

The Heavens 121

Chapter 121: Meng Hao's Blood Divinity

Meng Hao's heart pounded as he stood there. He took a deep breath. As soon as he had stepped foot into the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, he'd found that his Cultivation base was completely restored. No longer was he stuck at the seventh level of Qi Condensation, but rather, was back at the early Foundation Establishment stage.

After hearing the words spoken by the archaic voice, Meng Hao knew why Chu Yuyan had wanted to enter this place.

“This place can recover your Cultivation base. If it stays that way after leaving, then that was obviously Chu Yuyan's first goal. Furthermore, there must be some tricky ways that she could... alert people on the outside as to her identity, and then figure out a way to lead them to the volcano.” His eyes flashed as he looked at the dark green beam of light in front of him.

The dark green light was a formless mass, blurry and indistinct, as if life were brewing inside.

The other seven blurry figures around him seemed to be similarly studying the dark green lights. Soon, one of the figures spit out a mouthful of blood, which was absorbed by the green light. The light turned the color of blood, and then the cry of a phoenix sounded out from within. The clear sound filled the area as a miniature, finger-sized Blood Phoenix flew out and circled around.

When the Blood Phoenix emerged, the Cultivators surrounding the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones throughout the Southern Domain were instantly shocked.

On the blood screen above each of the seven locations, images appeared... of Meng Hao and the eight others inside the Blood Immortal world.

The Blood Immortal Legacy tournament was very unique; outsiders were able to observe what was going on inside. When the competitors charged into the spell matrixes, people observing would be able to see it clearly. Although they couldn't make out all the details, they would be able to see who succeeded and who didn't.

Anyone with skill would also be able to observe the skill matrixes and learn from them. Everyone heard the archaic voice say that there were no rules; no matter the method used, the first person to pass the ninth spell matrix would be the second generation Blood Immortal.

A Legacy tournament with no rules. In some ways, this revealed the arrogance and power of the Blood Immortal. Any Cultivator in the world could observe and study the nine matrixes, and yet despite that, in tens of thousands of years, and seven tournaments, no one had ever successfully passed the ninth matrix. Anyone who had managed to enter it, had died.

Because of the open nature of the Legacy tournament, anyone who participated came with ample preparations. Many of the people who watched on the outside had heard various rumors about the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. This was why when the Blood Phoenix emerged, many people were surprised.

“So a Blood Phoenix emerged! Among the Blood Divinities, the Blood Phoenix and the Blood Dragon both grow very quickly. I remember reading in the ancient records about the sixth Legacy tournament, when a Blood Phoenix ended up being as powerful as a Nascent Soul eccentric!”

“I wonder which Sect’s disciple it was who got so lucky this time...”

A buzz of conversation arose around the seven Legacy tournament zones. Near the fifth zone, Eccentric Song of the Song Clang stood there looking pleased. He said nothing, but based on tiny clues he’d spotted, he knew that the person who had acquired the Blood Phoenix was his fellow Clan member Song Jia. [1. Song Jia’s name in Chinese is 宋佳 (sòng jiā) – Song is a family name. Jia means “excellent”]

“Excellent,” he thought. “Maybe there really will be a chance for that Song Jia girl to acquire the Legacy.” His eyes shined with anticipation.

Meanwhile back inside the Legacy zone, the second, third and fourth competitors spit heart’s blood into the dark green beams. Each of them received different Blood Divinities.

One was a majestic blood-red deer. The second was a Blood Tiger, which let out a roar when it appeared. But these two paled in comparison to the third. The third Blood Divinity was a Blood Dragon!

Its appearance was fierce, and its howls shook the entire area. A commotion instantly broke out in the outside world.

“A Blood Dragon!!”

“Four thousand years ago, in the seventh Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, a Chosen from the Li Clan acquired a Blood Dragon. He was the first person from time immemorial to pass the eighth matrix!!”

Outside of the Legacy zone, the two old members of the Li Clan stood there with expressionless faces. The appearance of the Blood Dragon was not surprising to them at all. The person who had acquired it was none other than one of the Li Clan’s Chosen of the current generation, Li Daoyi. [2. Li Daoyi’s name in Chinese is 李道一 (lǐ dào yī) – Li is a common family name. Dao is the same character as in The Dao, and means “way” or “path.” Yi means “one”]

Before the roaring could die down, the fifth, sixth and seventh Blood Deities appeared within the Legacy zone. One was a Xuanwu turtle, the other a Blood Wolf, and the last was... shockingly... a tiny blood-colored sprite!

The blood-colored sprite looked similar to the Nascent Soul of a Cultivator. Its appearance sent the Cultivators in the outside world reeling in shock. Even the two old members of the Li Clan looked amazed. Every member of every Clan and Sect that was present were mind-blown.

“Since ancient times, there has never been a human-shaped Blood Divinity, not in any of the seven tournaments!”

“It’s hard to say what this Blood Divinity will grow into, it’s never been seen before. Who knows if it can measure up to the Blood Phoenix and Blood Dragon.”

As the buzz of conversation filled the air, the Elder from the most mysterious of the five great Sects, the Blood Demon Sect, sat cross-legged looking at the scene on the blood screen. His eyes were fixed on the blurry figure which had acquired the blood-colored sprite. A moment passed, and he nodded. He knew that this person was none other than his Sect’s disciple.

Within the Blood Immortal Legacy Zone, Meng Hao looked at the seven other people and the different Blood Divinities that had emerged to hover around their blurry figures. They all looked beyond ordinary in every way.

“These people must all be various Chosen from the Southern Domain....” Meng Hao looked over them. “I wonder what will emerge for me!?” His eyes glittering, he pushed down on his chest. His Cultivation base shuddered, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The blood was from his Cultivation base, and it was instantly sucked in by the dark green glow. At the moment, it was not just he who was concentrating on the result; the other seven people were watching, as well as everyone in the outside world. There was no more buzz of conversation outside; everyone watched Meng Hao on the giant screen.

The black glow immediately turned the color of blood, whereupon a faint but powerful cry rang out from within. As soon as they heard the sound, the seven people, as well as the tiny deer-shaped Blood Divinity, all began to tremble. Next, the Blood Wolf, the Xuanwu Turtle, and the Blood Tiger all seemed as if they couldn’t take the sound, and began to shake.

The Blood Dragon and Blood Phoenix both began to emit looks of hostility, glaring toward Meng Hao. Only the blood-colored sprite looked on expressionlessly, not even moving.

“What will emerge for this person.... It’s a tiny little roar, but the Blood Divinities all seem shaken. Even the Blood Dragon and Blood Phoenix appear hostile....”

“Could it be another Blood Divinity that has never before appeared?”

It was at this moment that a roaring filled the air, and the bloody glow in front of Meng Hao began to ripple. An instant later, his Blood Divinity appeared in front of him. It was a tiny puppy with glistening eyes, the size of a finger! [3. If you’re interested in the roles of dogs in Chinese mythology, you can check out this article]

The puppy looked ordinary in every way. There didn’t seem to be anything special about it at all. However, as soon as it appeared, the hostility within the Blood Phoenix and Blood Dragon seemed to grow stronger.

“It’s a dog!”

“That’s definitely never appeared before. I’ve never even heard of such a thing. From the very first Blood Immortal Legacy tournament to now, there has never been a Blood Divinity which was a dog!”

Around the seven Legacy zones in the Southern Domain, the sound of joking and laughter immediately rose up. Inside, everything was quiet. Meng Hao looked at the puppy floating in front of him, then around at the other Blood Divinities. His brow furrowed.

He lifted up his right hand, and the puppy immediately jumped onto his palm. It seemed to be shivering as if it were cold, and looked frightened. It looked up at Meng Hao with adulation, then lowered its head and licked his palm with its tiny tongue.

At the same time, the seven people stepped forward almost at exactly the same time, disappearing into the first spell matrix.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed. He didn't really know much about this place, so he didn't want to act rashly. After looking around for a moment, he realized that the spiritual energy here was quite thick, much more so than in the outside world. It was almost as thick as the spiritual energy in the valley where he had reached Foundation Establishment.

There were no mountains or seas visible, just emptiness. There were only the nine spell matrixes and the dark green sacrificial altar.

Meng Hao thought back to what the archaic voice had said. "My hopes of acquiring the Legacy all rest on this dog?" He looked down for a moment at the puppy in his palm. Then he looked back up, and without any hesitation, walked forward into the first matrix. When he did, the world dissolved around him, then reformed into a world filled with the Immortal mountains and buildings.

In this world, everything was still and quiet. Looking around, he saw that Immortal mountains stretched out like a forest in every direction, covered with various buildings. This was not a place of mortals, but somewhere to be inhabited by Immortals. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was very dense. In fact, it seemed about ten times as thick as that outside. It was so thick that it formed a thin fog which was visible everywhere.

"Where am I...?" said Meng Hao, looking around in shock. He gazed about with his Spiritual Sense, then took a deep breath and began to absorb the spiritual energy. It poured into him, racing into his Cultivation base, and then his golden Dao Pillar. Some of it leaked back out from the crack in the Dao Pillar.

"Such thick spiritual energy. If my Dao Pillar didn't leak spiritual energy, then practicing Cultivation in here for one day would be like practicing for a month in the outside world." His spirits were roused at this thought. Suddenly, he noticed that the puppy in his palm looked very

happy. It appeared to be absorbing the spiritual energy, too. As it did, its body was gradually growing bigger. Fluffy fur was beginning to appear on its skin, making it look very cute.

Meng Hao watched on for a while, lost in thought.

“This dog will grow up with me. But from the look of its breathing technique, it will do so with the same speed as me. Could it be... that because of absorbing my heart’s blood, it has the same level of latent talent as me?” His eyes flashed, and he began to move forward. At his side ran the little puppy, which was now about two finger lengths in size. By straining to its limit, it was just barely able to keep up.

Chapter 122: Reaching an Agreement

Time slipped by. Soon, three days had passed. Meng Hao frowned. He found that no matter how far or where he flew, this place seemed to have no end. It apparently had no borders. Furthermore, as time passed, there seemed to be less and less spiritual energy.

“How do I break through the first spell matrix....?” His brow furrowed, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged on a mountain peak. His eyes flashed as he looked around.

Meanwhile, outside the Legacy zone, the Cultivators surrounding the seven altars throughout the Southern Domain were all watching the scene on the blood screens. They could clearly see that seven of the blurry figures, upon entering the first matrix, immediately sat down cross-legged and began to meditate. However, the eighth and last person to enter starting flying around in seemingly random directions. A long time passed before he sat down and began to meditate.

“What Sect is that last person from? Doesn’t he understand how the first matrix works? Oh I know. He must be a rogue Cultivator. He somehow accidentally opened the Eighth Blood Immortal altar and started the tournament!”

“The first matrix is very simple. It’s a trial of latent talent. Basically, the first matrix will cause the Blood Divinity to grow. The Cultivators must snatch up as much spiritual energy as possible. That’s the key to breaking through the rest of the matrixes.” Conversations like this broke out among the Cultivators, who discussed things in hushed tones. Within the Legacy zone, Meng Hao lifted his head.

“This is weird. The spiritual energy in this place seems to be divided into eight... Including me, eight people entered.” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed. He took in a deep breath and began to absorb as much spiritual energy as possible.

Although he didn't quite know how to break through the first matrix, he was beginning to form a guess. The spiritual energy quickly began to disappear. Meng Hao closed his eyes, and five days passed.

On the fifth day, he continued to suck in as much spiritual energy as he could. His golden Dao Pillar gleamed brightly. In fact, it seemed as if the beginnings of a second Dao Pillar were forming.

As for the puppy, during these five days it had also been absorbing energy, much like Meng Hao. Its body was larger now. It was about the size of Meng Hao's hand. Soon, all of the spiritual energy in the place was completely gone. A roaring sound filled the air, and the surrounding Immortal mountains and buildings began to collapse, crumbling down to form a large platform. Meng Hao opened his eyes to find himself sitting cross-legged on the platform.

Around him, the seven other people opened their eyes. Their respective Blood Divinities had all experienced changes. They were larger and seemingly more intelligent.

As for the blood-colored sprite, its size had not changed, but it had begun to grow tentacles, which writhed about slowly, giving it a very bizarre appearance.

Meng Hao's puppy had experienced the least change of all. It was the size of a hand, and was covered with fluffy fur. It appeared to be very frightened of the other Blood Divinities; it shrank up against Meng Hao, trembling, rubbing its head against his leg and licking his robe. Its large, glistening eyes looked extremely cute.

A glowing door existed on this platform, emitting a slight gravitational force. Obviously, this was the exit of the Legacy zone. The seven people surrounding Meng Hao stood up one by one. Obviously having no intention of leaving, they transformed into prismatic beams as they and their Blood Divinities shot on toward the second matrix.

Meng Hao was silent. He could sense that most of the seven other peoples' Blood Divinities were emitting auras of the seventh or eighth level of Qi Condensation. The Blood Dragon and Blood Phoenix, as well as the person-shaped Blood Divinity, were all at the ninth level. His puppy was the only one that was at the third or fourth level.

"My lack of understanding about this place has put me in a bad position...." Meng Hao's brow furrowed, and his eyes flickered. "But my advantage is that I am the only one who can leave the Legacy zone. If they leave, then countless others would try to enter. Therefore, they have no option

of leaving.” Meng Hao was silent for the space of a few breaths. Then he stood up. He didn’t fly toward the second matrix, but instead vanished into the glowing door.

When he emerged, he was in the mouth of the gigantic stone face in the lake of blood. As soon as he flew out, he found that, as he suspected, his Cultivation base was indeed fully recovered. The suppressive force from before now had no effect on him.

