

# The Heavens 1231

## Chapter 1231: Deadly Catastrophe!

Meng Hao frowned and looked over at the Meng Clan cultivators who were charging toward him. All of them were in the Immortal Realm, and there was one who had clearly just achieved Immortal Ascension, a stage 1 Immortal.

They were trembling to a man, looking at Meng Hao in abject terror. In fact, once Meng Hao swept his gaze over them, none of them seemed willing to advance.

“What are you doing?” hollered the young man, furious. “Get out there! Don’t let him get away!!” The old man standing off to the side saw Meng Hao looking his way. Trembling, he gritted his teeth and slapped his hand onto the back of the young man’s head.

The young man instantly went limp and fainted. The old man quickly hurried forward, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

“Senior, our clan’s Young Master doesn’t understand how the world works. This was clearly just a case of mistaken identity. Senior, please forgive us. Well, we’ll be on our way now...” Then he nervously called for all the clan members to return to the ship, after which it slowly began to back up.

Meng Hao could see the beads of sweat on the old man’s face, and could tell how nervous he was. Clearly he now hated the young man even more than he had before.

The young man had instantly identified Meng Hao, and so had his Dao Protector. However, as soon as the old man thought about how Meng Hao had exterminated the Heavengod Alliance’s Blacksoul Society, and then killed so many of his pursuers, even Dao Realm experts, his heart trembled.

“Brainless moron. I really don’t understand why the clan cares about him so much. I can’t believe he intentionally provoked that jinx!”

There was someone else on the ship who was looking at Meng Hao, his face pale. He seemed to be hesitating, as if something had just occurred to him that he wished to speak out loud, but didn’t qualify to do so.

He was also a young man, wearing the clothes of a royal bodyguard. His face was crisscrossed with numerous scars that stretched down his neck and even further. Apparently, those scars ran across his entire body, and he looked to be in a weakened state.

Meng Hao looked over at the cultivators of the Meng Clan. He would never have imagined that his initial encounter with them would have been like this. He glanced at the young unconscious youth and realized that he must be someone very special to the Meng Clan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the level of power he did.

However, the fact that he was such an idiot caused Meng Hao to feel a bit disappointed in the Meng Clan. However, because it was his mother's clan, and his grandfather's, he had special feelings for them. Therefore, he didn't allow what had happened to leave him with a very bad impression.

He had planned all along to go visit the Meng Clan while he was in the Eighth Mountain, to see what it was like and also to make contact with the members of his grandfather's bloodline.

As he watched the ship moving off into the distance, he sighed, then looked away and made to leave. But then his eyes flickered as he looked off in a different direction.

"Well since you're here, why not show yourself?" he said calmly. As soon as the words left his mouth, the void off in the distance distorted, and three people emerged.

The first was a ruddy-faced boy wearing a white robe. He held his hands clasped behind his back, and had a third eye on his forehead. His expression was icy, and the third eye blinked constantly, simultaneously radiating a mysterious light as he walked forward. Shocking ripples radiated out from him in all directions, causing the natural laws in the starry sky to be shoved away. Essence power built up, like a drawn arrow ready to be loosed.

"Dao Lord...." Meng Hao thought, pupils constricting.

The second person was an old woman, her face covered with bulging pustules. Every step she took caused her to tremble, as if she were so old she might die at any moment. However, she brimmed with vibrant life force that made her seem like an eternally inextinguishable flame.

When the old woman saw Meng Hao, piercing, screeching laughter erupted from her mouth, as if she were looking at a dead man.

The third person was none other than Patriarch Blacksoul. He looked different now; obviously he had possessed a new fleshly body. However, his soul aura, and his venomous hatred for Meng Hao, made him instantly identifiable.

“Listen up, child,” the white-robed boy said. “I’m Xuan Daozi, from the One Profound Sect on Planet Profound Turtle!” The boy’s voice was not loud, and yet it seemed to rumble out in all directions like thunder.

As soon as Meng Hao heard him mention the One Profound Sect, his eyes widened. Of the four planets in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao had heard of Planet Luo River, as well as... Planet Profound Turtle! As for the One Profound Sect, they were the number one sect on Planet Profound Turtle. They occupied a very high position, and were ranked among the top five forces in the Heavengod Alliance!

Next to speak was the old woman, whose voice was hoarse as she smiled and said, “And I’m Hong Chen, from the Church of the Dragon God on Planet Eight Designs.”

Her expression was completely vicious, and when she smiled, one of the pustules on her face popped. No liquid emerged; instead, a milky-white centipede crawled out from the broken flesh, its legs writhing in a shocking fashion.

When Meng Hao looked at this Hong Chen, his heart sank a bit. Planet Eight Designs was also one of the four great planets in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As for the Church of the Dragon God, it was even more powerful than the One Profound Sect, and was one of the unflappable top three sects in the Heavengod Alliance!

Clearly, these two sects had been recruited by Patriarch Blacksoul. If they succeeded in the venture, and thus obtained the services of Patriarch Blacksoul, then the sect’s power would increase by an entire level. The One Profound Sect would then be able to compete directly with the Church of the Dragon God, and as for the Church of the Dragon God, they would then be just as glorious as the second-ranking force in the Alliance, the Godchild Society.

As soon as these three powerful experts appeared, the Meng Clan ship suddenly stopped moving. By this point their young leader had regained consciousness, and had ordered the ship to be stopped. Now, he was staring at Meng Hao with glittering eyes, and his Dao Protector was doing nothing to hold him back.

People exist everywhere who hope to take advantage of a crisis for personal gain, and the Meng Clan was no exception.

“I’m Meng Hao!” he said in introduction. Even if he had faced these three almighty Dao Lords of the senior generation back when he was uninjured, he still would have been killed. Therefore, there was no need to even mention what a fight now would be like, considering that he was seriously injured. In fact, even facing one of them would be quite difficult for him.

However, he still wasn’t willing to lose his pride, and therefore, when Hong Chen and Xuan Daozi formally introduced themselves, naturally, he did the same. As for where he came from, it was sufficient that they were aware of the facts; there was no need for him to state it himself.

Patriarch Blacksoul glared at Meng Hao, eyes brimming with intense hatred. Meng Hao had destroyed his entire existence, and now he wished to do the same to Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao,” Patriarch Blacksoul said, his voice booming like thunder. “Echelon cultivator from the Ninth Mountain and Sea. What a high status.... But not here! Here, you’re nothing!”

Something else happened that nobody noticed, not even Patriarch Blacksoul, or perhaps he didn’t deign to care.... On the Meng Clan’s ship, the scar-faced young bodyguard trembled in response to the words. Then his eyes began to shine with a bright light as he looked out at Meng Hao.

However, the light in his eyes quickly faded, as if whatever matter had occurred to him moments before was really an impossibility. Nobody noticed this happen; all of the cultivators on the Meng Clan ship were paying close attention to what was likely about to develop into a deadly Dao Realm battle!

Rumbling filled the air as Patriarch Blacksoul began to stride forward. He waved his right hand, causing countless souls to silently materialize. Essence power also rocked out, causing the starry sky to tremble as it all bore down on Meng Hao.

Anyone under the Dao Realm who faced a deadly attack like this would be destroyed in a single attack, regardless of the level of their cultivation base. But Meng Hao was an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and his fleshly body was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Because of that, despite not being in the Dao Realm, he could definitely match up with Dao Realm cultivators!

Meng Hao’s face was calm, although he really had no other choice but to remain calm. Any sort of emotion was useless at this point. This fight was going to happen, therefore... how to fight, how to defend, how to counterattack, and all other aspects of the battle were decided by Meng Hao in an instant!

He suddenly flickered into motion, raising his right hand to summon numerous Immortal mountains, and even the Paragon Bridge, which descended toward Patriarch Blacksoul to block his path.

When their divine abilities met, a tremor ran through Meng Hao, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. However, his eyes flickered as he suddenly borrowed the force of the blow to shoot backward, toward... the 33 glowing rifts that he had seen earlier.

After observing the area earlier, he knew that it contained vast dangers, and that they were places where there was virtually nothing but death. But he was in a similarly deadly situation right now. Furthermore, when two deadly situations like this slammed into each other, it was possible that... the explosive result would not necessarily be death... but an elusive... chance to live!!

The people in the Meng Clan could take advantage of a crisis for personal gain, so naturally... Meng Hao could too!

In the moment that Meng Hao fell back, Patriarch Blacksoul was rocked by the Paragon Bridge. However, even as the blood oozed out of his mouth, the white-robed Xuan Daozi suddenly laughed, blurring away and then rematerializing right next to Meng Hao.

“Get back here, child!” he said coolly, reaching out with his right hand to grab Meng Hao. Next, it was as if his hand transformed into a black hole, causing the starry sky to reverse its movement, and time to run backward.

Even the Meng Clan’s ship was affected, and began to emit creaking sounds as it began to tilt over on its side as it was sucked towards him.

Seeing that he was about to be grabbed, Meng Hao suddenly laughed coldly and began to walk. He was using... the time-walking technique taught to him by... the black-robed figure named Slaughter!

One step, two step, three steps. Meng Hao stepped through time, seemingly moving slowly, and yet, despite the fact that Xuan Daozi’s palm was causing time to flow in reverse, Meng Hao was still able to walk forward!

This was using Time to fight Time!

A brief moment later, and Meng Hao was already off in the distance, leaving Xuan Daozi standing there gaping. In all his years of cultivation, this was the first time anyone had defeated his Essence magic in such a fashion. His eyes began to shine brightly with disbelief as he watched Meng Hao, and especially the way he was walking.

“What walking technique is that? It contains a Dao of Time that’s even more profound... than my own!”

Chapter 1232: Essence Stirs Only For the Daosource!

As soon as Xuan Daozi saw Meng Hao’s walking technique, his own Essence of time suddenly began to boil with thirst. It was a feeling that he had never, ever experienced before!

“This....” it took only a moment for the reaction of the Essence to grow stronger, and cause him to begin to tremble with excitement!

“My Essence is moving, thirsting... this... this... this matter is something which is mentioned in the histories!!

“Heavens! I... I can’t believe I’ve encountered something that exists only in legends. Where did this Meng Hao’s walking technique come from? It can actually stir my Essence up, and cause it to exhibit a powerful thirst!!

“My Essence wishes to absorb the Dao of Time in that walking technique!

“If I can gain enlightenment of it, then my own Essence of time could potentially... progress another step and form a sliver of the Daosource! According to the legends, Essence stirs only for the Daosource!

“The Daosource... is something so mysterious that only almighty Dao Sovereigns can possibly grope for understanding of it.... Only the legendary Paragons could actually aspire to such supreme heights!” Xuan Daozi’s eyes were wide, and his heart was pounding in excitement.

To Dao Realm experts, Essence was only the beginning! It was the destination of their journey, and yet, it was another starting point!

That starting point was actually where the vast majority of Dao Realm cultivators would be stuck for the rest of their lives. They searched for more enlightenment in order to possess more Essences, and thus reach the absolute pinnacle!

The first pinnacle was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, above which was the Dao Sovereign. And anyone who possessed seven Essences could rightly be termed a Paragon!

In truth, though, there was even something that not all Dao Realm cultivators understood. Only certain Dao Lords and Dao Sovereigns had heard that... becoming a Paragon was not the absolute peak of cultivation. For example, Paragon Nine Seals had nine great Essences, and yet, as strong as he was, he eventually died.

Beyond the 9-Essences Paragon, there was the Daosource Realm!

Actually... no one even knew whether the Daosource Realm was real or not. After all, from ancient times until now, be it in the times of the Paragon Immortal Realm or the current Mountain and Sea Realm, the entire Immortal World... had never produced a single Daosource Realm cultivator!

There were only stories and legends which said that the key to the Daosource Realm was that... Essence stirs merely for the Daosource!

“The Daosource! This is definitely the legendary Daosource! This is the first time since stepping into the Dao Realm that one of my Essences has moved!!” Xuan Daozi looked at Meng Hao for a moment and then suddenly shot after him. His action was not taken on behalf of his sect, which had been recruited by Patriarch Blacksoul. Rather... he was doing this for himself!

When he thought about the fact that not even the legendary Paragons could touch the Daosource, Xuan Daozi went wild with joy.

