the sensation of the true Immortal Realm more strongly than he ever had before. Previously, he had been at the point of needing a hundred days to completely solidify his Immortal meridian, but now it was proceeding much faster than before.

In the time it takes an incense stick to burn, rumbling filled Meng Hao's body as his Immortal meridian was completely formed!!

Immortal light pulsed out from him, and Immortal qi multiplied rapidly, circulating through his body, causing his Cultivation base to change completely.

He had been waiting for this moment for a long time. His journey had started in the lands of South Heaven, in the moment that he witnessed his master Pill Demon reach true Immortal Ascension. That was when his anticipation had begun to build!

From this moment on, he was not a mortal, but an Immortal.

During the Daoist Societies' trial by fire, Meng Hao had seen the glimmer of hope. After arriving on Planet East Victory, his anticipation deepened. Originally, he thought it would take a bit longer, but now, in the ancestral land, within the necropolis, he acquired the vast, heavenly good fortune to complete that final step into true Immortality.

Were Meng Hao not in this necropolis, which was part of the Ruins of Immortality, then Immortal Tribulation would currently be forming up above, and a Door of Immortality would appear.

Only by bashing open that door would he be able to make the final leap to success by opening the rest of his Immortal meridians.

However at this moment, the Door of Immortality had no way to sense Meng Hao's aura, no way to realize that he was about to step into the Immortal Realm. Therefore, it did not appear.

Because of that... Meng Hao's cultivation base had actually reached an indescribably shocking level.

Lucky breaks like this were something incredibly rare. To be able to achieve true Immortal Ascension like this required three criteria; to achieve Immortality without the use of an Immortality Illumination Vine, to be in a place with both a necropolis and a piece of the Ruins of Immortality, and for that place to have sufficient Immortal qi.

Though it seemed that the three stipulations would be a simple matter to meet, it was actually incredibly difficult. Normally speaking, it would be easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to meet the first requirement, not to mention the other two!!

They were so difficult that, although you couldn't say they were impossible to meet, they were definitely extremely, extremely unlikely. In fact, in the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao was the only person who, by a series of chance occurrences, had managed to achieve it!

Perhaps in some of the other Eight Mountains and Seas, there had been other people throughout the years who attempted to do the same thing. However, none of those people could compare to Meng Hao. That was because he had started out with a foundation for true Immortality, which was the Immortal meridian that had been given to him by none other than the bronze lamp!

It was an authentic Immortal meridian, exceeding that of all other Immortals, making him... a true Immortal among true Immortals!

Meng Hao was actually the first person in all of the Nine Mountains and Seas to come across such a lucky break!

However many extra Immortal meridians he had now would remain with him when he underwent his Immortal Tribulation on the outside, and would not superimpose with those Immortal meridians he acquired, but would increase their number!

All souls had three spiritual aspects and seven physical soul aspects, with ten meridians composing each of the ten vessels. Immortals with 100 meridians had three spiritual soul aspects, seven physical soul aspects, and ten soul vessels. People who exceeded 100 meridians were extremely rare in the Nine Mountains and Seas. In fact, such people existed virtually in legend only. Each meridian that exceeded 100 resulted in an additional soul vessel!

Meng Hao's body filled with rumbling as his first Immortal Meridian was completed. Furthermore, thanks to the misty dragon, a second Immortal meridian was also beginning to take shape. As soon as it appeared, it began to solidify.

Good preparation leads to success. Other Chosen had already prepared themselves to their utmost limits, so, when they stepped into true Immortality, it would be a shocking event. As for Meng Hao, he had taken himself to be well prepared, but now, with this sudden lucky break, he was accumulating even more potential.

If any outsider became aware of this kind of extra preparation, it would shock the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

At the same time that Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, madly absorbing Immortal qi and forming a second Immortal meridian, clouds were forming in the starry sky outside of Planet East Victory. It started as a mist that rapidly formed into Tribulation Clouds alongside a shocking Door of Immortality.

A Door of Immortality had been floating over the Ninth Sea just a short time ago, and now, one materialized over East Victory and was slowly descending toward the planet.

Countless people saw it, and it immediately led to a complete uproar. Fang Clan members looked at it excitedly, especially the clan Elders.

“True Immortal Tribulation!” the Grand Elder gasped, eyes shining brightly.

The descent of the Door of Immortality was not because of Meng Hao; rather, it was because of... Fang Wei!

Beneath the ancestral mansion, Fang Xiushan awakened from meditation, body trembling, expression one of excitement as he looked over at the stone wall next to him. Suddenly, the stone wall opened up to reveal a tall figure striding out, who was none other than Fang Wei.

His left eye was pitch black, a darkness that seemed to contain death itself. His right eye was completely white, as if it contained the vitality of daytime. His entire person radiated the aura of true Immortality.

His expression was sober and serious as he simultaneously exuded the aura of reincarnation and the icy coldness of the Yellow Springs.

“Wei’er,” said Fang Xiushan excitedly, “you....”

“Dad, I succeeded,” was the reply. Fang Wei immediately blasted a hole in the ceiling of the chamber and then flew out into the air above.

Fang Xiushan tilted his head back and began to laugh loudly. Seeing Fang Wei fly out filled his heart with excitement, and he knew that as of this moment, all of his violations of clan rules were no longer important, and could easily be swept under the rug.

Indeed, it really was true. As Fang Wei shot up into the sky, the Grand Elder caught sight of Fang Xiushan and gave him a deep look, although he didn’t say anything.

At the moment, Fang Wei was the only person flying up in midair. Seeing this from their positions down below, the Elders of his bloodline also flew up to act as Dharma Protectors. At the same time, the Fang Clan’s grand spell formation was also activated, making Fang Wei the center of all attention on Planet East Victory.

Down in the stony cavern beneath the ancestral mansion, the other six Patriarchs stirred and began to observe the scene. Although they didn't appear in person, their divine senses locked down the whole planet.

As of this moment, Fang Wei was the focus of all eyes!

Fang Xi stood within the crowds, fists clenched, eyes filled with defiance.

“Fang Hao should be the one reaching true Immortal Ascension!

“Fang Hao, Coz, I hope you're okay, and I hope you know that Fang Wei... succeeded with his Immortal Ascension and is now preparing to attack the Door of Immortality and open his Immortal meridians!”

Rumbling filled the Heavens as the Door of Immortality descended. All of the clans and sects in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were using various methods to observe what was happening on Planet East Victory.

If you didn't count Pill Demon, Fang Wei was the second person in this generation after Fan Dong'er... to become a true Immortal cultivator!

“Fan Dong'er opened 96 Immortal meridians. I wonder... how many Immortal meridians Fang Wei will open?!” That was the question on the minds of all the people watching throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Fang Wei looked like a shooting star as he soared up into the sky toward the rumbling Immortal Tribulation. Lightning crashed around him as he roared, eyes filled with determination as he completely ignored the Immortal Tribulation and focused completely on the Door of Immortality within the cloud.

“My goal is to open 98 meridians!” he murmured softly. “After I have my Immortal meridians, Fang Hao... you will be nothing more than an ant to me. Your two Nirvana Fruits will make me, Fang Wei, the number one person within my generation!

“However, I'm still going to crush you to death to sever the Devil in my heart!” Fang Wei's eyes shone with pride and arrogance as he contemplated his desire to... return to the position he had occupied before the rising of the East Ascension Sun... Prince Wei of the Fang Clan!

Chapter 963: Fang Hao, Come Out and Fight!

As Meng Hao meditated in seclusion in the necropolis, having completed his first Immortal meridian and moved on to his second, the Door of Immortality rumbled above Planet East Victory, and Immortal Tribulation descended.

Fang Wei flew up above the land, heading into the tribulation, the focus of all eyes, not only on Planet East Victory, but in all of the sects and clans, who used various different methods to bear witness to Fang Wei becoming a true Immortal.

Fan Dong'er had opened 96 meridians, causing widespread shock. Now that Fang Wei had reached Immortal Ascension, everyone was considering the question of how many meridians he would open. His Immortal Ascension represented the potential rise of a new almighty figure within the Fang Clan.

As everything rumbled, the Immortal Tribulation battered Fang Wei, and he roared. Lightning crashed down, and he let it. The aura of reincarnation swirled around him, and the will of the Yellow Springs surged strongly.

Furthermore, a bizarre light shone in his eyes. The left one was black, the right one white, which was the manifestation of the successful cultivation of One Breath Yellow Springs Dao. As for the aura of reincarnation that swirled around him, that was from the One Thought Reincarnation Incantation!

These were signature divine abilities of the Fang Clan, and shockingly, he had cultivated two of them!

Amidst the rumbling, Fang Wei slammed into the door of Immortality, immediately opening it a crack. Boundless Immortal light began to spill out, and the Immortal tribulation grew more intense, covering everything in the sky.

Time passed. Soon, three days had gone by.

During those three days, Fang Wei's image shocked everyone. He continued to completely ignore the Immortal Tribulation, which didn't seem capable of pushing him back even the least bit. In fact, he even seemed to be gaining strength from it. Lightning filled the Heavens, and Fang Wei's presence there left everyone astonished.

“Fang Wei is the number one Chosen of the Fang Clan! He’s the Fang Clan’s Prince Wei!”

“The Immortal Tribulation is going to dissipate! He’s about to truly open the Door of Immortality!”

“Fang Wei! Fang Wei!” Everyone in the Fang Clan was excited, and their voices quickly filled the air, turning into sound waves that rolled out in all directions.

Moments later, a shocking boom could be heard as Fang Wei pushed open the Door of Immortality. Immortal light surged out, filling the sky, the blinding beams immediately dispersing the Immortal Tribulation.

The Immortal light wreathed Fang Wei as he threw his head back and let out a long shout. His hair whipped about, and his tall frame grew even more refined as it shed its mortal constraints. He was now stepping into the true Immortal Realm.

At the same time, the Immortal light sent out boundless Immortal qi that surrounded Fang Wei and poured into his body.

Everyone down below was in an uproar as they observed the proceedings. The Grand Elder’s eyes shone with brilliant light. Off to the side, Fang Wei’s grandfather and Fang Xiushan both looked extremely excited.

20 meridians. 40 meridians. 60 meridians. 80 meridians!

In the space of a few breaths worth of time, Immortal light washed over Fang Wei, and he opened 80 Immortal meridians, causing intense pressure to radiate out. Rumbling echoed out from within him as the Immortal meridians writhed like vicious dragons, and emanated the power of true Immortality.

83 meridians. 87 meridians. 90 meridians!!

The Fang Clan was in a huge commotion, and all observers on Planet East Victory were trembling. The clan members of other clans were all looking at Fang Wei as he rose once again to prominence, opening 90 meridians!

However, things weren't over yet. More shocking rumbling could be heard from within Fang Wei. 91, 92, 93....

When the 96th meridian appeared, there was universal astonishment!

“Fan Dong'er opened 96 meridians, and now Fang Wei has actually done the same thing!”

“He fully deserves to be called a Chosen!”

“He... he actually seems to have a bit of energy left. Just how many resources did Fang Wei pour into his preparations!? This is astonishing!”

Rumbling sounds continue to echo out as the 97th meridian opened inside of Fang Wei!

Fang Xiushan was trembling, and his expression was one of intense excitement. He looked up into the sky and began to laugh heartily. Next to him, Fang Wei's grandfather looked very pleased. Even the Grand Elder appeared to be smiling.

The entire Fang Clan was roused into complete excitement.

However, Fang Wei wasn't satisfied. He remained in the Door of Immortality, surrounded by Immortal light, his cultivation base climbing higher and higher. He continued to rise higher as he suddenly shouted out.

“98th meridian, OPEN!!”