“The Blood Divinity didn’t come out with me... It seems that it can only appear within the Legacy zone.” Meng Hao looked back at the altar within the lake of blood, and suddenly frowned. He saw the glowing blood screen, as well as everything that was going on inside the Legacy zone.

“So, outsiders can see what’s happening....” His calm gaze flashed over the screen, and he could see seven blurry figures within the second matrix. As he looked closer, he calmed down a bit.

The images on the screen did not reveal anything about where he was; furthermore, the doorway which had led him back to the volcano was still there.

His eyes shining, he flew into the air. In the space of a few breaths, he had arrived at where Chu Yuyan was concocting the pills.

She sat there cross-legged, her face pale. As Meng Hao approached, she lifted her head and saw him flying through the air toward her. A complex expression filled her face.

“How many more days do you need before you can finish concocting the fifth pill?” said Meng Hao coolly, landing softly onto the ground. He looked at her with cold eyes.

She was silent for a long moment. Finally, she replied in a soft voice. “I will succeed within half a month.”

“Considering our situation,” said Meng Hao, “there’s no need for us to keep fighting with each other.” He looked around at the mists, which he could now see through easily.

Chu Yuyan was silent for a while. She lowered her head. “I want to get out of here, but I don’t trust you.”

“If you concoct my pill, and help me understand the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, then I swear by my Cultivation base that I will get you out of here safely.” He looked at her.

“The oaths of Cultivators cannot be trusted,” she replied, looking up at him.

“If you want to get out of here, then you have no choice but to trust me,” said Meng Hao, his voice cool. “My benevolence has a limit. First, you went after my Cultivation base. Second, you tried to trick me regarding the Blood Immortal Legacy. If there is a third, then I will just give up my medicinal pill and simply kill you.”

Chu Yuyan sat there silently, apparently having no words to speak. Meng Hao sat down cross-legged next to her. He didn't say anything more to try to persuade her. An entire day passed, until finally, she sighed in her heart. She was out of tricks and schemes. All of her attempts to outwit Meng Hao had failed. It was exactly as he had said... if she wanted to get out of this place, she had no choice but to trust him. Furthermore, Chu Yuyan had experienced Meng Hao's ruthlessness and she could sense the cold killing intent within the words he had spoken.

“The nine matrixes of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament are all different,” she began quietly. “However, the various Sects have thoroughly researched them throughout the seven past Legacy tournaments. The path you will tread, is one of seizure!

“What must be seized is the spiritual energy of heaven and earth. Not only will it help you to grow your Cultivation base, but in accordance with your latent talent, it will also facilitate the growth of your Blood Divinity.

“The growth of your Blood Divinity is very important in the nine matrixes. Over the years, the Violet Fate Sect has come to the conclusion that if you can break through the ninth matrix, then the Blood Divinity should be able to achieve a level of power equivalent to an expert halfway to the Spirit Severing stage. It can enter the Blood Immortal Legacy treasure as its owner, and become the Weapon Spirit of the treasure!

“Whoever is the master of the Weapon Spirit will have acquired the Legacy of the Blood Immortal, and will be the first person since ancient times to carry out the treasure. After that, he will be able to release the incomparable power of a half-Spirit Severing stage Blood Divinity! This half-Spirit Severing stage Blood Divinity is in fact a Dao Protector left behind by the Blood Immortal of the Ancient Temple of Doom.

“With the exception of the first matrix, the Blood Immortal's nine matrixes all have different essences. The various Sects have gathered a variety of details regarding this.

“Through mutual cooperation, it was eventually determined that each spell matrix changes. Over the course of many races, the heart of each one has evolved. Therefore, it is difficult to determine the exact essence of each matrix.

“Whoever is first to understand the essence of any given matrix, will be the first to begin absorbing spiritual energy; furthermore, that person’s Blood Divinity will be the first to begin to grow. The spiritual energy within each matrix is limited. The more you absorb, the less others can absorb.” Chu Yuyan looked up at Meng Hao. “Regarding the details of the essences of the various matrixes of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, I scanned over them back in the Sect. However, I don’t remember too much. The main thing I remember is that some of the matrixes are illusions.” Having said this, she closed her eyes.

Meng Hao seemed lost in thought as Chu Yuyan’s words continued to echo in his ears. After analyzing the matter for a while, he turned and shot back toward the Blood Immortal’s sacrificial altar. Looking up at the blood screen, he saw that the seven others were still within the second matrix. He strode forward and entered the giant mouth. His eyes grew blurry, then clear again, and he was standing on the platform he’d arrived at after passing the first matrix.

As soon as he emerged, the hand-sized puppy materialized in front of him. It jumped up and down happily, then ran around him a few times, wagging its tail furiously. It seemed incredibly excited to see Meng Hao. Finally, it came to rest on Meng Hao’s feet, laying down on top of them and licking his pant leg, looking up at him with adoring eyes.

Meng Hao’s reappearance did not cause much stir in the outside world. Based on his setback in the first matrix, he was now far behind everyone else. He was clearly in eighth place.

He took in a deep breath, then turned into a beam of light as he shot into the second matrix. From the outside, this spell matrix had the appearance of a whirlpool of stars, slowly rotating. However, as soon as he entered it, the stars’ positions all seemed to change. The world warped, heaven and earth twisted bizarrely. Then everything became clear. In front of Meng Hao was a vast blood-colored ocean.

The ocean seemed limitless, its color deep crimson. Off in the distance, the sun was setting. The evening wind carried a fishy stench, and caused waves to ripple across the ocean’s gleaming surface.

The spiritual energy was thin here, not enough to absorb. It would not become thick enough to do so until the spell matrix was broken through.

Suddenly, the blood-colored puppy ran forward a few paces, then let out a few threatening yips toward the ocean. The sound carried nervousness with it, and a sense of danger. The little puppy's fur stood up on end and quivered.

A rumbling could be heard, and the ocean began to seethe. A booming sound echoed out as an arching, dark green wooden bridge slowly rose up out of the ocean of blood. It dripped blood as it stretched up. Lightning and thunder fell from the sky.

Atop the arching wooden bridge stood a young boy with long hair. His eyes glittered coldly as he stared at Meng Hao with a vicious expression.

"One attack," said the young boy coldly. His eyes shined with killing intent. His voice sounded old and archaic, quite in contrast with his appearance. "If you live, the second bridge shall rise. If you pass three bridges, then you can break through this matrix."

Chapter 123: Converging Sense into the Form

The killing intent was incredibly powerful, seemingly capable of causing the ocean to stir. The bridge dripped with blood, and massive waves rolled out across the ocean.

After he finished speaking, the young boy lifted his hand and formed a fist, which then began to descend toward Meng Hao. The ocean of blood roared as waves surged away from the young boy.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed. The boy's Cultivation base was at the late Foundation Establishment stage. But Meng Hao also knew that having entered this place, he must fight. He strode forward, followed by the puppy, who continued to let out threatening yips. Wisps of blood floated around its hand-sized body. It and Meng Hao turned into two beams of prismatic light which shot toward the young boy.

Meng Hao slapped his bag of the Cosmos, and instantly, two wooden swords flew out. Next, he spat out the Lightning Flag, which surrounded him with mist. Like arrows loosed from a bow, he and the puppy slammed into the young boy.

An explosion sounded out. Meng Hao coughed up blood, and the wooden swords went spinning out of control. The Lightning Flag's mist began to dissipate. Meng Hao and the puppy both shook as they flew backward, spraying blood from their mouths.

The young boy looked coolly at Meng Hao, then lifted his right hand. Behind him, the sea began to roil, and a second arch bridge appeared. The young boy disappeared. On the second bridge, a young man could be seen.

This young man's appearance was very familiar. He looked just like the boy from the first bridge, except ten years older.

"You can come fight any time you wish," he said, his voice cool. "If my fist doesn't kill you, then you can pass to the third bridge." With this, he closed his eyes and stood there, motionless.

Wiping the blood from his mouth, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged on the first bridge. The attack just now seemed to have been filled with the power of the late Flawless Foundation Establishment stage. Without the protection of the Lightning Flag just now, he surely would have perished.

"No wonder the seven others still haven't broken through the second matrix in the last day. This Blood Immortal Legacy tournament is no joke. And this is only the second matrix...." After thinking about it for a moment, Meng Hao's eyes filled with determination.

Taking a deep breath, he consumed a medicinal pill and adjusted his Cultivation base. He also placed a medicinal pill down in front of the puppy, who lapped it up immediately, then settled down in Meng Hao's lap to recover.

Two days later, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. The puppy still lay in his lap, but its injuries seemed to be more than half recovered. It leaped up. Although he hadn't grown any larger, his aura was different than before.

It seemed as if he had grown closer to Meng Hao, and more vicious toward the rest of the world. Were it not for the high quality of the Qi Condensation level medicinal pills that Meng Hao had given him, it most likely would have perished from his injuries.

"You're just like I used to be," said Meng Hao softly, looking at the puppy. "Simple and ordinary, but thrust into the Cultivation world. You have no choice but to change, no choice but to grow stronger and become cold-blooded. You must learn to kill."

The puppy gazed up at Meng Hao as if he understood his words. It licked Meng Hao's robe, ran around him in circles a few times, then lay down at his feet.

Meng Hao's eyes filled with a resolute look. He slowly stood up and then looked toward the second bridge. He smacked the bag of the Cosmos, and a sword rain began to fly out.

One hundred, two hundred, three hundred... five hundred flying swords circled around him! They formed into the shape of a Flying Rain-Dragon. Power from the vibrating Demonic Core within Meng Hao filled his body. He waved both hands in front of him, and the wooden swords appeared, forming the Flying Rain-Dragon's long fangs. All of this shot at high speed toward the young man on the second bridge.

The young man's expression did not change. He slowly waved his right hand in a casual fist attack. No waves surged out on the ocean of blood, nor was there any roaring sound; it seemed extremely simplistic in nature. However, much the same as the first young boy's fist, it did not wait for Meng Hao's arrival. The vanguard of Meng Hao's flying swords began to smash to pieces, as if they were colliding with an impenetrable stone wall.

They didn't all shatter, only the ones in the very center of the lead position. An invisible line appeared, smashing through the flying swords toward Meng Hao. Sensing the imminent deadly threat, Meng Hao threw all the power of his Cultivation base into the lightning mist and sent the two wooden swords in front of him to block. Of his own volition, the puppy flew up toward Meng Hao's chest, using his back to form a shield. Meng Hao immediately grabbed him and threw him to the side.

A boom rang out that seemed to last forever. Blood shot from Meng Hao's mouth, and he tumbled backward, spinning like a kite with its string cut. He landed onto the first bridge, coughing up more blood, his face pale. It seemed as if his Dao Pillar would fall to pieces at any moment.

"That attack was many times more horrific than the first attack. And yet, from what I could sense, it only contained the power of the middle Flawless Foundation Establishment stage.... Also, did this dog just jump up to protect me...?" Wiping the blood away, he looked down at the puppy who he had thrown off to the side. It looked up at him worriedly. He rubbed its furry head, then looked back at the young man.

"You somehow managed to pass," said the young man calmly. "However, given your level of power, unless there is some mishap, you will not be able to pass the third bridge." He waved his right hand, and immediately a third bridge appeared behind him.

Along with the appearance of the bridge, he vanished. On the third bridge appeared a middle-aged man. He looked just like the young man from the second bridge, except ten years older. Based on

the emanations from his Cultivation base, Meng Hao could surmise that the man was at the same level as himself: The early Foundation Establishment stage, with one Dao Pillar! What a shock!

“This is strange,” said Meng Hao, his eyes narrowing. “Why would the third bridge have someone with a Cultivation base like this...? It seems like the order should be opposite....”

“To pass this bridge,” said the man coolly, “you must withstand one of my attacks without coughing up any blood. You have three chances. Each attack will consist of one fist strike. If you fail three times, then you will no longer be qualified to acquire the Legacy, and will be interred into the ocean of blood, and your spirit will become part of the altar.”

Meng Hao said nothing. He sat down cross-legged on the second bridge and took out some medicinal pills. He also gave several to the puppy. Watching the puppy consumed the pills, Meng Hao thought back to how it had leaped to protect him, and a warm feeling filled his heart.

After three days, Meng Hao had recovered quite a bit. The puppy once again opened its eyes, seemingly quite energetic.

Staring at the man on the third bridge, Meng Hao’s eyes filled with thought. In his mind, he reviewed his battles with the young boy from the first bridge and the young man from the second bridge, trying to piece together some clues about what was going on.

Time trickled by until another day had passed. Meng Hao’s heart stirred, and he slowly raised his head. He had thought of a possible solution.

“When the boy attacked, it was with the power of the late Foundation Establishment stage, and it caused the ocean of blood to seethe. That was because the power of the attack emanated outward. As for the young man, even though he was only of the middle Foundation Establishment stage, the power of the attack did not emanate outward. And of my five hundred flying swords, only about twenty were destroyed. It forced me to directly face the fist, head on.

“In these two battles, the Cultivation bases were not the same. Clearly, the most important thing is the technique with which the Cultivation base is utilized!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with understanding. He was no idiot; he now clearly understood the answer to the problem.

“So, this man’s Cultivation base is the same as mine. But, what power will he put into play...?” Meng Hao looked at him as he slowly stood up. His eyes gleamed with a strange light. At this

moment, he didn't really care about the Legacy of the Blood Immortal. He had suddenly realized that within the nine matrixes.... there were invisible Legacies just about everywhere!

He did not attack immediately. Instead, he stood on the second bridge and experimented a bit. He slowly sent power emanating from this Cultivation base, then attempted to control how the power dissipated. It was very difficult, but Meng Hao was stubborn. That was a fundamental characteristic of his personality. He ignored the passage of time, and soon seven days were gone. He lifted his head. He hadn't achieved complete control, yet, only about thirty percent or so.

