

# The Heavens 971

## Chapter 971: I am Fang Mu!

Originally, Meng Hao had planned to keep his identity as Fang Mu secret, as a contingency for after he left the Fang Clan. But as of this moment, he had changed his mind. Instead of keeping Fang Mu hidden away and concealed, he would make a grand entrance!

He would make sure that everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea know that Meng Hao was the number one Chosen of the Fang Clan. At the same time, he was Fang Mu, the number one competitor in the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire!

He was also a Conclave disciple of the Nine Seas God World! Although this move might seem like it could put him in danger later, in actuality... being so famous was also somewhat of a protection!

Keeping things low key was fine, but if you made a move, the best thing was to shock everyone!

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light as he hovered there in midair, the center of all attention. Countless spectators all over the Ninth Mountain and Sea were using various methods to watch him as he lifted his right hand into the air and waved it toward the approaching Immortal Palaces.

In response to the wave of his hand, colors flashed, Heavenly bodies trembled, and a huge wind kicked up. Planet East Victory shook, and roaring sounds echoed out, causing all cultivators to tremble as they sensed an indescribable pressure exploding out from Meng Hao.

The starry sky shook as innumerable ripples spread out, and the aura of a Paragon rose up from Meng Hao, growing more powerful and shocking by the moment.

His gaze was like a sharp blade, filled with obsession, making him look like an Immortal divinity.

As of this moment, the faces of all the members of the Fang Clan flickered.

Deep underneath the ground, the seven Patriarchs of the Fang Clan were all shaken!

“That aura....”

“That aura is similar to that of the Immortal Palaces, except stronger!”

“That’s....” Fan Dong’er’s eyes widened, and the old woman who stood behind her stepped forward to peer into the crystal. Gradually, her eyes filled with astonishment.

“It’s him!” she thought. Even though this old woman had a Dao Realm cultivation base, she couldn’t help but gasp.

At the same time, the expressions on the faces of the Patriarchs in the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto changed. Imposing beams of sword light rose up into the sky, then swept out in all directions.

“That’s... the aura of a Paragon Daoist magic!”

“This Meng Hao, he.... Could it be that he....”

Other than the Ji Clan, the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite of the Three Great Daoist Societies was the most powerful entity in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and they were more shocked than anyone. Inside a courtyard in the Daoist Rite temple, the Patriarchs’ energies surged as they looked toward Planet East Victory and Meng Hao’s aura.

“Pāramitā’s Paragon Bridge!”

Li Ling’er looked silently at what was happening. Everyone else was shocked, but she was calm. She had long since realized that Fang Mu... was none other than Meng Hao!

“Does this era belong to him...?” she thought, sighing inwardly.

It would be easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to find other people in the Ninth Mountain and Sea who knew the truth about this matter. Even considering the aura he was emitting right now, most people were shocked, but hadn’t yet made the connection with Fang Mu

Meng Hao floated there above Planet East Victory, his clothes whipping in the wind, his aura rising to a terrifying degree. It continued to grow more and more intensely powerful.

After the space of a few breaths of time, people sensed more intensely that he was like a Paragon. The Immortal Palaces roared toward him until they were only a few dozen meters away.

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes shone with sharp light. It was in that exact moment that he waved his hand, causing his Immortal meridians to rotate and his cultivation base to explode out. The imprinted image of the Paragon Bridge that existed in his mind suddenly appeared in the starry sky.

The world seemed to go still, and everything in Heaven and Earth stopped moving. A huge bridge appeared, enormous and emanating an ancient and primordial aura. It was a boundless energy that placed it above anything in Heaven and Earth.

The bridge grew rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, it exceeded the 100,000 Immortal Palaces in front of Meng Hao, completely suppressing them.

Boundless light shone out, accompanied by innumerable magical symbols. The aura of a Paragon caused everything to shake, and the Immortal Palaces seemed cowed. Even the planet itself seemed forced to acquiesce, as if this bridge were a path to becoming a Paragon that one powerful expert after another had walked upon!

Rumbling echoed out, and the planet quaked. It was as if everything in the world suddenly went dark except... for the Door of Immortality, which hovered there high in the starry sky, equally matched and standing in stark opposition to the bridge.

In the instant that the bridge appeared, Fang Wei felt as if an invisible punch had just viciously crushed him. His face went ashen, and he staggered backward several paces, his face filling with an expression of disbelief. He stared up at Meng Hao, and the astonishing Paragon Bridge with its Paragon aura!!

“This is impossible! This... This is....” Fang Wei’s mind was reeling. He recognized the bridge, and was well-aware that it was the divine ability created by Fang Mu during the Three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire!

In recent days, many people had speculated that Fang Wei was actually Fang Mu. Fang Wei had been enigmatic and done nothing to dispel such rumors. He didn’t admit to being Fang Mu, but neither did he deny it. Because of that, quite a few people made speculations that led them to the conclusion that he... was actually Fang Mu!

It was only as of this moment that Fang Wei found out to his bitterness that he had essentially turned himself into a clown. The real Fang Mu was actually... Meng Hao!

He almost couldn't believe it, and he wasn't alone. The other members of the Fang Clan looked over at the bridge, their minds reeling.

“Fang... Fang Mu?”

“I've seen that bridge before! In the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire, the first place competitor Fang Mu created it as a divine ability!”

“This... don't tell me... Fang Hao is actually Fang Mu!?!?” The entire clan was shocked. Fang Yunyi stood in the crowd, and his vision went dark. The world seemed to be spinning; he simply couldn't imagine how Fang Mu... could be Meng Hao!

Fang Xiushan's mind filled with roaring, and his face was pale white as he stared at the Paragon Bridge up in the sky. In the past, he had suspected that the Fang Mu from the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire was actually a member of the Fang Clan. However, he had quickly dismissed the idea that there was someone else in the Fang Clan who could possibly outdo his own son, who was the number one member of his generation.

Now that he realized that Meng Hao had been Fang Mu all along, he felt his entire world spinning in reverse.

Fang Wei's grandfather sighed bitterly.

The members of the direct bloodline were extremely excited. No matter if it was Fang Xi or Meng Hao's 19th Uncle, they all found the matter hard to believe. They had watched Fang Mu during the trial by fire, and now they gasped as they realized that... Meng Hao was the only one who could possibly be Fang Mu.

“Is he really... Fang Mu?”

The Grand Elder's heart pounded violently. He was extremely familiar with the name Fang Mu.

All of Planet East Victory was shaken by the appearance of the Paragon Bridge. More and more people began to think of Fang Mu. At first, they were a bit hesitant to accept the truth. However, the Paragon Bridge was a divine ability created by Fang Mu, and a divine ability like that... could not possibly have been created a second time by someone else.

“Meng Hao. Fang Hao. Fang Mu.... He really is Fang Mu!”

As of this moment, all of the cultivators of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea looked on with shock, their minds reeling.

As for the various Patriarchs, their minds trembled. This was especially true of the Patriarchs of the Three Great Daoist Societies. Fang Mu was the first place winner of the Three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire. After defeating Zhao Yifan, he disappeared into the Ruins of Immortality. They had assumed he died, and yet, here he appeared now, as a Chosen of the Fang Clan!

As for the other Chosen who had just stepped into true Immortality, their minds were also spinning.

“I should have guessed that he was Fang Mu!” murmured Taiyang Zi. Song Luodan stood there silently, and Wang Mu gnashed his teeth.

Everyone was completely shaken!

Meng Hao hovered there above Planet East Victory. He took a deep breath as his long hair flew about. He knew that as of this moment, his identity as Fang Mu had been revealed, and that the Ninth Mountain and Sea was surely in an uproar. However, he didn’t care.

“Yeah, I’m Fang Mu!” His eyes shone with a bright light as he looked at the Paragon Bridge that stretched out over the 100,000 Immortal Palaces toward the Door of Immortality.

Down below the bridge, the Immortal Palaces trembled, as if they couldn’t bear the weight of the Paragon’s aura that emanated out from the Paragon Bridge.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and his desire to do battle surged. He kept his eyes fixed on the Door of Immortality as he moved forward and set foot on the Paragon Bridge.

His first step caused deafening rumbling sounds to spread out through all of Planet East Victory. As the sound echoed out into the starry sky... 10,000 Immortal Palaces instantly shattered into pieces!

They crumbled into debris that scattered about and then dissipated out into the stars....

One step onto the Paragon Bridge destroyed 10,000 palaces!

It was a single step onto the Paragon Bridge, but anyone watching got the feeling that Meng Hao was stepping out into the stars. 10,000 Immortal Palaces were destroyed, sending ripples out in all directions, and completely shocking all the observing cultivators.

Heaven and Earth shook as pressure from the bridge, the will of a Paragon, demolished the Immortal Palaces. Yet Meng Hao also suffered a major backlash; he could use the Paragon Bridge, but only at great cost. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, but his expression remained one of determination as he took a second step.

The second step instantly caused another 10,000 Immortal Palaces to shatter into pieces. A huge wind kicked up that swept the debris out into the starry sky.

No one had ever seen an Immortal Tribulation like this. The Immortal Tribulations experienced by all the other Chosen were like nothing compared to what Meng Hao was going through.

At the same time, nobody had ever transcended Tribulation in such a fashion. He completely destroyed the Tribulation Clouds, and crushed the Immortal Palaces one step at a time. As of this moment, everyone was bearing witness to Meng Hao's surging energy.

When he took a third step, his aura surged out again. It was as if he was the only existence in all Heaven and Earth, a splash of color amongst black and white. At the same time, the inner backlash from using the Paragon Bridge grew stronger. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, causing the bridge to be stained a garish red as he passed.

And yet, he didn't stop for a moment. He braced himself against the inward shaking, endured the trembling of his cultivation base and the power of the backlash. He took a fourth step, then a fifth, and then a sixth!

The Paragon Bridge only had ten portions!

As Meng Hao took each step, 10,000 Immortal Palaces were destroyed. It happened a third time, a fourth time, a fifth time!

He took six steps, and his energy soared. The Paragon Bridge shone with boundless light, as did Meng Hao himself!

Chapter 972: Barrage on the Door of Immortality

“The will of an Immortal Realm Paragon...”

“This Fang Hao is shifting the paradigm; in the Immortal Realm, now that he’s ahead of everyone, he’ll be ahead of them every step of the way!”

“From now on, he’s going to be completely famous in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

Everyone looked at Meng Hao up in the sky, and their hearts were filled with the same thought: “This era belongs to him!”

Everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea watched Meng Hao take six steps that destroyed a total of 60,000 Immortal Palaces. The sight was incredibly moving.

As of this moment, the shattered Immortal Palaces served as a foil to Meng Hao. The Paragon Bridge was the background of the image, and the picture it all painted was now firmly etched in the minds of all onlookers.

The Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea stared silently. Even Wang Tengfei was left speechless. They could only watch as Meng Hao walked forward, destroying the Immortal Palaces in the process.

Fang Wei’s face was pale white. Meng Hao’s Immortal Tribulation was shocking, and his method of transcending the tribulation was astonishing. However, Fang Wei refused to back down.

“Let’s just wait and see how many Immortal meridians he gets after he opens of the Door of Immortality!” Fang Wei’s eyes were completely crimson.

Everyone watched as Meng Hao calmly took a seventh step. Cracking sounds emanated out from his body, and blood spattered onto his clothing. His face was pale white, and his Eternal stratum worked like mad to restore him, although by now it was unable to keep up with the backlash he was receiving. His legs were shaking, but the 10,000 Immortal Palaces underneath his feet also shook, then crumbled into pieces like the ones before them had.

Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot. By now, he wasn't even paying attention to the Immortal Palaces. Now that he was standing atop the Paragon Bridge, he suddenly began to experience a vision of the past. He saw all of the people who had tread the bridge in bygone years.

This bridge was a bridge that allowed people to reach the highest of heights. The bridge had been shattered, but the Paragon's aura still was there, a manifestation of its former glory. Anyone who could reach the end of it would feel a sense of unmatched supremacy like that of a Paragon of Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao wiped the blood from his mouth as his hair whipped around him. He watched as countless vague images of people from former times appeared and walked past him.

"I can do it too!" he murmured, stepping forward an eighth time.

The instant he took the eighth step, the Paragon Bridge rumbled, and another 10,000 Immortal Palaces were shattered. By now, there were only 20,000 left!

The ninth step!

Heaven and Earth rumbled, and all the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea that were looking on felt their minds racing. They recalled everything that had happened in the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire. They thought back to how they had felt as they watched Fang Mu.

Right now, that same feeling returned as they looked at that very same person!

As they stared at Meng Hao, they felt like they were suffocating as they waited to see if he would reach the end of the Paragon Bridge, destroy all of the Immortal Palaces, and stand in front of the Door of Immortality.

