

# The Heavens 111

## Chapter 111: The Roc and the Flying Rain-Dragon

Chu Yuyan also had a Flawless Foundation. This was because she was the daughter of the Sect leader of the Violet Fate Sect, and also because of Grandmaster Pill Demon. Furthermore, her latent talent could be considered the third best in the entire Violet Fate Sect.

It was for this reason that her father sent a special request to the Upright Clan in the Eastern Lands for a Flawless Foundation Pill, which was very rare in the Southern Domain. It was in this fashion that Chu Yuyan acquired her Flawless Foundation.

Of course, the Violet Fate Sect had paid quite a price for this.

As she raced in pursuit of Meng Hao, her eyes flashed. According to her judgement, there was no way Meng Hao could have a Flawless Foundation. In the current generation of Chosen in the entire Southern Domain, there were only eight Cultivators with a Flawless Foundation, one in each of the five Clans and three Sects.

Even Wang Tengfei didn't have a Flawless Foundation, only a Cracked one. The Wang Clan was large, and Wang Tengfei was one of many Chosen. Neither was he one of the most illustrious members of the clan. Most of the attention was actually focused on his older brother.

"Meng Hao...." Her eyes flickered, and her mouth twisted into a cold smile. To see such a cold expression on her beautiful face was actually somewhat arousing. "A trifling Cracked Foundation! The only things you have are a few strange magical items!" She increased her speed, and the two of them transformed into beams of shining light as they screamed through the air above the State of Eastern Emergence.

After reaching Foundation Establishment, flight is possible. But in terms of speed, Chu Yuyan, who was in the middle Foundation Establishment stage, was quite a bit faster than Meng Hao. In a relatively short time, she caught up to him.

Boom!

A massive explosion bellowed out. Chu Yuyan had flickered an incantation and sent a violet mist shooting toward Meng Hao. It had been blocked by the mist of the Lightning Flag, which subsequently fell apart.

As the explosion rang out, Meng Hao continued to flee, looking back coldly at Chu Yuyan.

“You might be fast, but you can’t catch me. I paid the highest price at the auction. The Spring and Autumn tree is mine, it’s just the will of the Heavens.”

“I will capture you today, and not for the Spring and Autumn tree,” she said calmly, “but for Wang Tengfei’s finger! Furthermore, you shall explain clearly how you obtained Ding Xin’s black bow!” She was beautiful in both complexion and figure as she flew through the air, her clothes rippling in the wind. Somehow she had managed to change her dress. The skin which had previously been exposed was now covered.

Meng Hao didn’t reply, but a sneer appeared in his eyes. From their encounter moments ago, he had determined that Chu Yuyan was in the middle of the Foundation Establishment stage, and that he couldn’t defeat her. But, she wanted to capture him, and that wouldn’t be easy. He continued on forward.

The two of them continued on for nearly two hours. She tried several times to get ahold of him, but the lightning mist protected him. Each time, a bang would ring out, and he would continue on. Chu Yuyan was starting to feel a bit helpless.

Evening was falling, and as it did, Chu Yuyan’s frown deepened. She didn’t pay attention at all to Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, but rather the powerful lightning mist that protected him. It was extremely difficult to break through. She ground her teeth and then slapped her bag of holding. An ancient oil lamp appeared. This was one of her most valuable treasures; she had never even used it in battle before. But in order to capture Meng Hao, she couldn’t afford to hold it in reserve.

The lamp was not lit when it appeared, but it already filled the air with an archaic noise. Chu Yuyan took a deep breath and then blew on the wick of the lamp. As she did, her face grew pale. But then a tongue of flame appeared.

Once the lamp was lit, the entire area within a three hundred meter diameter was filled with a bright sheet composed of countless flames.

It had no shape, and could not be touched, but could be seen. When it did, Meng Hao's eyes narrowed.

"Spotlight Threads, unite!" Her clear voice rang out, and the bright lights filling the area separated into multiple threads, which then blocked off Meng Hao's path of escape to the left, right and ahead. They slowly began to surround him.

Even as Meng Hao realized the dangerous situation he was in, the lightning mist began to shrink. It appeared that the enveloping threads of light were causing it to dissipate.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he stopped moving forward. Instead, he reversed his direction, the lightning mist swirling around his body as he shot toward Chu Yuyan.

When she saw him charging her, her eyes narrowed. She pushed her palms together in front of her, whereupon a huge field of Violet Qi poured out of the top of her head and swirled about her. Then, she struck out with both hands, pointing toward Meng Hao. The Violet Qi coalesced into the form of a long, violet dragon. Roaring, it charged Meng Hao.

Within the lightning mist, Meng Hao saw the violet dragon approaching. His right hand flashed an incantation gesture and then waved forward. The lightning mist roiled and then made a beeline for the approaching dragon. At the same time, his left hand slapped his bag of holding. One hundred flying swords emerged. Meng Hao took control of them with this Spiritual Sense, causing them to form a whirlwind of swords. When it, along with the lightning mist, collided with the violet dragon, a huge explosion ripped out. But the sword whirlwind continued on toward Chu Yuyan.

Her oil lamp had prevented Meng Hao from fleeing. She knew that soon, the threads of light would close in on Meng Hao, and he would be unable to escape even if he had wings.

Her face was calm as she slapped her bag of holding again. A red, white and black fan appeared in her hand, which she waved ahead of her three times.

The first time she waved it, a red glow appeared, which turned into a large red horn.

The second time she waved it, a white glow appeared, which transformed into a rhinoceros, to which the horn attached.

The third time she waved, a black glow appeared which coalesced into a black coat of armor which covered the rhino. Waving its head wildly, the rhino charged toward Meng Hao's sword whirlwind.

Meng Hao let out a shout, and the sword whirlwind began to collapse. Suddenly, all of the swords exploded. Fragments flew about in all directions, and then fused together and shot toward the black-armored rhino.

At the same time, the lightning mist suddenly expanded out with a roar, filling the area within three hundred meters.

Meng Hao's body flashed as he approached Chu Yuyan, his body covered with lightning mist. A Flame Python flew out from his right hand, causing her to let out a light snort. A string of bells appeared in her hand, which let out light tinkling sounds. The Flame Python began to wail mournfully.

Disdain covering her face, Chu Yuyan lifted her hand up. The bells rang as she waved her hand toward Meng Hao.

Violet Qi poured out from the fingers of her hand, speeding straight toward Meng Hao.

At this point, the shining threads of light had reached a position several meters away from Meng Hao. The multiple interlocking layers of light seemed to be completely under the control of Chu Yuyan's will.

An almost imperceptible gleam appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as the Violet Qi neared him. A variety of expressions flickered across his face, and he retreated, seeming to almost fumble as he slapped his bag of holding. A wooden sword appeared, and even as it slammed into the Violet Qi, a second wood sword shot out, followed by a small, black net. To Chu Yuyan it appeared as if she had caused Meng Hao to rush in his attack. Otherwise, why would he suddenly use so many treasures? It was really beyond the proper limits of reason.

"You're a backwater Cultivator from a backwater nation," said Chu Yuyan coolly, raising her hand. "Even if you're at Foundation Establishment, you only have a Cracked Foundation. You don't even deserve to show your face!" The power of her middle Foundation Establishment Cultivation base flared. The four Dao pillars within her body surged, and a gale force wind blew out from her right hand. Meng Hao's wooden swords twisted in the air, and then black net rocked back and forth.

But at this moment, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed brightly. The black net suddenly grew larger. Even as the threads of light contracted around him like iron bands, the net shot directly in Chu Yuyan's direction. Its speed and growth were too sudden, giving her no time to react. In the blink of an eye, she was enveloped by the net, which shrank around her and pinned her tight within its confines.

As it contracted around her, her white dress was once again shredded, revealing more of her graceful and elegant curves. It was enough to send any man panting. She was both angry and nervous. Hate filled her eyes as she glared murderously at Meng Hao, killing intent radiating out from her eyes.

"I don't need to show my face anywhere," he said coolly, looking back at Chu Yuyan. "Being able to catch you while I'm tied up is good enough for me." The threads of light had securely tightened around him.

The two of them were both momentarily incapacitated. Neither of them dared to use any spiritual energy against the other. They were in a deadlock.

Chu Yuyan's murderous intentions grew stronger, causing even Meng Hao to show a bit of killing intent.

Everything grew quiet. Chu Yuyan didn't move, and neither did Meng Hao. They both circulated their Cultivation bases, attempting to free themselves from their constraints. Whoever got free first would be the victor.

Time slowly passed. Soon, it was dusk. Meng Hao rotated his Cultivation base rapidly, and as he did, he felt the threads of light growing looser. Chu Yuyan was doing the same thing. Under the power of her Cultivation base, the black net was beginning to show weaknesses.

As this was happening, far in the distance, the sound of wind could be heard. At first it wasn't very strong. It caused Chu Yuyan's hair to drift about, and Meng Hao's eyes to grow dry. It didn't take long for the wind to grow stronger, though. Soon it was whipping about wildly.

A black shadow appeared off in the distance. Despite being very far away, it was obviously a colossal flying bird. It was... the roc from the Milky Way Sea, flying toward the Rebirth Cave!

Like a sovereign of the sky, every flying thing in the sky must bow to this roc. As its sovereignly will of the heavens exuded out, the Demonic Core within Meng Hao's Dao Pillar began to shake. It wished to battle with this sovereign of the sky.

Because the Flying Rain-Dragon is also a sovereign of the sky!

The wind grew even more violent. Meng Hao's body began to be pulled backward. Chu Yuyan's expression changed as she too began to be pulled up. Meng Hao's lightning mist, Chu Yuyan's oil lamp flame, and even the wooden swords, were all pulled into motion by the wind. It seemed as if they would all be blown away.

Chapter 112: Things Change

"That's... that's a roc!" cried Chu Yuyan. "In the lands of South Heaven, rocs can only emerge from the Milky Way Sea. Meng Hao, let me loose. Based on the death aura emanating from it, its obviously about to die, and is heading toward the Rebirth Cave. The wind it kicks up is going to sweep everything away!"

"You release me first," he said, coldly. He could feel the shaking of the Demonic Core within his Dao Pillar.

"You!" said Chu Yuyan, gnashing her teeth. She was about to say something else when suddenly the wind's ferocity increased dramatically. In the blink of an eye, a roaring sound filled the earth. Countless mountain peaks were shattered and crumbled by the wind, sending fragments of rock flying about. All of a sudden, the roc changed directions. Having felt the power of the Demonic Core within Meng Hao, a mysterious light began to shine from its eyes. It screamed through the air in the direction of Chu Yuyan and Meng Hao.

The sky grew dark as the gale-force wind blew over the land, threatening to sweep everything up. It was as if everything in this part of the world belonged to the roc, and it alone!

A twisting whirlwind accompanied the roc's arrival. Mountains fell apart and trees were ripped up by the roots in a shocking display of power!

The wind swept up Meng Hao and Chu Yuyan. The oil lamp hovering next to Chu Yuyan shook violently, and was extinguished. The instant it did, the threads of light that bound him disappeared.

The power of the Demonic Core erupted once again within him, just as it had the day the Legacy had first appeared. Within Meng Hao's head appeared images from ancient times.

Within these images, a Flying Rain-Dragon and a roc were locked in combat!

Boom!

Meng Hao felt as if a huge wave had just crashed onto his mind. He spun up toward the whirlwind, and he felt as if he were being crushed. Blood sprayed from his mouth. Like a kite whose string was cut, his body flopped over and over in the air as he was sucked up.