"I can't keep delaying. I need to check to see if my idea was correct." His eyes gleaming brightly, he walked toward the old man.

Boom!

After the space of about ten breaths, Meng Hao tumbled backward, blood spraying from his mouth and a splitting pain filling his head. He landed back on the second bridge, his body quivering, supporting himself with one hand on the greenish wood. He coughed out another mouthful of blood. Next to him, the puppy quivered. One of its legs was broken, and its aura was very weak. Meng Hao looked up slowly at the old man on the third bridge.

"First try. Failure."

He took a deep breath and sat down cross-legged. He fed some medicinal pills to the puppy to help heal it. After all, it was just as hurt as he was. The puppy's appearance had changed. Its fur did not look very healthy, and its eyes were dim, but its life force was powerful. Every time it recovered, it emanated more killing intent.

"That man is only at the early Foundation Establishment stage. However, his attack leaked almost no power whatsoever, plus it was filled with a very peculiar feeling.... It seemed as if the fist was not really a fist.... However, I could also tell my seven days of work paid off. I'm on the right track!" He lifted his hand and pushed down between his eyebrows, dissipating some of the pain which wracked his body.

He got to his feet and continued to attempt to exercise control over his power seepage from his Cultivation base. Seven more days passed, and Meng Hao felt that he had about fifty percent control. Although his Cultivation base had not grown, in terms of fighting strength, he had advanced by leaps and bounds.

Meng Hao looked up, his eyes glittering brightly. He and the puppy shot forward, man and dog together, charging the figure on the bridge.

Boom!

Again, it took the space of ten breaths. Meng Hao flopped backward, spinning over and over, blood showering from his mouth to stain his clothes. However, his eyes were bright.

As for the puppy, it seemed to be changing as Meng Hao gained enlightenment. Its injuries were not as severe this time. It let out a fierce little howl.

“Spiritual Sense! He’s not just coalescing his Cultivation base, he’s adding Spiritual Sense into the fist attack! That makes the fist... capable of striking directly to the Cultivation base!”

Meng Hao took in a deep breath as the glow of enlightenment filled his eyes. He suddenly understood that although the Cultivation base is of critical importance to a Cultivator, when it came to spiritual power and the techniques with which to employ it, control is the key to true might in battle!

He sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. This time, he spent about two weeks before he opened his eyes. He had been stuck in this matrix for around a month. He had no idea how things were going for the seven others, but as far as Meng Hao was concerned, even if he was in last place, he had acquired something incredible.

He slowly stood up, flying forward. The puppy seemed to have been reborn in accord to Meng Hao’s enlightenment. It followed Meng Hao, charging directly toward the man on the bridge.

Boom!

Meng Hao retreated backward eight steps. He slowly lifted his head. His Qi and blood roiled, but there was no trace of blood in his throat. The man pulled back his fist. Meng Hao bowed to him with clasped hands.

“You are enlightened regarding the concept of converging sense into the form; you have passed the second matrix!” The old man nodded and flicked his sleeve. The world around began to crumble.

Chapter 124: Breaking Through the Matrix

As the world crumbled around him, Meng Hao felt a huge wave of spiritual energy sweeping out, encircling him and the puppy. He breathed in deeply, immediately circulating his Cultivation base and absorbing large quantities of spiritual energy.

The spiritual energy was thick here, even more so than in the first matrix. He had the feeling that if he could practice Cultivation in here for a while, he wouldn't need any medicinal pills whatsoever to form his second Dao Pillar.

Unfortunately, after absorbing the spiritual energy, some of it seeped out through the crack in the Dao Pillar. If it didn't, Meng Hao was certain that given a relatively short period of time, he would be able to condense the second Dao Pillar.

“The Perfect Foundation....” A gleam of anticipation appeared in his eyes.

He wasn't the only excited one. The puppy began to absorb spiritual energy at a rapid rate. Its body slowly began to change. Its Qi grew stronger, although some of it dissipated out, just like Meng Hao's.

It didn't last very long, unfortunately. After only three days, the spiritual energy in the area was sucked dry. Meng Hao opened his eyes. He sat cross-legged on a huge platform. Joining him on the platform in various directions were four other figures, all sitting cross-legged in meditation.

At almost the same time that Meng Hao opened his eyes, they did too. All of their respective Blood Divinities were changed in some way.

Although, in terms of change, Meng Hao's puppy had experienced the most of all. It was now about half the length of an arm. It had blood-red fur, sharp teeth, and glittering claws. It now had a somewhat fierce appearance.

Its eyes were not clear as they had been; a reddish glow was visible within them, as if it had transformed after the recent life-and-death situations it had experienced. Anyone who looked at it now would be able to sense its fierceness.

This was especially true of its Qi. It now carried the strength of Foundation Establishment!

For Cultivators, reaching Foundation Establishment is very difficult; but for the Blood Divinities, the Legacy zone was a special area. Here, they could experience rapid growth. After all, they were not Cultivators, but Legacy Blood Divinities.

“These Blood Divinities increase their level so quickly. Maybe it’s because of some special ability they have. Or maybe they existed in the past, then died, and these are their spirits.” Meng Hao was lost in thought for a while. Some time passed, and then he looked over his shoulder at the second matrix. There was no one inside. Up ahead in the third matrix, were three indistinct figures. Further ahead in the fourth matrix, there was one.

Those three people had obviously left the second matrix much earlier. Apparently, instead of taking a lot of time to absorb spiritual energy, they preferred to charge ahead to gain some distance.

Meng Hao breathed in deeply, and then slowly stood up. His eyes gleamed as he strode forward into the third matrix.

Meanwhile in the world outside of the Blood Immortal Legacy zone, nearly ten thousand Cultivators had gathered around to watch the scenes playing out on the blood screen. The sound of conversations began to rise.

“The news is already spreading. The identities of most of the people inside have already been discovered. Who would have imagined that the person in first place is Li Daoyi, Dao Child of the Li Clan!? It’s hard to say if he’ll be able to acquire the Legacy in the end, but he certainly seems to have the best chance.”

“How detestable! The great Clans and Sects are always lording it over the Legacies. They never give anyone else the slightest chance! If only I were the person who had discovered the location of the Blood Immortal’s eighth sacrificial altar. The very least benefit is that there wouldn’t have been anyone to fight over it with.”

“What’s the use of even thinking about it? All the people who enter the matrixes are Chosen from various Sects and Clans. Even if you didn’t have to fight over it, compared to those Chosen, you’re too weak. Look, that guy is obviously the one who opened the Blood Immortal’s eighth sacrificial altar, and yet see how much time he took in the second matrix. Based on that, there’s no way he can pass through the third.”

Most of the discussions that filled the areas surrounding the Southern Domain’s Blood Immortal Legacy zones went something like this.

Within the fourth matrix was Li Daoyi, looking dashing and handsome in his long, yellow robe. He peered calmly off into the distance. A desert stretched out as far as the eye could see.

“Long ago, the Patriarch left behind a decree and a prophecy. The Blood Immortal would emerge from the Li Clan. This Legacy belongs to me. As for the others... well, their lives will be under my control within the sixth matrix.” His expression calm, he stepped forward.

Back in the third matrix, Meng Hao’s brow furrowed slightly. Next to him, the dog let out a threatening howl as it stared at a massive tree which had appeared up ahead.

Underneath the tree was a Go board, upon which were a myriad of Go pieces, spread out like the stars in the sky. Black was clearly in the losing position. There was one white piece sitting next to the board, as if it were waiting for someone to pick it up and play it.

Surrounding the Go board were several hundred trees, each one about as tall as a person. The whole place seemed deserted. The presence of the huge tree made it seem even more bizarre.

The archaic voice filled the air: “In the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, the character ‘blood’ emphasizes killing. If you desire to acquire the Legacy but have insufficient killing intent, then it will be very difficult for you. This matrix emphasises killing. However, the one who kills must have a cold heart and a calm spirit. Place the white Go piece onto the board, and you will win this game of death!

“You have one chance. If you wish to forfeit, you must sacrifice one hundred years of longevity, and lose your chance at acquiring the Legacy.” The instant the voice finished speaking, one of the trees up ahead suddenly exploded into pieces. From within emerged a phantom emanating the Qi of Foundation Establishment, the same as Meng Hao’s Cultivation base.

The phantom was blurry, except for a pair of blood-red eyes which emanated a fierce killing aura. It immediately raced toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered sharply. Next to him, the puppy let out sharp yapping sounds as it charged forward with him.

A booming sounded out. A moment later, Meng Hao watched as the Foundation Establishment phantom dispersed into strands of spiritual energy, which then shot toward Meng Hao. As this happened, popping sounds rang out as three more trees began to split apart.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, blood seeped out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. The puppy was injured and bleeding, although its appearance was as fierce as ever as it looked around. Five Foundation Establishment phantoms had appeared.

More time passed. It was hard to tell exactly how long. Meng Hao coughed up some more blood. He had fought his way through the trees to a position not quite six thousand meters away from the Go board and the large tree. His eyes were bloodshot as he raced through the world of the third matrix. He was currently surrounded by twelve Foundation Establishment phantoms, each of whom emitted killing intent which billowed into the sky.

The puppy yipped next to him, and then a blood-colored beam flashed. Its sharp teeth crunched into the neck of one of the Foundation Establishment phantoms. Together, the two of them had slaughtered their way forward, at the same time trying to absorb as much spiritual energy as possible from this place. By now, the puppy had already reached the middle Foundation Establishment stage, and was continuing to grow. Its fierceness was now even more apparent.

Several hours later, Meng Hao staggered along, coughing up some blood. Up ahead, a Foundation Establishment phantom was on its last legs, panting. It seemed to use all the power it could possibly muster to dash forward. As it did, Meng Hao's killing intent flared. His right hand formed into a fist and, ignoring the incoming sword aura, punched his fist toward the phantom's chest. His fist suddenly opened, and a Wind Blade shot out with a boom. Meng Hao coughed up more blood. At the same time, the Foundation Establishment phantom trembled and then exploded.

Not too far away, the puppy was an unstoppable blood-red glow. It used its sharp claws and teeth to rip the Foundation Establishment phantoms to shreds. Then, it rapidly absorbed their spiritual energy and returned to Meng Hao's side.

Its body was covered with wounds which oozed blood. Its Qi was weak, but its ferocity was as strong as ever; it seemed to have been baptized in blood.

Meng Hao swallowed some medicinal pills, and then tossed some down to the puppy. His clothes were torn and ripped, but his eyes gleamed. Lifting his head, he saw that the distance between himself and the tree was now less than six thousand meters. It was at this time that a roaring sound filled the air. Twenty Foundation Establishment phantoms appeared, racing at full speed toward Meng Hao.

He took in a deep breath, fatigue covering his face, but his eyes flashing. He lifted his hand and the lightning mist appeared. Electricity surrounded him as he charged forward to battle the phantoms.

Wounds led to wounds, battles led to battles. Four hours passed. Meng Hao's face was white. He was now twenty-five hundred meters from the large tree. He raced backward with the puppy, away from the Foundation Establishment phantoms. One by one, they stopped, transforming back into trees.

Some distance away from them, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged and ate some medicinal pills to heal his wounds. Next to him, the puppy consumed quite a few as well, and began to recover quickly. Four days passed before Meng Hao suddenly opened his eyes. The puppy looked even more ferocious as the two of them once again charged into battle.

This time, they fought to within fifteen hundred meters of the tree, until they could proceed no further, whereupon they fell back.

In the following days, Meng Hao and the puppy continued to fight and rest. Meng Hao's eyes grew more and more ruthless, his attacks, more and more decisive. At this point, he had roughly seventy percent control over his Cultivation base. Furthermore, regardless of which technique he used, he imbued it with Spiritual Sense.

As for the puppy, its body was now as long as an arm. It appeared even more ferocious; its claws were fully grown out, as had its sharp teeth. It appeared as if it could rip anything to shreds. Its eyes glowed bright red, making it look even more savage.

Fifteen hundred meters, nine hundred meters, three hundred meters.... Meng Hao had been stuck in this matrix for more than a month. Soon, he reached a position sixty meters away from the large tree. The puppy let loose a howl and latched onto the corner of Meng Hao's robe with its teeth, dragging him forward. Meng Hao didn't mind at all. He let the puppy drag him, and the two of them shot forward, blasting through the defending Foundation Establishment phantoms, passing over the sixty meter mark.

As they approached the tree, the puppy loosened its mouth, then spun and charged back into the Foundation Establishment phantoms. Meng Hao didn't hesitate; he snatched up the white Go piece. His gaze swept across the Go board, and then he placed the piece down.

As soon as it touched the board, this entire world grew quiet. Everything in front of Meng Hao looked like a mirror that was shattering. Boundless spiritual energy surged into him.

He knew that he had passed through the third matrix.

When this happened, the Cultivators outside of the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones around the Southern Domain flew into an uproar:

“The Li Clan Dao Child, Li Daoyi, broke through the fourth matrix. It took him a month...”

“That’s Wang Wu’de of the Blood Demon Sect. He’s right behind Li Daoyi. He was the second to enter the fourth matrix. Everyone else is stuck in the third matrix. I wonder who will be the third person to....”

“It’s got to be Wang Lihai. After all, he’s a Dao Child. The Wang Clan really isn’t holding anything back. They sent a Dao Child... ahh??”

“Three people just came out at the same time! That’s Wang Lihai and Song Jia, and that other person is... wow, it’s him?!”

Chapter 125: This Matrix Was Made for It

Boundless spiritual energy poured into Meng Hao’s Cultivation base. Deep inside, his Second Dao pillar slowly grew more and more solid.