However, there was someone else who reacted even faster. In almost the exact same moment that Meng Hao used the special time-traveling walking technique, Hong Chen laughed, a hoarse, grating laugh. Suddenly, she waved her finger, causing seven of the pustules on her face to pop. Seven milky-white centipedes then shot toward Meng Hao.

“Dragon God, your presence is requested!” Hong Chen’s eyes glittered coldly, and as soon as the words left her mouth, the seven centipedes swirled around each other, as if they were forming some bizarre spell formation. A shocking aura began to radiate off of them, and at the same time, an enormous illusory figure appeared, surrounding the centipedes.

That figure was not a dragon but, rather, a huge centipede that was fully 3,000 meters long. As soon as it appeared, the starry sky shattered. The Dragon God roared and then lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding. The Dragon God was bearing down on him, and Xuan Daozi was closing in rapidly. At this critical moment, Meng Hao was incapable of dodging. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the Paragon Bridge to appear. As he proceeded along using his time-walking technique, Immortal mountains descended, around which swirled a sun and a moon. The full power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal also exploded out.

The meat jelly appeared, forming a suit of armor. The copper mirror materialized into the Battle Weapon. The mastiff transformed into a cape. The fourth Nirvana Fruit appeared, which Meng Hao pushed into his forehead.

It all happened in the blink of an eye, causing Meng Hao's energy to spike dramatically. He waved his hand viciously, causing the starry sky to tremble. Even the Meng Clan's ship began to vibrate, and its protective shield shattered. Numerous disciples of the Meng Clan coughed up blood.

The Dragon God let out a miserable howl as it collapsed into pieces. Xuan Daozi stopped his frenzied pursuit and waved his sleeve, causing his cultivation base to erupt with a powerful attack. Patriarch Blacksoul also roared as he went on the offensive.

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as the Paragon Bridge was sent spinning away. The mountains collapsed and the sun and moon shattered. The meat jelly armor fell to pieces, the Battle weapon faded away, and the cape reverted back into the mastiff, which spewed out blood.

Meng Hao's fourth Nirvana Fruit was forced out of him, and Meng Hao was rapidly enveloped by a mist of his own blood. He appeared to have been seriously injured, and as he continued to flee, it was even possible to see shattered bones in the mangled mass of flesh that was his chest.

"DIE!" cried Hong Chen, killing intent flickering in her eyes as she advanced directly toward Meng Hao. Patriarch Blacksoul unleashed his most powerful Essence magic as he attacked Meng Hao gleefully.

Xuan Daozi's face suddenly flickered.



“Don’t kill him!” he barked, stepping forward to intervene. Rumbling filled the air as he blocked the attacks of both Hong Chen and Patriarch Blacksoul, who then glared at him angrily.

“Xuan Daozi, what are you doing?”

“Fellow Daoist Xuan Daozi, you’re blocking me? What is the meaning of this!?” Hong Chen and Patriarch Blacksoul both stared at Xuan Daozi, eyes aflame with rage.

“I need him!” Xuan Daozi explained immediately. “Keep him alive, and after I’m done with him, then you can kill him. I’ll even owe the both of you a big favor!” His words immediately caused the faces of Patriarch Blacksoul and Hong Chen to soften.

Meng Hao took advantage of their brief moment of interaction to fall back even further. His face was pale, and his cultivation base had plummeted. In fact, the extent of the injuries were far greater than the ones he sustained when he had attacked the Blacksoul Society.

He was only a single person facing three Dao Lords, and he wasn’t even truly in the Dao Realm himself. He wasn’t their match to begin with, and now he didn’t even have time to flee into the 33 glowing rifts.

Off in the distance, everyone on the Meng Clan ship had been injured. As for the Young Lord, he wiped the blood off of his mouth, and his eyes flickered with greed.

“I want his place in the Echelon!” the young man roared. “Go! All of you get out there and kill him!!” Although none of the other Meng Clan disciples actually did anything... strange gleams could be seen in their eyes as they stared at Meng Hao, as if they were a pack of wolves staring at an injured tiger.

It was only the scar-faced young man who was apparently unable to conceal the concern he felt, and looked somewhat anxious.

Currently, Meng Hao was in full retreat. Xuan Daozi and the other two Dao Realm Experts had come to an agreement, and looked over at him, killing intent swirling. They closed in, completely ignoring how distasteful it was for the powerful to bully the weak, or for people to gang up on others.

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. He had no Daoist magics which could block their attacks. He even tried to use the Paragon's blood inside of him to summon the light of the Mountain and Sea Realm's sun and moon, to no avail.

"I guess I was a bit too reckless after all...." he murmured. "However, I don't regret anything. Although, it's a real pity that I won't be able to get Qing'er back, or save Chu Yuyan...." Meng Hao sighed as the three Dao Realm experts bore down on him. However, it was at this point that a tremor ran through him, and his eyes suddenly began to shine with a bright light.

"Wait, I actually do have one more Daoist magic!" He suddenly looked up and gritted his teeth. Then, he bent his legs into a circle and lifted his right arm in front of his face.

"The Dao is in My Heart!" he roared. Instantly, the starry sky went completely silent, as if all noise had been consumed. In fact, any noise that was emitted was completely wiped away!

Within that stifling silence, an incredible pressure suddenly weighed down. Xuan Daozi's face fell, Hong Chen's eyes went wide, and Patriarch Blacksoul gaped in shock. All three of them were Dao Lords, and were keenly in tune with Heaven, Earth, and the starry sky. All of a sudden, they could sense a will descending, something that caused their hearts to tremble with intense fear.

Meng Hao was also shaking. As he roared the words, his divine sense spread out. Although he had practiced this magical technique with the Daoist priest over and over again, nothing like this had ever happened. Suddenly, hope flared up within him, burning strong and bright.

Deep in his heart, obsession and faith melded together. As of this moment, he firmly believed that the Seal the Heavens Incantation would definitely catalyze the Mountain and Sea Realm into motion!

He couldn't sense the pressure in the area, as he was completely immersed in a bizarre state. It was as if... he had become the world. As if... he was the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As if... he was the will of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

When it came to the words 'The Dao is in My Heart,' Meng Hao viewed that Dao to be the entire Mountain and Sea Realm! The Mountain and Sea Realm was in his heart!

"The Will is in My Eyes!" His left arm rose up to a horizontal position, and together with his right arm, it formed the character 十, covering his eyes and making it impossible for him to see the world in front of him. However, what it could not cover over... was his heart and his will!

The truth is that on many occasions, it is only when you close your eyes, when you completely cover your field of vision, when you can see absolutely nothing... that you can truly feel the world!

That was exactly what Meng Hao was experiencing right now. He could feel the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas within the starry sky, and he could also sense the sun and the moon.

He began to tremble as his perception completely filled the entire Mountain and Sea Realm without hindrance of any kind. His will was now the will of the Mountains and Seas, and his mind became the mind of the Mountains and Seas!

Even the Daoist priest could never have predicted that Meng Hao would be able to so easily unleash the Seal the Heavens Incantation. In fact, it was so easy... that it was almost as if it were a Heavenly magic that had been prepared specifically for him!

Believe yourself to be the Lord of the Mountains and Seas, and seal the 33 Heavens!

However, if you actually were the Lord of the Mountains and Seas, then the magic... would be unimaginably powerful!

Meng Hao was shaking as he shifted his legs to form the shape of a mountain. Then he stretched his hands wide, as if to embrace the entire world.

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas! Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!!” he roared.

In that instant, the starry sky trembled, and the world shook. The Mountain and Sea Realm’s Nine Seas roared, and the Nine Mountains shook violently. The sun and moon vibrated. Everything was shining dazzlingly!

The Mountains and Seas were completely rocked!

It was only in this place, and only Meng Hao who could... begin the initial sealing of the Heavens!

Chapter 1233: Initial Opening of the 33 Hells!

As Meng Hao widened his arms, the starry sky in front of him distorted, and a gigantic, blurry figure suddenly appeared, which instantly charged forward.

Massive, shocking ripples emanated out that could shake Heaven and Earth!

Patriarch Blacksoul charged toward it, letting out a powerful shout and raising his arms up, unleashing the full power of his Essences. A huge boom could be heard as his body was shredded to pieces, causing Patriarch Blacksoul to once again let out a roar.

The chunks of blood and flesh which appeared quickly turned black, and in the blink of an eye, had formed into countless souls which carried Patriarch Blacksoul away at top speed. However, the giant was still on the offensive.

Miserable shrieks could be heard coming from Patriarch Blacksoul's souls. In the blink of an eye, the souls collapsed, and Patriarch Blacksoul was killed in body and spirit!!

The grand and magnificent Patriarch Blacksoul first had his sect destroyed, and then was himself cut down!

None of the souls escaped, all were completely exterminated by the Seal the Heavens Incantation.

As the destruction was carried out, and Patriarch Blacksoul was wiped from existence, the last thing that echoed in his mind was a voice that only he and Meng Hao could hear.

“The Mountains and Seas loathe you. Punishment: execution!”

However, the Seal the Heavens Incantation wasn't finished!

The giant next charged toward Hong Chen, emanating massive pressure, sending out shocking and terrifying ripples, carrying with it the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Hong Chen's face was deathly pale. She had just personally witnessed Patriarch Blacksoul's death, and considering the level of her cultivation base, she had never imagined that Meng Hao, being seriously injured, would unexpectedly unleash a magical technique like this.

In fact, it seemed impossible to her that a cultivator could even utilize such magic. When she looked at the enormous giant, she could sense... the will of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Impossible!” she screamed, backing up as fast as possible. “This is impossible!!” However, she realized she simply had no way to escape. Roaring, she performed an incantation gesture, causing her cultivation base to surge. Essence power rumbled, and all of the pustules on her face burst, causing countless milky white centipedes to shoot out toward the giant. They screeched as they formed together into a Dragon God that was over a hundred thousand meters long. Surging with energy, it shot toward the incoming giant, and when they slammed into each other, the Dragon God screamed. In the blink of an eye, it vanished, having been completely pulverized by the giant.

Hong Chen trembled, looking on in despair as her Dragon God was completely shattered. All of her milky white centipedes were killed, transformed into nothing but ash. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, her body was lacerated into shreds, and her clothes were ripped apart. When her wrinkled skin was revealed, it was suddenly possible to see a totem tattoo!

It was none other than a Dragon God totem!

It began to shine with a brilliant light, and a Dragon God... once again appeared! This time, it was just as large as the previous one, but much less illusory! Instantly, it bared its claws and fangs then shot toward the giant.

However, even as it roared, it was completely engulfed by the giant’s attack, and was killed. That in turn caused Hong Chen’s totem tattoo to be wiped away. Instantly, her aura weakened, and her cultivation base dropped down from the level of a Dao Lord!

Simultaneously, a voice suddenly echoed out in both her mind and Meng Hao’s.

“You have cultivated the magic of the Outsiders. Since you were born in the Mountains and Seas, your life will not be taken, only the bloodline of the Outsiders which you possess will be destroyed!”

Blood sprayed out of Hong Chen’s mouth, and her face turned ashen. The giant then ignored her, spinning to charge Xuan Daozi.

Xuan Daozi’s eyes widened, and he backed up as fast as possible. However, try as he might, he was unable to escape the giant’s charge. Just as the giant was about to reach out and crush him, he lifted his right hand, within which appeared a command medallion!

It was ancient, primeval, as if it had existed for countless years. It was engraved on the front with nine mountains and nine seas. On the back, were ancient magical symbols which read...

Nine Seals!!

As soon as the command medallion appeared, Xuan Daozi screamed,

“My ancestor once performed meritorious service, and was given this death-exemption medallion by Paragon Nine Seals himself! You can’t hurt me!”

After a pause, a voice echoed out into the minds of Meng Hao and Xia Daozi. “Authorized!”

Xuan Daozi was trembling, and fear lingered in his heart as the command medallion transformed into ash. The giant’s attack still blasted out, but didn’t harm him at all.

When the command medallion turned into ash, Xuan Daozi’s heart twinged with pain. Next, the giant swiveled and charged toward the Meng Clan’s merchant ship, from within which could be heard screams of terror.

As soon as the giant turned on the Meng Clan, Meng Hao suddenly got extremely anxious. Although he could unleash the Seal the Heavens Incantation... he actually couldn’t control it. If he could, then he would definitely have wiped out Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

The truth was, this magic... had a will of its own. Once that will awoke, it wished to cleanse and purify all living things within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Rumbling could be heard as the first attack hit the merchant ship. Although it didn’t harm the ship, the cultivators aboard let out miserable shrieks, evidently receiving some sort of punishment.