In the last moments before he lost consciousness, he sent out his last bit of spiritual energy to drag the wooden swords and lightning flag back. Then he passed out.

Chu Yuyan was in an even worse situation. As she began to be sucked upward, she coughed up a mouthful of blood. Her body was still wrapped up by the black net. She tumbled upward along with her oil lamp. Her face was pale, and filled with despair. Another gust of wind from the roc buffeted her, and she coughed up even more blood, then slipped into unconsciousness.

Meng Hao and Chu Yuyan were both Foundation Establishment Cultivators. Despite that, when the screaming wind generated by the roc lifted them up, they were completely powerless to resist it. Thankfully, they were not like the mountains, which were connected firmly to the land. Their resistance to the wind left them shattered.

The two of them were like plucked willow catkins, powerless to offer any resistance. They were hurt by the buffeting wind, and knocked unconscious, but were not ripped to pieces. The wind held them tight and carried them off into the distance.

The wind continued to sweep across the State of Eastern Emergence for several days after the roc's passage, before finally dying down.

Meng Hao opened his eyes.

His entire body hurt, causing his eyes to flicker as they opened. An all encompassing pain filled him, causing him to tremble so badly he felt as if he would fall into pieces.

Calm slowly filled his eyes. The pain was alarming, but it actually didn't compare to the times when the poison within him flared up. Thanks to that, he was used to this kind of pain.

He slowly struggled into a sitting position, panting. He looked down at his body; his clothing was in shreds; bruises and abrasions covered his skin. There were countless wounds, some of which were deeper than others; there were some areas where the skin had been removed entirely. If he bumped up against the nearby rocks, it sent piercing pain deep into his bones.

He gasped for breath as he examined himself. As he did, his eyes grew wide. His body felt weak. In fact, it felt almost the same as it had six or seven years ago on Mount Daqing.

"My Cultivation base..." Meng Hao immediately attempted to circulate his Cultivation base. He let out a sigh of relief when he found that it was still there. But then he frowned. He was completely incapable of accessing it, as if it were being blocked by some powerful force.

It was at this moment, as he glanced over his destroyed clothing, that he realized that none of his bags of holding were on his person. It seemed they had all been blown away by the raging wind.

His face fell. He lifted up his hand and reached deep into his robe. When he pulled it out, there was the bag of the Cosmos. This bag was different than a regular bag of holding, so Meng Hao always kept it tucked inside his robe. Therefore, the wind hadn't been able to touch it.

"It's a good thing I keep most of my things inside the bag of the Cosmos," muttered Meng Hao, "including my wooden swords and the Lightning Flag. Otherwise this would have been a horrible loss." He tried to open it up, but no matter how he tried, was unable. Sighing, he looked around.

Within the darkness, black mists wafted to and fro. Strange rocks covered the ground, as well as numerous bones of birds and beasts. Who knew how long they had rotted here before turning into their currently deathly white color? Meng Hao was beginning to grow even more surprised.

Things were bad enough as it was, but then Meng Hao noticed that some of the bones were human...

He looked up toward the sky, but all he could see was endless swirling mists.

"What is this place...?" A grim, gloomy look appeared on his face as he sat there. A sense of imminent danger welled up within him.

"I wonder if the change to my Cultivation base was caused by the great wind... or by of this place." A long time passed before he gathered enough energy to grit his teeth and struggle to his feet. Supporting himself on a nearby rock, he slowly began to walk forward. Time passed enough for an



incense stick to burn, whereupon Meng Hao came to a halt. In front of him was a wall of black rock. The wall disappeared up into the mists, making it impossible to see its top.

Meng Hao looked behind him. At this point, he realized that he was most likely at the bottom of some deep abyss.

"So the wind kicked up by the roc carried me to the bottom of this precipice. Who knows what part of the State of Eastern Emergence I'm in? I need to restore my Cultivation base, then I'll be able to get out of here." He leaned up against the cliff wall and then sank to his feet to build up some more energy.

Time passed. Being unable to see the sky, it was difficult for him to know how much. Slowly, the strength in his body built up. He once again tried to open the bag of the Cosmos, but was unsuccessful. Finally, he had no choice but to give up. He stood, looking around until he caught sight of a tree branch about as wide as his arm. Using it to support himself, he began to walk again.

"If this is a cliff, then it will have an end," he said, looking around. Everything around him was quiet, without the slightest bit of noise. The only thing he could hear was his own heartbeat. He took in a deep breath, deciding to explore the entire area until he found a way out.

He walked slowly, caution on his face. The place had a ghastly feel, and he wasn't sure what danger might be lurking about. But he had to search around. If there was any danger, then so be it.

About four hours passed, and Meng Hao felt himself slowly recovering. He had reached Foundation Establishment after completing the great circle of Qi Condensation, so his body was naturally much tougher than before. But his heart began to sink when after all this time, he still hadn't found any way out. In fact, the strange rocks which littered the ground seemed to be growing more dense.

After about another hour, he suddenly stopped walking. His eyes gleamed with a strange light as he looked up ahead, and a cold smile twisting the corner of his mouth.

Up ahead of him, a person was lying on one of the strange rocks. A dilapidated and torn white gown revealed great swaths of smooth skin. Long hair lay in disarray around... Chu Yuyan.

She lay there unconscious. Next to her was a small black net.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he slowly approached her. He placed his finger beneath her nose, then felt at a patch of exposed flesh on her abdomen. The skin was soft and pleasant-feeling. He pushed down hard onto her abdomen. Then, he stepped to the side, grabbing the black net and tucking it away.

"She's not dead. I could feel that her Cultivation base is still there, just suppressed. She has no way to access her spiritual energy." His eyes narrowed, and he looked at Chu Yuyan for a long moment. He laughed. "I know you're awake. There's no need to pretend to be unconscious."

Chu Yuyan still didn't move. Meng Hao let out a cold snort. Using the long branch in his hand, he poked at her.

Her eyes snapped open and she glared coldly at him.

Meng Hao gave her an empty smile. He suddenly realized that it was very boring in this abyss. His gaze passed over Chu Yuyan's body, her delicate curves, the skin revealed by her torn clothing, and the edges of her red 'dudou' undergarment. All of this made her extremely beautiful.

Her face suddenly flushed, and anger filled her eyes as she stared murderously at him. She struggled to cover herself up, then gasped in pain. There was a strangeness to her gasp that was clearly audible in the silence of the abyss.

Hearing it, Meng Hao laughed.

"What are you laughing at, you despicable, dirty, THING!"

Meng Hao lifted his hand up and slapped her directly across the face, his eyes cold. "Shut up."

"You!!!" Her expression was livid as a palm print appeared on her beautiful face. Meng Hao had slapped her viciously, causing her body to tremble. In her entire life, no one had ever dared to strike her. Even Wang Tengfei treated her like an honored guest.

Another slap rang out as Meng Hao smacked her again in exactly the same spot.

"I told you to shut up," he said calmly. "Wang Tengfei might treat you like a precious gem. But to me, you're nothing."

She gritted her teeth and stared him dead in the eye. With her Cultivation base being suppressed, she was just like a mortal. Chu Yuyan suddenly felt a sense of danger well up inside her. Once, she had been a high and mighty Chosen, but now she had fallen far, far down. Now, she was simply a weak woman, at the mercy of Meng Hao.

### Chapter 113: An Altar in a Lake

"We've rested enough," said Meng Hao coolly. "Get up. You walk in front."

Chu Yuyan said nothing. Grinding her teeth, she struggled to her feet. As she did, her clothes shifted, revealing more of her body. Her face just now had been pale white, but was now crimson. As of now, the hatred in her heart toward Meng Hao was even greater than that felt by Wang Tengfei.

But she had lost access to her Cultivation base, and was now just a tender woman. She couldn't compare at all to Meng Hao. Although he had started out as a scholar, the strength and toughness of his body were far beyond that of an ordinary Cultivator.

He might not be as strong as those Cultivators who focus on body training, but in terms of recovery and strength, he was far from ordinary. Otherwise, he would not have recovered consciousness so much more quickly than Chu Yuyan.

She could only endure and comply with his demand that she take the lead, the fury in her heart growing deeper and deeper. Meng Hao naturally was aware of this. He walked behind her, looking at her graceful figure. The rips in her garment revealed large portions of the skin on her back.

The reason he had Chu Yuyan walk in front, however, was because he still felt at danger in this place. Chu Yuyan would act as a wind vane; she would be able to provide advance notice of any potential threat.

They moved forward in single file. If he wanted to, Meng Hao would change their course by pointing and giving new instructions. Chu Yuyan had no choice other than to clench her jaw and comply. Hatred for Meng Hao had seeped into her bones. Yet she could only obey him. A very long time passed by, and it seemed as if soon they would have explored everywhere they could. Everything was cliff face, with no exits.

Strange rocks littered the landscape, as did the skeletons of various birds and beasts. Was this place some sort of death trap?

Meng Hao grew more silent. Chu Yuyan's mood slowly fell, until despair showed in her eyes.

They followed the cliff face, eventually coming to the realization that they were walking in a large circle. Sometimes, they would rest up against the cliff face for a while before continuing. One day they reached an area that seemed to contain an unusually large amount of bones. Suddenly, they caught sight of a lake.

The shores of the lake were piled with countless bones, many of which were human. It was impossible to tell how many years they had been there. The aura of the place was gruesome, and also seemed to be filled with the stink of blood.

In fact this lake, was a lake of blood.

As Chu Yuyan approached the lake, the formerly calm surface began to ripple. As soon as the tiny waves began to spread out, Meng Hao stopped.

Chu Yuyan's face drained of blood, and her body began to quiver. An intense sense of danger filled her, as if something horrifying existed within the lake, and was looking at her.

"Walk back slowly," said Meng Hao softly. He stood a bit further away from the lake. "Don't panic. One step at a time. "

Biting her lip, Chu Yuyan slowly moved backwards several meters. The lake began to roil, and a piercing shrieking sound could be heard coming from within it. Chu Yuyan moved backward as quickly as possible

Amidst the ringing shrieks which filled the air, a dark green altar suddenly rose up from within the lake. Waves swelled across the surface of the lake of blood. Figures appeared from within the blood. It was difficult to tell which were male and which were female, because they had no skin, only bloody flesh. They carried the dark stone altar on their shoulders as it rose out of the lake.

The altar was over one hundred fifty meters in diameter, and as it rose out of the surface of the lake, it emitted a sickly reddish-green glow. On top of the altar was a throne made of stone, seemingly the same dark green stone the altar was formed from.

Sitting on the throne was a corpse. A death aura wafted around it, and its face was covered with a mask. The mask was white and featureless.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted and he stood motionless. Chu Yuyan stood there pale-faced, equally unwilling to move. Enough time passed to take about ten breaths, and then the stone altar slowly began to sink back down. Once again, the bloody surface of the lake grew still, and everything returned to quietness.

Meng Hao let out a long breath and walked backward slowly. Chu Yuyan did the same thing. When the two of them had retreated about three hundred meters, the sense of imminent danger in their hearts slowly faded.

"What was that..." said Chu Yuyan, the first words she had spoken voluntarily in days. Her voice was weak and hoarse.

Meng Hao didn't reply. Instead, he turned and walked off. Chu Yuyan hesitated a moment, then followed silently. They returned to the cliff face, to a place where earlier they had discovered a natural cave. Inside, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged. Chu Yuyan leaned back against the cave wall, her arms hugging her legs. She stared blankly outside.

