

## The Heavens 131

### Chapter 131: I'm Here to Keep My Promise!

The Southern Domain was in an uproar. Eight columns of blood rose toward the Heavens, sending ripples throughout the sky above. The phantasmic war chariot formed by the Ancient Temple of Doom caused astonishment to fill the hearts of any and all who could see it.

At the same time, Meng Hao stepped foot into the Blood Immortal Legacy zone. When his foot touched onto the platform outside the sixth matrix, a tremor ran through the entire world, and a shocking rumble filled the air.

The platform continued to shake, all of the spell matrixes started to radiate light, and a roiling mist began to fill the surroundings. Countless beams of greenish light shot up from the sacrificial altar, swirling around and then shooting toward Meng Hao. The glittering beams seemed to be filled with excitement and hope as they waited for Meng Hao to select one of them to be his Blood Divinity.

Some of the greenish beams emitted auras that seemed to be even more powerful than the Blood Dragon or the Blood Sprite.

Even more hard to describe was how the spiritual energy of this place surged toward Meng Hao as he breathed in. It entered his body, causing his Cultivation base to begin to rotate. With every breath he took, his body grew stronger.

Wind and clouds surged, and the entire Legacy zone trembled. Thunderous roars sounded out everywhere.

A strange feeling rose up within Meng Hao; it seemed as if the Blood Immortal Legacy was calling out to him. The spell matrix, the platform, the aura, everything seemed different than from before!

Of course, the people the outside world in the Southern Domain couldn't see any of this. What was happening inside was now cut off from them; not even the slightest image was visible. The only person who could see anything... was Li Daoyi. Having charged through the seventh matrix, he now stood on the platform beyond it. His face was grim, and his eyes shone with an intense light. He glared back at Meng Hao standing on the platform outside the sixth matrix.

Next to him was the three thousand meter long Blood Dragon possessed by the Li Clan Patriarch. It too was looking at Meng Hao, its eyes radiating both intense jealousy as well as a complex, hard-to-describe expression.

“So the Legacy belongs to him....” Li Daoyi raised his head up and let out a hearty laugh. “There’s nothing I love in life more than stealing away the rightful Legacies of others. What a wonderful feeling.” His laughter rang out as he stepped forward into the eighth matrix.

When the laughter reached Meng Hao’s ears, he looked up, and a profound look of enlightenment shone from within his eyes. He looked at Li Daoyi with intense killing intent.

He did not race in pursuit. Instead, he waved his right hand, causing all of the greenish beams of light in front of him to fall back. He did not pick any of them to be his Blood Divinity.

“I only have one Blood Divinity!” he said to himself, his eyes radiating stubbornness.

He did not enter the seventh matrix. He did something that no competitor had ever done throughout the ancient history of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament. He... turned around and walked back into the sixth matrix!

“I promise that I will find you and take you out of here with me,” he said quietly, and then disappeared. When he reappeared, lightning filled the sky. Innumerable arms stretched out from the sludge that covered the ground. Off in the distance, the frozen, motionless form of the gigantic statue still stood next to the pitch-black form of the Ancient Temple of Doom.

It was the same world, but Meng Hao was not the same person.

He no longer had a Flawless Foundation. His rapidly healing Dao Pillar had propelled him into the realm of the legendary Perfect Foundation!

As soon as he stepped forth into the sixth matrix, he flew up into the air, radiating power from within his Cultivation base. He took a breath, and everything shook. Thunder and lightning crashed, and the earth trembled. Because of his Perfect Foundation, Meng Hao could not absorb even the slightest bit of spiritual energy in the outside world, but this place was filled with massive amounts spiritual energy which rushed toward Meng Hao, filling him. As he breathed, Meng Hao could sense that he was like... the lord of this world!

Lightning and thunder crashed in the sky, and Meng Hao's long hair whipped about. He lifted his right hand and waved it downward toward the ground.

As his palm descended, the sludge began to quiver. The grasping hands suddenly stopped moving, and the countless faces all looked toward Meng Hao. Their expressions were no longer hostile, but rather filled with veneration and even excitement.

Suddenly, a massive crack split the earth and the sludge. It grew wider and deeper, splitting apart the hands and faces along with it. Meng Hao flew down toward it.

As he approached it, the sludge crept away, not daring to come close to him, as if a deep fear of him existed within it.

Meng Hao shot inside, his body flashing like lightning and radiating determination. The crack grew wider and wider, and within the space of a few breaths, Meng Hao came to a stop. Even as the crack grew larger, he saw it, there, deep within... a body.

It was not thirty meters long. It was the mastiff, but only the size of a palm. Its eyes were closed, and patches of fur were visible through the sludge that covered its body. Its fur wasn't red, but deathly gray. It was no longer fierce and savage. And the cute, furry puppy it had once been, now existed only in Meng Hao's eternal memories.

He thought about how as it grew up, it would run in circles around his feet, letting out playful yipping sounds, its fur rippling.

Many images unfolded in Meng Hao's mind. He thought of how he and the mastiff had rushed together head on into battle in the third matrix. He thought about how it had happily run back and forth around him in the desert of the fourth matrix.

He thought about how the poison flare-up had reduced him to little more than a mortal in the fifth matrix, and how the mastiff had protected him regardless of everything. He thought about how after every battle, it would crawl back to him, lick his hand and lay next to him, watching over him vigilantly.

He had tried to make it leave, but it chose to stay.

In the end, in the sixth matrix, it had chosen to help its master escape even at the cost of its own life. The last thing Meng Hao remembered was watching as the myriad of grasping hands pulled it away from him, not even giving it a chance to lick his hand.

“I do not permit you to die here. You’re not allowed to close your eyes!” Meng Hao’s eyes were filled with veins of blood. One of his hands came to rest on the mastiff’s tiny body. The other lifted up toward the sky. The power of his Cultivation base roared to life. Everything shook as the crack in Meng Hao’s Dao Pillar was completely sealed up!

When this happened, Meng Hao’s body trembled. He felt an incredible power within him, not a power of circulation between heaven and earth. This was a power of circulation in which he formed his own heaven and earth!

In this instant, he was not absorbing the surrounding spiritual energy, he was plundering it!

From this moment on, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth could only enter his body, it couldn’t circulate back. He was like a wound in heaven and earth that could never be healed; the spiritual energy lost to him, would never be returned.

His eyes glowed with a strange light, and his hair whipped around his head. His aura grew more and more powerful, and a golden light emanated out from his entire body. He bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some blood; the blood descended down onto the corpse of the mastiff, but it was incapable of absorbing it.

“Your life was born of my blood; you grew from ignorance into spiritual consciousness....” Meng Hao stretched out his hand, and the blood congealed onto his palm, forming into a Blood Globe, which he then pushed down onto the mastiff, forcing it to absorb into the body.

At the same time, his Cultivation base erupted and he began to forcibly suck in all of the spiritual energy within the sixth matrix. Meng Hao was like a black hole, causing everything to whirl toward him at fantastic speed.

Boundless spiritual energy poured into him, which he then transferred into the body of the mastiff. Time passed. The sludge covering the ground was beginning to dry up, and the arms and faces were beginning to crumble. Even the lightning had disintegrated into power which Meng Hao then absorbed.

The sky grew dim, and cracks spread out across it...

Off in the distance, the statue began to fall to pieces....

The Ancient Temple of Doom began to grow blurry and eventually faded away. The entire world grew deathly still. Only Meng Hao and the mastiff remained....

Its body twitched. It seemed to be struggling to open its eyes. It could sense the aura of its master. Slowly, it opened its eyes and looked at Meng Hao.

Boom!

The entire sixth matrix began to fall apart! Meng Hao pulled back his hand. The mastiff's body trembled, but its eyes were filled with the fire of life. As the world crumbled around them, it slowly rose to its feet!

It was not a true life, so it had not truly died. It was a Blood Spirit, a Blood Divinity and therefore... could be reborn!

Throughout the ancient history of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, no Blood Divinity had ever been reborn. It... was the first. The first thing it saw when it opened its eyes... was its master, who had raised it from an unaware puppy into spiritual consciousness.

ROARRRR!!!

The mastiff lifted its head up and let out a thunderous roar. Its body rapidly expanded. In the blink of an eye it grew to sixty meters in length. Luxuriant fur grew out that was not red in color, but violet!

Its fur was violet and its stature like a small mountain. Sharp spikes grew out of its limbs, and from the top of its head protruded a long horn. Its teeth were long and sharp. All of this made the mastiff look even more fearsome and powerful than it had before!

As far as this world was concerned, it was completely ferocious and bloodthirsty. It was a blood Divinity, emotionless and cold. But there was one person who could make it act like it had when it was small, who could make it lick his hand, who would pet its head.

There was only one person like this in existence!

Chapter 132: Perfect Dao Pillar!

Meng Hao emerged onto the platform, and behind him, the sixth matrix collapsed in complete destruction. If onlookers from the outside world could see this, they would be shocked.

In the entire history of the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, never before had a spell matrix been destroyed!

It didn't stop there.... Not only did the sixth matrix crumble, further back, the first matrix also began to tremble. With a bang, it shattered, and as it did, massive amounts of spiritual energy spread out.

The spiritual energy immediately flew toward Meng Hao and the mastiff, who both absorbed it. The boundless spiritual energy thrummed within Meng Hao.

At this moment, his second Dao Pillar coalesced. It was Perfect, without even the slightest crack visible. A second Perfect Dao Pillar! Meng Hao's Cultivation base soared up with explosive momentum.

An intensely powerful aura emanated out from Meng Hao, and as it did, his body flashed. Behind him, the second matrix as well as the third suddenly began to collapse into pieces. It seemed as if the entire Blood Immortal Legacy tournament would not continue past the eighth tournament.

Meng Hao lifted his head and looked at the seventh matrix. His eyes radiated with killing intent as he stepped into it.

The mastiff lifted its head up and roared, then turned into a beam of light and followed Meng Hao into the seventh matrix.

Within the seventh matrix was an enormous tomb with three shocking, blood-red characters inscribed above it.

Tomb of Heaven!

As soon as Meng Hao stepped foot inside, the Tomb of Heaven began to shake. Cracks appeared on the wooden coffin inside, and the countless white bones began to disintegrate into ash. A black mist emanated from the dilapidated flag.

Boom!

A massive booming sound echoed out as the Tomb of Heaven exploded like an erupting volcano. The three-sectioned flag flew up, fluttering in the air and emitting a power which instantly caused Meng Hao to look at it with narrow eyes. In an instant, it had disappeared, soaring out of the seventh matrix and flying directly toward the altar beyond the ninth matrix, and the throne. The flag flew past the corpse wearing the featureless mask, transforming into three white hairs on the corpse's black head of hair.

At the same time, the seventh matrix crumbled to pieces in front of Meng Hao's eyes. Along with its collapse, vast amounts of spiritual energy thundered toward him.

This nearly indescribable force of majestic spiritual energy caused a third Dao Pillar to begin to appear within Meng Hao. He moved forward to stand on the seventh matrix's pillar. Behind him, the second, third and fourth matrixes all toppled into fragments. The way back was now gone. Only the fifth matrix remained behind him and it too was showing signs of fragmentation.

Multiple matrixes had collapsed, sending out dense spiritual energy which formed a mist that covered the sky of the Legacy zone. The mist began to swirl into a vortex, at the very center of which, was none other than Meng Hao!

From a distance, the sight was nothing more than shocking.

Meng Hao sucked in the spiritual energy, as did the mastiff.

The Cultivation bases of both man and dog climbed upward. Meng Hao's cold eyes stared forward toward the eighth matrix. Though the figure there was blurry, it was obviously Li Daoyi, whose head was turned back to look at Meng Hao.

"How can he destroy the matrixes so quickly!?" Li Daoyi's heart trembled. He knew that Meng Hao was the destined successor of the Legacy, but was still completely shocked.

The blood dragon roared. “These matrixes have been waiting for his arrival. They’re all destroying themselves to make way for him. But the Blood Immortal is dead. As long as you are fast enough, the Legacy will be yours!”

A cold light shone within Li Daoyi’s eyes and he immediately strode forward into the ninth matrix.

“Maybe the Legacy belongs to you...” he said, “but I’m here now. I’ll snatch it right out of your grasp!”

Seeing Li Daoyi and the anxious-looking Blood Dragon enter the ninth matrix, Meng Hao’s killing intent flashed brightly. Without hesitation, he shot forward toward the eighth matrix, followed by the mastiff.