Although these members of the Meng Clan had eyed Meng Hao greedily earlier, they were still members of the Meng Clan. Meng Hao had no wish to see them destroyed. Besides, showing a bit of greed was no justification for the death penalty. Even more importantly, they weren’t even aware of his own connection to the Meng Clan.

His eyes widened as the giant's attack once again threatened to overwhelm the ship, and suddenly, he forcibly reignited the Daoist magic. He dropped his arms, causing his body to shudder, and a mouthful of blood to spray out.

His body weakened further, but he still forced the magic back in check. The Seal the Heavens Incantation seemed to be sucking away, not at his body, but at his soul.

As he pulled the magic back in, the giant turned and looked in his direction. In that moment, rumbling filled his mind, and it felt as if the giant... bore his own countenance.

He didn't take the time to analyze the matter; as soon as the giant vanished, he unhesitatingly shot backward. Wounding himself even more in the process, he employed his top speed to shoot toward the region with the 33 glowing rifts.

He was still going to enter that land of potential death. That was because... the instant the giant vanished, Hong Chen and Xuan Daozi began to chase him once more, venomous expressions on their faces.

Xuan Daozi was a bit faster than Hong Chen. In the blink of an eye, he was bearing down on Meng Hao. Meng Hao quickly transformed into an azure roc, which increased the distance between them with a rumbling burst of speed.

Xuan Daozi snorted coldly, and was about to speed up himself, when suddenly, he stopped in his tracks. The shock and terror on his face right now was no less than when he had faced the Seal the Heavens Incantation.

It wasn't just him. Hong Chen also stopped in her tracks, face flickering as she stared off into the distance and cried, "That's... the 33 Hells!!"

The area encompassed by the 33 glowing rifts was even larger than before, and had almost reached the area they were in. Meng Hao in azure roc-form didn't pause for a moment as he shot into that very area.

"33 Hells... so the 33 Hells are opening again. This is just the initial opening. According to the records of the past, the 33 Hells can appear anywhere in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Once they do, there is an unknown, varying period of time before they become fully opened!

“It is not until they are fully opened, that they are at their most dangerous, and even Dao Sovereigns can be killed inside. Even now, during the initial opening, the place is still very dangerous....

“Dammit, the 33 Hells. They go tens of thousands of years without opening once. How could there be such a coincidence that they’re opening here and now!?!?” Xuan Daozi stared at Meng Hao. Were it not for the fact that his Essence had been so intensely moved, Xuan Daozi wouldn’t have hesitated to turn around and leave. After Patriarch Blacksoul perished, he could not become the slave of any sect or individual therefore trying to kill Meng Hao held little meaning.

However, the possibility of getting that sliver of Dao Essence had wrapped around Xuan Daozi’s heart. After a moment, he clenched his jaw and then headed directly toward the 33 Hells.

“Time to gamble!

“If I succeed, I might be able to get a bit of Daosource. Even the tiniest bit would still be worth it!

“If I fail... considering the level of my cultivation base, and that this is only the initial opening of the 33 Hells, I won’t necessarily perish!” Having made up his mind, he shot forward at top speed.

Hong Chen’s face flickered, and uncertainty could be seen in her eyes. The legends about the 33 Hells had always been talked about in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Supposedly, there were 33 Heavens sealing the Mountain and Sea Realm from above. However, there were also 33 Hells, although, they were not seals, but graves!

Back during the great war between the Paragon Immortal Realm and the other two terrifying forces, there were certain Outsiders who could not be completely exterminated. In fact, among those, there were some who were so strong that their bodies could not be destroyed even after dying.

Despite having been killed, they weren’t really dead. Since their souls could not be destroyed, they were instead suppressed, and that was the origin of the 33 Hells.

According to the legends, the 33 Hells were jointly created by the three Paragons of past times. Paragon Nine Seals took the lead in suppressing those Outsiders who could be killed in body but not soul!

The 33 Hells were essentially a terrifying cage!



Those 33 glowing rifts represented 33 graveyards. And they, in turn, represented... the 33 terrifying Outsiders of yesteryear who had been suppressed!

The reason the 33 Hells opened up every so often was not to give people a chance to enter and explore them but rather that the sealing power inside would grow weak. Every so often, the 33 Hells needed time to replenish their power before sinking once again into concealment.

However, in the process of being opened, it was possible for people to enter them, and even seek good fortune inside. Such good fortune might be great or small, and truth be told, few people knew as much about the good fortune of the 33 Hells as Hong Chen!

That was because the Church of the Dragon God had once been a small sect. Back then, it hadn't even been called the Church of the Dragon God. However, because one of the Patriarchs of that sect had happened to enter the 19th Hell and encounter a Dragon God, he was able to accept a legacy... that led to the formation of the Church of the Dragon God!

"The 33 Hells are opening...." she thought, gritting her teeth. "Another storm of carnage is coming to the Eighth Mountain and Sea...." Her cultivation base had dropped, and she was now no longer a Dao Lord. In fact, she had also lost the power of the Dragon God. She had truly been weakened significantly. However, considering that Xuan Daozi had charged on ahead, her eyes flickered and she also headed in the direction of the 33 Hells.

She was not going for Meng Hao, though, but rather, the potential good fortune inside!

Right after Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen flew toward the area of the 33 Hells, the Meng Clan's ship began to move. The Young Lord on board was very excited.

"Follow them, all of you! Go! I'll wait for you here to bring back some good fortune from the 33 Hells. I don't care what good fortune it is, just bring it back here and you'll get a huge reward! Huge!

"Dammit, get out there, all of you! If anyone refuses to go, then when we get back to the clan, I'll report you to the Clan Priest! 11th Uncle, you stay out here to protect me, but everyone else, you get in there!!" The young man's direct order caused the dozens of Meng Clan cultivators to tremble as they flew in the direction of the 33 Hells.

One of those cultivators was... the scar-faced youth Meng Chen!

Chapter 1234: Greed Eyes a Body!

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, bursting into the region of the 33 Hells, with Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen hot in pursuit. Soon, all three were speeding through the area near the rifts, which was permeated with an aura of death.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly. He had chosen to enter this deathly region, and as such, was prepared for the deadly nature of the area. After looking around, he couldn't be sure, but it seemed that only four or five of the 33 glowing rifts could be entered. Apparently the others were as yet unopened.

However, his eyes didn't betray the slightest sign of hesitation as he shot directly toward the nearest completely opened rift.

It almost looked like a gaping mouth that sucked in life and breathed out death. As soon as Meng Hao neared it, he vanished.

Behind him, Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen gritted their teeth hard and then followed him in.

Further on back were the various trembling members of the Meng Clan. They only had Immortal Realm cultivation bases, so any Young Lord who had a brain would never ask them to participate in a struggle between Dao Realm experts.

However, this young master of the Meng Clan, who was referred to as a Young Lord, had given clear orders. Anyone who refused to comply would be severely punished once they returned to the clan.

Therefore, they could only grit their teeth and risk life and limb. There was no backing out, and therefore, it was with grieving, bloodshot eyes that they flew into the shining rift, one after another.

Not long after everyone followed Meng Hao into the 33 Hells, a collection of white bones suddenly rumbled in the same direction from off in the starry sky. They moved with incredible speed, and eventually came to a stop not far from the Meng Clan ship, revealing the figures that had been barely visible inside before. All of them had completely expressionless faces, and radiated powerful murderous auras.

When the Young Lord on the Meng Clan's ship saw the bones, his face flickered. "Han... Han Qinglei!!"

The old man standing off to the side stepped forward protectively, and the ship's shield was activated. Both of them looked nervously at the bones and the black-robed young man who sat in their midst, chin resting on his hand.

This was none other than the Echelon cultivator from the Eighth Mountain, Han Qinglei!

"Meng Clan...." he said, eyes flickering with killing intent as he glanced first at the Meng Clan's ship and then the 33 Hells.

"Where is Meng Hao?" he asked coolly, his voice echoing out in all directions.

The Meng Clan's Young Lord began to tremble. He could act fiercely toward his own clan members, and behave arrogantly in front of Meng Hao, but that was only because he didn't know the difference between Heaven and Earth. When it came to Han Qinglei, though, he was instantly filled with dread.

The person to respond to Han Qinglei was the Young Lord's Dao Protector. "Meng Hao went into that area over there," he said. He was a cautious man who was well aware that Han Qinglei could not be underestimated. He was also aware of the deadly enmity which existed between Han Qinglei and the Meng Clan.

"The initial opening of the 33 Hells...." Han Qinglei frowned as he examined the 33 glowing rifts closely. Finally, an expression of determination appeared in his eyes. Uncharacteristically ignoring the Meng Clan's ship, he sent the bones flying toward the 33 Hells.

All of his followers once again turned blurry as they clustered around him to follow.

Time passed. Several hours later, more beams of light could be seen flying through the starry sky in the area, which were cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance. They had come in pursuit of Meng Hao, but once they realized that the 33 Hells had appeared, cries of shock could be heard, and jade slips were pulled out to inform their sects.

It didn't take long for the shocking news to spread throughout the Heavengod Alliance, and soon countless cultivators were flocking to the area. One powerful expert after another arrived. After all, the 33 Hells... were the most mysterious and enigmatic place in the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

In fact, they might even be the most mysterious and enigmatic place in the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole!

The opening of the 33 Hells was something that would shake the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Soon, more and more cultivators had gathered in the area. However, few people actually dared to enter. Apparently, Meng Hao wasn't even that important anymore; what was more important was the good fortune to be had in the 33 Hells.

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As soon as Meng Hao entered the world of that glowing rift which was the 33 Hells, he was cut off from the outside world. He was in another world, a world where everything was gray and filled with a boundless aura of death. Rubble could be seen everywhere, as well as numerous decaying shades who shuffled about blankly, occasionally letting out howls and roars.

The powerful aura of death was concentrated enough to extinguish one's life force. As soon as Meng Hao entered this world, he could sense it, and his skin began to gradually wither. His life force slowly began to decay, and apparently not even his Eternal stratum was useful. His injuries worsened.

Off in the distance, an enormous stone stele could be seen rising up into the air. Despite how far away it was, Meng Hao could still see the faint characters written on its surface.

"Sealing Paramita.... Exalted Celestial Sea-Dao rests here, where his soul shall be suppressed for all time!"

The characters were filled with a powerfully domineering air, and the stone stele itself seemed to form the center of this entire world. It was almost as if it was the only seal holding this world in place. Underneath all of those characters, a name could be seen.

"Nine Seals!"

When Meng Hao saw that, his mind began to tremble, and the drop of Paragon's blood inside of him began to boil. It transformed into qi and blood that filled Meng Hao, causing his heart to begin to beat in resonance with the world itself.

Ba-dump, ba-dump!

As his heart pounded, the lands around him shook, and at the same time, the shades shuffling around suddenly stopped in place and looked up at him.

It was in that exact moment that rumbling could be heard coming from behind him as Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen arrived.

"Meng Hao, it doesn't matter that you've fled to this place, you're dead!" Xuan Daozi shrieked, flying directly toward Meng Hao.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes; ignoring how it increased his injuries, he gritted his teeth and transformed into an azure roc, shooting toward the stone stele and causing rumbling sounds to fill the lands.

He could just barely tell that something was beckoning to him from there.

Meng Hao flew at top speed, and as he got closer to the stone stele, the Paragon's blood inside of him seethed even more. That in turn caused his wounds to begin to heal, much to Meng Hao's delight.

Simultaneously, the shuffling shades down below suddenly began to shriek, and fly into the air toward both Meng Hao and Xuan Daozi, as if to prevent them from getting close to the stone stele.

That was the moment in which the clan members from the Meng Clan began to appear, one after another, their faces pale with astonishment as they looked around.

Massive rumbling could be heard as the rotting shades shot through the air. Some were cultivators and others were beasts, but all of them were adorned in a fashion that was clearly not from modern times. Obviously, they had been involved in the same ancient battle, and had been buried alive in this place along with the one who was being suppressed here.

Even as they neared Meng Hao, his eyes flashed as he fortuitously recalled something which had happened in the past. It was in the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, when he had encountered... the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer.

That was when he had learned the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex, the Life-Death Hex!