She was a proud woman, but what had happened now, coupled with the suppression of her Cultivation base, the presence of the detestable Meng Hao, all of this, gradually filled her heart with pernicious despair. Her only hope was that the Violet Fate Sect would somehow be able to track her down here.

But this place was very strange, and apparently could suppress Cultivation bases. Most likely, it also suppressed the brand of the Violet Fate Sect in her body, which would make it impossible for them to know where she was.

Her clothes were in tatters, and couldn't even cover her sufficiently. More than half of her body was exposed, especially when she sat in this posture. Almost all of her legs were visible.

Time passed. Every time it seemed a day had come and gone, Meng Hao placed a rock into a small pile next to him. There were already eight. According to his calculations, eight days had passed.

Their Cultivation bases were locked down, preventing any spiritual energy from dispersing. Luckily, they didn't need food. But this place had no spiritual energy, and if things kept going on

like this, they would begin to grow more and more hungry. Considering they were stuck in a remote abyss, they really needed the energy of heaven and earth... except there wasn't any.

During the eight days, Meng Hao would spend about half the time circulating his Cultivation base, trying to break through whatever was suppressing it. At the very least, he was hoping to be able to open his bag of holding. And yet, he experienced no success.

The rest of the time he spent taking Chu Yuyan out to search for a way out. But, having searched the area so many times, they didn't find any exit. The only thing they found out was that there seemed to be a lot of vipers lurking about.

"I think this place is an inactive volcano," said Chu Yuyan, "not just a hole in the ground." She sat there in the small cave, looking out. She wasn't reconciled to cooperating with Meng Hao, but couldn't think of any way to get out of this place.

Meng Hao sat quietly at the mouth of the cave, looking out with a frown.

Chu Yuyan looked at him sitting there cross-legged, and then suddenly blurted, "I need a change of clothes!" The look in her eyes was solemn and earnest, more so than it had been this entire time.

Despite her haggard state, this look would cause desire to blossom in the heart of any man who gazed upon her beauty.

Meng Hao closed his eyes. "I don't have any," he said coolly.

"You have some in your bag of holding." Her clothes were ragged and soiled, revealing over half of her body. Even more of her undergarments were now visible. Her flesh appeared soft and supple. Half covered, half exposed, the sight of her was incredibly enticing.

Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, and he looked at Chu Yuyan coldly. His gaze swept over her, over her body, her curves, her beautiful features. Most men who saw something like this would immediately be consumed with a fiery heat.

Eight days before, it would have been impossible for Meng Hao to catch a glimpse of Chu Yuyan's body, even if he wanted to. And if he had, she would never have given up until he was dead.

But now... as Meng Hao looked at her, the only thing she did was unconsciously cover her chest. She had no way to prevent him from looking at her.

"You're right," he said slowly. "I do have some clothes in my bag of holding. But for some reason, I'm unable to open it because of the lack of spiritual energy here."

"There's a way," she said quietly. "There's a way to open your bag of holding and take some clothes out."

He looked at her coolly, his face as calm as ever, with no change in expression whatsoever.

Chu Yuyan had originally assumed that as soon as he heard her words, he would ask her for more details. But after waiting for a very long moment, she could see that he wasn't planning to speak. With a cold harrumph, she continued speaking.

"My Cultivation method is the Violet Fate Sect's 'Violet Qi from the East.' [1. The name of the technique 'Violet Qi from the East' is also a Chinese idiom which means a sign of good luck.] Actually, two people can practice this type of Cultivation together. Even though the spiritual energy in this area is suppressed, if I teach you the method, and we work together, we might have a chance at success. Then, your bag of holding can be opened."

He pondered for a while, then shook his head. "I don't believe you. Please explain further."

"Believe if you want," Chu Yuyan said coldly, frowning. "If you don't believe, then forget it." She sat down in a far corner of the cliff cave. When Meng Hao glanced back at her, she unconsciously tried to cover herself up. She glared at him, covering her legs with her arms.

"I don't have a lot of clothes," he said calmly, "but there's enough to allow you to cover yourself. If you don't want them, then fine, just forget about it." He closed his eyes.

An hour passed, during which time Chu Yuyan ground her beautiful teeth. She really just could not tolerate being exposed in this way. Before long, she wouldn't be able to cover herself up at all.

Clenching her jaw, she said, "I lost my bag of holding in the wind, so I have no way to test it out. But the method I just mentioned should work. Violet Qi from the East is not an ordinary technique. It was passed down from the Eastern Lands. If two people practice the technique together, its power can open the vault of the heavens."

"If you have doubts, I can teach you the first mnemonic of the Violet Qi from the East. If you can master it, then I'll tell you the second, and then the third. You can try to open the bag. All I need is some clothes."

Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked at her. His face was expressionless, but in his heart was a cold sneer. He had experienced many hardships in the State of Zhao, and was no longer the ignorant youth he once was. He was much more calculating; how could he not tell that she was trying to set up a trap for him?

"Speak," he said coldly.

Chapter 114: Many Thanks, Fellow Daoist Chu

Chu Yuyan slowly began to recite the secret method of the Violet Fate Sect. "Violet Qi from the East, Cultivate the Nine Violet Qis of heaven and earth, use the method that comes from the East, understand the rise of the sun and moon, transform the will of your heart, observe the brilliance, taste the moonlight...."

Seeing Meng Hao sitting there, apparently lost in thought, she spoke the words slowly. In her heart, she smiled coldly.

"He's surely guessed that I'm not simply after a set of clothing. But I've got him hooked. He wants to open his bag of holding as much as I do. He definitely won't take advantage of that brief moment just to take out some clothes for me. He'll take out some magical item or some medicinal pills. However, whatever he dares to take out, as long as he learns the Violet Qi to the West technique, then he'll be crippled!" A bit of hesitation flickered on her face as she slowly repeated the mnemonic.

This, of course, was not Violet Qi from the East, but rather a top secret mnemonic developed later by the Violet Fate Sect, called Violet Qi to the West. Even Wang Tengfei didn't know about it. It was taught only to special members of the Sect, and its purpose was to be able to provide spiritual power and life force to Chosen!

Every Chosen of the Violet Fate Sect would have an opportunity to select someone else to practice Violet Qi to the West. A Sect Elder would participate in order to prevent that person from resisting, as well as to keep them stable. After successfully performing the technique, that person would become a type of clone of the Chosen, whereupon the Chosen would be able to absorb their Cultivation base and life force with Violet Qi from the East.



It was because of the combination of the two arts that the Violet Fate Sect occupied its current position in the Southern Domain.

Chu Yuyan had not yet utilized the power of Violet Fate to the West on anyone. But there was no other option now, other than this technique.

Despite its power, there were potentially dangerous side-effects. Usually Sect Elders would be standing by, ready to provide assistance against any such mishaps.

"If you have no problems with the first mnemonic, then I'll give you a bit of blood," said Chu Yuyan calmly. "It's impossible to see the sun, and without either the sun or moon in sight, it's difficult to absorb Violet Qi. However, there is some in my blood, which will help you to use the technique."

Meng Hao looked up at Chu Yuyan, his eyes flickering in contemplation. Inside, he was laughing coldly; before she had even uttered the mnemonic, he had guessed that she had ill intentions. The only thing he wasn't sure of was the exact process she planned to use.

Having heard the first mnemonic, he had a faint clue. The main reason she was teaching him this Cultivation method was because even if it enabled him to open his bag of holding, it would also eventually harm him in some way.

He suddenly stood up, walked over and squatted down in front of her. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head close to him. She tried to struggle, but she just wasn't as strong as he was. Even more of her body was exposed as she tried to resist.

"Meng Hao, what are you doing?!" she cried out, her expression changing. Suddenly, anxiety filled her heart, and her body began to shake. Her lips were only about one inch from his. She could smell his breath. His hand held the top of her head like an iron pincer; she was incapable of moving backward.

"You don't need to give me any of your blood. I'll take it myself." He pulled her head to the side and then ruthlessly bit into her shoulder, chomping deep down into the flesh.

Her body trembled, and fierce hatred erupted in her eyes.

He was so close that she could feel his warmth. From a distance away, they almost looked like a couple embracing.

A moment later, Meng Hao loosened his grip and rose again. Not giving her another glance, he returned to his spot and sat down in meditation. Her blood dripped down the side of his face. His eyes closed, he began to Cultivate according to the mnemonic Chu Yuyan had just taught him.

It took a long moment for Chu Yuyan to settle her agitated breathing and recover her composure. She stared hatefully at Meng Hao.

"Just wait until you finish practicing this technique," she thought. "I'll suck up your Cultivation base and then chop you to pieces. I'll use your own energy to activate the branding in my body. Then the Violet Fate Sect will be able to find me." She ground her teeth until it seemed like they might shatter, vowing to pay back ten times as much insult to Meng Hao as she had endured today. This was especially true of the pain in her shoulder, and the bite marks. It was something she simply couldn't accept.

Time passed by, several hours. Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. Within his pupils, a bit of violet had appeared. When she saw this, Chu Yuyan felt a little bit better.

"The second mnemonic," said Meng Hao casually.

Without hesitation, Chu Yuyan began to tell him the second mnemonic. "Violet Qi returns to the lake, dyeing the banks of the Dao Pillar; Nine rotations in three layers, a branding of a Violet Dragon..."

More time passed, even longer than last time. Chu Yuyan was starting to feel a bit hesitant.

"Back in the Sect, the person selected to practice Violet Qi to the West by Elder Brother Li only needed two hours to finish under the watch of an Elder. Why is Meng Hao going so slow?"

Her hesitation continued on for another four hours. Finally, Meng Hao opened his eyes. The violet glow was even stronger. When she saw this, Chu Yuyan let out a sigh of relief.

"He must just have ordinary latent talent, so it takes longer for him to Cultivate." Next, she told him the third mnemonic.

Meng Hao thought for a while in silence. Then he closed his eyes and began to meditate. This time took even longer. Two complete days passed before he finished. However, when his eyes opened, his pupils appeared to be completely violet, and his eyes glowed the same color.

In fact, his whole body seemed to be emitting a faint violet glow.

Chu Yuyan was originally a bit worried. But seeing the thick violet color within his eyes, her Cultivation base seemed to twitch vigorously. Her mind was now made up.

"Now there's only one more step," she thought, "and when that's finished, he's doomed!" Her eyes flickered slightly, and she said, "Now, we practice Cultivation together. When we combine our power, the bag of holding will open. You need to pay very close attention when that happens: you cannot slack off. The moment will be fleeting, and if you don't get into the bag of holding then, there won't be a second chance." As she spoke, her loathing for him seemed to come out and settle onto his body. She lifted up her hands.

"Just hold on for a bit longer," she thought, laughing coldly to herself. "And then everything will be over."

Meng Hao's face was expressionless. He looked coldly at Chu Yuyan, his violet pupils flickering. He took out the bag of the Cosmos and placed it next to him. He lifted his hands and placed his palms against hers. Suddenly, both of their Cultivation bases, which moments ago had been suppressed, began to boil.

The reaction grew stronger, and white Qi began to rise up from their bodies. Beads of sweat ran down their faces. As this happened, Meng Hao could clearly sense the violet-colored spiritual power in his body being called by something. It began to race toward his hands, and Chu Yuyan. The violet glow in his eyes began to fade.

At this moment, Meng Hao suddenly felt the suppressive force on his Cultivation base loosen a bit. A tiny sliver of spiritual power suddenly emerged. Without hesitation, Meng Hao sent it straight toward the bag of the Cosmos. It glowed, and something emerged.