As they entered, a frightening howling emerged from the abyss that was the eighth matrix. The howling was mixed and disorderly, as if countless souls were crying out at the same time with both excitement and hope. As the sound echoed out, the world of the eighth matrix began to crack and fall apart.

The matrix was destroying itself, which was a mystical command left behind by the Blood Immortal before his death. One of his commands had been that the first person to stand before him could acquire the Legacy. However, another command was if any person rejected by the Heavens appeared, then the nine matrixes would collapse, transforming into spiritual energy to help him acquire the Legacy.

The instant the eighth matrix fell apart, majestic spiritual energy rushed toward Meng Hao and the mastiff. The mastiff lifted its head up and roared. Its Cultivation base had just broken through from Core Formation to Nascent Soul!

Its body grew to three hundred meters in length, and looked even more ferocious than before. The violet-furred mastiff lifted up its head and roared, causing everything to tremble. Its body emanated an unprecedented power, difficult to even describe!

At the same time, Meng Hao’s third Perfect Dao Pillar was more than half formed, and continued to coalesce. As soon as he stepped onto the platform past the eighth matrix, the fifth matrix behind him disintegrated.

There were no platforms left behind him. There were no spell matrixes. There was only dense spiritual energy, forming a foggy sea that enveloped the entire interior of the Legacy zone.



Ahead of Meng Hao was the ninth matrix, within which was Li Daoyi, receiving the aid of the Blood Dragon. However, he hadn't emerged from it yet!

"Li Daoyi!" Meng Hao's killing intent rose to the heavens. His Nascent Soul stage mastiff followed him as he rushed into the final matrix.

The instant he entered, the platform that he had been on collapsed. However, at that same moment, Li Daoyi emerged out of the ninth matrix!

As soon as he did, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The Blood Dragon looked beleaguered. Obviously their swift passage through the ninth matrix had come at quite a price for the Blood Dragon possessed by the four-thousand-year-old Li Clan Patriarch.

"The fact that the destined Legacy successor is here is a good thing. The spell matrix is weakened, which made it much easier to pass through. Daoyi, ascend the sacrificial altar! When you stand before the Blood Immortal, you will become the second generation successor!" The Blood Dragon roared, an expression of unprecedented excitement and anticipation covering its face. If Li Daoyi acquired the Legacy, then it would be able to enter the Immortal treasure and become the Weapon Spirit. Then, he would never die!

Excited laughter spilled out of Li Daoyi's mouth.

"This Legacy is mine!" he cried, laughing loudly, his face savage and cruel. The Li Clan had paid a heavy price for this Legacy, and he had been appointed to acquire it. In the past, he had truly believed in his heart that he was the person destined to receive the Legacy.

But then Meng Hao had appeared, and the Patriarch had said what he said. Then the spell matrixes had begun to collapse, without Meng Hao even striking a blow against them. Li Daoyi could not deny that this nameless Cultivator was the true destined successor.

But he refused to comply. He refused be resigned to this truth. He would snatch the Legacy for himself!

"I'll take your Legacy and exterminate you!" laughed Li Daoyi. "I'll wrest away your destiny!" He leaped forward, shooting straight toward the massive, green-colored altar.

Within the ninth matrix, everything was black. There seemed to be no end to it. Buried deep below the surface of the land in this place was a skeleton. The skeleton looked up, and within its empty eyes, a burning light appeared. It seemed to be the fire of hope, piercing up through the earth until it reached Meng Hao.

“The Legacy of the Blood Immortal has waited countless years for that one certain person to appear...” murmured the skeleton softly. “I hope that in the end, you can avoid treading that path of no return which my Lord the Immortal tread...” The light in its eyes slowly faded into nothing. Its body transformed into drifting ash.

With that, the ninth matrix shuddered, and then split up into countless pieces. Again, massive amounts of spiritual energy poured toward Meng Hao. This in turn caused Meng Hao’s third Dao Pillar to appear in full!

A third, perfect Dao Pillar!

Meng Hao had now reached the peak of the early Foundation Establishment stage! His Spiritual Sense rapidly increased, far beyond that ordinarily seen at the late Foundation Establishment!

With one more Dao Pillar, he would be at the mid Foundation Establishment stage. That having been said, even though he wasn’t at the mid Foundation Establishment stage, his Perfect Foundation made him so strong that he could easily crush someone of the mid Foundation Establishment. Even late Foundation Establishment Cultivators with a Cracked or Fracture foundation were not his match.

Once Meng Hao formed his fourth Dao Pillar and reach the mid Foundation Establishment stage, the only Foundation Establishment Cultivators in the entire Southern Domain who would be qualified to battle him would be those who had completed the Great Circle of Foundation Establishment, and were on the verge of Core Formation.

People such as that were groomed by various Sects and Clans to be their most powerful disciples. Experts like that were addressed as... Dao Children!

For the most part, they all had Flawless Foundations, and because of their battle prowess, Cultivation bases, and various bits of good fortune, were the top experts in their stage. Yes, these were the Dao Children of the Southern Domain!

Li Daoyi was a Dao Child of the Li Clan. Wang Lihai had also been a Dao Child. These were people who could outclass Chosen. Within each Clan and Sect, there was only one Dao Child per stage!

The instant Meng Hao's third Perfect Dao Pillar appeared, he strode out onto the platform outside the ninth matrix. Off in the distance, atop the greenish altar, sitting in the stone throne, was a corpse. It slowly lifted its head and looked at... Li Daoyi!

Its hand lifted to grasp the mask on its face. Then, it began to take off the mask!

Chapter 133: Do You Dare?!

Once the mask came off, the corpse would hand it to the person standing in front of it. That person would be the winner of the Legacy. This mask was the Legacy treasure!

The Blood Dragon next to Li Daoyi looked excited. It had waited for this day for four thousand years. Once it entered the mask, it would become the Weapon Spirit and would finally be able to leave this place and return to the Southern Domain.

"The Legacy is mine!" said Li Daoyi, his eyes glittering. However, it was at this exact moment that Meng Hao stepped out of the ninth matrix. When he saw what was happening, he didn't hesitate in the slightest. His body shot forward at high speed.

After achieving the Perfect Foundation and then entering this place, a strange feeling had appeared inside Meng Hao. It was as if he was the lord of this Legacy zone. The feeling had grown even stronger after the destruction of the ninth matrix.

Next to him, the three-hundred-meter long mastiff raised its head to the sky and roared. Thanks to its incredible speed, it had arrived here even before Meng Hao.

"This is my Legacy," said Meng Hao his eyes flashing. "If I feel like ignoring it, that's my business. But if you think you can just steal it away, well, that will depend on your luck!" He had experience stealing Legacies, and that in itself didn't make him angry. It was his opponent's tactics that pissed him off.

Meng Hao's desire to slay Li Daoyi had reached epic heights; utilizing the full power of his Cultivation base, he strode forward, his hand flashing an incantation gesture. The Lightning Flag

flew out, as well as two wooden swords which emanated a freezing pressure. They all shot toward Li Daoyi.

In the same moment, the corpse lifted the mask off of its face, and instantly turned into drifting ash. As the ash drifted out, the hand that held the mask also dissolved. The mask floated toward Li Daoyi.

Excitement filled Li Daoyi's face. His right hand lifted up to grab the mask, but the instant he touched it, his hand was shoved away by the mask itself. It wasn't that he couldn't take it, but rather, before he could, it required a Weapon Spirit. Then it would become his.

The instant his hand was shoved away, the Blood Dragon lifted its head in a roar and then shot toward the mask. Currently, the mask had no Weapon Spirit. Whoever entered and took over the mask would assume that role.

As soon as he slammed into the mask, the mask became like a vortex. The Blood Dragon was half way into the mask when suddenly the mastiff roared. The roar created ripples in the entire area, and it sped forward. Ignoring the fact that the Blood Dragon was already in the process of taking over the mask, its three hundred meter long body slammed into it.

The mastiff's body was sucked in as soon as it touched the surface of the mask. Its fight with the Li Clan Patriarch for control of the mask had begun!

"You don't know your own limitations," echoed out the voice of the Li Clan Patriarch. "When I become the Weapon Spirit, I shall consume you!" He had completely entered the mask, and yet, so had the mastiff.

A blinding red light emanated from the mask. And yet, within the redness could also be seen violet! It was as if two brilliant colors were trying to swallow each other up!

Because of this, the mask did not belong to Li Daoyi, and neither did it belong to Meng Hao. Which Blood Divinity took over the mask would determine the winner of the Legacy.

Furthermore... a situation in which two Blood Divinities struggled to be the Weapon Spirit was something the Blood Immortal had never imagined could happen. This was completely unprecedented.

There was one thing that was for sure.... Whoever won, mastiff or Blood Dragon, would experience an unimaginable increase in power. At the very least, the winner would break halfway through to Spirit Severing. With the proper Dao enlightenment, the winner could even reach full Spirit Severing!

“It was useless to save that second-rate Blood spirit,” laughed Li Daoyi. “It will just help me to acquire the Legacy!” Meng Hao approached, and their eyes locked. Now that the Legacy zone was beginning to crumble, at long last the two of them were in the same world together.

Meng Hao said one sentence: “Killing you will resolve all the issues.” He continued to move toward Li Daoyi.

“That’s exactly what I was going to say!” laughed Li Daoyi. He lifted his right hand, and it blazed with light. In front of him appeared a shining golden war chariot which shot toward Meng Hao.

Suddenly, a roaring sound filled the air and blood leaked out of Meng Hao’s mouth. He retreated backward. Li Daoyi’s face flickered, and he also retreated, blood spilling out of his mouth. He looked at Meng Hao, and it was at this moment that the entire Legacy zone began to crumble around them. Cracks appeared all over the surface of the dark green sacrificial altar.

Everything began to split up. Popping sounds could be heard, and from the appearance of everything, it seemed the Blood Immortal would destroy itself and disappear.

Anyone who didn’t leave, would be buried along with it!

The struggle inside the mask between the mastiff and the Blood Dragon seemed to be escalating. Originally, the mastiff would never have been a match for the Blood Dragon. But it had been resurrected by absorbing blood from Meng Hao’s Perfect Foundation. This had changed it into something never before seen among Blood Divinities.

The spiritual energy in the area rushed toward the mask, being absorbed by both the mastiff and the Blood Dragon. The difference was, however much the mastiff absorbed, it could use. None of it leaked out. With the Blood Dragon, this was not so.

Amongst the two of them, although the Blood Dragon started out with the upper hand, after a short time had passed, it was still unable to get rid of the mastiff. It also had no way to take control of the Legacy mask.

Seeing this, Li Daoyi's expression changed, and he retreated. He flicked his wide sleeve in an attempt to snatch the mask, but was again rebuffed violently. With no Weapon Spirit in control of it, no one could dare to take it away!

The Blood Immortal had never predicted such an unusual situation. Normally speaking, one person should arrive to take the mask. The Blood Divinity would be able to take control of the mask within the space of a few breaths, and would become the Weapon Spirit. Then the Legacy zone would begin to collapse, and the winner could take the mask and leave.

Instead, something completely unexpected had occurred, and thus a shocking life-or-death crisis had come to be!

The world was crumbling around them. Down below, a huge vortex had appeared which was swallowing up everything. Nothing that entered could ever come out again. The destruction all around was creating an empty world!

Up above was a glowing shield, upon which ripples were beginning to form. It would only last for so long before it too shattered. This shield was the only exit to the outside world.

Entering that shield was the only way to escape destruction.

No one was in control of the mask. Both parties refused to budge. The mask could not be taken out, and the world was being destroyed. When Li Daoyi realized what was happening, his expression twisted.

Meng Hao, on the other hand, was completely calm. He moved backward for a moment, wiping away the blood from his mouth. Then he advanced forward. His three Perfect Dao Pillars emitted a powerful spiritual power, and as he charged ahead, his right hand flickered in an incantation sign. Instantly, a three-hundred-meter long Flame Python roared into being and shot toward Li Daoyi.

Actually, this was no python, it was a dragon! A roaring, gold dragon, enveloped in scorching flame. Behind it flew a Wind Blade thirty meters long. Burning wind filled the area, enveloping Li Daoyi.

Up to now in his Cultivation, Meng Hao hadn't learned very much magic techniques. All of his magical techniques were from the Qi Condensation stage, and he had none whatsoever from the

Foundation Establishment stage. This was one of his weaknesses, and Meng Hao was well aware of it.