He clearly remembered how the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer had encountered entities similar to these, and had used the Life-Death Hex to control them.

There were many similarities between what happened back then and what was happening right now. The main difference was that this was the 33 Hells, and that had been in the Ruins of Immortality.

Without any hesitation, Meng Hao waved his hand toward the incoming shades, eyes glittering as he unleashed the Sixth Hex.

Dozens of magical symbols appeared in the palm of his hand, which radiated scintillating light. Suddenly, identical magical symbols appeared on the foreheads of all the entities charging Meng Hao. The entities then trembled as the magical symbols flickered in sync with Meng Hao's, then flew off of their foreheads toward him, where they converged on the palm of his hand. He then closed his hand into a fist, and suddenly... could sense the dozens of shades inside of his mind.

And he could control them!

The Life-Death Hex had never been so easy to use, but Meng Hao didn't have time to think about it. He immediately sent out orders, causing the dozens of shades to howl and then pass by Meng Hao to charge toward Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

Xuan Daozi was completely shocked. He had no idea what kind of magical technique Meng Hao had just used, but he could see that the strange shades were completely ignoring him. Xuan Daozi's heart began to thump.

Hong Chen had a similar reaction.

Meng Hao didn't even look back at what was happening. He continued onward, putting more distance between him and them. However, he wasn't done with his counterattack. As soon as he

started moving, he would unleash the Life-Death Hexing seal on any entity he saw, and send them all back to attack Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

Soon, he was in the region of the stone stele, and had sent over a hundred entities back to engage in fierce fighting with Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

The entities had no regard for their own lives or deaths. They only followed instructions. Auras of death swirled around them as they fought with incredible fierceness. Even as the booms rang out, Meng Hao arrived at the base of the stone stele.

When he looked up, he realized that the stone stele looked almost like an enormous staff, plunged deep into the earth. It was impossible to say how deep down it went. In either case, instead of saying that it was a stone stele, it would be better to say... that it was an enormous gravestone!

“If it’s a gravestone,” Meng Hao murmured, “then this place really is an enormous grave!” Because of the call of the gravestone, and the boiling Paragon’s blood, his cultivation base was being restored even faster.

A bright glow appeared in his eyes. His injuries had been severe, so if he could recover here, he didn’t care if it was because of the gravestone or even because of some ancient corpse. He quickly shot up into the air to appear moments later at the top of the gravestone, where he sat down cross-legged.

As he sat down, the entire gravestone began to rumble, and the Paragon’s blood inside of him boiled with more intensity. Furthermore, his cultivation base was being fully restored at a terrifyingly fast speed!

As he healed, he looked out coldly at all of the dozens of shades surrounding Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen, and his eyes gleamed with killing intent.

Simultaneously, as he sat there cross-legged, in the soil at the base of the gravestone, suddenly... two greedy eyes appeared, which stared up at Meng Hao.

“It’s been a long, long time... since I’ve seen any living being in my world. Even when people came in from the outside and stood directly in front of me, I could never see them. But him... I can actually see him!! A fresh, living body.... I, Greed, must have it!”

Chapter 1235: Counter-Attack!

Meng Hao suddenly looked at the air behind him, frowned, and then looked down at the ground. He didn't know it, but those eyes beneath the surface were actually staring directly into his, although Meng Hao sensed nothing out of the ordinary.

However, he couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching him.

He continued to ponder the strangeness of this place as he then looked back at Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen, surrounded by wave after wave of enemies. Then he continued cultivating to recover from his wounds.

Behind him in the ground, the eyes narrowed.

"How shockingly perceptive.... A body like this is perfectly suited for me. If I can possess it, then... I can finally get out of this damned place!!"

Time passed. Meng Hao's injuries continued to heal, and he was actually already half recovered. Booms rang out from the direction of Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen as more and more shades besieged them. Unexpectedly, some of those shades even emanated the ripples of the Dao Realm, indicated that they had been Dao Realm experts when they were alive.

Their Essence power had gradually faded, but their instincts remained, and due to the constant onslaught of that aura of death, they were actually even more fear-inspiring than before. Even Xuan Daozi was alarmed.

As for Hong Chen, she was trembling in fear as she joined forces with him, unleashing all sorts of divine abilities that filled the air with the sounds of explosions.

It was around this time that a gray mist suddenly began to rise up from the ground, obscuring everything. The sudden appearance of that mist caused Meng Hao's hair to stand on end. Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped forward and left the place where he had been sitting.

Looking back, he waved his sleeve, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to slam into the spot where he had just been sitting. However, nothing happened in response.



His eyes began to shine, and inwardly he was more vigilant than ever. Moments ago, he had clearly sensed an indescribable coldness rushing towards him.

Had he not moved away, it was likely that the coldness would have frozen him solid. However, whatever it was that had caused the coldness couldn't be detected. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary at all.

Meng Hao backed up slowly, then vanished into the mist.

Unbeknownst to Meng Hao, there really was a blurry shade laying in the spot where he had just been sitting. The shade seemed to be made completely of mist, but his eyes were clear and bright. They were crimson, and they were staring at Meng Hao.

"So, he can actually sense me getting near him...." the shade murmured. "It seems his divine sense must be particularly strong. Well, that's fine. The stronger it is, the stronger I'll be after I possess him. I've been suppressed in here for far, far too long. Dammit. I must get out of here. I'll kill my way out if I have to!" The shade distorted, then flashed into the mists and vanished.

Meng Hao moved along at top speed. The intense sense of crisis he felt in this world caused him to be more vigilant than ever. As he moved along, he looked around at the mists, eyes flickering.

"This place is dangerous for me and everyone else in here. The arrival of this mist...means that the time to counterattack is at hand!" He suddenly flickered into motion, heading back in the direction he remembered Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen were fighting.

Before long, the booming sounds of battle could be heard from up ahead. Xuan Daozi's bellow echoed in all directions, and the ripples of a magical technique spread out. However, the mist seemed to be covering up all the light, and Meng Hao couldn't see anything clearly. However, his eyes flickered with an increasingly strong desire to kill.

Eventually, he just closed his eyes. Gradually, nineteen images appeared in his mind. They were all in different directions, and were surrounded by a gray, colorless world.

Those were the entities he had taken control of with Life-Death Hexing. The ones that were still around were now visible in his mind's eye, and in fact became his eyes.

He flew silently through the mist slowly, threading his way through the various entities therein, and avoiding the most powerful shades of death. After a few dozen breaths of time, he shot forward with a new burst of speed. Then, his eyes opened, and they brimmed with killing intent. He sped forward, his right hand clenching into a fist. The power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal erupted out from inside of him, as well as that of his fleshly body, as he unleashed the God-Slaying Fist.

That fist strike suddenly appeared directly in front of Hong Chen!

She was in the midst of utilizing all sorts of magics to defend against the death shades who were attacking her. In the midst of her exhaustion, Meng Hao suddenly unleashed an explosive attack, causing an expression of shock to appear on her face. Before she even had time to analyze what was happening, the God-Slaying Fist was upon her.

A boom rattled out as the fist slammed into her chest, causing blood to spray from her mouth. Falling back, her eyes widened, and she shrieked, “Meng Hao!”

Even as she fell back under Meng Hao’s surprise attack, she produced magical items and prepared divine abilities to fight back. However, what came at her next through the mist was an azure roc, which slashed at her with its deadly claws.

Booms rang out, and even Xuan Daozi was shocked. He turned and was about to come over to help when over ten death shades suddenly lunged madly in the way to intercept him.

“Screw off!” Xuan Daozi roared.

Simultaneously, Hong Chen’s shrill voice could be heard once again. “Save me!” She was terrified, and couldn’t even see what was happening around her. She fell back, her chest mangled and bloody, and her head punctured in three spots, out of which a reddish-white fluid oozed.

Meng Hao wasn’t in very good condition either. Blood oozed out from wounds all over him. After all, his previous injuries weren’t completely healed, and trying to kill this old woman aggravated them. However, the killing intent in his eyes hadn’t lessened at all, and in fact, grew even more focused.

He suddenly advanced with incredible speed, sending swirling Essence of Divine Flame toward the retreating Hong Chen.

She gritted her teeth, performing an incantation gesture to unleash explosive Essence power in all directions. But Meng Hao was already in a different position, having unleashed the Paragon Bridge onto her. She screamed, her body already showing signs of cracking to pieces as she continued to flee. By now, Xuan Daozi had finished cutting down the death shades which were blocking him, and was now speeding towards them.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as his left hand reached up and pushed his fourth Nirvana Fruit into his forehead. Suddenly, his speed increased dramatically. He shot toward Hong Chen, making a grasping motion which summoned the copper mirror. Sighing repeatedly, the parrot also emerged. Without a pause, it complied with Meng Hao and transformed into the Battle Weapon.

That caused Meng Hao's energy to rocket up; hefting the Battle Weapon, he slashed it toward Hong Chen. Xuan Daozi was racing against the clock, but apparently was out of time, and could only roar in response to what was happening.

Hong Chen also roared, using all the power she could muster to defend herself. However, she had already been injured by the Seal the Heavens Incantation, and her cultivation base had declined. Thanks to Meng Hao's previous attack, she was like an arrow at the end of its flight. Meng Hao could completely ignore whatever magical items or divine abilities she used to fight back. Drawing on all the power he could from his fleshly body, he sent the Battle Weapon streaking down in a flash of dazzling light....

The screams ceased as Hong Chen's head flew off her shoulders, and her body collapsed. Just when her Nascent Divinity was about to flee, the Battle Weapon smashed into it. Yet another Dao Realm cultivator had fallen by Meng Hao's hand!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and his face was ashen. The magical items and divine abilities that had been used just now actually increased the severity of his injuries. Eyes bloodshot, he shot off into the distance.

"Meng Hao!!" Xuan Daozi roared. The sound echoed out into the mists, filling the entire world. Some distance away, the members of the Meng Clan were sustaining heavy casualties. Meng Chen was covered with blood, and in flight.

Han Qinglei was also out in the mists, proceeding along as cautiously as ever. Some of his followers had already been killed, and he himself was filled with fear by the 33 Hells.

However, these weren't the only people present; there were others. Furthermore, this was only the initial opening of the 33 Hells, so not all the glowing rifts had opened up, only somewhere between

three and five. Therefore, some of the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance on the outside chose to brave the danger and enter, although that number wasn't significant.

About twenty to thirty percent of them chose to enter the same glowing rift as Meng Hao.

Those who were brave enough to enter obviously were not weak in terms of cultivation base. At the very least, they were in the late Ancient Realm. There even some Quasi-Dao experts who were attempting to find one of the legendary items that could keep Quasi-Dao cultivators from dying.

There were also more than a few Dao Realm experts who entered various glowing rifts.

Therefore, when Xuan Daozi's howl echoed out, the other cultivators within the mists could hear his voice, and their hearts began to pound.

Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, but continued onward as fast as he could. He put the Battle Weapon away, as well as the Nirvana Fruit. His eyes were now completely bloodshot, but his qi and blood were actually flourishing.

The shade that had been following him the entire time was watching him, and growing more and more greedy.

Meng Hao was flying along, eyes bloodshot, when he suddenly ran into a death shade.

"It's been a long time since I've actually used the Blood Demon Grand Magic," he murmured.

The shade up ahead was a cultivator, who turned, looked at Meng Hao, then howled as it pounced on him.

Meng Hao did not place a Life-Death Hex sealing mark onto him. Instead, he shot forward and slapped his hand out. His palm immediately turned blood-red, landing on the shade, which shuddered and then began to wither. In the blink of an eye, it was nothing more than ash.

Its gray aura flew out toward Meng Hao, fusing into him and actually withering him more than before. Apparently, it wasn't any help to his wounds at all.

Shaking his head, he continued onward. Before long, his eyes flickered, and he shot forward like lightning as an Ancient Realm cultivator appeared in front of him.

This was one of the cultivators who had been part of the search parties trying to kill Meng Hao. He had actually turned tail and fled when things had gone south, but now apparently he had returned. He was looking around vigilantly, so as soon as Meng Hao closed in on him, his face flickered. Before he could do anything, Meng Hao's crimson hand snaked out and latched onto the top of the man's head.

Before he could scream, Meng Hao clamped his hand over the man's mouth. The cultivator trembled as he withered; his life force, his flesh and blood, his cultivation base and soul, were all absorbed in an instant.