The instant his voice echoed out, a shocking rumbling sound could be heard. In the blink of an eye, his aura leaped exponentially, emitting a terrifying aura as he formed... a 98th meridian!

98 horned dragons appeared around him in the void, swirling gracefully, causing anyone who saw them to begin to pant.

In the moment that the 98th meridian was formed, 10,000 illusory figures appeared in the area surrounding the Door of immortality. They wore armor and held Immortal weapons, and they quickly surrounded Fang Wei and then themselves prostrated in worship.

Everyone on Planet East Victory who saw this couldn't help but gasp, and the cultivators from the other sects and clans were completely shaken.

“The Fang Clan has produced a qilin-like prodigy!”

“98 meridians! It's rare for even one person like that to appear every 10,000 years! Strange signs will appear whenever anyone exceeds 95 meridians, for example, the flying dragons and phoenixes of Fan Dong'er. However, Fang Wei... actually caused 10,000 ancient Immortal warriors to appear!”

“He's been touched by the destiny of the Mountains and Seas! Destiny of the Mountains and Seas is upon him!!”

The Fang Clan was abuzz, and the rest of the Ninth Mountain and Sea was also shaken. Even the Ji Clan on the Ninth Mountain took notice.

As of this moment, Fang Wei was now the number one figure in his generation!

As the Door of Immortality slowly faded away, Fang Wei hovered in midair, his robe as pure as fresh snow, his long hair swirling about. He had been handsome to begin with, but now his demeanor was even more elegant and entrancing. His eyes shone with a pride that looked down on both Heaven and Earth; as of this moment, he made no effort to conceal his cultivation base. He allowed it to explode out, causing the sky to tremble, and Immortal might to shake the land.

“Fang Hao, come out and fight!” he suddenly roared, his words echoing out like thunder. No one had expected these words to be the first things to come out of his mouth.

“Fang Hao, get out here and fight me!” His words echoed back and forth constantly, roaring like thunder.

It was at this point that quite a few people recalled Meng Hao. Actually, in the days following the rise of the East Ascension Sun, the number one Chosen in the clan wasn't Fang Wei, it was Meng Hao!

No one said anything. The entire Fang Clan went quiet. Actually, not many people knew about Meng Hao entering the ancestral land. Most of them had no idea that Meng Hao was not currently inside the premises of the Clan.

Even Fang Wei wasn't aware of the current situation!

As his voice echoed out, the clan went quiet as they waited to see if Meng Hao would come out. Fang Xi was in the crowd, jaw clenched tightly. Finally, he let out a mighty cry bolstered by all of his cultivation base.

“My Coz Fang Hao is in the ancestral land! Once he comes out, you won't need to go looking for him! He'll find you to do battle!” In response to Fang Xi's words, Fang Wei's expression remained the same as ever. However, icy coldness appeared in his eyes as he looked down at Fang Xi.

“Well then, I'll just wait for him to come out!” With that, he shot down toward the ground, appearing just outside the main temple hall, where he sat down cross-legged.

Indeed, like he had said, he was going to wait for Meng Hao to return so that he could fight and kill him!

Even if Meng Hao hadn't achieved true Immortal Ascension yet, Fang Wei would kill him anyway. After all, if Meng Hao didn't achieve true Immortality, naturally he would not be qualified to be Fang Wei's rival. To kill a lesser person such as that would clear his clouded mind.

“You'd better not disappoint me,” he thought, the killing intent in his eyes growing as he looked at the temple hall.

The fact that Fang Wei and Meng Hao were soon going to have a decisive battle attracted quite a bit of attention on the part of the rest of the clan. Earlier, many of them had taken a liking to Meng Hao, but now that they had personally watched Fang Wei become a true Immortal, their hearts wavered.

“Will Fang Hao lose...?”

“How could one even fight against a Chosen like that...?”

The expressions of the direct bloodline members were somewhat gloomy. Only Fang Xi had the utmost confidence in Meng Hao. He stood there, hands clenched into fists, completely sure that Meng Hao would never lose!

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was sitting cross-legged in the necropolis in the ancestral land. He was surrounded by swirling tendrils of mist. The misty dragon's head was now completely absorbed into him, while the body still remained in the necropolis.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as always. He stood there unmoving, and yet, his heart was filled with crashes like that of lightning. Great waves surged through him as his second Immortal meridian solidified with shocking speed.

Ten percent. Twenty percent. Thirty percent.... It was impossible to say how much Immortal qi that bronze dragon's body contained. After all, only the head itself was enough to cause Meng Hao's second Immortal meridian to reach a state of forty percent completion.

It must be stated that Meng Hao's Immortal meridians were different than that of others. Not even Fan Dong'er or Fang Wei's could compare with his at all.

His Immortal meridians were those of a true Immortal among true Immortals!

Each and every one was like a true dragon!

As they formed, they required massive consumption of Immortal qi, to such an extent it was almost unbelievable.

"The more I build up in preparation here, the more I'll be able to explode out later!" Meng Hao performed a double-handed incantation, and rotated his cultivation base, madly absorbing the misty dragon.

Time passed, and the dragon undulated. Meng Hao's second Immortal meridian reached fifty percent, sixty, seventy and finally eighty percent!!

Any onlooker who could see such a thing would be flabbergasted.

Meng Hao trembled as he went all-out to absorb the Immortal qi. His second Immortal meridian rapidly reached ninety percent and then... one hundred percent!

In that moment, popping sounds rang out from within him as his second Immortal meridian solidified completely.

As of this moment, he had two Immortal meridians inside of him, a sort of preparation leading to Immortality that was without compare in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

“I can keep going!” thought Meng Hao, panting. His heart began to pound; he had long since realized that this opportunity was the greatest good fortune he could have encountered in aid of achieving true Immortal Ascension.

He opened his eyes, and they shone with a strange light. Deep within his pupils, a flame burned, a flame that was... a fiery thirst to become a powerful expert!

“I will... become even more powerful!” He took in a deep breath, and rumbling could be heard as more of the misty dragon poured into him. As he absorbed it, a third Immortal meridian began to form!

“There is now about half a month until I have to leave this place.... When I walk out of the ancestral land, my name... will definitely spread throughout the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea!

“Dad. Mom. I’m going to astonish the entire Fang Clan. I’m going to be the focus of the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea. I know that you’re stuck on Planet South Heaven, so... I’m going to make you proud from here!”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered like a blade, filled with loyalty and obsession. Finally, he closed them again.

Chapter 964: We’re Waiting!

Pill Demon opened up a new age, giving rise to a majestic prelude to a long-anticipated 10,000-year-era.

It was a 10,000-year-era that contained endless possibilities, and no one could possibly predict how far these blazing suns of various sects and clans would progress during that time.

Perhaps other blazing suns would appear, and rise up like dark horses!

For example, Wang Tengfei!

After Pill Demon initiated the prologue, Fan Dong'er lifted the curtains, allowing all to clearly see that a new age was upon them.

As for Fang Wei, he was a rising heavenly body in the first act, the center of all attention. His appearance caused everyone to realize that the age of true Immortals... had arrived.

Fan Dong'er's rise to true Immortality shook half of the Ninth Sea, making her instantly famous. Fang Wei's rise to true Immortality sent waves throughout Planet East Victory, and the appearance of 10,000 Immortal warriors bowing in worship to him cause utter astonishment.

However, nobody had predicted that the one who would come after Fan Dong'er and Fang Wei to become the third person to provoke Immortal Tribulation would not be some well-known Chosen from one of the sects or clans. Instead, it was an ordinary member of the Wang Clan... who happened to be located on an asteroid in the starry sky!

The Door of Immortality descended, and amidst the Immortal Tribulation, Immortal qi swirled in the starry sky. The sects and clans were bewildered as they turned their attention in that direction.

Wang Tengfei!

After experiencing shocking changes in his life, he had gained a new level of maturity. He had gone through many ordeals, and death had even appeared on his doorstep, only to pass him by. Wang Tengfei was no longer the perfect young man he had been back on Planet South Heaven.

He was now taciturn, and lacked any sort of arrogance. Because of the many things he had gone through, he ended up achieving great revelations regarding life.

He looked at the Immortal Tribulation and the Door of Immortality, and he chuckled. As he laughed, his eyes shone with obsession. At the same time, he recalled the images of the destruction of his clan on Planet South Heaven. He saw himself falling. He went from being a Chosen to being completely down and out, and in the end, helped the Patriarch fulfill his goal.

Through all of those things, Meng Hao's shadow always seemed to loom over him. It had never faded away and couldn't be blotted out. From the Reliance Sect onward, it was always there...

"Meng Hao..." Wang Tengfei threw his head back and laughed, then flew up into the air toward the Immortal Tribulation. Rumbling could be heard, and the stars trembled. All of the sects and clans were now focused on Wang Tengfei.

Especially... the Wang Clan!

Up to now, they had completely disregarded Wang Tengfei. He was merely from Planet South Heaven's collateral branch of the clan. Now, the clan Elders looked at him, and their hearts quivered.

Wang Tengfei rose up like a blazing sun amidst the Immortal Tribulation. The Door of Immortality opened, and Immortal light exploded out. In the end, he opened 95 Immortal meridians!

95 Immortal meridians didn't match up to Fang Wei, and was one less than Fan Dong'er. Even still, the matter was enough to shock all of the various sects and clans.

That was especially true because of the strange signs that appeared after he opened the 95 meridians. Although observers might not have noticed anything extremely unusual, when the Wang Clan Elders saw it, massive waves of shock rolled through their hearts.

The image that appeared for Wang Tengfei was that of some sort of heavenly body. It was not something enormous, but rather, very small, and it appeared... on his forehead!

It rotated there, emanating a shocking aura, making it seem as if Wang Tengfei's body was now very different than it had been before.

"That's... the mark of the Ancient God bloodline!!"

"That kid actually awakened the most powerful bloodline of our entire Wang Clan, the Ancient God bloodline!"

The entire Wang Clan was sent into a stir, and quite a few people flew out to act as Dharma Protectors.

In a bamboo forest that was a restricted area in the Wang Clan, there was an old man who had reprimanded Wang Mu previously. He currently squatted on a long stalk of bamboo, his body wizened, his expression one of boundless ancientness. Although he normally looked disreputable, right now, he suddenly looked much more serious, and a terrifying light could even be seen in his eyes.

He stared out into the stars, his expression somber.

“At long last... a descendant has appeared who is worthy of that jinx’s bloodline.... He’s definitely better and more powerful than any of the other bastards who have appeared recently.”

In the subsequent days, which amounted to a little more than half of a month, the Door of Immortality frequently appeared in various regions throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Zhao Yifan opened it, and were it not for Fang Wei, he would have been the complete center of attention with his 97 Immortal meridians.

Because of him, the Three Great Daoist Societies once again became the focus of all the clans and sects.

After him, Song Luodan also stepped into true Immortality. Taiyang Zi, too, joined their ranks.

Next was Sun Hai, whose final step took him to 90 Immortal meridians. Although it was not an extraordinary number, he wasn’t very far behind all of the others, and could be considered to have made the grade for this era.

Li Ling’er also pushed open the Door of Immortality amidst the Immortal tribulation. She bathed in the Immortal light and opened 96 meridians. This clearly proved that the Four Great Clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea possessed deep resources and great power!

After stepping into true Immortality, all of the Chosen happened to do the same thing. Their eyes turned toward Planet East Victory, as if they were waiting for a certain person!

Fan Dong'er, Fang Wei, and all of the Chosen who had stepped into true Immortality were all the center of attention, and gradually, the sects and clans picked up on what was happening. Even rogue cultivators noticed.

Soon, a rumor began to spread through the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“The Chosen are all waiting for a cultivator by the name of Meng Hao. He also goes by Fang Hao, and he’s a member of the Fang Clan!”

