

# The Heavens 981

## Chapter 981: Illusory Soul Lamps!

The voice came from... the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect!!

It was a mysterious location in the starry sky of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, a place that opened at a set interval of years. It was not part of the Ruins of Immortality, nor as mysterious as those ruins, but due to other historical events, had become a taboo area within the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Whenever it did open up, Chosen from the various planets would travel to the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, a place which was both familiar and strange to everyone.

It was a location originally created by Lord Li, and was where the Ji and Fang Clans had resided and flourished. It had existed for ages, during which time the so-called sects of modern times were mere denominations of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

That was true of both the modern day Holy Lands as well as the Three Churches and Six Sects. Only the Three Great Daoist Societies were not part of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect at that time.

According to the legends, a fierce creature existed there who frightened even Lord Ji, something named Night!

The stories said that Night could control the power of time and space, and could send people into ancient times in a dreamlike state....

Supposedly, there was also a person in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect who forevermore lived on top of a mountain peak. Sometimes he would laugh, at other times he would cry, and occasionally, he would just stand there silently....

Now, this voice echoed out from the very same Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, and as soon as Meng Hao heard it, he recognized that voice. It was... Ke Jiusi!!

Because he had been a rash and impulsive person, because he had been arrogant and domineering, because he had instigated catastrophe after catastrophe, his father Ke Yunhai changed his name to Jiusi, to remind his son that instead of considering a matter three times before taking any action, he should consider it nine times!

Meng Hao began to tremble. He had never imagined that in the middle of opening his Immortal meridians, after all of his destiny had erupted, that his destiny from the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect... would also erupt.

Ke Jiusi. It was an unforgettable name. Even more unforgettable was... Ke Yunhai.

He was Meng Hao's foster father, someone who caused Meng Hao to finally experience fatherly love. It was a memory that he would be unable to forget for all eternity, no matter what.

Whenever he thought about Ke Yunhai, Meng Hao's eyes turned red, and he couldn't stop the tears from welling up. He missed Ke Yunhai. He missed all the things about the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, and he especially missed the man whose fatherly love was like a mountain.

"Hey little brother, I'm going to take father's place to give you a meridian..." Meng Hao had long known that because of the approval he had earned from Ke Yunhai... Ke Jiusi was now effectively his older brother.

Meng Hao looked thoughtfully out into the starry sky. The words he had just heard seemed to take him back in time.

Out in the starry sky in the vicinity of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, was a place covered over by mists. Deep within that mist were endless ruins... ruins in which there was no Heaven and Earth, only darkness.

There, you could just barely see... a mountain peak, atop which stood a figure in a white robe. The robes swayed, and the man seemed as quiet as eternity.

Also on top of that mountain peak was a coffin....

That white-robed man was none other than Ke Jiusi, who stood there quietly, a slight smile on his face. He looked ancient, filled with both memories and emotional sighs.

“Little brother,” he murmured, “father is gone, but... I’m here to look after you.” Even as he spoke, he waved his right hand, then pointed off into the distance. Immediately, the ruins of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect began to quake, and for a moment, it seemed as if slumbering Night was also shivering.

At the same time, time seemed to suddenly pass by in front of Ke Jiusi. It went in reverse, ten years, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand... tens of thousands....

The countless buildings and innumerable corpses were slowly transforming. The collapsed ruins were gradually restored, and the dead people rose to their feet, once again in possession of flesh and blood bodies. The vanished Heaven and Earth were restored to perfect clarity.

The sound of chatting and laughter could be heard, and rainbows could be seen in the sky. Someone was giving a sermon about the Dao, and roaring Immortal beasts could be seen on all of the mountain peaks. There was a Flying Rain-Dragon, like a sovereign of the skies, whistling through the air.

Everything... was restored. The mountain that Ke Jiusi stood on, and even Ke Yunhai’s Immortal’s cave, were all restored to glorious splendor. Brilliant light shone up into the sky, and massive pressure weighed down on everything.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the door of Ke Yunhai’s Immortal’s cave slowly swung open. A middle-aged man stepped out, his expression serious but not angry. It was none other than... Ke Yunhai!

His aura radiated out brightly, and not the slightest bit of Death aura could be sensed on him. He had the aura of a Paragon, the type that, if it exploded out, could cow all Heaven and Earth.

Ke Yunhai walked out, then climbed up to the peak of the mountain to stand in the same position as Ke Jiusi. The two of them overlapped with each other....

It was impossible to say exactly what year it was, or what month, or what day, that Ke Yunhai stood on top of that mountain peak, superimposed with his son, to pass through years of time.

After a long moment, Ke Yunhai slowly extended his hand, and his Soul Lamp flew out. It had the body of a dragon and the wick of a phoenix, and when it landed on his palm, Ke Yunhai looked at

the soul fire for a long moment, and then smiled. Then he waved his hand, and a dragon flew out, which instantly emanated a powerful Demonic sensation. Clouds and mist roiled as it roared a shocking roar that caused everything to shake.

“Demon Immortal Dragon,” Ke Yunhai said coolly.

In the same moment that Ke Yunhai spoke the words, Ke Jiusi also murmured the same thing.

“Demon Immortal Dragon.”

His motion was the same as Ke Yunhai’s as he waved his hand. The only difference was that there was no Dragon-Phoenix Soul Lamp in his hand.

“This dragon embodies the fate of the Demon Immortal Sect. It contains some of the Essence of the Ninth Mountain, and is perfectly suitable for opening an Immortal meridian.” Ke Yunhai said. He pointed out with his finger, and the Demon Immortal Dragon shot up into the clouds, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

When the dragon vanished, Ke Yunhai’s image slowly began to fade. Soon, only Ke Jiusi remained behind. During the course of the following few breaths of the time, the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect passed back through many years of time to the modern age. It once again became ruins, filled with corpses.

A sigh could be heard echoing across the lands as Night’s eyes opened.

Atop the mountain peak, Ke Jiusi’s eyes had filled with tears.

“Dad... I miss you....” he murmured. After a long moment, he looked up into the dark sky and pointed his finger. The clouds up above churned, then opened up to reveal an ancient dragon flying down.

It was... that same Demon Immortal Dragon.

Moments ago, that dragon did not even exist. It was the power of Night that caused it to materialize from ancient times.

“Go....” murmured Ke Jiusi. “Little brother, I’m standing in for father to give you this gift.” He waved his hand, causing the Demon Immortal Dragon to roar, and then shoot through the clouds off into the distance.

As it sped off, Ke Jiusi’s figure gradually began to darken, and the entire Ancient Demon Immortal Sect once again began to sink quietly into the mists....

The Demon Immortal Dragon ripped through the starry sky, and soon appeared in front of Meng Hao, outside Planet East Victory.

Meng Hao was trembling as he looked at it; he could clearly sense Ke Yunhai’s aura upon it.

“Foster father....” he murmured, his heart filled with grief. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Demon Immortal Dragon fused directly into Meng Hao. He didn’t do anything to resist. He allowed it to enter him and immediately open up a murky Immortal meridian.

It was... the 121st meridian!

It was... bestowed upon him by Ke Yunhai, and presented by Ke Jiusi.

**BOOOOMMMMMM!**

Meng Hao’s aura exploded up wildly, far exceeding its previous level. Furthermore, it was even possible to see the vague images of lamps behind him!!

Suddenly, the Door of Immortality, which had been on the verge of fading away, seemed to be wrenched open by some massive, invisible hand. Immortal light poured out, and Immortal qi once again exploded forth, filling Meng Hao, pouring into his 121st Immortal meridian, causing it to rapidly solidify.

Soon, the Immortal meridian was completely formed, and another Immortal dragon soared past the Door of Immortality.

The 121st Immortal dragon brimmed with a Demonic aura that seemed to pass through time itself. It was impossible for anyone to see exactly what color the dragon was, but it was possible for them to tell that it was extremely ancient, as if it had existed for countless ages.

In the same moment that this new Immortal dragon appeared, Zhixiang sat in the modern Demon Immortal Sect. The entire sect began to shake violently, and the offerings within the sect began to vibrate as if they had formed a resonance with something.

Meng Hao's aura rose up rapidly, and all cultivators who could see the illusory lamps behind Meng Hao were shocked and felt their minds reeling. Although they had been astonished by Meng Hao multiple times, they couldn't prevent themselves from once again being completely moved.

“Are those... Soul Lamps!?”

“Fang Hao is powerful to an incomprehensible degree! He... he actually caused illusory Soul Lamps to appear!!”

“It might just be illusory, but those are definitely Soul Lamps!”

Conversations buzzed through various regions of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

In the Kunlun Society, Chu Yuyan had been staring at Meng Hao this whole time, watching as he opened one Immortal meridian after another. Her face was flushed, and her eyes shone with a bright light.

Meng Hao had long since become indelibly imprinted onto her heart.

Pill Demon stood off to the side, smiling as all of the Kunlun Society looked at the illusory image, gasping. He shook his head, and his smile was filled with kindness.

“To be surpassed by one's own disciple... I guess it counts as a joyful occasion too,” he thought.

At the same time, Planet East Victory was in a huge commotion. The members of the Fang Clan watched the scene with wide eyes. Fang Xiushan staggered backward several paces. From the moment Meng Hao's Immortal Tribulation had begun, he had been shocked over and over to the point where he was on the verge of collapse.

“Impossible. Simply impossible....” He almost couldn’t believe that he was looking at the dim lamps behind Meng Hao.

Fang Wei hovered in midair. Although he didn’t say anything, his body was trembling, and his determination to fight Meng Hao was rapidly waning.

The Grand Elder was as shocked as a wooden chicken, and his mind was reeling.

“I really was... mistaken.” It was at this point that he finally gave voice to the feeling that he had been suppressing in his heart for so long.

Chapter 982: Xu Qing’s Good Fortune!

This was... the 121st meridian!

In the vast, boundless Heavens of the Nine Mountains and Seas, there had never before existed someone who opened 121 meridians, not even Kṣitigarbha with his 120!

What Meng Hao had accomplished was something that was completely without precedent!

He hovered there in midair, his energy soaring, his 121 Immortal meridians rotating madly. It was as if 121 Immortal dragons were roaring inside his body.

He slowly clenched his hands into fists, and felt the power coursing through him, and the boundless energy of his cultivation base. What he sensed... was a power unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

This breakthrough exceeded any other acquisition of good fortune that he had ever experienced.

This explosive rise of power could not be matched by any other destiny he had encountered.

It was a sloughing off of the mortal body, it was an exchange of the ordinary for the extraordinary, it was... a complete transformation of his entire life!

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken, as were the four planets. Boundless ripples spread out into the starry sky. There was a legend that, when corroborating one's own Dao, upon true Immortal ascension, the entire mountain and sea would shake. And now, Meng Hao was showing everyone... that this legend was true!

As the rumbling echoed out, Kṣitigarbha sat silently on the Fourth Mountain.

"Immortal meridians..." he murmured. "From the time the great Nine Mountains and Seas were created until now, the great circle has always been 123 meridians. No one has ever reached that level. I wonder if he will be able to?" After a long moment of silence, Kṣitigarbha raised his hand and issued another Dharmic decree.

This Dharmic decree consisted of only one sentence!

"I will take Xu Qing as my 49th apprentice!"

That one sentence was something that could change a person's entire life! Xu Qing, who was already in the middle of reincarnation, was now certain to experience incredible splendor when she was born again, to experience the pinnacle of honor.

"That's my big bro!" roared Fatty, grabbing onto the person who stood next to him in the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum.

"You see that? He's Meng Hao, my big bro! Fudge! From now on, who will possibly bully me!? If anyone dares to try to steal any of my beloved concubines, I'll have my big bro come and fight him to the death!

"Dammit! I had more than a hundred beloved concubines, but now... I only have three left!!" Fatty's angry voice echoed out in all directions.

Wang Youcai was in Moonset Lake, his eyes closed. Of course, his eyes had been blinded, and he could only gaze at eternal darkness. However, everyone in Moonset Lake looked at him with fear and dread.

A vicious person like him was someone that nobody had any desire to provoke.



He had no eyes, but now, there was a young woman sitting next to him. Her expression was gentle as she described everything that was happening with Meng Hao and his Immortal meridians to him.

Wang Youcai said nothing the entire time. However, his mouth turned up into the faintest of smiles.

“Meng Hao, I won’t let you leave me behind....”

Chen Fan was in the Solitary Sword Pavilion, one of the Three Churches and Six Sects. Their reserves were profound, but could not match up to the Five Great Holy Lands. Chen Fan was not well known in the sect, and in fact, didn’t even have any friends. Throughout the years, nobody had really paid much attention to him. He stuck to himself to practice his sword arts, and as of this moment, was sitting by himself on a mountainside. He held an alcohol flagon in his hand, from which he took a drink. He looked up into the sky above the sect, at the huge screen which had been set up, and Meng Hao’s image upon it. He raised the alcohol flagon up into the air.

“Bottoms up, Junior Brother!”

People were getting excited. Some wished Meng Hao well, some were envious. Some had feelings that went beyond envy. All sorts of thoughts were going through the minds of the people in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao hovered in the starry sky, his eyes gleaming with a bright light of... ambition!

Before, he hadn’t been happy with only 108 meridians. Therefore, he had opened 117. Originally, he thought that was his limit, but then events unfolded, and he understood the profound result of verifying his own Dao.