Meng Hao's face was now less ashen. Soon, nothing was left in his hand other than a dessicated corpse, which dropped down and turned into ash. Meng Hao licked his lips; eyes bright red, he continued on his way.

Chapter 1236: We're Still Good Friends!

Meng Hao slipped through the mists like a lone wolf in the night, completely silent. The only signs of his coming were his glowing red eyes, and the fluctuations of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

No screams could be heard, as he only targeted Ancient Realm cultivators. By means of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, Meng Hao slowly recovered, although the process didn't go as quickly as when he had taken advantage of the gravestone. However, what Meng Hao wanted was to awaken his Eternal stratum.

With his Eternal stratum at work, his recovery would go much more quickly.

He proceeded along, absorbing other cultivators he encountered. As for the blurry shade, it kept following him, looking for the perfect opportunity to make the killing blow and possess Meng Hao.

He couldn't see Meng Hao killing Hong Chen, nor could he see Xuan Daozi chasing him. However, he could sense the brutal air radiating off of Meng Hao, and when he unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the way it sent the qi and blood boiling caused the shade to be filled with an intense desire to possess Meng Hao.

“I, Greed, have been favored by destiny for my entire life,” the shade murmured. “When I was young, I was nearly killed when fighting my greatest enemy, until an extraterrestrial object fell from the sky and smashed him to death!

“When I ventured out into the world, I never came back empty-handed, and everywhere I went, treasure abounded. My cultivation even proceeded smoothly and without a hitch. However, when I reached the absolute peak, I met a person, a damnable bastard who deserves to die!

“Other than him, there has never been anyone who could suppress me. Even being sealed in here is a temporary thing. I won’t remain here forever.

“This person here is the greatest gift that the Heavens have ever bequeathed upon me.” The greed in his eyes grew more intense, and yet, he didn’t make a move. His earlier attack had failed, so after that he had chosen to simply follow and wait. Wait, and keep waiting....

Meng Hao’s slaughter continued. By now, dozens of cultivators had died at his hand. At the moment, his hand was latched onto the top of another cultivator’s head as he absorbed him, when suddenly, all of the hair on his body stood on end. Not waiting to finish absorbing the cultivator, he shot backward at top speed.

In that same instant, a hand stretched out from the mists. It was covered with black fur, and moved with incredible speed, grabbing viciously onto the half-absorbed cultivator. The cultivator screamed, and was dragged back into the mists, whereupon crunching sounds could be heard.

“Hungry... so hungry....” A growling wail could be heard, along with a sound like that of clinking iron chains. Meng Hao retreated rapidly, an expression of surprise on his face as he sensed the terrifying aura coming from within the mists.

After a long moment, the aura faded away, and the wailing sound drifted off into the distance.

Meng Hao looked around, feeling more apprehensive than ever. Finally, he turned and made his way off to find another Heavengod Alliance cultivator to absorb. Time passed. As he went about his work, he encountered that terrifying hand on three more occasions, and one time even developed into a deadly crisis.

Feeling more vigilant than ever, he absorbed yet another Ancient Realm expert, whereupon a rumbling sound filled him, and his eyes burned with a light like that of fire.

At long last, his Eternal stratum was awakened from its state of withered sleep. It slowly began to work, restoring his life force and energy. In that moment, the blood-colored light in his eyes faded away, and his body's wounds began to heal naturally.

It was also in that moment that a stream of divine sense swept toward him from up ahead. He backed up, but the divine sense was fast, and quickly enveloped him, scanned him, and then began to completely converge in the area.

“So, it turns out you’re here as well,” said an ancient voice. A terrifying pressure began to weigh down, causing the mists in the area to be pushed away.

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted; based on the intensity of the pressure, he could tell that this power exceeded that of a Dao Lord. Furthermore, he was familiar with this pressure; it was none other than the old man who had attempted to stop him from leaving the Heavengod Alliance to begin with.

Meng Hao knew that he was no match for this man, not even if he were completely recovered and back at his peak. Without the slightest hesitation, he transformed into an azure roc and fled.

However, the pressure was like a sharp arrow that pierced through the mists in pursuit. In fact, were it not for the mists, the old man would have been able to catch up with Meng Hao in the blink of an eye.

Even as Meng Hao fled, Xuan Daozi appeared in a different direction, eyes flickering with killing intent. He had even resorted to one of his secret magics in order to lock down Meng Hao’s position within the mists. The price he had paid was a significant amount of life force and longevity, leaving him looking like nothing more than a bag of bones, his aura weak even though his cultivation base hadn’t been reduced.

“Meng Hao, this time, you’re DEAD!” he roared, shooting like lighting in Meng Hao’s direction.

Meng Hao’s face flickered. He could tangle with Xuan Daozi for a while, but as for that old man, he was much stronger, to the point where Meng Hao was terrified of him. Gritting his teeth, he continued to flee at top speed. It was at this point, just when the powerful pressure was nearing, that a faint howl echoed out, mixed with a wailing sound.

“Hungry... so hungry....” In addition to the voice, a sound like the rattling of iron chains could be heard. Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed as he realized what the old man from the Heavengod Alliance had run into.

It was in that moment that the divine sense that had been locked onto him suddenly retracted.

However, Xuan Daozi’s killing intent continued to bear down on him. Meng Hao’s eyes glittered coldly as he suddenly spun, waving his right hand to summon the Essence of Divine Flame and Immortal mountains to fight back against Xuan Daozi.

Rumbling booms could be heard, and blood oozed out of Meng Hao’s mouth. Just when he was about to borrow the force of the blast to retreat, Xuan Daozi retracted the power, defeating Meng Hao’s effort.

“I guessed you would try something like that!” Xuan Daozi said, laughing coldly. Suddenly, his Essence of time erupted out, causing his body to grow blurry, as if he were walking through the streams of time. Meng Hao’s face fell, and he immediately utilized his walking technique. Both parties were using the Dao of Time to fight each other, causing the mists to churn and slowly form into a vortex.

The vortex grew larger and larger, and the rumbling sounds grew more intense until it turned into a massive explosion. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and he tumbled off to the side. Blood also oozed out of Xuan Daozi’s mouth, but he didn’t give up. He was already injured, and yet, his eyes gleamed with excitement, and his heart was pounding; just now, his Essence had been stirred into intense anticipation.

As he saw Meng Hao trying to flee again, a cold flicker could be seen in his eyes, and he suddenly threw his head back and cried out, “To all Fellow Daoists in this place, I am Xuan Daozi. Help me stop Meng Hao! If you encounter him, notify me immediately. To express my thanks, the One Profound Sect will bestow a Quasi-Dao treasure to anyone who helps!!”

Xuan Daozi knew that Meng Hao was a slippery character; once he escaped, it would be difficult to find him again. Therefore, he chose to make an incredible promise to enlist the aid of everyone else out in the mist.

Bolstered by the power of Xuan Daozi’s cultivation base, his words echoed out through the entire world, to be heard by all. Everyone’s eyes flickered. Simply notifying Xuan Daozi of Meng Hao’s presence was a much easier task than trying to kill him. All they had to do was pass word. If that



word enabled Xuan Daozi to take down Meng Hao, then they would be rewarded with a Quasi-Dao treasure.

Everyone was instantly excited.

Meng Hao's face darkened, and he proceeded along as quickly as before. However, it didn't take long before a shadow up ahead suddenly flickered into the shape of an Ancient Realm cultivator. As soon as the man saw Meng Hao, he went wild with joy and bellowed,

“Meng--”

However, he only got one word out of his mouth before Meng Hao flashed like lightning, clamping his hand down onto the top of the man's head and unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic. The cultivator trembled as his qi and blood, life force, cultivation base, and soul were absorbed by Meng Hao.

Even still, that one word caused Xuan Daozi to unhesitatingly shoot in the direction of the call, as did some of the other powerful experts.

The killing intent in Meng Hao's eyes grew stronger. Just as he was about to flee, a jubilant cry rang out through the mists.

“Meng Hao's right here!”

The voice was actually some distance away from where Meng Hao actually was, causing the people rushing in his direction to stop in their tracks. Even as Xuan Daozi frowned, another voice rang out: “He's here! Hurry, he's right here!”

Then another voice cried out urgently from another direction: “I saw Meng Hao. He's over here!!”

Xuan Daozi gritted his teeth, turned, and headed off in another direction.

Meng Hao's jaw dropped as he realized that there were people helping him.

There was little time to consider the matter. He immediately turned to flee, but then suddenly stopped as he sensed familiar fluctuations approaching, fluctuations that their owner was doing nothing to conceal.

“Han Qinglei....” Meng Hao said slowly as Han Qinglei floated out from the nearby mists. When they were a dozen meters or so apart, they stopped and looked at each other.

“Many thanks!” Meng Hao said as everything clicked. He looked deeply at Han Qinglei, clasped hands, and bowed.

Han Qinglei looked back at Meng Hao with mixed emotions. Meng Hao was clearly in a very bad state, worse than he had been at any point in the Windswept Realm. His injuries were severe, and his body was covered with wounds. Deep exhaustion could be seen on his face; an exhaustion that medicinal pills and the mending of his wounds could not heal. It would require time to recuperate.

Even still, among Han Qinglei’s mixed feelings was a sense of admiration. He had heard of all the things Meng Hao had accomplished recently, how he was the subject of a deadly manhunt in the Heavengod Alliance, and how he had even slaughtered Dao Realm cultivators.

Because of his accomplishments, Meng Hao’s name had long since spread throughout the Heavengod Alliance.

Han Qinglei looked at Meng Hao, his face cold as he said, “I don’t need you to thank me. As long as I’m around, the only people who qualify to kill you are other Echelon cultivators!

“I didn’t save you for your sake, but for my own! Therefore, take your words of thanks back. I don’t need them, and in fact, to accept thanks from you would be beneath my dignity. You don’t qualify to thank me. Nobody in Heaven and Earth qualifies to thank Han Qinglei. That’s who I am. In the future, I will be unrivaled and unmatched!

“One of these days, you and I will fight to the death, and in that battle, I’ll personally defeat you.” As Han Qinglei’s words echoed out, filled with arrogance and superiority, he folded his hands behind his back, and set his jaw.

Meng Hao sighed. He would never forget how Han Qinglei had saved him, but seeing how arrogant, proud, and haughty he was, Meng Hao couldn’t hold back from saying, “You know, if your smugness didn’t make me want to give you a good beating, we could probably be good friends....”

## Chapter 1237: Detected!

As soon as the words left Meng Hao's mouth, Han Qinglei's face flickered, and he glared at Meng Hao. However, when he thought about all the things Meng Hao had done while fighting the Heavengod Alliance, he couldn't but admire him. His expression remained icy, and he snorted coldly, but at the same time, he waved his hand, sending a jade bracelet flying over, which Meng Hao caught.

"Put that on. Not only will you become illusory, your aura will be concealed, and I can take you out of the Heavengod Alliance."

Meng Hao looked at the bracelet thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "As a cultivator of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, you must be familiar with the Heavengod Alliance's search methods. I believe there to be a seal on me, or something of the sort, enabling them to track me down no matter what I do." Meng Hao looked at Han Qinglei as the sounds of explosions echoed out from the mists around him.

"Seal?" Han Qinglei muttered. He patted his bag of holding, producing a jade slip which he studied for a moment. Then he looked back at Meng Hao.

"The Grand Elder of the Heavengod Society is adept with blood magic. The blood in your body permeates your organs and your aura. All he would need is a single drop of your blood to detect your presence. If you suspect something like that to be the case, it's most likely the work of the Grand Elder. He's using a blood tracking magic!"

"That makes things a bit difficult...." Han Qinglei frowned.

After thinking for a moment, Meng Hao laughed coolly and said, "Any technique can be broken, as long as you understand how it works."

Then he lifted his right hand and pushed it down onto his chest, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to sweep through his body, burning up his blood in the process!

That burning involved indescribable pain as every drop of his blood was scorched away. After his blood was gone, he was almost like an ordinary person hovering on the brink of death. Not even cultivators could remain in such a state for very long.

Meng Hao's face was ashen; the burning away of his blood also caused his body to age significantly, as it was left without a single drop of blood.

But then he rotated his cultivation base, sending out cultivation base power into his body. Coupled with the intense power of his fleshly body, the blood-manufacturing in his body was stimulated. Although the process happened relatively quickly, it still involved incredible pain, as well as a shocking level of danger.