Amidst the rumbling, Meng Hao's eyes glowed with the desire to do battle. Another 10,000 Immortal Palaces were destroyed as he... took his final step.



The tenth step!

As he took that final step, the remaining 10,000 Immortal Palaces beneath the Paragon Bridge shattered into fragments. They were destroyed, exploded into bits that were swept out into the wind, accompanied by what sound like a roar of rage.

Apparently, they refused to accept that they were being dispersed, and were unwilling to approve of Meng Hao becoming a true Immortal in this way!

However... it didn't matter if they approved or not. They had no choice but to accept it!

All of the Immortal Palaces were completely destroyed and eradicated. Then, the Paragon Bridge slowly faded away from beneath Meng Hao's feet. In the blink of an eye, it was gone. He trembled as the full force of the backlash caused blood to spray from his mouth. He staggered in place, almost as if he were on the verge of falling down out of the sky. However, he forced himself to hang on, and his body trembled so badly it looked like it might collapse.

The Paragon Bridge was a trump card for Meng Hao, but considering the level of his cultivation base, it was all he could do to do take the ten steps he had. After passing over the Immortal Palaces, the full force of the backlash seriously injured him. Were his willpower even slightly weaker, he would not have been able to reach the end.

However, everything was worth it!

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a brilliant light as he stood there in front of the majestic Door of Immortality!

Intense roaring sounds filled the air, echoing out in the Fang Clan, in Planet East Victory, and in all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

The members of the Fang Clan were in an uproar, and the other cultivators on Planet East Victory were equally shaken.

"He destroyed the Immortal Palaces with ten steps! Fang Hao did it!"

“He scattered the Immortal Tribulation Clouds and destroyed the Immortal Palaces! Transcending tribulation in this manner is completely unheard of! He definitely deserves his reputation as Fang Mu!”

“He’s forcing his way through the tribulation! How domineering! Perhaps that’s the nature of his Dao!”

Gradually, people were starting to get a vague understanding of Meng Hao’s Dao!

It was completely domineering, as if nothing and no one could stand in his way! Or perhaps, it would be better to say that since he truly believed that he would eventually surpass everyone else, the one person he perpetually wanted to supercede was himself!

He ignored all others and only tried to outdo himself.

Neither his personality nor what he said mattered; these were spurious. His true will... was one of complete domineering!

Freedom! Independence! Those two things were domineering as well!

The members of the direct bloodline were extremely excited. The rest of the Fang Clan was abuzz. Planet East Victory was in an uproar.

All of the other sects and clans were astonished to a profound degree by the way Meng Hao was transcending his tribulation.

“He’s in front of the Door of Immortality now! Now the only thing left to do is open it!”

“Push open the Door of Immortality, bathe in the Immortal light, and open Immortal meridians!”

“I wonder... how many meridians he will open!?!?”

All of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, including the Chosen and the Patriarchs, were wondering the same thing.... How many Immortal meridians would Meng Hao open up!?

“He’s already built himself up to the level of a stage 10 Immortal. He’ll probably open up 99 meridians!”

“I wonder if it’s possible... that he’ll actually open... 100 Immortal meridians!?”

The uproar continued throughout the various regions in the Ninth Mountain and Sea as everyone discussed the matter of how many meridians Meng Hao would open. By this point, everyone was wondering about it.

“How many can he open...?” thought Fan Dong’er as she gazed into the crystal.

Li Ling’er stood there quietly, but in her heart, she had already answered the question. Meng Hao would definitely open... 100 meridians!

Zhao Yifan, Taiyang Zi, Song Luodan, Sun Hai and the other Chosen were all panting.

By now, even Fatty, Chen Fan, and other people familiar with Meng Hao were now watching the scene play out in their respective sects.

On Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu looked up, and a smile broke out on his face.

“His era has arrived... the era of true Immortality.”

Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li stood in the Tower of Tang, looking at a huge mirror. Within, they could see Planet East Victory and Meng Hao.

Also on Planet South Heaven, on Mount Blood Demon, the previously death-like aura of Blood Demon suddenly flickered with a final trace of life force.

“At long last....” the ancient voice echoed out. “In the moment before my death, the moment I have been waiting for arrives. The time has come for me to give you my last gift of good fortune.”

Where the temple hall once existed in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, there was now only a crater. As of this moment, an old man suddenly appeared there, gazing up into the starry sky. Next to him was a withered Resurrection Lily, within which flickered a bit of life force.

“Immortal meridians...” the old man murmured. “You owe him some Karma, you know. Ah, forget it, I’ll just pay him back for you.” He looked down at the withered Resurrection Lily on the ground next to him.

In the Church of the Emperor Immortal, Sun Hai stood there. A young woman was at his side, staring out into the void. All of the disciples of the Church of the Emperor Immortal were all watching a huge screen, and Meng Hao’s image upon it.

“Come on, little brother, you have to open 100 meridians!” the young woman murmured to herself. She was none other than Fang Yu. Suddenly, she felt a creepy stare, which caused her to turn viciously and kick Sun Hai in the shin, causing a sharp twinge of pain. However, a dotting look appeared on his face, and he turned to look at her.

“Babe, you can kick me a few more times if you want. The harder the better...”

His expression, and his wording, caused goosebumps to cover Fang Yu.

Everyone was now completely focused on Meng Hao....

He looked up at the enormous Door of Immortality. Compared to it, he was like a speck of dust.

“The Door of Immortality...” he murmured. His eyes brimmed with the desire to fight, and even as his injuries healed, he stepped forward, clenched his hand, and then punched out toward the Door of Immortality.

“Open up!” he roared, his voice echoing like thunder. A huge boom could be heard as his fist made contact with the Door of Immortality. The sound echoed out, shaking the lands. Suddenly, a crack appeared as... the door began to open!

As soon as that crack appeared, boundless Immortal light spilled out, lighting up the Heavens and shining out into the starry sky.

The resplendent Immortal light poured out from the Door of Immortality, becoming a beam that pierced out into the darkness, illuminating everything.

Although it was only a crack, the Immortal light was filled with strong Immortal qi that shot toward Meng Hao and poured into him.

His eyes shone with brilliant light. All of the cultivators watched closely, and there was no question in any of their minds as to whether or not he would succeed. They knew he could open it.

What they were concerned with was how many Immortal meridians he would end up with after the door was opened!

Meng Hao's expression was one of determination as the Immortal qi poured into him. His eight current Immortal meridians transformed into eight dragons that swirled around him madly, absorbing Immortal qi and making him stronger.

However, a tiny crack was not good enough for Meng Hao.

His 30,000-meter Dharma Idol appeared behind him. Radiating golden light, it stepped forward. At the same time, Meng Hao transformed into a huge golden roc, which joined the Dharma Idol in bashing against the Door of Immortality.

“OPEN UP!” he roared again. As he slammed into the door again, it opened... a little bit more!

More Immortal light poured out, along with strong Immortal qi!

As of this moment, countless spectators gasped as they watched Meng Hao attacking the Door of Immortality.

An incredible power radiated out from the Door of Immortality, and as the Immortal qi poured into Meng Hao, blood sprayed from his mouth. However, his eyes shone with even brighter light than before.

He lifted his right hand, causing numerous mountains to appear. They formed together as they smashed into the Door of Immortality. At the same time, a Blood Demon head appeared, which butted against the door.

And of course there was his 30,000-meter Dharma Idol, which battered the door with its huge hands. Heaven and Earth shook, and booms rang out in all directions. The Door of Immortality slowly opened wider, causing more light and Immortal qi to surge out.

As of this point, the door had opened enough... that a person could slip through!

Chapter 973: Opening the Immortal Meridians

In that moment, an incredible light shone out from the Door of Immortality, which transformed into the image of an ancient head. The head looked at Meng Hao and then let out a roar that echoed out like a powerful attack. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, and he staggered back. As for the Door of Immortality, it slowly began to close!

Everyone in the Fang Clan was completely shocked by this. When Fang Wei attacked the Door of Immortality, it had only continued to open wider and wider. It had never shown any signs of closing back up. Everyone gasped.

“What’s going on? This Door of Immortality... is so hard to open!”

“Fang Hao’s Tribulation Clouds were different than everyone else’s, plus there were those Immortal Palaces. It’s only to be expected that his Door of Immortality is unusually hard to open!”

Fang Wei’s eyes glittered as he stared at Meng Hao, and it was clear that he wanted to fight. As for Fang Xiushan, the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger, and his expression was transforming into one of wild joy.

“He can’t open the Door of Immortality!”

The cultivators from the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were all shocked by what they were seeing.

“Immortal Tribulation like this, and a Door of Immortality like this, would be impossible for any other Chosen to deal with!”

“It’s hard to say whether Fang Hao... will actually be able to open the Door of Immortality!”

Outside of Planet East Victory, within the starry sky, Meng Hao was forced backward by about 3,000 meters before coming to a stop. He wiped the blood from his mouth as he looked at the Door of Immortality with a vicious gleam in his eyes.

His cultivation base suddenly exploded with power, and his 30,000-meter Dharma Idol reappeared. He fused with the Dharma Idol, transforming into a 30,000-meter giant that took a 3,000 meter step forward to appear directly in front of the Door of Immortality.

He raised both of his hands, placed them onto the Door of Immortality, and roared. Then he shoved forward violently, causing massive rumbling sounds to echo out in every direction.

The Door of Immortality trembled, sending a powerful backlash attack against Meng Hao. He shook as his Eternal stratum exploded out, restoring him even as he rotated his cultivation base and shoved again violently.

RUMBLE!

The Door of Immortality opened by another crack, causing Immortal light to shine out in the starry sky once again. Immortal qi spread out, and Meng Hao's eyes turned red. He gritted his teeth against the backlash, and went all out, pushing with all the might he could muster.

RUMMMMMBLLE!

The Door of Immortality slowly opened wider, causing more Immortal light to spill out. In the blink of an eye, it was just as open as it had been before. The face of the old man that had been materialized by the Door of Immortality appeared once again. He roared in rage at Meng Hao, and once again, powerful light exploded out in an attack against Meng Hao.

This time, Meng Hao was ready. Even as the force descended upon him, he stepped backward and performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then shoved his hands straight out in front of him. Immediately, his eight Immortal meridians sparkled, causing eight streams of power to flow out into his right hand. He then unleashed a punch directly toward the old man's face, causing the Immortal qi to shoot out.

In the blink of an eye, they slammed into each other, sending a huge boom echoing out in all directions. The face faded away, and the eight streams of Immortal qi swirled together and returned to Meng Hao. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and yet, his desire to fight was even stronger. He stepped forward, placed his palms on the Door of Immortality, then began to push.

The Immortal light grew stronger, and the Immortal qi more dense. Booms echoed out as the Door of Immortality opened further.

All of the things that had just happened left everyone completely amazed.

“What was that just now? Eight streams of Immortal qi?”

“What divine ability was that...?”

All areas of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were in a complete commotion. Blue veins popped out on Meng Hao’s forehead as the Door of Immortality opened wide enough for a person to fit through, but not Meng Hao’s Dharma Idol.

“I completely destroyed the Tribulation Clouds and shattered all of the Immortal Palaces. As for the Door of Immortality... if it remained closed, it wouldn’t matter. But once I start, I’m going to open it all the way and step inside!” Meng Hao’s eyes were completely bloodshot as he once again rotated his cultivation base and shoved against the door. It opened a bit more, and yet, in that same instant, he suddenly backed up.

As he did, glittering starlight appeared within his left eye. In the blink of an eye, light began to pour out of his eye, transforming into a beam of light 3,000 meters long. Then it was 30,000 meters long, enveloping Meng Hao completely. It was at this point that... five characters appeared in Meng Hao’s mind.

It was the most powerful Daoist magic of the Fang Clan’s first generation Patriarch!

Rumbling rose up as the light surrounding Meng Hao began to spread out. The starlight flew out of his left eye, transforming into the starstone. The starstone rapidly dissolved, forming a liquid that shot toward Meng Hao and, in the blink of an eye, completely covered him.

In the space of a few breaths of time, even as the Door of Immortality was closing, the light that surrounded Meng Hao vanished. In his place, there was no longer his normal form, but rather, what appeared to be... a gigantic asteroid!



The asteroid was fully 3,000 meters wide, and shocking to the extreme. The void around it cracked and shattered, as if the mere appearance of the asteroid was enough to rock the starry sky.

Next, an intense aura exploded out from it. Countless motes of starlight appeared, which then descended onto the asteroid's surface.

All of a sudden, it didn't look like an asteroid any more, but rather, a planet!

A droning sound began to emanate out from the planet as it smashed into the Door of Immortality. Everyone watching was filled with shock as the huge stone bashed into the door.

“One Thought Stellar Transformation!!” gasped the Grand Elder, his face flickering as he stood there among the other members of the Fang Clan.