At the moment, it wasn’t that he was unsatisfied with 121 meridians. However, deep in his heart, he thirsted for more.

“I can still open more!” A brilliant gleam flickered in his eyes, and his Immortal meridians thrummed. He sent divine sense into his body, whereupon he found... the first bit of good fortune that he had acquired... when he first stepped onto the path of cultivation.

It wasn’t the ancient mirror, but rather... the good fortune he had wrested away from Wang Tengfei, the legacy of the Flying Rain-Dragon!

Flying Rain-Dragons were the sovereigns of the sky, and as Meng Hao had made his successive breakthroughs in cultivation, the Flying Rain-Dragon's legacy had fused deep into his flesh and blood, even into his soul.

He had always had a hunch that the Flying Rain-Dragon was by no means weak, and was in fact incredibly powerful!

When he was in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, he saw a Flying Rain-Dragon that had been subjugated by cultivators and turned into the guardian of one of their mountain peaks. However, he had always had the feeling that his Flying Rain-Dragon... should be even stronger than that!

The reason for that feeling was the unforgettable experience of the time when he had just acquired the legacy of the Flying Rain-Dragon, and it was attacked violently by the copper mirror. In all the years since then, he had never seen the copper mirror react so wildly.

Meng Hao knew the parrot well, and knew that its origin was extremely mysterious. Of course, that only caused him... to have more faith in the Flying Rain-Dragon's power.

“Perhaps my cultivation base isn't strong enough to unravel this mystery now. However... the legacy of the Flying Rain-Dragon was able to fuse into my Dao Pillars and afterwards, my Core. It even merged it into my Nascent Souls.... In that case, why wouldn't it be able to... turn into an Immortal meridian!”

“Follow me into the Immortal Realm, and beyond!” Meng Hao's eyes shone with intense light as rumbling sounds emanated out. His Immortal meridians exploded with power, and his divine sense, which was vastly more powerful than it had been before, didn't expand out, but rather, swept about inside of him to arouse the legacy of the Flying Rain-Dragon!

After a moment, it found a mote of light inside of him, quite inconspicuous, a dot of brightness inside of his Nascent Divinity.

If you looked closely at that mote of light, you would see an incredibly miniscule Flying Rain-Dragon.

“Flying Rain-Dragon Immortal meridian, OPEN!” cried Meng Hao. His cultivation base roared as he poured power into the mote of light. In the blink of an eye, the light grew blinding, and exploded

outward. Endless rumbling filled Meng Hao. The Immortal qi from the Door of Immortality poured madly into him and then into the mote of light.

Time passed as more and more boundless Immortal qi merged into the mote of light. The Flying Rain-Dragon inside of him gradually grew larger until finally, the dragon opened its eyes, and they shone with a brilliant glow.

That brilliant glow contained profound dignity and haughtiness. It despised everything on the land below, and domineered over everything in the sky. It had no cares or worries, and thirsted for freedom and independence.

That... was Meng Hao's Dao!

Meng Hao's heart trembled. He had never imagined that his own Dao would be so similar to the Flying Rain-Dragon's nature.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The Immortal qi grew more majestic as the Flying Rain-Dragon opened its eyes. It spread out its wings inside of Meng Hao, and massive rumbling sounds could be heard as it transformed into an Immortal meridian which rapidly grew solid!

Thirty percent. Fifty percent. Seventy percent....

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with a brilliant light, and he suddenly took in a deep breath, absorbing all of the Immortal qi. Rumbling sounds could be heard, after which, the Flying Rain-Dragon Immortal meridian reached eighty percent, ninety percent, and finally... one hundred percent!

When that happened, Meng Hao's aura rose explosively!

The vague images of lamps once again appeared around Meng Hao, swirling through the air. It was impossible to clearly see exactly how many lamps there were, and yet, they were definitely much clearer than earlier.

An energy rose up from Meng Hao's body that seemed to be Immortal, and yet not, and at the same time Ancient, and yet not.

In addition, a 122nd Immortal dragon appeared outside the Door of Immortality, and this time, it looked completely different than the other dragons. It was a Flying Rain-Dragon!

It had huge wings, its tail was a poisonous viper, and its head was shocking in the extreme!

This was a Flying Rain-Dragon, which in the Nine Mountains and Seas was known by another name. It was also called... Outsider Dragon!

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was in an uproar.

To open another meridian after the 121st was fundamentally shocking, but then, it resulted in an Outsider Dragon materializing. Everyone was completely shocked.

It was as if every time Meng Hao reached his peak, and the conclusion was in sight, he would tell you through his actions... that things WEREN'T over!

The Patriarchs of the various sects and clans all had profound gleams in their eyes as they watched Meng Hao, this cultivator of the Junior generation, who performed one shocking deed after another.

Gradually, they were coming to the conclusion that they were watching the rise of a young Paragon.

“It’s been a very, very long time... since a stunning individual like this has appeared in the Ninth Mountain!”

“The only other one... was Lord Li!”

“That’s right! The only other person like this... was Lord Li, the mysterious figure who legends say wasn’t even from the Nine Mountains and Seas!”

The Elder generation of cultivators sighed, and they wore complex expressions on their faces as they looked at Meng Hao and said nothing further.

The Chosen who were of the same generation as Meng Hao stood in front of their respective teleportation portals, collapsing mentally. They were proud people, and right now, they were being

trampled on. All of their vast preparations were laughable, and the glory they had just acquired... was already becoming a thing of the past.

A young man from Planet South Heaven, a cultivator who everyone had disregarded... had, in front of their very eyes, transformed into an insurmountable mountain.

All of them felt a twinge of sympathy for Fang Wei. After all, this kind of feeling would be much stronger for him.

As for Fang Wei, he hovered in midair, laughing bitterly and trembling. Watching Meng Hao made him feel like his own existence was a joke. His eyes started to shine with madness, a madness that gradually began to overflow with jealousy, and then, killing intent even more intense than before.

“None of this matters. I still have ways to kill you!” Fang Wei raged inwardly. “I’ll strike you down using your own Nirvana Fruits!”

Fang Xiushan stood in the crowds, his face pale. Suddenly, he felt regret, not for provoking Meng Hao, but for not being more ruthless before. Why hadn’t he just violated clan rules and killed Meng Hao at the very beginning?

In contrast to Fang Xiushan, his own father, Fang Wei’s grandfather, stood there calmly not too far off. He looked at Fang Xiushan, and then Fang Wei, and sighed.

“As long as a person is alive, he must have a goal. Since things have come to this point...I’ll set the plan in motion earlier than anticipated.

“Does the Fang Clan exist eternally within a raging inferno, or will it diverge from its path and rise out of that inferno like a phoenix? Everything... depends on what happens now!” Fang Wei’s grandfather, the normally taciturn old man, suddenly smiled.

It was a smile that contained an emotional sigh, but also, incredible ferocity!

Apparently, there were dark forces that had existed for unknown years in the Fang Clan... that were slowly beginning to bare their fangs!

Up in the starry sky, Meng Hao probed his 122 Immortal meridians, then looked up at the Door of Immortality. Once again, a wild look began to burn in his eyes.

“I can still... open one last meridian!” he said softly. It was at this point that he produced the bronze lamp from his bag of holding, within which burned a tongue of flame.

It was...

The Essence of Divine Flame!

Chapter 983: The Great Circle of the Immortal Realm!

Meng Hao’s eyes were filled with obsession and madness. He had opened 122 meridians and had walked a path no one had trod before, even in ancient times. Not even the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Kṣitigarbha, had done something like Meng Hao had when he became a true Immortal.

Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky, the center of all attention. And yet, he still wasn’t ready to give up. Flames danced in his eyes, a reflection of the Essence of Divine Flame in his palm. It was as if the Divine Flame had become the ambition within Meng Hao’s eyes.

“My final meridian... the Essence of Divine Flame!” Meng Hao’s heart was pounding. He knew that the Essence of Divine Flame was terrifying, but he couldn’t hold back his excitement at the idea of it becoming his final meridian!

“If I can succeed in making this my 123rd meridian, then I won’t have any regrets!

“It’s a gamble, but if I succeed, I’ll have one more meridian. If I fail...” Meng Hao’s heart thumped, but his eyes quickly gleamed with obsession.

“Who cares if I fail?!” His hair and clothing whipped about as his energy began to rise up. The starry sky trembled and rumbling sounds echoed out.

“Before the world appeared, before the beginning of Heaven and Earth, before time could even be calculated, perhaps... there were no such things as Immortals. Therefore... how did the first Immortal come to be?!”

“That first Immortal definitely walked his own path. He must have tried many things, and must have suffered many defeats before he finally found the correct path. The first person to succeed called himself Immortal, and that is how Immortals came to be!

“It must have occurred in that way. Therefore, I can do the same thing. I, Meng Hao, will become an Immortal in MY way!”

The majestic Door of Immortality, the boundless Immortal light, the unobstructed Immortal qi, the swirling Immortal dragons. These things served as foils to Meng Hao.

If this bit of Divine Flame were much larger, then it wouldn't matter how determined Meng Hao was, he would be incapable of absorbing much of it. However... there wasn't much of the flame present!

There was only a tiny bit in that bronze lamp!

“Rewards come only with risk. In life, there are many times... when the only way to acquire something is to make either a sacrifice or a huge gamble!” Meng Hao gripped the bronze lamp tightly, staring wildly at the Essence of Divine Flame therein.

As of this moment, the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea was all watching the cultivator named Meng Hao, and everyone could see the bronze lamp he held in his hand. Everyone could also see the flame that flickered inside of it.

However, even the Dao Realm experts were unable to see the bizarre properties of the bronze lamp. But they could sense that the flame inside of it contained... the power of Essence!

“Essence!! That flame in his hand is rippling with Essence!”

“Unfortunately, it's miniscule. If there were more of the Essence, then we might be able to gain enlightenment from it.”

“In any case, whatever destiny that kid ran into before allowed him to get that Essence-containing object. Situations like this are extremely rare! Perhaps we might find some clues as to the origins of

that Flame Essence on his person?” The almighty Dao Realm experts from the various sects and clans looked at the flame with brightly shining eyes.

However, it was at this point that the Dao Realm Patriarch of the Kunlun Society suddenly spoke, his voice ringing out in the ears of all his contemporaries in the Dao Realm.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this kid... comes from Planet South Heaven.”

When everyone heard that one sentence, their eyes widened, and many of them quashed whatever plans they had been making just now, and their expressions quickly turned into looks of regret. For people in the Dao Realm, Planet South Heaven was actually...

Completely taboo!

However, when the four old men from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite saw the bronze lamp, their expressions... flickered with astonishment!

They gasped, then exchanged glances. Their eyes were filled with absolute disbelief.

“I can’t believe it.... That thing actually exists!!”

“I always thought it was just a legend. But, there it is! There can’t be any mistake... the patterns on that bronze lamp mean that there can be no doubt....”

“Somebody was actually able to touch it.... This... this....” The four old men felt their minds spinning, and great waves of astonishment battered their hearts.

As of that moment, all cultivators were staring at Meng Hao.

Everyone watched as Meng Hao, without any further hesitation, held the bronze lamp aloft. His expression was one of determination as he gritted his teeth for a moment, then opened his mouth and inhaled deeply.

In that instant, the flame in the bronze lamp flickered, then flew out of the bronze lamp. In the blink of an eye, it was sucked into Meng Hao’s mouth.



He consumed the Divine Flame!

When Meng Hao sucked in the Essence of Divine Flame, his mind filled with a roaring sound. At the same time, indescribable heat exploded within his throat.

Intense flames almost immediately scorched Meng Hao's blood dry. Before he could even blink, his body was being burned into ash. No longer was it merely blue veins popping out on his face, instead... numerous fissures spread out across his body.

The fissures were red, and when they opened, it seemed almost as if lava were about to explode out from inside of him.

He let out a protracted howl, and he shook violently. His eyes filled with madness. It was as if swallowing the Divine Flame was the same as swallowing an entire volcano!

Or perhaps... he was actually becoming a volcano!

His 122 Immortal meridians rotated at full power, and boundless Immortal power surged through him. However, all it could do was keep Meng Hao alive, and couldn't assimilate the Divine Flame.

Indescribable pain filled him as the flames roared, and he was rapidly reaching the point where he couldn't take it any more.

Popping sounds echoed out, and more fissures tore through Meng Hao's body. They spread out across his face and neck, and soon afterwards his entire body was covered.

Within those fissures was crimson light that seemed to indicate his body was about to explode.

Nobody could help him, not even the Dao Realm experts. This was his tribulation, his meridians, and his choice!

The only person who could help him was himself. And only by weathering this trial, only by successfully fusing with the Essence of Divine Flame, could he save himself.

“I absolutely must succeed!” The glow of fire seeped out of Meng Hao’s eyes, and he could clearly sense the wild and intense power flowing through him that was the Divine Flame!

If he didn’t already possess 122 Immortal meridians, then he would already have been completely transformed into ash. However, regardless of how unprecedented his previous gains were, he was still... approaching the point of collapse.

Right now, all of the Dao Realm Patriarchs were watching closely. The Fang Clan Earth Patriarch looked nervous, and his eyes were wide with anger.