Even Han Qinglei was shocked by Meng Hao's vicious decisiveness. He watched as the color slowly returned to Meng Hao's face, and his life force aura was gradually restored. In the end, Han Qinglei took a deep breath and reminded himself that it would be best to never provoke Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had purified himself by getting rid of all of his old blood and replacing it with fresh blood. Meng Hao wasn't sure whether or not that would free him from the Grand Elder's magical technique, but it was the only method he could think of to achieve that result.

"Brother Han, I'll still need a bit of assistance from you," he said. With the wave of a hand, he caused a dozen or so drops of the burned blood to coalesce in his palm.

"I understand," Han Qinglei said, nodding. Waving his hand, he caused a dozen figures to materialize around him. Each person took a drop of blood, then rapidly vanished off into the distance.

Finally, Meng Hao put on the jade bracelet, slowly turning blurry, whereupon he floated over to Han Qinglei, where he looked like nothing more than one of his other followers.

Han Qinglei cleared his throat and looked at Meng Hao out of the corner of his eyes, feeling quite satisfied. However, he knew that it wouldn't be appropriate to say anything, so he merely took a step forward, whereupon his throne of bones appeared. He sat down, and then shot off into the mists.

At the same time, Meng Hao and the other dozen or so illusory followers followed along.

As Han Qinglei and Meng Hao flew off, the blurry shade within the mists was watching with crimson eyes.

“I’ve taken a liking to your fleshly body, do you really think I’ll just let you leave?!” The shade’s eyes flickered with red light as he began to mutter some ancient curse, which caused a roar to erupt out within the mists, a roar like thunder, that left everything in the area shaking.

“Hungry... so hungry....” The sound echoed out, filled with an unyielding air, and even rage. And yet... gradually, the bellowing grew further and further away and the mists dispersed with its departure, as if that terrifying creature was itself its source....

In fact, within the space of a few breaths of time, the mists were completely gone. All of a sudden, all of the nearly one hundred cultivators in the rift could see each other clearly.

The man from the Heavengod Society with the astonishing cultivation base was the most powerful person present. Panting, he turned his head and looked off into the distance. He had just been fighting that enormously gigantic, terrifying creature, and the fierce fighting had been dangerous to the extreme.

Everyone was on guard at the moment, and was looking around to size up the situation. Soon, everyone could see Han Qinglei making his way out of the place. Meng Hao was right there next to him, and when the mists suddenly vanished, his heart sank and he cursed to himself at the sudden discouraging turn of events. He looked over at the exit, which wasn’t very far away, and began to consider making a run for it on his own; it wasn’t necessarily impossible to make it.

However, if he moved, it would reveal that Han Qinglei was helping him, and besides, even if he got out, he didn’t have the proper status in the Eight Mountain and Sea to be able to escape the wrath of the Heavengod Alliance.

Xuan Daozi was also there, his divine sense spreading out and yet unable to locate Meng Hao. His eyes narrowed, and he gave a cold harrumph as he looked over at Han Qinglei.

Han Qinglei’s expression was the same as ever, and he maintained the same speed as before as he rose through the air toward the exit. Xuan Daozi’s eyes glittered, and he suddenly flickered into motion, appearing directly in Han Qinglei’s path a moment later.

Glaring at him, Xuan Daozi suddenly said, “Fellow Daoist Han, why are you in such a hurry to leave!?”

Han Qinglei’s expression didn’t change as he looked coldly back at Xuan Daozi. Suddenly, a vicious smile appeared on his face.

“Xuan Daozi, your cultivation base might be higher than mine, and I might not be able to beat you in a fight, and killing me would be a simple task. But...do you dare to try?! Do you dare to try to harm even a single hair on my head?” Han Qinglei stood up and roared, causing his energy to rise up dramatically. He was now more powerful than he had been in the Windswept Realm, and was clearly on the verge of being a threat to someone in the Quasi-Dao Realm.

After making a breakthrough, he would even be able to try his hand out at engaging a Quasi-Dao expert in all-out battle!

“Do I need to ask your permission to go places in the Eighth Mountain and Sea?” Swishing his sleeve, he sat back down on his vicious bone throne.

Xuan Daozi’s face darkened. Han Qinglei had a special status in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and Xuan Daozi had no desire to get into a dispute with him. However, Meng Hao was simply far too important, and Xuan Daozi couldn’t bear to lose him. After a moment of hesitation, he looked at the Heavengod Society Elder, who stood on the ground not too far off in the distance, clasped hands, and bowed.

“Zhou Shi, could you provide some assistance?!” Xuan Daozi’s deep bow and his cordial expression made him seem very sincere. “I was on very good terms with Patriarch Blacksoul, as well as with Hong Chen. The three of us joined forces to chase down Meng Hao, and now calamity has befallen both of them. Only I remain, and I swear that will find Meng Hao and exact vengeance, killing him in revenge for Blacksoul and Hong Chen!” Xuan Daozi’s words were spoken very sincerely, and with passion.

Down on the ground, the old man from the Heavengod Society muttered to himself for a moment, then nodded. He lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture, then opened his eyes to reveal a flickering blood-colored glow.

Meng Hao remained by Han Qinglei’s side, expression normal, but heart filled with vigilance as he watched the Elder from the Heavengod Society.

Soon, the old man lowered his hand and said, “Interesting. He must have noticed my tracking magic, then physically disseminated to escape. He must be outside already.”

As soon as the words left the old man's mouth, Meng Hao sighed with relief. Han Qinglei snorted coldly, then proceeded forward stoically. Actually, he had been very nervous just now as well, having had no idea that the mist would disperse, revealing that he was leaving.

Xuan Daozi sighed inside, and stepped aside, making way for Han Qinglei to near the exit.

"Meng Hao is devious and cunning. If he manages to escape, it's going to be difficult to find him.... Plus, it's giving him time to restore his cultivation base. If that happens, it won't be easy for me to handle him alone. However, I can't reveal this matter to anyone!" Xuan Daozi frowned, and his gaze once again came to fall upon Han Qinglei's back. He then looked at blurry images of Han Qinglei's followers.

At first, he hadn't paid the followers any attention. After all, Zhou Shi from the Heavengod Society had spoken his words in complete confidence; whatever he said was sure to be true.

However, as soon as he laid eyes on one particular follower among the group around Han Qinglei, Xuan Daozi's Essence suddenly trembled. Although it was very slight, it caused Xuan Daozi's eyes to go wide, and his heart to pound.

He had no time to consider the matter carefully, so he took a step forward and roared, "You're not going anywhere! Get back here!"

With that, he stretched out his hand, causing an enormous hand to materialize and grab toward, not Han Qinglei, but... Meng Hao!

Meng Hao frowned. It wasn't the Elder from the Heavengod Society who had discovered him, it was Xuan Daozi. That in itself was very telling, and caused Meng Hao to suddenly wonder why Xuan Daozi was pursuing him so relentlessly even after Patriarch Blacksoul was dead, and could not offer his services as a slave.

"That's the key to the matter," he thought with a sigh. Mind racing with ideas, he suddenly revealed himself, laughing coldly. Almost as soon as he appeared, Han Qinglei's face fell, and he spun around.

"Meng Hao, it's you! Dammit, I can't believe you were pretending to be one of my followers!" Roaring, Han Qinglei stepped forward and waved his arm at Meng Hao.

An incredible force surged out toward Meng Hao, hitting him before Xuan Daozi could. A boom could be heard, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. However, he borrowed the force of the blow to shoot off into the distance.

"Han Qinglei," Meng Hao shrieked, "mark the words of Meng Hao: I won't rest until you're dead!" With that he sped away as quickly as possible.

"Han Qinglei!!" Xuan Daozi said, glaring at Han Qinglei. The act put up between Meng Hao and Han Qinglei was too obvious, and yet Han Qinglei didn't seem to care that Xuan Daozi knew.

Even as Xuan Daozi began to chase after Meng Hao, he cried out, "Ladies and gentlemen, Fellow Daoists, please help me capture this man. My promise from before still stands!"

The surrounding cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance looked on with flickering eyes. Many of them immediately flew out to try to block Meng Hao's path. Two of them were actually in the Dao Realm, although they weren't Dao Lords, just 2-Essences cultivators!

The sudden appearance of Meng Hao caused the old man from the Heavengod Society to stare in shock. Then, a strange glow appeared in his eyes and he looked more closely at Meng Hao. Finally, he understood.

"He's definitely a vicious, decisive person," the old man muttered.

Numerous people closed in to try to block Meng Hao's path. The two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators couldn't be evaded easily, plus Xuan Daozi was closing in with murderous intent. If Meng Hao paused for even a moment, he would fall into the snare. As he looked around, he realized that he really was in a tight spot, like a bird in a trap with its wings clipped.

It was in that moment that... strange phenomena suddenly rose up within this world of graves.

Chapter 1238: Possessed by Greed!

The entire world was shaking. The gray vault up above filled with clouds and mist, and the lands quaked as though a writhing dragon lurked underneath, on the verge of bursting out!

The gravestone which rose up in the very center of the world appeared to be tilting to the side, and thunder-like rumbling could be heard from the earth underneath it.



RUMBLE!

As the massive sound echoed out, everyone, including Meng Hao, felt their minds spinning.

The Ancient Realm cultivators coughed up blood, and their expressions were that of astonishment. Han Qinglei's qi and blood were boiling, and he hovered in midair, gasping for breath. The blurry figures around him were all forced out into the open, looks of shock on their faces.

The Dao Realm experts had it a bit better off; their minds were shaken, but no blood spurted out. However, it only took a moment for another huge boom to echo out, even more boundless and powerful than the first.

RUMBLE!

That sound caused everyone under the level of a Dao Lord to cough up blood. Meng Hao's body was trembling, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth. As for the Dao Lords present, their faces were ashen as waves of shock surged in their hearts.

As for the two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators who had been trying to block Meng Hao's path, both coughed up blood, and their faces fell. Unable to deal with Meng Hao any longer, they looked down toward the ground and saw crevices spreading out in the soil beneath the gravestone. The two booms that had echoed out just now had come from those very crevices.

Next, a third boom could be heard. It sounded like the roar of a giant, causing the lands to shake violently, and the sky to dim. Xuan Daozi coughed up blood, and was completely astonished.

Suddenly, an ancient voice that was laced with unending venom and madness filled the entire murky world: "Nine Seals, I curse you to meet a horrific death! I curse all living things in your Immortal World to have their bloodlines severed! You can destroy my body, but you can't destroy my soul fire! My soul cannot be destroyed by anyone who has yet to fully reach Heaven Trampling, so you can't kill me!

"You only have a Heaven Trampling fleshly body, your cultivation is still a half step away. Therefore you can only suppress me!"

Everything shook, and soon, it was possible to see a bright light shining up from the crevices in the soil beneath the gravestone.

It was a blue light that filled the entire world, almost as if... what was buried in this place was not a cultivator, but rather... a sun!

Mind trembling, Meng Hao blinked his eyes nine times in succession, then poured the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal into his eyes. After examining the situation closely, his eyes widened.

Shockingly, beneath the soil of the grave, he saw... that there really was a sun! A blue sun!!

The sun caused massive waves to run through Meng Hao's divine sense, and for some reason, he recalled imagery from a scene that he had seen before. He saw nine suns, pulling a vast land mass and a huge statue through the starry sky.

One of those suns was... the same sun he was looking at now!!

They looked identical!!

Xuan Daozi's heart trembled, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He wanted to chase Meng Hao down and kill him, but at the moment, he couldn't. His body was stuck in place in midair, completely incapable of moving. As for his eyes, they brimmed with excitement as he looked at the crevices, his mind reeling.

"The Daosource Realm actually exists!! Daosource! Daosource! The actual source of all Daos!! According to the basic overview I read about in the ancient records once, 9-Essences Paragons are analogous to the Exalted Celestials and 9th-tier Dao Divinities of the Paramita!

"The Daosource Realm of the Immortal World does not expand one's enlightenment outward, nor does it take an alternative route. The key to stepping beyond the Dao Realm is to continually look inward, to seek the source of the Dao!

"Expanding out beyond the Dao is the Boundless Dao of the Paramita!