As soon as his words echoed out, other clan members gasped as they gaped in astonishment at the enormous stone.

“What?! That's.... One Thought Stellar Transformation!?”

“That's the first generation Patriarch's most powerful Daoist magic, One Thought Stellar Transformation! Supposedly, you can use it to actually transform into a planet! It can basically destroy anything!”

“Fang Hao actually acquired the One Thought Stellar Transformation when he went into the ancestral Land! According to the clan's ancient records, the most powerful form of that magical technique is that you can transform into a real planet!”

All of the cultivators on Planet East Victory and the rest of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were shocked by Meng Hao assuming planetary form. At the same time, that very planet slammed into the Door of Immortality, causing a huge boom to rattle out.

Ripples spread out in every direction; apparently the attack had contained enough energy to cause tremors to spread far and wide. The Door of Immortality shuddered, and a massive wind kicked up. In the blink of an eye, the Door of Immortality opened completely.

One swift attack, and the Door of Immortality opened wide!

It was as if a sluice gate had been opened. Boundless Immortal light spread out rapidly, filled with wildly surging Immortal qi.

In that moment, the planet vanished, and Meng Hao reappeared. His face was pale, and he coughed up four or five mouthfuls of blood as the Immortal light and qi surrounded him.

The boundless Immortal qi surged into him, filling him. His eight Immortal meridians trembled, and began to transform. Immediately, a ninth Immortal meridian began to form!

However, outside of his body, and visible outside of the Door of Immortality, what people saw was not a ninth meridian, but rather, the first meridian.

Whenever someone reaches true Immortal ascension, in the moment that they open the Door of Immortality, their Immortal meridians will cause images of Immortal dragons to appear above the Door of Immortality.

Right now, the first Immortal dragon was rapidly solidifying high above Meng Hao and the Door of Immortality, swirling in the air.

Immortal qi surged and glittered brightly, illuminating the starry sky until it seemed like daytime. Everyone watching on Planet East Victory cried out in shock.

“The Door of Immortality... opened!”

“He’s opening his Immortal meridians! I wonder how many meridians Fang Hao will be able to open!?!?”

Countless cultivators were watching as the first Immortal dragon appeared above the Door of Immortality. As it roared, a second Immortal meridian formed, then a third and a fourth and a fifth.

In the blink of an eye, boundless Immortal qi, which far exceeded what had come from the bronze dragon in the ancestral land’s necropolis, inundated Meng Hao. 10. 20. 30 Immortal meridians appeared.

30 Immortal dragons swirled through the air, roaring. Each one of those Immortal dragons was noted by the audience in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and caused their hearts to tremble. They stared blankly, especially the other true Immortal Chosen, whose hearts were pounding.

“Those are... those are Immortal meridians?”

“How come each one of his Immortal meridians seems to be multiple times bigger than the Immortal meridians that appeared for everyone else who just achieved true Immortal Ascension!?!?”

“The level of difficulty of his Immortal Tribulation was unheard of. His Door of Immortality was so hard to open! Considering he succeeded, it’s little wonder that his Immortal meridians exceed that of others. They’re so strong!”

Everyone in the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory was completely shocked. Fang Wei watched with a pale face, staring at Meng Hao. Despite everything Meng Hao had done to fight against the Immortal Tribulation and open the Door of Immortality, Fang Wei still wanted to battle him.

Even as expressions of shock could be heard throughout Planet East Victory, the cultivators from the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea looked on with astonishment as Meng Hao opened his Immortal meridians.

“The strength of his Immortal meridians represents his battle prowess within the Immortal Realm,” said the old woman next to Fan Dong’er, her voice soft as she peered into the crystal. “He will be incomparable.... He experienced Paragon Immortal Tribulation, and he has become... the only Paragon Immortal!”

The Patriarchs of the other sects and clans also came to similar conclusions as they watched Meng Hao with glittering eyes and thoughtful hearts.

Meng Hao stood in the Door of Immortality, bathed in Immortal light, surrounded by Immortal qi. Rumbling echoed out in all directions as boundless Immortal qi poured into him. Cracking sounds could be heard as 40 Immortal meridians opened, and then more!

41. 45. 50....

Amidst all the rumbling, the Immortal dragons outside the Door of Immortality were now 50 in number. They flew around, roaring, causing anyone who heard the sound to be completely shocked.

However, things weren't over yet!

55. 60. 70. 80....

80 Immortal dragons appeared outside of the Door of Immortality in a relatively short period of time. Those 80 Immortal dragons exuded shocking energy as they flew around in the starry sky.

Meng Hao's body was surrounded by roaring. His body felt like it was being shredded as the boundless Immortal qi poured into him, causing the 81st Immortal meridian to form....

Soon, the 81st meridian was finished, after which was the 82nd. Then there were 83.

As everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea watched, Meng Hao reached 90 Immortal meridians!

Chapter 974: More than 100 Meridians!

90 Immortal meridians swirled around the Door of Immortality. Each and every one of them was multiple times larger than any of the Immortal meridians of the other Chosen who had recently ascended to true Immortality. They looked fierce, the dragon scales glinting, the claws sharp as razors. Their bodies were stalwart and filled with shocking energy.

The light blazing out from the Door of Immortality was matchlessly majestic. As the Immortal qi appeared within the Immortal light, it seemed almost infinite, eternal and never-ending as it surrounded Meng Hao, boring into his pores to fill his entire body.

It was a baptism, a type similar to that experienced by any true Immortal who opened the Door of Immortality.

The more thoroughly one prepared, the deeper the resources one built up, then the more extravagant the baptism would be.

Intense rumbling echoed out of Meng Hao's body as the Immortal qi headed toward his 91st Immortal meridian. It didn't take very long at all for the 91st Immortal meridian to fully form.

Yet another Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality.

92 meridians. 93 meridians. 94 meridians.... After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, the Immortal qi pouring into Meng Hao caused 95 meridians to appear inside of him.

All of the sects and clans on Planet East Victory, as well as those out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, were completely shocked.

"95 meridians! He's already exceeded most of the other Chosen!"

"I wonder if he'll be able to exceed Fang Wei with his 98 meridians? Fang Wei of the Fang Clan is currently the number one true Immortal!"

As the buzz of conversation filled the air everywhere, Fang Wei stared up at Meng Hao. Inwardly, he was beginning to get nervous; he couldn't stand the idea of someone else stealing any of his glory, and his eyes filled with a savage light as he glared at Meng Hao.

Fang Xiushan gritted his teeth; his hatred for Meng Hao had reached a pinnacle.

Of course, in sharp contrast, the members of the direct bloodline were extremely excited. They looked excitedly at Meng Hao; to them, it was as if they were looking at the hope for the direct bloodline to rise again.

RUMBLE!

Roaring sounds echoed out from Meng Hao as a 96th Immortal dragon appeared. After that was a 97th. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn... a 98th Immortal dragon appeared in the starry sky outside the Door of Immortality!

It started out fairly blurry, but quickly became clear. After a few breaths of time passed, the Immortal dragon was fully formed. It soared about, emitting shocking roars.

Before anyone from the Ninth Mountain and Sea could react, more rumbling sounds emanated out from Meng Hao's body. Directly next to the 98th Immortal dragon, shockingly, there appeared yet another blurry image of an Immortal dragon.

It rapidly became visible, turning into a 99th dragon!

Instantly, the Ninth Mountain and Sea was thrown into a huge tumult, and shouts of astonishment could be heard in every direction.

The Fang Clan was completely silent for a moment, after which they exploded into complete pandemonium from the shock and astonishment, of personally witnessing... the rise of a true Chosen!

"99 Immortal meridians! He's surpassed Fang Wei to become the number one blazing sun of the Fang Clan!"

"For years, nobody has ever reached this height! Fang Hao... is the only one!"

"99 Immortal meridians! That's only one meridian away from the legendary great circle!" The Fang Clan was flabbergasted. As for Fang Wei, he stood there calm and quiet, eventually closing his eyes.

However, it was possible to see how he felt inside from the trembling that wracked his body. After Meng Hao opened 99 meridians, he was filled with an unspeakable disquiet. He didn't dare to watch any longer, for fear that he might lose his will to fight.

He wasn't the only one. As of this moment, the other true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea all closed their eyes. They... chose to pay no further attention to Meng Hao.

They had their own Daos, and their own paths. If they lost self-confidence in their ability to proceed forward, if they lost their Dao hearts, then their cultivation base would be eternally unable to progress any further.

Meng Hao had long since become a huge mountain blocking the path of all other cultivators of his generation!

Unless someone could split that mountain open, it was possible to predict that the mountain-like Meng Hao would crush all other Chosen of his generation, and continue unobstructed to the pinnacle.

Fang Xiushan's face was pale and bloodless. In the moment that Meng Hao opened his 99th meridian, it was like an invisible fist smashing into his heart. He clearly understood that as of this moment, Meng Hao... had already soared high into the Heavens.

"Yeah, but he's only in the Immortal Realm!" thought Fang Xiushan. Deep within his eyes, a gleam of madness suddenly sparked to life.

As of this moment, everyone was speculating as to whether or not 99 meridians would be Meng Hao's true limit. Meng Hao's face glowed with the light of obsession as he rotated his Immortal meridians, causing Immortal power to flow through him. After it performed a full cycle, it suddenly exploded out!

In that instant, an intense, tearing pain suddenly shot through him, and a rumbling sound once again emanated out.

It was as if yet another Immortal meridian was suddenly gouging itself into his body.

"100 meridians!" he roared.

Shockingly, all of the Immortal dragons outside of the Door of Immortality suddenly stopped in place and looked up at the shadowy, sinuous figure that had just appeared.

It looked like a shocking bolt of electricity, and its image instantly exploded like thunder into the minds of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

The 100th Immortal dragon formed outside of the Door of Immortality. After the space of a few breaths, it was clear to all onlookers!

It was absolutely clear that this was the 100th Immortal dragon!

As soon as it became visible, the spectators felt as if their hearts were being struck by lightning. Gasps could be heard, along with loud cries of shock and alarm that echoed throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

100 meridians had been opened, and 100 Immortal dragons swirled above the Door of Immortality, causing astonishing roars to fill the air!

100 Immortal dragons joined their voices together in a shocking roar that shook the land and caused the heavenly bodies to tremble.

The members of the Fang Clan were silent as they stared in shock at the 100 immortal dragons flying outside the Door of Immortality. After a long moment, shouts of astonishment rang out.

“100 meridians.... He really opened 100 meridians!!”

“Our Fang Clan... has produced a blazing sun that opened 100 meridians!”

“Fang Hao! Meng Hao! Fang Mu! From this day forward, his name will completely shake all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

The direct bloodline was going crazy, as was the rest of the Fang Clan, and even all of the other other cultivators on Planet East Victory.

They looked up at Meng Hao, and all they could see was his shadowy form wreathed by boundless Immortal light. However, their eyes were filled with fervor.

100 meridians, fully opened, was a legendary Realm that virtually no one had entered for countless years. Meng Hao... was the first!!

Fang Wei finally opened his eyes and saw the 100 Immortal dragons, and blood oozed out of his mouth. He clenched his hands into fists.

Fang Xiushan began acting abnormally; his eyes revealed a menacing glint which grew stronger and stronger.



Off to the side, the Grand Elder was shocked. His eyes grew cloudy as he thought back to the scene of Meng Hao returning to the clan, standing in East Heaven Gate, his Bloodline Gatebeam rising 30,000 meters into the air.

All of the seven Patriarchs underground had risen to their feet and were looking at Meng Hao, their expressions unprecedentedly solemn.

“This kid is a future Paragon of the Fang Clan!” the Seventh Patriarch said softly. He glanced over at the Sixth Patriarch, who looked shocked. However, a strange coldness also gleamed within the Sixth Patriarch’s eyes.

Planet East Victory was boiling with excitement, as were the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. As for the Chosen, many who had opted to close their eyes now opened them and looked at the 100 Immortal dragons swirling around Meng Hao. Their hearts grew increasingly heavy.

“100 meridians? It is what it is! It’s a legendary Realm, but who cares? So what if he’s an Immortal Realm Paragon?!”

“This isn’t going to stop me from fighting him!”

“That’s nice. He has his Dao, and we have our paths. Nothing... is set in stone yet!” The Chosen stood there silently, their eyes flickering with the desire to fight.

“Finally... it’s over.” As everyone looked at the Immortal light inundating Meng Hao, and the shocking sight of his 100 meridians, they knew that his good fortune of opening the Door of Immortality was now over.

However, it was in that moment... that people suddenly realized, the Immortal light and qi were continuing to swirl madly around Meng Hao as he stood there in the Door of Immortality. He took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a bright light.