“Bastard! Moron! Y-y-you... you seemed so smart, kid! How could you do something as rash as this? Dammit! 122 meridians is amazing. Why did you have to be so stubborn and try to open more?!” After cursing up a storm, the Earth Patriarch finally sighed and soon looked over at Meng Hao, his eyes glowing with praise.

From the perspective of the Fang Clan, he didn’t want Meng Hao to be facing any serious peril. However, from the perspective of a cultivator, he had to admit that he approved of Meng Hao’s wildness. When practicing cultivation, only by having an obsession with power that bordered on madness could one... truly become powerful.

He wasn’t the only person thinking such thoughts. The Dao Realm Patriarchs from the various sects and clans were all watching Meng Hao, and suddenly, they looked at him differently than before. They could sense his madness, and his obsession with becoming powerful.

To make such a wild bet, to risk everything in the way he was, left them moved.

The experts from the Three Great Daoist Societies felt the same way.

Fang Wei hovered in midair, mind shaking as he watched what was happening. As for his father Fang Xiushan, he was starting to look extremely excited, even joyful.

“He’s just looking to die!” he thought. “Well, the little son of a bitch is going to kill himself. Hahaha! I hope he blows up!”

The true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea saw Meng Hao’s manifestation of obsession, and various expressions could be seen on their faces.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the fissures spread out to cover Meng Hao completely, causing him to seem like he was cobbled together from a patchwork of pieces.

There were even some places on his face where the fissures merged together, causing pieces of his skin to begin to flake off and transform into dust. Finger-nail sized wounds could be seen, within which were not flesh and blood, but rather, a sea of flames.

As more and more of his skin began to fall off, Meng Hao's 122 Immortal meridians transformed into 122 Immortal dragons, and yet, even their 122 streams of power was not enough to stop what was happening.

Everyone watching began to pant, and their minds trembled.

Meng Hao roared, and his body shook. His vision was growing dim, and yet, the obsession in his eyes was growing more intense.

"I'm not going to fail! 122 Immortal meridians, and their more than 100 streams of power, seems incredible. However, since they're separated, it's naturally not enough...."

"However, if those 122 Immortal meridians could all become Eternal Immortal meridians, then... my Eternal stratum would be 122 times more powerful!"

"And then, I could definitely succeed!" Even as his mind spun, he considered his current predicament, and quickly came up with a solution. He suddenly trembled as all of his Immortal meridians began to change, transforming into.... Eternal Dragons!

122 Eternal Dragons exploded out, and the Eternal stratum they formed instantly shook everything.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Meng Hao threw his head back and howled. The fissures covering his body began to shrink, and the flames inside of him rapidly began to condense, gradually forming a Divine Flame Immortal meridian.

At the same time, the Door of Immortality erupted with billowing Immortal qi, which fused into his body, solidifying the Divine Flame Immortal meridian. Simultaneously, the terrifying injuries he had just sustained began to heal.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, his body was completely restored. When that happened, his eyes shone with an intense light of confidence. Furthermore, there was an energy inside him that rose up, making him even more powerful!

“Open the Divine Flame Immortal meridian!” he murmured, waving his hand as another Immortal meridian opened up inside his body.

123 meridians!

This was... Meng Hao's final meridian!

Another Immortal dragon began to fly around the Door of Immortality!

The 123rd dragon!

The final dragon!

The great circle!

In that moment, Heaven and Earth filled with rumbling. The sky changed colors, and the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken!

Meng Hao had accomplished what no other person had ever accomplished, and perhaps... never would! He had opened 123 meridians, and had reached the great circle of the Immortal Realm!

Chapter 984: 33 Heavens!

In the Immortal Realm... the number of Immortal meridians someone possessed would determine how weak or powerful they were in battle.

That was something everyone knew. However, virtually nobody knew what sort of destiny or transformations would appear when someone corroborated the Dao on their own.

That was because in the Nine Mountains and Seas, only Kṣitigarbha had ever succeeded. However, now that Meng Hao had opened 123 meridians, the Dao Realm Patriarchs, as well as the true Immortal Chosen and Ancient Realm experts, were all completely shaken, and were beginning to realize that something else might happen.

Immortals who corroborate their Dao on their own can actually transform their Immortal meridians!

This was not an ordinary transformation, but something which allowed the meridians to be merged in the form of a divine ability. In a brief moment... 120 times the level of normal power could be unleashed, a terrifying and shocking development that would strike awe into the hearts of any and all cultivators.

“Immortals who corroborate their Dao on their own do not need any sort of secret magic to be able to increase the power of their Immortal meridians when fighting. That is because such Immortals’ bodies are a secret magic unto themselves!”

“Such a thing is fearful and shocking! No wonder Kṣitigarbha came to be the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea!”

“This kid... has unimaginable potential!”

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was in a commotion, as all eyes remained glued to Meng Hao.

What Meng Hao had done would surely turn into a legend, a myth!

123 meridians did not just place him in the number one position in the Immortal Realm in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Such a number was the most that had been opened by anyone in ALL the Nine Mountains and Seas!

A true Saint fleshly body, and a true Immortal cultivation base!

As of this moment, he was a Paragon! An Immortal Realm Paragon!

He was surrounded by 123 astonishing, roaring Immortal dragons. The last of those dragons was composed entirely of flame, and emanated a powerful Essence aura!

“It’s over.” Meng Hao murmured. He could sense the boundless Immortal power within him, making his cultivation base completely different than before. By way of comparison, it could be said that before Meng Hao had been a tree, and now, he was a forest!

The sense of power that flowed through his body causes his eyes to shine with bright light as he looked up. He could sense his blood boiling, and could clearly detect the Immortal qi within him.

After a long moment passed, he stretched out both hands.

“Return!” As the single word echoed out, the 123 Immortal dragons outside the Door of Immortality roared, and then shot directly toward Meng Hao. Rumbling could be heard as they merged into him, causing his energy to surge.

Finally, the Door of Immortality began to fade away. The Immortal light faded until it was gone, and the Immortal qi dried up. Meng Hao’s true Immortal Tribulation...

Had been thoroughly transcended!!

He was now an Immortal!

His long hair flew about, and he emanated the aura of an Immortal. His entire person had moved beyond the mortal form, and he was now completely different. Before, he had been handsome, but now he exuded an otherworldly air, as if his mere presence was enough to attract the attention of all onlookers.

In the same moment that the Door of Immortality faded away completely, it was suddenly possible to see a projected image around him!

Countless celestial soldiers wearing golden armor appeared. They stretched out in all directions, too many to count, and they gazed at Meng Hao briefly before dropping to their knees to kowtow.

At the same time, the numerous Immortal Palaces appeared anew, filling the area. An enormous pedestal appeared beneath Meng Hao’s feet, which lifted him up to overlook everyone.

Immortal light appeared again, spreading out boundlessly, and swirling clouds filled the area.

Innumerable golden dragons swirled about up above, letting out subservient roars. From a distance, it was possible to see the celestial soldiers kowtowing, the golden dragons capitulating, and then, countless blurry figures emerging from the Immortal palaces, who then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

The sky went dim, and the starry sky trembled. All of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who were watching Meng Hao went completely silent when they saw what was happening.

This was... a sign!

When Fan Dong'er became Immortal, dragons and phoenixes danced. When Fang Wei reached Immortality, 10,000 soldiers bowed. In fact, signs had appeared when all of the other Chosen had reached Immortal Ascension.

Now, a sign appeared for Meng Hao as well.

However, compared to those of the others, this sign was far more majestic and shocking!

In fact, many people assumed that this sign was the end when, all of a sudden, something else appeared in Meng Hao's vicinity... nine mountains!

These were nine mountains that caused Heaven and Earth to tremble, mountains that were like Imperial Lords!

Between each mountain was a sea, which meant that there were also nine seas!

Nine Mountains! Nine Seas! A sun, a moon, and heavenly bodies all orbiting around them!

Everyone who could see this was shaken mentally. To people who lived in the realm of the Nine Mountains and Seas, there was nothing more stunning than this image, nor would anything be able to match its splendor.

“Nine Mountains and Nine Seas.... I can’t believe he caused a sign like that to appear! So corroborating your own Dao is actually this powerful!!”

“Could it be... that this represents the approval of the Nine Mountains and Seas themselves? Above Paragons are Imperial Lords! Does he have the aura of an Imperial Lord on him?!”

“From today on, the Ninth Mountain and Sea... has a new blazing sun that will surely cause all of the Mountains and Seas to tremble!!” Everyone was in an uproar as they looked at Meng Hao; they simply couldn’t remain calm. From the moment he had begun to transcend his tribulation, he was completely different than anyone else, and that wouldn’t stop. Even though he had already finished transcending tribulation, and the Door of Immortality had vanished, he was still shocking everyone.

Meng Hao glanced around at the signs around him, and then looked emotionally in the direction of Planet South Heaven.

“Dad, mom,” he murmured. “I’ve risen to prominence in the Fang Clan!

“Master, can you see me from where you are in the Kunlun Society?

“Foster father, can your spirit in Heaven see me, sir?

“Qing’er... can you see me?” This was a moment in which he should be extremely happy and excited. However... in reality, there was no one standing next to him with whom to share his smile.

His father and mother were on Planet South Heaven. His master was in the Kunlun Society. His foster father... had long since returned to the dust. His wife Xu Qing... was now in some unknown place undergoing reincarnation.

Meng Hao sighed, then looked up and did his best to put his emotions in order. Once again, his eyes began to shine with a bright light.

“My Immortal meridians are opened. Next... it’s time to form my Immortal souls!

“Everyone has three spiritual souls and seven physical souls. Therefore, 100 opened meridians can form 10 souls!



“Based on my understanding, after 100 meridians, each additional meridian should be able to produce another soul!

“Immortal souls... form!” he said calmly. In the moment that the words left his mouth, his Immortal meridians emitted intense rumbling sounds.

Shockingly, a huge Dharma Idol appeared behind him. As of now, it was most accurate to say that the Dharma Idol... was the soul of a true Immortal!

36,900 meters!

Rumbling could be heard as a 2nd soul formed, then a 3rd, and a 4th...

10 true Immortal souls all appeared, each one of which exuded shocking power that emanated out in all directions. Then an 11th, a 12th, a 13th... all appeared.

Each soul which appeared caused anyone who looked at it to shake and tremble. Ripples emanated out into the starry sky, and Meng Hao’s energy rose up higher and higher.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

21 souls. 22 souls. 23 souls!

Soon, 29 souls had appeared, and then 30!

An entire collection of Immortal souls appeared behind Meng Hao. In addition to the original 10, more Immortal souls appeared due to his various aggregations of destiny and divine abilities.

31 souls. 32 souls.... In the end, there were 33 souls!!

These 33 true Immortal souls caused 33 types of incredible pressure to spread out. It was as if... 33 Heavens had appeared!

How many Heavens exist? The 33 Heavens are ultimate!

In the legends of the Nine Mountains and Seas, above the Nine Mountains were 33 Heavens. If someone could break through those 33 Heavens, they could leave the Nine Mountains and Seas.

That was referred to... as the path of the Mountain and Sea Tribulation!

Meng Hao's cultivation base roared, but he did not turn to look back behind him. He could sense the power of the 33 true Immortal souls behind him, and yet wasn't sure exactly how powerful he was.

However, he was sure... that if he went back to the ancestral land now and faced those Ancient Realm experts with one extinguished Soul Lamp, then he wouldn't even need the assistance of the terracotta soldier... to slaughter them!

Heaven and Earth rumbled as Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky. Beneath his feet was a pedestal, and he was surrounded by innumerable kowtowing celestial soldiers. Nine Mountains and Nine Seas could be seen, including a sun and a moon. Further off, figures emerged from the Immortal Palaces to clasp hands and bow.

Behind him were 33 true Immortal souls, which transformed into 33 Heavens!

Anyone who could see what was happening was thoroughly shocked.

"33 Heavens.... No wonder he opened 123 meridians!"

"That is the limit of the Immortal Realm in the Nine Mountains and Seas. That is the true great circle!" The Dao Realm Patriarchs of the various sects and clans all understood this point. They looked at Meng Hao, and what they saw was a blazing sun of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, someone who would soon move on to even more glory.

At the same time, the true Immortal Chosen of the various sects and clans all looked on silently. From their expressions, it was possible to tell that they wished to fight Meng Hao more than anything. All of the Chosen, regardless of whether they had ever had dealings with Meng Hao, were filled with an intense desire to do battle.

"I have to fight! If I don't, I'll be eternally plagued by this inner Devil!"

“The only way to walk my own path is to dare to battle him, and defeat him! Then I can struggle for glory in this era!”

“He has the secret magic that allowed him to become an Immortal who corroborated the Dao on his own. However, we have our own secret magics, legacies passed down in our sects, which enable us to dramatically multiply the power of our own Immortal meridians. Therefore, fighting him... is not an impossibility!”

Taiyang Zi was obsessed. Song Luodan had both fists clenched. Wang Mu’s expression flickered with killing intent. Zhao Yifan had drawn his sword. Fan Dong’er’s eyes glittered brightly.

Li Ling’er, Sun Hai, and even Wang Tengfei, as well as others who Meng Hao had never even seen before, all of the Chosen who had broken through to true Immortality...

All had the intense desire to fight!

Naturally, Fang Wei was no exception. He hovered in midair, looking up at Meng Hao in the starry sky, and in his eyes gleamed with all of the desire to fight that he could muster.