“We will see who is more ruthless....” said Li Daoyi with a cruel laugh. He could clearly see that the magic being used was unconventional. But he had also already determined that it would be difficult to quickly achieve victory. The true key to victory, was who would stay the longest in this collapsing world. Whoever left first without the mask, would lose any qualification to be the winner of the Legacy.

Li Daoyi’s face was grim. He was a Dao Child of the Li Clan. The title of Dao Child was something he had won through pure slaughter. He was out for himself, and would kill without hesitation. As far as stealing good fortune from others, this was something he had done before more than once. He had come from an unremarkable branch of the Li Clan to become a Dao Child, far above Chosen.

This was all because of his personality. He arrogantly believed his stubbornness to be one of his greatest assets. Suddenly, a fan appeared in his hand. It was a fan of four colors, and when he waved it, the colors expanded out, slamming into Meng Hao’s Fire Dragon and Wind Blade.

A boom echoed out. The four colors swished out in four directions, transforming into four swords which stabbed toward Meng Hao.

Li Daoyi laughed maniacally. His left hand slapped his bag of holding, and eighteen black pearls appeared in his palm. He tossed them toward Meng Hao, and as they approached, they unexpectedly exploded. Distortions rippled out along with the explosion, causing the crumbling environment to fall apart even faster.

“Still think you’re more ruthless than me?” Li Daoyi’s expression was one of pure insanity.

The four colored sword and the attacking distortion bore down upon Meng Hao’s lightning mist. A massive boom exploded out, and Meng Hao shot backwards several paces. His eyes were filled with a ruthless light. His right hand lifted up, and another three hundred meter long Flame Dragon appeared in the air and flew, not toward Li Daoyi, but toward the glowing door up above.

“Making this place fall apart quicker isn’t ruthless,” he said coolly. “Destroying the exit... now that is ruthless. Do you dare to?” The Flame Dragon slammed directly into the glowing door, exploding. The already rippling door began to tear apart. Massive parts of it crumbled into nothing.

Seeing this, Li Daoyi, who had claimed to be incredibly ruthless, went completely wide-eyed. His heart began to pound.

#### Chapter 134: Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Now that he had engaged Li Daoyi in battle, Meng Hao could tell that if he had a fourth Dao Pillar, then he would be able to end the fight quite quickly. Now, he desired more than ever to slay Li Daoyi.

But Li Daoyi's Cultivation base was at the late Foundation Establishment stage. Furthermore, he was a Li Clan Dao Child. He outclassed even Chosen, and would be difficult to kill.

More important than Li Daoyi, was the mastiff. So far the mask was not under the firm control of anyone. With Li Daoyi present, it was impossible to say when the struggle would end. And if Meng Hao wanted to aid the mastiff, he needed to get rid of Li Daoyi.

And his method... was to destroy the exit!

Below them were churning mists. The collapse of this world was increasing in speed. The vortex roared and grew larger. Soon, the dark green sacrificial altar was more than half sucked into it.

Meng Hao moved backward, flicking his sleeve. The lightning mist sprang up around him, and then shot toward the rapidly collapsing door.

Li Daoyi's expression flickered. He clenched his jaw, and a cold look appeared in his eyes. He waved his right hand, and the fan flew up, shooting toward the glowing door. A booming sound filled the air as the door cracked even more under the power of the attack.

After all the destruction, the only thing left of the door was a thirty meter patch. And that patch was rapidly falling apart.

"There's no way you are as ruthless as me," said Li Daoyi. "I don't believe that you'll sacrifice your life!" His body flashed as he shot forward. His right hand flickered an incantation, then gestured forward. Instantly, a yellow-colored talisman appeared behind him. It shot through his body, increasing in size exponentially as it shot toward the thirty meter wide door.



Meng Hao's eye glittered coldly. He slapped his bag of holding to produce ten whistling flying swords. They simply could not withstand the power of Meng Hao's three Dao Pillars, and immediately exploded into pieces.

Amidst the reverberating boom, the thirty meter door shook violently as it disintegrated further. Now, only six meters were left. As for the green-colored sacrificial altar, it was almost completely sucked up by the whirling vortex. Now, the vortex began to rise up toward Meng Hao and Li Daoyi.

The entire Legacy zone was on the verge of complete annihilation. Cracks appeared on every surface, and an incredible, deafening roar filled the air.

Above them, the only exit was now growing smaller and smaller. At the moment, there was only three meters left. And yet, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding again. Ten flying swords flew out. Li Daoyi's face fell.

If the swords exploded onto the door, the door, now less than a meter wide, would completely collapse. Li Daoyi suddenly thought that Meng Hao had really given up any hope of living, and was resigned to staying in this place forever.

But then Meng Hao flicked his wide sleeve, and he flew up into the midst of the swords. This made it seem as though he had given up on the idea of staying, and would leave. But as he left, he would destroy the door. Then, even if Li Daoyi acquired the Legacy of the Blood Immortal, then he would have no way to leave.

A conflicted look appeared in Li Daoyi's eyes. If Meng Hao did that, then getting the Legacy would be pointless. He was about to do something to block Meng Hao, but then he realized that anything he did would most likely send out ripples that would cause the weakened door to break apart.

"If I leave, the Legacy...."

He didn't want to be buried in this place. He was a Dao Child of the Li Clan. He had limitless prospects in the future. Losing out on the Legacy of the Blood Immortal wouldn't really change anything. But dying here....

"Compared to my life, the Legacy doesn't count for anything. And who cares about some old Patriarch. Very well. But if someone else gets the Legacy, then they will be buried with it along with this place!" Li Daoyi's eyes were red as he let out a howl. He leaped up, coughing out a mouthful of blood which splashed over him. He then transformed into a bloody shadow, which increased

exponentially in size. He stretched up toward Meng Hao's flying swords, reaching them, and Meng Hao, just as they were about to explode. He passed Meng Hao, and then shot into the door.

Even as he passed into the door, his right hand waved out, and ten black pearls appeared, ready to explode, smashing the door and cutting off Meng Hao's escape route.

And yet, at the same time, as his right hand was still in the process of leaving through the screen, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then released a spell that he had been preparing for some time.

"Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex, Body Sealing!" His eyes were crimson as he uttered the words. This was the first time he had ever used the mystical art he had acquired from the Eighth Generation Demon Sealer.

After achieving intellectual enlightenment, Meng Hao had tried several times to use the spell, but had never succeeded. Then after the deep enlightenment from the magical text in the fifth matrix of the Blood Immortal Legacy zone, everything clicked.

Using his three Perfect Dao Pillars, his fingers flickering, Meng Hao had the intense feeling that he would succeed this time. The feeling had appeared earlier in his battle with Li Daoyi, and had continued to grow stronger.

His finger fell, and the entire world shuddered. And yet, it was not actually the world that had shuddered, but Meng Hao and his finger.

Tiny strands of intangible Qi appeared that seemed to be somehow connected to the collapsing world. They were everywhere, blended within the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, creating ghost images of the world. It wasn't just Meng Hao and his finger that shook. In addition to the ghost images of the world, ghost images of Li Daoyi had also appeared!

Li Daoyi had not passed all the way through the glowing screen. But now, his body began to tremble and... he stopped moving!

At the same time, the three Dao Pillars within Meng Hao rapidly grew dim; it seemed that as Meng Hao's technique took effect, it was using up almost all of the spiritual power he had.

Meng Hao's face grew pale. He waved his right hand, and the lightning mist suddenly spread out, surrounding the ten pearls that were just about to explode. At the same time, the two wooden

swords flew out, heading directly toward Li Daoyi. As for the other flying swords, they lost their spiritual power, and then exploded, sending ripples out in all directions.

A moment passed, and Li Daoyi was beginning to recover. However, everything had happened so quickly, he was still just staring in shock. His body was already outside, but before he had a chance to do anything else, he let out a blood-curdling howl. He hadn't pulled his right arm through in time! In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's wooden swords slashed it off!

Within the Legacy zone, Meng Hao's face was pale, and he coughed up blood. Everything around him was disintegrating and being sucked into the vortex. The lightning mist made a groaning rumble; it had successfully blocked the exploding attack of the ten pearls, but the glowing door rippled nonetheless, shrinking down to less than two meters in diameter.

Soon the lightning mist was so thin it seemed as if it might fade away; even the sparks of electricity were nearly undetectable. Meng Hao saw Li Daoyi escape, minus his arm, and sighed inwardly. Then he turned, and rushed over to the half-violet, half-red mask, inside of which the two Blood Divinities were attempting to consume each other.

At first, the red glow seemed to be winning out. But the instant Li Daoyi left, it suddenly became weak. Inside the mask, the Li Clan Patriarch trembled, his rage billowing up.

"Li Daoyi!!" he roared furiously. In the past, he had been a Cultivator, but now he was incarnated as a Blood Divinity. As such, he had no choice but to follow the only true rule of the ruleless Legacy zone!

The winner of the Legacy must have a Blood Divinity!

Similarly, a Blood Divinity must belong to a Legacy competitor! When a Legacy competitor departed, the Blood Divinity would vanish. Only upon the competitor's return would the Blood Divinity reappear.

However, the Li Clan Patriarch had already placed himself in the mask. He didn't disappear, and yet, because Li Daoyi had fled, he was now weakened. The glow which surrounded him began to fade.

Meng Hao approached. Ignoring the disintegrating and collapsing around him, he reached out, circulating his three Dao Pillars of his Perfect Foundation, causing all of the power of heaven and earth in the area to rush toward him.

The spiritual energy entered his body and then flowed into the mask, merging into the mastiff. With this assistance, the mastiff's violet glow grew brighter, pressing down on the Blood Dragon that was the Li Clan Patriarch, completely cutting off his path of retreat. In that instant, the mastiff's control of the mask exceeded half. And yet, it couldn't completely take it over. Still, the mask could not be taken away.

The Li Clan Patriarch couldn't be swallowed up so easily. Despite its dangerous position, it still continued to struggle fiercely.

"If you're impenetrably thickheaded, then the worst thing that could happen is we will all die today," rang out Meng Hao's voice. Everything around them rumbled thunderously, collapsing into pieces. The glowing exit door was barely more than a meter wide. "If you give in, and let my Blood Divinity take control of the Legacy mask, then I won't permit him to consume all of you. Some of your spirit can remain, and eventually the day will come when you can emerge and transform back into a person! The choice is up to you!"

"What makes you think I'll help you win!?" replied the cruel voice of the Li Clan Patriarch. "And what reason do I have to trust you!?" He knew the danger they faced, and also knew that refusing Meng Hao meant death. But he still didn't want to give in.

"You might not trust me, but you have no other options." Meng Hao's eyes gleamed.

A moment passed, the space of ten breaths. The surroundings were beginning their final descent into destruction. The vortex was only three meters away from Meng Hao, swallowing everything up. Above him, the exit was barely a meter wide. A helpless roar sounded out from the Li Clan Patriarch.

Chapter 135: Breaching the Volcano

As Meng Hao said, the Li Clan Patriarch had no choice but to trust him. If he didn't, he would inevitably die. Trust Meng Hao, and he had a chance at life. If he didn't trust Meng Hao, and Meng Hao left, he would have no chance whatsoever at a continued existence.

Even as Meng Hao spoke, the Li Clan Patriarch knew that his only choice was to stop resisting and allow the mastiff to consume him and take control of the mask. The mask flew into Meng Hao's hand. He grabbed it, and then shot out through the rapidly shrinking exit.

As he flew out, a booming rang out as the Legacy zone was completely swallowed up by the vortex, gone forever.

In the volcano, Meng Hao shot through the air in a beam of light, the blood lake and the altar trembling around him. The massive stone head collapsed into fragments that sank into the lake. Within an instant, the lake itself had dried up.

The only thing left was a crater in the ground, as if all of it had been a mere illusion.

Even as the lake dried up, thunderous booms could be heard from overhead. Meng Hao lifted his head to look at the sky above the volcano. Thunder and lightning filled the air like silver dragons. They formed an enormous mass, as if they desired to smash downward, but instead, were blocked by a blood-red glow. The blood red glow seemed alive, as if it wished to do battle with the Heavens.

It was so far away that Meng couldn't see it, but what he could see was that... the glowing shield at the mouth of the volcano was disappearing.

“All this strange celestial phenomena will definitely attract attention. I can't stay here!” Gripping the mask in hand, he shot toward Chu Yuyan, at the same time sending some Spiritual Sense into the mask.