“If the spiritual energy weren’t constantly leaking, I could form the second Dao Pillar at any time!” Meng Hao sighed.

A few days later, he opened his glittering eyes. He had no idea how much of a stir he had caused in the outside world by stepping out of the third matrix at the same time as Wang Lihai and Song Jia.

Some people were speculating that Meng Hao must be a Chosen from some Sect. However, there was no way to confirm this, which just fuelled the guesses and rumors. Meng Hao’s performance made him somewhat of a dark horse.

Amidst the various discussions, the common conclusion reached was that Wang Lihai was having some problems. Were it not for that, he would have emerged much earlier.

Meng Hao looked at the puppy in front of him, and a warm look appeared on his face.

The puppy was now much bigger. It was about half the size of a person, like a baby ox. Thick, elegant, red fur covered its sturdy body, which seemed to brim with intense power. When it opened its mouth, its teeth seemed as sharp as swords. Its claws were as thick as human fists, and seemed sharp enough to rip open heaven and earth. Its eyes were crimson red, making it appear ferocious to the extreme. As it stood there, it would cause anyone to be shocked.

In fact, it was no longer a puppy. It had become a full grown dog, a Blood Mastiff!

It stood there, looking about coldly, as if the place where it stood was about to be encroached upon by others. If anyone attempted to approach Meng Hao, it would rip that person into pieces.

Meng Hao looked at the mastiff, and his expression grew warmer. In just a few months, it had grown from a tiny, unassuming puppy, into this current state. As they had fought their way through the various matrixes, they had formed a strange friendship.

They were wounded together, they charged forth together. They experienced life and death struggles, and baptism by blood, all together.

As if it could sense Meng Hao's gaze, the mastiff turned its head and looked at him. The ferociousness instantly disappeared, replaced with happiness. Wagging its tail vigorously, it ran over to Meng Hao, stuck out its tongue, and licked his hand, looking at him with puppy dog eyes.

A smile broke out on Meng Hao's face. When he ruffled the fur on the mastiff's head, and saw the look of pleasure on its face, he couldn't help but laugh.

Raising his head, Meng Hao looked back at the third matrix. There were still three people stuck inside. Ahead in the fourth matrix were three indistinct figures. Further ahead in the fifth, there was only one.

Meng Hao stood up, patting the mastiff and then striding, not into the fourth matrix, but into the glowing exit door. When he emerged, he was back in the volcano.

Months had passed during which Meng Hao hadn't thought too much about the matter of his pill. He transformed into a colorful beam of light which shot toward Chu Yuyan. She sat there, eyes closed, meditating. As soon as Meng Hao arrived, she opened her eyes. Their gazes met, and then Chu Yuyan looked to the side. She lifted her hand up, and a medicinal pill flew out. Meng Hao snatched it. It was none other than the fifth minor pill.

His face was calm as he put the pill into his bag of the cosmos, then turned and disappeared. Not much time passed before he returned. When he did, he flicked his sleeve, and seven pills shot forward and landed in front of Chu Yuyan.

"These seven pills concocted together are the Seven Thunders Pill," he said. He threw her a jade slip, which described the concoction formula. The exact amount of time needed to concoct the pill, however, had been erased by Meng Hao.

"Who is in first place?" asked Chu Yuyan, looking at Meng Hao and temporarily ignoring the Seven Thunders Pill formula.

"I can't see what he looks like, but his Blood Divinity is a dragon."

She thought for a moment. "He must be from the Li Clan." After this, she looked down and began to study the jade slip.

Meng Hao was silent for a while. Then, he slowly said, "You have one chance. If you fail, I don't have enough ingredients for a second try." He looked at her for a moment, then turned around and became a beam of light which disappeared into the distance. His eyes sparkled. "When she finishes the pill, she will no doubt consider consuming it. However, the turtle shell makes it quite clear that it takes about three months to use the seven minor pills to concoct the final pill.... She doesn't know this, so I will be sure to be there at the key moment." As he thought about this, he flew up to the glowing shield above the mists. He examined it carefully again, then shot back down to the Blood Immortal's sacrificial altar. Without hesitation, he re-entered the Legacy zone.

Back on the wide platform, the mastiff instantly reappeared. It now exuded the powerful pressure of the late Foundation Establishment stage, which didn't affect Meng Hao in the least bit. Meng Hao took a deep breath. Then his body flashed as he and the mastiff flew into the fourth matrix.

A vast, endless desert stretched out as far as the eye could see. Even though no scorching sun was visible in the sky, suffocating heat rippled throughout this world. It was as if the entire place were a giant steamer basket, intent on cooking everything inside until it withered up.

Meng Hao examined his surroundings, his heart filled with vigilance. After having passed through the second and third matrixes, he now understood a bit more how they worked. However, this desert was completely silent; not a shadow of a moving thing could be seen. No archaic voice echoed out to an explanation.

Meng Hao sat there contemplatively for a while, then lifted his foot and took a step forward. The mastiff walked quickly by his side. Man and dog, together they walked forward into the desolate and uninhabited desert. After he had taken a few steps, Meng Hao looked back at the path they had trod, and noticed that the footprints he had left behind had turned black.

Then, a black aura rose up from the footprints; the surrounding sand began to emanate a buzzing sound. From the speed with which the aura began to dissipate, it seemed as if it didn't dare to even approach Meng Hao.

Suddenly, the black aura began to transform into a flower of three petals, which had the appearance of a demonic face. Then it disappeared.

Seeing this, Meng Hao eye's narrowed. Suddenly, the mastiff began to howl. Looking off into the distance, Meng Hao saw a massive group of brown scorpions scurrying toward him. They seemed to be without number as they shot toward him from off in the horizon.

The mastiff flew up into the air, roaring. Above, the sky started to grow dark, as if evening were falling. But it was not evening, and if you looked closely at what above appeared to be dark storm clouds, you would see they were in fact clouds of winged scorpions, screaming through the air toward Meng Hao. In an instant, they had surrounded him, blotting out the sky completely.

"Poison...." thought Meng Hao. Looking back at his footprints he saw that the sand there was completely black. He turned and flicked his sleeve, comforting the mastiff, then walked toward the incoming scorpions.

The mastiff let out a threatening growl, following Meng Hao and eyeing the scorpions coldly.

But, as soon as Meng Hao neared them, they immediately fell back, emitting shrill, hissing shrieks. It seemed as if they didn't dare to even come close to Meng Hao.

He didn't slow down even the least bit. He walked forward, sending the scorpions into frenzied retreat. Sometimes a scorpion wasn't fast enough. Immediately, a red tendril would emerge from the top of Meng Hao's head and stab into its body, whereupon it would melt into a pool of black blood that sank into the sand.

It wasn't just the land-based scorpions that acted in this way; the flying scorpions also gave him wide berth, not daring to get too close. Along with the mastiff, Meng Hao walked straight through all of them.

He walked across the land, surrounded by darkness. It seemed as if the poison in this place had no way to resist the power of the poison within Meng Hao's body, and had no choice but to disperse in front of him.

Within Meng Hao's two eyes appeared flickering flowers in the shape of laughing-crying demonic faces. Behind him gradually appeared... a three-colored Resurrection Lily!

The three-colors of the Resurrection Lily interlocked with each other and glimmered, making it impossible for any other poisons to exist nearby it.

Meng Hao's face was expressionless. After he had walked for a day, an endless sea of vipers appeared in front of him. An acrid wind washed across his face. However, he just continued to walk forward, as if he hadn't even noticed. When he approached, the vipers instantly began to twist and writhe, then let out anxious hissing noises as they slithered away. Some of them even allowed him to step directly onto their bodies. They would quiver, but offer no resistance. After he passed by they seemed to recover a bit.

It appeared as if within Meng Hao's body existed the power of the sovereign of poisons. Facing this power, any other poison or poisonous creature had no choice but to lower its head in submission.

In contrast to Meng Hao, Wang Lihai proceeded through the desert with a frown, frequently consuming poison dispelling pills. In the seven previous Legacy tournaments of the past tens of thousands of years, this poison desert had appeared twice. The great Clans and Sects had taken special note of it. It didn't appear every single time, because the spell matrixes often changed. But when it did, one needed to be completely prepared.

Even still, poison repelling pills were never completely effective, or were minimally effective against certain poisons. For example, at the moment Wang Lihai faced up against a thick poison mist.

Looking at it, his brow furrowed anxiously. From the first time he had stepped foot outside of the Wang Clan until now, he had never seen anything like it. He continued to wonder why the Patriarch had insisted that he be the one to come here. Thinking back to the look in the man's eyes, there had to be some reason.

“There's no way that I'll actually die in here, is there?” His eyes flickered with a strange light.

Song Jia was also facing the poison mist in the fourth matrix. She had a beautiful face and an otherworldly countenance. Right now, a frown covered her face, despite the fact that a softly rippling shield surrounded her, protecting her.

The others who were in the fourth matrix were in similar situations. Time passed, and they slowly proceeded. Even the sand beneath their feet was poison, and they knew that if they were not cautious, they would die.

It can be said that without proper preparations, the fourth matrix is without a doubt a matrix of death. In fact, even having prepared, poison repelling items became less and less effective the further into the desert you went. You would have to rely on your Cultivation base, and your luck.

But Meng Hao was different.... He walked forward through the poison mist, his face expressionless. He drew in a breath, but the poison mist did nothing but float away from him. In fact, the air was completely clear for a space of thirty meters in all directions.

The mastiff followed Meng Hao eagerly. It seemed to be quite happy to take such a leisurely stroll through this matrix. It pounced forward and stepped down on a poison creature, batting it back and forth between its paws. It seemed to be having a lot of fun. It looked at Meng Hao, then bounded after him.

Seven days passed, and Meng Hao was already far, far ahead of any of the others. In the depths of the desert, he slowly stopped walking, looking forward in amazement. Something very strange had just appeared in front of him.

There, in an empty stretch of desert, was a place with no sand. It contained only a single flower.

This flower... had four petals that were composed of four colors. Its leaves were emerald green, and its petals had the appearance of a demonic face that was both crying and laughing at the same time.... This was none other than a four-colored Resurrection Lily.

A Resurrection Lily growing here, in this desert, in this spell matrix.

Chapter 126: Out of Nowhere

On the opposite shore is a flower; it blooms with seven colors; its name means Immortal Ascension. [1. The name of the Resurrection Lily in Chinese contains a reference to a Buddhist concept called Pāramitā, which literally translates as "the other shore"]

Every Resurrection Lily in the world feeds on the life of someone powerful, is watered with that person's blood. As a result of the countless condensations of mystical will, it lives, going from one color to another, seven in all.

Meng Hao had been infected with a three-colored Resurrection Lily. In front of him, was a four-colored Resurrection Lily. Complicated feelings arose inside him. He could clearly sense that this flower had once been just like him, a Cultivator.

As soon as he caught sight of the Resurrection Lily, a three-colored mist emerged from the top of his head and congealed into a beautiful three-colored Resurrection Lily. It swayed back and forth. The petals formed a demonic face that seemed to wish to cry, but didn't. It was as if recalling its life made it wish to weep, but at the same time, it was unwilling to.

Gradually, the four-colored Resurrection Lily in front of Meng Hao also began to sway back and forth. Eventually, Meng Hao realized that standing on top of the flower was the dim image of a man in a white robe. He stood there silently, and though his figure was indistinct, he was looking directly at Meng Hao.

They seemed to be gazing at each other through time, from opposite shores of a river. A long moment passed, and finally the white-robed man sighed. He lifted his right hand and waved it; next to him in the sand appeared a glowing door.

People who share the same fate have no need to make things difficult for each other. The glowing door led out; stepping through it meant leaving the fourth matrix.

As soon as the glowing door appeared, the white-robed man vanished. The only thing left behind was the Resurrection Lily, swaying back and forth slowly. It looked like it wanted to cry, and yet at the same time, didn't want to.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment. Then, he clasped his hands and bowed deeply. With that, he lifted his head and walked through the glowing door, his mood mixed and complex. The world around him fragmented, then came back together. He was on a large platform filled with dense spiritual energy that immediately enveloped him and the mastiff.

Ahead of him was the fifth matrix and Li Daoyi. Everyone else was stuck behind Meng Hao in the fourth matrix. To emerge from the fourth matrix in fewer than ten days was something that had never happened during all the Legacy tournaments since ancient times. Meng Hao had charged through the fourth matrix faster than anyone else in history!

Outside in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao's appearance caused an uproar. Everyone watching the blood screens outside the Blood Immortal Legacy zones stared at Meng Hao's indistinct figure, shocked. They simply couldn't believe it.

"Seven days! This person charged through the fourth matrix in seven day! How did he do it? In the history of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, something like this has never happened!"

"Based on his performance in the fourth matrix, he's now superseded all those others! Now, the only person in front of him is Li Daoyi! If he can do as well in the fifth matrix, then even if he doesn't acquire the Legacy of the Blood Immortal, he'll still be famous in all the Southern Domain."

"Where is this guy from? I can't believe that he has no history.... Unless... unless he's from the Black Sieve Sect. After all, when the seven previous Blood Immortal Legacy zones opened, the Black Sieve Sect never showed up!"

Amidst the continuous uproar, Eccentric Song stared at the indistinct form of Meng Hao as he sat meditating. It wasn't just him. Wu Dingqiu of the Violet Fate Sect, Zhao Shanling from the Golden Frost Sect and even Zhou Yanyun of the Solitary Sword sect as well as Chen Fan, were all paying very close attention to Meng Hao.

Of course, none of them had any way to know that each and every one of them had met him before.

Wang Tengfei glanced at Meng Hao, his hands clasped together tightly. He had no way to recognize him either, and in any case, was paying more attention to his brother Wang Lihai.