“On Planet South Heaven, he forced all the other Chosen into submission. Then, in the rise of the East Ascension Sun on Planet East Victory, he was the number one figure! He even looked directly into the sun for ten breaths of time!”

“He was the first person Fang Wei wanted to fight after reaching true Immortal Ascension!”

“The reason Fan Dong'er has that corpse floating behind her is because she offended him, and he forced Karma onto her!”

“Supposedly, he’s Li Ling'er’s future beloved!”

“I heard that Taiyang Zi, Song Luodan, and Wang Mu were all defeated by him!”

“According to the rumors, Zhao Yifan once said that even he wasn’t as good as Meng Hao!”

“Rumor has it that he even captured Ji Yin from the Ji Clan!”

“People say that he has a whole stack of promissory notes, and that all the other Chosen are in massive debt to him!”

“They’re all waiting for Meng Hao... to reach Immortal Ascension!”

Meng Hao’s name spread throughout the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea, even to Planet South Heaven, and everyone heard about him. Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li stood in the Tower of Tang, looking up into the stars, offering blessings to their son.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao sat in the necropolis in the blessed land. He had already formed, not just three Immortal meridians, but four, and then five! He was now working on his sixth.

The mist dragon was now more than half gone. The necropolis itself was no longer filled with mist. Meng Hao sat there cultivating, and clearly, he wasn't finished.

He wanted something completely unprecedented. He didn't just want to build up preparations. What he wanted was to be able to utterly explode out the instant he entered true Immortality.

He would either do nothing, or would completely amaze people in an unprecedented fashion.

Rumbling filled his body as his sixth meridian reached a state of fifty percent completion. It kept going, soon reaching sixty percent, seventy percent... eighty percent!

Meng Hao had no idea how long he had been inside the necropolis, but he didn't want to waste any time, and kept pushing forward.

Eventually, he reached ninety, and then one hundred percent. After that, boundless energy exploded out from him. Majestic light could be seen, causing his body to become translucent, like crystal. In the blink of an eye, he almost looked like a spirit stone.

In fact, if Meng Hao could see himself right now, he... might just fall in love.

However, six meridians wasn't the end. Meng Hao didn't hesitate for a moment; he immediately began to consolidate the power of his cultivation base, absorb more power from the mist dragon, and then start a seventh Immortal meridian!

Meng Hao now fully realized that long, long ago, that bronze dragon had been completely terrifying. Were it not, there would not be such a shocking amount of Immortal qi preserved inside of it after the passing of ages.

Soon, the seventh Immortal meridian formed.

Outside of the Heavenly Mist Vault, Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe were waiting, unsure of exactly what was happening inside. All they knew was that not too long after Meng Hao entered the Misty Heaven Vault, the entire ancestral land became a sea of mist.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch watched the changes in the Misty Heaven Vault, and gradually got the sensation that Meng Hao was making a drastic transformation, and was leaping forward to incredible heights.

Time passed. Soon, only three days were left until the ancestral land was scheduled to open. Meng Hao was in the necropolis, his seventh Immortal meridian fully formed. Brilliant light shone from his translucent body, completely illuminating the necropolis.

Meng Hao opened his eyes, and the light that shone out was completely different. There was something profound about it, like moonlight reflected on flowing water. By now, the only thing that remained of the mist dragon was its tail. Although the Immortal qi it contained was as dense as ever, there wasn't much of it left.

"I can still open... another meridian!" His eyes gleamed with madness as he took a deep breath, rotated his cultivation base, and unleashed the power of his seven Immortal meridians. Rumbling could be heard as he absorbed the mist dragon's tail.

His body almost seemed like it was about to explode as the eighth Immortal meridian began to form. An aura began to intensify inside of him, and he actually wasn't sure exactly which Realm he belonged in. However, that didn't matter.

There was only one thought on Meng Hao's mind, and that was to stockpile this power to the utter limits, and form that eighth Immortal meridian!

"If I can succeed with this meridian, then theoretically, in the end, I could open, not 101 Immortal meridians, but 108....

"However, that's just in theory. In reality it might even be possible... to exceed that number!

"No matter what happens, I've worked hard for the true Immortal Realm. I've struggled and have prepared more than anyone else! My Immortal meridians... will definitely exceed everyone else's!

"However, my goal cannot merely be to exceed any other person. My goal... for all eternity... will be to exceed myself!

“To constantly exceed myself, to continually break through my own barriers! I will always walk my own path, all the way to the end!

“Thus, the Dao of Meng Hao is a direction. Freedom! Independence! No cares or worries! What I want, the Heavens shall NOT lack! What I don’t want, had BETTER not exist in the Heavens!

“Being domineering. Having freedom. This... is the Dao of Meng Hao!” Rumbling filled Meng Hao’s body as more Immortal qi rushed in, continuing to form the eighth meridian.

Ten percent. Thirty percent. Fifty percent....

Two days passed, and there was now only one day left before the ancestral land opened. Meng Hao’s eighth meridian... was now one hundred percent complete!

Eight Immortal meridians!

Chapter 965: The Ancestral Land Opens!

Eight Immortal meridians caused intense power to surge through Meng Hao. Immortal qi flowed through him, and he exuded intense pressure. His eyes shone with Immortal light, like two burning lamps that ignited to life within the necropolis.

Everything now looked different to him, clearer. He could even magnify the tiniest speck of dust until he could see the entire structure that composed it.

“This feels... great,” he murmured. Eight Immortal meridians was his limit; there was no more Immortal qi in the area, making it difficult for him to make any further increases.

The mist dragon had completely vanished, having been completely absorbed by Meng Hao. The necropolis was now totally empty and quiet.

He slowly stood up, and cracking sounds could be heard as intense power surged through him.

“As soon as I leave the ancestral land, my Immortal Tribulation will appear!” His eyes shone brightly as he caused more power to explode out in a test to see exactly how much good fortune he had acquired.

Soon after, Meng Hao looked up and then glanced around. He saw that the mist in the pill furnace had already faded away; shockingly, there was now a Nirvana Fruit sitting there on the jade plate, glowing brightly!

It was as translucent as crystal, and incomparably beautiful.

A fragrant aroma began to spread out which contained a great Dao; apparently this Nirvana Fruit was now completely restored.

Meng Hao walked up to the pill furnace and looked at the Nirvana Fruit, eyes glittering. After a moment, his eyes shone with determination; he quickly reached out, picked up the fruit and held it in front of his face.

“Nirvana Fruit... the first generation Patriarch’s Nirvana Fruit.” He looked at the Nirvana Fruit and realized that, as of this moment, he had only two options.

“I’ve waited a long time, just for the sake of a Nirvana Fruit. Well, what is there to hesitate about?” He chuckled to himself silently. Finally, he turned toward the corpse of the first generation Patriarch, clasped hands, and bowed deeply. Then, without any further hesitation, he made up his mind. Now was not the time for further hesitation.

The fact that the Nirvana Fruit had been restored by fully absorbing the seven-colored liquid didn’t bother Meng Hao at all. He hefted the fruit and pushed it hard onto his forehead.

Time to gamble!

Nirvana Fruits were not eaten like other fruits. They were absorbed directly into the body.

As soon as it touched Meng Hao’s forehead, rumbling filled his body, and he felt like he was about to explode. It rapidly fused into his forehead, and disappeared without a trace. He suddenly began to tremble violently.

A massive power exploded out within him, filling his entire body and circulating through it in a continuous cycle. It rapidly found many sealed areas within Meng Hao’s body, areas he didn’t even know about, and burst them open!

Blood oozed out of his orifices, and he shook. Pores all over his body opened and expanded.

Intense pain wracked his four limbs, and yet, his eyes shone brightly.

He did not feel any sense of crisis, but rather, sensed that power surged through his body, making him more powerful than before!

His Dharma Idol appeared behind him, and then, shockingly, a second Dharma Idol appeared!

It looked different than Meng Hao's Dharma Idol, although it was similar. This second Dharma Idol... actually belonged to the first generation Patriarch!

An even more intense power surged through Meng Hao's body, and he began sweating profusely. However, his eyes shone brightly.

“So... this is what it feels like to use a Nirvana Fruit!

“I can form a second Dharma Idol, and my cultivation base can explode with even more power! And yet... in addition to the extra Dharma Idol, there is actually an even more important function... It can exponentially increase the power of my Immortal meridians!

“Right now I have eight Immortal meridians. After absorbing the Nirvana Fruit, I can wield power equal to 16 Immortal meridians!

“That is the true purpose of the Nirvana Fruit!” Veins popped out on Meng Hao's forehead. He currently only had eight Immortal meridians, but the power he was able to wield was twice as much!

“The reason Fang Wei didn't utilize that power before is most likely because it's only possible to do so after you reach the Immortal Realm!

“If I open 100 Immortal meridians, and also have this Nirvana Fruit, then I'll be able to unleash the power of 200 Immortal meridians!

“The other sects and clans presumably have similar secret magics. However, considering how rare Nirvana Fruits are, it’s logical to come to the conclusion that those other secret magics do not measure up!

“Otherwise the Fang Clan wouldn’t have been able to maintain their position as one of the Four Great Clans, especially during times when Nirvana Fruits did not appear!”

Meng Hao trembled as his power only continued to increase. However, he could also sense that he wouldn’t be able to stay in this state of fusion for very long. He struggled to lift his head and then extend his right hand out toward the sphere of light that orbited around the body of the first generation Patriarch.

This time, all he had to do was grab at it, and the sphere began to tremble. A thrumming sound could be heard, and massive amounts of light exploded out in all directions. After a moment of what almost seemed to be hesitation, it suddenly transformed into a streak of light that shot toward Meng Hao, transforming into a starstone which came to rest on Meng Hao’s palm.

It sat there, flickering with starlight, beautiful to the extreme.

Meng Hao looked at the starstone for a moment, then closed his hand over it and clenched hard.

In that instant, ripples began to emanate from the starstone, which poured into Meng Hao’s mind and rapidly transformed into an incantation mnemonic composed of multiple verses.

That incantation mnemonic was none other than... the One Thought Stellar Transformation!

“No wonder nobody was ever able to acquire One Thought Stellar Transformation! It’s connected to this necropolis, and most importantly... only one person at a time can gain enlightenment of it! Once the legacy is passed on, nobody else can learn it unless that first person dies!

“That’s because One Thought Stellar Transformation is both a Daoist magic... and also NOT a Daoist magic!

“It’s a magical item... and NOT a magical item!

“It’s a type of magical item which, after being fused with, can temporarily erupt with... a will of invincibility!” Having gained enlightenment, he squeezed down on the starstone again, causing it to melt into a black liquid that covered his hand. It then rapidly spread out to cover his entire body, then bored into him. Moments later, shockingly, speckles of starlight appeared in his left eye!

The speckles of starlight were strange, and as they flickered, it almost seemed as if his left eye had become a starry sky. Frightening ripples appeared as he looked out, and anyone who met his gaze would surely be terrified.

After absorbing the starstone, Meng Hao’s body trembled again, and his eyes widened. More veins popped out on his forehead, and he looked like he was on the verge of exploding. Rumbling sounds emanated out from within him, and gradually, the Nirvana Fruit that he had absorbed started to become visible on his forehead, as if it couldn’t stay inside of him for much longer.

It was in that moment, though, that Meng Hao could clearly sense that the Nirvana Fruit was emanating traces of a Dao.

That type of Dao seemed to contain a boundless starry sky, and innumerable magical techniques and divine abilities. In fact, there were even thoughts that did not belong to Meng Hao himself. As if... they were the memories of someone else, the remnants of someone who had existed in the past!

Ancientness. Remote antiquity.