It had been completely taken over by the mastiff, who was now the Weapon Spirit. Having completely swallowed up the possessed Blood Dragon, the mastiff was now in a state of hibernation. The Li Family Patriarch's Cultivation base was incredibly powerful, thanks to his initial incredible strength, added to which was the power of the Blood Dragon he had possessed. Even though the mastiff, also a Blood Divinity, could consume him, he would need quite some time to fully absorb him.

Meng Hao had no idea how long it would be before it awoke from hibernation. However, he could only imagine what it would be like when it woke up and emerged. It no doubt would have incredible power, which of course would be of immense help to Meng Hao.

It was asleep for now, but belonged to Meng Hao. The mask too, completely belonged to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's heart thumped, filled with anticipation. However, because the mastiff was sleeping, he was temporarily incapable of using the mask.

“How long will it sleep....” Meng Hao took a deep breath. Deep within the mask he also saw a tiny shred of the Li Clan Patriarch’s spiritual consciousness. It was very weak, as if Meng Hao could exterminate it with the slightest thought. He considered for a moment, and then decided not to blot it out.

Deep within the mask, he also saw a blood-colored book of scriptures. Next to the blood-colored book of scriptures was a flag with three streamers.

After a moment’s examination, Meng Hao recalled his Spiritual Sense and placed the mask into his bag of the Cosmos. He landed next to unconscious Chu Yuyan, who was wrapped up in the black net.

Meng Hao looked thoughtful as he glanced up at the thunder and lightning outside the volcano. The bloody glow and the glow of the lightning interlocked within the sky. Determination filled his face.

“I can’t stay here. I’ve got to get away. The Tribulation Lightning is here for me, but it’s provoked a response from the Blood Immortal’s sacrificial altar....” He flicked his wide sleeve to scoop up Chu Yuyan. Using the incredible power of his Perfect Foundation’s Spiritual Sense, he examined the surroundings. He let out a cold harrumph. In various cracks and fissures in the area, Chu Yuyan had hidden quite a few complete minor pills. He collected them together, then flew up and out of the volcano. This was the first time in half a year that he had been able to leave this place. Now that he was able to, his heart filled with anticipation regarding the future.

But the anticipation on his face quickly turned into shock. As he gazed off into the distance, he could clearly see a massive, ancient temple that had the appearance of a war chariot, currently in the midst of bombarding the heavens. Surrounding it were a myriad of figures emitting a shocking aura, locked in combat with the lightning from the Heavens.

The Tribulation Lightning was shocking to the extreme. Even one bolt of it was enough to cause Meng Hao to fill with a feeling of dread that caused his pupils to shrink.

“So... this is the Tribulation Lightning sent after me?” His heart trembled. He could only imagine what would have happened inside the volcano if he hadn’t entered the Legacy Zone after consuming the Perfect Foundation pill. The Tribulation Lightning had attempted to break open the Blood Immortal’s Legacy Zone, and in doing so had provoked the Legacy, which sent the Ancient Temple of Doom into war. Had he faced it alone with his Perfect Foundation, he would have been completely destroyed.

Breathing deeply, Meng Hao shot away as fast as possible, grasping Chu Yuyan in tow. His scalp was numb, and he felt incredibly anxious. This was because he had noticed that the blood-red glow was beginning to fade, and the image of the Ancient Temple of Doom was growing indistinct.

Thankfully, the Tribulation Lightning was also beginning to disperse; there seemed to be only one volley left, and then it would be gone.

Actually, to flee to the world outside the volcano wasn't really the best choice; but Meng Hao had no choice but to do so, and flee as quickly as possible. He knew that the Tribulation from the Heavens would attract widespread notice. Surely there were already many people in the surrounding areas; as soon as the Heavenly Tribulation ceased, the area would be crawling with Cultivators. Under those circumstances, it would be very difficult to escape.

Only if he made his move now, would he be able to take advantage of the chaos.

Exactly as Meng Hao had suspected, the surrounding area was already filled with nearly a thousand Cultivators, who had been attracted to the area by the Tribulation from the Heavens. Of course, none of them dared to enter the area, instead choosing to watch from a distance. Now that the Tribulation was fading, their eyes began to glitter. It wasn't clear who went first; in an instant, all of them flow forward from all directions, filling the Tribulation zone.

Meng Hao was fleeing as fast as possible. He suddenly frowned, his eyes flashing. He stopped in his tracks, muttering to himself for the space of a few breaths. Then his eyes filled with determination.

"If I keep going, I'll definitely run into some Cultivators. Their first reaction will be to doubt me.... If I don't continue flying in this direction... Then I can do this!" He turned around. Instead of flying toward the border of the Tribulation area, he headed directly toward its center. This was opposite of his original direction.

He didn't fly quickly, however. And as for Chu Yuyan, he had long since deposited her into the bag of the Cosmos. It was not a bag of holding, after all, and its insides were an entire world. It was capable of temporarily holding a living person inside.

Meng Hao flew along, carefully observing his surroundings. After about the space of about ten breaths, his expression flickered. Ahead of him had suddenly appeared a group of about ten Cultivators. Like prismatic beams of light, they shot through the air toward him.

The group of ten split up. Three or four of them shot forward at top speed, their gazes fixed upon Meng Hao.

Their gazes immediately passed over him. He gave off the impression that he was doing exactly what they were, searching the Tribulation zone.

Currently, his eyes were fixed on the ground, not looking up toward them. Were it the opposite, they would have moved to bar his way.

It was at this exact moment that the Temple of Ancient Doom completely disappeared. As the bloody-red glow faded away, the thunder and clouds also began to break apart. But... there was one lightning bolt that did not seem willing to abandon its mission. Even as everything disappeared around it, it shot down from the sky, directly toward Meng Hao.

As it descended, it was clearly fading. However, it was still incredibly fast; it would without doubt fall onto Meng Hao.

When it landed on him, regardless of how minor the injuries, it would most definitely arouse the notice of the surrounding Cultivators. If they started to make speculations, then Meng Hao would definitely be in danger.

At the moment, the ten or so Cultivators were gaping in shock as the lightning bolt approached from the distance. They immediately began to retreat.

At this critical juncture, Meng Hao's mind was spinning. He suddenly let out a hearty laugh. Instead of retreating, he rushed forward. In a loud voice, he said, "So, there are some Tribulation Lightning aftershocks! Finally I, Wang, get some good fortune from the Heavens for me!"

Continuing to laugh, he charged onward. He waved his right hand, and instantly, the lightning mist appeared around him. Amidst the shocked gazes of the surrounding Cultivators, he shot directly toward the Tribulation Lightning bolt.

"Is this guy crazy?"

"He called himself Wang. Maybe he's from the Wang Clan?"



From their perspective, rather than seeing the Tribulation Lightning seek out Meng Hao, they saw him rushing toward it. And this was exactly what Meng Hao wanted.

Boom!

A massive explosion radiated outward. The Tribulation Lightning slammed into the lightning mist surrounding Meng Hao. A rumbling roar rose up, and Meng Hao's body trembled. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and within him, his Three Dao Pillars narrowly escaped being destroyed.

This was only one Tribulation Lightning bolt, that had been weakened by who knew how much. Furthermore, it had grown more and more weak as it descended down. Thankfully, it had occurred in this way. Meng Hao knew in his heart that he had gotten lucky. Without the Blood Immortal sacrificial altar, and without the Temple of Ancient Doom, the moment he had achieved Perfection, he would have perished.

As the Tribulation Lightning dissipated from Meng Hao's body, it turned into innumerable arcs of electricity, which were then absorbed by his lightning mist. It seemed the Lightning Flag had also been damaged by the Tribulation Lightning. However, it was now able to reinforce itself. The lightning glow increased in intensity, as if it had undergone some sort of baptism.

This left Meng Hao shocked, but he still managed to let out a loud laugh.

"I didn't come here in vain, after all!" he said, flicking his sleeve and laughing. "With the help of the Tribulation Lightning, my magical treasure has become complete! Excellent! Excellent!" With that, he shot forward, looking for all appearances as if he were seeking more Tribulation Lightning.

"Ah, this guy is refining treasures!"

"Refining treasures with Tribulation Lightning! This Wang fellow is really daring!"

"You were only looking at the treasure refining, you weren't looking at him. When the Tribulation Lightning hit him, it was like a baptism. For people who practice Lightning type Cultivation, this kind of thing is extremely beneficial!" The ten Cultivators charged onward, looking for more signs of Tribulation Lightning aftershocks.

Chapter 136: Zhou Daya!

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as the ten Cultivators passed him up. He continued to fly onward, although not as quickly. Soon, the other Cultivators were much further past him. His eyes flickered slightly. He didn't leave, but continued to follow them, looking exactly as if he were seeking the source of the Heavenly Tribulation and, like the rest of the others, more Tribulation Lightning.

"Why did that Heavenly Tribulation come?" said Meng Hao in the same tone as the others. He looked very thoughtful as he asked, "What is there about this place that provoked it?!"

"Good question! I've never seen Heavenly Tribulation like that before. Don't tell me there was a person here transcending Tribulation? No one has done that since ancient times, although you can read about it in the ancient records...."

"Yeah, it's really weird..."

It was afternoon by the time the Tribulation clouds began to disperse. The midday sun shone over the land. Nearly a thousand people were scouring the area, but couldn't find any clues. Eventually though, they found the volcano.

Before anyone could enter it, three beams of light appeared overhead, each of them three hundred meters wide. Soon three people appeared. No one could see their faces clearly as they flew directly into the mouth of the volcano.

Even though the surrounding Cultivators couldn't see their faces, they could sense the powerful pressure they radiated. Only late Core Formation Cultivators in the Pseudo Nascent Soul stage could emit pressure like that.

Within the large group of people, Meng Hao's pupils constricted. However, he didn't bat an eyelid. Moments later, the three people flew out from within the volcano. Their eyes swept over the crowd, which allowed everyone to see their appearances clearly.

"It's the Black Cloud Elders!"

"So, it's them. They're the honor guard of the Black Sieve Outer Sect...."

"This place is within the area controlled by the Black Sieve Sect, so for them to appear is nothing out of the ordinary. Now that they're here, there's really no point for us to be here...."

The three old Cultivators wore long black robes, upon which were embroidered flowery cloud shapes. After looking around, the three of them seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. Then, a voice rang out.

“This area is sealed. Leave this place!” They sat cross-legged in mid-air as one of the three produced a jade slip. He flicked his sleeve, and the jade slip transformed into a black mist which rose up into the sky.

Meng Hao lowered his head with a resigned look on his face, just like the surrounding crowd, then began to disperse along with them.

“So, it turns out this place is close to the Black Sieve Sect....” thought Meng Hao, looking off into the distance. Suddenly, he increased his speed, transforming into a prismatic beam and shooting away. His right hand slapped his bag of the Cosmos, and a jade slip appeared in his hand. He looked at it closely.

“Wow, the wind generated by that roc blew all the way to ... the Black Sieve Sect....” Suddenly, an image appeared in his mind of that day back in the Reliance Sect when he had walked along with Elder Sister Xu.

“I wonder how Elder Sister Xu is doing?” he thought. He flew along for a few more days. After a while, he suddenly frowned. Spotting a location some distance away, he landed down next to a patch of forest.

His right hand slapped his bag of the Cosmos, and Chu Yuyan flew out. Her face was pale, and the instant she appeared, she looked at Meng Hao with cold eyes. She didn’t say a word.

His face calm, Meng Hao knelt down and ran his hands across her body. Of course, it was impossible not to feel the liveness of her figure. Her eyes widened and fury covered her face.

“What are you doing?!” she cried. But even as the words came out of her mouth, Meng Hao pulled his hand out from deep within the warmth of her robe to reveal four medicinal pills.

“These pills belong to me,” he said, tucking them away. He had long since guessed that Chu Yuyan had hidden away some of the Perfect Foundation minor ingredient pills that she had concocted.

Seeing him take away the pills, she let out a humph. Her Cultivation base was now restored, but being tied up within the black net, she had no way to free herself.

“As we agreed, I’m going to let you go.”

Meng Hao looked down at her, then waved his right hand. The black net widened, and then flew off of her.

“I told you I would get you out of there, and Meng Hao never goes back on his word.”

Almost the same instant that Meng Hao took back the black net, Chu Yuyan’s eyes flashed with a strange light. Her Cultivation base was back at the mid Foundation Establishment stage, and now it seemed as if she were about to flash an incantation gesture.