“I’m Fang Wei, and in this era, Fang Hao, you can’t be allowed to be the only one who shines with glory!” Fang Wei took a deep breath and then calmed himself. Personally witnessing Meng Hao transcending his tribulation was a life-changing experience, almost like a baptism.

Chapter 985: Fight!

33 Immortal souls were completely shocking. Countless celestial soldiers kowtowed, causing the starry sky to tremble. Meng Hao stood in the void atop a pedestal, looking around as the signs gradually faded away.

After they were completely gone, he was officially in the true Immortal Realm, and had reached the peak of the Realm, making him an Immortal Realm Paragon.

In that moment, the Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely silent. All observing cultivators stopped breathing as the image of Meng Hao turned into a mark which was branded onto their hearts.

It was an indelible mark that would never fade away!

It didn't take long, though, for a hubbub to break out, especially on Planet East Victory. Everyone, including members of the Fang Clan and other clans, exploded into a huge commotion.

Cries rang out in all directions.

“Fang Hao!”

“Fang Hao!!”

“FANG HAO!!!”

Meng Hao's name was being shouted out by innumerable mouths, echoing out in all the Heavens, rocking the lands. As of this moment, he was the blazing sun of the Fang Clan, their pride and joy.

Fang Xiushan stood in the crowd, his face a mass of ferocity. His fists were clenched tightly at his sides, and he was panting. Venomous ideas sprouted inside his mind and swirled violently.

His taciturn father bowed his head so that no one would be able to see the sinister glint in his eyes.

The Grand Elder stood not too far off, silent. He sighed inwardly.

The rest of the members of the Fang Clan were crying out with joy. Up in midair, Fang Wei hovered calmly and silently, the desire to do battle that shone in his eyes growing more and more intense.

All of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were boiling with excitement.

Far up in the starry sky, Meng Hao turned to face Planet South Heaven, dropped down onto one knee, and bowed deeply.

The eyes of all the cultivators in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were upon him as he bowed toward Planet South Heaven. What he was bowing to was not Heaven and Earth, and was not the planet itself. No, he was bowing to his father and mother!

In that moment, Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li stood in the Tower of Tang on Planet South Heaven, watching Meng Hao. His mother was extremely excited, and tears of joy filled her eyes, as well as intense pride.

That was her son!

Fang Xiufeng couldn't keep his expression calm. A wide smile broke out on his face, the smile that comes from seeing one's own son become like a dragon. He took a deep breath and then started to laugh.

Naturally, he was well-aware who Meng Hao was bowing to.

As of this moment, the rancor that had been building up in him after leaving the Fang Clan was finally released, thanks to his son Meng Hao. Not only had his son returned home to the clan, he had risen up to become a blazing sun.

Outside of Planet East Victory, Meng Hao rose to his feet again. The signs had faded away, and now the 33 Immortal souls also vanished.

It was then that the true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea felt their desire to fight raging, and their faces flickering with obsession.

**FIGHT!**

What did it matter if they were defeated? They would fight anyway!

If they did not fight, then the inner Devil that Meng Hao had become would plague them for the rest of their lives, and that Devilish image would make it almost impossible to walk their own paths.

Therefore, they had to fight!

They needed to go all out, to hold nothing back and fight!

Their only option was to confront him directly. That was the only way to ensure that they would have the chance for further breakthroughs in the future. That was the only way to guarantee that they could pursue their own Dao!

Taiyang Zi was the first true Immortal Chosen to step into a teleportation portal. He was the Dao Child from Mount Sun, one of the Five Great Holy Lands. He was one of only two members of Mount Sun who had stepped into true Immortality in this generation. He had his pride, and he had his goals and obsessions, and he would fight!

Rumbling sounds filled the air as he set foot into the teleportation portal and vanished. When he reappeared, shockingly, he was right outside of Planet East Victory. He immediately turned toward Meng Hao and began to fly toward him.

“Meng Hao!” He did not shout the name Meng Hao used in the Fang Clan, Fang Hao, nor did he shout the name he had used in the Three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire. He shouted his true name, the name he had used on Planet South Heaven!

His cry turned into something like a sound wave that surged out through the starry sky. Taiyang Zi then transformed into a sun that radiated boundless, scintillating light, shocking to the extreme as he barrelled toward Meng Hao.

“Let’s fight!!” Taiyang Zi’s eyes were bright red, and he fairly burst with power. He had opened up more than 90 Immortal meridians, and all of them surged with power. The energy of a true Immortal erupted out.

As his energy skyrocketed, sun-form Taiyang Zi instantly caught the attention of all cultivators, who were completely surprised.

“They’re going to fight!!”

“They have to fight this battle. If I were a Chosen, I would attack too. I wouldn’t be afraid of losing, or of dying. What I would fear... would be not daring to fight! Not daring to draw my sword!”

“This Taiyang Zi is the first person to attack! He will definitely be an extraordinary individual in the future!” Innumerable spectators were now waiting for the fight to begin.

“In this era of true Immortals, whoever manages to defeat Meng Hao... will be able to rise to the top!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked at Taiyang Zi shooting toward him. Back when he was making his breakthrough, he had assumed people would come to fight him. However, he never imagined that the first person to do so would be Taiyang Zi, and not Fang Wei.

“Well,” Meng Hao said indifferently, “you owe me some money, you know....” His expression was very calm, as if his words were completely and utterly proper, without the slightest bit of impropriety.

His words instantly caused Taiyang Zi’s aggressiveness to falter...

All of the cultivators in the Ninth Mountain and Sea who were watching the event stared in shock.

“But...” continued Meng Hao, “if you want to fight, then let’s fight!” As soon as he finished speaking, brilliant light burst out of his eyes, and he took a step forward toward Taiyang Zi.

As he stepped out, Taiyang Zi roared angrily, and his aggressive energy soared up again. Innumerable magical symbols appeared on the surface of his sun-form, which transformed into shocking ripples that shot toward Meng Hao. Taiyang Zi roared, then extended his right foot and began to spin in circles in an attack on Meng Hao.

All of the power of his cultivation base burst out, just for this battle!

Behind him, an enormous Dharma Idol appeared. Shockingly, it was an image of a sun, which merged with his divine ability to make his sun-form incredibly realistic. He looked exactly like a real heavenly body, as if he had poured all of his life force into this attack.

Meng Hao’s right hand balled up into a fist, and as Taiyang Zi’s leg descended toward him, he casually struck out, almost as if he weren’t even trying!

In the blink of an eye, the fist and the leg slammed into each other.

A huge boom rose up, shaking the starry sky. The Heavens dimmed, and the wind changed direction. An intensely powerful shockwave spread out in all directions. All of the cultivators of the

Ninth Mountain and Sea watched as Taiyang Zi's sun-form completely collapsed under the force of Meng Hao's blow. It shattered and dissipated instantly.

It was as if Meng Hao had detonated a sun!

Blood sprayed out of Taiyang Zi's mouth, and he flopped backward like a kite with its string cut.

Meng Hao hovered in the starry sky. His hair was not flying about, and his clothing was completely smooth and unmoving. His fist remained outstretched in that pose for a moment, and then, face calm, he slowly pulled his arm back.

One punch!

Meng Hao had crushed the divine ability of a true Immortal Chosen with more than 90 meridians as easily as stepping onto dry weeds!

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely silent. Although everyone had assumed that Meng Hao would win spectacularly, to witness what they just had just witnessed left them shocked. That was especially true... because although they weren't capable of assessing the full extent of Meng Hao's power, they could now make some speculations.

"That was only one punch.... He didn't even use his Dharma Idol...."

"This Meng Hao, just... just how powerful is he!?!?"

Even as everyone gave voice to their shock, Taiyang Zi managed to force himself to a stop. His face was pale, and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He looked up, his face twisted with rage, and his desire to do battle even stronger than before.

"Meng Hao, our battle isn't over yet!"

"Secret magic, Sacred Sun Scripture!" Taiyang Zi performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then hit various pressure points on his body, 49 times. Apparently, he wanted to continue, but had reached his limit. His face turned bright red, after which he threw his head back and roared as his energy surged up.



Moments ago, he had been filled with the power of more than 90 Immortal meridians. Now, though, ripples spread out that contained at twenty percent more than that level of power! He now had the energy of more than 110 Immortal meridians!

Secret magic!

Every sect and clan had Immortal Realm secret magics, powerful magics that could be cultivated at a heavy price, and were bestowed only upon members who qualified to study them.

In fact, Meng Hao had never been able to learn any of the Fang Clan's Immortal meridian secret magics!

As Taiyang Zi's energy rose up, his Dharma Idol disappeared, and in its place, shockingly, were 9 Immortal souls!

Each of those Immortal souls took the shape of a sun, making it so that Taiyang Zi was backed by 9 suns. The suns linked together, transforming into a majestic image that emanated shocking energy.

Booms echoed out in the Heavens, spreading out through the starry sky. Taiyang Zi's eyes were bright red as he looked at Meng Hao. He suddenly pointed out, causing the 9 suns to shoot toward Meng Hao. At the same time, Taiyang Zi performed an incantation gesture, causing the power of more than 110 Immortal meridians to form an image of a bow in his left hand. He gripped the bowstring with his right hand, pulled it back, and then released it.

“Sacred Sun Scripture, Immortal Arrow Nine Suns Destruction!”

All eyes were glued on the scene playing out. Countless individuals felt their hearts pounding as a streak of golden light shot through the starry sky like a sharp arrow.

Meng Hao's expression was as calm as ever. It didn't matter that Taiyang Zi had unleashed a secret magic like this. Meng Hao simply sighed.

“You owe me a lot of money, which makes fighting you a bit more tricky,” he said. Shaking his head, he took a step forward. As his foot descended, the 9 suns bore down on him, inundating him completely.

“Detonate!!” roared Taiyang Zi. The 9 suns exploded, creating a deafening roar that sent ripples out in all directions. At the same time, the golden arrow stabbed in through the ripples.

Taiyang Zi’s face was ashen, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was now much weaker; utilizing the secret magic was far too much of a drain on him. It was at this point that his eyes suddenly went wide with disbelief and astonishment.

As the ripples faded away from the starry sky, Meng Hao became visible, hovering in the exact same position he had been before. He wasn’t injured in the slightest, and in fact, his expression hadn’t even changed. Held in between his thumb and index finger was a trembling, golden beam of light.

“Your debt is now doubled,” he said coolly. With that he pushed down, and a cracking sound could be heard as the golden light... shattered.

Taiyang Zi coughed up a mouthful of blood, staggering backward in shock. He had been prepared for the possibility that Meng Hao could defend against his divine ability, but he could never have predicted that even after draining himself to unleash a secret magic, Meng Hao would actually... defeat it with only two fingers!

Chapter 986: Six Experts vs. Meng Hao!

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely silent.

All of the cultivators who had just watched the fight between Meng Hao and Taiyang Zi were completely astonished. Even members of the Ancient Realm were a bit frightened by Meng Hao.

At the moment, none of them were truly clear regarding... exactly how powerful he was!

That was because, as far as anyone could remember, there had never been a person like Meng Hao in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. He had corroborated the Dao on his own, and had opened 123 meridians, then formed 33 Immortal souls.

“He... didn’t even use his Immortal meridians, or his Immortal souls...”

“He fought Taiyang Zi using only the power of his fleshly body!!”

“I think I get it. He has a true Immortal fleshly body, and because he has Immortal meridians and is bolstered by Immortal qi, his fleshly body is already at the peak of the Immortal Realm!!” After a moment of silence, voices began to ring out. Everyone was completely mystified by Meng Hao’s unfathomable secrets.

Taiyang Zi’s face was pale as he looked bitterly at Meng Hao. He took a few steps back, and was just about to simply leave, when suddenly, the starry sky filled with the glow of multiple teleportation portals.

This time, there were two that opened up at almost exactly the same time. The bright light of teleportation shone out, and soon, more people arrived.

Two figures emerged from the teleportation portals.

One was Song Luodan, Dao Child of the Song Clan, true Immortal Chosen of his people. The other person... was a true Immortal from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum. He was young, and had a dark red bundle strapped to his back.

The vertical bundle was narrow and somewhat tall, and from the look of it, contained a corpse.

This was someone Meng Hao had never seen before.

“Meng Hao!” Song Luodan’s energy surged violently as soon as he appeared, and he immediately unleashed a Song Clan secret magic, which caused his Immortal meridians to explode with far more power than normal, sending ripples out in all directions.

In much the same way as Taiyang Zi, he was using a secret magic to cause his Immortal meridians to increase in power by about twenty percent. It was as if he had more than 110 meridians. Furthermore, 9 Immortal souls appeared behind him.

However, just when everyone assumed Song Luodan was finished powering up, he threw his head back and roared. Instantly, a 10th Immortal soul appeared behind him, and then another one!

With a total of 11 Immortal souls, Song Luodan's power erupted; he raised his right hand, within which appeared a long spear.

The spear was green, and emanated a profound ancientness. As soon as it appeared, the starry sky trembled.

“Meng Hao, come and fight me!” Song Luodan hurled the spear out with a burst of energy.

At the same time, the young man from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum stood there grim-faced and silent. He suddenly raised his right hand, causing the bundle to fly out from behind him. It rapidly unwrapped, revealing a shriveled corpse!

The corpse was completely withered, and emanated an archaic air. This was none other than... a corpse from ancient times!