Images appeared in Meng Hao’s mind of a middle-aged man, his long, white hair whipping around him. Four Nirvana Fruits circled around him, each one emanating an aura that left Meng Hao terrified and undergoing constant transformations. Any one of them was powerful enough to split apart Heaven and Earth, to cause heavenly bodies to collapse.

This man was none other than the first generation Patriarch!

His eyes were filled with a gleam of obsession. He was surrounded by starlight, and was currently forging his way ahead toward an unsurpassable elevation.

Meng Hao wanted to see more, but couldn’t hold on any longer. His face was ashen as the Nirvana Fruit flew out of his forehead of its own volition. As it landed on the palm of his hand, blood oozed out of his mouth, and he sat down cross-legged to meditate. After a moment of recuperation, his eyes opened, and he was fully recovered and at his peak.

He took a deep breath, calmed his mind and heart, and then began to calculate time.

“Thirty breaths!

“Considering that the first generation Patriarch’s Nirvana Fruit doesn’t belong to me, and also considering the level of my cultivation base, I can only fuse with it for thirty breaths of time! If they were my own Nirvana Fruits, then I could fuse with them... for all eternity!” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with a strange light.

“I wonder what place the first generation Patriarch was going to in that vision. I must have been experiencing a memory. A memory that exists inside the Nirvana Fruit.

“Perhaps... there are even further uses for Nirvana Fruits!” When he thought back to the vision, he remembered that the first generation Patriarch was surrounded by four Nirvana Fruits, and that each one of them had emanated an aura that caused even the Heavens to tremble.

“Fang Wei...” After a moment of thought, Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes flashed with viciousness. Finally, he turned and bowed deeply to the first generation Patriarch, then waved his right hand, causing the main door of the necropolis to swing open, after which he strode out.

“It’s time to get out of here!”

Back outside in the Misty Heaven Vault, Meng Hao yet again produced the bronze lamp. Immediately, the surrounding mists began to vibrate, and then recede. Once again, a path opened up in front of him.

He proceeded along with much greater speed than he had upon entering, and it only took a few hours before he flew out from the Misty Heaven Vault. As he did, he saw no trace of Fang Daohong or Fang Linhe.

He could also sense that a huge vortex had appeared in a remote area of the ancestral land.

“The way out has opened!” he thought. He looked off into the distance, unsure of exactly how long the exit had been open. Obviously, Fang Daohong and all the others had already left.

Only the terracotta soldier remained waiting for Meng Hao. As soon as he emerged, its eyes glittered with a brilliant glow. Meng Hao looked back at it, his gaze filled with a reluctance to part.

Earlier, he had picked up on various clues that had led him to a certain conclusion. Now, with his increased cultivation base, he was able to see things even more clearly.

During the vast time in which the terracotta soldier had been waiting for Meng Hao, it had undergone certain transformations. It had been assimilated into this ancestral land, and would therefore be able to exist here eternally, at the peak of its power.

However, if it emerged into the outside world for too long without returning, then it would begin to decay, and would age by tens of thousands of years in a relatively short period of time.

“The only way for me to take it away would be if I had a piece of the Ruins of Immortality. If I did, I could take it with me long term.” Meng Hao flew up to sit on the terracotta soldier, after which it yet again changed shape to its enormous form, then employed its top speed to head off toward the exit.

The closer it got to the exit, the stronger the signs of dissipation got. Meng Hao sighed, and, after confirming what was happening, and despite his unwillingness to part with it, he decided that he couldn't just watch it suffer harm.

He decided to leave it next to the crumbled mountains where he had found it. His voice soft, he said, “Go ahead and change back into a statue. I promise you that one day, I'll come back here to take you away. It's too bad that once the ancestral land closes, our connection will break.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the statue's eyes glittered. It suddenly hefted its greatsword and then swung it through the air, causing a huge rift to open up, almost completely slashing the entire sky open.

Meng Hao's eyes sparkled.

“You can slash your way out of here any time you want, huh?” Meng Hao asked. “In other words, you can go anywhere you feel like, right?”

The terracotta soldier nodded, but then shook its head. Finally, it gave Meng Hao a deep look, and for the first time, spoke, in a muffled, hoarse voice.

“Fang Clan... ancestral land... five hundred kilometers... I protect you.”

As soon as Meng Hao heard the voice, his heart seized. It was a voice he would never forget: Ke Yunhai’s voice.

“Foster father....” In that moment, Meng Hao realized that Ke Yunhai didn’t just use some of his life force from the dragon lamp with the phoenix wick to create the terracotta soldier. He had also used a strand of his soul.

After a very long moment, Meng Hao looked at the terracotta soldier one last time, then turned and headed toward the exit. After packing away the memories deep into his heart, his entire person began to radiate a harsh, murderous aura. He was like an unsheathed sword, shining coldly!

“Fang Wei, it’s time to finish things between the two of us!”

Chapter 966: Storm Winds Gather!

The main hall in the Fang Clan’s ancestral mansion on Planet East Victory was packed tightly with members of the Fang Clan. Virtually all areas of the ancestral mansion were occupied, and there were even some who could not squeeze in and were left outside.

All of the alchemists in the Dao of Alchemy Division, and all of the apprentice alchemists, were all staring intently.

In addition to the Fang Clan, other powerful factions and cultivators on Planet East Victory had learned of Meng Hao and were now waiting.

In fact, in virtually all of the various sects and clans in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, people were looking on, waiting to find out exactly what kind of person could so capture the attention and estimation of all the famous, newly ascended true Immortals.

Meng Hao hadn’t even emerged yet, but his fame had already spread throughout all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

People watched closely as Fang Wei sat cross-legged outside the main temple. Finally, he slowly raised his head, and his eyes gleamed with incredible coldness as he looked at the temple hall.

It was at this point that the Grand Elder, after a long moment of silence, resolutely waved his right hand. Rumbling sounds could be heard as a huge vortex appeared.

The vortex spun and then rose higher, rising up out of the main temple hall, high up into the air to where everyone could see it.

“The ancestral land is opening! Fang Hao is going to come out!”

“What’s the point of him even coming out? Prince Wei wants him dead, so he’ll die for sure!”

“It’s too bad. His bloodline is stronger than Fang Wei’s, and their latent talent is about the same, but in terms of reaching true Immortality, he was just a bit too slow.... Once you fall behind even one bit, you’ll be left behind at every step. And that’s not even to mention advancing from true Immortality into the Ancient Realm in the future.”

The crowds were abuzz, and Fang Xi stood among them, fists clenched, expression anxious as he panted. However, he continued to have faith that Meng Hao would pull off a miracle!

“Fang Hao, Coz, you have to win!”

Fang Wei’s expression was calm, but his eyes flickered with killing intent, and his desire to do battle grew stronger. Everyone could see as his gaze shifted over to the vortex like a drawn dagger.

He had waited for this day for a long time, and it was finally here. He was going to make sure that the whole Fang Clan, and all of the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, knew that Fang Wei was the Chosen of this generation! He, Fang Wei, was the future pillar of the Fang Clan!

The humiliation he had endured during the rise of the East Ascension Sun would now be thoroughly avenged!

“Fang Hao, you are merely a stepping stone beneath my feet. Your only function is for me to step upon you as I climb to the top!” His expression was one of arrogance, and his heart filled with coldness. His killing intent grew only more intense, and he looked like a sharp, glinting sword!

At this point, time seemed to have frozen, and the entire world grew silent. Innumerable gazes were fixed upon the exit to the ancestral land!

As the vortex up in midair slowly rotated, it suddenly began to gleam with brilliant light like a sparkling body of water, and a figure appeared in the shimmering depths.

As soon as the figure appeared, countless eyes went wide, and people began to hold their breaths. Fang Wei's killing intent reached a pinnacle, causing rumbling to fill the sky. It almost seemed as if the temperature had instantly dropped!

Soon everyone began to gape. The person they were all looking at, the person emerging from the vortex... was an old man with long gray hair. He walked out excitedly, as if he had just emerged unscathed from a deadly crisis. He was trembling, as if he had experienced untold terrors in the ancestral land. He looked as though he had been holding innumerable anxieties within him, but was now able to relax. At the same time, he seemed slightly uneasy, as if he held a gloomy outlook on his own future.

“That's not Fang Hao, that's....”

“That's Elder Fang Shuiyun!”

“Why is he walking out of the ancestral land!?”

The Fang Clan members gaped in shock.

When Fang Xiushan saw the old man, he stared in shock. Then his face flickered slightly. The Grand Elder's brow suddenly furrowed.

After the old man appeared, he looked around at the crowds of clan members, and gaped. Then he saw Fang Wei sitting there cross-legged, and instantly sensed his true Immortality.

“He... reached true Immortal Ascension. Ah, Fang Xiushan... now I understand!” The old man's eyes were bloodshot as he glared fiercely at Fang Xiushan.

“Fang Xiushan,” he barked, “things aren’t finished between us! I won’t rest until one of us is dead!” His words caused a collective gasp to rise up from the crowds. Nobody could figure out exactly what Elder Fang Shuiyun was talking about.

However, before any of them could begin to discuss the matter, the vortex behind the old man rippled, and other figures emerged. Three people walked out amidst glittering light.

None of them were Meng Hao!

The appearance of these three men resulted in further astonishment on the part of the surrounding clan members. They were also clan Elders! Everyone was bewildered, and thoughtful looks began to appear in their eyes as they began to speculate why all of these Elders would emerge from the ancestral land. Everyone had assumed that it would be Meng Hao who came out.

As soon as the three men emerged, they looked at Fang Wei, now clearly in the Immortal Realm, and then turned angrily toward Fang Xiushan. Voices icy, they spoke wrathfully, in much the same manner as the first old man, as if their resentment was now carved into their hearts, and even into their bones.

“Fang Xiushan! You deserve to die a horrible death!”

“You had better give us a good explanation, Fang Xiushan, otherwise you’re finished!”

“Fang Xiushan, how could you con us in this way!? I will never forget this enmity!”

It wasn’t that they couldn’t hold their tongues. However, everything that had happened with Meng Hao had left them completely shaken. Based on their cultivation bases and levels of wisdom, it was obvious to them that that if they made too much of this matter, the result would be unfavorable to them.

And yet... after the ancestral land had reopened, they had planned to use a special method prepared for them by Fang Xiushan to secretly make their escape. That method was not one that utilized the main exit. Imagine their rage when they found out that Fang Xiushan’s special method... didn’t work at all!

They immediately realized that Fang Xiushan had planned for them to die all along. Whether or not they succeeded in killing Meng Hao, when they emerged from the vortex, their punishment for entering the ancestral land without authorization should be death.

In their minds, Fang Xiushan had certainly thought of some way to escape responsibility. At first, none of them were sure exactly how he planned to do it. However, after bracing themselves and emerging through the exit, they sensed that Fang Wei had reached the Immortal Realm, and then everything became clear.

Because of Fang Wei becoming a true Immortal, Fang Xiushan, being his father, would definitely be able to extricate himself from any punishment.

Therefore, all of them spontaneously decided to wholeheartedly denounce Fang Xiushan!

This was why all of them emerged from the vortex, looked at Fang Wei, then turned and spoke wrathful words to Fang Xiushan.

Fang Xiushan's face flickered yet again. He had personally requested assistance from all of these men in his efforts to kill Meng Hao. According to his original plan, when the ancestral land reopened, they should have been able to use his special method to successfully leave without going through the exit.

However, things had progressed beyond his control. Then these newly emerged Elders suddenly said what they did. Fang Xiushan's face darkened, and his eyes narrowed coldly.

It was at this point that the Grand Elder flicked his sleeve.

"Enough. The clan will handle this matter later. Stand down, all of you!" The Elders who had just emerged from the vortex looked hatefully over at Fang Xiushan. However, fearful of the Grand Elder, all of them backed down.