"Violet Qi from the East and to the West, bind!" cried Chu Yuyan, ignoring whatever had emerged from the bag of the Cosmos. Her eyes shined brightly.

It was at this moment, when the power of Meng Hao's Cultivation base was rushing toward Chu Yuyan, that suddenly, she felt her own energy shake... In the space of two breaths, it was like Meng Hao's Cultivation base had disappeared completely. She wasn't able to absorb anything more of it.

"He has a Foundation Establishment Cultivation base, it's impossible that I could have only absorbed this little... This..." Her expression changed as she looked up at Meng Hao. He looked back at her with a sneering smile. As of this moment, there wasn't the slightest trace of violet in his eyes.

When she saw this, Chu Yuyan's heart flip-flopped, and her face twisted with an expression of disbelief. She scrambled backward.

"You..."

"Many thanks, Fellow Daoist Chu," he said coolly. He lifted his hand up, and the object that had emerged from the bag of the Cosmos flew into it.

It was a crystal stone. Not an ordinary crystal, but one of the three extra large Spirit Stones that remained in his bag!

Her face went pale as she pressed herself up against the rocky wall. Her heart pounded, unable to figure out why Violet Qi to the West had failed. She had definitely sensed him practicing Cultivation using the technique. And the violet color in his eyes could not have been faked. If it had, her own Cultivation base could not have begun to boil, nor could she have absorbed the tiny bit of his that she had.

Her body began to tremble. Her plan just now had been made up on the spot, and had its flaws. It was a gamble and she was sure she had hooked him. Once hooked, there was no way he should have been able to escape.

Yet the facts remained. Chu Yuyan's heart trembled. As she looked at Meng Hao, she was suddenly struck with how unpredictable he was. The feeling only grew stronger and stronger.

If that was all to the matter, then it wouldn't be a very big deal. But then she noticed the large spirit stone Meng Hao held in his hand. Her pupils constricted. She looked closer, and then began to pant, a look of disbelief covering her face.

“That’s... an ultra-high-grade Spirit Stone!”

Chapter 115: Do You Want Out?

Meng Hao looked at Chu Yuyan for a moment. Then he shoved his hand toward the rocky wall, slashing a wound into his palm. Blood oozed out.

Chu Yuyan gasped. Next, Meng Hao shoved the large Spirit Stone into the wound. As she saw this, Chu Yuyan could almost feel how much it hurt. Meng Hao, however, didn’t frown, even in the slightest.

Compared to the pain he felt during the poison flare-ups, this was nothing.

As soon as the Spirit Stone buried into the flesh of his palm, he felt a soaring explosion of spiritual energy enter his body. His eyes flashed as if with lightning.

His suppressed Dao Pillar suddenly shook, sucking up large amounts of spiritual energy, then sent it out, circulating throughout Meng Hao’s body.

At the moment, his Second Core sea was nowhere to be seen. Actually, the reason why Chu Yuyan’s technique hadn’t affected Meng Hao was because of his Second Core sea. He had practiced the Violet Qi to the West technique, but only there in his Second Core sea, where there was no Dao Pillar.

That was why it had taken such a long time. As for Chu Yuyan, she had absorbed only the power of Meng Hao’s Second Core sea. Relatively speaking, its power was like that of a firefly.

Now that his Cultivation base was circulating, Meng Hao smacked his bag of holding, summoning the Lightning Flag. It surrounded him with a mist of flickering electricity, which caused Chu Yuyan to back further away, her face pale. She stared dumbly at the mist, her mind a blank.

Protected by the mist, Meng Hao closed his eyes and continued to circulate his Cultivation base. The suppressive force in the area still existed, but Meng Hao was now gradually able to feel the motion of his Cultivation base.

The first level of Qi Condensation, the second, the third... In the end, he was able to exert power similar to that of the seventh level of Qi Condensation.

His eyes flickering, he took in a deep breath. The mist around him rolled inward, condensing into a small flag which he then placed into his mouth. He stood, grabbing up the bag of the Cosmos and retrieving a medicinal pill which he placed into the center of his palm. The wound slowly began to close up, congealing into a scab. As for the large spirit stone, it was still stuck inside the wound. If he took it out, his Cultivation base would once again be suppressed, and he would become like a mortal. At the moment, the most power he could muster was that of the seventh level of Qi Condensation.

Ignoring Chu Yuyan, Meng Ha smacked the bag of the Cosmos again, and a wooden sword flew out. He stepped onto it, and turned into a beam of light that shot upward into the air.

Within the fissure-like cave Chu Yuyan watched in shock as he disappeared, her heart filled with complicated, bitter emotions.

Everything was quiet. This silence contained an unspeakable loneliness which spread out everywhere, submerging Chu Yuyan in its depths. She laughed silently. She was in some undetermined location, at the bottom of a volcano that no one would even think to look for. She was as trapped as a person who had been buried alive in a tomb.

Meng Hao flew along on a wooden sword, his eyes shining. Soon, he left the mists behind. His speed increased, although not too much; he was still only able to wield the power of the seventh level, plus his body was still not in top condition. When the mists disappeared, Meng Hao found himself looking up at a starry sky.

When he caught sight of the stars, a bright look appeared on his face. But then, his eyes narrowed, and he came to a stop. He didn't emerge from the mouth of the volcano, but rather stood there looking up at it.

Had he not been careful just now, he might have overlooked the nearly transparent shield which covered the mouth of the volcano. It was some kind of seal. Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he retrieved a flying sword from the bag of the Cosmos. With the flick of a sleeve, he sent it shooting toward the shield.

The instant it ran into the shield, the sword instantly turned into ash. Not a sound rang out.

Meng Hao watched this happen, a grim look on his face. He spit out the Lightning Flag. It transformed into a mist, which shot toward the shield. It could stand up against the power of

Foundation Establishment, but when it ran into the shield, it couldn't push through. It collapsed, and began to show signs that it might be destroyed.

Sucking in a breath, Meng Hao quickly called back the Lightning Flag. In the space of only a few seconds, several cracks had appeared on its surface.

"Could it be that one can enter this place, but not leave it? Even the Lightning Flag can't break through. I wonder what would happen if I ran into the shield..." He frowned. The stars were visible outside the volcano, but this shield was blocking his way.

His eyes flashing, he flew back down on the wooden sword, soon landing on the misty floor of the volcano. He glanced around, then walked over to a section of rock. Moments later, he was flying back up, a brightly colored, three meter long viper in his hand.

The snake writhed, baring its fangs, which dripped with venom. However, Meng Hao held it behind its head so it couldn't bite him.

Back at the shield, he tossed the viper toward it. As soon as the viper hit the shield, its body was turned into a mist of blood and gore. An intact viper skeleton fell back down into the mists.

Meng Hao took a breath and looked at the shield, an apprehensive look in his face. Then, he gave a cold snort and smacked the bag of the Cosmos with his right hand. A vast quantity of flying swords appeared. He flicked his finger, and the swords shot toward the rock wall. Booms rang out as the swords dug a hole into the rock. But as the swords carved inward, a sound rang out like gold striking iron. Meng Hao looked into the deep hole, and then around at the rock walls.

The rock was dark green, and covered with flickering magical symbols; it was obviously under a restrictive spell.

Meng Hao let out a sigh. He tried a few more methods, but the result was always the same. Finally, he dug a small pit into the rock wall and sat down cross-legged. He looked up silently at the shield.

He sat like that for seven days, during which time he tried out various methods of breaking through the shield, but none of them worked. More time passed. Soon, it had been a month.

He was trapped by the shield. But down at the bottom of the volcano, Chu Yuyan didn't know that. She assumed that he was long gone.

On the first day, she sat outside, her arms wrapped languidly around her legs. She looked completely different from the beautiful woman from before. Now she seemed more like a withered flower.

When the third day arrived, she sat looking outside of the cave, frustration in her eyes, her face pale.

The third day, the fifth, the eighth... Soon ten days and then thirteen days had passed. More and more frustration appeared in her eyes, and she was getting more and more hungry. Her body was also starting to grow cold. She felt like she was the only person alive in the entire world. She grew more and more forlorn. When Meng Hao was here, this feeling hadn't existed. Back then, she had just hated him, so much that she wished him to die a miserable death.

But thirteen days after he disappeared, the feeling of loneliness surrounded her like a giant mouth, ready to swallow her up.

She was now completely convinced that absolutely no Qi whatsoever could escape this place. Otherwise, the Violet Fate Sect would have already found her. But, soon it would have been a month, and no one had come for her. There was only one explanation for this.

The twenty-third day passed, then the twenty-sixth. The fear in her heart grew stronger amidst the silence that surrounded her. Her body trembled, and she felt incredibly alone. The depth of the silence made her feel as if she were in some sort of illusion. She had the sensation that there were countless shadows walking to and fro around her; she shivered. At this moment, she was no longer a Chosen of the Violet Fate Sect. She was simply a frail young woman.

She clenched her jaw, not emitting the slightest sound, and refusing to shed tears.

During the month, Meng Hao sat underneath the shield within the protection of the lightning mist. He had used every idea he could think of to break through the shield, but there it was, the same as ever. It seemed even his voice could not pass through it, although that didn't matter because he hadn't seen even a single person in the sky above. Finally one night, black clouds filled the sky, and a torrential downpour began. The rain fell down through the shield onto Meng Hao's lightning mist.

Suddenly, a peal of thunder rang out, along with a bolt of lightning. When this happened, Meng Hao's eyes narrowed. He looked closely at the shield. After a moment, another bolt of lightning descended. Meng Hao's eyes began to shine.



He had noticed that every time lightning struck, the shield would ripple.

"So, lightning bolts can affect it... If lightning strikes it, maybe the shield can be opened." His heart began to thump. A huge group of metal flying swords appeared. He tossed them, hoping to be able to use them to attract some lightning bolts.

However, thunder and rain vanished, and the sky started to grow bright. He hadn't been able to attract any lightning bolts. However, hope now burned in his eyes.

"I can't attract lightning. Maybe that is because of the shield itself. If only there was a way to force the lightning down and blow open the shield... I need something to attract it. I need... hmm..." A light of inspiration shined in his head. He retrieved a piece of turtle shell from the bag of the Cosmos; this was the formula for the Perfect Foundation Pill.

He looked it over closely a few times, and then his eyes began to shine even brighter. They filled with determination.

"Establishing a Perfect Foundation is not permitted by the Heavens, and will provoke Tribulation Lightning..."

He put the turtle shell away and sat there in silent contemplation for a while. After a time, his body flashed toward the mists below. Soon he had reached the bottom of the volcano, and Chu Yuyan.

He looked at her, at her frustrated, pale face.

When she caught sight of him, she reflexively said, "You..."

"You're Grand Master Pill Demon's disciple," said Meng Hao coldly. "Do you know anything about alchemy?"

She nodded silently.

"Do you want out?!" His eyes flashed. As his words entered her ears, Chu Yuyan's body began to tremble. Gradually, life began to seep back into her eyes.

Chapter 116: Legacy of an Immortal!

"There's a shield up above which makes it impossible to get out," he said coolly. "I can't break through it. But after a month of observation, I noticed that lightning seems to be able to distort it." Chu Yuyan's eyes were no longer filled with frustration. Instead, they shined with life, and a bit of charm.

Meng Hao lifted his hand into the air and made a snatching motion. A hissing viper flew toward him, which he grabbed deftly, pushing his finger into the weak spot of its head.