“Since my identity as Fang Mu has been revealed,” Meng Hao murmured, “then a mere 100 meridians simply isn’t enough....” He threw his head back and let out a shocking cry.

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLE....

The shocking sounds grew more intense, spreading out in all directions as the light shining from the Door of Immortality grew more magnificent, and even more Immortal qi was released.

Anyone who could see what was happening was thoroughly shocked.

“Hey... what’s going on?!”

“Could it be that he’s going to open 101 meridians!?”

“That’s impossible! 100 meridians is already a thing of legend! How could he possibly open 101?”

Everyone looked on with disbelief and astonishment as the eight Immortal meridians that he had already possessed suddenly began to manifest on the outside!

101 meridians. 102 meridians. 103 meridians! 104 meridians!!

In the blink of an eye, he had four more meridians!

As of this moment, everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea who was watching, regardless of whether they were ordinary cultivators or Patriarchs of the various sects and clans, all felt their eyes go wide and fill with disbelief. Everyone went silent.

Even as they stared at Meng Hao and his 104 meridians, a 105th meridian appeared!

“Come on!” Meng Hao roared as the Immortal light and Immortal qi surged into him. The sound of his shout echoed out into the starry sky as... a 106th meridian appeared!

Blue veins popped out on Meng Hao’s face as the 107th meridian appeared!

“COME ON!” he roared. A shocking rumbling echoed out through all of Planet East Victory, piercing into the starry sky as 108 meridians appeared!!

The 108th meridian that appeared was actually... the very first meridian that he had ever formed!

By this point, the hearts of countless spectators in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were pounding madly.

What they saw was 108 Immortal dragons swirling around the Door of Immortality, fierce and savage. They also saw Meng Hao, wreathed in Immortal light. From the way he looked... he wasn't satisfied!

Chapter 975: Blood Demon and Resurrection Lily!

All cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who were watching looked completely astonished and tongue-tied as they observed the 108 Immortal dragons soaring through the starry sky outside the Door of Immortality above Planet East Victory.

"100 meridians is a legend, but 108? This... this is the first time I've ever heard of someone getting more than 100 meridians!"

"No one in the past has ever done this, and most likely, nobody in the future will either!" The Ninth Mountain and Sea was in a tumult, and that shock actually spread out throughout the Mountains and Seas.

All of the members of the Fang Clan watched with gaping mouths. They knew that Meng Hao was the type of person to defy the Heavens, but when they saw him open 100 meridians, they had assumed he was finished. They could never have imagined that Meng Hao would actually... open up 108 meridians all in one shot!

"Impossible!" Fang Wei went pale. He could reluctantly accept the idea of Meng Hao using the One Thought Stellar Transformation Incantation to open 100 meridians, and use that as an excuse for why he didn't measure up to Meng Hao. But now... 108 meridians had appeared, causing Fang Wei to completely lose self-control.

Fang Xiushan was trembling as he stood there in the crowd, and the icy aura inside of him flourished.

As far as anyone knew, the Fang Clan only had one Dao Realm expert, which was the Earth Patriarch. Currently, his eyes shone with a brilliant light as he murmured, "There's only one

explanation.... Before he started transcending this tribulation, the kid... already had 8 meridians. He experienced something just like Kṣitigarbha, the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea!”

His words struck like lightning into the hearts of the other six Patriarchs present.

“The necropolis!” exclaimed the Seventh Patriarch. “I personally saw that kid enter the necropolis of the first generation Patriarch!”

Meanwhile, in the Nine Seas God World, Fan Dong'er staggered backward a few paces, her face pale. She looked bitterly at the images in the crystal, at the 108 Immortal dragons soaring around Meng Hao. She had no choice but to admit that there had already been a huge gap between her and Meng Hao, and that after reaching true Immortality, that gap... was only widening.

“Such profound preparation and reserves,” murmured the old woman standing next to her. “In all the great Nine Mountains and Seas, the only person other than this kid to do something like this is... the number one most powerful expert, Kṣitigarbha! According to the legends, when Kṣitigarbha reached true Immortality, he opened more than 100 meridians. Very few people actually know how many, though.... After all, those events took place many, many generations ago.” A strange gleam appeared in her eyes.

As of now, all of the true Immortal Chosen were staring at Meng Hao. They had no desire to look at Meng Hao's 108 meridians, and yet, they were unable to look away. To open so many Immortal meridians was something that shocked everyone.

That was especially the case when they realized that Meng Hao didn't seem to be happy with only 108 meridians. All of them gasped.

“Could it be... that he's actually planning to open more meridians!?!?”

Meng Hao was absolutely not satisfied!

Now that he had opened the Door of Immortality, he was completely confident that he could open more than 108 meridians.

“This is a rare opportunity,” he thought. “Very rare. I'll only get this one chance....” He stared at the Door of Immortality, and realized that the glowing light was beginning to fade, and the Immortal qi was slowly beginning to dissipate.

He well knew that once this opportunity passed, it would be very difficult to get another chance like this in which he could absorb as much Immortal qi as he wanted, and then open more Immortal meridians.

That was something he was sure of based on his experiences with the slow and difficult process of opening his first Immortal meridian.

“However, it seems like 108 meridians really is my limit....” he thought, looking up at the 108 Immortal dragons flying about, which were the manifestations of his Immortal meridians.

Among those Immortal dragons, there was one that was azure in color. It looked especially graceful, and was much larger than all the other dragons. It emanated an ancient air that seemed to make it contemptuous of all Heaven and Earth. It was almost as if this dragon could make all the Heavens submit, and could force the Earth to bow in worship!

It was as if all the other dragons were following that azure-colored dragon, their roars filling all the Heavens.

The azure Immortal dragon was formed by none other than the very first of Meng Hao’s Immortal meridians, which was actually the last one to be opened!

As Meng Hao stood there silently, the Immortal light coming from the Door of Immortality faded even more, and was soon incapable of covering his entire body. The Immortal qi lessened, and the even Door of Immortality itself began to fade.

“Is it over?”

“So, his limit was 108 meridians, huh...?”

“Those extra eight meridians were his limit. Although he can’t open any more, his name is still going to rock the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

As the discussions raged in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Fang Wei stood there on Planet East Victory, and he gave an inward sigh of relief.

He wasn't the only one. The other true Immortal Chosen all sighed deep in their hearts.

The intimidation they felt from Meng Hao only continued to grow more intense. Now that they saw the Door of Immortality dissipating, their sighs led to a stirring of their fighting spirit. All of them knew that they weren't his match, and yet they still wanted to fight him!

The Door of Immortality grew more indistinct, and the Immortal light grew darker. The immortal qi... was virtually gone.

The starry sky was no longer bright, and as Meng Hao stood there, he looked at the 108 flying Immortal dragons, and his eyes glimmered with regret.

"It's over.... 108 meridians." Meng Hao sighed and turned to head back to Planet East Victory, when suddenly, a tremor ran through his body. He stopped in place and turned his head to look out into the starry sky.

He was looking... in the direction of Planet South Heaven!

In that moment... a voice suddenly echoed out in his heart. It was extremely weak, and vastly ancient. It was like the voice of an old man who was about to die, a departed spirit who had forced itself to remain in the world of the living, never allowing that last gasp to escape. Even if the flame of his life was snuffed out, he would leave behind an ember that clung on by a thread. It was as if that final remaining spark had been waiting for this moment!

"Meng Hao... I only have one breath left, and it has been waiting for this day.... Allow me to use my fading life force to gift you with one last bit of good fortune!"

When Meng Hao heard that voice echoing in his mind, he recognized it instantly. It was... the voice of Patriarch Blood Demon from Planet South Heaven!

Patriarch Blood Demon's origins had not been made clear. However, Meng Hao knew that his terrifying fleshly body was buried under the surface of the lands of South Heaven. And in truth, in his heart, Meng Hao had already come to know the answer to the question of who he really was.

Patriarch Blood Demon... was one of the three Archdemon generals of Lord Li, a figure referred to as a consummate expert!

“You are from the League of Demon Sealers,” continued Patriarch Blood Demon in his ancient voice. “Furthermore, you are the Ninth Generation. I can speculate... about some of what will happen to you in the future, and therefore, I will tell you now what I can of the benevolent possibilities in your future. You don’t understand right now... however, if you are able to combine the Nine Hexes in the future.... you will know how to repay me. Right now, I will do something that I hope will make you consider the question of... what Immortal meridians really are.”

When Patriarch Blood Demon finished speaking, a stream of blood-colored Demonic qi exploded out from Mount Blood Demon on Planet South Heaven. At the same time, Patriarch Blood Demon’s fleshly body, which rested under the surface of the land, dissolved, and became part of the stream of Demonic qi.

As the Demonic qi surged up into the Heavens, it transformed into a blood-colored magical symbol.

The magical symbol flickered nine times, then vanished.

In the moment that it vanished, Patriarch Blood Demon met his complete and utter end!

As he died, the magical symbol vanished, and simultaneously, Meng Hao felt the Blood Demon Grand Magic inside of him begin to rotate on its own. Rumbling sounds could be heard as a bloody light surrounded him, spreading out and... forming a 109th Immortal meridian!

It was... a Blood Demon meridian!

The previously fading Door of Immortality suddenly shook, and in the blink of an eye, was back to its previous state. The fading Immortal light suddenly exploded with intensity, covering Heaven and Earth, filling the starry sky. The Immortal qi grew stronger, descending onto Meng Hao’s body and pouring into him.

The Blood Demon Grand Magic rotated inside of him, transforming into a magical symbol, which was exactly the same magical symbol that had appeared in the moment of Patriarch Blood Demon’s death on Planet South Heaven.

It was the color of blood, and after flashing nine times inside of Meng Hao, it began to melt, transforming into a shadowy Immortal meridian.

As the Immortal qi poured into him, the Immortal meridian grew more solid, and before long, it was complete! Meng Hao trembled as... a 109th Immortal dragon appeared!

The roaring Immortal dragon was the color of blood, and completely shocking in appearance. Endless ripples spread out from it in all directions, causing the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain to be completely stunned.

However, in the moment that the 109th Immortal meridian appeared, another tremor ran through Meng Hao, as he felt a different aura rising up inside of him, forming a powerful resonance!

That resonance was coming from... the same planet that Patriarch Blood Demon had just died on!

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes flickered as he looked at what he considered to be his true home, Planet South Heaven.

Just vaguely, he could see the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple. There in the former location of the temple hall, he saw... what appeared to be a flower.

It was... a Resurrection Lily!

When the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors, petals fall, Immortal Ascension, one thousand years!

Meng Hao had been plagued with a Resurrection Lily for hundreds of years. In the end, he had severed it away. However, vestiges of it still remained, like memories that were very difficult to get rid of.

It was another type of Karma, or... a type of restitution!

On Planet South Heaven, in the vast Eastern Lands, in a wild stretch of mountains, was a deep crater that was all that remained of the temple hall of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple. An old man stood there, and next to him was a Resurrection Lily.

“My power is useless to the living....” he murmured vaguely, “but you... were bequeathed with the legacy of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. You took master’s Soul Lamp, and changed your



destiny.... The Resurrection Lilies sowed Karma with you, and now that you've reached Immortal Ascension, I will represent them to pay you back what they owe.

“If you can reach enlightenment regarding Immortal meridians, then it will be good fortune for you. Whether or not you understand is all up to you.”

The man's words were muttered somewhat incomprehensibly, as if the arrangements of the words themselves had been thrown into chaos. The old man waved his right hand, causing the Resurrection Lily next to him to transform into ash.

As the ash swirled through the air, a violent tremor ran through Meng Hao. He gasped, and for some reason, he suddenly recalled all of his struggles with the Resurrection Lily.

The memories flowed like water, and as they did, the Karma that had built up from the years of struggle transformed into an aura, into a Resurrection Lily, into... a Resurrection Lily Immortal meridian!

As soon the Immortal meridian formed, Meng Hao's hair whipped about, and his body seemed to turn into a black hole that madly sucked in Immortal qi. Intense rumbling sounds filled the air as another Immortal meridian formed!

This was... his 110th meridian!

In the moment that the meridian appeared, a 110th Immortal dragon roared into being next to the Door of Immortality.

Chapter 976: Dao Corroboration!

In the Nine Mountains and Seas, the Elder generation always passed down a certain tradition to the younger generation of Chosen of the various sects and clans. That tradition was that when the age of true Immortals arrived, one must remember the saying... preparation is the key to success!

By preparing well and accumulating profound resources, one could explode out with extraordinary power, and open up the most Immortal meridians possible.

Therefore, for generation after generation, people would make preparations for the time when the age of true Immortality arrived. They would hold themselves back at the peak of the Spirit Realm and wait until they could unleash all of their resources to achieve true Immortal Ascension.