In the same moment that the four of them stepped back, the vortex glittered once again, and all eyes once again swiveled over. Fang Wei also frowned and looked over.

However... as the vortex swirled, two figures emerged. Yet again, neither of them were Meng Hao. Instead, they were Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe. Originally, they had planned to wait for Meng Hao inside of the ancestral land. However, once the exit opened, and before either of them could

react, a powerful wind had sprung up and swept them out of the Misty Heaven Vault. When they emerged, they found themselves directly in front of the exit.

As soon as they emerged, all eyes were fixed upon them.

“I can’t believe it’s not Fang Hao!”

“Interesting. There were actually six clan Elders in the ancestral land. How did they get in? And... what exactly was their purpose inside?!”

“Fang Hao was also in the ancestral land. Could it be... that these elders were there to harm him in some way?”

Of course, many of the clan members were intelligent people, and it didn’t take long for them to analyze the situation and come to an approximately correct conclusion.

That was especially true of the members of the direct bloodline, who were furious. Many of their Elders stepped forward, including Meng Hao’s 19th Uncle. All of them were enraged, and a rare killing intent toward their own clan members could be seen in their eyes.

Fang Xiushan smiled coldly, as if he didn’t care about what was happening at all. If Fang Wei hadn’t become a true Immortal, then all of these things would result in a heavy punishment for him. However, considering things had turned out the way they had, it was a different matter.

“Considering I’m being protected by the Sixth Patriarch, what can a single, piddling Fang Hao possibly count for!?” thought Fang Xiushan, calming his heart. Standing next to him was Fang Wei’s grandfather, who frowned slightly but said nothing.

Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe scanned the crowd silently. They did not berate Fang Xiushan, but rather, sat down cross-legged just outside the vortex, completely ignoring everyone.

This scene filled quite a few hearts with shock. The Grand Elder’s eyes widened; even he felt as if something strange was going on.

Time passed, enough for an incense stick to burn.

Suddenly, the vortex spun once again. This time, it was completely different from the previous times. Rumbling like thunder could be heard as a tall, slender figure slowly began to step out.

Before he could completely emerge, the sky above Planet East Victory filled with tempestuous lightning. Roaring sounds echoed out, as clouds piled on top of each other. Massive Tribulation Clouds had appeared in the blink of an eye.

These Tribulation Clouds were shocking to the extreme. Anyone who looked at them couldn't help but stare wide-eyed with disbelief and shock. The reason was that these Tribulation Clouds were simply gargantuan!

They covered all of Planet East Victory!

From out in the starry sky, it looked as if Planet East Victory had turned into one giant mass of clouds. All of the Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken as... the area covered by the Tribulation Clouds... continued to grow!

Fan Dong'er. Fang Wei. All of the other Chosen who had just stepped into true Immortality had never provoked Heaven-shattering, Earth-shaking Tribulation Clouds like this!

Compared to these Tribulation Clouds, the Tribulation Clouds they had faced were like childrens' toys!

“W-w-what kind of Tribulation is that!?!?”

That was the question running through the trembling minds of all the observing cultivators.

Chapter 967: Paragon Immortal Tribulation

As of this moment, the cultivators of Planet East Victory were shocked, the members of the Fang Clan were shocked, and all the cultivators from the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who were watching, were... completely shocked!

Their eyes were wide and their minds reeled as they saw the Tribulation Clouds cover Planet East Victory, and then spread out continuously.

“What... what kind of Tribulation is that?”

“How could there be a kind of Immortal Tribulation like this!?”

“Those definitely can’t be Tribulation Clouds! Could it be that there’s some sort of unpredictable, Heaven-shaking disaster brewing?”

“A Tribulation like this is simply impossible!”

Planet East Victory was in an uproar, as was the entirety of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. As of this moment, all eyes were filled with complete shock and disbelief.

That was especially true of the Chosen of the various sects and clans, who were completely tongue tied, and whose minds were filled with unprecedented roaring.

Fang Wei was completely taken aback. He stared at the Tribulation Clouds up in the Heavens, and his body began to tremble. His face fell, and he could think of only one thing to say to himself.

“Impossible!”

In the same moment in the Nine Seas God World, Fan Dong’er stood in front of an enormous crystal, upon which she could see an image of the scene playing out on Planet East Victory. Her face was pale white, and her eyes filled with disbelief as she stared at the Tribulation Clouds on the crystal.

Actually, she didn’t even need to look at the crystal. With her divine sense, she could feel the incredible fluctuations rolling out over the Ninth Sea due to the incredible events occurring on Planet East Victory.

“Is it him...?” she thought. “Although, even if he is in the middle of true Immortal Ascension, he couldn’t possibly cause Tribulation Clouds like that to form. I’ve never even heard of anything like that. Just... how thoroughly did he prepare to burst out in such a fashion!?”

Zhao Yifan was in the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, staring blankly up into the sky, his mind reeling. His recently mended Dao heart, which had been filled with confidence because of his recent rise to prominence, was now... beginning to crumble.

“How could this be happening...?” he murmured, trembling. “His true Immortality is... different from mine?”

At the same time, Wang Tengfei was in the Wang Clan, his hands clenched tightly into fists, veins bulging on his forehead. It was impossible for him to remain calm! “Just what is his true Immortality...?”

Regarding Song Luodan, Wang Mu, Taiyang Zi, Sun Hai, and all the newly ascended true Immortals, as of this moment, their minds and hearts were all filled with roaring.

Li Ling'er looked up into the Heavens. She had a complicated relationship with Meng Hao, and as of this moment, her mind was in chaos. She had expected that Meng Hao would reach true Immortal Ascension. However, she simply couldn't wrap her mind around the fact that Meng Hao's Tribulation Clouds were so incredibly unbelievable.

Chu Yuyan and Pill Demon could also sense the massive transformations in the energies of Heaven and Earth. On Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao's parents were also watching.

As of this moment, all eyes were focused on Planet East Victory.

The members of the Fang Clan looked at the figure emerging from within the vortex of the ancestral Land in disbelief.

“Is it because of him...?” The hearts of each and every member of the Fang Clan were filled with incredible shock.

Fang Xiushan gaped, and Fang Wei's grandfather gasped. As for the Grand Elder, his mind was reeling, and he stared in shock.

It was at this point that Meng Hao slowly stepped out of the vortex. In the moment that his right foot emerged, Heaven and Earth rumbled so intensely that it seemed as if the air itself would split. Power seemingly capable of destroying all life surged out.

It was as if some sort of Immortal God were concealed within the clouds, looking down at the lands, roaring amongst the starry sky. As the roaring echoed out, the clouds suddenly turned red, as red as fire. Instantly, everything up above was crimson.

It was the same out in the starry sky.

It was as if the clouds themselves were bearing witness to the emergence of Meng Hao, to the appearance of an unheard-of Immortal in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

By now, the Patriarchs of the various sects and clans were waking up, emerging from secluded meditation. Even the Patriarchs of the Three Great Daoist Societies responded to the shocking events playing out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

In the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, all of the Patriarchs, including the recently returned Seventh Patriarch, were all shocked. That was even true of the one the Seventh Patriarch had referred to as Eldest Brother.

If you traced the Earth Patriarch's bloodline back, he was actually descended from the same almighty Dao Realm expert as Meng Hao.

"He has made profound preparations," he murmured in confusion, "leading to this explosive eruption of Immortal Tribulation. But, how come I'm unable to see the true depths of the kid's Tribulation...? Just how terrifyingly well-prepared is he?!"

"This is unprecedented! In all the ancient records I've read, I've never seen any mention of Tribulation Clouds like this when someone steps into true Immortality!"

The Patriarchs of the other sects and clans all looked into the starry sky in the direction of Planet East Victory, and various thoughts went through their heads.

Standing next to Fan Dong'er in the Nine Seas God World was her master, the old woman who was in the Dao Realm. Currently, she was frowning.

“What profound preparations for someone who’s only in the Spirit Realm!” she thought. “Only a cultivation base with 90 or more meridians should provoke Tribulation Clouds like this. But... something strange seems to be going on. Why do those Tribulation Clouds seem to be simply too large!?”

In fact, the Patriarchs of all the various sects and clans were frowning and reaching similar conclusions as the old woman.

“There’s something strange about those Tribulation Clouds!”

“Even if this guy was more of a blazing sun than he already is, and even if he was more profoundly well prepared, it’s highly unlikely that Tribulation Clouds like that would appear! They almost don’t look like Tribulation Clouds, but rather, a strange sign!”

“Perhaps he’s using some type of secret magic?”

Gradually, the Patriarchs were able to pick up on clues that caused them to begin to make various speculations. As they stared in the direction of Planet East Victory, Meng Hao fully emerged from within the vortex.

In that instant, shocking thunder crackled, and the Tribulation Clouds churned. Countless red bolts of lightning danced about in the clouds, emanating a terrifying aura.

At the same time, the Tribulation Clouds continued to expand out into the starry sky. They sped out like a charging army, rumbling, growing larger and larger. From a distance, it looked like some bizarre Demonic sign.

Everything shook violently!

Even the Ji Clan of the Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken. An ancient gaze pierced out from the Ninth Mountain, which then came to rest on Planet East Victory.

The gaze was filled with intense pressure as it focused on Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. He stood there, tall, robes whipping about, long hair dancing in the wind. His eyes were filled with a profound gleam that seemed to contain a boundless starry sky. His left eye sparkled with starlight that seemed capable of sucking away one's soul.

As he stood there outside of the vortex, his aura seemed normal. However, the Heavens above him were bright red. And then, there were the churning, roaring Tribulation Clouds. All of it made Meng Hao seem to be like some sort of Immortal God!

Upon cursory examination, Fang Wei's energy couldn't even possibly compare.

Meng Hao's aura said... that he would become an Immortal whether the Heavens agreed or not! It was a domineering power that said, "If you approve, fine. Don't approve? TOO BAD!"

All of the members of the Fang Clan were watching Meng Hao. They looked at the terrifying Tribulation Clouds up in the Heavens, and inhaled deeply.

"Fang Hao...."

"He provoked energy and Tribulation Clouds like that, all in the instant he stepped out of the ancestral land! Fang Hao... is going to step into true Immortality!"

"Prince Wei's true Immortal Tribulation earlier doesn't seem to measure up. Prince Hao.... Is definitely going to astonish us!"

The members of the direct bloodline were extremely excited. Fang Xi stood there, hands clenched into fists, filled with anticipation as he looked at Meng Hao.

"Fang Hao, Coz, you definitely have to succeed!"

Fang Wei began to tremble slightly, shaken by Meng Hao's energy, and the terrifying Tribulation Clouds up in the Heavens. He could hardly breathe.

Veins popped out on his forehead as he shot to his feet.

"Fang Hao!!" he roared.

“Do you dare to fight with me!?” His voice echoed like peals of thunder, and his eyes radiated intense killing intent. His energy surged up, as power from his 98 Immortal meridians exploded out. His Dharma Idol appeared behind him, seemingly powerful enough to support all the lands.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as usual as he looked at Fang Wei

"Just let me push open the Door of Immortality," he said coolly. "After that, there won't be any need for you to fight me. I'll just take back what belongs to me." Then he turned to look back at the Tribulation Clouds up in the Heavens, and his eyes brimmed with the desire to fight.

The moment he had been waiting so long for, was finally here!

It was now time to step into true Immortality!

Meng Hao suddenly shot up into the air, flying up into the Heavens as everyone watched.

“Immortal Tribulation! Why haven't you made your move yet!?” Meng Hao’s expression was as calm as ever, but his desire to do battle grew even stronger. His voice echoed out in all directions, piercing the Tribulation Clouds, causing a huge indentation to appear in the layers of clouds. The power of his voice smashed into the clouds, hewing out a huge hole.