Holding the snake, he looked calmly at Chu Yuyan. Not bothering to explain anything, he walked forward and grabbed her around her supple waist. Her face turned crimson. Because of the raggedness of her clothing, Meng Hao's hand landed directly onto her skin.

His body flashed as the flying sword beneath his feet shot upward, Chu Yuyan in tow. They went up, speeding out of the mists and soon reaching the shield. Meng Hao tossed the snake toward it. Chu Yuyan didn't avert her eyes. She watched as the snake's body turned into a haze of blood, and then its ghastly, white skeleton fell back down. Her expression flickered.

Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, and ten flying swords appeared. They turned into multicolored beams of light as they shot forward, and subsequently turned into ash.

Having done all this, Meng Hao stared at her with cold eyes. Then, holding her close to him, he flew back down to the bottom of the volcano.

Being held by Meng Hao felt strange to her. As soon as they stepped foot onto the ground, she moved backward several paces. "What pill do you need?" she asked calmly.

"A Seven Thunders Pill," he said, his expression the same as ever.

"Seven Thunders Pill?" she said with a frown. She'd never heard of such a medicinal pill before.

"I acquired it from an ancient location. It can provoke lightning from the Heavens. If you can concoct it, then we can leave this place." He said nothing more, allowing her to weigh the pros and cons for herself. To offer further explanation could raise further questions, and he didn't want her to begin thinking in that way.

She was silent for a moment. Finally, she said, "To concoct pills, I would need a pill furnace." Although she had never heard of a Seven Thunder Pill before, she had seen the shield with her own eyes.

Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding and produced a small pill furnace, about the size of a hand. This was something he'd acquired from Shangguan Xiu's bag of holding. Shangguan Xiu had prepared it with the intention of concocting the pills himself.

"Seven Star Jade Furnace!" When Chu Yuyan laid eyes on the pill furnace, an expression of shock covered her face. She knew of this type of furnace; its quality was beyond the ordinary, and was extremely valuable. She looked back at Meng Hao. "In addition to a pill furnace, I would need the fire of heaven and earth."

Meng Hao lifted his hand, and immediately the two wooden swords appeared. They slammed into the ground, spiralling downward into the earth. A moment passed, and then a rumbling sound could be heard. A hot air billowed out, followed by two wooden swords. From within the palm-sized hole created by the two wooden swords, flames leaped up. This was earthly fire.

They were inside a volcano, and it turned out the volcano wasn't dead after all. Meng Hao had checked into this after his Cultivation base was restored, and had been about seventy to eighty percent sure of it.

"You have a pill furnace, and earthly fire," said Meng Hao, his voice low. "What else do you need?"

Chu Yuyan looked at the glowing hole from which red flames spat forth. She felt the heat of the flames, and then looked at the pill furnace in Meng Hao's hand. She couldn't help but admit that this place was very suitable for alchemy.

"I need to recover some of my Cultivation base," she said, her eyes flickering.

He gazed at her coldly, then lifted his hand. A low-grade Spirit Stone shot forth to hover in front of her. Her spirits seemed to rise as she snatched the Spirit Stone out of the air with her delicate hands. She clenched her jaw, then, following Meng Hao's example, split her hand open on an adjacent rock. Pain caused her face to pale, and her body trembled. Gritting her teeth, she shoved the Spirit Stone into the wound.

Then she sat down cross-legged to meditate. About an hour passed, and she opened her eyes. Her Cultivation base had recovered to about the second or third level of Qi Condensation.

"Give me the pill recipe," she said, standing up. "I'll also need a bag of holding." Her skin had recovered along with her Cultivation base. It was now lustrous and let off a gentle shine. She looked at Meng Hao.

He pulled out a jade slip, which he then placed between his eyebrows. Then he threw it toward Chu Yuyan. Next, he produced a variety of medicinal plants which he handed over.

"The Seven Thunders Pill requires seven minor pills as its ingredients. This jade slip shows how to make the first of the seven. There are enough materials there to make two of them. That's all there is, so you only have two chances. If you fail, we have no hope of leaving." He tossed her the pill furnace along with an empty bag of holding. Without another word, he sat down cross-legged next to the cave, his eyes closed in meditation.

Chu Yuyan's brow furrowed. She quietly lifted up the pill furnace and placed the medicinal plants into the bag of holding. Next, neared the earthly fire aperture and studied the flames for a bit. Then, she sat down cross-legged and began to analyze the jade slip.

Meng Hao's eyes opened a sliver and he looked at her for a moment before closing them again.

The Seven Thunders Pill he had asked her to make was, of course, the Perfect Foundation Pill. Only by concocting that pill would he have the hope of attracting Heavenly Tribulation lightning, and thus the chance to break open the shield.

As Chu Yuyan began her alchemy, doubts and suspicions would no doubt begin to well up within her. However, Meng Hao didn't care about this. The Perfect Foundation Pill required the seven minor pills. Missing even one wouldn't do. However, the minor pills were useless by themselves. They were only effective when combined together.

Meng Hao had two of the minor pills in his possession, but of course, Chu Yan wouldn't be able to reproduce them.

"There are a lot of weird things about this place," he thought to himself. "I've been able to restore some of my Cultivation base, I should go look around. Especially at that lake of blood."

A moment later, he stood up. Ignoring Chu Yuyan, who was currently studying the jade slip, he walked forward, disappearing into the mists.

Chu Yuyan watched him as he left, then looked back down at the Spirit Stone stuck into her bloody flesh.

"A low-grade Spirit Stone isn't enough to activate my branding... At the very least, I would need a mid-grade Spirit Stone. Even with that, I wouldn't be completely confident of the results. It's already been more than a month, and no one from the Sect has arrived, which proves that the shield really can suppress everything. Very well then. I'll concoct the Seven Thunders Pill for him. That's the only chance of getting out of here." With a light sigh, she continued to examine the jade slip. She did so more earnestly than she had ever studied anything with her master back in the Sect.

Seven days flashed by. Meng Hao hadn't returned to the cave. Instead, he sat cross-legged in a cave he had hollowed out in the rock wall a bit over three hundred meters from the shore of the lake of blood.

In front of him were ten Spring and Autumn trees. His face was pale and his body trembled. In his hand was an additional Spring and Autumn tree. His eyes opened, and let out a long sigh.

The breath that he exhaled transformed into a three-colored flower that looked like a demonic face. It grinned ferociously, and then slowly disappeared.

His gaze swept across the ten trees in front of him. A moment ago, the poison had begun to flare up, and he had successfully used the Spring and Autumn tree against it. "So, the Spring and Autumn tree really can suppress the poison in me."

He flicked his sleeve, collecting up the rest of the trees. He adjusted his Cultivation base and then opened his eyes again and looked at the lake of blood. His eyes filled with determination.

"This whole place is really bizarre, as if it's been sealed somehow. Furthermore, it has this lake of blood... I've been stuck in here for two months, and other than the first time we came here, haven't experienced any real sense of danger. I shouldn't place all my hopes in the Perfect Foundation Pill. I should be prepared in case Chu Yuyan fails to concoct the pill. This is the strangest place in this whole location.

"In fact, I have the feeling that the reason this place is sealed to begin with has something to do with the lake of blood." He slowly stood up and walked out of the cave. He spit out an arc of electricity which turned into a mist that surrounded him, then began to slowly approach the lake of blood.

As soon as he stepped foot within the area three hundred meters surrounding the shore, ripples appeared on the calm surface. His eyes glittered, and he took another step.

The closer he got, the more ripples appeared. Gradually, roaring sounds echoed out and the dark green stone altar appeared. Waves roiled as it rose out from the surface of the lake, supported on the backs of the countless bloody bodies, whose faces were twisted in agony. The altar rose higher and higher.

The throne was there, seated upon which was the corpse wearing a mask. More than half of the altar was visible.

Meng Hao stopped, and slowly walked backward. He found that as he did so, the altar also stopped rising up, and then slowly began to sink down.

"Very interesting," said Meng Hao, his eyes gleaming. He stopped moving backward, and then resolutely strode forward. As he got closer, the men and women supporting the altar began to wail. The altar rose higher and higher. Soon, the entire one hundred fifty meter altar had emerged out of the lake.

Meng Hao stopped. Looking down, he could see that there was some massive object concealed in the lake.

Although it appeared as if the altar was being lifted up by the men and women, in fact, it was really being pushed up by whatever it was that lurked in the depths of the lake.

Surrounded by his mist, Meng Hao stood there silently for a moment. Then he walked forward, entering the thirty meter region surrounding the lake. The altar lifted up, and suddenly, an enormous head rose up out of the lake of blood. The altar was located the very top it!

It was about three hundred meters in diameter and was dark green in color. This was not the head of some living creature; it was formed out of rock. By the time Meng Hao reached the shore of the lake of blood, the head was completely visible.

Blood poured out of the orifices of the face, which was twisted into a hideous expression. Its mouth opened, and an archaic, howling voice could be heard.

"The Ancient Doom Clan, the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. Enter my sea of blood; nine will open in the Southern Domain; all creation will know. The first person... shall acquire the bloodline of the Blood Immortal!" The voice sounded out directly inside of Meng Hao's head, filling it with its echoing roar.

#### Chapter 117: A Tiny Little Punishment

Only Meng Hao could hear the sound of the voice. No one else would have been able to sense even a bit of it. Even though Chu Yuyan was in the volcano along with Meng Hao, she couldn't hear it either.

As the sound filled his head, Meng Hao's eyes filled with an intense look.

"The Ancient Doom Clan... Don't tell me we're in the vicinity of the Ancient Temple of Doom!? The Legacy of the Blood Immortal. An Immortal..." Meng Hao was shocked. He was relatively familiar with all the various levels of Cultivation. After Nascent Soul was Spirit Severing, then Dao Seeking and finally Immortal Ascension.

However, in tens of thousands of years, only seven or eight people had ever succeeded in reaching that stage. Even reaching the Dao Seeking stage was not common.

"The Legacy of the Blood Immortal. Did that person just call himself Immortal, or did he actually reach Immortal Ascension...?" Even though he was excited, he suddenly thought of the battle between Patriarch Reliance and Lord Revelation, and the two words which had been uttered. Dawn Immortal.

His eyes flickered as he looked at the enormous head and its open mouth, beyond which seemed to be some sort of tunnel. Entering would signify the beginning of the pursuit of the Legacy.

"Nine will open in the southern lands, and all creation will know. Could it mean... maybe once I step in, then nine other entrances to the Legacy will open in the outside world? Then the wind and clouds will be disturbed, and everyone will know about it?" He hesitated, gazing at the mouth, deep in thought.

"It must be that way. There are nine entrances where people can enter to seek the Legacy. Among them, one will be selected to receive the Blood Immortal's legacy... So, there are nine places similar to this. If one opens, then all of them open. I just wonder if anyone has opened it before..." Suddenly, he looked around at the shores of the lake. They were strewn with ghastly, white bones. Many of the bones were skulls, and were human.

The skulls had marks of wear; obviously, they had existed here for many years. Perhaps it was because of the strangeness of this place that they hadn't been scattered, but instead remained here all this time.

Whatever the case, Meng Hao had no way to determine how long they had been here, nor any way to determine if they were intruders, or people sacrificed when this place was created.

He thought for a while, and eventually decided not to just rashly charge into the mouth entrance. He slowly walked backward. As he did, the giant head slowly sank back into the lake, along with the altar. By the time he reached the three hundred meter mark, everything was quiet.

As he walked backward, he flicked his sleeve, collecting some of the bones into his bag of holding. Then he stood there, looking at the lake of blood for a while, before turning and leaving.