"As for the alternative route to stepping beyond the Dao, that is the Heaven Trampling of the Paramita!" Xuan Daozi was trembling, and his eyes filled with unparalleled desire and madness. He

had come to a clear realization of the truth of these matters, and in fact the number of people in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm who knew about these things was so few that they could be counted by hand.

Although he currently couldn't move a muscle, neither could anyone else, not even Meng Hao.

There was only one person in this entire world who was not so intensely affected, and that was the old man from the Heavengod Society!

“An Exalted Celestial...from the Paramita!” he murmured, eyes shining brightly.

In almost the same moment that the entire world was shaken, the light shining from the crevices beneath the gravestone suddenly vanished. At the same time, an indescribable gravitational force suddenly appeared.

The intense force sucked at everything, causing the entire world to dim. Even the vault above seemed to be on verge of being pulled in. As the ground shook, the shocked old man from the Heavengod Society bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of blood and performing a double-handed incantation gesture. Shockingly, five Essences erupted out from him, which fought back against the gravitational force.

He was the only person capable of such an act; no one else present was even in control of their own body. Rumbling filled the air as numerous figures transformed into beams of light that shot toward the crevices and were then consumed.

The first to meet such a fate were those in the Immortal and Ancient Realms, followed by Han Qinglei. Next were the two Dao Realm experts, as well as Xuan Daozi. None of them could prevent themselves from being sucked in.

Meng Hao was trembling as he also transformed into a beam of light and was pulled inexorably inside.

However, at the same time that Meng Hao was being sucked towards the crevice, something else happened that no one else noticed. Not too far away was a blurry shade, whose red eyes shone with greed. He suddenly shot forward at an indescribable speed, and in the blink of an eye was upon Meng Hao. The exact moment that Meng Hao fell into the crevice, he suddenly... pounced, not even giving Meng Hao a chance to react.

In a flash... he fused into Meng Hao, becoming one with him!

In fact, the shade was so incredibly excited that it didn't notice that the moment it fused with Meng Hao... a strange light gleamed in Meng Hao's eyes.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and then he was gone, sucked in by the powerful gravitational force. Soon, the only person left outside was the old man from the Heavengod Society, who trembled as he was slowly pulled toward the crevices.

As he neared, the gravitational force increased dramatically, and a fourth roar echoed out. This old man had five Essences, making him a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign. Drawing upon that power, he threw his head back and roared, causing blood to spurt out all over his body, which then transformed into an enormous Dao 道 character that surrounded him!

That character seemed to bestow boundless power upon him, allowing him to fight back against the gravitational force. And yet, it couldn't completely match it, and the man was dragged even closer to the crevice.

The only difference was that the speed was reduced a bit. Soon, he was only about thirty meters away from the crevice. It was at that point that an angry sigh echoed out from within. The gravitational force vanished, and the crevice closed up without a trace.

In that instant, the old man coughed up a mouthful of blood; his hair was disheveled, and he looked to be in very bad shape. His body was a mass of mangled flesh; he had just barely been able to fight back, but his fleshly body was weaker than his cultivation and thus he had been severely injured.

“According to the legends, the Exalted Celestials of the Paramita were comparable to Paragons. If he was in a complete state, he could cut me down in an instant. Nothing remains of his body and only his soul exists in a state of suppression. That's the only reason I had a chance to escape!” Face filled with astonishment, he unhesitatingly shot up into the sky toward the exit.

Even as he left, other cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance decided to enter the place to seek good fortune.

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Beneath the surface of the grave was a necropolis!

The necropolis was accessible from all sides, and was very large. The cultivators who had been sucked in were not sent to the same location, but were scattered about. Some ended up unconscious, others were still awake.

Meng Hao was among the unconscious ones. He looked almost dead as he lay there in a side chamber, a small room with ornately carved walls. In the middle of the room was a coffin with no lid, filled with boiling white mist, tendrils of which would occasionally spill out onto the ground and dissipate.

Everything was quiet in the side chamber. Meng Hao wasn't the only person lying there. There was an Ancient Realm cultivator laying off to the side, also unconscious.

Soon, a tremor ran through the Ancient Realm cultivator, whose eyes then opened. He immediately sent his divine sense out. After ensuring that there was nothing dangerous in the immediate area, he cautiously rose to his feet, then looked around, completely shaken and terrified.

He recalled having been consumed by the crevice, and when he realized that he was most likely deep in the ground beneath the gravestone, the hairs on his body stood on end. Then he looked around, his eyes eventually coming to rest on Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao...." the Ancient Realm cultivator thought, shocked. He backed up, staring dead at Meng Hao for a moment before finally starting to search for a way out of the side hall. After finding it, he made to leave, but then stopped for a moment and looked back at Meng Hao.

"So he still hasn't woken up...." The cultivator gritted his teeth and suddenly waved his hand, sending a flying sword shooting toward Meng Hao. Shockingly, it... stabbed into his head, causing blood to flow out everywhere!

Meng Hao never moved a muscle. It was as if he were dead.

The cultivator could never have imagined that things would go easily. After staring in shock for a moment, his eyes went wild with joy.

“He’s dead? Hm, he was already severely injured before. After getting sucked in here, his injuries must have worsened, but he still shouldn’t have died....” Acting as cautiously as possible, the cultivator sent the flying sword chopping viciously toward Meng Hao’s throat.

A snapping sound rang out, and blood sprayed out in a fountain as Meng Hao’s head was severed cleanly from his body!

The cultivator gasped, and without any further hesitation, shot toward Meng Hao.

“Today’s my lucky day! He’s dead, and his bag of holding is mine!” The cultivator excitedly neared Meng Hao, reaching his hand out to grab Meng Hao’s bag of holding!

However, even as he extended his hand, a sense of impending crisis crashed within the man’s mind like lightning. All his hair stood on end, and a look of shock filled his face. He went completely stiff as he realized that Meng Hao’s hand had just shot up and grabbed onto his arm.

Chapter 1239: Body Refining!

The trembling cultivator could feel the incredible coldness radiating through Greed-possessed Meng Hao’s grip. It was like being held by a block of ice, and it filled his mind with sounds like howling. He was instantly overwhelmed by a feeling of imminent death, and his face went deathly pale.

Just when the cultivator felt that he couldn’t endure it any longer, Meng Hao’s grip suddenly loosened. The cultivator screamed and shot backward, indescribably terrified of Meng Hao.

Ignoring the fleeing cultivator, Greed-possessed Meng Hao slowly rose to his feet. As he did, his head floated up from the ground and slowly dropped back into place on his neck. Then the flesh and bone rapidly grew back together and healed up.

His injuries were also rapidly recuperating. Cracking sounds could be heard as the broken bones in his body were set straight and linked back together.

All of this took place in the space of a few breaths of time, and then he was completely healed.

By that point, the cultivator had discovered the location of the exit of the side chamber, and was going crazily all-out in his attempt to flee.

Meng Hao shook his head slightly and suddenly opened his eyes. As soon as they opened, a blue light spilled out, cold and merciless. His eyes seemed vastly ancient, and filled with a gleam of greed. He looked up, and then vanished.

When he reappeared, he was at the exit of the side chamber, directly in front of the fleeing cultivator. Before the man could react, Meng Hao's hand snaked out and grabbed onto his neck.

A cracking sound could be heard as his neck was subsequently crushed.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then murmured, "Ah, slaughter.... It's been a long, long time since I've had some good slaughtering.

"To have a body again feels... really good." It was Meng Hao's voice, and yet there was something husky about it, as if it was reverberating out from countless years in the past.

"This body... is something even I haven't seen the likes of throughout the years. It has a unique bloodline too.... Excellent. Most excellent. Even more rare is its foundation.... With a body like this, I definitely have a chance to reach Heaven Trampling." Meng Hao's slight smile grew even more terrifying than before.

"Furthermore, this person's injuries were significant, making the possession process go even smoother than I imagined it would. Ah, it must be the will of Heaven that I, Greed, can finally step out into the world again!" Hoarse laughter filled the side chamber.

"From this day forward, this is my body. Since that's the case... I think I'll make it even more powerful than it already is!" His eyes glittered as he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then pushed down with his finger repeatedly on locations all over his body.

Every time he pushed down, a tremor would run through him, and the spot he touched would wither. However, a powerful qi and blood force exploded out within him, causing his fleshly body, which was already at the very peak, to suddenly push toward a breakthrough!

10 times. 20 times. 30 times!

His hands sped faster and faster, depressing numerous pressure points on his body and increasing the range of the withering. Soon, he looked like nothing more than a bag of bones, and yet his

fleshly body power had reached an unbelievable degree. Furthermore, as the rumbling echoed out, he continued to grow more powerful!!

Previously, his fleshly body had reached the great circle of the Ancient Realm, just half a step away from breaking out of the Ancient Realm and into the Dao Realm. However, that half a step was a vast and difficult gap to cross. Despite having considered many options, Meng Hao hadn't been able to come up with one that would work.

But now, after being possessed and having the pressure points on his body depressed, he was getting closer and closer to having a Dao Realm fleshly body.

"What does a Dao Realm fleshly body count for?" Greed said in a hoarse voice. "I just need some God blood, and I could break through easily. It seems that this body could have grown more powerful all along; it's just that its previous owner was inexperienced. Not so me. I won't let things go to waste." His hands suddenly stopped moving. As for his body, it looked almost like a skeleton.

And yet, the intense fleshly body power that radiated off of that skeleton was several times stronger than before. Although it wasn't in the Dao Realm, in terms of power it was equivalent to it!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then flickered into motion as he began to fly through the necropolis. As he proceeded along, he continued to refine his fleshly body. Soon, another Ancient Realm cultivator appeared up ahead.

It was an old man who, upon catching sight of Meng Hao, stared in shock. Meng Hao didn't look familiar at all to him; his skeletal body was shocking, causing the old man to fall back without the slightest hesitation.

However, in the moment that he fell back, a vicious smile appeared on Meng Hao's face, and he vanished. When he reappeared, he was behind the old man, lifting his hand to clamp onto the top of the man's head.

He pressed down softly, and the man shuddered. Rumbling could be heard as he suddenly transformed into ash, as well as floating wisps of white mist. That mist flew out and fused into Meng Hao's body, causing a bit of flesh and blood to be restored to it.

"I can still get stronger. Now that I'm finished refining the flesh and blood, it's time to work on the bones!" Rumbling echoed out as a boundless sea of fire rose up around him and then poured into his



body. Popping sounds could be heard, and intense pain radiated through him. And yet, he didn't so much as frown.

In fact, he began to float forward, following the corridor as his bones were refined. After the process was complete, his power once again increased dramatically.

“And finally the qi passageways....” he said, taking a deep breath. A screaming wind erupted, surging into his qi passageways, opening them, sweeping through him. He trembled, but clenched his teeth hard and endured, continued to progress forward. Suddenly, he vanished, to reappear in another side chamber, behind another Ancient Realm cultivator.

The cultivator's scalp went numb, and as he turned around, his expression was one of shock. Suddenly, Meng Hao head-butted him, a violent collision which shattered the man into pieces.

A bang could be heard as his body transformed into ash, and a white mist appeared which Meng Hao absorbed, after which he proceeded along without the slightest pause.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao's eyes glittered as the refinement of his qi passageways was completed.

“And last, the blood!” His right index finger pressed down onto his chest, digging in deep, stabbing through his flesh and blood into his heart.

In response, his soul began to radiate an Essence power unique to his own soul. That was the source of the power which maintained his existence and extended his longevity, but now, it was being unleashed in an effort to further strengthen his fleshly body.

That was the Essence of his life force, and as soon as it poured into his heart, rumbling could be heard as all of the blood in his body began to boil. As it burned away and lessened, his body began to produce more blood to replace the old.

The cycle continued; gradually the regeneration of his blood could not match the speed with which the new blood was being burned away. Eventually, the regenerative process of the blood itself was affected, and the color of his blood turned deep-gold!

Less and less blood existed inside of him, until, in the end, only thirty percent remained. However, his energy had risen explosively, making him far stronger than an ordinary Dao Realm cultivator. He was comparable to... a Dao Lord!

And yet, his fleshly body still wasn't actually in the Dao Realm!

"Now this is a perfect fleshly body," Meng Hao said, a smile breaking out on his face. He slowly pulled his hand out of his chest, which healed up instantly, without even a drop of blood emerging from the wound.