The young man from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum bit down on the tip of his tongue, then spit out a mouthful of blood. At the same time, he dropped down to sit cross-legged, and closed his eyes. He pushed down onto his forehead, from within which shot a beam of light. After fusing with his blood, it turned into a blood-red beam that entered into the corpse.

A tremor ran through the corpse as its flesh and blood seemed to revive. In the blink of an eye, it turned into a middle-aged man, whose eyes snapped open. His body rumbled, and the aura of Immortal meridians instantly surged out.

This was also a secret magic, manifest via the use of an ancient corpse. Although no Immortal souls appeared, it emanated a shocking pressure that exuded ripples equivalent to 120 Immortal meridians. At the same time, Immortal dragons appeared and began to swirl through the air.

Everyone was now paying rapt attention to what was happening!

“Wow, look at Song Luodan! He's even stronger than Taiyang Zi! He's also cultivated the second level of his secret magic. As for the first level, although he hasn't made too much progress and can only increase his Immortal meridians by twenty percent, that's still extremely powerful!”

“I heard that all the sects and clans in the Ninth Mountain and Sea have secret magics. They're all virtually the same in that they have three levels. The first level can essentially add illusory Immortal

meridians, even doubling the real ones in some cases! The second level expands the number of Immortal souls, and the last level... takes the illusory and makes it corporeal!”

“Yu Xinglong from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum is also extraordinary. Their magical techniques are sinister and bizarre, and even though he hasn’t cultivated the second level, his advancement in the first level still increases his power by more than twenty percent, a power similar to about 120 meridians!”

Even as the Ninth Mountain and Sea cultivators commented on the scene playing out, Meng Hao’s voice echoed out through the starry sky.

“Danny,” he said, belittling Song Luodan by calling him a pet name, “you also owe me some money.” He looked over at Song Luodan, and frowned. His demeanor and his wording were exactly like someone from the Senior generation reprimanding a naughty member of the Junior generation.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Song Luodan’s face went purple. The matter of being in debt to Meng Hao was something he considered to be the biggest humiliation of his entire life. He let out a roar and charged directly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao then looked over at the young man from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum, and his eyes shone with a strange light.

“No one from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum owes me money yet.... However, I do happen to know somebody by the name of Xiao Luo.”

Almost in the same moment that Song Luodan launched his attack, Yu Xinglong from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum sent the corpse forward. Its energy surged as it attacked with Song Luodan, the two of them versus Meng Hao.

They moved with incredible speed. Song Luodan’s spear ripped through the air, sending ripples out into the starry sky as it stabbed toward Meng Hao. Booms echoed out in all directions.

A vicious gleam appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. He took a step forward, and suddenly the starry sky seemed to shrink. In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of Song Luodan. Once again, he lifted his right hand and punched out.

**BOOM!**

When the punch landed, the spear shattered, and blood sprayed out Song Luodan's mouth. At the same time, the 11 Immortal souls behind him roared, rumbling down toward Meng Hao like eleven giant mountains. Once again, Meng Hao's fist lashed out.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The fist slammed into the eleven mountains, causing them to tremble and then collapse into pieces amidst massive rumbling sounds. Meng Hao's one punch destroyed them all as if they were dried grass. Then, it slammed into Song Luodan's chest.

Song Luodan let out a muffled grunt. Blood spurted out of his mouth as he tumbled backward.

Simultaneously, Meng Hao spun, eyes blazing as he faced the incoming ancient corpse. His gaze was like lightning, instantly stifling the ancient corpse's surging energy.

Then... he let out another punch!

A huge boom could be heard. Meng Hao had held back a bit with Song Luodan. However, the young man from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum didn't owe him any money, so when he punched, he backed it with the full power of his fleshly body. The ancient corpse had Immortal power similar to 120 meridians, but that didn't matter; it instantly shook and then simply exploded, shattering into countless pieces as it was completely destroyed.

In the moment that the corpse exploded, Yu Xinglong spat up a mouthful of blood. His eyes snapped open, and they were filled with astonishment.

"Too powerful!"

At the same time, three teleportation portals suddenly flashed into being in the area around them. Boundless light rose up, and ripples emanated out into the starry sky.

Three figures flew out from the teleportation portals at top speed, not stopping for even a moment as they headed toward Meng Hao.

One of them was Wang Mu!

As a Chosen of the Wang Clan, this was not the first time he and Meng Hao had fought. He was the youngest of these Chosen, but his ambitions exceeded that of most the others.

“Meng Hao!” he roared. As he flew out, a strange aura surged. His Immortal meridians emanated the ripples of a secret magic as his energy rose up. All of his power then focused onto his index finger as he pointed toward Meng Hao.

The second person to fly out was Xie Yixian from the Burning Incense Stick Society.

During the Three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire, Xie Yixian’s power attracted quite a bit of attention. He was a Chosen who had made it into the top 4. As soon as he appeared near Meng Hao, mists swirled out around him, forming an area that was like his own kingdom!

“Fang Mu!” Xie Yixian’s eyes flickered with the desire to do battle, and his Immortal meridians erupted with the full bolstering power of a secret magic.

The final person to appear was Chen Hao from the Bones of the Flamedevil, one of the Five Great Holy Lands.

As soon as he stepped out of the teleportation portal, a sea of flames erupted around him. It quickly transformed into more than 100 flame dragons, which roared as they swirled around him. Behind him, 12 Immortal souls appeared that looked like enormous flame giants.

The three people all emerged at the same time and attacked Meng Hao simultaneously.

At the same time, Song Luodan gritted his teeth, ignored the pain of his wounds, and attacked again. Next to him was Taiyang Zi, whose eyes gleamed with determination. Although these people were all Chosen, Meng Hao was so powerful that they had no choice but to join forces to fight him.

“I just have to beat him one time! Only once!” roared Taiyang Zi as he charged forward.

Then there was Yu Xinglong, whose face flickered with various emotions. Although his ancient corpse had been destroyed, he could still fight on his own. He joined in as well, his body emanating a death aura, and his Immortal meridians erupting with power as he shot toward Meng Hao.

Six cultivators joined forces to attack!

The starry sky filled with radiant light. All of the cultivators in the audience held their breath as they watched. It wasn't that powerful people had never appeared before throughout the history of the true Immortal Realm of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, but never in any generation had there been one blazing sun who had outstripped the other Chosen so far that it required several of them working together to put up a fight.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed in concentration. As of this moment, even he had to take things a bit more seriously. His six opponents all had more than 90 meridians, and were utilizing secret magics. These people were the result of countless years of preparations on the part of their respective sects and clans, and were the hope for their future.

All of them were Dao Children in their sects and clans, and if Meng Hao hadn't appeared on the scene, would be in a position of glory.

"Interesting," said Meng Hao. His eyes gleamed with the desire to do battle, and to see exactly how powerful he was.

"The power of Immortal meridians...." he thought. His body emanated booms, 123 of them, each one of which represented the activation of one of his Immortal meridians.

"I also want to see if I, by myself, can fight back against all of these true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!" His body rumbled as it emanated a powerful, domineering aura.

He didn't wait for his six opponents to close in. His body flickered as he charged them!

It was time to fight!

Chapter 987: Meng Hao's Ambition!

However, in the moment that Meng Hao stepped forward, the energy of his six opponents surged higher. They transformed into six beams of light that shot directly toward him. As for Wang Mu, his eyes suddenly gleamed with a bizarre light, and he seemed to go crazy, causing ripples to spread out through the starry sky.



He suddenly raised his right hand, and a murky, flickering light appeared that began to suck in all of his soul and life force. It transformed into an attack... a profound Daoist magic of the Wang Clan that was incredibly difficult to master!

“Immobilize!” Wang Mu roared. His fingertip seemed to tear open the starry sky, causing all the ripples to stop in place. A terrifying power appeared which instantly wrapped around Meng Hao, forming invisible bonds that instantly immobilized him.

Although he couldn't move, it was different than his bodily Hexing. It was as if time had been stopped in place, as if Meng Hao's body was now suspended in eternity!

The scene which was playing out left everyone completely amazed.

However, before anyone could even react, the six attackers, including Wang Mu, transformed into something like six sharp swords. Their eyes flickered with battle lust, and their energy erupted as they attacked Meng Hao with virtually all of the life force they could muster.

Wang Mu's aura might have been greatly weakened, but even still he attacked explosively. He lifted his right hand and an illusory finger materialized.

“Wang Patriarch Finger Attack!” Rumbling echoed out as the gigantic, illusory finger seemed to replace the starry sky and descend upon Meng Hao. Brilliant energy surged, causing everything to seem to be on the verge of transforming into ash.

Xie Yixian's Burning Incense aura seethed, transforming into his own personal kingdom and world. Using the power of his Immortal meridians, he fueled his Burning Incense World, causing the energy from the aura to form his personal kingdom. It transformed into countless images which then crushed down towards Meng Hao.

Chen Hao roared in rage. Flames surged around him as his Immortal meridians erupted with power. His flame dragons merged together, transforming into a gigantic dragon head, which opened its mouth as if to consume all living things.

Taiyang Zi went all out with everything he had. He spit out mouthfuls of blood, causing nine suns to appear in front of him, superimpose, and then transform into one huge sun that shot forward with deadly force.

Song Luodan's energy rocketed up. Gradually, a blade appeared above his head, the blade of the Song Clan, which was also a Dao.

A Heavenly blade slashed down, like the arrival of a Heavenly Dao.

Last of all was Yu Xinglong. His body was completely stiff, as he spared no expense to transform himself into an ancient corpse. The aura of reincarnation emanated out, forming an incredible power that manifested in the form of a Corpse Needle.

The needle stabbed through the air directly toward Meng Hao's forehead.

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely shaken. Everyone looked on with reeling minds as the scene played out. Earlier, they had been shocked to see Meng Hao's one punch completely defeat various Chosen, and couldn't help but look down on the true Immortal Chosen a bit because of that. But now they were shocked to find that any one of these Chosen could single-handedly be blazing suns that could rock everything.

Now, the six of them joined forces in an Earth-shaking, Heaven-rocking attack.

"Meng Hao is going to lose!!"

In the blink of an eye, they engulfed Meng Hao. However, it was at this point... that intense booming sounds echoed out from within Meng Hao. They were like thunder and lightning, exploding and rumbling ceaselessly. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM....

Shockingly, exactly one hundred such sounds echoed out!

The hundred booming sounds represented the power of 100 Immortal meridians unleashing all their power. Instantly, the Wang Clan's bizarre immobilization technique fell apart.

As it collapsed, Wang Mu coughed up a mouthful of blood. It was as if his entire body had been scraped clean from the inside out. His expression was one of shock; he had never before experienced such an intense backlash from someone of the same generation as himself.

As for Meng Hao, all eyes were on him as booming sounds echoed out constantly. The power of one Immortal meridian after another erupted, causing Meng Hao's energy to skyrocket.

“Now it’s my turn,” he said, his eyes flickering with a cold light. Moments ago, the Wang Clan’s magical technique had left him shaken. Now, his eyes brimmed with coldness as his body flickered, suddenly reappearing directly in front of Xie Yixian. As usual, he clenched his right hand and began to punch!

The first punch caused blood to spray out of Xie Yixian’s mouth. His Burning Incense World, his kingdom, collapsed into pieces, and he was sent tumbling backward.

The second punch landed in front of Chen Hao. The flames which surrounded him suddenly encountered a fierce wind, and were extinguished. The shocking flame dragon head exploded, causing Chen Hao to let out a roar of defiance. However, he couldn’t stop the blood from spraying out of his mouth.

The third punch descended towards Wang Mu. Meng Hao actually had fairly complex feelings regarding the Wang Clan. However, he also feared their divine ability. When his punch made contact with the finger attack, a huge boom rang out. The finger attack collapsed, and Wang Mu spit up a mouthful of blood and passed directly into unconsciousness.

Four punches, five punches, six punches!

Song Luodan’s body was covered in a haze of blood. Taiyang Zi’s chest caved in, and he appeared to be on the verge of death. Yu Xinglong from the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum saw his needle collapse into nothing more than bits of ash. His face was pale as Meng Hao’s punch very nearly caused him to explode. In the end, he passed out.

Meng Hao didn’t kill any of them. He had no enmity with them, and knew that as true Immortal Chosen, they were fighting this battle with him because of their own Daos.

Six punches. Six enemies completely swept aside. Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky, hair whipping about. More booms could be heard coming from inside of him, until a total of 123 rang out, indicating that Meng Hao had unleashed the full power of his Immortal meridians.

“Too powerful!!”

“Immortal Realm Paragon!” Cries of astonishment could be heard throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Meng Hao’s current battle prowess left everyone completely shaken.

Countless spectators were watching this battle in the starry sky closely. It was a battle of Chosen, a battle of true Immortals that would determine the future standing of the various sects and clans.

At some point during the action, a strangely ordinary ship appeared in the boundless starry sky, completely undetectable even to the Ji Clan.

An older man sat on the ship, next to whom was a young man, who was frowning as he looked out at an illusory screen which depicted Meng Hao battling the various Chosen.

“Why are they fighting him?” the young man asked. “They have to know that they’re not his match. What’s the point? Don’t these so-called Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea completely overestimate their ability? If it were me, I would definitely prepare secretly to rise to prominence later! Looks like these people from the Ninth Mountain and Sea amount to virtually nothing. They’re all idiots. Fools!”