Throughout all the years, that was how things were done. However, as of this moment, the Patriarchs of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were somewhat in a daze as they watched what was happening.

As they looked at Meng Hao, all of a sudden they seemed to come to an understanding.

Meng Hao also knew what it meant to prepare in advance to succeed.... It wasn't just a matter of cultivation base, nor was it simply about forming Immortal meridians in advance. It also had to do with... destiny!

Before someone attempted to achieve true Immortal Ascension, their advanced preparations involved the various destinies they encountered throughout their lives, as well as the Karma they sowed. All of those things were components to the preparation; however, there was a premise to such destiny....

“He is corroborating his own Dao to achieve Immortal Ascension....” said the Fang Clan’s Earth Patriarch, his voice light and hoarse. His expression was one of enlightenment.

The old woman next to Fan Dong’er sighed.

“Only those who achieve their own Immortal Ascension can wrest away good fortune from Heaven and Earth,” she said, “achieve true Immortal Ascension, and acquire the destiny to personally form Immortal meridians.”

In that moment, all of the Patriarchs came to the same understanding. However, that didn't change anything. They had never personally watched while someone reached true Immortality on their own, but, they had seen far, far too many people fail.

It would be easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to find someone who had succeeded; that was how rare they were. From ancient times until now... Kṣitigarbha was apparently the only person who had ever succeeded. Now, however, there was one more.

Although they reached this understanding, there were far more people who didn't understand. When the 110th Immortal dragon appeared, the Ninth Mountain and Sea was thrown into chaos. It was a commotion the likes of which had never occurred before.

It paled in comparison even to the time that Meng Hao, using the pseudonym Fang Mu, had seized the title of first in the trial by fire. It was hard to say who was the first person to begin to cry out, but soon, all of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were yelling and shouting.

“Th-tha’s... the 110th meridian!”

“Crazy! This is insane! How could there possibly be an Immortal Realm cultivator in the world with 110 meridians!?!?”

“Wait a second, something seems weird. Those two Immortal dragons that just appeared look different from the others. One is blood-colored! The other one... looks even more mysterious!”

The 110th Immortal dragon was very unique and, although it emanated intense Immortal light, for some reason it gave people the impression that it was related to plants and vegetation. In fact, if you looked closely, you could even see that the dragon had seven different colors circling around in its body.

Amidst the astonished cries of the crowds in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao stood there up in the starry sky, his heart calm as he probed these two new Immortal meridians. When he did, he could clearly sense Patriarch Blood Demon and the Resurrection Lily.

As of this moment, all of the destiny and good fortune he had built up was now exploding out.

“Now I understand that destiny is a type of preparation,” he murmured. “In light of that, what exactly are Immortal meridians...?” Even as he reached some form of enlightenment, he continued to contemplate the 110 Immortal meridians inside of him.

“100 meridians really are a limit.... Cultivators’ bodies, their flesh and blood, can only form 100 meridians.

“My extra eight meridians are actually not part of my flesh and blood. They are actually a different kind of meridian, constructed on a foundation laid by the bronze lamp’s smoke!”

“It looks very similar to an Immortal meridian formed from flesh and blood, but actually, they are completely different on a structural level.

“As for the other two Immortal meridians, they are also different. They were formed from the consolidation of power, one from Patriarch Blood Demon and the other from the Resurrection Lily.

“Well then... what exactly are Immortal meridians...?” Slowly, he lifted his head, and his eyes shone with a bright light.

“Immortal meridians are a type of verification! They are a declaration to Heaven and Earth that one is qualified to become a true Immortal. It’s undeniable proof; it doesn’t matter whether Heaven and Earth approve or not, in the end they WILL acknowledge you. It is also .... Dao corroboration!

“That Soul Lamp’s power opened my path to true Immortality. My flesh and blood Immortal meridians pushed me to the pinnacle. The bronze dragon’s power helped me to expand upon that original Immortal meridian. Then, the power of Patriarch Blood Demon and the Resurrection Lily helped me to open up more Immortal meridians, and also... to understand them!

“Immortal meridians acquired before true Immortality are a type of good fortune. However, all other types of preparations and magical techniques have the possibility to... become Immortal meridians!”

“That is a manifestation of power, and a kind of concrete representation of the Dao!

“Anything... can become an Immortal meridian!” Meng Hao reached enlightenment at this point, at which point something like fetters shattered within him.

It was as if there were an obstacle inside of him that had suddenly shattered. As Meng Hao raised his head, his hair whipped about, and his clothes flapped in the wind. Brilliant light began to shine out of his eyes.

“I understand...”

Meanwhile, in the Ruins of Immortality, there was an Immortal's cave. Sitting in that Immortal's cave was a woman, the white-robed Paragon. A slight smile suddenly broke out on her cold face. That smile was faint, yet was something rarely seen on her.

"Pretty good intuition!" she said softly.

At the same time, there was a location in the Fourth Mountain and Sea that was filled with a sinister mist, within which was concealed the Yellow Springs, reincarnation, and the boundless underworld. This location was a resting place to which all dead souls eventually returned.

Within that mist was a palace built from richly ornamented buildings. It emanated an ancient, archaic air and dense Yin qi. Gradually, in the depths of that mist, an enormous figure became visible, who sat there cross-legged.

The figure looked like a statue, like an Immortal Divinity who exerted pressure over the entire underworld, as if he suppressed the entire Fourth Mountain and Sea. That figure's eyes seemed as if they would remain eternally closed, and yet, in that moment, they suddenly cracked open slightly.

"So, I am not alone in my Dao..." he said slowly, his voice echoing out through the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

Back outside of Planet East Victory, Meng Hao's eyes glowed, and as the cracking sounds emanated out of body, his enlightenment grew.

"Anything can become an Immortal meridian," he thought. "Such a thing would be impossible for other true Immortals, but for someone who has reached true Immortality on their own, it is possible!"

"Heaven and Earth cannot restrict or restrain me. I will not be caged by the starry sky, nor buried under the vault of Heaven!"

"I don't need any approval from Heaven and Earth! True, authentic Immortals approve of Heaven and Earth, not the other way around!" Rumbling filled Meng Hao's mind. The cracking sounds grew more intense, and his body trembled even more violently. Brilliant light flickered out of his eyes as he suddenly raised his right hand and then pointed toward the Door of Immortality.

“I freely cultivated the Sublime Spirit Scripture!” Meng Hao murmured. “I reached the great circle of Qi Condensation, acquired the Perfect Foundation, the Perfect Core, the Perfect Nascent Soul! I formed Perfect Dao Fruit, and even broke through into the Eternal stratum!

“My will cannot be eradicated within an Eternity, so therefore, my Eternal stratum... will be the basis of my 111th Immortal meridian!

“OPEN!” In that moment, his Eternal stratum surged, causing numerous motes of light to appear inside of him. Those motes of light rapidly formed together, transforming into... a 111th Immortal meridian right next to his other 110 Immortal meridians!

The Door of Immortality trembled, and Immortal light surged out. Immortal qi poured into Meng Hao, solidifying his Eternal stratum Immortal meridian. The meridian grew stronger and stronger, and was soon completely formed!

At the same time, the 111th Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality. It was a dragon of Eternity which caused the starry sky to tremble with its roaring.

Everyone out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea stared in complete shock. When they saw the Eternal Immortal dragon appear outside the Door of Immortality, great waves of astonishment surged inside of them.

“Y-yet another... Immortal meridian?”

“Is he even human?”

“Could he be an ancient Immortal, reincarnated into modern times?”

Countless cries of shock could be heard.

The Dao Realm Patriarchs of the various sects and clans were even more shaken than the other cultivators. People like them were extremely rare, and most sects and clans only had one. However, as of this moment, all of them emerged from secluded meditation and stepped out into the starry skies to stare toward Planet East Victory.

“The Fang Clan... has produced an incomprehensibly exceptional person!” Waves of shock surged through the Patriarchs, and complicated expressions appeared on their faces.

“If he is allowed to reach his potential...the Fang Clan will flourish tremendously!”

“I’m afraid the course of future events is going to change. This matter isn’t necessarily good for the Fang Clan, and is even less beneficial for the rest of us. As for who is worst off... it’s the Ji Clan!”

“The last person to corroborate the Dao on their own was the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Kṣitigarbha. Now another person has corroborated their own Dao....” The eyes of the Patriarchs from the various sects and clans flickered, many of them with hesitation.

It was at this point that more rumbling sounds emanated out from Meng Hao. More Immortal qi poured into him as a 112th Immortal meridian began to form inside of him.

This was a Qi and Blood Immortal meridian that he formed from his true Immortal fleshly body!

In the moment that Meng Hao achieved enlightenment on the fundamental nature of Immortal meridians, everything changed. Now, a 112th Immortal dragon roared into being next to the Door of Immortality.

Each and every one of this Immortal dragon’s scales brimmed with the shocking power of qi and blood.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, a beam of light shot out from the peak of the Ninth Mountain. The light was gray, and it pierced through the starry sky directly toward Planet East Victory.

The gray light moved with incredible speed, and seemed to be filled with the aura of Karma. Apparently, if any living being touched it, they would be infected by Karma, which could then be... severed!

The beam of light turned into a blade of Karma Severing which, in the blink of an eye, appeared outside of Planet East Victory and then slashed down toward Meng Hao, who was right in the middle of forming Immortal meridians!

Instantly, a cold voice echoed out from the Fang Clan's ancestral mansion beneath the surface of Planet East Victory.

“Ji Clan, dost thou dare!?”

It was the clan's Earth Patriarch, the Dao Realm Patriarch, whose face flickered as he suddenly vanished from his position and then reappeared out in the starry sky, right in front of the gray light. He waved his right hand, causing Essence power to surge out soundlessly. It slammed into the gray light; Karma power erupted, but was shattered and then faded away.

The Dao Realm Patriarch retreated a few paces, and when he raised his head, his eyes were cold and somber. He raised his hand and pointed out into the sky, causing a massive ripple to sweep out from his finger, transforming into a shield which surrounded all of Planet East Victory.

“Anyone who dares to mess with this qilin son of the Fang Clan will fight with me to the death! Even you, Ji Clan.... Don't force me to request the first generation Patriarch's corpse to come out; I'll lug him up the Ninth Mountain on my back and then only one of us will come out alive!”

Chapter 977: Demon Sealer Meridians!

The Fang Clan's Dao Realm Earth Patriarch was a white-haired old man. He was tall and muscular, and as he hovered there in the starry sky, he emanated a powerful Essence aura that seemed capable of forcing all Heaven and Earth to acquiesce.

A gleam like that of lightning flickered in his eyes as he stared coldly out into the void. His piercing gaze tore through the starry sky all the way to the peak of the Ninth Mountain!

By this time, virtually all of the Dao Realm Patriarchs from the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea had emerged and were looking toward Planet East Victory. Each one was very quiet, and did not speak. However, their eyes flickered, and their hearts were anything but calm.

The Ji Clan could be considered the Paragon of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

In the past, certain sects had put on a show of contending with the Ji Clan, but in reality, everyone feared them. If ever there came a situation in which real fighting might occur, they would back down.



Throughout all the years, very few situations had ever arisen in which real conflict occurred. Now, however... such a situation had now arisen with the Fang Clan!

And all of it was due to a single person...

Meng Hao!

Matters that pertained to the Dao Realm were not visible to the whole of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Only peak Ancient Realm cultivators could sense some of the pressure coming from up above. No one else had any idea.

Not even Meng Hao knew that by opening the Immortal meridians as he just had, he ended up rousing killing intent in the Ji Clan. Nor did he realize that the Fang Clan Patriarch had rushed to protect him in such a domineering fashion.

The starry sky was silent for a long moment, after which the Ji Clan responded to the Fang Clan Earth Patriarch with a cold snort.

The snort turned into intense ripples that exploded out of the Ninth Mountain. The face of the Fang Clan's Earth Patriarch flickered in response. Suddenly, a cold voice echoed out from the Nine Seas God World in the Ninth Sea.

The voice was extremely archaic, and immediately filled the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea. Of course, nobody could actually hear it except for the less than twenty Dao Realm Patriarchs from the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who had currently revealed themselves. However, the words caused their minds to spin.

“Fang Mu is a Conclave disciple of the Nine Seas God World.”

In the instant that the voice could be heard, the Ji Clan's energy suddenly faltered.

Next, another cold voice rang out from one of the other Three Great Daoist Societies, the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto on Planet West Felicity. The voice almost seemed to be echoing out from ancient times as it spread out through the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“Fang Mu was named the top candidate by the Three Great Daoist Societies!”

In response to the voice, the Ji Clan’s energy faltered again. Now, it seemed to be hesitating.

In the instant that the Ji Clan paused, yet another voice rang out from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite on the Ninth Mountain. The voice was calm, but was filled with decisiveness that could sever nails and chop iron. It was a voice that was even more domineering than the one from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto!