In the Li Clan, frowns had appeared on the faces of the two old Nascent Soul Cultivators. They were now feeling a bit threatened by Meng Hao.

While the outside world buzzed about Meng Hao getting through the fourth matrix in seven days, he sat meditating, absorbing the boundless spiritual energy of heaven and earth as quickly as possible. The outline of his second Dao Pillar was becoming more and more distinct. His mastiff was also absorbing spiritual energy rapidly. Soon it was as large as a person. Standing next to Meng Hao, who was sitting cross-legged, it looked quite fear-inspiring.

It had a thick, luxurious coat of blood-red fur covering his body, and even his face. Visible through the fur covering its head were two blood-red eyes that shone with a cold, blood-thirsty light. Its claws were as sharp as flying swords, and seemed capable of ripping apart heaven and earth. When it opened its mouth, the first thing you saw were long, sharp teeth, seemingly capable of ripping apart any living thing.

Meng Hao continued to meditate for eight days after leaving the fourth matrix. Eventually, the air rippled, and Wang Lihai emerged. When he did, he looked at Meng Hao with surprise. He had assumed that he would be the first person after Li Daoyi to emerge from the fourth matrix. Having passed through the matrix in half a month should have caused quite a stir outside. However... any stir he might have caused was already stolen by Meng Hao.

He looked closely at Meng Hao for a moment, and then sat down cross-legged to meditate. Three more days passed before Song Jia came out. She staggered a bit, blood oozing out of her mouth, before sitting down cross-legged to begin breathing exercises.

Meng Hao opened his eyes. The spiritual energy in this place was dissipating. He muttered to himself for a moment. The outline of his second Dao Pillar was almost completely formed. If the surrounding spiritual energy remained as thick as it had at the outset, then he would only need half a month to completely solidify the Dao Pillar.

But the spiritual energy was thin now, and would require time to replenish.

“Perfect Foundation....” Again, Meng Hao’s desire for the Perfect Foundation grew.

Suddenly, his mastiff raised its head toward the heavens and let out an astonishing roar. Meng Hao, as well as the others on the platform, instantly looked over.

What they saw was the Mastiff's aura growing more and more powerful. Its body suddenly grew another three meters longer. Its appearance was now thoroughly frightening. Such growth would be astonishing enough, but there was more. Multiple blood-red bone spurs suddenly grew out of its legs, and its teeth grew so long that it didn't even have to open its mouth for them to be seen. One look would cause anyone's heart to thump.

There was a roaring sound as its Cultivation base rose. In an instant, it no longer emitted the aura of the Foundation Establishment stage, but... the Core Formation stage!

The outside world once again erupted in shock.

“Core Formation!! This guy's Blood Divinity is the second to reach Core Formation!”

“It seems he is the only person who will be able to give Li Daoyi a run for his money! Who is this guy...?”

Meng Hao looked at his mastiff's fearsome appearance and shocking aura, and sighed in his heart. The dog could only exist in this place, and couldn't be taken out. If it could, then based on the friendship that had developed between the two of them, Meng Hao would feel much safer in the Cultivation world outside.

“And it's still not done growing...” thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. “The only way to take it outside of this place is to acquire the Legacy of the Blood Immortal.” He reached up to pet the mastiff. Others might think it looked cruel and savage, but in Meng Hao's eyes it was incredibly cute. As he pet it, it let out a pleased grumbling sound, just like it had when it was small. Then it laid down on its stomach and licked Meng Hao's hand, looking at him with the same fawning eyes it had when it was young. The only difference now was that its tongue was the size of Meng Hao's entire hand.

It seemed that it could treat everything in this world with fierce savagery, but as for Meng Hao, no matter what happened, it would view him just as it always had. Meng Hao would pet it, it would lick his hand, and everything would be peaceful.

“Actually, I don't care much about the Legacy of the Blood Immortal, but I will fight to take this Blood Divinity out with me....” Meng Hao lifted his head, and his eyes sparkled. He slowly stood

up. Now that the spiritual energy here was weak, it was a waste of time to stay. He had a total of three months to spend in here, and half a month had already passed. He strode forward, and the mastiff followed. Under the watchful eyes of the outside world, the two of them flew into the fifth matrix.

Up until now, only Li Daoyi had entered the fifth spell matrix. As soon as Meng Hao entered, the archaic voice could be heard.

“This matrix is of the void, the void is of the end, thus the name ‘end the void.’ There are blood runes which form a seal over a myriad spirits; gain enlightenment, and it can be broken. If you break it, you retain it after acquiring the Legacy. Fail to acquire the Legacy, and it shall be erased.

“This matrix is exceedingly difficult, so the Blood Divinity may chose to leave at any time. However, the Legacy competitor must to fight the battle to the end, even if that end be in death.”

As the voice echoed out, a new world materialized in front of Meng Hao. To be specific, it was a mountain. On top of the mountain was an enormous stone stele. Next to the stele was a glowing door that could only be used by the Blood Divinity.

The stone stele was covered with blood-colored magical symbols. The symbols flickered, seemingly containing some type of Dao that required enlightenment to understand.

When Meng Hao appeared in this world, he found himself at the top of the mountain, beneath the stone stele. The mastiff stood next to him, looking around vigilantly.

Meng Hao’s eyes were thoughtful as he looked at the magical symbols on the stone stele. Even as he did so, his face twisted in astonishment. Something was happening that hadn’t occurred the entire time he had been in the Blood Immortal Legacy zone. He slapped his bag of holding, and a Spring and Autumn tree appeared. He grasped it in his hand.

However, he suddenly had no power to absorb the Spring and Autumn tree. Apparently, within the fifth spell matrix, he was completely cut off from the tree. Meng Hao’s expression once again flickered.

Before he could do anything else, his body suddenly trembled, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The blood was black, and even before it could reach the ground, it transformed into a three-colored Resurrection Lily. Its face of petals, crying and not crying, looked straight at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face went pale, and within his eyes appeared faces made of three-colored flower petals. His body shook even harder, and severe pain flowed throughout him, threatening to send him unconscious. He doubled over as the poison within his body once again flared up.

"I suppressed the poison only half a month ago in the volcano...." he thought, forcing his eyes to stay open. He repeatedly told himself not to pass out; if he lost consciousness in the fifth matrix, he would most certainly die.

Actually, the poison flare-up had nothing to do with the fifth matrix, but the fourth. After seeing the four-colored Resurrection Lily, the poison within his body had been aroused, causing it to flare up.

Meng Hao's body was covered in sweat, and an indescribable pain washed over him like floodwaters, causing him to become like a mortal in all aspects. His face twisted wretchedly, and he gritted his teeth tenaciously.

The mastiff didn't understand what was happening, but seeing Meng Hao this way caused it to let out a nervous whine. And it was at this moment that suddenly, a multitude of roaring shouts could be heard drifting up from the bottom of the mountain.

Down below, a hoard of figures appeared. It was a group of people dressed in ragged clothing, like barbarians. They were tall, and their eyes were filled with cruelty as they raced up toward the top of the mountain.

Based on their speed, they would reach the top of the mountain within the space of a few breaths. Meng Hao's face was pale, and his body trembled. This flare-up was more intense by far than previous ones. He didn't even have the energy to lift up a hand. He could only look around with his eyes at the massive group of people rushing toward him.

Chapter 127: This is My Promise to You

The instant the savage figures appeared, Meng Hao's mastiff let out a howl. It leapt forward, turning into a ferocious blur as it raced in circles around Meng Hao.

Blood flew out so violently it created a foam, and the bodies of barbarians tumbled down the mountain.

Their deaths did not frighten the barbarians behind them; instead, it incited further savagery as they charged forward. The mastiff's ferocity billowed to the heavens as it protected the area around Meng Hao. Any approaching enemy met its attack; it clearly would not allow anyone to harm Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's body shook, but he forced his eyes to remain open. He could hear the mastiff's attacks, and could see the seemingly endless sea of people, but he could do nothing.

Time passed by, and blood flowed down the mountain. The mastiff's frenzy had created a no man's land which surrounded Meng Hao thirty meters in each direction. Countless barbarians had died, forming a bloody mountain at its edge.

One day, two days.... the mastiff had no rest whatsoever. The barbarians seemed to never end. They charged relentlessly. On the second day, Core Formation Cultivators appeared in their midst, wearing barbarian suits of armor.

The bloody battle continued within the fifth matrix, with canine howls and miserable human shrieks filling the air. Late in the night of the second day, the mastiff killed the three Core Formation barbarians, although it was wounded in the process. After that, there was quiet. The barbarians retreated. Everything was still.

In a daze, Meng Hao looked at the mastiff. One of its legs was broken, and it looked exhausted. It hadn't rested in two days, and had no medicinal pills to consume. Each fight had been a fight to the death, and it had prevented any of the people from harming Meng Hao. In fact, thanks to its frenzy, no one had even stepped within thirty meters of him.

As of now, it was overcome with fatigue. It lay down next to Meng Hao, panting. It licked his hand as if it wanted him to pet its head.

Everything was still; on the mountain peak, only a dog and a man could be seen. One couldn't move, the other lay prone, ready to stand guard for an eternity.

Meng Hao looked at the mastiff, and a warmth rose up from the bottom of his heart that he had never felt before. It filled his entire body. This creature was just a puppy, a Blood Divinity with little spiritual understanding. And yet... it would not forsake him. Even under these circumstances, it wouldn't leave, but instead fought to defend him.

Considering the accumulated injuries and exhaustion, if it continued to fight in this way, it would die eventually.

But it stayed by Meng Hao's side to protect him. Soon dawn broke, and a clamor from the bottom of the mountain broke the stillness. The air seemed to fill with the Qi of Core Formation, and was followed by the furious shouting of barbarians charging up the mountain.

The mastiff... looked at Meng Hao, then licked his hand. It turned, and with a ferocious howl, charged into battle.

Meng Hao couldn't move. He could only watch the mastiff charge into action. He couldn't even turn his head. The only thing he could see was the half of the world which lay directly in front of him. Even what was down below on the mountain was not visible to him.

Barking and blood-curdling screams filled his ears for the entire day. He didn't know exactly how fierce the fighting was, but he could sense that throughout the entire day, no one could step foot within a thirty meter radius of him.

When night fell, everything grew quiet again. Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn before the mastiff finally returned to Meng Hao and lay down next to him. Its back was broken, and it had trouble walking. Another leg was broken, and one of its long, sharp teeth had been snapped off.

Its Qi was weak, and its fur coat in disarray. Blood dripped off of its body as it lay there licking Meng Hao's hand. It let off a faint whine, seemingly calling to Meng Hao, seemingly recounting to him the days' events.

It seemed as if all of the fighting and exhaustion of the day was for this moment, when it could return to Meng Hao's side to have its head pet. In its heart Meng Hao... was family. They had fought together, they had grown up together. Meng Hao had provided medicinal pills, and whenever he looked over, his gaze was filled with encouragement and warmth.

All of this had caused trust in Meng Hao to grow in its heart. It could depend on Meng Hao, and it would defend him.

The fourth day arrived, and more shouting could be heard. Meng Hao's body continued to tremble, and he heard the sad howl of the mastiff. He wanted to struggle to his feet, but couldn't. The poison

flare-up filled him with intense pain. Sweat poured off of him, and all he could do was sit there, looking at the magical symbols on the stone stele. That was the only thing he could do.

On the fourth day, nothing came within thirty meters of Meng Hao. But that night, when everything grew quiet, it took the mastiff about one hour to slowly crawl back to him.

Meng Hao couldn't see it, but the path the mastiff had crawled was a long streak of blood. Its teeth were smashed, its back caved in. It lay next to him, its head twisted to the side as it licked his palm. With weak whines, it seemed to recount the days' events to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes were red. He couldn't see the mastiff, but he could sense how weak its Qi was. At the moment, he had become just like a mortal, and he knew that without the mastiff there to protect him, he would have been dead on the first day.

But the price paid for his life was the mastiff's increasingly weak condition. Soon a day would come when it wouldn't be able to crawl back to him at all....

Meng Hao forced his eyes to remain wide open. He stared at the magical symbols on the stone stele, longing for enlightenment. But no matter how he looked at them, he was unable to gain any understanding. It was as if... they were nothing more than magical symbols that had nothing to do with him, an outsider.

And then, the fifth day arrived....

On this day, the miserable cries that reached Meng Hao's ears were more intense than ever before. Now, there were people who approached closer than thirty meters. But before they could reach him, they were torn to pieces. Blood showered onto Meng Hao's body, and he heard the increasingly mournful howls of the mastiff.

That night, it took four hours for the mastiff to return. It didn't touch him; it just laid there. Blood oozed out of its mouth, and its life force flickered weakly. It seemed only its stubbornness was keeping it alive. Despite its current state, it would fight to watch over the area... and protect Meng Hao.

Meng Hao could barely open his mouth. His body trembled, wracked with pain, and could barely move. But somehow, he was able to force out speech. "Go! Get out... of here.... Do you hear me...? Go!"

He couldn't see the mastiff. The only thing he could see was the inky black sky.

The mastiff lifted its head to look at Meng Hao. It glanced at the glowing door as if it understood his words. Then it let out a yipping sound.

"I'm telling you to leave!" said Meng Hao, panting, as if it took all the energy he possessed just to say the words.

The mastiff's body trembled, and its eyes filled with sadness. It struggled to its feet, then walked over to Meng Hao's side and licked his face. And then... it didn't leave. It ignored Meng Hao's orders and lay down next to his side.

Meng Hao's heart ached. His eyes were filled with veins of blood as he stared at the stone stele. Suddenly, it grew blurry, and it seemed as if he had caught sight of something. And yet, he couldn't grasp it. Dawn of the sixth morning broke, and the sound of movement could be heard at the foot of the mountain. A roar sounded out as the mastiff struggled up. It gave Meng Hao one last deep look, and then charged away.