What appeared next was... A Door of Immortality with a breathtaking aura, descending from the starry sky.

This Door of Immortality was enormous, so large that Planet East Victory seemed like a toddler in front of it. Boundless Immortal light surged out, and countless magical symbols glittered on its face. The clouds scattered as the enormous door came to rest in front of Planet East Victory.

This Door of Immortality was larger than any other Door of Immortality which had appeared during a true Immortal Ascension!

When Fang Wei saw the Door of Immortality, his face went pale. The Door of Immortality that he had faced wasn't even ten percent as large as this door!

Furthermore, when the Door of Immortality appeared, numerous gigantic palaces flew out from the clouds. They looked like heavenly palaces, and stretched out seemingly without limit. It wasn't just the people on Planet East Victory who could see them. Everyone on the other three planets were also able to use various methods to observe.

The boundless palaces, each one incredibly huge, emanated Immortal might throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea. The Ninth Mountain trembled and the Ninth Sea raged. All of the cultivators of the various sects and clans, even the Patriarchs, were thoroughly shocked.

In the Nine Seas God World, the old woman standing next to Fan Dong'er took a deep breath as she finally understood.

"That Door of Immortality... Those Immortal Palaces.... I understand!" she thought. "He's not using an Immortality Illumination Vine, he's... reaching Immortal Ascension on his own! This kid has incredible willpower! What determination! What destiny!!"

She wasn't the only one who understood what was happening. The other Patriarchs of the various sects and clans all reached the same enlightenment, and were completely shaken.

"If the Heavens approve, well and good. If they don't want to, they'll still be forced to acknowledge an Immortal who verifies their own Dao and reaches Immortal Ascension on their own. No wonder the Tribulation Clouds are so huge!

"From ancient times until now in the Nine Mountains and Seas, people who verify their own Dao in such a way are incredibly rare. Only Kṣitigarbha, Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, ever verified his Dao on his own, and eternally suppressed the underworld!"

In that very moment, far out in the starry sky of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, a woman in a white robe sat in an Immortal's cave somewhere in the Ruins of Immortality. This was the same woman who had appointed Meng Hao as 13th in the Echelon. Her eyes suddenly opened, and she looked off into the distance.

"Paragon Immortal...." she murmured. A rarely seen light suddenly flickered in her eyes.

Chapter 968: Transcending Tribulation!

The Heavens rumbled as the red Tribulation Clouds surged, as if there were a mighty army marching within them. Booms could be heard that shook the land, filling all of Planet East Victory.

The area encompassed by the Tribulation Clouds expanded out past Planet East Victory into the starry sky. They were matchlessly large, and the minds of the cultivators from the sects and clans were filled with something like the crashing of lightning as they watched.

As for the Immortal Palaces in the clouds, they were beautiful and ornately decorated, and emanated shocking Immortal might that roiled out into the stars. Furthermore, it looked as if there were countless Immortals floating about within the Immortal Palaces.

Although they were illusory, it was the first time from ancient times until now that Immortal Palaces like this had appeared in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Even in the Nine Mountains and Seas in general, an Immortal Tribulation with Immortal Palaces like this was the stuff of legend only.

In addition, the Door of Immortality was completely shocking. It hovered there outside of Planet East Victory, enormous and ancient, with a primordial aura that seemed to represent the will of the Nine Mountains and Seas themselves.

This Immortal Tribulation, this Door of Immortality, and these Immortal Palaces were unlike anything else!

That was because Meng Hao was about to become a true Immortal among true Immortals!

Everyone on Planet East Victory watched as Meng Hao shot up into the sky like a meteor. Almost the instant he flew up, the Tribulation Clouds up above seethed with uncountable bolts of red lightning. It was like a massive web that dropped down from the clouds, which then condensed together into one gigantic red lightning bolt that seemed capable of ripping apart Heaven and Earth. The lightning bolt then shot directly toward Meng Hao.

This was Immortal Tribulation!

Anyone who looked at a Tribulation like this would feel their face fall, even Fang Wei and the true Immortal Chosen of the various sects and clans. As for everyone else, they all gasped. When compared to the tribulation faced earlier by the true Immortal Chosen, it was virtually impossible to describe how much more powerful this tribulation was.

In the stony cavern deep beneath the Fang Clan's ancestral mansion, the Earth Patriarch sat with the other six Patriarchs and looked at the red lightning.

“Experiencing true Immortal destiny is like being selected by Heaven and Earth,” he said. “It seems difficult to become a true Immortal in that way, but actually, the will of the Nine Mountains and Seas always leaves a small chance of success. People who achieve true Immortal Ascension like this then have some of the destiny of the Nine Mountains and Seas in them!

“Using the Immortality Illumination Vine is essentially cheating, and involves no true Immortal destiny. Because of that, the Immortal Tribulation is actually more powerful. However, successfully opening the Door of Immortality results in the same approval of the will of the Nine Mountains and Seas.

“However... reaching true Immortal Ascension on one’s own is the most domineering of the three paths. It shows contempt for the Heavens, and derision of the will of the Nine Mountains and Seas. It is to be... an Immortal, in and of oneself, and a true Immortal at that. And that is why, whether the Heavens approve of him or not... they will be forced to acknowledge him!

“The Heavens are forced to acquiesce, and as such, this third type of true Immortal Tribulation offers no way out!”

The Patriarchs of the various sects and clans were all paying close attention to the goings on. Normally speaking, a Spirit Realm cultivator stepping into Immortality was not something they would deign to observe, unless it happened to be a Chosen from their own organization. The Immortal Tribulation of members of other sects or clans was not something that the Patriarchs would care about in the least.

But Meng Hao was different!

He was walking the third of the three paths, a path that stirred even the Patriarchs. They wanted to see... if he would actually be able to succeed!

What was happening now was something that they might have a chance to see only once in a lifetime.

Heaven and Earth rumbled, and red lightning shot down toward Meng Hao with indescribable speed. He hovered there in midair, his expression the same as usual, his eyes filled with the desire to do battle.

“The moment I have been waiting so long for is finally here!” Meng Hao lifted his right hand, causing ripples to spread out from his true Immortal fleshly body. His Immortal meridians rotated, and his willpower solidified as he clenched his hand into a fist.

He punched out at the red lightning, and a massive boom filled the air. The lightning instantly began to collapse. However, it only collapsed by about seventy percent, and the remaining thirty percent smashed into Meng Hao.

However, Meng Hao simply hovered there in midair, allowing the lightning to strike him. Innumerable sparks flew out, and his hair swirled around him as he threw his head back and laughed.

“Is true Immortal Tribulation really this weak?!” Meng Hao actually felt a bit disappointed. It was back when he had witnessed the Immortal Tribulation of his master Pill Demon back on Planet South Heaven, that... he began to look forward to transcending his own tribulation.

As he laughed, the Heavens rumbled and the clouds churned. Countless lightning bolts once again began to form, rapidly transforming into another, even more shocking lightning attack that shot toward him.

As it neared, Meng Hao once again laughed uproariously. The sound was so intense that it could pierce metal and crush rock. Everyone who heard it was shocked inwardly. Suddenly, Meng Hao transformed into a golden roc that flapped its wings and shot toward the lightning.

This did not seem like transcending the tribulation, this seemed like a baptism within the tribulation!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The lightning descended, crackling around Meng Hao in golden roc form. It was like a giant globe of lightning, casting scintillating light throughout Heaven and Earth.

“Bring it on!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, and the golden roc shrieked as he shot toward the clouds up in the sky. Lightning crashed, a third bolt, a fourth, a fifth....

Terrifying lightning descended like rain, accompanied by shocking rumbling sounds. Meng Hao in golden roc form sped upward as fast as ever, smacking through the lightning like a sharp knife

through a piece of bamboo. The lightning was like dried twigs that he easily crushed as he charged directly into the Tribulation Clouds.

Planet East Victory was filled with a sound that resembled the heartbeat of a giant. The land quaked, the planet trembled, and all the cultivators on the planet were completely shaken.

The Tribulation Clouds began to part, showing a tiny hole that Meng Hao had not quite pierced through yet. However, behind it, the Door of Immortality was clearly visible.

Unfortunately, between him and the Door of Immortality were the Immortal Palaces!

This was Meng Hao's true Immortal Tribulation. Not only were the Tribulation Clouds vastly larger than anyone else's, behind those Tribulation Clouds were the Immortal Palaces. If he wanted to get to the Door of Immortality, he would have to get through all those Immortal Palaces first!

Meng Hao reverted from his golden roc form, coughing up a mouthful of blood as he was shoved backward several paces. His eyes then began to shine brightly with the desire to fight.

Most of his clothing was shredded away, leaving him completely bare chested. His hair whipped about, and not a single injury could be seen on him. In the moment that he coughed up the mouthful of blood, his Eternal stratum kicked into work, repairing him instantly.

When Fang Wei saw all of this, his face grew unsightly, and his eyes flickered with killing intent. After a moment, he took a deep breath, and the killing intent grew even more intense.

Off to the side, Fang Xiushan was astonished. His hands were clenched into fists, and inwardly, he was cursing Meng Hao. What he hoped for most was that Meng Hao would perish during his Immortal Tribulation. Then, all of the problems would be resolved.

"Die, you little son of a bitch," he growled inwardly. "Die in the Immortal Tribulation! That's your fate!"

The Grand Elder's eyes shone with a strange light as he stared at Meng Hao up in the sky. Then he began to pant. In the end, it was impossible to guess what he might be thinking.

The members of the direct bloodline were incredibly excited, and even the other ordinary clan members were getting worked up.

As Meng Hao fell back down a bit, the hole in the Tribulation Clouds began to close up, as if it had never existed in the first place. At the same time, an unprecedented pressure radiated out, and more lightning began to gather.

There were no chances, and no lucky breaks!

This was why it was so challenging to reach true Immortal Ascension on one's own!

The Patriarchs of the various sects and clans all looked on with curious eyes.

In the Nine Seas God World, Fan Dong'er breathed heavily as she looked at the crystal in front of her. She could see the image of Meng Hao slamming into the Tribulation Lightning, and the sight of the vast Tribulation Clouds caused her mind to go blank with shock.

"Master, will... will he transcend the tribulation?" she asked softly.

"Your master has never seen Immortal Tribulation like this before," the old woman replied slowly. "I've only heard about it in stories. There are no opportunities for survival in this type of tribulation. Of course, since it's Immortal Tribulation, the lightning won't exceed the limits of the Immortal Realm by too much. However, I've heard that the lightning will never end. Furthermore, those Immortal Palaces blocking the way will be very difficult to get past."

Words similar to this were being spoken in all of the other various sects and clans.

"Is this supposed to be difficult...?" thought Meng Hao, his desire to do battle swirling to new heights. He let out a roar as his Dharma Idol appeared behind him. It was only a single Dharma Idol, but it was fully 21,000 meters tall.

The moment the Dharma Idol appeared, Meng Hao flashed up toward the Tribulation Clouds. Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth as numerous lightning bolts struck down. In the blink of an eye, more than ten bolts were about to crash into him.

Crashing sounds could be heard as the lightning bolts slammed into him. At the same time, Meng Hao lifted his right hand, within which appeared a long spear. Its haft was made from the World Tree, and the spearhead was crafted from white bone. Hefting the spear, he charged up into the sky.

Everything shook as the lightning collapsed into pieces, completely destroyed. As he neared the clouds, Meng Hao roared, and his Dharma Idol reached out with both hands to grab ahold of them. Veins popped out on Meng Hao's forehead.