“Fang Mu is connected by destiny to the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. Fighting between him and members of his generation is permitted, but Elder generations slaughtering him is NOT!”

When the Dao Realm Patriarchs from the sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea heard these voices, their minds trembled, and their eyes shone with a strange light.

“The Fang Clan by itself couldn’t possibly win in a fight against the Ji Clan, but they still can’t be underestimated. The Ji Clan would surely suffer serious losses. However, if you add in the Three Great Daoist Societies...”

“The Ji Clan is definitely more than a match for any given sect or clan. However, if the Three Great Daoist Societies joined forces, they would easily be a match for the Ji Clan. Now that the Fang Clan has taken a stand, if the Ji Clan doesn’t resolve the situation deftly, it could result in a huge war in the Nine Mountains and Seas!”

“Most important of all is that the Three Great Daoist Societies’ reserves are far too profound.... The Lords of the Mountain and Sea may change, but the Daoist societies will exist for all eternity.”

The Patriarchs’ eyes glittered. However, some of them had secret connections to the Ji Clan, and these looked toward Planet East Victory with cold indifference.

The Ji Clan remained silent. Gradually, seemingly after having considered the situation, their energy dissipated and an ancient voice echoed out.

“Is this really worth it?”

Then, the Ji Clan’s energy disappeared completely.

The auras of the Three Great Daoist Societies also faded away from the starry sky.

The Ninth Mountain and Sea returned to normal. Few people knew about what had just happened. However, the Fang Clan's Dao Realm Patriarch didn't return to his original position. Instead, he sat down cross-legged in the starry sky to stand as a Dharma Protector for Meng Hao.

As he looked at Meng Hao, who was not too far off, by the Door of Immortality, his mouth turned up into a slight smile, and his eyes gleamed with anticipation.

“Alright, kid. It's time for you to unleash all your potential. Show us what you have, and don't be afraid. Cultivators like us need to live for glory!”

As if by some bizarre coincidence, more rumbling sounds could be heard as soon as the Fang Clan's Dao Realm Patriarch looked over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's hair and clothes whipped in the wind, and scintillating Immortal light and Immortal qi swirled around him.

Meng Hao's eyes glowed brightly as his 112th Immortal meridian was completed. Now that he understood the nature of Immortal meridians, he wanted to determine exactly how well he understood them.

If he was going to rise to prominence, he might as well leave everyone completely and utterly shocked.

“I really want to know... exactly how many meridians I can open!

“My 113th meridian will be based on Hexing magic! The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, Bodily Cultivation Hexing... that is my 113th meridian!” Meng Hao's right hand flashed in an incantation gesture, then waved through the air. Intense rumbling sounds could be heard, and although nobody else could see it, the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex transformed into a magical symbol inside of him. Immortal qi poured into him, and began to solidify....

Another Immortal meridian rapidly formed, which then absorbed shocking amounts of Immortal qi until it was fully formed!

Meng Hao's aura grew stronger, and at the same time, a 113th Immortal dragon appeared outside the Door of Immortality. Its roaring echoed out in all directions, shaking the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

This Immortal dragon shone with bizarre light, and if you looked at it for too long, you felt your cultivation base becoming rigid, and your body growing stiff.

All of the cultivators who saw it were filled with shock.

Before anyone could even begin to comment, though, more rumbling could be heard from Meng Hao as... he opened another Immortal meridian!

The Seventh Demon Sealing Hex, Karmic Hexing, began to send the aura of Karma out into his body. Not a bit emerged outside of him. Immortal qi was sucked in, and after the time it takes an incense stick to burn, the meridian was completely formed!

114 meridians!

Another Immortal dragon appeared, fierce and emanating a power of Karma that shook Heaven and Earth. The aura of the Ji Clan seemed to be on the verge of erupting again, but in the end, it didn't.

“OPEN AGAIN!” Meng Hao's eyes shone with determination as he used the Demon Sealing Hexing Magic to form Immortal meridians. His aura grew stronger as he then moved on to the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex, Life Death Hexing!

Rumbling emanated out from his body as all of the cultivators from the Ninth Mountain and Sea looked on with wide eyes and open jaws.

Soon, the Sixth Hex completed its meridian inside of Meng Hao, and a 115th Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality!

“115 meridians! J-just... just how many meridians is this Fang Hao going to open!?”

“A Chosen like this is completely unheard-of....”

“How come he can open so many meridians? The most that other people were able to open is 98! There has to be some reason! It’s impossible for someone to have prepared so well and be so talented that they could reach such an inhuman level!” The Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely shaken, and countless cultivators were in an uproar. They had been shocked as it was when Meng Hao had opened 100 meridians, but now that he had reached 115, their shock had actually turned into suspicion.

They really didn’t understand how Meng Hao could possibly have outdistanced everyone else by so much!

Amidst their excitement, the members of the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory had also begun to conjecture, and all sorts of theories sprang up, but only the direct bloodline had no doubts at all and seemed to be filled with nothing but pure excitement.

Fang Wei looked up into the sky and clenched his fists tightly.

“Is it because he reached true Immortality on his own, and corroborated his own Dao...?” he murmured to himself. After taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes again and decided to watch no further.

“It doesn’t matter how many meridians you open.... I have Nirvana Fruits, so I can still kill you!”

It wasn’t just Fang Wei who was thinking along these lines. The other true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea also picked up on clues that led them to similar conclusions. In their hearts, they felt nothing but bitterness.

“So it turns out that corroborating the Dao on one’s own has this kind of effect....”

“But to corroborate the Dao on one’s own is monumentally difficult. Meng Hao must have come across some indescribable good fortune, which is why he was able to succeed.”

“Cultivation is a matter of defying the Heavens, so who cares if he opens 115 meridians! We all have secret augmentary magics that will enable us to fight him!”

Even as discussions raged in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao looked up. His cultivation base surged with the power of Immortal Ascension.

Immortal power filled him with a sense of incredible might, to a degree that it was impossible to even compare to what he was like before opening the Door of Immortality.

“I can still get stronger,” he thought. “115 Immortal meridians... is not my limit!” He gritted his teeth; his eyes were shot with blood, and seemed to be filled with insanity.

“Fifth Demon Sealing Hex, Inside Outside Hex!” He lifted his right hand, within which appeared a finger-nail sized rift. He quickly clenched his hand into a fist, after which rumbling sounds filled him, along with numerous tiny, illusory rifts.

Boundless Immortal qi was sucked into him, causing him to tremble, and his face to go pale. His body seemed to be filled with rifts; after all, he could barely force the usage of the Fifth Hex. This Hex... was a Daoist magic designed to be used at the peak of the Ancient Realm.

“OPEN UP!” he roared. Rumbling and cracking sounds filled him as majestic Immortal qi continuously flowed into him. Eventually, enough time passed for two incense sticks to burn. Meng Hao endured the intense pain the entire time, after which he coughed up a mouthful of blood and then began to chuckle.

As his laughter rang out, a 116th Immortal meridian solidified!

He had forced it to open and solidify!

The Immortal meridian was unstable, but even still, it was there. Meng Hao’s aura soared up, and... yet another Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality.

This dragon... was both illusory and real. It was occasionally blurry, and occasionally clear. As it soared about, the void around it seemed to both collapse and bulge, causing all observers to gasp.

Chapter 978: An Immortal Flying Through the Sky!

“He still hasn’t reached his true limit yet...?”

“116 meridians. Does that make him Chosen? I’ve been stuck in the Immortal Realm for years now. I may just be a false Immortal, but I opened 70 meridians. He... has nearly 50 more than me....”

“As he continues to grow, the Ninth Mountain and Sea most likely won’t be his limit. He’ll probably advance even further!” As everyone watched Meng Hao, various thoughts ran through their heads, some frustrated, some emotional, some grudging, some jealous.

Fang Wei’s eyes were closed, and he refused to watch. As for the Chosen of the various other sects and clans, most of them were acting similarly. Only Li Ling’er continued to observe.

Meng Hao hovered in the starry sky, quietly probing his meridians.

116 Immortal meridians!

100 of them represented the limits of his own body. 8 were Immortal qi meridians arising from the bronze Soul Lamp.

2 had been gifted by outer forces, materializing power buried within him.

Another 2 had been formed from his own divine abilities and cultivation base, becoming meridians of Immortal magic!

The final 4 were different. They were meridians formed because of the Demon Sealers, and were not true Immortal meridians, but rather... Demon Sealer meridians!

This was his current limit. He hovered there outside of the Door of Immortality, looking at the 116 Immortal dragons swirling gracefully in the starry sky. He had never imagined that his opening the Door of Immortality would be accompanied by such splendid glory.

“Preparation is the key to success....” he murmured. As he said the words, he realized that upon opening the Door of Immortality, he had unleashed all of the accumulations of good fortune and destiny in his life.

He was like a flower that had bloomed at the perfect time.

“Dad, mom,” he said, looking off in the direction of Planet South Heaven, “you’re on Planet South Heaven, but can you see what I’m doing here...?”

“Your son hasn’t lost any face for you. I’m right here... a blazing sun, the center of all attention.”

Meng Hao could well imagine how his current actions were shaking all of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. That would be especially true of the true Immortal Chosen, who would be stabbed to the heart by the number of Immortal meridians he had opened.

However, he didn’t care. His goal had never been to catch up to any other person. His only goal was to exceed himself.

“I think.... I can probably open one more meridian!” His eyes were bloodshot, but they shone with brilliant light as he stood there tall and straight beneath the Door of Immortality, like a sharp, unsheathed sword.

Almost as soon as his eyes began to shine, something happened in a sect on the Ninth Mountain.

Within that sect were countless buildings, divided into ten areas. Each area was filled with crowds of cultivators, all of them in the midst of practicing cultivation.

The entire sect seemed to form a gigantic city, which exerted suffocating pressure even from a distance. It was a sect that, from the look of it, had existed for ages.

All of the buildings seemed to exude the feeling of time, as if they had existed for years upon years. If you traced the origin of these buildings, you would find... that apparently, they were older than the era of Lord Ji or even Lord Li. They had existed for virtually as long as the Nine Mountains and Seas themselves.

This was none other than the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite!

This was the foremost of the Three Great Daoist Societies of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

This was the only sect that could cause the Ji Clan to stand down, the most paramount sect, which existed on the Ninth Mountain itself.



In the middle of those ten areas of the sect was a huge public square paved with green stones. It emanated a primordial aura that spread out in all directions.

Currently, four old men sat cross-legged in the middle of that square. Shockingly, all of them radiated the power of the Dao Realm. Any one of these old men could completely shake the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“This kid is connected by destiny to the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite,” said one of them, his voice ancient. “According to our Dao rules, if he can open 117 meridians, then we will unleash the power of the Daoist Rite and help him to create an Immortal Ancient Daoist meridian.”

The other three men nodded.

“Let’s just watch and see the extent of his good fortune. He currently has 116 meridians. Will he get that 117th meridian, and then ours, to make two more meridians...?”

“Legend has it that Kṣitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain and Sea opened 120 Immortal meridians!”

“If he opens one more, and then gets ours, that would put him at 118. It’s impossible to judge what his future will be like. Yet, it would be extremely difficult to exceed Kṣitigarbha. The kid has already reached his limit. Even if we help him by adding another, he most likely won’t be able to do so.”

“Let’s see what his destiny holds, and how much good fortune he has accumulated.... If his destiny is sufficient, it might not be impossible!”

At the same time that the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite was deciding what to do with Meng Hao, he hovered there outside of Planet East Victory, beneath the Door of Immortality, his eyes shining intensely. Veins of blood shot through his eyes, which radiated intense determination.

“I used four great Demon Sealing Hexes to form Immortal meridians. Well then, looking at all my other divine abilities and magical techniques, I wonder if I can do the same thing with One Thought Stellar Transformation?” Starlight began to shine in Meng Hao’s left eye, but no matter what method he attempted, he couldn’t get it to form into a meridian.

However, that didn't stop him from trying to do the same thing with all the other powerful divine abilities he had mastered. He gave it a shot with all of them but, regrettably, none of them allowed him to form Immortal meridians.

All fell short, even One Thought Stellar Transformation.

“There is still one more divine ability...” he thought, slowly raising his head.

“The Paragon Bridge! I can use the projection of the Paragon Bridge to form a Paragon Immortal meridian!” Without any further hesitation, Meng Hao unleashed the power of the Paragon Bridge. In the instant the power surged out, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The fact that he used it repeatedly in such a short amount of time caused the backlash power to increase by multiple times.

During this time, the Immortal light began to fade, as if it had sensed that Meng Hao was unable to open up any new Immortal meridians.