“That’s because... they are Chosen,” replied the older man softly. “They can accept defeat, and they can accept that they do not measure up to others. However, if they lack even the courage to fight, the determination to draw their swords, then they will forever... be unable to lift a finger against this boy named Fang Hao.

“They are in the Immortal Realm now, and despite the huge gap, if they refuse to fight now... then in the future, that gap will only widen. Then... they would forever lack the courage to fight.” He lifted his glass of alcohol and took a sip.

“They’ll even team up to fight him?” the young man said with a cold laugh. “Whatever would it prove if they won that way?”

“It would prove that he could be beaten by peers from the same generation,” was the calm reply. “Lin’er, that is the difference between you and them. You cannot underestimate these people from the Nine Mountains and Seas.”

The young man laughed coldly. “Ah, who cares? When it comes to them, we already--” He was about to continue when the older man glared at him sternly. The young man’s heart thumped, and he swallowed his words.

No one detected the existence of the ship, as if they actually existed in a different time and space. They floated slowly through the starry sky, drifting off into the distance.

The battle was being watched by countless spectators, which was especially true considering... that what should have been a battle to showcase everyone's glory ended up being a whole group of people joining forces to attack Meng Hao, which made things even more interesting to the onlookers.

Of course, not all Chosen teamed up to attack Meng Hao. Fang Wei hovered motionless in midair, his eyes closed as he completely ignored what was happening in the starry sky. However, he was slowly building his energy, and his aura continued to grow more intense thanks to the amalgamation of his various Fang Clan secret magics. Furthermore, he had two Nirvana Fruits inside of him, which began to pulse as if they were beating hearts.

He was waiting for his energy to reach its peak, whereupon he would battle it out with Meng Hao!

In addition to him, Fan Dong'er was also building up her energy. Then there was Zhao Yifan, Li Ling'er, as well as two other people.... One was from the Ji Clan, someone nobody else noticed because of the fact that the Ji Clan had kept the Door of Immortality concealed when it came to this person. The only thing that people knew was that she had entered true Immortality; no one had any idea of how many Immortal meridians she had. It was Ji Yin!

She was not the Dao Child of the Ji Clan. However, she was the number one figure underneath the Dao Child!

In addition to Ji Yin, there was Fan Dong'er of the Nine Seas God World, who had by this point been forgotten by the majority of people. Also from the Three Great Daoist Societies were Zhao Yifan and Zhou Xin from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto. Of course, there was also the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite....

There was no one who knew of what blazing sun might emerge from the Rite, nor had anyone even heard any whispers of who it might be.

Almost in the same moment that Taiyang Zi and the other five Chosen were defeated, rumbling sounds filled the starry sky as more teleportation portals glimmered into existence. Numerous true Immortal Chosen appeared from the Three Churches and Six Sects, and also from the Holy Lands.

Some of them were people Meng Hao recognized, others were strangers. There were eleven or twelve of them, and they instantly caused explosive ripples to spread out. Each one of these people

were blazing suns from their respective sects, and it was without hesitation that they joined forces to attack.

They knew that they couldn't possibly defeat Meng Hao by relying on their own strength. However, they needed this battle to result in a victory!

Therefore, they teamed up. If they could win, that would be enough to purge the Devils in their hearts, and would prove to them that Meng Hao... could be defeated in battle!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Massive roaring echoed out as the dozen cultivators' Immortal meridians erupted. This was the era of true Immortals, so anyone who had risen to true Immortality, who had opened at least 90 Immortal meridians, and who had secret arts, unleashed their Immortal souls and powered up. They transformed into a dozen beams of prismatic light that shot directly toward Meng Hao.

All of them unleashed different divine abilities as they attacked Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with the desire to do battle. He looked around at his thirteen opponents, and his mouth twisted into a smile. A very cold smile.

His 123 Immortal meridians were in full rotation. As his enemies closed in, Meng Hao charged forward like an explosive dragon. Massive rumbling echoed out as a completely domineering aura emanated out from him. He clenched his hand into a fist and punched.

He slashed through everything like a sharp knife through bamboo. Everywhere he went, divine abilities collapsed, secret magics were destroyed, blood sprayed about, and everything shook.

Boundless ripples spread out through the starry sky like waves over water. Roars of defiance echoed out as Meng Hao simultaneously fought all of these true Immortal Chosen!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The starry sky trembled and the Heavens dimmed. One punch. Another punch. ANOTHER!

Numerous enemies were sent tumbling away, blood spraying from their mouths. Bright beams of light were shattered, divine abilities were completely destroyed....

Among the audience, jaws dropped and eyes widened. Meng Hao was like a celestial warrior, and the image of him fighting was branded indefinitely into the minds of everyone in the current generation.

In the end, when all of the opponents were left ashen-faced, and when the final Chosen was sent flying backward in defeat, Meng Hao raised his hand and waved it toward the Heavens.

“A Writ of Karma!” Numerous Karma threads suddenly emerged from his body, as well as from the bodies of all of the Chosen, including the six he had fought earlier. In total, eighteen streams of Karma could be seen coming from the true Immortal Chosen.

Because of Meng Hao’s domineering cultivation base and Daoist magic, he was able to force the formation of Karma. It transformed into numerous promissory notes, which materialized in thin air and then floated down onto Meng Hao’s palm.

There was no need to write anything, nor any need for anyone to agree to the matter. That was because... they now owed him money!

His Karmic Daoist magic forced ties of destiny!

The instant that A Writ of Karma appeared, his eighteen opponents coughed up blood, and their eyes went bright red. The feeling of having destined ties and promissory notes forced upon them, and the sense that their Karma would be disturbed if they failed to pay back that debt, caused all of the Chosen to look over at Meng Hao, eyes bloodshot and seething with rage.

“Meng Hao, how dare you!!”

“Dammit, you’re too shameless!!”

The true Immortal Chosen all roared with fury.

“Shameless, huh?” he replied, his expression the same as ever, although slightly bashful. He cleared this throat continued on with an air of self-righteousness. “Well... you people wanted to fight me to

solidify your Dao hearts; you were even willing to gang up on me. If you defeated me, your Dao hearts would be freed of their obstruction. In that case, I think I need to collect some interest from you. If you think about it that way, I'm sure you'll agree....” It was just as he had said to Fang Xiufeng, that his dream was to get all of the Chosen in the Ninth Mountain and Sea to owe him money.

That dream... was already becoming a reality. All of a sudden, Meng Hao realized that he had actually set his ambitions a bit too low.

“I should have said that I want all of the Chosen in all the Nine Mountains and Seas to owe me money!” As this grand ambition rose up in his heart, he looked up, and his long hair drifted in the wind. His energy pulsed, and it was as if his desire caused all of the starry sky to tremble. Countless ripples emanated out in all directions.

As of this moment, the Ninth Mountain and Sea had fallen silent. Everyone was speechless as they gazed at Meng Hao. The true Immortal Chosen were in a rage, and yet, couldn't think of a single thing to say in response.

Chapter 988: Wanna Get Married, Wifey?!

Fang Xiufeng wore a strange expression as he stood there on Planet South Heaven, looking at Meng Hao's A Writ of Karma. He also noticed Meng Hao's expression, and couldn't help but sigh emotionally.

Off to the side, Meng Li was chuckling. When she saw the look on Fang Xiufeng's face, she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"This kid was a charmer from the moment he was born," she said, laughing.

“Charmer?” said Fang Xiufeng, gaping. He hesitated for a moment. “He's your son. Right before he left, he did say that he wanted all of the Chosen in the Ninth Mountain and Sea to owe him money....”

“When Hao'er was born, I always knew that he would set different aspirations than everyone else. As for me, I was hoping that his grand ambition would be to get all of the pretty girls in the Ninth Mountain and Sea to become his beloved concubines.” Meng Li smiled, and from her expression it could be seen how much she loved spoiling Meng Hao.



Fang Xiufeng stood there silently, shaking his head and smiling wryly. Only he knew that deep within his heart, there was something he felt somewhat indignant about, and that was the “Foster Father” Meng Hao had mentioned when Ke Jiushi gave him the Immortal meridian.

As Meng Hao’s real father, the feelings that had been on display at that moment had caused a sour feeling to rise up in his heart. He couldn’t quite accept the situation.

“You still haven’t told me why you sent Hao’er to Planet East Victory. I know it’s not just for those two Nirvana Fruits. I’ve asked you many times, and you never tell me, but this time, I want an answer!” Meng Li turned and gave Fang Xiufeng a serious look.

Fang Xiufeng looked quietly at his wife for a moment before finally saying, “You’ll know soon enough.”

Currently, the Ninth Mountain and Sea was completely silent, and everyone was staring at Meng Hao. Meng Hao, who had single-handedly defeated all of these Chosen of the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Some had even joined forces, and yet, had still been defeated. Many of the observers were left completely shaken.

As Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky, he looked around at the more than ten true Immortal Chosen, who were staring at him wrathfully. Unfortunately for them, there was nothing they could do. It was at this point that another teleportation portal suddenly blazed into existence in front of Meng Hao.

Zhao Yifan suddenly walked out of the teleportation portal, accompanied by a massive pillar of sword qi which billowed up from him. The stars trembled as mighty rumbling echoed out in all directions. The true Immortal Chosen in the area instantly stared over at him.

The cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were all watching as Zhao Yifan made his appearance.

“Meng Hao,” he said. “Or should I say... Fang Mu! Long time no see!” As ever, he wore a long, cyan robe, which rippled as he walked, and had a sword strapped to his back. At the moment, the energy that emanated off of him far, far exceeded that which he had displayed at the three Great Daoist Societies’ trial by fire. It was like the difference between Heaven and Earth.

Zhao Yifan of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto!

Meng Hao had fought him twice before. The first time was on Planet South Heaven, when the two had been separated by quite a distance, and had exchanged a single sword attack in midair.

The second time was during the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire. They had vied for first place, a battle in which Meng Hao had been forced to draw on all his battle prowess, and had even allowed a hidden Devilish will to send his heart and mind into chaos, all to be able to only injure Zhao Yifan!

Now, the two of them stared at each other, scenes from the past playing out in their mind's eyes.

“Zhao Yifan....” Meng Hao said slowly. Suddenly, the desire to fight rose up in his eyes. No further words needed to be spoken. There was no enmity between them, only... the need to do battle for the sake of their own Daos in this new era.

The surrounding true Immortal Chosen quickly grew silent and backed up. They had all been defeated, and would not attack again. Furthermore, they knew how powerful Zhao Yifan was, so their eyes flickered as they prepared for the battle which was about to take place.

The observing cultivators out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were recalling the things which had happened in the past between Meng Hao and Zhao Yifan.

“A battle between those two deserves to be the center of attention!”

“Back in the trial by fire, Zhao Yifan suffered a huge defeat. But now... he's become a true Immortal. Now that he's making another appearance, I wonder... if he'll get defeated again?”

“Going up against someone as inhuman as Meng Hao... Zhao Yifan will definitely suffer defeat!” As everyone discussed the matter, Meng Hao and Zhao Yifan faced off with proverbial swords drawn. Just when they were about to explode into action, a second teleportation portal suddenly appeared, then, immediately afterward, a third. Bright light filled the starry sky as Fan Dong'er walked out, the female corpse behind her, hair draped over its body. The incredible aura of a powerful expert instantly erupted out of Fan Dong'er.

“Meng Hao!” she said calmly, her alluring voice so icy that everything turned as cold as winter.

The corpse behind her had long black hair, and emanated the aura of death, causing anyone who looked at it to tremble.

“Eee?! Hello, Inky! I’ve missed you!” Meng Hao said, eyes shining brightly. After a moment, he continued, a bit embarrassedly, “And as for you, little sis Dong’er, it’s time you paid my money back!” His words caused Fan Dong’er’s face to immediately darken. She didn’t know why, but the instant she saw Meng Hao face to face, and heard his voice, and especially upon seeing the expression on his face... her Dao heart filled with an almost uncontrollable urge to give him several vicious kicks.

Even as she gritted her teeth, the third teleportation portal opened up behind her, and Li Ling’er slowly stepped out. She wore a long red gown, and her eyes blazed like lightning as she stared at Meng Hao. Her expression actually seemed a bit torn.

Meng Hao blinked, then smiled and said, “Heyo! Ling’er! Wifey! You’re here too? Did you want to get married or something?”

When the observers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea heard his words, their eyes went wide. It was as if their ears had been struck by lightning.

“What did he just call Li Ling’er?”

“Dammit! He dared to call Li Li Ling’er wifey?!?!”

“Now that I think about it, this Fang Hao... Years ago, the Fang Clan and the Li Clan were supposed to have made a marriage alliance....”

As the audience in the Ninth Mountain and Sea went into an uproar, Li Ling’er stared at Meng Hao and then suddenly smiled. In that moment, the complex look in her eye faded away. She was inherently beautiful, and when she smiled, she instantly radiated a bewitching charm.

“Husband,” she said, smiling a beautiful smile, “you’ve gotten yourself involved with far too many beauties. Once you sever ties with them, then we can get married.”

Meng Hao's eyes went wide. He had never imagined that Li Ling'er would accept his statement. When he saw the grin on her face, it made him feel that there was something suspicious about the whole situation. He laughed it off awkwardly, then his gaze turned cold as he turned to look at Zhao Yifan.