Soon, he had returned to Chu Yuyan outside the fissure-like cave. Her face was pale, and she was concentrating on the pill furnace. She took out some medicinal plants, squeezed the juice out of them, and then placed them in the furnace. Meng Hao sat down cross-legged a short distance away. A look of deep thought appeared in his eyes. He took out one of the skulls he had just acquired and examined it closely.

"If I can't determine the age of these bones, then I can't just casually go after the Legacy of the Blood Immortal." He thought back to everything that had happened in the State of Zhao, which had taught him the value of being cautious. He held up the skull in front of him looking at it closely.

Time slowly passed. Soon, five days had gone by. Chu Yuyan walked over to Meng Hao from the pill furnace. Looking exhausted, she tossed him a medicinal pill.

It was a deep blue color, and was very beautiful in appearance. It emanated a faint bluish glow, but no fragrant aroma.

"I failed once, but succeeded the second time. This is the pill you need. Now give me some clothes." She looked down at him, weariness in her eyes. This was the price to be paid for performing alchemy.

Meng Hao took the medicinal pill and examined it closely. He put it into his bag of the Cosmos, and then retrieved another jade slip along with two complete sets of ingredients. He also pulled out a set



of garments. He put them all down in front of him, whereupon Chu Yuyan picked them up and walked back into the cave. A while later, she emerged, wearing Meng Hao's gown, her long hair spread out over her shoulders. She looked like an elegant, young maiden. She was tired, but that actually caused her to emanate a type of good looks different from before.

As Meng Hao looked at her, he realized that Elder Sister Xu could not match up with her in terms of beauty. In fact, Chu Yuyan was perhaps the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his entire life. Only the beautiful young women he had seen at the bottom of the North Sea could come even close.

Now that she had changed clothes and covered up some of her nakedness, Chu Yuyan no longer looked so uneasy standing in front of Meng Hao. As she walked out, she caught sight of the skull that he had been examining.

Her eyes suddenly gleamed with a strange light, which almost immediately disappeared. "If you have nothing better to do," she said coldly, "you could go stand watch by the shield. Maybe some Cultivators will pass by that could save us. That would be better than sitting around looking at an ancient skull."

"How many tens of thousands of years have these skulls been here?" he asked suddenly.

She gave a cold laugh. It seemed changing clothes had restored her previous arrogance. Apparently, she assumed that since she was concocting pills that Meng Hao needed, he wouldn't dare to treat her the way he had in the past. Ignoring him, she walked back to her alchemic work area. Meng Hao laughed and slapped his bag of holding. A wooden sword appeared which shot directly toward her.

It was fast, and reached her in an instant. Given the state of her Cultivation base, she had no way to evade. Nor did she try. She looked back at Meng Hao arrogantly, a sneer in her eyes.

The tip of the sword was already at her neck. A grim, cold air emanated from her body. But her chin was lifted as high as ever, her eyes filled with mocking.

"You have three seconds to take your sword away," she said coolly. "If you don't, or if you harm me, then you won't have anyone to concoct pills for you." Her skin was white like snow, her head tilted arrogantly. Her eyes glittered like eyes as she stared at Meng Hao with disgust.

She was convinced that Meng Hao wouldn't dare to make a move against her. The sword was simply a threat, and to Chu Yuyan, such threats were infantile and laughable.

She was the type of person who could not tolerate being wronged. Now that she had successfully created one of the pills, she could hold her head high and make Meng Hao think twice before trifling with her. She might even be able to get the upper hand.

"You're right," said Meng Hao, frowning. "Without you, I would have no way to concoct pills." From the look of things, it seemed he really couldn't do anything to her. However, he knew that this flame of rebellion must be snuffed out, lest it grow even more troublesome. He thought for a while, then suddenly smiled. When Chu Yuyan saw his smile, her heart began to thump inexplicably, and suddenly she didn't feel the least bit at ease.

"In fact," he said coolly, "if I offend you in any way, considering that you are the disciple of Grandmaster Pill Demon, you could easily make the pills incorrectly, or perhaps slip something fatal into them." His tone was leisurely, and the look on his face enigmatic. Chu Yuyan felt even more uncomfortable. She had, of course, thought of doing just as he said. Killing Meng Hao ahead of time wouldn't influence the lightning. But now, he had spoken out her very thoughts. She didn't know what he was planning, but she still felt that her alchemy would prevent him from harming her in. She gave a cold harrumph.

"What are you talking about?" she said coldly. It really felt to her as if his smile was amiss.

"The way that I, Meng, handle things is as such: if people don't offend me, I don't offend them. I promised to see you out of here, and I will not go back on my word. But don't get arrogant because of your alchemy. Do not try to gain the upper hand."

The wooden sword suddenly flew back toward him, leaving behind a tiny nick on Chu Yuyan's throat. She opened her mouth reflexively, and as she did so, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding. A pink-colored medicinal pill appeared, which shot forward directly into her mouth. It dissolved as soon as it entered. Chu Yuyan retreated backwards, her expression filled with shock. She wanted to spit the pill out, but couldn't.

"What pill did you just give me!?" she said, glaring at Meng Hao.

"You used a special technique as a facade to try to absorb my Cultivation base," said Meng Hao coolly. "We still haven't settled accounts over that. Think of this pill as a little punishment." He then closed his eyes and ignored her.

Such behavior on his part only served to make Chu Yuyan more perturbed. Her skill in alchemy was exceptional, but she really had no idea what pill she had just consumed. She gritted her beautiful teeth. Suddenly, hot steam began to accumulate within her. It quickly filled her, causing alarm to appear on her face.

She immediately sat down cross-legged in meditation, attempting to suppress it. But her Cultivation base was reduced to almost nothing; currently, she could only utilize the power of the third level of Qi Condensation. How could that possibly be enough to defuse the pill?

She sat in meditation for the time it takes an incense stick to burn. A roaring filled her head, and she began to lose the ability to even think. Then, she slipped into a deep hallucination.

It was at this time that Meng Hao opened his eyes. They were calm, not the least bit agitated. The pill from just now had been acquired in the mountainous valley area, when the toad geezer had given him a variety of poison pills as tribute.

He originally had never intended to give it to Chu Yuyan, but she had really been asking for trouble. Her arrogance had flared with her successful concoction of the pill. He had no choice but to wipe out that bluster. In order to reduce her haughtiness, Meng Hao had chosen to give her the pill.

His eyes were clear and bright, his mind made up. After descending into this volcano, he had placed Chu Yuyan under his complete control. She had no room to maneuver.

Her stubbornness and arrogance surfaced on multiple occasions even down to today... and yet she was still unable to free herself from Meng Hao's control.

Chapter 118: Without Entering Mount Heaven, Immortal Ascension is Impossible

Meng Hao looked calmly at Chu Yuyan and took a few steps back. He had begun studying Confucianism and Daoism at a young age. Despite the incredible changes he had experienced, those teachings still existed in his heart. It's not that he was incapable of taking advantage of someone in trouble, but when it came to morality, he had a bottom line. He wouldn't touch Chu Yuyan.

She was his enemy, not his friend. Punishing her was one thing, but to sink to such a level of depravity would go against his very being. He might not be a complete gentleman, but he wasn't a depraved scumbag.

There were some things that he would never do. Everyone has a bottom line. To Meng Hao, it was about principles, and morality.

He thought again about the Perfect Foundation Pill. He settled his Qi and calmed his mind, then stepped onto a flying sword and flew up into the air.

Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn. Everything around Chu Yuyan was quiet. She was finally unconscious, her aura feeble, as if she were suffering from some serious illness.

Meng Hao returned. When he landed onto the ground, he looked at Chu Yuyan and let out a soft sigh. Producing another set of clothing from his bag of the Cosmos, he covered her, and then sat down cross-legged nearby.

Time slowly passed. Four hours went by before Chu Yuyan's eyes opened. As soon as they did, they filled with confusion. Then they flashed as she seemed to remember something. She sat there silently.

She didn't yell or flip out. Instead, she silently walked into the cave. Some time passed, and she came back out, her clothes back in order. Her face was pale, and she looked very weak and tired. She gave Meng Hao a look filled with complexity.

She hadn't lost her memory. It was quite the opposite, in fact. She very clearly remembered every single thing that had happened, including Meng Hao flying off into the sky.

Meng Hao's eyes opened, and he gave her a level look. "I did nothing to harm you," he said slowly. "That medicinal pill was a punishment for your attempt to harm my Cultivation base. You need to understand the truth of the situation here. My instructions, are everything."

There was no arrogance left in Chu Yuyan. Her feelings regarding Meng Hao were incredibly complex.

Yes, she hated him. But under the circumstances just now, he had chosen to leave rather than touch her. Chu Yuyan didn't want to, but she actually felt appreciation mixed together with her hatred. The complex feelings within her felt like floodwaters threatening to submerge her.

She didn't know how many similar medicinal pills Meng Hao had, but from his actions, she could guess that even though the pill she was concocting was important to him, he wasn't worried about her trying to poison him by adding or changing the recipe.

"The pill formula he gave me is very strange. Because of the interactions between the various ingredients, to change the formula ratios is simply beyond my ability. I wouldn't be able to produce a complete pill....

"However, even if I did successfully adjust the formula, given this guy's personality, it's possible he might make me consume it.... Actually, it's impossible at all to tell if he will even consume it himself. Maybe he'll catch a viper and force it to consume it.

"In fact, it's even possible... that the pill doesn't need to be consumed. Maybe he'll use some other method to melt it and provoke the lightning. Maybe that's why he doesn't care." She frowned. It was really impossible to figure out the answer, and she had no idea what to do. She looked at Meng Hao, her expression torn. The more she thought about him and the deepness of his schemes, the more frightened she became.

"Compared to him, Wang Tengfei really is inferior." She sighed. After thinking for a moment, she took a deep breath and said. "That skull has been here for several tens of thousands of years. Actually... I know where we are, and I know what this place is. When I saw the altar in the lake of blood, I started to suspect. I've thought about it a lot since then, and finally realized where we are."

Her voice soft, she continued, "This is one of the two undiscovered locations of the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. In total, there are nine. From ancient times until now, seven have appeared. This means there have been a total of seven chances throughout history to acquire the Legacy. Whenever a new location appears, it sets the entire Southern Domain abuzz. There are rules governing this place. Only Foundation Establishment Cultivators can enter. Any who does, has a chance at acquiring the Legacy.

"Every time the tournament begins, the previously discovered Legacy zones will emit a glow of blood that lasts for nine days. After nine days have passed, whoever is the first person to enter into the red glow, as long as they meet the requirement of having a Cultivation base at the Foundation Establishment stage, will be transported to the Blood Immortal's Mountain.

"When the Legacy tournament begins, it will last for a maximum of nine months. Only one person is permitted into each Legacy zone. From tens of thousands of years ago when the first Blood Immortal Legacy zone appeared, all the way until now, there have been seven. This means that there

have been seven Legacy tournaments. Some people have had the luck to acquire various rewards, but down to this day, no one has succeeded in acquiring the true Legacy.

"Of the nine total Legacy zones, there are two remaining. Throughout all these years, no one has discovered their location. Therefore, there has been no way to begin the eighth Legacy tournament."

As he heard all of these things, Meng Hao's eyes began to narrow. "Who is the Blood Immortal?" he asked.