As it left, Meng Hao's hand slowly raised up, quivering. Within his eyes, the Resurrection Lilies flickered. He slowly formed a fist with his hand, and then stood up!

He raised his head to the sky and let loose a roar that had been suppressed for six days. Monstrous killing intent poured from his eyes as he flew into the air. As soon as he flew up, he caught sight of large man wielding an immense club. He had lifted it into the air and was about to smash it down viciously onto the mastiff, who was by now a shapeless wreck.

Meng Hao's face filled with vicious rage. He lifted his hand, and a mist of lightning emerged, shooting toward the large man. When it reached him, it exploded out in a boom. The large man, who happened to have a Cultivation base at the Foundation Establishment stage, shot backward in retreat. In fact, multiple surrounding barbarians all retreated.

Meng Hao strode forward to stand in front of the mastiff. His eyes were bright red as he lifted his hand again. Hundreds of flying swords instantly screamed out, including the two wooden swords. They revolved around Meng Hao, transforming into sword rain, and then a massive whirlpool. Meng Hao cried out, and the flying swords exploded. The shrapnel swept across the surroundings, and blood-curdling screams could be heard as the barbarians in the area were shredded to pieces.

Suddenly, from the foot of the mountain, eight Core Formation Qi auras suddenly shot up. They flew straight up toward the peak of the mountain.

Meng Hao was silent, and in fact completely ignored the approaching figures. He looked down at the mastiff, who was gasping and on the verge of death. He knelt down and gently stoked its broken body. It looked up at him weakly, and tried to open its mouth to lick his hand, but wasn't able to.

Meng Hao slowly looked up at the magical symbols on the stone stele, paying no heed whatsoever to the eight approaching figures. As he stared at the stele, he thought back over the six days. He thought about how the mastiff had risked its life in battle. He thought about back to the happy little puppy that had bounded along after him through the fourth matrix. He thought about the second matrix, when the fluffy, cute little thing had over and over again charged into battle with him. He thought about the very beginning of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, how it had appeared, shivering in his palm, and had licked him with its tiny tongue. He sighed.

"I should have realised earlier," said Meng Hao softly. "These magical symbols are not too different from the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex." His hand waved through the air, and then no magical symbols could be seen. Instead, they were now inscribed upon his heart, a magical text just like the one that had been inscribed on the stele.

As the text appeared, Meng Hao's hand came to rest on the mastiff's back.

As it did, a blood-colored glow suddenly formed within the mastiff. It was bone-piercingly cold as it spread out in all directions.

As it spread out, the Core Formation barbarians were suddenly frozen in place, even as they flew through the air. It wasn't just them. As the blood-colored glow spread out, the entire mountain of barbarians, everything as far as the eye could see, the whole world, was filled with an intense coldness, and turned into the color of blood. This place ... was completely sealed frozen.

Nothing in the entire world moved. Meng Hao knelt there, looking in surprise at the mastiff.

The fifth matrix, the stone stele, and the enlightenment all hinged upon the actions of the Blood Divinity.... The Legacy competitor and the Blood Divinity must develop a certain level of closeness.

After a long time, Meng Hao stood up, holding the mastiff in his arms. He walked toward the peak of the mountain, and the exit of the fifth matrix. The entire world around him was sealed with blood.

Meng Hao wasn't sure how others would pass this matrix. But he knew that for him, its purpose was to strengthen the bond between the Legacy competitor and the Blood Divinity. He also wasn't sure about the Blood Divinities of the others, but he knew that the mastiff had always returned to him. No matter how exhausted it was, it always came back to lick his hand. To Meng Hao this dog... was an inextricable part of his life.

“As of now, the Legacy isn't important to me. I don't care about it a bit. But I'm going to take you out of here with me. This is Meng Hao's promise to you!”

Chapter 128: Li Daoyi's Sixth Matrix

As Meng Hao walked out of the fifth matrix carrying the mastiff, Wang Lihai also emerged. His Blood Divinity, the fierce-looking Xuanwu tortoise, was also covered in wounds.

Ahead of Meng Hao and Wang Lihai was Li Daoyi, who still hadn't passed through the sixth matrix.

Behind the two, five people were still stuck in the fifth matrix.

Wang Lihai's gaze fell upon Meng Hao, and his eyes narrowed slightly. Then he sat down cross-legged off to the side. After he emerged from the spell matrix, the power of heaven and earth in the surrounding area rushed into Meng Hao, which he then channeled into the dying mastiff.

Meng Hao produced large amounts of medicinal pills, which he fed one by one to the mastiff to aid in the recovery process.

Thankfully, the spiritual energy was quite thick on the platforms, especially the one outside the fifth matrix. The mastiff absorbed the thick energy from Meng Hao, and its wounds slowly began to heal. Its shattered bones gradually grew back together. After a while, the mastiff was no longer on the verge of death. Having recovered some energy, it licked Meng Hao's palm, and then struggled to its feet and began absorbing spiritual energy on its own.

In the outside world of the Southern Domain, everyone was in a stir. Nearly ten thousand pairs of eyes had all converged on Meng Hao and Wang Lihai; excited discussions filled the air.

Time passed. Seven days later, Song Jia staggered out from the fifth matrix. Her Blood Phoenix did not emerge with her....

She immediately sat down cross-legged. Soon after, a greenish beam of light emerged from the green stone altar off in the distance. It flew down toward Song Jia, who then spit out some blood from her Cultivation base. A blood-colored butterfly magically appeared and began to flutter around her.

Seeing this, Meng Hao came to the conclusion that her Blood Divinity had fallen. He wasn't sure how she had managed to pass through the fifth matrix, but whatever had happened, she now had the chance to select a new Blood Divinity.

A few more days passed. Wang Lihai finished meditating. With a look of determination on his face, he entered the sixth matrix. Song Jia sat there for a long time before following him.

One by one, the rest of the competitors emerged from the fifth matrix, except for the disciple from the Golden Frost Sect, who never appeared. He was the first competitor... to fall in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament.

After his death, another Cultivator from the outside world entered the Legacy zone. However, considering everyone else had already passed the fifth matrix, unless this person had truly heaven-defying luck, they would never have a chance at acquiring the Legacy. There was simply not enough time.

The death of the Golden Frost Sect disciple caused the young competitor from the Violet Fate Sect to stand thoughtfully for a moment on the platform outside of the fifth matrix. Quite some time passed before he decided to leave, not confident of his ability to pass through the sixth matrix. This could very well be his last opportunity to make it out alive.

After a longer period of thought, the competitor from the Solitary Sword Sect, feeling it unwise to continue on, also opted to leave.

The disciple from the Blood Demon Sect, the one who looked like Wang Youcai from seven or eight years ago, emerged expressionlessly from the fifth matrix and immediately sat down to absorb spiritual energy for a few days. Then, he and his human-shaped Blood Divinity followed Li Daoyi, Wang Lihai and Song Jia into the sixth matrix, making him the fourth to enter.

Of the nine matrixes of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, the difficulty seemed to increase exponentially, especially after the fourth matrix. Even for those thoroughly prepared, it was still difficult.

This was especially true of the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth matrixes. In the past seven tournaments, only one person had ever set foot into the ninth matrix.

And that person was a Chosen of the Li Clan!

Other than him, only thirteen competitors had ever made it past the sixth matrix. Only six had ever made it past the seventh matrix.

Starting with the sixth matrix, the level of difficulty, and the consequences of elimination, were increasingly brutal. Therefore, many left after the fifth matrix. Their main goal in participating was not to acquire the Legacy, but to undergo training.

You could say that the experience gained in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament was something that few Cultivators ever had the opportunity to get.

Several more days passed, and finally Meng Hao opened his eyes. The spiritual energy surrounding him was almost completely dispersed. The second Dao Pillar within him was approximately ninety percent complete. After passing through the sixth portal, he should be able to thoroughly complete it.

The mastiff stood in front of him, completely recovered from injuries and in very high spirits. Once again, its Cultivation base had grown; it was now at the middle Core Formation stage. Its body was fifteen meters long, and it looked like a small mountain. Its red eyes glowed savagely, and its coat of red fur was long and luxurious. Its long, terrifying teeth glittered brilliantly.

Its claws were especially frightening, as long as a person's face, and seemingly powerful enough to rip the earth to pieces.

When Meng Hao stood up, the mastiff seemed especially excited. Meng Hao walked forward, and its mountain-like shape followed along. The sight was an assault on the senses, filled with power, causing the thousands upon thousands of onlookers outside in the Southern Domain to watch on with quaking hearts. This scene would forever be imprinted in their memories.

"The sixth matrix..." Meng Hao looked at it and took a deep breath, then glanced back at the mastiff. Its fierce expression instantly changed. A charming expression showed in its eyes, and it lowered his head so that Meng Hao could pet it. It closed its eyes contentedly.

“I’m definitely going to take you out of here with me!” said Meng Hao, smiling as he looked at the mastiff’s happy expression. His eyes filled with determination. Patting the mastiff’s head one last time, he walked forward, stepping into the sixth matrix. The mastiff’s body turned into a flash of light as it followed.

The sixth matrix!

In this world, the sky was filled with thunder and lightning. As soon as Meng Hao entered, thunderclaps assailed his ears. It was immediately obvious that this world was not very large.

The ground was a sludgy swamp from which emanated the stench of decay and death. Off in the distance... was an enormous ancient temple. The entire temple was pitch black in color, and next to it was a gigantic statue. The statue was clothed in a simple robe, and its right hand was lifted up toward the sky. Its left hand touched the hilt of a sword.

The sword... was floating in mid-air.

The temple seemed almost primordial, and it radiated an ancient air. From this far away, it looked almost like a mountain. Lightning crashed down, seemingly desiring to destroy the temple, as if it did not approve of its existence.

The flashes of lightning illuminated the sludge on the ground. Countless emaciated arms could be seen stretching up from the ooze, reaching and grasping for something. From a distance, the field of arms seemed to stretch out forever.

Also visible within the sludge were faces, from the mouths of which emitted tormented screams. There were men and women, old and young. Bizarre green tentacles grew out from the faces, which swayed back and forth....

Meng Hao looked at all of this, and though he wasn’t familiar with this world, nor had he ever seen the temple which lay off in the distance, he was still able to guess its name.

“Doom....” Screams echoed up from the faces within the ooze. The screaming was composed of countless voices combined together. The screams seemed to be filled with rage against the heavens from people who had died unwillingly. The fury would not subside, no matter how many years had passed. This was a part of the name of their Clan.

Doom!

The Ancient Doom Clan, not tolerated by the will of the Heavens. Tribulation extermination was sent, but the clan was not willing to die. They gathered the entire power of their clan to form their sacred temple. They claimed the land as theirs, and defied the heavens. The land could not be harmed, nor the temple destroyed. The Doom Clan could not be completely eradicated!

At the apex of the temple was an enormous drum, completely black in color, as if it had been dyed over and over with blood over the course of countless years.

At the bottom of the temple, next to the gigantic statue, was a stone door, half-open. A glowing light emanated out, illuminating the carvings of various ferocious creatures which decorated the door.

An archaic voice rumbled out like thunder: "If you wish to acquire my Legacy, then enter my temple!" It rang out over the sound of the screams, covering everything.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and next to him, the mountain-like, fifteen-meter-long mastiff bared its razor-sharp teeth and glared about. A low growl rumbled in its throat, and a fierce look emanated from its eyes. Its huge frame, and its luxuriant, crimson fur, along with the sharp spurs which protruded from its bones, caused it to look shocking to the extreme.

Thunder rumbled in the sky, and lightning struck constantly, illuminating the land. Meng Hao's body turned into a multicolored beam as he flew into the air, heading straight toward the ancient temple. Behind him, the mastiff let out a roar, and then followed him.

As soon as the two of them flew into the air, the outstretched hands within the sludge suddenly began to stretch out. In the blink of an eye, they had reached Meng Hao, and were about to grab him.

He let out a cold snort and slapped his bag of holding. The two wooden swords flew out, circling around him at high speed. Blood splattered out as approaching hands were immediately lopped off, before they could even get near Meng Hao.

Black blood splattered down like rain. A foul stench began to fill the air, and, in fact, this entire world. The mastiff's body began to glow red. Not a single arm was able to touch it; they were instantly ripped into shreds.

However, even as Meng Hao and the mastiff sped along, nearly to the half-way point, a forlorn, shrill sound arose from the various faces in the ooze. The green, parasitic tentacles which grew out from them suddenly stood up on end, one by one. They transformed into countless sharp spikes which shot toward Meng Hao.

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It was impossible to see clearly just how many of the green tentacles shot forth. They were fast, and within the blink of an eye were nearly one hundred meters away from Meng Hao. It seemed as if they would cross the space in an instant. But just then, the mastiff let out a roar and flew up.

Its fifteen-meter-long frame flickered as it shot to defend Meng Hao. A booming sound began to ring out, louder than the thunder, shaking the entire world. A blood-colored glow emanated out from the mastiff, slamming into the incoming tentacles. A shaking boom filled the air, which lasted for the space of about ten breaths. Then, one by one, the tentacles disintegrated into a green mist, which spread all about.

The mastiff appeared tired, but it looked down and let out a roar nonetheless. It moved to the side, and Meng Hao emerged unscathed. He pet the mastiff's head, then continued on toward the ancient temple.

They shot forward at high speed, man and dog together.

When they were about six hundred meters from the temple, the green mist created by the disintegration of the tentacles suddenly started moving. It began to coagulate, and then, in the blink of an eye, transformed into a gigantic mist sphere, directly in Meng Hao's path.