Meng Hao looked at her indifferently, as calm as ever. Her heart sank, and she said nothing for a moment. A complicated expression appeared on her face.

“The enmity between us is settled,” she said, gritting her teeth. “But when we meet in the future, we will still be enemies. As for everything that happened in the volcano, you can never speak of it to anyone. If you do, I will be forced to kill you!” She hadn’t been awake for long, and didn’t know what had happened regarding the Tribulation or the Blood Immortal Legacy.

But as for her feelings toward Meng Hao, they were vastly different than what she had felt when she first met him. He looked like he was still at the early Foundation Establishment stage. But the way he stood there so calmly filled her with a powerful dread.

That dread was partly because of what she had experienced during the half year inside the volcano. The other was because of a feeling of imminent danger which rose up from within her heart.

She sensed that if she attacked at this moment, she would be doing something she would regret forever.

Her cold words having been spoken, she suddenly flew up into the air, transforming into a white beam that shot off into the distance. At the moment, she wanted nothing more than to get as far away from him as possible. The events of the past half year in the volcano were now complex memories that would never be forgotten.

Meng Hao watched her beautiful, slender form slowly disappear. He also thought back to the half year in the volcano. He thought about when her garment had been in rags, revealing her tender, snow-white skin and graceful figure.

He stood there smiling slightly for a moment, before coolly saying, "If you've seen enough, you can come out now."

His voice was met with only silence from the surrounding area. He lifted his right hand, and a three hundred meter long Flame Dragon appeared. Instantly, the entire area filled with blistering heat.

"No, no, no," said an alarmed voice. "Fellow Daoist, there's no need to get excited..." The voice came from the air not too far away. Suddenly, a shimmering figure appeared which then coalesced into a young man. He had a somewhat depraved look to him, and in his hand was a paper talisman. He looked nervously at Meng Hao.

The Flame Dragon's massive head was staring directly at him, its sinister eyes glowing. It seemed to be covering his every path of escape as it approached.

His expression as normal as ever, Meng Hao said, "His Excellency has been following me for a while, I'm curious as to his objective." His eyes flashed coldly, causing deep anxiety to well up in the heart of the depraved-looking Cultivator.

His Cultivation base was at the early Foundation Establishment stage. But facing up against Meng Hao, he felt an incredible pressure bearing down on him. This was especially so because of the three hundred meter long Fire Dragon that Meng Hao had summoned. His heart shook. From what he could tell, this Fire Dragon seemed to have the power of a Cultivation base of the late Foundation Establishment stage.

The Fire Dragon's appearance had basically locked down the entire area, forcing him to reveal himself.

"Senior, I am Zhou Daya from the Golden Frost Sect," he said, his face pale. He quickly held out his identification medallion for Meng Hao to see. "Fellow Daoist, please, please do not attack. I have no ill intentions. I just happened to see the flag you used to absorb the Tribulation Lightning. I was very excited, and followed you to see if I could have a chance to trade for it."

Having followed Meng Hao this entire time, of course he'd seen Chu Yuyan. He recognized her, obviously, and was shocked. He knew that Chu Yuyan was a Chosen of the Violet Fate Sect, and also Wang Tengfei's beloved and fiancé. And yet, he had just observed her wearing mens' clothing, which obviously belonged to the young man who now stood in front of him.

Seeing the complicated look in her eyes, and having heard what she said to Meng Hao, Zhou Daya of course had experienced countless speculations in his heart as to what was going on.

In fact, he had come to the conclusion that he must have just witness some form of adultery.... This in turn caused him to feel quite nervous. However, it also caused him to feel extremely excited.

"It's adultery!" he thought. "Two adulterers! If the Little Patriarch knew about this, he would be really happy. In fact, he might even give me some kind of reward."

"The Golden Frost Sect," said Meng Hao, gazing coldly at the depraved-looking Cultivator. He frowned. "Do you know Li Fugui?"

"Li Fugui?" said Zhou Daya, looking surprised. "Uh, you mean Little Patriarch? Of course I know him! Everyone in the Golden Frost Sect knows the Little Patriarch." From the expression Meng Hao saw when he looked into his eyes, it didn't seem as if he was lying. Meng Hao felt a tug at his heart.

"How could Fatty have become a Little Patriarch?" he thought to himself. After a moment, his eyes fell to the paper talisman that Zhou Daya held in hand.

Zhou Daya's heart flip-flopped. He hated to part with the talisman. But he forced himself to hand it over.

"Fellow Daoist, please don't take offence. I, Zhou Daya, acted crudely today. Please accept my invisibility talisman as a token of apology for my indiscretion."

Meng Hao eyed the invisibility talisman, sweeping it over with his Spiritual Sense. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary about it, he accepted it.

"The Golden Frost Sect is based in the State of Frigid Snow," said Meng Hao coolly, his eyes narrow. "What brings you to this area?"

“The Black Sieve Sect didn’t participate in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament,” he replied carefully. “Therefore, the Sect dispatched orders to myself and a few others to come here and investigate. Actually, we weren’t the only ones. There are people from various other Sects in the area as well. Not long after I arrived, I saw the Tribulation Lightning...” He seemed to be especially emphasizing that he was not alone here in the Black Sieve Sect region.

“Did your investigation produce any results?” asked Meng Hao placidly.

“This type of thing isn’t easy to investigate. Recently, the Black Sieve Sect has been distributing a lot of treasures to attract rogue Cultivators of the Foundation Establishment stage. After thinking about it for a while, I really think something is wrong with the whole situation.”

Meng Hao’s facial expression didn’t change. He looked at Zhou Daya for a moment, then without another word, flicked his sleeve and disappeared in a beam of light.

As his figure disappeared over the horizon, Zhou Daya’s heart began to relax. He wiped the sweat from his brow. Standing in front of Meng Hao, he had felt incredible pressure bearing down on him, and had been careful to exercise extreme caution.

Now, he was extremely happy, and his eye shone brightly.

“Adultery! That guy and Chu Yuyan committed adultery! She was even wearing his clothes. Haha! I have to get back as soon as possible to tell Little Patriarch about it. This news is going to make him super happy.” Back in the Sect, Zhou Daya was somewhat of a gossip and loved to spread news. Having come across what he believed to be an excellent rumour, he immediately flew up into the air, heading back toward the Sect’s established rendezvous point.

Chapter 137: 10th Patriarch of the Wang Clan

A few days earlier...

The Southern Domain. The State of Cloudy Skies.

This nation existed in the centre of the Southern Domain. It encompassed a huge territory, vastly larger than the State of Zhao. Even in the Southern Domain, nations like this could be counted on one hand.

Within the State of Cloudy Skies, there were no Sects whatsoever. It was one of those uncommon nations that didn't have Sects. Instead, in this nation, there was a Clan. This Clan was named Wang. And this nation... was also named Wang!

Male members of the Wang Clan who were mortal and could not practice Cultivation became part of the royal family of the State of Cloudy Skies. Those who could practice Cultivation entered the Wang Ancestral Mansion.

As for Cultivators without the surname Wang, they formed auxiliary branches of the Wang Clan. It had been this way for generation after generation.

After Meng Hao consumed the Perfect Foundation Pill and emerged from the Blood Immortal Legacy zone, a sound could be heard. This sound came from the tenth mountain amongst the Three Thousand Forbidden Mountains within the State of Cloudy Skies. It was the sound of breathing.

The Three Thousand Forbidden Mountains of the Wang Clan were not connected. They were dispersed throughout the State of Cloudy Skies. Underneath each mountain was a wooden coffin. Only the most powerful members of the Wang Clan could, upon death, be buried underneath one of the Forbidden Mountains.

According to the legends, one of the Wang Clan Patriarchs from tens of thousands of years ago was buried in one of the Forbidden Mountains, although no one knew which one.

There were many deep secrets within the Wang Clan, many of which the five great Sects only had general information about. Clues could be found in the ancient records, but the Wang Clan secrets were just endless, and their history too deep. According to the legends, they came from the stars....

Right now, within the tenth mountain, was a world of crimson light, the glow of blood and of fire. Here was a boiling sea that it seemed could never be extinguished within ten thousand years. Deep within the recesses of this volcano was a red coffin.

The coffin had no cover. Resting inside was an old man. His face was covered with wrinkles, and his body was skinny and shrivelled, as if he had been dead for a very, very long time. And yet, no death aura whatsoever emanated off of the corpse.

In fact, his eyes slowly opened, and when they did, the peaceful sea of fire... suddenly began to move. It was not burning higher; in fact, the broiling heat seemed to reduce a bit.



“I feel.... A Perfect aura....” murmured the old man. His voice was extremely hoarse, as if he hadn’t spoken for a very long time. When he did speak, the entire tenth mountain began to rumble.

This rumbling immediately drew the attention of the elder members of the Wang Clan. Multiple figures suddenly emerged from within the Wang Ancestral Mansion.

These old Clan members’ faces were filled with excitement; based on their understanding, within the tenth mountain was one of their Patriarchs!

“Perfection....” said the person inside the coffin, his eyes flashing with a mysterious light.

When his eyes flashed, the roaring of the tenth mountain grew more intense. The group that had come from the Wang Ancestral Mansion all saluted respectfully.

“Prepare three thousand Rebirth Stones!” said the old man in the coffin, his voice echoing out of the tenth mountain. “The time has come for me to reincarnate!” When they heard this, the group of old Clan members’ faces grew even more excited.

“At the peak of the Dao Seeking stage, I sealed my Cultivation base. At first, I thought that like members of the elder generation, I could only struggle on death’s door, gazing at Immortality and sighing, ignorant and unable to take those final steps. I couldn’t step into the stars, and return to my Clan members....” A slight smile appeared on the shrivelled face of the old man. The smile seemed to be filled with an intense, ghastly strangeness.

“But now... I have hope....” His smile grew wider, and his eyes shone even more powerfully.

“The legendary Founder of the Wang Clan passed down a truth of the Dao from generation to generation. He was born mediocre. But one year, he was able to wrest away someone’s Foundation Establishment, and thus tread the path of a powerful expert.... Then he became a legend.

“Now, a Perfect Foundation has appeared. I too shall tread the path of the legendary Founder. I shall wrest away Perfection, and then take the next step, Immortal Ascension!

“Except... this person’s Cultivation base is too weak. It’s not sufficient to sustain my Immortal Ascension. I must wait a bit longer, just wait a bit, wait....” Within the coffin, the old man’s smile

grew more vigorous. Then, after a while, he closed his eyes. The sea of fire within the tenth mountain once again dared to rekindle its inextinguishable flames.

Several days later, underneath a seemingly endless, cloudless sky.

A bright, greenish beam of light shot through the air. This was Meng Hao, slicing through the sky. As for Zhou Daya, Meng Hao had known all along that the young man was following him, but let him go anyway. Of course, there were some things that he shouldn't have heard, which Meng Hao prevented him from hearing. In any case, he was connected to Fatty somehow, so he'd let him go.

"It took a lot of Spirit Stones to concoct the Perfect Foundation Pill. I still have some left, but not many...." Meng Hao frowned, examining his bag of the Cosmos and letting out a sigh.

"Before I entered the Cultivation world, I was running low on silver. After I became a Qi Condensation Cultivator, I was always running low on Spirit Stones. Now I've reached Foundation Establishment, but... I'm still running low on Spirit Stones." His brow furrowed as his longing for Spirit Stones was once again kindled. Now that his Cultivation practice had reached this level, his need for Spirit Stones was even greater.

"And then there's the poison of the three-colored Resurrection Lily. If I can't dispel it, it's going to be a real problem." His frown deepened.

"Furthermore," he muttered to himself, "even though I'm much more powerful now that I have a Perfect Foundation, I'm cut off from heaven and earth. I have no way to absorb spiritual energy... the only way to get it is by consuming pills. I can't keep doing that forever..." But, he had been prepared for that. Given a second chance, he would definitely choose to consume the Perfect Foundation Pill.

"You win some, you lose some. It's fair." Meng Hao lifted his head. Smacking the bag of the Cosmos, he retrieved the blood-colored mask. A warm feeling filled his heart.

"Despite my current situation, at least I acquired the Blood Immortal Legacy. Now I just have to wait for the mastiff to wake up. Then everything will be a bit better." His eyes shone with anticipation. He cast his Spiritual Sense deep into the blood-colored mask. He could sense the mastiff's slumbering form. Though he had no idea when it might awaken, he could sense a powerful pressure emanating from it, a pressure which was continuing to grow more powerful.