"I refuse to believe you didn't go yourself to examine the lake of blood," she said calmly. "And I also refuse to believe you are unaware that underneath the surface of the lake is a massive head with an open mouth. The seven other Blood Immortal Legacy zones throughout the world all have lakes of blood and altars. Underneath each altar is a mouth. Furthermore, I refuse to believe you didn't hear the voice of the Legacy. I have no proof, but my intuition tells me that you've been there, and you know. You're a cautious person, so you didn't dare to step foot inside without first bringing back those skulls to analyze, to see if you could determine their age."

"You didn't answer my question."

"The Ancient Temple of Doom. It was once a holy place for the Ancient Doom Clan. They were not looked upon with favor by the Heavens, and were punished with tribulation. There were three famous Immortals amongst them whose names were passed down through the generations after. One of them was the Blood Immortal.

"Anyone who acquires his legacy will be qualified to fight on the path to Immortality, and step foot onto the Immortality Pillar." Chu Yuyan's voice was soft as she spoke. She continued.

"The path to Immortality is an arduous one. According to the ancient legends, it can be found only on Mount Heaven. It is not a mountain on the earth, but in the sky. On its peak is an Immortality Pillar. By stepping onto the pillar and knocking on the door of South Heaven, an Immortal realm shall be opened. You shall be bathed in the light of Immortality. Step into the void, and into Immortal Ascension.

"Since ancient times, countless heroes have fought over the ability to tread the path to Immortal Ascension. After all, if you analyze the character 'Immortal (仙)', you will find that it is composed of the character 'person (人)' and the character 'mountain (山)'. That mountain is Mount Heaven, and the person... is only one person!

"Ever ten thousand years, one person achieves Immortal Ascension!"

"However, there is another understanding regarding the character 'Immortal (仙)'. According to this understanding, first is the character 'enter (入),' then is the character 'mountain (山)'. Combined, they mean Immortal. It is a simple truth. Without entering Mount Heaven, one cannot achieve Immortal Ascension!" She looked at Meng Hao, explaining things that were only known to members of the five great Sects and three great Clans in the Southern Domain.

What is Immortality? A person and a mountain!

What is Immortality? Entering the mountain!

In ten thousand years, one person entered the mountain, one person achieved Immortal Ascension!

Meng Hao's eyes began to shine brightly, but then, just as quickly, the glow faded. Considering that he was just a Foundation Establishment Cultivator, Immortal Ascension was far, far away for him. For him to think about it now was really just too extravagant; it was basically a daydream.

"Before the path to Immortality are the Dao Seeking Stones, which only exist in the three Danger Zones. Dao Seeking is difficult, but before that is Spirit Severing and its three Severings. Each Severing requires enlightenment, and gives life. To be honest, I don't really know what all of this means. But when I was young, my father would speak these words to me and tell me to place them within my heart, and never forget them for the rest of my life." Chu Yuyan played with her hair, no longer looking at Meng Hao. She walked back to the pill furnace and slowly sat down. Taking out the jade slip with the information about the pill formula, she closed her eyes and began to analyze it.

Everything grew quiet.

Meng Hao looked at Chu Yuyan. She was different now. Her words continued to echo in his heart, and he analyzed them bit by bit. Based on the look on her face, as well as his own speculations regarding the Legacy of the Blood Immortal, he was now seventy to eighty percent sure that what she had said was the truth.

After some time passed, he spoke. "Why did you give me so much detailed information?"

"Because," she said softly, looking at him, "I hope that you will go after the Blood Immortal's Legacy and then... die inside. Then I can finally be rid of you. Many things have happened that

shouldn't have." Having said this, she closed her eyes and continued to seek enlightenment regarding the pill formula.

Meng Hao suddenly laughed. He didn't mind hearing her words. If she hadn't spoken just now, then he would have grown suspicious. After all this time spent with Chu Yuyan, he was starting to understand her personality much better.

"The Legacy of the Blood Immortal. I wonder if I should go in after it..." he thought, his eyes flickering. It would be impossible for him to not be a bit tempted. A Legacy which could send waves throughout the entire Southern Domain. Anything related to the word 'Immortal' would drive Cultivators crazy.

#### Chapter 119: The Legacy Shocks the Southern Domain

"This Legacy tournament must surely involve some dangers that are impossible to imagine. If I'm careless, I'll likely fail and die... But with great risk comes great reward. If something is riskier, it shows that there is more chance for reward. If there isn't such danger, then fine. But if there is... Well, if I don't go, then I'll regret it for the rest of my life!" Determination filled his eyes as he continued to think over what Chu Yuyan had told him. However, after some time, he hadn't come up with any new ideas about why she had told him so much.

"She was provoking me. Maybe her true goal was to get me to go in. Or perhaps it wasn't... The chances of the latter are small. Perhaps she hopes that after entering and starting the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, it will attract the attention of the outside world, and perhaps give the Violet Fate Sect a better chance of tracking her down." His eyes flashed as he looked over at her.

"If I don't go, nothing will happen. But if that's what she wanted, why would she go into such detail right now, especially in a way that would make me hesitant? I wonder... what is she thinking? What is her true goal...?" His eyes flickered as he thought. Finally, he closed his eyes and began to meditate.

Time passed slowly. Soon, half a month had gone by. Chu Yuyan finally concocted the second pill. However, by the time another month passed, her attempts at the third and fourth pills had failed.

Meng Hao could not perform alchemy, but it was clear to him that she was not failing intentionally. Instead, the pill concoction was becoming more difficult. Throughout the month, Meng Hao didn't spend time thinking about the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. He seemed to have put it out of mind.



One day, he slowly stood up and hopped onto a flying sword, shooting up through the mists to go observe the shield.

In the past half month, he had made it a practice to go up every ten days or so to observe the shield. Every time he left, Chu Yuyan would observe his departure expressionlessly.

This time, after Meng Hao left, she waited about four hours, then suddenly lifted her head, her eyes flashing. She frowned, as if she were having some problem with the pill concoction process. Then she stood up, looking off into the mists. Shortly after, she began walking toward the region of the lake of blood. When she got there, she looked around, then turned and returned to the pill furnace. It seemed as if whatever question was in her mind had been answered. She continued with her alchemy.

Another half month passed. Finally, she was able to successfully concoct the third and fourth pills. She then began working on the fifth pill. As far as Meng Hao was concerned, this was the last pill. Once it was finished, then all seven of the minor pills would be ready.

More time slipped by. In the blink of an eye, two months were gone. Meng Hao and Chu Yuyan had now been trapped in the volcano for half a year. Within the two months, Chu Yuyan would occasionally leave the area of the cave. Sometimes it was when Meng Hao was watching her, other times it was when he was away. It seemed as if every time she had some problem with the formula, she would pace about. However, she would never enter the region within three hundred meters of the lake of blood. She would always stop at that mark.

Finally one day, under Meng Hao's watchful eye, she stood up. Frowning, she walked into the mists. When she reached the three hundred meter mark, her eyes flashed. Suddenly, the power of her Cultivation base flared up, and she sped toward the lake of blood at top speed.

As she neared it, the surface of the lake began to ripple. The altar appeared, followed by the enormous stone head. The mouth gaped, a passageway awaiting for the Legacy tournament participant to enter.

Chu Yuyan's eyes flickered with excitement as she raced forward. She was almost leaping into the air by the time she reached the mouth. Just as she was about to enter, a light laugh filled the air. A sword aura flickered, shooting toward Chu Yuyan.

As soon as she heard the laughter, her face went pale. Ignoring the approach of the wooden sword, she gritted her straight, white teeth and charged forward. There was only two meters between her and the large stone mouth.

Suddenly, a black net appeared, moving at a speed much faster than Chu Yuyan. It immediately enveloped her, and she was not able to move beyond that last two meter. The wooden sword scooped her and tossed her back to the lake shore.

Standing nearby within the mists was Meng Hao. His face expressionless, he slowly walked forward.

Chu Yuyan's face was pale, and her eyes flashed with venomous hatred as she glared at Meng Hao. The instant he had brought back that skull to study, she had put all the pieces together regarding the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. Furthermore, everything she had said those months ago was true. She thought she knew Meng Hao, and understood his innate skepticism. She intentionally tried to make him think that there was something suspicious going on. Given his nature, he would certainly suspect her. Based on all of this, she knew that he would not easily be convinced to act. That would give her time.

In the following months, she had made it a practice to go for walks; she did this so that Meng Hao would not find it unusual. Today, she had finally made her attempt, never having imagined that she would fail.

"You really are quite patient," said Meng Hao. "I gave you a whole three months." At the moment, he was disinclined to explain to her how he had seen through her plan. "You have one month. I want to see the fifth pill. Now, get back to your alchemy." He made a snatching motion with his hand, retrieving the large net.

Chu Yuyan bit her lip and got to her feet. Without another glance at Meng Hao, she made a bitter departure.

"So, she really did want to go in." Meng Hao looked thoughtfully over his shoulder at Chu Yuyan's departing figure. A cold smile lifted the corners of his mouth. Now, his doubts were dispelled. He walked forward and entered the mouth of the enormous statue.

The instant he entered the mouth, he disappeared, and the lake of blood began to seethe. A roaring sound rippled out, and the lake of blood transformed into a blood-colored mist, which dispersed in all directions.

An archaic voice echoed out from within the blood mist, resounding out from within the volcano. "The Ancient Doom Clan, the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. Enter my sea of blood; nine will open

in the Southern Domain; all creation will know. The first person... shall acquire the bloodline of the Blood Immortal!" When it hit Chu Yuyan's ears, she staggered, and her face grew pale. She gnawed on her lip as a look of extreme bitterness filled her face.

"If only I had realized earlier what this place was..." She shook her head. Her face was pallid. Her hatred toward Meng Hao, and toward fate itself, filled her with complicated emotions.

Meanwhile, outside in the Southern Domain, there were seven different locations, out from all of which suddenly could be heard a massive roaring. As soon as the sound raged out, the sky above the entire Southern Domain turned the color of blood.

From each of the seven locations, an archaic voice rumbled out.

"The Ancient Doom Clan, the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. Enter my sea of blood; nine will open in the Southern Domain; all creation will know. The first person... shall acquire the bloodline of the Blood Immortal!"

The echoing sound immediately sent the Southern Domain stirring. Regardless of their Sect or background, any Cultivators near the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones looked on in astonishment. They immediately shot off in various directions at incredible speed.

"The Blood Immortal Legacy zones have re-appeared!"

"The eighth Blood Immortal Legacy zone has been discovered. Now that it's been entered, the other seven Legacy zones have opened. The eighth Blood Immortal Legacy tournament is about to begin!"

"There will only be nine total chances to get the Blood Immortal Legacy. Over the past tens of thousands of years, it has happened seven times. This is the eighth time. If no one acquires the Legacy this time, who knows how many years will pass before the ninth tournament arrives..."

The other seven locations were places where previous Blood Immortal Legacy tournaments had begun. Whenever a new location appeared, it would cause a huge sensation in the Southern Domain. The eyes of countless Cultivators grew red with desire. Although no one had ever acquired the Legacy itself, in every race, lucky participants emerged with various magical items and techniques.

As the news spread, the five great Sects and three great Clans were the first to react. After them, other Clans followed in taking action.

At the moment, the roaring sound rippled out, and the words of the archaic voice echoed loudly. The entire Southern Domain buzzed with action. The Wang Clan, one of the three great Clans, was one of the first to act. Several hundred beams of light flew out, followed by several enormous flying battleships, filled with the disciples of the Wang Clan. They made their way toward the nearest Blood Immortal Legacy zone.