As soon as his gaze fell upon Zhao Yifan, Zhao Yifan's sword qi erupted, and he took a step forward, reaching his hand out, within which appeared an illusory, azure-colored sword. As his fingers closed around the hilt of the sword, he did not speak. Instead, his body bent like a drawn bow, and then he suddenly slashed the sword out toward Meng Hao.

The sword caused everything to vibrate; the Heavens dimmed, and more than ninety Sword Dragons appeared within the sword light. They rapidly merged together to form a gigantic Azure Dragon, which roared as it slashed at the void with its claws. Its long whiskers floated in the air as it charged Meng Hao. Everywhere it went, the void shattered and was rent asunder, as if this Azure Dragon could destroy any and all obstacles that got in its way.

As the Azure Dragon closed in on Meng Hao, he raised his right hand and pointed out. Instantly, massive rumbling sounds could be heard as the Azure Dragon roared to a halt, and was incapable of moving forward even a centimeter.

"Shatter," Meng Hao said coolly. A boom could be heard as the Azure Dragon collapsed, transforming into countless glittering sparks that rapidly dissipated.

The scene that was playing out instantly caused quite a few people to recall what had happened in the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire. What was happening now was somewhat similar, except that back then, Meng Hao had used a palm, and now he was using the casual wave of a single finger.

Zhao Yifan's eyes glittered brightly as he reached out with his right hand, causing what appeared to be an ordinary sword to appear. It was none other than... his Cloud Sealing Sword!

He took five quick steps forward, and with each step, his energy soared higher and grew stronger!

"First Sword, Felling the Mortal!"

"Second Sword, Shocking the Spirit!"

“Third Sword, Severing the Immortal!

“Fourth Sword, Shattering the Ancient!

“Fifth Sword, Trampling the Heavens!” With every step, his energy surged, and he would slash out with his sword. Five steps, five Heaven-shaking sword attacks. The starry sky seemed to be on the verge of collapse. Cracking sounds could be heard as a huge fissure appeared, from within which appeared a gigantic claw that lashed out toward Meng Hao.

The claw looked like the five-taloned claw of a Sword Dragon, formed from five swords. As soon as it appeared, the Heavens trembled, and the expression of all onlookers instantly flickered. The audience in the Ninth Mountain and Sea gasped.

The desire to do battle gleamed even brighter in Meng Hao’s eyes. His expression was cold as his own energy surged, and the power of 123 Immortal meridians erupted!

He had seen these same sword forms the last time he had fought Zhao Yifan, but this time, they were far, far more powerful! Furthermore, at the moment, Meng Hao wanted nothing more than to see exactly how strong he was.

He took a step forward and raised his hand. He didn’t use any sort of divine ability, just one punch, which rocketed toward the incoming five-taloned claw!

123 Immortal meridians erupted, combining with the power of his fleshly body to form an astonishing aura that instantly slammed into the five-taloned claws.

Massive roaring filled the air, and everything shook. The claw shook for a moment and then shattered into countless pieces. Meng Hao continued to advance, his hair whipping about, his aura surging.

“Zhao Yifan, it’s time to use your most powerful secret magic. Otherwise... you’re just no match for me!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, and the domineering tone rose with each step he took. Zhao Yifan suddenly felt an intense pressure and urgency weighing down on him. Fan Dong’er’s face flickered, and Li Ling’er’s pupils constricted.

Zhao Yifan threw his head back and roared, then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand.

“Five Cleaving Swords, Rising Sword Form!” He waved his right hand, causing his Immortal meridians to rotate at full power. His more than 90 Immortal meridians now erupted with the battle prowess of more than 110 meridians.

“First Cleaving, Swords Cleave the Heavens!” Instantly, tens of thousands of flying swords filled the starry sky above Zhao Yifan. Under the shadow of all those swords, Zhao Yifan looked like a Paragon among swords, shocking to the extreme. Now, the power of more than 120 Immortal meridians exploded out within him!

“Second Cleaving, Immortal: Why Sever the Mundane World?!” Zhao Yifan’s aura exploded up. In their previous battle, he had been forced to destroy his Dharma Idol in order to fuel the second cleaving. This time, he unleashed the form without the slightest hitch. Furthermore, using this power caused his energy to surge to something similar to more than 130 Immortal meridians!

This was a true display of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto’s Five Cleaving Swords. It was also the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto’s secret magic for the Immortal Realm. It was actually powerful enough to create a number of illusory meridians which could surpass the normal limit of 123 meridians. However, the Immortal souls that could be formed from those meridians were still limited to one soul per 10 meridians. Furthermore, because of the constraint of 33 Heavens, the maximum number of meridians possible, including those granted by secret magics, was 330, which was considered the great circle.

Throughout countless years, no one had ever been able to achieve that!

Meng Hao raised his head, and his eyes shone with brilliant light, like a cold, sharp sword.

Chapter 989: That Same Feeling!

“Third Cleaving, Who Is Most Honored in Heaven!?” Zhao Yifan cried out. His Immortal meridians once again sent out incredible pressure, and soon, the power he radiated was equal to more than 140 Immortal meridians!!

As soon as this power manifested, the Heavens dimmed, and a wild wind sprang up. All of the stars in the sky trembled, and, at the same time, Zhao Yifan began to shake. Having added to his Immortal Realm power by more than fifty percent, he had reached his limit, and was in a state that he could only maintain for a short time.

“Meng Hao, prepare to receive my most powerful attack!” He threw his head back and roared, causing the tens of thousands of swords around him to merge together into fourteen Immortal souls!

These souls, formed by the illusory Immortal meridians of the secret magic, could not measure up to the souls created, one soul per meridian, after corroborating one’s Dao and becoming Immortal.

To the true Immortal Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, an inhuman cultivator like Meng Hao was someone they simply couldn’t measure up to.

Zhao Yifan’s aura surged, and his sword descended. Behind him were 14 Immortal souls, who caused the descending sword blow to become a beam of light that illuminated the entire starry sky. Everyone was dazzled by the blinding, scintillating light.

Zhao Yifan’s most powerful sword attack!

Rumbling echoed out as the sword shot straight toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s desire to fight seethed as he caused all of his 123 Immortal meridians to rotate at full power. Immortal souls appeared behind him, which was the first time he had used such a power when battling the true Immortal Chosen.

He advanced, clenching his hand into a fist to deliver, as usual... one punch!

It was as if, whatever enemies he faced, he would only use his most simple and direct method of attack. One punch!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Massive rumbling filled the area in the starry sky where Meng Hao and Zhao Yifan met in battle. A massive hole tore open in the void. Blood sprayed out of Zhao Yifan’s mouth. The light caused by his most powerful attack flickered and then shattered into fragments that spread out and transformed into a tempest.

Within that tempest, Zhao Yifan could be seen, smiling bitterly, coughing up consecutive mouthfuls of blood. He had lost, but his heart was not defeated. He now knew that he possessed the strength to bare his sword at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao emerged from within the tempest and then looked back at Zhao Yifan.

It was in that moment that Fan Dong'er surged into action, as did Li Ling'er. They attacked virtually at the same time. As for Fan Dong'er, the Ninth Sea materialized around her. A pulsing magical symbol appeared on her forehead. With each pulse, her Immortal meridians were increased by ten percent of their original power.

After it pulsed four times, she had added forty percent to her power, and her Immortal souls had appeared around her.

She waved her hand, causing the Ninth Sea to shoot forward, filled with countless Sea Dragons. It transformed into something that looked like a huge head, with a solitary horn sticking out of the forehead. It was a Sea Giant that instantly attempted to head-butt Meng Hao.

Its bright energy surged in all directions!

In another direction, Li Ling'er performed an incantation gesture, causing numerous trees to appear around her. Cracking sounds could be heard as the starry sky around her was transformed into a land mass. In the blink of an eye, more than ninety trees had appeared around her. She continued to perform incantation gestures, then tapped on various areas of her body. More rumbling sounds could be heard as the number of trees increased to more than 130 in total.

Either of these young women alone could not exceed Zhao Yifan. However, their combined battle prowess was such that even Zhao Yifan's face would turn pale if he faced them in a fight.

They did not speak to Meng Hao, they simply attacked, in the exact moment in which the fight between Meng Hao and Zhao Yifan concluded.

Meng Hao turned his head, and his eyes shone with a brilliant light. He snorted coldly and caused the power of 123 Immortal meridians to explode out. All 33 Immortal souls appeared behind him, transforming into 33 Heavens, which emanated astonishing pressure!

The domineering sensation of the Immortal Realm Paragon suddenly radiated out.



“Think you can beat me? I’ll just have to put you in your place!” He took a step forward and raised his right hand, not in a fist, but in a palm. He viciously thrust his palm forward, causing the 33 Heavens behind him to shake the starry sky as they transformed into a gigantic hand, which slammed into the Ninth Sea. Huge rumbling sounds filled the air as the seawater exploded. The Sea Dragons let out shrill cries, and the giant with its horned head shattered into pieces.

As its head exploded, Fan Dong’er’s face fell, and she began to retreat. At the same time, Meng Hao advanced, causing the huge hand to rumble directly toward her.

Fan Dong’er’s eyes shone with a bright red light as she performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the corpse behind her looked up and began to emanate an explosive, murderous aura; it appeared to be on the brink of attacking Meng Hao.

In the same instant that the murderous aura radiated out from the corpse, Meng Hao called out in a towering, dignified voice: “Inky, stand down!”

The female corpse immediately bowed its head, the murderous aura vanished, and it even retreated by several dozen meters.

Fan Dong’er stared in shock, and her scalp went numb. In that moment, Meng Hao’s attack closed in. Just when it was about to slam into her, though, he heard someone cough dryly in his ear.

That cough sounded ancient, and it obviously came from the throat of a very old woman. Meng Hao frowned, causing the hand to flip over. Instead of slamming directly into her like had just been about to, it slapped Fan Dong’er’s rear end.

“Meng Hao, how dare you!!”

As the slapping sound rang out, Fan Dong’er let out a shriek, and her face fell. Her buttocks were now uneven, and intense pain filled her trembling body. In fact, it was the most intense pain she had ever experienced in her life.

Trembling, Fan Dong’er was now on the verge of collapsing unconscious. Blood sprayed from her mouth, and she staggered backward, her hatred for Meng Hao rising to near madness.

When Li Ling'er saw this, her expression flickered, and she suddenly stopped in place. Her face was ashen, as if she were suddenly thinking about something very frightening that had happened in the past. Glaring at Meng Hao, she backed up.

"Not quite as good as my wifey," said Meng Hao, turning to look at Li Ling'er.

Li Ling'er gnashed her teeth and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Instantly, the 130 trees surrounding her exploded, transforming into a terrifying whirlwind which shot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time as the trees exploded, Li Ling'er spit out a mouthful of blood and retreated at high speed. Simultaneously, a cold harrumph could be heard coming from within the explosion.

"Get back here, wifey!" Simultaneously, an intense gravitational force latched onto Li Ling'er. Her face flickered as she was involuntarily sucked backward towards the whirlwind.

Within the whirlwind, 33 Immortal souls swirled around Meng Hao. They instantly transformed into 33 Heavens, which bore the brunt of the whirlwind and the exploding trees. He advanced, energy surging, backed by the powerful windstorm.

In the blink of an eye, Li Ling'er was swept up, and was being pulled close to Meng Hao. She gritted her teeth and spun to face him. At the same time, she performed a double-handed incantation gesture, after which the shocking image of a tree leaf appeared on her forehead.

The tree leaf was emerald green, and as soon as it appeared, a strong life force appeared in Li Ling'er. A magic bottle materialized in front of her, which she grabbed and threw toward Meng Hao.

"I knew you would use that move," he said coolly, waving his sleeve. The 33 Immortal souls behind him emanated shocking power, and the magic bottle instantly shattered.

Blood sprayed from Li Ling'er's mouth as she tumbled backward. In that same instant, Meng Hao advanced forward, spanning the distance between the two of them to appear right next to Li Ling'er. Then, he raised his hand high into the air, and, as Li Ling'er's pupils shrank with fury blazing in her eyes, smacked his palm down onto her rear end.

This was... the third time!

Li Ling'er let out a miserable shriek as pain exploded throughout her body. Her face went deathly white, and she was sent spinning, her body shaking. She looked back at Meng Hao with intense killing intent.

“Meng Hao!!”

“Ah, what a familiar feeling,” he said with a cool smile. With that, he paid no further attention to Li Ling'er. He had not even used his full power when fighting Zhao Yifan. Rather, he was taking his time to get accustomed to the various degrees of battle prowess that he could display. You could say that the true Immortal Chosen had come to fight him successively. However, this was the optimal situation for Meng Hao; he needed continuous fights like this in order to adapt to his newfound battle prowess in the quickest possible manner.

Now, he had mostly finished adapting, and his eyes glittered brightly as he looked out into the starry sky.

At this point, all of the spectators out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were looking at Meng Hao and his power. This overt display of might caused everyone in the Immortal Realm to be filled with fear, and even caused members of the Ancient Realm to stare in shock.

“He's the... number one figure in the Immortal Realm!”

“He's just fighting the true Immortal Chosen to hone himself! It's like when a mighty sword is forged from divine metal that still need to be sharpened after it comes out of the fire!”