Soon it was completely gone. The starry sky was pitch black, and the Door of Immortality began to slowly fade away and shut. No more Immortal qi emanated out, and it looked like it would disappear into the starry sky at any moment.

“Not enough destiny.” The four old men in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite sighed. Their Immortal Ancient Daoist meridian was not something that they would bestow lightly. They would only give it to someone who had opened 117 meridians; that was a Dao rule of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite that had to be followed.

It was at this point that many audience members out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea let out long sighs. Meng Hao was completely inhuman, and terrifying, but now that everything was over, people began to recover from all the shock.

“116 is more than enough!”

“A collection of Immortal meridians like that is enough to scare anyone.”

“What a pity. I was really hoping to see if he could actually open... huh? Wh-what is he doing?” Even in the midst of all the discussions, cries of shock suddenly rang out in various regions.

Gasps could also be heard as everyone looked over at Meng Hao. In the exact moment in which the Door of Immortality was about to close and fade away permanently, Meng Hao suddenly raised both hands into the air.

Simultaneously, the 116 Immortal dragons that soared around him let out roars that shook everything. The starry sky trembled as the 116 dragons shot toward Meng Hao.

Rumbling echoed out as they slammed into him and then disappeared. Meng Hao's aura then began to explode up as the power of 116 Immortal meridians was unleashed.

“Paragon Bridge, appear!” Meng Hao's eyes were bright red as he went all-out with every scrap of power he could muster. He threw his head back and roared. His body trembled, and thumping sounds could be heard. Patches of skin exploded, and a haze of blood and gore could be seen as the Paragon Bridge materialized inside of him.

At the same time that the Paragon Bridge appeared, the indistinct Door of Immortality paused, then suddenly rematerialized. Immortal light poured out, and strong Immortal qi surged toward Meng Hao.

Boundless Immortal qi poured into his body, causing the Paragon Bridge to turn into an Immortal meridian. Everyone who was watching was astonished, and the four old men in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite watched very closely.

Massive rumbling filled the air as Meng Hao's mangled body was wracked by waves of intense pain. As the pain inundated him, he gritted his teeth and forced the Paragon Immortal meridian to rapidly solidify.

Ten percent. Twenty percent. Thirty percent...

Blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and his vision grew blurry. However, he clenched his jaw and forced his 116 Immortal meridians to explode with power.

Forty percent. Fifty percent. Sixty percent. Seventy percent....

“OPEN UP!” he roared. Shocking rumbling sounds could be heard as gradually, he reached eighty percent, then ninety percent.... Finally, the Immortal meridian reached one hundred percent completion!

Heaven and Earth shook, and countless onlookers were left in a state of shock. Many people who had been sitting there cross-legged suddenly rose to their feet, their eyes wide with intense astonishment.

Amidst the crashing roars, Immortal light swirled, and a 117th Immortal meridian formed inside of Meng Hao. At the same time, a 117th Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality, shocking to the extreme.

Furthermore, this most recent Immortal dragon emanated the aura of a Paragon. This was none other than a Paragon Immortal dragon!

Inside the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, the four old men looked on with strange gleams in their eyes. After exchanging glances, they began to smile with anticipation.

“Unleash the power of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. Merge the wills of the Daoist Rite cultivators to call upon the Immortal Divinity of the ancient Daoist Rite....”

“Bestow the meridian!”

The four men immediately began to perform incantations. Intense rumbling could be heard as four streams of shocking qi shot out into the starry sky. At the same time, a primordial will erupted out from all of the structures in the sect.

Cracking sounds could be heard as the ground between the four men tore apart to form the character ‘mouth’ 口.

All of the cultivators in the Daoist Rite went into a trance as they heard voices speaking into their ears. They settled down cross-legged and began to chant Daoist scriptures, the sound of which echoed out in all directions.

The ground quaked as a gigantic square cauldron flew up into the sky. Inside of that cauldron was a scroll painting that was yellowed with age, as if it had existed for countless years. The painting depicted three people.

A woman, a middle-aged man, and an old man.

The woman was incredibly beautiful, with a smile like a flower. The middle-aged man wore a light smile, and had surging energy. The light in his eyes seemed to contain all living things. As for the old man, his bearing was lofty and dignified, like that of a transcendent being, and yet, he wore a frown. If you looked closely at his brow, you would be shocked to notice... the furrowed wrinkles formed the character 'Immortal' 仙!

If Meng Hao were present, his mind would definitely be reeling with shock. That was because... the woman in the painting... was none other than the white-robed Paragon from the Ruins of Immortality!

Gentle light radiated out of the painting, spreading out to fill the entire area. The sky above the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite transformed into an illusory world.

Within that world were countless life forms sitting cross-legged in meditation, listening to a sermon being given regarding the Dao, delivered by an old man who sat cross-legged at their fore.

That old man was the same old man depicted in the scroll painting. He nonchalantly waved his hand, causing an enormous Immortal 仙 character to appear.

It was virtually impossible to describe the shocking energy that emanated from this character, which seemed capable of suppressing all Heaven and Earth.

It glittered for a moment before suddenly shooting out into the starry sky, creating a beam of glistening light as it sped toward Planet East Victory and Meng Hao!

Chapter 979: An Eruption of Good Fortune!

The Immortal character flew out, piercing through the starry sky, transforming into a spectacularly stunning beam of light.

It looked like an Immortal flying through the sky. In the blink of an eye, it appeared outside of Planet East Victory, next to the Door of Immortality, where it once again materialized into an enormous Immortal character.

The character emanated pressure comparable to that of the Door of Immortality, causing it to tremble as if it were being provoked. Ripples began to spread out as the character trembled and moved toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's mind was spinning as he looked at the huge Immortal character, and his whole body shook. That character looked very familiar... it was just like the character he had seen unleashed by the old man in the visions he had experienced back in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple on Planet South Heaven.

"The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite...." he thought. He gaped in shock as the Immortal character approached him. It rapidly shrank until it was only a few centimeters tall, whereupon it fused into Meng Hao's forehead.

In that instant, scintillating light filled with a primordial, savage aura exploded from within Meng Hao. Right now, he didn't even need a scrap of Immortal qi from the Door of Immortality. The Immortal character immediately transformed of its own volition into an Immortal meridian, becoming Meng Hao's 118th meridian!

In the same moment, the Immortal meridian that had formed from the smoke of the bronze Soul Lamp began to glitter with a strange light, as if it were now reflecting the glory of this new Immortal meridian.

Rumbling echoed out from within Meng Hao as an 118th Immortal dragon appeared outside of the Door of Immortality, where it roared and swirled through the starry sky. This dragon was completely golden, and seemed to embody everything Immortal. Its roars shook the hearts of everyone who could hear.

"That's... that's...."

"Am I seeing things? Was that actually an Immortal character that just fused with Fang Hao?"

"Where did that Immortal character come from?" The Ninth Mountain and Sea was abuzz with shock, and all onlookers were astonished. Only the Dao Realm Patriarchs from the various sects and clans looked with glittering eyes toward the Ninth Mountain.

Obviously, they weren't looking toward the Ji Clan, but rather, the other force that was qualified to occupy the Ninth Mountain... one of the Three Great Daoist Societies, the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite!

Meng Hao also looked up in the direction of the Ninth Mountain. Although his cultivation base wasn't strong enough to allow him to see it, he could still sense it. He knew that the Immortal character did not originate from Planet South Heaven.

He also knew that outside of Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there was another Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, one that was not in ruins. It was in fact one of the Three Great Daoist Societies!

Meng Hao didn't say anything, but he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

It was a bow full of gratitude. He knew that the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite had bestowed him with good fortune by opening another Immortal meridian for him. Giving him an Immortal meridian was a type of good fortune that was no simple task. Even with their deep reserves, they had surely paid a heavy price for what they had just done.

"Many thanks!" he said softly. His 118 Immortal meridians caused everything to shake, and Meng Hao knew... that everything was now over.

118 Immortal meridians was a level that Meng Hao was satisfied with. Now, he wanted to know... after the Door of Immortality closed, exactly how powerful he would be!

However, there was something Meng Hao wasn't aware of. Floating in the starry sky outside of Planet East Victory was someone who was feeling very torn at the moment. It was none other than the Fang Clan's Dao Realm expert, the Earth Patriarch.

He hovered cross-legged, acting as Dharma Protector for Meng Hao, and currently, his eyes were bright red, filled with a look that encompassed both struggle and hesitation.

"Damn you, Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite! What the hell do you people think you're doing, huh?"

"So you're blessing the qilin son of the Fang Clan with some good fortune, not out of the kindness of your heart, but to undermine our clan? You think blessing him with some good fortune will fill him with enough gratitude to want to become your disciple?"

"Dammit, that's a good thing, but... but if you let everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea know, it will definitely cast the Fang Clan in a very bad light! What, you think we don't have our own Immortal meridians to hand out?" The Patriarch was incensed. It was like there were two rich

people, one of whom had a son. Suddenly, another rich person came along and arranged for his own daughter to marry the son, and then loudly announced that he was fulfilling a responsibility of which the young man's father was incapable.

To a member of the Elder generation of the clan, something like this was like a slap to the face. He was now in a complete rage.

“Fudge! Stinking Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite! Our Fang Clan has existed for generations, we can do the same thing!” Enduring the pain of it, the Earth Patriarch gritted his teeth and performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pointed down toward Planet East Victory.

That gesture caused Essence power to erupt out. Planet East Victory quaked violently, and even stopped rotating momentarily. At the same time, a drop of blood shot out from the forehead of all of the members of the Fang Clan.

That included the Grand Elder, Fang Xiushan and even Fang Wei. They could exercise absolutely no control over the drop of blood that came out of them.

“NO!” cried Fang Wei. His eyes were wide, and his expression was one of fury. Considering the level of his cultivation base, though, how could he possibly resist? He could only watch as the drop of blood emerged and then flew away!

“Bloodline Dragon!” the Fang Clan Earth Patriarch roared. All of the drops of blood flew into the air, one for each and every member of the Fang Clan.

There were no exceptions. All of the drops of blood merged together in midair to form a Blood Dragon, which roared as it shot through the air. A drop of blood even emerged from the Earth Patriarch's forehead, and when it merged into the blood dragon, the dragon burst into flames, causing all of the blood from the Fang Clan to be refined and tempered to the ultimate degree.

After that, the Fang Clan Patriarch gritted his teeth and then pointed toward the Fang Clan again. The Fang Clan's Dao bell materialized and tolled loudly. At the same time, an ancient bottle flew out from inside the bell, within which were three drops of blood, one of which flew out into the air.

It was a single, tiny drop, but it caused Heaven and Earth to fill with flashing colors. A huge wind kicked up, and blood-red light shone onto the faces of all observing cultivators.



“That’s soul blood from the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan!”

“Crazy! The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite pissed off Fang Shoudao so much that he actually pulled out a signature treasure of the Fang Clan! Everybody says that Fang Shoudao has a short temper and is easily provoked. Looks like it’s true!”

“Those three drops of soul blood must have been left behind after the Fang Clan’s first generation Patriarch passed away into meditation. Even Lord Ji would covet that!” The Dao Realm Patriarch from the various sects and clans all looked on with gaping mouths.

Deep beneath the surface of the Fang Clan, the six Patriarchs’ minds were spinning.

“W-what... w-what is Eldest Brother doing?!”

The Fang Clan’s Earth Patriarch had a vicious look on his face. After a moment of hesitation, he gritted his teeth and then waved his hand through the air. Immediately, the first generation Patriarch’s drop of soul blood shot toward the Bloodline Dragon, and then merged into it.

A boom could be heard as the dragon began to seethe again, and then rapidly shrink down to form a blood-colored character!

Fang 方 !!

This single character emanated a shocking sensation of bloodline power, including that of reincarnation. The power of four lives of reincarnation that pulsed in the blood of the Fang Clan now shook the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

The Fang character glittered and pulsed with shocking power as it shot toward Meng Hao, who stared with wide eyes at what was happening, but wasn’t completely dazed. He could sense the bloodline aura coming from the character, and it set his own blood a-boil. A sensation of mutual attraction suddenly caused his heart and mind to tremble fiercely.

“What’s going on?” he thought. “The Fang Clan is actually helping me?” Meng Hao’s eyes were wide as he watched the blood-colored Fang character bear down on him and then merge into his forehead.

Rumbling immediately filled his body, and his blood seemed to grow stronger than ever. At the same time, the Fang character caused a Bloodline Dragon to form inside of him.

A 119th Immortal meridian formed, stimulated by the soul blood of the first generation Patriarch, with the blood of all members of the Fang Clan as its foundation. Therefore, it did not need any Immortal power from the Door of Immortality.

At the same time, a 119th Immortal dragon appeared next to the Door of Immortality. It emanated the aura of the Fang Clan bloodline, and caused everything in the area to shake violently.