“And then there’s this flag.” Meng Hao’s eyes flashed. His Spiritual Sense fell onto the dilapidated flag of three streamers. His Spiritual Sense entered it, only to find that it was like an ocean. Compared to it, Meng Hao’s Spiritual Sense was incredibly small. He had no way whatsoever to do anything with it.

However, he was able to sense an incredibly might within it like that of the Heavens; it seemed mighty enough to lay waste to heaven and earth.

“My Cultivation base isn’t sufficient.... Even though this treasure is somewhat broken down, it was still inside the Blood Immortal’s Legacy zone. It must be extremely valuable. When my Cultivation base is strong enough, I’ll be able to use it, and I’m sure it will be powerful enough to shock the Heavens.” Palpitating with anticipation, he withdrew his Spiritual Sense. It was then that he caught sight of the character written on the third streamer, Ji 季.

“Why does it have the character Ji on it? Is it a family name?” He thought about it for a bit, then focused his attention on the Scroll of the Blood Immortal Legacy. The instant he looked at it, he felt as if his head were about to be split in half.

To the average person, this pain would be excruciating, and difficult to bear. But to Meng Hao, it was nothing compared to the anguish he suffered during his poison flare-ups. His expression flickered somewhat, but as he focused on the splitting pain in his head, he caught sight of a special technique.

“Spirit Devouring Scripture!” Meng Hao’s heart trembled as the three blood-colored characters appeared in front of him and branded themselves indelibly onto his mind.

Meng Hao’s head began to thrum as it was filled with an ancient voice. It was impossible to say whether the voice was male or female. “If you Cultivate according to my scripture, you can wrest control of Spirit and blood and fuse them into your body. Refine them into a body of blood, Spirit of blood, a Blood Immortal, a Blood Dao!

“There are countless Cultivation methods in heaven and earth. The bloodline of my Legacy stretches back to the powerful first Founder. The bloodline contains his will, and can be passed on to tens of thousands of generations. When the bloodline is awakened in the descendants, they shall possess latent talent!

“My technique can be used to wrest away latent talent, and then sense the almighty will of the Founder. Refine the body, make the latent talent yours. Some have even tried to bring the ghost of the Founder into the world, to destroy Immortals and devils!

“Practicing Cultivation according to the technique of my Legacy is an insult to the Heavens. But fear not ghosts and divinities; overturn the vault of the Heavens with the flip of a hand, lower your head to cause heaven and earth to mourn!” Slowly a scripture came to be branded onto Meng Hao’s mind. Then a vast amount of miscellaneous information about the mask poured into his head.

“I am the Blood Immortal. My whole life was spent battling the Heavens. I met defeat only thrice! I wrested Spirits away from heaven and earth. Because I desired to wrest away the bloodline of Ji, the Heavens shunned me and longed for my destruction. My body could be destroyed, but not my will!

“I was not willing to give in because of three defeats. Therefore, I created three techniques: the Blood Finger, the Blood Palm, and the Blood Death World!

“Descendants of the Legacy of my Dao, do not forget that you must wrest away the bloodline of Ji! Make the Dao of Heaven weep, and the earth mourn! Remember the techniques of the Blood Immortal, the Nine Killing Magics!

“Remember, the day your Dao is achieved, put on my mask and hoist the flag of three streamers. Defy the ancients, topple the Heavens!

"Without a face, a single word, the flames of war unify

"Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that fill the sky

"Capture the gods, advance the troops, fire consumes the towers

"Forge all spirits and bloodlines into the 9 killing powers!"

Meng Hao’s body trembled and he opened his eyes. He was still flying through the sky, above a vast empty space, and barren mountains. His eyes continued to swim, and his mind echoed with the archaic voice.

“Wrest away bloodline, achieve success. The strength of the bloodline is up to the glory of the Founder... Wrested latent talent of the bloodline, can be refined into a body of blood... a body refined outside the body...

“No one person can hold the power of an entire bloodline. The blood of three generations is required to refine even a minor blood clone. If six generations of bloodlines are congealed, then a magnificent blood spirit can be achieved. If nine generations of blood, then the Great Circle of the blood spirit can be completed!

“The ancestors determine the strength of a bloodline. The stronger the past generations, the stronger the Blood Spirit!

“Thus, it becomes death. Nine bloodlines, nine experts. They become the nine deaths, nine deaths fused into one. This is... the Blood Dao!” Meng Hao panted, his mouth dry. At the moment, he was no longer flying. He had landed onto a barren mountain, where he now sat cross-legged, feeling the Spirit Devouring Scripture pulsing through his head.

This was the complete scripture, the full Legacy. But within the Legacy was something that filled Meng Hao with the reek of blood. He sat in thought for a long time before his eyes began to shine.

"Without a face, a single word, the flames of war unify

"Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that fill the sky

"Capture the gods, advance the troops, fire consumes the towers

"Forge all spirits and bloodlines into the 9 killing powers!"

“There are four magics within....” Meng Hao was thoughtful for a while before looking down at the mask in his hand. The mask was completely featureless, with no eyes, nose, ears or mouth. As he looked at it, his hand began to grow warm, and his eyes shined. It seemed as if he were about to put the mask onto his face.

As the mask neared his face, it grew warmer, and began to squirm. A bloody aura emanated from it. Just as Meng Hao was about to place it on his face, the copper mirror within his bag of holding suddenly let out a sharp sound that was like the call of a bird.

The birdcall entered Meng Hao's mind, and his heart trembled. The light in his eyes suddenly became clear, and he suddenly put the mask down. His eyes filled with a hard look.

“Are you looking to die, you discarnate soul?!”

Chapter 138: Good Luck Charm

As Meng Hao uttered the words, his left hand flickered in an incantation gesture. He pressed a finger onto his solar plexus, and some blood from his Cultivation base seeped out of his mouth. This blood was very precious; Cultivators could only produce so much of it. But Meng Hao didn't hesitate. He wiped the Cultivation blood off of his lips with a finger, then pressed the finger onto the mask.

According to the Spirit Devouring Scripture branded onto his mind, this was a simple method to take control of the mask.

His finger sank inside, deep into the mask's recesses. It pushed very far back, into a distant corner. There, face gloomy and uncooperative, was the Li Clan Patriarch.

“Your will is weak!” cried the Li Clan Patriarch shrilly. “Therefore, the mask tried to bewitch you!”

Meng Hao's finger paused before the Li Clan Patriarch. His eyes were cold, and he said nothing. After a moment, he pushed down, causing the Li Clan Patriarch to let out a shrill, depressed groan. His body grew dim as he was pressed down; it seemed as he might fade away.

“In the outside world, I could destroy you countless times over with a single finger!” roared the Li Clan Patriarch furiously. Filled with stubbornness, he glared out with fading eyes. Meng Hao's finger paused, then slowly moved back. But then, just when the Li Clan Patriarch was heaving a sigh of relief, it pushed back down onto him.

Another miserable cry rang out, not depressed, but anguished. The Li Clan Patriarch's body wasn't just growing dim, it was now draining Blood Qi. He looked incredibly dismal. However, he continued to hold his head up and glare at Meng Hao's finger.

“Was I bewitched by the mask itself, or were you secretly guiding it?” asked Meng Hao coolly.

“We're both well aware of what happened. These two finger attacks are punishment, and the repercussions have not disappeared. If it happens again, then I, Meng Hao, will be forced to break

our agreement and obliterate you from existence.” He pulled his finger back. The Li Clan Patriarch might look strong-willed on the surface, but was actually very perturbed on the inside. Fear lingered in his heart because of Meng Hao’s ruthless tactics.

Just now, he really had taken advantage of Meng Hao’s period of enlightenment regarding the Spirit Devouring Scripture. He had secretly used some special methods to influence the mask and try to get Meng Hao to wear it. Just when he thought he had succeeded, Meng Hao had come to his senses.

“This discarnate soul is very strange,” said Meng Hao, glancing at the mask. “It’s not because of the Blood Divinity, there must be some other reason.” Having removed his finger, he squeezed some blood to drop onto the spirit of the Li Clan Patriarch.

As the blood descended, it turned into a blood mist, which then enveloped the Li Clan Patriarch. Miserable screams echoed out. Meng Hao’s expression was as usual. He pulled back his Spiritual Sense, allowing the Li Clan Patriarch to continuously wail inside the mask.

A part of the Legacy Meng Hao had acquired was a warning from the Blood Immortal. Now he knew that he should not put the mask on casually. If he did, he might lose himself. The Blood Immortal hadn’t even explained the origin of the mask, and it seemed to have countless changes within it.

However, wearing it had many advantages. Many of the techniques and magic of the Blood Immortal Legacy could only be used while wearing the mask. For example, the four great magics.

Unfortunately, without a Core Foundation Cultivation base, the mask could not be worn under any circumstances.

That having been said, the techniques created by the Blood Immortal after his three defeats—the Finger, the Palm, and the Death World—did not require the use of the mask. Instead, they had been branded onto Meng Hao’s mind.

“Even though I’m the winner of the Legacy, I couldn’t control the power of the mask just now. And yet that discarnate soul could.... The mastiff clearly took over the mask and became the Weapon Spirit, so how could the discarnate soul have done it?” Meng Hao’s expression didn’t change, but this issue was certainly weighing on his heart. It was one of the reasons why he hadn’t simply slain the Li Clan Patriarch.

Putting the mask back into his bag of the Cosmos, Meng Hao sat silently in thought. He looked around carefully, then took out the copper mirror. Holding it in his hands, he examined it carefully.

If it weren't for the noise from the mirror just now, Meng Hao most certainly would have put on the mask. He wasn't sure what would have resulted, but considering the warning of the Blood Immortal, he couldn't help but feel a bit of fear in his heart.

"The sound just now was just like the call of a bird...." He looked at the copper mirror for a while, and even sent his Spiritual Sense into it. But nothing happened, so after some time passed, he put it back. Then, he lifted up the good luck charm he had acquired from Patriarch Reliance.

He had studied it in the past to no avail. But this time, as he held it in his hand, he rotated his Cultivation base and sent some spiritual energy into. Suddenly, his eyes gleamed.

"So, it does have a function.... I wonder how Elder Sister Xu is doing nowadays. I haven't seen her for so many years, I wonder if she'll remember me?" An image coalesced in Meng Hao's mind of Xu Qing's cold demeanor as she talked about the Cosmetic Enhancement Pill. A warm look appeared on his face.

"It's been so many years...." Meng Hao slowly raised his head and looked off into the distance. A long time passed before he rose to his feet and flew off of the barren mountain, heading off into the distance.

Half a month later. A walled city within the Black Sieve Sect territory. A bustling city of Cultivators. A young man sat in an inn, dressed in long, black scholar's robes. He sipped from a cup of alcohol he held in his hand. Occasionally he would lift his head to look out the window toward the city center, and the towering black pagoda there that rose up into the sky.

This young man's skin was a bit dark, but his demeanor was scholarly and refined. He had delicately chiselled features that, coupled with his scholar's clothes, truly gave him the air of a mortal intellectual.

He had a simple but elegant gait, with bright eyes that were filled with intelligence. His lips were pursed in a way that seemed to indicate he was not easy to approach.

This was none other than Meng Hao. He had arrived in this place a few days ago to confirm the widely spread rumours regarding the Black Sieve Sect.



He wanted to go see Xu Qing, but obviously couldn't just directly go looking for her. Instead, he figured he would take advantage of the gathering of rogue Foundation Establishment Cultivators called by the Black Sieve Sect. He wasn't sure exactly when the gathering was to take place, but he'd decided to come ahead to gather some information before making any final decision.

"I never imagined that there would actually be a Tower of Tang here...." he muttered to himself, his eyes sweeping over the black pagoda off in the distance.

Before, he had assumed that Towers of Tang only existed in the cities of mortal. But here one was, right in this city of Cultivators.

He looked quietly at the Tower of Tang for a while, then put down his cup of alcohol. In his hand appeared an ancient piece of jade, covered with cracks. It wasn't the Demon Sealing jade, but rather the good luck charm Meng Hao had taken from Patriarch Reliance.

He had studied it several times in the past but hadn't been able to determine its use. After establishing a Perfect Foundation, however, he had been able to reach some conclusions based on various clues.