White-robed Wang Tengfei stood on the second boat in the procession. His hands were clasped behind his back as he stared coldly at someone on the ship ahead in the lead position. There stood a man wearing a similar white robe. He closely resembled Wang Tengfei, although he looked a little bit older. He frowned in thought.

This was Wang Lihai [1. Wang Lihai's name in Chinese is 王厉海 (wáng lì hǎi) – Wang is a common family name. Li means “experience.” Hai means “ocean”], Wang Tengfei's older brother. He was a Dao Child of the Wang Clan, which was a position higher than that held by a trifling Chosen. He was in the late Foundation Establishment Stage, and could achieve Core Formation at almost any time. He was surrounded by various elite members of the Wang Clan, including his Dao Protector, a Nascent Soul Clan Uncle.

As for Wang Tengfei... he stood there silently, hands clasped rigidly behind his back. One of the fingers of his right hand looked very different from the others. It was as transparent as crystal, within which circulated tiny black spiralling threads. It looked extremely bizarre.

Standing next to him was Wang Xifan, the man who had almost killed Meng Hao with a single look that day, years ago "If things hadn't happened the way they did in the State of Zhao," he said coolly, "You wouldn't be at the early Foundation Establishment stage right now. You would be at the middle stage. You would still be behind your brother, but not as far as you are now.

"I will exceed my brother," said Wang Tengfei calmly. "I will become a Dao Child!"

"There will only be one chance to acquire the Legacy of the Blood Immortal," said Wang Xifan, his eyes flashing. He frowned. "It's too bad there hasn't been any word from the Violet Fate Sect about Yuyan. Apparently, she's in a critical stage of secluded meditation. Otherwise, she would be able to provide you with some assistance."

Chapter 120: The Five Sects and Three Clans of the Southern Domain

Meanwhile in the Golden frost Sect, one of the five great Sects of the Southern Domain, hundreds of beams of light shot whistling up into the sky. These were Sect members who didn't need the aid of magical flight items. Up ahead of them, the person in the lead ripped open a hole in the air, into which the others entered.

The Legacy of the Blood Immortal had sent the great Sects and Clans into a frenzy. In addition to the Wang Clan and the Golden frost Sect, there was the Song Clan, another of the three great Clans. Several hundred Cultivators emerged, all of them outstanding talents. Amongst them was Eccentric Song, whose treasures Meng Hao had stolen in the State of Zhao.

The most powerful Sect in the Southern Domain was the Solitary Sword Sect. Hundreds of sword auras shot up. It was a shocking sight. Every Cultivator amongst them stood on a sword. The hundreds of sword auras seemed as if they could split open the sky. At the front of the group were seven people with stern looks on their faces. One of the seven was none other than Chen Fan!

Chen Fan's face was filled with righteousness. He wore a long white robe and stood on a dark green sword. His Cultivation base billowed out; he was at the early Foundation Establishment stage!

In front of the seven was a middle-aged man with a cold expression and a fierce killing intent. This was none other than Chen Fan's master, Zhou Yanyun.

Wind whipped the clouds into turmoil above the Southern Domain as Wu Dingqiu of the Violet Fate Sect shot through the air along with hundreds of Violet Fate disciples. As they flew through the sky, Wu Dingqiu's brow was furrowed, and he seemed to be thinking about something very important. This, in turn, caused the others from the Violet Fate Sect to be incredibly quiet.

"Yuyan is missing," he thought. "She was seen chasing after some Cultivator. Then that roc flew through, kicking up a whirlwind. She... where is she...? Her life slip is still intact, which means that she's safe." He sighed. Chu Yuyan was very important to the Violet Fate Sect. In fact, she was so important that many people in the Sect had opposed her engagement to Wang Tengfei.

Beams of prismatic light could be seen in the sky all over the Southern Domain, flying toward the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones.

Amongst the great Sects and Clans, the Li clan was the most secretive. They rarely sent Clan members out into the world, and when they did, few people were aware of it. In fact, when the Blood Immortal Legacy zones opened, they only sent out five people!

Of those five people, two were old Dao Protectors of the Nascent Soul stage. The rest were at the Foundation Establishment stage, two men and one woman. These three were Chosen of the Li Clan, whom few outsiders had even heard of.

"Years ago the Patriarch revealed the secret that the eight Blood Immortal Legacy tournament would fall into the hands of the Li Clan," said one of the old men. He wore a long black robe, and was tall and emaciated. He looked back at the three behind him. "The eighth tournament has arrived. Daoyi, the Legacy belongs to you, this is certain. As for you two, just observe, and take the opportunity to learn something."

The most mysterious of the five great Sects was the Blood Demon Sect. They sent even fewer people than the Li Clan, only two.

One was old, one was young. The young man wore a scarlet robe, and appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen. He emanated a fierce killing aura. Located between his eyebrows was a mark of blood, which would occasionally let out a glow that covered half of his face. Beneath his feet was a mist of blood, within which could be seen countless fierce faces that appeared to be howling. This young man looked anything but ordinary.

If Meng Hao were there, or perhaps Fatty or Little Tiger, they would instantly recognize him. The young man looked exactly like Wang Youcai from six or seven years ago. If it really was him, then it would mean he hadn't changed at all over the years. Very strange!

Of the five great Sects of the Southern Domain, four sprang into action. Only the Black Sieve Sect did not. In the main hall of the Sect, six people sat cross-legged, their bodies concealed in shadows. Within the hall, everything was silent.

An archaic, sinister voice suddenly rang out. "So, the time has come for the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament... Should we dispatch some people?"

"The Legacy of the Blood Immortal might be powerful, but no one has acquired it even after tens of thousands of years. Comparatively speaking, the ancient map we discovered is much more important!"

"We can't conceal the matter, though, so we won't. That will cause more chaos, which will serve to our advantage."

"If we succeed in our endeavor, the entire structure of the Southern Domain will be changed. As for the item, the Dao of the Black Sieve Sect will be refined, which is luck for the Sect!"

"I agree that we should not dispatch anyone to the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament. We've studied this ancient map for a long time. Even the Patriarchs view it with high importance and have studied it several times. We can take advantage of the suspicion which will arise from our lack of participation in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament. We can guide more people here, whereupon their curiosity will increase. Then, we can begin the next phase of our plan."

Outside of the Black Sieve Sect's main temple hall, several hundred solemn-faced disciples had gathered. They had been called here to wait for orders from the Sect Elders.

Standing off to the side in the crowd was Xu Qing. She wore a standard white robe. Her face seemed thinner than before, and her frame somewhat frail. Although she had always been a cold person, she didn't seem to be very happy in the Black Sieve Sect.

Her Cultivation base was only at the ninth level of Qi Condensation.

A charming young woman appeared next to Xu Qing. Her voice low, she said, "Junior Sister Xu, Elder Brother Chen said to give you one last chance. If you agree to what he wants, he'll fight to get you a Foundation Establishment Pill. Come on, don't be stupid. If you provoke Elder Brother Chen, then...." Even in the midst of giving her advice. Xu Qing raised her head and looked at her coldly.

"You don't need to bring up this matter again, Elder Sister Xue. Please, have some self-respect!"

The girl surnamed Xue sneered. "You're just an uncivilized biddy from a backwater nation. You try to act high and mighty, but you're really an idiot. Elder Brother Chen taking a liking to you is good luck for you. This matter is beyond your control!"

Xu Qing didn't say anything. However, her delicate hands clenched tightly within her sleeves, until they turned pale white.

The Xue girl laughed coldly and continued to deride her. "And as for that Cosmetic Enhancement Pill, concocted in some crude, tiny Sect on some crappy mountain. Elder Sister Han wanted to trade you for it to give to her servant girl, but you refused. You really have a one-track mind. What a waste of your good looks."

Xu Qing's face was pale white, and she gnawed on her lower lip, but she said nothing.

Eventually, an old man wearing a dark green robe emerged from the main temple hall. He flicked his sleeve, and mist began to billow out. An enormous Feng Shui compass flew down from the sky. The Xue girl stopped her ridicule and hopped up onto it, along with the surrounding disciples, including Xu Qing. Under the control of the old man, the Feng Shui compass carried them off into the distance.

Wind and clouds roiled above the Southern Domain. Because the Black Sieve Sect didn't participate, the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones were each occupied by one of the other four Sects, or one of the three Clans. Other could only yield to their approach. However, despite their high position, the great Clans and Sects could not force outsiders to leave. That would have raised public indignation. They simply cleared a way through to wait for the glow of blood to appear and the Legacy tournament to begin.

Time passed by. A few days later, the Blood Immortal's sacrificial altars began to thrum. Everything began to shake, and finally, a bloody screen appeared. Within the blood screen, a gateway slowly came to be visible. In this instant, all the Foundation Establishment Cultivators at the seven Blood Immortal sacrificial altars felt the desire to surge forward.

However... the gateway would only permit one person to enter. That right went to the first person who made it through. Only if that person died, or intentionally emerged to rest, could a second person enter.

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It was a vast world, with blue skies and white clouds. There was a feeling of purity, difficult to describe, which appeared in the hearts of everyone who entered.

Looking up, the sky was filled with an enormous sacrificial altar, dark green in color. At the top of the altar, sitting on an enormous stone throne, was a person.

It was a corpse, clothed in a blood-colored robe. On its face was a featureless silver mask. It sat there, unmoving.

The altar seemed to fill nearly half the sky of this world. All of the people who entered were able to see the person on top.



The Legacy of the Blood Immortal! There was no need to say it.... this person was the deceased Blood Immortal!

Beneath the dark green sacrificial altar were nine enormous spell matrixes. Each spell matrix seemed to be filled with a whirlpool of slowly rotating stars. The nine spell matrixes were like nine gigantic steps, leading up through the white clouds to the sacrificial altar.

Anyone who could pass through the ninth spell matrix, would then be able to step foot onto the dark green sacrificial altar.

However, since ancient times, no one had ever been able to do so!

At the moment, Meng Hao stood silently outside the first spell matrix, his eyes glittering. Suddenly, seven indistinct figures appeared around him.

He couldn't tell whether these people were men or women, nor could he determine their age. Even their clothes were unclear; their entire forms were indistinct blurs. However, Meng Hao was able to see that all of them were looking around at each other.

Suddenly, an archaic, emotionless voice rang out. "The Legacy of the Blood Immortal, the Nine Matrixes are opened. Eight Legacy competitors have arrived, but only one can acquire the Legacy of the Blood Immortal.

"The eight of you will not be able to hear each other speak, nor will you be able to see the magic each other uses. You will be unable to attack each other. You will only be able to see these indistinct blurs. This is because... the eight of you are all in different locations. However, there is one thing in common about your locations; they all contain the same dark green sacrificial altar, and the same spiritual energy.

"The Legacy tournament will be open for nine months. At every matrix, you will have the option to depart. Any time during the nine months, you may choose to continue on to the next matrix. You may use any method you wish, including trickery or special Sect or Clan powers. The first person to break into the ninth matrix, will be the second generation Blood Immortal!

“There are no rules here. Now, each of you must produce a drop of blood filled with your essence. It will magically transform into a Blood Divinity. There are countless types of Blood Divinity. As for which one your blood will create... that will be dependent on luck and fate.

“Do not forget, absorbing spiritual energy will cause your Blood Divinity to grow more powerful. This is because your Blood Divinity... is a key factor in whether or not you acquire the Legacy. And now, let the Eighth Blood Immortal Legacy tournament... begin!”

As soon as the voice finished speaking, eight dark green beams of light shot out from the altar and flew down toward Meng Hao and the others.