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's Dharma Idol appeared to be ripping the Heavens apart. It grabbed the Tribulation Clouds and wrenched them to either side. The lands quaked, and massive rumbling filled the air. The stars shook as a huge rift was torn directly in the middle of the Tribulation Clouds.

It was as if a huge sword had simply sundered them in two. Now, the palaces behind the Tribulation Clouds were clearly visible. Immediately, Immortal light began to shine out, and the Immortals in their palaces stopped in their tracks and turned to look at Meng Hao.

It was at this point that Meng Hao lifted the spear up and then threw it violently ahead of him.

"BREAK!" he roared. The spear transformed into what looked like a lightning bolt as it shot through the rift in the Tribulation Clouds and headed toward the Immortal Palaces.

It sped through the void like a hot knife through butter. The rift in the Tribulation Clouds grew larger, and numerous Immortals flew out to meet the spear. Massive booms could be heard as many of the Immortals were destroyed. The spear itself stabbed into one of the Immortal Palaces, causing it to explode.

In that moment, Meng Hao's speed reached an apex. He transformed into a beam of prismatic light that sped through the rift in the Tribulation Clouds.

However, it was then... that the Tribulation Clouds began to seethe and contract. Suddenly, massive pressure radiated out as numerous clouds formed together into an enormous hand, which then slapped toward Meng Hao. The huge hand filled his field of vision, obscuring everything else as it shoved him back down toward the ground.

A fierce gleam appeared in his eyes, like a bloody blade filled with ferocity.

“Trying to get in my way?”

Chapter 969: 30,000-meter Dharma Idol!

The Tribulation Clouds were enormous, and to anyone else in the Immortal Realm, the pressure they exuded would be incomprehensible. However, Meng Hao already had eight Immortal meridians, Immortal meridians that were simply incomparable to normal Immortal meridians.

In addition, he had his true Immortal fleshly body!

His level of preparation going into this Immortal Tribulation was unheard of, and made him preeminently qualified to face it.

When you added in his Eternal stratum, it made it so that when he looked at the enormous descending hand, a crazy idea suddenly sprang up in his mind.

Immortal Tribulation... had always been a situation in which the cultivator almost passively transcended the tribulation by madly avoiding or rushing past the Tribulation Lightning and then ramming open the Door of Immortality amidst the hail of lightning.

Everyone had used similar methods. Pill Demon, Fan Dong'er, and Fang Wei had done things in such a manner, as had all of the other Chosen who had recently stepped into true Immortality.

Upon opening the Door of Immortality, Immortal light would pour out, and the Tribulation Clouds would dissipate.

As of this moment, Meng Hao's face filled with a wild look as his idea developed. A vicious aura rose up, transforming into a domineering air as he looked at the gigantic hand, and then punched out.

“I will walk the path of true Immortality! If the Heavens approve, so be it! If they don't approve, too bad! That is my domineering path to Immortality! Therefore, I should handle things... in an unprecedentedly domineering way!

“For me, it's Immortality or death!” He threw his head back and let out a long cry as he shot like a meteor toward the huge hand. When they slammed into each other, booms echoed out in all

directions. The air shattered, and the huge hand collapsed. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, and his hair was thrown into disarray. However, his Eternal stratum surged, and then, blood-colored light swirled around him, forming a bloody mist which quickly transformed into an enormous Blood Demon head.

It flashed as it shot toward the tribulation Cloud and the endless bolts of lightning up above. In Blood Demon head form, Meng Hao slammed into the Tribulation Clouds, causing booms to echo out in all directions. Yet again, a massive rift opened up.

However, the Tribulation Clouds churned, and quickly began to repair themselves. And yet... the result of this constant cycle of destruction and repair was that the amount of Tribulation Clouds up in the starry sky was reduced!

The Tribulation Clouds were not infinite and without number. As Meng Hao destroyed them, their numbers lessened; apparently, if someone attacked them continuously, then the shocking Tribulation Clouds... would eventually completely dissipate.

Something like that had never, ever occurred before throughout all the years!

However, that didn't mean... that it couldn't happen!

The crazy idea that Meng Hao had just come up with was that if the Tribulation Clouds wanted to block his way... Then he would bash them into nothing! He would destroy them completely!

THAT was domineering!

That was the way to do things! When you entered true Immortality, the only option was to make a huge scene!

The Blood Demon head collapsed, and Meng Hao hovered there in mid-air, surrounded by booming lightning. Every bolt of it caused him to tremble, and yet, his true Immortal fleshly body was able to withstand it easily. His Eternal stratum continuously healed him, and his eyes shone with obsession. His cultivation base surged, and his Dharma Idol launched endless attacks against the Tribulation Clouds.

One punch! Another! And another!

Colors flashed in the sky, and the lightning surrounding Meng Hao appeared to be boundless. From time to time, blood sprayed from his mouth as he was flayed over and over. However, he didn't hesitate for a moment as he charged forward and attacked yet again.

The clouds churned, and simultaneously, began to visibly shrink!

The sight of it caused all the members of the Fang Clan to stare in speechless shock.

All of the other cultivators on Planet East Victory who were watching couldn't stop themselves from gasping at the shocking sight.

Fang Wei stared in amazement, and the killing intent in his eyes grew to a shocking level of intensity.

"He overestimates himself!" he thought.

Fang Xiushan stared in shock, panting, not daring to believe what he was seeing.

The Grand Elder's eyes were wide as he watched Meng Hao. He almost felt as if he were watching Meng Hao's grandfather, or his father Fang Xiufeng. Both of them were people who had given him such a sensation of madness.

Underneath the Fang Clan, the seven Patriarchs were visibly moved. This was especially true of the Seventh Patriarch, who was already relatively familiar with Meng Hao. As of this moment, he looked up at Meng Hao with an expression of praise and approval.

"To become a domineering true Immortal, you must have a domineering will," said the Fang Clan's Earth Patriarch, who was also a member of Meng Hao's bloodline. His voice soft and his eyes contained deep praise. "This kid... might just succeed!"

The Fang Clan was shaken, and the cultivators in the sects and clans in the outside world were utterly shocked.

Fan Dong'er gasped when she sensed the madness in Meng Hao.

“I can’t believe he’s picked this way to do things,” she thought. “There’s... there’s no way it will work!”

Zhao Yifan was shaken mentally. Song Luodan stared with wide eyes. Wang Mu was panting. Taiyang Zi watched with an expression of complete disbelief.

As everyone reacted to the insanity of Meng Hao’s actions, he coughed up some more blood. By now, the lightning around him was not red, but black, and was even more powerful than before. A vicious expression could be seen on his face as he faced the black lightning, backed by his Dharma Idol, which began to grow from a height of 21,000 meters to 24,000 meters!

He was like a stage 8 Immortal fighting against Immortal Tribulation!

“Nothing is impossible!” he thought. Determination could be seen in his eyes. He performed an incantation gesture, causing numerous mountains to appear, which then shot toward the Tribulation Clouds. As they exploded, Meng Hao advanced decisively, going on the offensive with all of his might.

Massive booms filled the air. The ground quaked, and his 24,000-meter Dharma Idol battered the Tribulation Clouds, causing them to get smaller and smaller. Time passed, and it was impossible to say exactly how many black lightning bolts had struck Meng Hao. His Eternal stratum was in full operation, and his eyes were completely bloodshot.

And yet, he never ceased attacking.

The gigantic Tribulation Clouds gradually shrunk smaller and smaller. At a certain point, the black lightning bolts turned into five-colored lightning bolts, and the clouds had shrunk down by thirty percent of their original size!

This sight left all observers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea completely shocked.

Meng Hao’s hair was disheveled, but he looked as shocking as ever as he did something completely unheard of in history!

“Time to enter the realm of the... Stage 9 Immortal!” Surrounded by five-colored lightning, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared. His Dharma Idol exploded up, growing from 24,000 meters to 27,000 meters!

As of this moment, everything was shaking violently!

“That’s... a 27,000-meter Dharma Idol, similar to a stage 9 Immortal! Just how much did Fang Hao prepare for this? What type of cultivation does he practice? He hasn’t even opened the Door of Immortality, and yet his power has already reached such an incredible level!”

“Chosen! That is a real Chosen! He’s so powerful! If he steps into true Immortality, he’ll basically be invincible!”

“I remember now, he has a true Immortal fleshly body! If his cultivation base reaches the true Immortal Realm, then... He’ll be an Immortal Realm Paragon!!” Rumbling filled Planet East Victory, and all of the cultivators watching in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were completely shocked.

“Who could possibly compare to him? Not Fang Wei and not Fan Dong’er. None of the other Chosen can measure...perhaps the only one who could....”

“The only one who can compare... is Fang Mu!”

“Fang Mu! He was the one who became the number one figure in the Ninth Mountain and Sea in the Three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire!”

“To bust open the Tribulation Clouds and destroy them completely.... Perhaps Fang Mu could also pull it off...!”

Everyone watched in shock as Meng Hao’s 27,000-meter Dharma Idol battered the five-colored lightning with its fists. The clouds shattered and collapsed, and the lightning dissipated.

Everything went quiet. Meng Hao hovered there alone in the sky for a moment before charging at the Tribulation Clouds again. His 27,000-meter Dharma Idol ripped away at them. From the look of things, Immortal Tribulation was by no means invincible when it was up against Meng Hao.

Time passed. The clouds in the starry sky continued to dissipate. By now, they had been reduced by about forty percent. The five-colored lightning was incapable of standing up to Meng Hao's 27,000-meter Dharma Idol. But then, the lightning became seven-colored!

The seven colors combined, and the lightning didn't even seem like lightning any more. It appeared to contain life force, and it rumbled toward Meng Hao, seemingly incapable of being obstructed. As it neared, Meng Hao felt a sense of deadly crisis.

Without any hesitation, he unleashed his Immortal meridians. Behind him, his Dharma Idol grew from 27,000 meters to an astounding 30,000 meters! Everyone... was completely and utterly shocked!

A 30,000-meter Dharma Idol!

Golden light emanated out, illuminating the lands below. As the seven-colored lightning descended, the 30,000-meter Dharma Idol punched out. The lightning exploded, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. However, he continued to hover there in midair, just like before.

"Impossible!" Fang Wei suddenly rose to his feet, a look of complete shock on his face.

Off to the side, Fang Xiushan's jaw dropped, and he staggered backward, his eyes wide.

The Grand Elder was in the crowd, staring at Meng Hao's Dharma Idol, and his face flickered several times.

"It's actually... 30,000 meters...." he murmured.

The most excited of all were the members of the direct bloodline, as well as Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe. The two of them stared up into the sky at Meng Hao and his 30,000-meter Dharma Idol, and they knew that becoming followers of Meng Hao was definitely an incredible stroke of good fortune!

All of the members of the Fang Clan, all of the cultivators on Planet East Victory, were sent into a tumult.

“30,000 meters.... It’s really 30,000 meters! I don’t know how Fang Hao did it, but he’s actually... equivalent to a stage 10 Immortal before even stepping into true Immortality!”

“Stage 10 Immortal! That’s... that’s a realm of legend! Even Fang Wei and the others only opened 90 or so Immortal meridians. Fang Wei himself only opened 98!”

“This Fang Hao... if he... if he manages to open the Door of Immortality, then what do you guys think? How many... meridians will he actually open? A hundred?”

The entire Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely shaken. Fan Dong’er’s face fell as she stared at the crystal. She was panting like she never had before in her life. The old woman who stood next to her watched with gleaming eyes. She knew that with a 30,000-meter Dharma Idol, these Tribulation Clouds now posed no further threat to Meng Hao.

Even if the tribulation grew more intense, it was nothing more than Immortal Tribulation, and would never exceed the power of the Immortal Realm.

Zhao Yifan’s mind reeled, and his eyes grew blank.