Meng Hao could sense his cultivation base growing more powerful, and he could sense his Fang Clan bloodline become even stronger. Although he was not able to test it right now, he was sure that his Bloodline Gatebeam would no longer be 30,000 meters, but even more terrifyingly powerful.

Apparently, this was the power of Ancestral Awakening!

Next, the voice of the Fang Clan's Earth Patriarch echoed out through the starry sky into Meng Hao's ears, causing him to gape.

"Alright Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, if you people are so powerful, then bestow another Immortal meridian to my clan's qilin son! If you do, the Fang Clan will match you!"

"Come on! We'll match you one meridian for another!" As soon as the Earth Patriarch's voice rang out, the Patriarchs of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea all quieted down. The four old men in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite snorted coldly, but didn't dare to respond.

They... had no more meridians to send.

The Fang Clan Earth Patriarch looked quite proud. Although it hurt him inwardly, and although it seemed like he was acting impulsively, anyone who reached his cultivation level would be able to control their own thoughts. Seeing that there was no response from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, he frowned.

"Not gonna send another one?" he thought. "Well, it's too bad that we couldn't swindle another meridian out of them. In any case, this kid has reached this point all on his own, plus he doesn't feel much loyalty to the clan. Therefore, it was necessary to give him that drop of soul blood."

When Meng Hao heard the words spoken by the Fang Clan Earth Patriarch, his expression was a bit strange. He looked at the 119th Immortal dragon, then back down at Planet East Victory. Although it wouldn't be correct to say that his feelings of detachment had completely dissipated, at least he didn't feel as much of an outsider as before.

"119 meridians," he thought, looking back at the Door of Immortality. It was at this point that a new voice suddenly whispered in his ear, an ancient, archaic voice.

"Do you... still remember me?"

"My name is... Choumen Tai!"

When Meng Hao heard those two sentences, and that name, his heart seized. He suddenly jerked his head to look out into the stars. What he was looking for seemed to be outside of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Far away on another planet, a middle-aged man sat cross-legged. His eyes slowly opened, and he smiled.

"I didn't perish.... My clone fell onto Planet South Heaven years ago, and left you with Immortal Shows the Way. I told you that when you reached Immortal Ascension, you could use its power to cause a starry sky to descend.

"Today, I'll give you... a bit of the starry sky of Pāramitā's world to form an Immortal meridian, and help you to future glory....

"Remember, come to Planet Tiger Cage in the Seventh Mountain. I left a little gift for you there.

"There's someone I want to resurrect and... I hope you can help me out with that in the future.... Therefore, I'm going to help you now."

**RUMBLE!**

Meng Hao's mind spun as he recalled Choumen Tai, the Immortal's corpse that had fallen from the sky way back when he was a mere Qi Condensation cultivator!

Chapter 980: Foster Father Sends a Meridian!

The ancient voice echoed in Meng Hao's mind like thunder. The sound eventually turned into a series of explosive reverberations that stirred Meng Hao's memories.

He saw scenes from events on Planet South Heaven. He saw that moment in which he stood atop the Tower of Tang in the State of Zhao, and looked upon foreign battlefield within the clouds. On the battlefield was an enormous coffin, next to which was a corpse, who suddenly opened its eyes.

Then the corpse plummeted down to the earth. Later, after his trial by fire in the Violet Fate Sect, he actually entered into the corpse. All of these images played out in Meng Hao's mind.

In the end, the rumbling in his mind transformed into three characters, which formed a name!

"Choumen Tai!" Meng Hao looked up, and his heart trembled violently as a beam of light flew towards him from outside of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Shockingly, it came from the Seventh Mountain!

It swept across the Seventh Mountain, passed through the Eighth Mountain, then flew with indescribable speed past countless shocked cultivators to appear in the Ninth Mountain!

Presently, the starry sky above the Ninth Mountain and Sea began to undulate. The Dao Realm Patriarchs from the various sects and clans hovered in midair, watching the beam of light with unprecedented seriousness.

In the Ji Clan on the Ninth Mountain, an eye appeared that seemed capable of gazing upon the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea, and it stared at the incoming beam of light.

The light shot like a meteor directly toward Planet East Victory and Meng Hao!

The stars shook, and all living beings were astonished!

"The cultivation base of a Dao Lord. At minimum, that's a 4-Essences cultivation base!"

“Only a cultivation base like that, something higher than a 3-Essences Dao Lord, would be able to shake Heaven and Earth in such a fashion! It’s coming from the Seventh Mountain!”

“There are only a few Dao Lords in all the Nine Mountains and Seas.... Who is this person!? That aura is completely unfamiliar!” The Dao Realm Patriarchs of the Ninth Mountain and Sea looked on with wide eyes.

The beam of light caused rumbling sounds as it split the sky, appearing directly in front of Meng Hao and then slamming into his chest.

Instantly, it fused into his body!

Massive rumbling filled him, and he stretched his arms out wide. He threw his head back and roared, and his hair whipped about wildly. The sound of the roar echoed out uncontrollably as qi filled his body, as if the qi wanted to escape through his throat.

That beam of light seemed to have been materialized from the starry sky of some tiny world. It was a starry sky meridian!

It rapidly fused with Meng Hao, transforming into an Immortal meridian. It was like a heavenly body, complete with boundless starlight that caused Meng Hao’s aura to once again experience a breakthrough. It climbed rapidly to an extent that even many Ancient Realm experts with one Soul Lamp extinguished were alarmed.

When the beam of light faded away completely, a massive tremor ran through Meng Hao, and indescribable pain filled him. The starry sky meridian solidified rapidly, and was then visible to the naked eye.

It forced its way open with virtually no resistance. The Door of Immortality trembled, and Immortal qi poured out to assist. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and shocking rumbling sounds could be heard.

120 meridians had appeared!

In the moment that the meridian appeared, another Immortal dragon arose, swirling through the air.

The 120th Immortal dragon was a Starry Sky Dragon. The dragon's body appeared to have been formed from starlight, and when it appeared, it seemed capable of merging into the starry sky at any time. Shocking pressure emanated out as it roared along with the other dragons.

All of Planet East Victory was shaken, as was the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Each and every person... was completely focused on Meng Hao!

“Such destiny... is completely unheard of...”

“That Dao Lord from outside this Mountain and Sea bestowed him with a starry sky meridian. The level of good fortune this kid has is something I've only seen one or two other people possess!”

“I thought 100 meridians was his limit, and then he opened 108. At that point, I thought he was really done, but then he opened 117!”

“I figured that he couldn't possibly exceed 117, but then his destiny erupted and the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite AND the Fang Clan both gave him a meridian, as well as a Paragon from outside this Mountain and Sea!”

The Patriarchs of the various clans didn't say anything, but it was impossible for them to keep their hearts calm. They could never have possibly imagined that a member of the Junior generation opening Immortal meridians would cause them to be so shocked.

The Ji Clan on the Ninth Mountain also maintained silence. The eye that could gaze upon the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea vanished as if it had never appeared.

The Chosen watched the scene with blank expressions. When they saw Meng Hao successfully open 120 meridians, profound sensations of powerlessness filled them.

The distance between them and Meng Hao, seemed... to only grow greater and greater.

Meng Hao's parents stood excitedly in the Tower of Tang on Planet South Heaven. Their eyes shone with pride as they looked at the illusory image of Meng Hao opening his Immortal meridians on Planet East Victory.

“Hao’er...” Meng Li whispered. She was elated to see her son rising to prominence, and her eyes shone with a gentle warmth.

Next to her stood Fang Xiufeng, whose facial expression was the same as ever, but whose heart was bursting with pride. He could sense that one reason why Meng Hao was doing this was for their sake.

Meng Hao wanted to prove to everyone in the Fang Clan that it didn’t matter if it was before or now, he was the number one Chosen in clan, and always would be. As for his father and mother, it didn’t matter that they were far away on Planet South Heaven, he wanted to make sure they still enjoyed the clan’s respect.

120 Immortal meridians completely shook the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

It was at this moment that, in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, deep within the mists in the mysterious underworld, that enormous statue suddenly opened its eyes.

Instantly, all of the underworld went silent; time suddenly seemed to stop in the entire Fourth Mountain and Sea, which went completely quiet.

The innumerable souls being reborn in the Yellow Springs and the River of Reincarnation all stopped moving.

It was as if only that statue existed in the Fourth Mountain and Sea. A profound gleam appeared in its eyes as it stared off in the direction of the Ninth Mountain. After a long moment passed, the statue lifted its right hand and performed an incantation gesture that appeared to be a type of augury. After a long moment, a sigh could be heard.

“I can’t see his future....”

“From the moment my Dao was realized until now, this is the third person whose future I have been unable to see.... However, I AM able to see his past....”

“I’ll sow some positive destiny. After all, he and I will meet eventually.” After murmuring these words, the statue extended its right hand, causing a Dharmic decree to appear.

This Dharmic decree emanated a supreme will; although it seemed illusory, this was actually the highest level of Dharmic decree that could be issued in the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

Visible on the Dharmic decree was a string of text, written in large characters!

“Among the souls being reincarnated from the Ninth Mountain and Sea is a woman surnamed Xu. Send 10,000 ghosts to escort her. Give her first-rate good fortune, and a life of peace and safety!”

The Dharmic decree glowed with boundless light, then gradually faded away. The statue closed its eyes, and in that instant, the Fourth Mountain and Sea returned to normal.

That statue... was none other than the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Kṣitigarbha!

In the year that Meng Hao had taken that boat trip through the starry sky with that mysterious old man, even he had taken Kṣitigarbha... very seriously!

Meng Hao could never have imagined that in the moment that he reached true Immortal Ascension, he would attract such a commotion. Apparently, his opening of the Door of Immortality was like a tipping point. All of the destiny he had built up in his life merged together to form into a golden opportunity, as if they had been waiting for this moment.

Choumen Tai. The Resurrection Lily. Patriarch Blood Demon. The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. Each and every one exploded onto the scene when Meng Hao formed his Immortal meridians.

Meng Hao hovered outside the Door of Immortality, and his eyes flickered with brilliant light. He could sense the boundless power of his 120 Immortal meridians. He saw the 120 Immortal dragons roaring, and could sense his own strength.

He slowly lowered his head and then clasped hands and bowed toward the starry sky.

That bow was a bow of thanks to everyone who had assisted him, an expression of appreciation for all the destiny and good fortune he had encountered.

All of the cultivators in the Ninth Mountain and Sea looked on silently as Meng Hao bowed. None of them could possibly have imagined that Meng Hao's opening of the Door of Immortality would end in this way.



As everyone looked on, it appeared... as if the event was now ending!

The Door of Immortality once again began to grow blurry, the Immortal light began to fade away, and the Immortal qi began to dissipate.

However, many people had the feeling deep inside, that Meng Hao... was still going to open more Immortal meridians.

Time passed. As the Door of Immortality seemed to be on the verge of fading away completely, that feeling also began to vanish. Finally, people began to sigh.

“It’s finally... finished....”

“120 meridians is something completely unheard of....”

“In my entire long life... this is the most powerful true Immortal destiny I’ve ever seen!”

On Planet East Victory, Fang Wei’s jaw was tightly clenched. Suddenly, rumbling sounds could be heard as he shot up into the air. All of the members of the Fang Clan looked on in shock as he rose up into the sky.

“Fang Hao, it’s time for us to fight!” Fang Wei’s voice was hoarse as it echoed out in all directions. His cultivation base surged to life. He had no choice but to fight. It didn’t matter how powerful Meng Hao had become, he would still fight. He would fight in front of all eyes, including all onlookers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. He would defeat Meng Hao in front of all of them. He would kill him!

That was the only way for him to step out from behind Meng Hao’s shadow.

In that same moment, the faces of all of the other true Immortal Chosen flickered with the desire to do battle. They were thinking the same thing as Fang Wei; whether they won or lost, they had to fight. If they lost their will to fight, then they would never again have the opportunity to stand on equal ground with Meng Hao.

Even as their desire to do battle rose up, the Patriarchs of the various sects to which those Chosen belonged silently waved their hands, causing numerous teleportation portals to appear.

All the Chosen had to do was step into those portals, and they would be able to go to Planet East Victory.

However, even as they clenched their jaws and prepared to enter the teleportation portals, even as Fang Wei's voice echoed out into the starry sky, even as the Door of Immortality was about to vanish completely....

Suddenly, a sigh could be heard echoing out among the stars. It filled the sky above Planet East Victory, and entered Meng Hao's ears, whereupon he suddenly trembled and looked up.

“Hey little brother, I'm going to take father's place to give you a meridian!” The voice was soft and ancient. And when it echoed out, an aura exploded up from the Ji Clan on the Ninth Mountain. Apparently, someone there knew where that voice came from, and it left them completely shocked.