"This good luck charm can actually shift a person's location.... it's like a random teleporter. Unfortunately, it's covered with cracks, and can only be used a few times." He turned the good luck charm over and over in his fingers. By casting his Spiritual Sense into, he could sense it emanating its teleportation ability.

"There is no set teleportation destination. In other words, once used, the good luck charm could send me anywhere. I can't just test it out randomly." He glanced over the good luck charm again, then put it away. Considering his experience with the roc, he didn't want to be taken anywhere beyond his control. Who knew what terrible situation he might find himself in?

As he sat in thought, more and more Cultivators began to fill up the inn. This place only sold one type of alcohol, brewed from bamboo. It didn't burn in the mouth, but upon sliding down the throat, it let off a burning heat. Once in the stomach, it burned even hotter, causing the whole body to heat up. Such a feeling is hard to describe. If you liked such a feeling, then you would end up loving it; if you didn't like it, you wouldn't be willing to drink a drop.

Not far from Meng Hao, a group of Cultivators was conversing in low voices.

“Everyone’s being a bit more cautious than usual. There’s a lot of unfamiliar Foundation Establishment Cultivators around lately....”

“That’s right. They’re all rogue Cultivators, fishes and dragons mixed together. In fact, I saw a guy a few days ago who had intense killing intent. I think he must be a savage Cultivator from the Black Lands.”

“They’re all here for the reward posted by the Black Sieve Sect. The Black Sieve Sect really didn’t hold anything back. They’re offering Sieve Earth Pills. Those are one of the five most effective pills for the Foundation Establishment stage. It’s even said that Grandmaster Pill Demon from the Violet Fate Sect sings its praises. No one outside of the Black Sieve Sect can concoct it.”

“It’s not that they can’t, it’s that they’re not able. Each Sieve Earth Pill is inscribed with a talismanic seal. Regardless of person or Sect, if any attempts to concoct it, they will face the threat of extermination by the Black Sieve Sect.”

From their tone, it was obvious that they coveted the Sieve Earth Pills. In the midst of their discussion, someone entered from outside. It was a young man wearing a black robe. His expression was ice cold, and as he stepped foot into the inn, his gaze swept the crowd before he took a seat in the corner. He produced a chip of iron about the size of a finger nail, which he fiddled with as he sat there thinking, occasionally looking around the room.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever. He lifted his cup to his mouth and took a drink.

He had been sitting there an entire day. Outside, the sun filled the sky with its glow. He had heard quite a bit about about the Black Sieve Sect’s gathering of Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

Anyone Cultivator of the Foundation Establishment stage could participate and receive a Sieve Earth Pill, regardless of background or heritage.

“Anyway, back to the point. What exactly is the Black Sieve Sect trying to accomplish? They’re one of the dignified five great Sects of the Southern domain. Why are they gathering so many Foundation Establishment Cultivators? There’s obviously something strange going on. To offer up Sieve Earth Pills shows that whatever it is, it’s obviously incredibly dangerous!”

“Brother Sun, your information is a bit out of date. According to the rumors that I heard, the Black Sieve Sect discovered the site of an ancient battle field. They’ve already tried to search it a few times, but were resisted by some ancient spell. If they can get enough Foundation Establishment

Cultivators to replace the eye of the spell, then they can break through. Obviously, it's incredibly dangerous."

"All of the rumors are just hearsay. Ancient battlefields are always incredibly inauspicious. No wonder the Black Sieve Sect is offering up Sieve Earth Pills!"

Although their voices were low, and not very clear within the inn, considering Meng Hao had three Perfect Dao Pillars and could hold his own against the late Foundation Establishment Stage, hearing the conversation of these individuals was not difficult.

A Perfect Foundation was a legend that had not appeared for tens of thousands of years. Once he reached the mid Foundation Establishment stage, he would be a match for Dao Children of the various Sects and Clans.

That having been said, having a Perfect Foundation was very dangerous. This danger came when it came time to pass into Core Formation. During that time, the Heavenly Tribulation would be incredibly powerful, far more powerful than that of the Foundation Establishment stage. Meng Hao wasn't sure if he could pass through it. After all, if he hadn't been assisted by the Blood Immortal and the Ancient Temple of Doom, then he surely would have perished under the Tribulation Lightning.

"Well, Core Formation Tribulation is very far away. I can think about it now, but I shouldn't worry too much." Meng Hao took another drink from his glass. A warm, burning sensation filled his body. Meng Hao thought about the information from Shangguan Xiu's turtle shell, which described the Perfect Foundation and the Perfect Gold Core.

"I wonder, when I reach Core Formation, will I be able to refine a Perfect Gold Core? What will that be like?" He hesitated for a moment, then put the matter aside. However, he had decided that he would begin to gather the ingredients needed to refine a Perfect Gold Core.

Dusk was approaching, and there were few Cultivators left in the inn. Meng Hao was just about to get up and leave, when suddenly his expression changed. He turned his head, looking further back into the inn. There in the corner, was the black-robed young man. He was no longer frowning, but instead, was staring coldly at Meng Hao. A killing aura slowly emanated from him, surrounding him and transforming into what seemed like a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

"You have something I need," he said coldly, his eyes fixed on Meng Hao.

As his cold voice rang out, the black-robed young man stood up. He strode forward to stand in front of Meng Hao's table. He stared at him coldly for a moment, then sat down.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he looked at the young man. He said nothing, instead raising the cup and taking another drink.

"You have a Thunderclap Leaf!" said the black-robed young man, looking at Meng Hao. He lifted his right hand revealing a chip of iron laying on his palm. It glinted and emitted a blackish green glow.

"This is not ordinary iron," he continued coolly, his bearing insufferably proud. "This is a treasure of wood-iron, birthed at the moment a tree was struck by lightning. It is especially sensitive to lightning-based medicinal materials, such as the Thunderclap Leaf. So, do you want to trade your Thunderclap Leaf?" He placed the chip of iron onto the table. The movement seemed ordinary, but as his hand moved, a glow burst out from his palm, which transformed into an arc of electricity that expanded out.

The young man was at the mid Foundation Establishment stage. As the arc of electricity spread out, his Cultivation base enveloped the area, including Meng Hao.

Killing intent slowly roiled out of him. It seemed as if Meng Hao were to even say half of the word "No," the young man would attack. His eyes glowed with coldness.

"Screw off," said Meng Hao indifferently, taking a sip of alcohol.

The instant he said this, the black-robed young man frowned.

"I haven't left the Black Lands for quite a few years. It seems people in the outside world have gotten really arrogant." A cold smile twisted the corners of his mouth as he slowly began to lift up his right hand. Meng Hao raised his head and looked at him.

As soon Meng Hao's eye met the young man, the young man's entire body began to tremble. The hand which he had begun to lift up instantly stopped moving. He didn't dare to lift it any further. His heart began to beat quickly. Meng Hao's eyes were like two sharp swords which pierced his own. His heart thundered, and his head roared. His Spiritual Sense seemed unstable, and an icy coldness seemed to grow within him, causing cold sweat to cover his body.

No killing intent radiated from his eyes; instead, it was replaced by astonishment. The pressure exuded by Meng Hao had caused the black-robed youth's body to instantly become stiff.

All of this was caused by a mere look from Meng Hao. This young man was not a Cultivator of the State of Clear Skies, but rather a savage Cultivator from the Black Lands. To him, bloody life-and-death battles were commonplace, so he had a sort of intuition when it came to matters of life and death. In this instant, he had a strong feeling that the person in front of him was not a Cultivator at the early Foundation Establishment stage, but some savage Spirit who could swallow him whole.

The intense coldness multiplied, and cold sweat dripped down his forehead. His heart beat rapidly, and he even felt as if his Cultivation base were being suppressed. His face fell, and he didn't dare to move.

The entire time, Meng Hao looked completely calm. Even though the person in front of him had emitted a killing aura, and was at the mid Foundation Establishment stage, it wouldn't take very long to slay him. Meng Hao put down his cup of alcohol. The a final glance at the black-robed youth one last time, he rose, flicking his sleeve and leaving the inn.

As he left, the black-robed young man's eyes suddenly flickered. He turned to look at Meng Hao's departing figure, his heart still fluttering with fear. A moment ago, he had been completely and utterly suppressed. It was not battle magic that had done it, but pure Spiritual Sense.

"What kind of Cultivation base does this guy actually have?" thought the black-robed youth, his face flickering. "It looks like Early Foundation Establishment, but his Spiritual Sense exceeds mine exponentially.... And although I couldn't sense any killing intent, as soon as he looked at me, my mind began to tremble." As Meng Hao disappeared into the distance, he suddenly stood up and began to walk after him.

"Fellow Daoist, please wait!" he blurted, "Senior, I am Lu Tao. Please, Fellow Daoist, hear me out." He hastened forward, nearing Meng Hao. His attitude was completely different than from before.

"I'm willing to pay for that Thunderclap Leaf," Lu Tao gushed as he approached Meng Hao. "If you can make yourself part with it, Fellow Daoist, I would be extremely grateful. Whatever you want for it, I'll give, as long as I have it. Let's talk it over." The pressure exuded by Meng Hao was considerable, but the Thunderclap Leaf was very important to Lu Tao, so he really had no other choice.

Meng Hao frowned, ignoring Lu Tao and proceeding forward.

“Fellow Daoist, I beg of you. No matter how many Spirit Stones, magical items or medicinal pills, I’m willing to negotiate. If I don’t have what you want, I can think of a way to acquire it to offer in trade.” He watched as Meng Hao continued to walk off toward a relatively remote area. This caused him to be a bit nervous; he knew that he had started out on the wrong foot, so, fearful that Meng Hao might suddenly attack him, he decided not to say anything more to provoke him.

“Fellow Daoist... are you here for the Sieve Earth Pills of the Black Sieve Sect?” he asked resolutely. “Nowadays it’s not hard to get your hands on them, but to get away safely is a different matter. Fellow Daoist, if you’re willing to have a business discussion regarding parting with your treasure, I can refer you to a disciple of the Black Sieve Sect. This disciple has information about the Black Sieve Sect that outsiders could never know, it will definitely increase your chances of getting away safely with your Sieve Earth Pill.” As the words left Lu Tao’s mouth, Meng Hao continued walking. They were now in a remote, abandoned alley.

“Fellow Daoist, senior,” Lu Tao said with a forced smile. “I very much wish to acquire the Thunderclap Leaf. It’s very important to me. Is there anything you would be willing to trade for it?” His pace slowed a bit.

Meng Hao suddenly stopped and turned. He looked at Lu Tao. There was neither happiness nor anger in his expression.

“Take out your wood-iron treasure and let me see it,” said Meng Hao coolly. His eyes flashed brightly.

When Lu Tao saw Meng Hao turn, it startled him. Without a word, he produced the wood-iron treasure and offered it toward Meng Hao. The iron chip flew toward Meng Hao, who grabbed it out of the air. He sent some Spiritual Sense into it. Immediately, he was able to sense the Thunderclap Leaf within his bag of the Cosmos. It emitted an aura of lightning that the iron chip absorbed. The iron chip then began to glitter.

“So, he’s not lying,” thought Meng Hao. “But, the whole thing seems a bit too coincidental.” He now knew that Lu Tao had used the iron chip to track him down because of the Thunderclap Leaf. But given his cautious personality, he still had some doubts.

“I do happen to have a Thunderclap Leaf. If you want to trade, then you’ll need to give a clear explanation of what you plan to do with it.” He waved his right hand, tossing the wood-iron treasure back to Lu Tao.

The Thunderclap Leaf was something that Meng Hao had acquired from Patriarch Reliance. And in fact, he had acquired not just a leaf, but an entire tree. It had been protected by a restrictive spell cast by Patriarch Reliance. However, Meng Hao wasn't sure of its exact use. All he knew was that the Lightning Flag could be used to envelop and protect the Thunderclap Leaves.

"Well..." Lu Tao hesitated a moment, looking at Meng Hao with a hint of irritation. Finally, he gritted his teeth and continued. "Senior, I have a life magic that can be refined from stone from the Lightning Fringe Mountains. In order to release its full power, I have spent the past few years searching everywhere for various Lightning-type items. However, none of them can compare to the Thunderclap Leaf. It's just that Thunderclap Leaves are very rare, so when I sensed yours, I was too eager, and accidentally offended you." In order to prove the reliability of his words, he pressed down on the pit of his stomach; an electric flow emerged from his mouth, which then transformed into a fist-sized rock. The rock was black, and its surface was encircled with arcs of electricity as well as tiny plant-like vines that resembled rattan.