Song Luodan stared in shock, and Taiyang Zi gaped. Wang Mu gasped. The only one who didn’t react in such a way was Wang Tengfei, whose eyes began to glow with unprecedented brightness.

Li Ling’er’s face fell, and Sun Hai’s scalp went numb.

The Chosen of the various sects and clans were completely astonished by Meng Hao’s 30,000-meter Dharma Idol.

“If he really manages to open the Door of Immortality... How many meridians will he open?!” That was the question that raged through the minds of each and every Chosen, and filled them with bitterness.

By now, Meng Hao made them feel completely powerless.

As for the Patriarchs of the various sects and clans, the same question was running through all their minds regarding Meng Hao, this peerless member of his generation. How many meridians would he open...?

Chapter 970: Paragon Immortal Palaces!

The 30,000-meter Dharma Idol shone with boundless golden light as it struck the seven-colored Immortal Tribulation Lightning. Meng Hao closed his eyes, and then began to merge with his Dharma Idol. When he opened his eyes, he was his Dharma Idol and his Dharma Idol was him!

A fist descended, and the Heavens rumbled. A huge gap opened up in the Tribulation Clouds, and at the same time, numerous bolts of seven-colored lightning crackled toward Meng Hao.

He did nothing to evade, instead allowing the Immortal Tribulation Lightning to strike him. He spread his arms wide, and his eyes were filled with nothing but the Tribulation Clouds.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Time passed. The Tribulation Cloud clouds shrank down to sixty percent of their normal size. Fifty percent. Forty percent.... The seven-colored Immortal Tribulation Lightning seemed to be endless. Meng Hao's Eternal stratum worked ceaselessly, and his 30,000-meter Dharma Idol attacked relentlessly, causing Heaven and Earth to tremble as divine abilities were unleashed.

Meng Hao threw his head back and howled. At the same time, his Dharma Idol suddenly expanded in all directions. Simultaneously, Meng Hao extended his right hand, within which appeared a rift.

The rift only lasted for three breaths of time.

It was the Fifth Demon Sealing Hex. During those three breaths of time, that rift became like a black hole in the void. It emanated an incredibly shocking gravitational force that instantly sucked the Tribulation Clouds into it.

Thirty percent. Twenty percent. Ten percent!

RUMBLE!

When the rift vanished, the vast majority of the Tribulation Clouds had vanished with it. There weren't even enough to cover all of Planet East Victory. Meng Hao hovered there in midair, face ashen, but filled with a desire to battle that was even more intense than before.

He looked up at what remained of the Tribulation Clouds up in the sky, as well as the Immortal Palaces that floated behind them. Currently, they did not emanate as much threatening pressure as before.

“Hey, Tribulation Clouds. SCRAM!” Meng Hao said coolly, waving his right hand. His Dharma Idol separated from his body, transforming into a golden beam of light that pierced through the Tribulation Clouds and then suddenly exploded.

The explosion caused the remaining Tribulation Clouds to roil, after which a roaring sound echoed out from within as the clouds... shattered into pieces that scattered in all directions.

Everyone looked on as the Tribulation Clouds... vanished!

In that moment, all of Planet East Victory went completely silent. Both the members of the Fang Clan as well as the other cultivators stared in shock at the sky which was now completely empty of Tribulation Clouds.

Transcending tribulation in this way was something completely unprecedented!

Transcending tribulation with such madness was domineering to an incredible extent!

It was as if Meng Hao was prepared to destroy anything that blocked his way along his path to Immortality.

No one had ever been able to do something like this before, because no one had ever been comparable to a stage 10 immortal when transcending tribulation.

This was... like saying, “If I want to become an Immortal, the Heavens can’t do anything to stop me!”

This was... a domineering attitude that said, “If I want it, the Heavens had BETTER have it! If I don’t want it, the Heavens had better NOT have it!”

It seemed unbelievable, but if one thought about it carefully... when someone was equipped with the battle prowess of the one hundred meridians of a stage 10 Immortal, then to that person, there was nothing impossible when it came to transcending Immortal Tribulation.

After a brief moment of silence, Planet East Victory burst into a huge commotion. Everyone in the Fang Clan was yelling in excitement.

They saw the look of madness, fervor, and obsession in Meng Hao's eyes, and they knew that he was a member of the Fang Clan. The glory he brought to himself made them proud.

“Fang Hao!”

“Fang Hao!!”

“Fang Hao!!!”

Numerous figures flew up into the sky to sit cross-legged close to Meng Hao. None of them took any action, they just sat there... as Meng Hao's Dharma Protectors!

The entire direct bloodline mobilized. Fang Xi looked excitedly at Meng Hao, then threw his head back and laughed. Other than the direct bloodline, most of the other people who moved out to help Meng Hao... were members of the neutral clan branches. After seeing the future prospects that Meng Hao's performance displayed, they were moved in an unprecedented way.

When it came to choosing between Meng Hao and Fang Wei, they chose... Meng Hao!

Fang Wei stood there silently, looking at Meng Hao. Yet again, his eyes flickered with the desire to do battle. In contrast, Fang Xiushan stood next to him, face pale, glaring at Meng Hao and roaring inwardly.

“Damn you, Fang Hao! Why did you have to show up! You already left the Fang Clan! Why did you have to come back!?! Why did you have to reach Immortal Ascension!?! Why!?!?”

“And you, Fang Xiufeng! You were always ahead of me, always stifling me. And now, just when my own son is rising up like a qilin, your good-for-nothing child is suppressing him!!” Fang

Xiushan just couldn't keep calm. His entire body trembled, and his eyes shone with venomous hatred.

The Grand Elder stood there, silent and taciturn.

Fang Wei's grandfather sighed softly and looked over at Fang Xiushan, his expression one of disappointment. Then he turned back to look at Fang Wei, and his expression changed to that of anticipation.

Planet East Victory was completely shaken, and the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were astonished. By this point, Meng Hao's name and face were firmly fixed within the minds of countless people, and many people were thoroughly fascinated to the point of zealotry.

Of course, all of the Chosen watched in taciturn silence.

"This matter isn't concluded yet. The Immortal Tribulation hasn't dissipated, and the Door of Immortality hasn't been opened. We have yet to see... exactly how many Immortal meridians he will open!"

Thoughts such as these were going through the minds of all of the Chosen who had recently ascended to true Immortality. Their eyes were all fixed in the direction of Planet East Victory and Meng Hao.

The Patriarchs of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea sighed, exchanged glances with those around them, and then began to discuss the matter.

"Who of this generation can possibly match up to Meng Hao...? Perhaps only the famous star of the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire... Fang Mu!"

"Fang Mu is obviously an assumed name. Nobody knows who he really is.... However, the Nine Seas God World accepted him as a disciple, and he still hasn't accepted the top prize from the Three Great Daoist Societies. Eventually... he will definitely make an appearance."

"Perhaps he is the only one who can actually compare to Meng Hao. This generation doesn't belong to us any more, it belongs to them..."

Actually, they weren't the only ones thinking of Fang Mu. There were many other cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who also remembered Fang Mu's eye-catching performance!

He took first place in the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire!

The old man from the Nine Seas God World with whom Meng Hao had developed a good relationship that year sighed. The Patriarch from the foremost of the Three Great Daoist Societies, the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, stared in the direction of Planet East Victory and smiled slightly, and his eyes shone with a bright gleam.

"You are connected to the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite by destiny.... Eventually, you will make your way here."

Meng Hao floated in midair above Planet East Victory, his hair floating around him. He took a deep breath, and his Eternal stratum continued to work as he looked up into the Heavens.

There were no Tribulation Clouds. The only thing left in front of him were boundless Immortal Palaces that obstructed his path to the Door of Immortality.

The Door of Immortality hovered there behind the Immortal Palaces, emanating powerful pressure.

"The character 'Immortal' is made up of one person and one mountain. I should have a Dao Corroboration Mountain...." Meng Hao looked at the Immortal Palaces for a moment and then began to advance forward.

"My Dao Corroboration Mountain should be the mountain which forever remains in my memory.... Mount Daqing.

"It's too bad that Mount Daqing is still in the State of Zhao, which was taken away by that bastard Patriarch Reliance. And right now, I have no idea where that old turtle bastard has gotten off to.

"Since that's the case, I will just have to become my own mountain. My fleshly body will be my mountain, and my soul will represent my life. One person 人, one mountain 山. I... am an Immortal 仙!" Meng Hao's energy surged, and his speed increased. In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of the Immortal Palaces.

In that instant, the figures moving about inside the Immortal Palaces looked like celestial soldiers. They turned toward Meng Hao and then charged in attack. At the same time, roaring sounds emanated out of the Immortal Palaces, which also flew toward Meng Hao in attack. They apparently wanted to crush him, and powerful Immortal might surged out as they neared.

At first glance, it almost seemed impossible to count how many Immortal Palaces there were. However, there were actually 100,000, and they were illusory, not corporeal. They looked like 100,000 seal marks, crushing down toward Meng Hao. Furthermore, the Immortal Palaces actually emanated... the energy of a Paragon of the Immortal Realm!

This was a tribulation that only an Immortal Realm Paragon was qualified to transcend.

Colors flashed, and the starry sky shook as 100,000 Immortal Palaces screamed toward Meng Hao in illusory form.

Incredible pressure weighed down on all the lands, causing Planet East Victory to shake. Meng Hao was the sole focus of this Immortal Tribulation, which he could sense on a profound level. It felt like innumerable heavenly mountains were crushing down onto him.

His cultivation base surged, and his 30,000-meter Dharma Idol shone with golden light as it leveled a punch toward the first of the incoming Immortal Palaces.

As the Dharma Idol punched out, celestial soldiers vanished, and the incoming Immortal Palace began to fall apart. In contrast, his Dharma Idol trembled a bit.

Next, a second Immortal Palace was destroyed, then a third, and a fourth.... One Immortal Palace after another was crushed. Blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he continued to attack.

Unfortunately, he was slowly being pushed back down toward the surface of the planet. The Immortal Palaces never seemed to end, and apparently, they wanted to crush Meng Hao down into the ground and grind him into pieces!

Every attack against the Immortal Palaces resulted in a backlash, making things increasingly difficult for Meng Hao. He could crush 10 of them, destroy 100, shatter 1,000. But... there were 100,000 in total!

Their energy continued to rise, and the aura of an Immortal Realm Paragon spread out. It was as if all Immortals... would be forced to kowtow to this aura!

If you didn't kowtow, you would be crushed!

When the members of the Fang Clan saw what was happening, they grew increasingly nervous. The other cultivators on Planet East Victory were shocked. This Immortal Tribulation was something they had never seen the likes of before.

Fang Xiushan was getting excited. He stared at Meng Hao, wishing that the Immortal Palaces would become a hundred times more powerful than they already were, and completely eradicate Meng Hao in an instant.

The Patriarchs of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea appeared to be visibly moved, and discussed the matter in hushed tones.

“Those are images of Paragon Immortal Palaces!”

“Only a Paragon among Immortals would be able to fight back against an Immortal Tribulation like that!”

“I'm afraid that this Fang Hao... will proceed no further than this step.”

Even as they murmured, Meng Hao punched out against another Immortal Palace. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his Eternal stratum operated ceaselessly. His eyes grew even more vicious than before.

“They're merely projections of Immortal Palaces with Paragon auras.... Well, I'll just have to show this Immortal Tribulation... what the projection of a real Paragon entity looks like!

“Now that I've come to this point, it doesn't matter if I expose my identity. The time has come to show the Ninth Mountain and Sea that I am Fang Mu, and Fang Mu... is none other than me!” Meng Hao took a deep breath and extended his right hand, waving it through the air to employ his most powerful Paragon Daoist magic.

“Paragon Bridge!”