The mist roiled, emitting a rumbling sound as it gradually formed into the shape of a head. It was green colored and illusory, with glowing eyes. It opened its mouth, and more mist poured out. This mist was filled with mist horses, which flew in a beeline toward Meng Hao and the mastiff.

As they approached, Meng Hao's eyes narrowed. He lifted his right hand and waved it in a gesture that only he could recognize as some type of sealing incantation. Then, he pushed his hand down onto the mastiff.

When the seal mark dropped onto the mastiff, a crimson glow began to emanate out. It contained an icy coldness that froze everything it touched! The flying mist horses were instantly sealed up!

The arms below, the faces, the sludge, everything was frozen.

If he didn't acquire the Legacy, then Meng Hao shouldn't be able to use this technique outside of this world, because he wouldn't have the Blood Divinity with him. But having received the Legacy of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, he was familiar with sealing techniques. This new technique was relatively powerful, and Meng Hao had the feeling that with sufficient research, he could probably use it even without the Blood Divinity, were he at the proper level.

As the crimson glow swept out, sealing everything, Meng Hao continued to shoot forward. Avoiding the gigantic head, he and the mastiff sped on toward the ancient temple.

Just as it seemed they would be able to approach it successfully, an imminent sense of life-and-death danger rose up from within Meng Hao. Suddenly, the mastiff, its body trembling, grabbed his clothes in its mouth and pulled him back.

A boom resounded out as a massive sword blade nearly three meters thick, swung down right in front of Meng Hao. It stabbed into the ground, sending out massive tremors. A massive fissure spread out; at the same time, the ice seal began to split up. In an instant, everything had returned to its normal state.

The massive sword, which moments ago had been floating in mid-air, was being held by the statue which stood outside the temple.

Its descending attack had caused Meng Hao to cough up a mouthful of blood. His face was pale as the mastiff dragged him back. As they retreated, the gigantic statue suddenly seemed to come to life. It slowly lowered its head, and its gaze fell upon Meng Hao. A difficult to describe pressure suddenly enveloped him, filling him with icy cold. It was as if the thing's gaze could see the deepest secrets within him.

As this happened, the arms in the ooze no longer stretched out. Instead, they slowly sucked back into the sludge, as if the statue filled them with dread. The green mist head floating in the air lowered its gaze, seemingly paying respects to the statue.

The thunder and lightning in the sky, however, grew more intense. They focused on the statue, crashing onto its surface, as if the Heavens wanted the statue to crumble.

Next to Meng Hao, the mastiff trembled and stretched out prone, as if the statue's existence was a force that could not be resisted.

“Tribulation Lightning has fallen for countless years. Even though it is THIS matrix, even though I am not HIM, you still try to destroy my spirit...? Screw off!”

The statue lifted its right hand and snapped its fingers together. An enormous boom filled the air, and the statue's hand seemed to become like a black hole. The lightning quivered, then began to condense together and then collapse into countless arcs of electricity which then disappeared.

In an instant... the sky became completely devoid of lightning. Everything was quiet. The ground quivered, and the countless figures within the sludge trembled. The floating mist head bowed even lower, shaking.

The mastiff behaved the same. It seemed that the will of this statue was something it was incapable of resisting.

“Your Dao Pillar does not conform with the requirements for the Legacy,” said the statue, looking coldly at Meng Hao. “You... do not qualify to acquire the Legacy. Considering you made it through the fifth matrix, I won't destroy you. Screw off!” Everything shook as its voice sounded out. Blood spurted from Meng Hao's mouth, and his body was thrown backward hundreds and hundreds of meters. An enormous glowing door appeared near him.

“And you...” said the statue coolly, its cold gaze lowering onto the trembling mastiff. “Second-rate spawn of Blood. You don't even deserve to be consumed by me, let alone become the Weapon Spirit...” Its left hand slowly lifted up the sword, preparing to slash down onto the quivering mastiff.

Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot. Behind him was the glowing door. All he had to do was step through, and he could leave the sixth matrix. But what had just happened caused him to stop in his tracks. The effort caused a snapping sound to emanate from his right leg, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“Senior, if I'm not qualified to acquire the Legacy, very well. But please, don't hurt it...” As Meng Hao's voice rang out, the mastiff trembled. It wanted to look back at Meng Hao, but the pressure exuded by the statue seemed to have activated some ancient branding within it. It could only tremble, powerless to resist. A weak whine sounded out from its mouth.

The statue's giant sword paused. It looked at Meng Hao. "You've lost your qualifications to leave this place," it said coolly. The glowing door instantly began to fall to pieces.

The sword swept through the air, not toward the mastiff, but toward Meng Hao. A boom resounded out, and blood exploded from Meng Hao's body. He lost control of himself, tumbling down toward the sludge.

As he fell, grasping hands reached toward him, claspings onto him, preparing to drag him down inside.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao's Cultivation base was suddenly restricted; he couldn't circulate it at all. He could only watch as he was slowly pulled down into the ooze.

His eyes were red, filled with resistance and ferocity.

The mastiff, which was also being suppressed, suddenly let out a shrill howl. Trembling, it lifted its head. Its mountain-like body suddenly exploded with an unprecedented power. Cracking sounds could be heard from inside it. It suddenly seemed as if it would burst into flame, a flame of blood. Suddenly, its body began to expand; it was now thirty meters long. It burst free from the control of the statue and smashed through the ancient seal within itself. It flew up with a roar, charging toward Meng Hao, who was already half sunk into the ooze.

"So, the burning of the Blood spirit..." said the statue coldly. "Blood Divinities are bloodthirsty, and have no feelings. You second-rate spawn of Blood. You do not deserve to have spiritual consciousness." It raised its left hand, and then the sword began to slash down again, to exterminate both Meng Hao and the mastiff in one fell swoop.

But then suddenly, before the sword could fall, a look of struggle appeared in the eyes of the statue. The sword paused in mid-air.

"The will of the Blood slave..." said the statue, its voice grim. "Damn you, won't you just go away? I'm trying to help your master's Legacy. I want his Legacy to live on, to be acquired by another. Why... why are you resisting me!? There are no rules in this Legacy tournament, so for me to possess you is simply the will of heaven!" The struggle in its eyes gradually began to fade.

Meanwhile, the mastiff's body was engulfed in a bloody flame. It slammed into the ooze, roaring as the bloody glow of flames emanated in all directions. It instantly turned countless arms into ash.

The sludge caved in on itself, revealing a pale-faced Meng Hao. The mastiff grabbed him in its mouth, then flew up into the air, shooting toward the large door in the ancient temple.

It flew with incredible speed, seemingly ready to sacrifice everything to get Meng Hao to the door.

Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, and he looked at the mastiff. Then he glanced behind, and saw the statue. The struggle was now almost completely gone from its eyes. It stabbed its giant sword into the sludge, and suddenly, the countless arms emanated a demonic glow. They shot up, a myriad of grasping hands, flying toward Meng Hao.

The mastiff glanced down at Meng Hao, and a wistful expression appeared in its eyes. As the myriad of hands closed in, its body erupted into flames. It tossed its head, throwing Meng Hao toward the stone door. It had no time to lick his hand as it had when it was small.

The bloody glow around its body was already fading, and weakness flashed in its eyes. A death aura began to emanate out of it as the countless hands surrounded it. The tens upon tens of thousands of encircling hands wrenched it down into the ooze.

Its eyes were wistful as it seemed to recall the past. It seemed to be thinking of how it had stretched out on its master's palm, and how wonderful it felt to be pet on the head. It remembered all of these things, and thought of its master....

Meng Hao watched all of this dumbfounded. His body slammed into the half-opened door, and the world around him began to fall apart. Everything inside, including the mastiff, disappeared. And yet, what he had just witnessed could never be forgotten.

The mastiff's final glance into his eyes caused him to weep tears of blood, and kindled in him a blazing fury.

Back in the sixth matrix, the struggle within the statue's eyes was completely gone. Its right hand lowered and opened up.

There, standing on the palm of its hand, was a man. He wore a white robe, and was extremely handsome. Swirling in the air next to him was a thirty-meter long Blood Dragon. This was none other than... the Chosen of the Li Clan, Li Daoyi!

He stood on the statue's palm, an expression of utmost respect on his face. He knelt down on one knee and offered a deep salute.

“Junior pays respects to the Patriarch.”

Chapter 130: The Perfect Foundation!!

“What about the rest of them?” asked the statue coolly. Having been called Patriarch by Li Daoyi, and considering what it had said about possession, it seemed that its true identity was now apparent.

This was the Li Clan Chosen who had passed through the eighth matrix four thousand years ago, but had not continued onto the ninth. That was the only interesting or amazing thing that anyone knew about him.

Even after returning to the Li Clan, he said or did little. A thousand years after that, he passed away in meditation. Nowadays, unless you mentioned the Blood Immortal Legacy, no one would even remember him.

However, one of the Li Clan's deepest secrets, were the final words spoken by that very person. Those words had been passed down from one generation of Li Clan Lord to the next. Actually, the Patriarch... was not dead at all.

His last words stated that after the completion of the eighth Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, the bloodline of Ancient Doom had fallen to the Li Clan!

The person who had emerged from the Legacy tournament four thousand years ago was him, but not all of him. That person contained only a portion of his spirit. The rest of him had forced itself upon the slumbering Blood slave in the sixth matrix. From that day until this, only members of the Li Clan were aware of it.

It was an unimaginably fantastic situation. The Blood slave was incredibly powerful, and the Li Clan Patriarch, being at the Foundation Establishment stage, should not have been able to successfully possess it. In fact, anyone below the Nascent Soul stage shouldn't be able to. Yet somehow... he had!

No one could possibly know how he'd accomplished it. However, afterwards part of him returned to the Clan missing most of its spirit. It faded away, leaving behind a final will and explanation.

“Patriarch can ignore the disciples of the Song Clan and Blood Demon Sect,” said Li Daoyi with a respectful smile. “And the one who just escaped counts for nothing. However, this Wang Lihai from the Wang Clan must die!” The Blood Dragon next to him lifted its head.

Suddenly, several Blood Divinities appeared in the region surrounding Li Daoyi. One of them was Wang Lihai’s Xuanwu turtle, as well as the Blood Sprite belonging to the young man who looked like Wang Youcai. The Blood Divinities trembled as soon as they appeared, and instantly, the Blood Dragon charged forward and swallowed them whole. They didn’t resist even the least bit.

“A junior member of the Wang Clan...” said the statue coolly, eyeing the Blood Dragon. “Exterminating Wang Clan Chosen is something I can do. I should only be able to help you here within the sixth matrix. As for the following three matrixes, I should be unable to help you directly. However, in the past four thousand years, I have come to understand much about the Blood Immortal Legacy zone. In fact, no one in the world understands more about it than me.

“After possessing your Blood Dragon, I am completely confident that in the time it takes for a few incense sticks to burn, we can charge through the seventh, eighth and ninth matrixes. Then you can acquire the Legacy.”

“Many thanks for your assistance, Patriarch,” replied Li Daoyi respectfully “Junior does not care too much about the Legacy. I am here on the orders of the Clan Lord, to receive you and lead you out.”

“When the eighth Blood Immortal Legacy tournament concluded, the bloodline of Ancient Doom fell to the Li Clan,” said the statue, its voice deep and archaic. “Those words were spoken by me, and are naturally true. The Blood Immortal Legacy belongs to you. I’ve been trapped in here for four thousand years, and have no idea what the outside world has come to be... I wonder how many of my friends from the old days are still alive.” When it finished speaking, the space between its eyebrows split, and a glowing light appeared. As the crack split open, the statue’s body grew dim. The glow flew out, forming a blinding beam of light that shot toward the Blood Dragon.

The Blood Dragon didn’t resist. The bloody light entered it, and its entire body spasmed for a few moments. Then its eyes began to glow, emitting an ancient aura. It made a gulping motion, as if it hadn’t completely swallowed the other Blood Divinities.

Its body flashed, and suddenly, it expanded until it was three thousand meters long, causing this entire world to shake and tremble. Time passed.

Eventually it shrank back down until it was only sixty meters in length. It circled around Li Daoyi, then flew toward the glowing stone door, and then left the sixth matrix. The only thing that was left behind was the lifeless statue, which stood there quietly, unmoving.

The instant Li Daoyi emerged from the sixth matrix, an uproar emerged among the nearly ten thousand observers outside in the Southern Domain.

Li Daoyi was the last to come out. The first had been Meng Hao, who had flown out, coughing up four or five mouthfuls of blood. He had struggled into a cross-legged position to meditate. His appearance had caused an uproar as he sat there, madly absorbing as much spiritual energy as he could to heal his wounds. Even though his eyes were closed, he radiated an intense killing intent.

After him was the youth from the Blood Demon Sect, who looked like Wang Youcai, and then Song Jia. Both of them seemed to be in bad situations. Their bodies were covered with wounds, and both seemed to have broken bones. Their breath came in ragged pants, and their Blood Divinities were nowhere to be seen.

Gritting their teeth, they sat cross-legged like Meng Hao, using the thick spiritual energy in the area to do breathing exercises to heal their wounds. Their injuries quickly began to heal, but quick glances revealed to both that their Blood Divinities were indeed gone. Complicated, thoughtful expressions appeared on their faces. It was quite obvious what they were thinking.

Wang Lihai didn't emerge. This caused an unprecedented uproar outside. Everyone had seen the blurry image of Wang Lihai disappear within the sixth matrix. This clearly indicated that he had passed away.

The Wang Clan members' minds were instantly sent reeling, especially that of Wang Lihai's Dao Protector and the Wang Clan Elders. Expressions of disbelief filled their faces. Their eyes were instantly shot with blood, and it seemed as if their heads might explode.