“It's possible that the only person who could be his match is, not someone from his generation, but... someone from the Elder generation!” Discussions raged in all corners of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky, looking around calmly as he said, “Chosen! Are there any of you left who dare to fight me! If not, then I have some personal matters to handle.” He looked down at Planet East Victory, and his eyes flickered coldly.

If you followed his line of sight, you would see... that he was looking at Fang Wei, who hovered in midair above Planet East Victory.

Fang Wei opened his eyes slowly and calmly.

In the instant that they looked at each other, the rumbling sound of teleportation portals could be heard, as three more portals appeared.

Meng Hao frowned, and originally planned to ignore them and head directly toward Planet East Victory. However, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned toward one of the teleportation portals. His eyes suddenly widened, and an expression of disbelief appeared on his face.

“You’re not dead?”

A young man walked out of the teleportation portal. He was tall and slender, and although he did not look physically imposing, anyone who looked at him would be able to tell that his fleshly body was terrifyingly powerful.

“No, I’m still alive,” he said.

Something that looked like a star rotated slowly on his forehead. However, if you examined it closely, you would see that there were several other stars in the same position, that seemed to have been sealed, causing them to flicker somewhere between illusory and corporeal.

It was...

Wang Tengfei!!

Almost in the same moment that Wang Tengfei appeared, a figure emerged from the second teleportation portal. She floated out, surrounded by a boundless mist of Karma.

Within the mist, her cold and emotionless eyes pierced out toward Meng Hao, intense to the extreme.

She was... Ji Yin!

The last teleportation portal opened, and another young man appeared. He looked like a scholar, and even carried a bamboo scroll in his hand. He looked over at Meng Hao and smiled in a way that

seemed sincere, but actually contained boundless coldness. There even seemed to be a hint of jealously buried deep inside.

“Elder Brother Meng, I am Zhou Shui, from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. My master commanded me to come here. Please give me some face by fighting with me for a bit.”

“Taking turns to fight me?” replied Meng Hao. “When will this end?! Do you really think that I won’t dare to kill people with all of your sects looking on!?” His eyes gleamed with intense coldness, but his words were even colder.

Chapter 990: Gods vs. Immortals!

Meng Hao glanced over the three. Although he was a little taken aback by the appearance of Wang Tengfei, he still chose to speak in this manner.

The faces of these three newcomers didn’t flicker in the slightest in response to his words. As for Ji Yin, her face wasn’t even visible.

“Elder Brother Meng, my master is from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite--” said Zhou Shui. He was smiling on the surface, but his heart was as cold as ice. Before he could finish speaking Meng Hao looked directly at him, his expression frigid.

He said nothing further, but instead, advanced. 33 Immortal souls exploded with power, and his 123 meridians rotated, surging with shocking power. Instantly, he was in front of Zhou Shui, launching a punch.

Zhou Shui’s eyes flickered with coldness as he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand. His energy rose up, causing ripples to spread out as power equivalent to 140 meridians exploded out. His Immortal souls appeared, and at the same time, a spark of flame appeared directly above his head, from within which emanated the sounds of scriptures being chanted. Instantly, Zhou Shui’s aura exceeded that of Zhao Yifan.

He quickly finished his incantation gesture and then formed his hand into a palm, which he thrust out to meet Meng Hao’s blow.

A boom could be heard, and Zhou Shui’s face fell as his entire arm vibrated. At the same time, he unleashed the full power of his cultivation base, after which a ripping sound could be heard, and the chanting of the scriptures grew louder.

“Nine Cycles Daoist Magic!” As soon as Zhou Shui’s voice rang out, the chanting of scriptures surged, transforming into strange ripples that reduced the power of Meng Hao’s attack, nine times in a row. After the ninth reduction, the attack was easily countered by Zhou Shui’s palm.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he looked over at Zhou Shui.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, is this the full power of the Immortal Realm Paragon’s attack?” he asked coolly. However, deep inside, he was shocked. Seeing what he had just seen, and feeling it personally, left him greatly shaken.

“If that’s all you have, then it’s time to see how you like one of my attacks.” With that, rumbling emanated out of his body as... 99 Immortal dragons suddenly appeared around him.

The Immortal dragons roared, causing strange colors to flash in the air, and the Heavens to tremble. This scene caused widespread shock among the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“99 meridians!!”

“The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite has profound resources hidden away! I can’t believe they have a disciple with 99 meridians!!”

“That’s only one short of 100. It looks like Zhou Shui isn’t too happy to be fighting Meng Hao. If the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite had given HIM that meridian, he would have 100 right now!!”

Zhou Shui’s eyes flickered as the 99 dragons roared, and his Immortal souls appeared. Even as the ripples of the Nine Cycles Daoist Magic spread out, he took a deep breath, and what he absorbed was the qi of Heaven and Earth from the starry sky.

After taking one breath, his Immortal meridians thrummed. Immediately, the number of dragons exceeded 99. Soon there were 100, 108, 115, 127, 136... until there were a total of 148!

This scene caused everyone to be extremely shocked. Zhou Shui’s aura roared into the sky, and within his eyes appeared a cold light as he looked toward Meng Hao and barked, “One Breath, Slay Three Corpses!”

Zhou Shui's eyes flickered with killing intent. He knew that he had no hope of actually defeating Meng Hao, but he still hoped to be able to fight him to a draw, and prove that he was the true Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

As he spoke, his aura surged out, and his Immortal meridians caused strands of Immortal qi to form a huge stream of white smoke that shot toward Meng Hao.

It was only one stream, but it emanated a terrifying aura that seemed capable of slaughtering anyone in the Immortal Realm. Everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea was astonished.

The only person whose expression was the same as ever was Meng Hao. His mouth twisted into a cold smile as his 123 Immortal meridians caused 123 portions of Immortal power to merge together into his fist. This could be counted as a secret magic that resulted from corroborating the Dao on his own to reach true Immortality.

Yet again, one punch rocketed through the air.

When Meng Hao fought earlier, it might have seemed like he was using all of the power that his Immortal meridians could provide. However, he had actually employed no skill whatsoever in his attacks, and had relied only on brute force to crush everyone.

Now was the first time that he was using a true Immortal secret magic, unifying the power of his Immortal meridians into one force... to deliver a true Immortal Realm attack.

The one punch generated a massive wind that caused the stars to flicker. Shockingly, numerous Soul Lamps appeared around Meng Hao, causing Zhou Shui to gape in shock. His eyes went wide, and even as the astonishment washed through him, Meng Hao's fist slammed into the stream of smoke.

A huge boom rang out as the smoke instantly collapsed. Blood sprayed from Zhou Shui's mouth, and his body very nearly exploded. Shouting loudly, he utilized the Nine Cycles Daoist Magic, but even after reducing the power nine times, he was still sent flying backward like a kite with its string cut. Blood spurted out all over his body until he was soaked. His aura was vastly weakened, and the flame of his life force flickered on the verge of being extinguished.

"You...." he said. His face was pale, his scalp numb. Vibrations surged through his body to the point where all his Immortal meridians were about to collapse. In the midst of his astonishment, a look of terror appeared on his face, and without hesitation, he produced a jade slip which he crushed, teleporting him away immediately.

The Ninth Mountain and Sea went deathly quiet as everyone mentally replayed the image of Meng Hao's attack just now.

“That's... the power of the Immortal Realm Paragon?!?!”

“Strong! So strong!! That strike was comparable to the Ancient Realm!!”

“That attack... even someone in the Ancient Realm with one extinguished soul lamp... might have a hard time fighting back against it!!”

The Ninth Mountain and Sea was shaken as Meng Hao turned his head to face Wang Tengfei and Ji Yin.

Ji Yin's face was grim, and she backed up toward the teleportation portal. Apparently, she had decided not to attack Meng Hao. It was as if she had realized that Meng Hao, as of this moment, was someone others in the Immortal Realm couldn't beat.

Fan Dong'er's eyes were wide, and Li Ling'er's face was ashen. Zhao Yifan was smiling bitterly, and as for Taiyang Zi and the rest of the group of ten or so from earlier, all of them were sighing.

They now knew that earlier... Meng Hao was only fighting to get used to his cultivation base. Therefore, he let them attack him. Now... he had no need for such a thing, and if they tried to attack him again, the result would be very different.

Meng Hao was someone not to be provoked!

Wang Tengfei looked up, and the stars on his forehead flickered as he advanced by a pace.

“Meng Hao, I won't waste your time. One punch. Just one punch!” His eyes flickered with obsession. He had been waiting for this moment for a long time, and in fact, there was no one except the two of them who truly knew all the details of their past.



Meng Hao looked at Wang Tengfei. He was still a bit shocked to find out that Wang Tengfei was alive, especially considering that he had personally seen him die at the hands of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Well aware of what Meng Hao was wondering, Wang Tengfei offered an explanation, his voice soft: “The 10th Patriarch helped me.”

Meng Hao looked back at Wang Tengfei silently, and his heart filled with complicated thoughts as he recalled how they had first met all those years ago. It was very likely that Wang Tengfei had seen the Flying Rain-Dragon that had become one of his Immortal meridians.

“Very well!” he said, nodding.

Wang Tengfei’s eyes gleamed with the desire to fight. As he looked at Meng Hao, his energy began to rise up. He possessed no secret magic, and the number of Immortal meridians that he had opened could not be considered especially outstanding in the current age.

However, he did have access to some of the deep resources built up by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He also had Meng Hao’s Perfect Foundation, as well as the bloodline power he had acquired in the moment of becoming a true Immortal.

That bloodline power was something shocking even in the Wang Clan because it was so rare!

It was the power of Gods!

In the Wang Clan, this bloodline power of Wang Tengfei was the power of a God!

What he walked, was not the path of Immortal Ascension. What he walked... was the path of Godly Ascension!

This battle was a fight between Gods and Immortals!

Wang Tengfei threw his head back and roared. Cracking sounds emanated out from his body, and in the blink of an eye.... he grew until he was 30 meters tall. 300 meters tall. 3,000 meters.... He looked completely and utterly shocking to anyone who saw him, and the area around him instantly filled with rifts and fissures.

He continued to grow larger with maddening speed, and within a few breaths of time, he was directly in front of Meng Hao, a giant fully 6,000 meters tall!

The sudden appearance of this giant filled Meng Hao's mind with shock, and caused him to think back to the vision he had experienced in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, in which he saw a giant. That giant actually looked very similar to Wang Tengfei!

Both had thick, tough skin covered with magical symbols, and both had stars on their foreheads. The main difference was that the giant in his vision had more stars than Wang Tengfei!

All cultivators who saw what was happening were shocked. Wang Tengfei roared, causing a chaotic, primeval sensation to fill the hearts of anyone who heard it. His right hand clenched into a fist and he punched out toward Meng Hao.

That fist flew like a gigantic meteor, heading toward Meng Hao with shocking speed.

Meng Hao's expression was one of concentration. He was aware that there was something special about the Wang Clan. He had been able to tell that from the strange divine ability used by Wang Mu earlier. In fact, he had even experienced other strange Wang Clan divine abilities on Planet South Heaven. However, he had never imagined that the Wang Clan blood contained... the power of Gods!

"Just exactly how powerful was the first Patriarch of the Wang Clan?" he thought. He had no idea what era that Wang Clan Patriarch lived in, but he was now intensely curious about him. However, now was not the time to ponder such matters. He clenched his right hand tightly into a fist, causing popping sounds to ring out. Then, he unleashed his secret magic, causing his 123 Immortal meridians to fuse with the power of his true Immortal fleshly body.

It was as if his fleshly body was now 123 times more powerful, and as he punched out, the starry sky around him was shattered. The power contained in his fist caused the hearts of all observing cultivators to quiver.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao flew up to make contact with Wang Tengfei's fist. When the two slammed into each other, a huge boom echoed out. Stars collapsed and the Heavens went dark. A massive, ringlike shockwave spread out in all directions.

Blood sprayed out of Wang Tengfei's mouth as he was sent staggering backward. His enormous body rapidly shrank in size, and after falling back more than ten paces, he was back to normal, his face ashen. He coughed up a few more mouthfuls of blood, and his right arm appeared to be completely shattered. He looked up at Meng Hao.

"I'm definitely going to defeat you one day!" he said, sounding incredibly determined. With that, he turned, coughed up another mouthful of blood, and then transformed into a beam of light which shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao stood there silently. He slowly lowered his fist to find that his arm was trembling. Wang Tengfei's staggering power contained a domineering force that could destroy everything. Meng Hao looked down at the back of his hand, and the wound that had been left behind there.

This was actually the first time he had been injured while fighting these Chosen.

"Godly power...." he thought, eyes flickering with anticipation.

"Now, it's time to take care of that personal matter...." He looked down toward Planet East Victory, and Fang Wei, who hovered there in midair. Once again, their gazes locked.

"Fang Wei!" he said softly, shooting toward Planet East Victory under the shocked gazes of everyone present!

"Fang Hao!" Fang Wei's eyes gleamed with obsession as he began to fly up to meet Meng Hao.

Down on the ground below, Fang Xiushan's eyes flickered with a venomous, murderous intent. Fang Wei's grandfather narrowed his eyes. Within his hand was a jade slip that he was prepared to crush at a moment's notice.

However, he seemed to be hesitating. Once he crushed that jade slip... there would be no turning back.