"Now it's time to test it out and see if it's as strong as I think it is." Smiling oddly, he strode forward, moving with speed that vastly exceeded what he was previously capable of. He left behind only afterimages as he shot off into the distance.

He was like a ghost in the necropolis, harvesting all forms of life that he encountered.

Currently, there were three Dao Realm cultivators in the necropolis: there were the two 2-Essences cultivators who had attempted to block Meng Hao's path, then there was the most powerful of the three, Xuan Daozi.

All three of them were in different locations, relying on the advantage they had because of their cultivation bases to search for Meng Hao.

At this point, six Ancient Realm cultivators appeared up ahead of Meng Hao. They had banded together, and were proceeding along carefully. Everything about this burial ground left them terrorstruck, and at the moment, they weren't thinking at all about good fortune, but rather, were merely looking for a way out.

As they proceeded along, suddenly, one of the cultivators whispered, "What was that sound!?"

The faces of the others around him flickered as they looked around in all directions.

When they saw nothing out of the ordinary, that made them even more nervous, so they picked up speed. However, it wasn't long before all of them got a creepy sensation from the fact that the only sound to be heard in the area were footsteps.

Those footsteps originally belonged to the six of them, but now they all realized... that there was the sound of a seventh set of footsteps.

The scalps of all six cultivators went numb. Transmitting messages to each other, their cultivation bases exploded with power, and they unleashed divine abilities in all directions. The glow of their magical techniques immediately revealed a skeletal figure.

Booms rang out, filling the necropolis, to be heard by quite a few of the cultivators there. However, to the six cultivators unleashing divine abilities, it was a completely shocking matter; all of their divine abilities and magical items slammed into the skeletal figure, but the only result was that they heard faint banging sounds. The figure itself wasn't hurt at all.

"Too weak," the skeletal figure said, smiling. He sped forward, his index finger flashing as fast as lightning as he stabbed into the foreheads of all six cultivators in quick succession.

It happened in the blink of an eye. The skeletal Meng Hao was now directly in front of the six cultivators, who trembled as they transformed into ash. The white mist appeared, which he absorbed, restoring more of his fleshly body. Now he looked less like a skeleton, although he was still incredibly gaunt.

"Well," murmured Meng Hao, "I'm in no hurry to test the limits of this fleshly body. It seems this fellow is sadly short when it comes to magical items. Too bad he's a pauper; his bag of holding is virtually empty." There really wasn't much at all to be seen in Meng Hao's bag of holding, only a cauldron, a spear, and a few swords.

Greed wasn't really aware of how suspicious it was that the bag of holding was so empty. Previously, it had also held a copper mirror, a parrot, a meat jelly, and an ocean of Immortal jades, promissory notes and magical items.

Now, though, all of that was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah well, it doesn't matter. This Meng Hao must have been engaged in an intense battle for quite a while. His expendable items have been used up, which is only natural. Presumably, these remaining items are quite nice. However, once I use my Essence power to refine them, they'll be even more powerful."

Chapter 1240: An Incredible Person!

Greed-possessed Meng Hao lifted his hand, within which appeared a long spear, which was none other than his World Tree bone-tip spear.

“Wow, this thing is pretty incredible.... The wood is rare, and the spearhead appears to have come from a Dao Realm beast.... Unfortunately, it was forged improperly, and has a lot of imperfections. Although, what’s even more important than that is... that the spear has been sealed.” Meng Hao hefted the long spear and looked at it closely for a moment before smiling.

“Interesting. It was actually sealed by a cultivator from home. It would be very troublesome for anyone here to unseal it. They might be able to forcefully wipe out the seal, but then the spear would be destroyed.

“To me, though, undoing the seal will be easy.” He waved his hand, causing a droning sound to emanate out from the spear as he flew through the necropolis, divine sense emanating out in all directions. Suddenly, he turned and headed in a different direction.

It didn’t take long before he was closing in on two Ancient Realm cultivators. Almost immediately, their faces fell. Just as they were about to retreat, the long spear appeared in Meng Hao’s hands, stabbing through the forehead of one of the cultivators, completely destroying him in body and spirit.

The spear didn’t stop; it kept on going until it stabbed through the second cultivator’s heart, causing him to explode.

In the instant that the two of them died, Meng Hao’s left hand flashed in a strange sealing gesture, which was not a magical technique of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Then he waved his finger, causing the cultivators’ souls to be forcefully extracted. Finally he clenched the souls hard in his hand, transforming them into two magical symbols, which he then placed onto the long spear.

“OPEN!” he growled. The spear in his hand shook, and then suddenly, cracks appeared all over its surface, almost as if it were shedding a layer of skin. Then, an intense aura rumbled out as the spear transformed into an Azure Dragon!

Unexpectedly, the spearhead transformed into the vicious image of a ghost with a violet body and a long horn on its head. It appeared to be an evil spirit, but was in fact a vicious beast from ancient times!

Rumbling could be heard as pressure emanated from the spear. This was an explosive change that was almost like a rebirth compared to what the spear had been like before!

“Now that’s a bit more imposing,” Greed said with a sinister grin. With that, he put the spear away and then proceeded onward, taking out the Lightning Cauldron as he did.

As he examined the cauldron, a strange gleam appeared in his eyes, almost as if he were recalling something from the past.

“It seems he and I really are connected by destiny. However, this cauldron has been refined via sacrifice.” He suddenly shoved his hand down, causing a boom to echo out as a ball of lightning flame shot out from his palm to surround the cauldron.

Cracking sounds could be heard, and fissures spread out over the cauldron. In the blink of an eye, it shattered. However, at the same time, Meng Hao performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then spit out a mouthful of blood, causing the cauldron to re-form.

“Congeal!”

In a short instant, the countless fragments of the cauldron formed back together into the shape of a cauldron, which now shone with boundless magical light. Mountains, rivers, and countless living beings could be seen on its surface, and most shocking of all was that far more lightning crackled around its surface than before.

A shocking pressure also emerged from the cauldron which far exceeded that from before. Apparently, this was the cauldron’s most powerful state.

A hoarse laugh could be heard as Meng Hao waved his hand, sending the Lightning Cauldron floating up above his head. There it turned slowly, boundless lightning forming a pool which spread out, making Meng Hao look even more incredible than before.

“Form Displacement Transposition. How could it be limited to flesh and blood?!” Laughing heartily, he strode forward, suddenly slamming into a nearby wall and punching through it to the other side.

“The Five Elements Lightning Cauldron makes its comeback starting now!” After shooting through the hole in the wall, he appeared in another corridor, whereupon he waved his finger down the hall.

Immediately, the Lightning Cauldron rumbled, causing masses of lightning transform into tens of thousands of Silver Dragons to rush forward in the direction he was pointing.

Down the corridor was a middle-aged man, one of the two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators. His face fell, and he let out a roar, unleashing the power of his cultivation base, which happened to be that of wood-type power. It caused an enormous tree to materialize, which shot toward the lightning.

Backing up, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then waved his finger at Meng Hao. Instantly, the corridor began to tremble as stone thorns burst out from everywhere to stab toward Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, two hands formed from soil rose up and made a grab for his legs.

“Earth Essence Buries All!” roared the man. As he fell back, he waved both hands, causing rumbling to fill the air as the lands collapsed. A terrifying power then erupted out, threatening to inundate Meng Hao.

“Five Elements Lightning Cauldron,” Meng Hao said coolly, “convert the five elements into lightning! Earth to lightning. Wood to lightning. Kill him!” Rumbling could be heard as the enormous tree distorted and then collapsed, transforming into numerous bolts of green-colored lightning, which spun around and shot toward the middle-aged man.

At the same time, the earth-power was reversed, shattering and transforming into gray lightning bolts which rocketed toward the middle-aged man at an indescribable speed.

The man’s face fell, and before he could even retreat, he looked down to find that a withered hand was stabbing into his chest.

He had no idea when that hand had appeared, but it was grabbing at his heart. Although it seemed to only be gripping his heart... it felt like his soul, his life force, his everything, were being grabbed ahold of. His Nascent Divinity had no way to flee his fleshly body, as if it were sealed by that palm.

“Noooo....” the middle-aged man wailed madly. The withered hand clenched down viciously, and rumbling sounds could be heard as his heart shattered into countless pieces. The man’s body

trembled, then transformed into ash. Moments later, Greed-possessed Meng Hao appeared behind him, licking his lips.

When that man died, vast amounts of white mist floated up into the air to pour into Meng Hao's body. Cracking sounds rang out from inside of him as his withered fleshly body was restored even further. No longer did he look completely terrifying, just a bit pale.

"See Meng Hao, I'm going along with many of your wishes! I'm helping you... to exterminate everyone in here!" If anyone who knew Meng Hao could see him licking his lips as he was right now, they would definitely find it to be very bizarre.

"Next, let's take a look at these swords." He waved his hand, causing a handful of swords to fly out from his bag of holding. Shockingly, these were the wooden swords that Meng Hao had collected from the various corpses over the years!

As soon as the Greed-possessed Meng Hao saw them, he shivered, and a strange light began to glow in his eyes.

"These were forged in the other great land mass... for the specific purpose of killing Immortals. They are... Immortal Murdering Swords!! They are also sealed.... This Meng Hao might have an empty bag, but the items he does possess are treasures!" Licking his lips, Greed tossed the swords out into the air. Eyes shining strangely, he took a deep breath and then spit out a mouthful of flame Essence.

As soon as the fire touched the wooden swords, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Face somber, he occasionally uttered some complex spells, and tossed in further incantation gestures. After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, beads of sweat were pouring down his forehead, and his aura was weakening.

However, the swords were beginning to superimpose with each other, as if they were transforming into one single sword. When that single superimposed sword dropped down, Greed grabbed it and looked at it with a bit of disappointment.

"What a pity," he sighed. "It's not the structure I'm familiar with, so I can only attempt to force it back together based on memory. I can't fully restore them to their genuine state." Then he sucked in a deep breath, causing the superimposed wooden swords to transform into a dark beam that shot into his mouth.

“Okay, now it’s time for my cultivation base.” He took another deep breath, which caused peals of thunder to fill the necropolis, and a huge wind to spring up. His energy suddenly rose up rapidly, and the bloodline power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal exploded out. After a certain critical point was reached, the power of his cultivation base caused the Paragon Bridge inside of him to become visible.

“Is that....” Greed’s expression flickered with disbelief, and he began to shake with wild joy.

“It’s THAT bridge!! How is this possible! That’s...

“He actually has THAT bridge inside of him!!

“Good fortune! This is indescribable good fortune for me! Probably the greatest good fortune of my entire life!” Shaking, he threw his head back and laughed maniacally.

“My fleshly body power is perfect, but my cultivation base is a bit lacking. Well, that doesn’t matter, I have ways to improve this cultivation base right now!” He lifted his hand and produced Meng Hao’s fourth Nirvana Fruit, which he examined closely.

“What a pity that Meng Hao’s memories were obscured because of his incredible injuries. Thanks to his soul being damaged, I can’t see very much, and have no idea what this thing is. However, I can sense that it has the ability to increase my cultivation base.” After a moment of thought, he pushed the Nirvana Fruit down onto his forehead.

He trembled, throwing his head back and roaring as his cultivation base rocketed up. Moments later, though, the fourth Nirvana Fruit suddenly appeared back outside of his forehead; since it was impossible for him to absorb it fully, it fell back down.

“Get back in there!” Greed said, eyes flashing coldly. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pushed a finger down onto his forehead, once again using some of his life force Essence to create a seal, after which he tried to forcefully keep the fourth Nirvana Fruit inside.

The real Meng Hao would not have been able to do something like this. Not only did he not have any ability with such a sealing mark, the life force power necessary to do such a thing was something he couldn’t sustain.



But now... when the matter was being controlled by the person possessing his body, his Nirvana Fruit was forced... to once again fuse into him. Forcefully causing the fruit to begin fusing with him caused his cultivation base to explode with power, but at the same time the life force absorption rate from the Nirvana Fruit soared.

“Life force essence!” Greed roared. Using the Essence power of his life force, he pushed the Fourth Nirvana Fruit into a state of fusion. Greed’s life force Essence could keep him alive in this land of the dead. It was the key to him being able to avoid death after he had been imprisoned here. That was normally his most prized possession, but right now, he could sense that Meng Hao’s body had so many desirable traits that he would risk anything and pay any price to enhance it as much as possible!