The entirety of the Southern Domain was instantly thrown into chaos; no one could possibly have predicted that Wang Lihai would die. This would send the Wang Clan into an unimaginable fury.

Wang Lihai was extremely important among the current generation of the Wang Clan; he was the Dao Child of the Foundation Establishment stage. Chosen could fall, but Dao Children simply could not. This was a generally recognized rule among the various Sects and Clans. This was apparent by the fact that although the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament was important, none of the five Sects had dispatched Dao Children, only Chosen.

The Wang Clan and the Li Clan were the only to have dispatched Dao Children!

The most glad of all was none other than Wang Tengfei. His body trembled with excitement, and he clenched his fist tightly. He had been waiting for this day for a very, very long time. Next to him, Wang Xifan seemed equally excited. The two of them exchanged a look; their futures now seemed filled with limitless possibilities.

When Li Daoyi finally emerged, the sixty-meter long Blood Dragon circling about him, the outside world exploded with shock.

Song Jia slowly stood up and headed through the glowing exit door, her face pale. She had chosen to give up. After her, the youth from the Blood Demon Sect who looked like Wang Youcai stood up. Ignoring Li Daoyi, he looked at Meng Hao for a moment, and seemed to hesitate. Then, he turned and left through the glowing door, also opting not to continue on.

Their departure caused further uproar in the outside world.

“What exactly happened within the sixth matrix? It looks like no one else has a Blood Divinity except for Li Daoyi. And Wang Lihai... actually died! He’s a Dao Child of the Wang Clan!”

“Only Li Daoyi still has a Blood Divinity. And from the look of it, it’s way too powerful! Maybe he really does have a chance of acquiring the Legacy!”

As the discussions continued in the outside world, Meng Hao opened his bloodshot eyes. He slowly stood up and walked toward the glowing door, his expression one of stubbornness. Before he stepped through, he looked back toward Li Daoyi’s blurry figure. What he was looking at, however, was not Li Daoyi, but the clearly visible Blood Dragon.

As he gazed at the Blood Dragon, Meng Hao’s heart began to pound. He wasn’t sure if others had seen it, but the look in the eye of this dragon was exactly the same as that within the statue. His mind flickered as he put the pieces together. He was now eighty to ninety percent sure of what had happened.

As Meng Hao looked over, Li Daoyi let out a derisive chuckle. “Remember my name,” he said. “I’m Li Daoyi. Your dog died a horrible death.” He lifted his hand to rest on the Blood Dragon.

Hearing the words caused Meng Hao's mind to rumble with the sound of a hundred thousand exploding lightning bolts. Blood dripped from the corners of his lips as he stared murderously at Li Daoyi. Within his eyes burned fury and killing intent that rose to the heavens. He had practiced Cultivation to a very high level, and had desired to kill many people. But at the moment, his desire to kill this person was intense to the extreme.

However, Meng Hao's personality was such that, the more he wished to kill someone, the more taciturn he became. He had been like this when small, and was even more so now. The more quiet he was, the more vicious he grew. People who like to roar and scream were mere philistines. People who maintained their silence were the truly frightening ones!

A long moment passed. Finally, Meng Hao angrily turned on his heel and walked through the glowing door.

Laughing, Li Daoyi walked forward into the seventh matrix.

When Meng Hao appeared in the volcano, outside of the lake of blood, his eyes burned with the flames of fury. The events that had occurred within the sixth matrix continued to replay in his mind, and an increasingly profound killing intent emanated from his body.

"Li Daoyi, I, Meng Hao, will send you to your death!" His eyes were filled with blood, causing him to look more ferocious than ever. His body flashed, transforming into a beam of multicolored light that shot toward Chu Yuyan and her alchemy workspace.

When he arrived, Chu Yuyan was in the midst of adjusting the earthly flame. The Perfect Foundation Pill was at a critical moment, on the verge of being complete. At first, she had thought that Meng Hao might not make it back in time, and that she would have a chance to study it some. And yet here he was, in complete opposition to her expectation. She considered trying to pull off something tricky, but when she saw Meng Hao's grim expression, she hesitated. It was obvious that he was like a volcano on the verge of erupting, not someone to be trifled with.

Meng Hao approached and sat down cross-legged, uttering not a word. And yet, his hatred for Li Daoyi, and his desire to kill him, only continued to ferment and grow stronger. An intense, difficult to describe anxiety filled his heart. He refused to believe that the mastiff was dead. He would establish the Perfect Foundation, and then he would rescue the mastiff!

Chu Yuyan didn't dare to speak. A look of concentration filled her face. She took a deep breath and ground her teeth. Then her hand flickered with an incantation gesture, and she pushed down onto the pill furnace. As she did, the earthly fire and magma beneath roared. The pill furnace quivered.

At the moment, it seemed as if all the mists within the volcano were roiling. The ground trembled. Outside, the wind and clouds seemed to have been disturbed. Great sheets of clouds began to form, one on top of the other, roiling out in all directions. Lightning crackled across the sky, filling the air with massive booms. With every crash of lightning, strange, mystical signs would appear in the sky outside.

“Is this really a Thunder Pill?” Of course, Chu Yuyan had had her suspicions. But now, seeing the roiling of the mists, and everything above in the outside world, she was even more sure. This pill... was definitely not some type of Thunder Pill.

“For a pill to provoke this change in the Heavens based on its mere appearance... It seems as if the Heavens wish to destroy the pill itself! Just... just what pill is this!?” Chu Yuyan was shocked to the core. As she pressed down on the pill furnace, a roaring filled the air. Suddenly, the pill furnace collapsed into pieces, sending out a powerful blast. Chu Yuyan coughed up a mouthful of blood as she was flung backward into the stone wall. She instantly fell unconscious.

Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly opened, and he shot forward. As the pill furnace collapsed, the outside world filled with lightning and roaring, and the ground quaked, filling with cracks and fissures. Meng Hao reached out... and snatched the mystical seven-colored pill from within the furnace!

The Perfect Foundation Pill!

This pill was a defiance of the Heavens, not permitted by heaven and earth. The world outside the volcano rumbled. The layers of clouds shone brightly as they churned. A seemingly infinite amount of lightning was gathering, preparing to eradicate the pill which Meng Hao held in his hand. If anyone dared to consume this pill in the face of the Heavens, then they would face intense Tribulation of lightning!

The Heavens did not permit this type of pill to exist, nor did they permit anyone to consume such a pill. Swallowing it down constituted a type of Cultivation that warranted destruction! This path was a path of continued Heavenly tribulation!

And yet, Meng Hao did not hesitate. As he held the pill in his hand, it seemed as if it were beginning to melt. He had the feeling that if he did not immediately consume it, the pill would disappear on its own, without any help from Tribulation Lightning!

He didn't know why this was happening, and didn't have time to think about it. Nor did he have any time to think about duplicating the pill. Even as he looked at it, it began to show signs that it was about to fall apart.

Resolve filling his eyes, Meng Hao placed the pill into his mouth. Above, lightning condensed and prepared to fall down.

When the pill entered his mouth, it dissolved instantly and traveled down into his abdomen. A roar filled him, along with a strange power that seemed as if it might cause his entire body to collapse. This was not the power of heaven and earth, but something else, something difficult to describe. At this moment, Meng Hao's Dao Pillar began to tremble.

As it trembled, the crack on its surface suddenly began to show signs of healing. A feeling of perfection condensed within Meng Hao's body. His flesh and blood seemed to grow tougher. His golden Dao Pillar hummed and seemed to expand. His flesh began to shine with a faint golden glow that grew stronger and stronger.

He sensed a feeling of power that he had never before experienced with his Flawless Foundation. Along with it, his view of the world suddenly changed. His Spiritual Sense experienced unbridled growth. Everything in his body was changing. The Perfect Foundation, which had not been seen in the Cultivation World for tens of thousands of years, was now evolving!

According to the legends, a Perfect Foundation had not been seen in millennia. But here it was in Meng Hao. The power of his Spiritual Sense far exceeded that of the middle Foundation Establishment stage. In fact, Meng Hao knew that if he had enough spiritual energy, he could instant form his second and third Dao Pillars!

Furthermore, he knew that future Dao Pillars that appeared would also be legendary Perfect Dao Pillars!

At this moment, booming sounded out in the sky above. Up in the air, an enormous lightning bolt shot down toward the volcano, slamming into the glowing shield.

When it hit the shield, each and every one of the seven Blood Immortal Legacy zones around the Southern Domain suddenly erupted with a blood-red glow. The bloody glow instantly wiped out the images that the onlookers had been watching, and shot toward the Heavens, forming enormous pillars of blood.

Around each of these pillars of blood whipped blood-red iron chains. Furthermore, on top of each pillar was a blurry, bound figure who let loose agonized screams.

All of this happened too suddenly. The audiences surrounding the seven Legacy zones were astonished, unsure of what was happening.

“What’s going on?! What happened!?”

“The blood screen shot up into the sky! We can’t see what’s happening inside the Legacy zone. What’s going on?!”

The Cultivators of the Southern Domain were one and all thrown into chaos. Multiple figures flew up out of the various temples of the five great Sects and three great Clans. All of these were ancient Cultivators who usually spent their time in secluded meditation. However the intensity of the outside events had awoken them, and one by one they appeared.

“The Blood Immortal Sacrifice! This is the legendary Ancient Doom Clan Blood Immortal Sacrifice!!”

“According to the legends, if anyone tries to invade the Ancient Doom Clan, then the Blood Immortal Sacrifice will appear. But the Ancient Doom Clan has long since been put down. Who could their enemy possibly be....”

As the booming filled the Southern Domain, Meng Hao stood within the volcano, staring up into the sky and roaring. He quickly took unconscious Chu Yuyan and wrapped her up in the black net, then set her to the side. After that, his body turned into a prismatic beam as it shot toward the Blood Immortal’s sacrificial altar.

Above him, the Tribulation Lightning descending, causing the glowing shield to tremble. And yet even as it trembled, a bright red glow erupted from within the volcano, transforming into a massive pillar of blood. This towering pillar of blood was the eighth to appear within the Southern Domain.

Generally speaking, the Blood Immortal altar would never do this; but Meng Hao had consumed a Perfect Foundation Pill and provoked Tribulation Lightning. It was the booming of the Tribulation Lightning upon the Blood Immortal sacrificial altar’s shield that provoked this defensive reaction.

Attacking this shield was the same as attacking the Blood Immortal!

“Wait for me,” said Meng Hao, the killing intent pouring out of his eyes. “I promised you that I would take you out with me. You wait for me, I’m coming to save you. Then, we will kill Li Daoyi together!” He flew forward like lightning, into the altar, not hesitating in the slightest.

The instant he entered....

Clouds billowed and wind whipped inside the Blood Immortal Legacy zone. Past the ninth matrix, the corpse sat cross-legged, trembling. It slowly lifted its dessicated head, within which a powerful glow appeared. It was a strange glow, but somehow it made the skull-like head look excited.

“Finally... I’ve been waiting....”

Within the eighth matrix, everything shook, and the sky seemed as if it would split open. A deep red glow covered everything. Moments ago everything had been completely silent, but suddenly howls filled the air. The howling seemed to contain excitement!

In the seventh matrix, the only thing that could be seen was an ancient tomb. Inscribed above the tomb were three characters: Tomb of Heaven!

Within the tomb was a coffin nearly three thousand meters long. Inside were heaps of bones, at the centre of which could be seen a dilapidated flag. The flag had three streamers, upon each of which was written a name. Seemingly having fallen victim to the passing of years, the first two names were not clear. However, the third was quite visible.

It was the surname “Ji.”

Standing within the tomb, Li Daoyi looked around in surprise. The ground shook and the sky roared. It seemed as if everything were spinning. The Blood Dragon next to him lifted its head, and it lifted its claws as if it were calculating something. Suddenly, its expression changed.

“Quickly. There’s no need to take the Three Immortal Souls Flag. Like I said, we need to proceed directly to the ninth matrix. If we are late... the Legacy will not be yours!!”

“What’s happening?!” said Li Daoyi, his face unsightly.

“The Legacy has long been awaiting someone who defies the Heavens as much as the Ancient Doom Clan. That person has arrived! But, we still have a chance. The Blood Immortal is dead, and whoever reaches him first will acquire the Legacy!!”

“If I had known the Legacy would select him, I would have destroyed him. With him dead, I would be the destined successor!” Li Daoyi’s eyes flashed with killing intent.

“Killing him before would have been simple, but now that he is within the Blood Immortal’s Legacy zone, who would dare to kill him! Who can kill him?!” The Blood Dragon circled around Li Daoyi, suddenly expanding to three thousand meters in length, clearly urgently desiring to leave.

Meanwhile, outside in the Southern Domain, in the Ancient Temple of Doom, one of the three Danger Zones, the temple itself seemed to be coming alive. Inside the ancient temple were countless statues, all of which usually stood there unmoving. Even if someone entered the temple, they wouldn’t change.

But now, these tens upon tens of thousands of statues suddenly began to shake. Their eyes opened, and they lifted their heads toward the Heavens. The entire Clan then let out a defiant howl. As the howl reverberated out, the statues began to fly up into the air and circle around the temple.

Quite a few Cultivators were on watch nearby the temple, and this instantly caused them to be completely shocked.

What caused even more disbelief to be written on their faces was when multiple ghost images of the Ancient Temple of Doom suddenly appeared. It was as if the soul of the temple suddenly was rising up from within the earth. It transformed into a blinding beam of light, carrying the tens upon tens of thousands of statues with it. As it soared up into the sky, the temple assumed the shape of an enormous war chariot, and the statues became thousands upon thousands of soldiers and warhorses. A Clan of countless warriors and warhorses, ready to do battle with the Heavens!