"So, what was that you were saying about the Black Sieve Sect?" said Meng Hao coolly.

"I can help you find someone from the Black Sieve Sect," he gushed. "They don't usually interact with strangers. If you pay this person a little bit, you can find out the reason why the Black Sieve Sect has arranged the gathering of Cultivators.

"Fellow Daoist, if you're willing to trade me your Thunderclap Leaf, then I can take you to a secret meeting with me tonight. There will be about seven or eight other Fellow Daoists there, along with a prestigious member of the senior generation to act as host. Not only can you trade magical items, you can also trade information.

"One of the people there is a Black Sieve Inner Sect disciple.

"Fellow Daoist, please believe me. Nowadays, the State of Clear Skies has a bunch of dragons and snakes all jumbled together. There's good people and bad people all over the place. Cultivators from all sorts of Sects and Clans are here. Furthermore, there are many factions within the Black Sieve Sect. Of course there will be conflicts between them. Therefore, news is bound to spread. It's normal. Of course there's sure to be some bad information, but if all the information was fake, then no one would believe anything. So of course there will be some good information out there as well.

"You really will have to make your own judgement about that, and to trust your intuition."

“Let me think about it for a bit,” said Meng Hao, his face the same as ever. “If I make a decision, I’ll notify you.” It was impossible for anyone to tell what he was thinking. He threw a jade slip to Lu Tao, who was about to continue to try to persuade him. Before he could, Meng Hao left the alley, walking quickly away and soon disappearing. Lu Tao had no choice but to watch him leave. But then, his eyes began to shine.

“The Constellation Priest of the The Black Lands Sect sure charges an arm and a leg, but what he said was mostly true. I really was able to sense the Thunderclap Leaf in this place.... But now that I’ve found it, I have to think of some way to get it. Of course, since I infected this guy with my Qi Parasite, he’ll never be able to get away from me!

“With the Thunderclap Leaf, I can refine the legendary Eyeless larva!” He held the jade slip in hand, his eyes glittering. Of course he hadn’t explained to Meng Hao the true details of how he planned to use the Thunderclap Leaf. Lost in thought, Lu Tao turned and left.

What he hadn’t noticed was that behind him was an invisible phantom figure, in whose hand was a flying insect about the size of a finger nail. It was trapped, unable to fly. The figure stood a short distance away from Lu Tao, looking at him coldly. As Lu Tao left, the figure followed him.

This phantom was none other than Meng Hao, who had left, but had returned shortly afterward. He was using the invisibility talisman to secretly follow Lu Tao through the dark, starry night. Occasionally Lu Tao would take out the jade slip Meng Hao had given him. His face was gloomy as he eventually reached what appeared to be an ordinary mansion within the city. He knocked three times on the door, which then automatically slid open. Ripples seemed to spread out from the door as he entered.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao saw four or five more Cultivators approaching. It was hard to tell whether they were men or women, but they were all of the Foundation Establishment stage. One was even of the late Foundation Establishment stage. Their faces were wrapped up, and they hurried along to the mansion, using the same method as Lu Tao to gain entrance.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. With the twist of a finger, he crushed the bug in his palm, then ripped up the talisman that concealed him. He flicked his sleeve, changing into a new set of clothing. He donned a wide bamboo hat and then covered his face with a cloth mask. Then, he walked toward the mansion.

Chapter 140: Don’t You Know the Rules?



Meng Hao approached the mansion, lifted his hand, and knocked three times on the door. The door open inwardly without a noise. Inside, everything was pitch black. There seemed to be some kind of black-colored shield in place.

Looking at it, Meng Hao could see magical ripples on its surface, but nothing that indicated it would attack him. It was simply designed to control which Cultivators could enter. Meng Hao observed it for a moment, thinking back to the several people who had arrived before him. He quickly understood.

“This prevents anyone other than Foundation Establishment Cultivators from entering.” His face calm but covered by the bamboo hat, he strode forward into the shield.

Within the space of a few breaths, a soft glow appeared, shining into his eyes. He now stood outside of what appeared to be the palace of a mortal prince.

The palace was grand and imposing, like some enormous creature lying prone on the earth. It had a very solemn air to it. Outside the palace stood an old man wearing a Daoist robe. His expression was placid, and his Cultivation Base was at the late Foundation Establishment stage. When he saw Meng Hao, he approached, eyes shining.

He looked Meng Hao over and then quietly said, “Please produce your invitation slip, Fellow Daoist. If you have no invitation slip, then your Sect identification medallion will do.”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered beneath his bamboo hat. Without a word, he waved his hand and a medallion flew forward to land in the old man’s hand. The old man looked at it, and suddenly a look of respect appeared in his eyes. He handed the medallion back with two hands.

“So, you’re from the Violet...”

Meng Hao coughed, and the old man stopped talking. Without another word, he stepped back with a slight bow, allowing Meng Hao to continue.

Meng Hao took the medallion back and strode past the old man into the palace. The medallion was the same one he had taken from Ding Xin. This was his second time going under an assumed name, and he was a bit more used to it this time.

He knew that this place would be a jumble of dragons and fish, quite chaotic. If they were really strictly checking the identities of the participants, then how could it be called a secret meeting? Having observed the outside for some time to analyze the situation, he now felt calm and unhurried.

Upon entering the palace, he saw ornamental rock displays and streams over which arched dark green, wooden bridges. Not too far away was a pavilion, surrounded by musicians playing stringed instruments. The sound they produced was remarkable. Seven people were seated within the pavilion. Most of them maintained quite a bit of space from the others. As could be expected, they sat silently, sizing each other up.

When Meng Hao entered, their gazes all came to rest on him.

Three of the seven people wore masks. One of them was Lu Tao, who was sitting there frowning. His gaze passed over Meng Hao briefly.

Two others had not covered their faces. One was a woman who looked like a lady, and appeared to be about thirty years old. She wore splendid garments, and was quite good looking. She had an alluring look in her eyes that exuded charm. She looked at Meng Hao for a moment, then smiled and nodded.

Last, was a middle-aged man wearing a long, yellow robe. A lonely expression covered his face, and he held a flagon of alcohol in hand, which he constantly drank from. He gave Meng Hao a quick glance with eyes heavy from alcohol.

The features of the four others present were all concealed by masks. It wasn't even possible to tell if they were men or women.

Without batting an eyelid, Meng Hao entered the pavilion and selected a table to sit at. Looking around, he saw that there were only nine tables within the pavilion. Including his, eight of them were now occupied.

Obviously, the final table was reserved for the host, and not any other Cultivator.

After some time passed, a large man entered the palace from outside. He was at the mid Foundation Establishment stage. He was big and tall, so much so that it would have been useless for him to try to conceal his identity. He strode into the pavilion, cold and haughty.

As soon as he entered, he stopped in his tracks. His brow furrowed as he looked around.

“This is not the first time I, Xu, have joined this secret meeting,” he said coolly. “Today I came with an invitation, and yet, there’s no place for me. Which of you Fellow Daoists doesn’t understand the rules?” He smacked his bag of holding, and instantly a blue-colored jade slip appeared. Its surface was inscribed with a character: “Secret.”

The jade slip glowed softly. With a smile, the young lady lifted her delicate hand to reveal her own jade slip, which she placed on the table in front of her.

Next Lu Tao followed suit, along with some of the others. Soon, only Meng Hao and one of the other disguised Cultivators had not produced a jade slip.

One of the other two was emanating the power of the late Foundation Establishment stage. This person sat there calmly, completely ignoring the large man. Not daring to say anything, the large man’s eyes came to rest on Meng Hao and the other person. Both of them were only at the Early Foundation Establishment stage. The large man’s eyes glittered coldly.

“You two. If you can’t show me a jade slip, then you can just get the hell out of here. Give me a seat. If you don’t, then you won’t be leaving this place alive.” His voice was filled with killing intent, which transformed into a coldness that filled the area. The rest of the people in the pavilion continued to look on with various expressions. None of them seemed willing to interfere; apparently they had no qualms whatsoever about observing a magical battle to the death.

Meng Hao said nothing, and neither did the other disguised person.

Everything was quiet within the pavilion.

The large man surnamed Xu snorted, and then strode, not toward Meng Hao, but to the other person, who happened to be a bit closer to where he stood.

His eyes shining brightly, he was about to raise his right hand when suddenly, a light cough could be heard. It echoed throughout the pavilion, and as it did, everyone inside, including the hulking Xu, turned their heads.

An old man wearing a long, yellow robe entered. His face was placid, and his body seemed to be somewhere in-between illusory and real. He didn't seem to be moving quickly, yet within three or four steps was already inside the pavilion.

“Salutations, Fellow Daoist Qingshan.”

“Greetings, Fellow Daoist Qingshan.” The instant the old man appeared, everyone with the exception of Meng Hao, instantly stood up. Meng Hao's expression flickered, and then he, too, stood and clasped hands in salute to the old man.

“There's no need to be so formal,” said the old man coolly. “All of you are heroes of the current generation in the Southern Domain. I am merely here to host this secret meeting. Please proceed.” He sat down at the ninth table and looked at the assembled people, his eyes bright and shining. Finally, they came to rest on the large fellow surnamed Xu.

Being gazed upon by the old man caused him to lower his head respectfully. Meng Hao did the same. This old man was a Foundation Establishment Cultivator, but was clearly beyond the late Foundation Establishment stage. He was halfway to entering Core Formation, so he would be classified as a Pseudo Core Cultivator.

A person like this in the State of Zhao would have a position higher than Grand Elder. His presence made Meng Hao a little bit nervous, but also led to some guesses about the whole thing.

“Fellow Daoist Qingshan,” said the hulking Xu nervously. Bracing himself, he said, “I invite you to take charge of justice. I bear an invitation, and yet someone here has stolen my position.” He clasped hands and gave a deep, respectful bow.

“Who stole your position?” asked the old man lightly. His gaze was like lightning as it casually fell onto Meng Hao.

“This person!” cried the hulking Xu, raising his hand and pointing at the other disguised Cultivator.

That cultivator gave a cold harrumph. From the clear ring of the voice, it was obviously a woman.

“That is my personal guest,” said the old man, speaking neither fast nor slow, as if the affairs of these Cultivators was beneath his interest. “She could not have stolen your position.”

Hearing this, the hulking Xu gaped for a moment. But then, his gaze swept over to Meng Hao. A cold light appeared in his eyes. Since one of the two people was invited, that left only one without a jade slip. This must be the person who stole his seat.

Everyone was now looking at Meng Hao, even the woman who had just humphed coldly. She looked over at Meng Hao with icy eyes.

Beneath his wide, bamboo hat, Meng Hao's expression was the same as always.

"Anyone who comes to this place has the qualifications to attend the meeting," said the old man placidly. "However, if you do not have an invitation slip, then you must wait outside the pavilion. When the time comes to conduct business, you may only place bids if everyone inside the pavilion has renounced claim."

"So, it was you who stole my place," said Xu. "You don't know the difference between life and death! There's no need to get up. If I don't tear you to pieces today, then I'll become a laughingstock." Xu had an irritable personality to begin with. Having his seat taken away in front of everyone had long since stoked his killing intent. His body flashed as the power of the mid Foundation Establishment stage exploded out of him. He charged directly toward Meng Hao.

No one moved to interfere. Even the old man just watched coolly.

When he was about three meters away from Meng Hao, he lifted his hand, causing a massive magical palm to appear and descend toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao sat there just as before. He simply lifted his left hand and waved a finger toward the hulking man.

When he waved his finger, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth within the entire palace was thrown into chaos. At the same time, the hulking man's expression changed. He suddenly felt as if he had lost control of his Cultivation base, and was now completely suppressed.

This caused the pupils of the surrounding Cultivators to constrict, including old man Qingshan. Meng Hao's right hand waved, and instantly, a roaring, three hundred meter long Flame Dragon appeared. Xu screamed as it shot down into his body.

His entire body shook violently. A look of disbelief and shock covered his face, and then despair. His skin burst into flame. A great wind buffeted him, slamming him into the ground. In the blink of an eye, his stalwart frame was reduced to bits of ash that drifted in the air.

The only thing left was a bag of holding. It flew up and into Meng Hao's hand. He patted it lightly, then produced a jade slip upon which was inscribed the character "Secret." He placed it on the table.

"Here is my invitation slip," he said. The others couldn't see his expression, as it was hidden by the bamboo hat. They could only hear his raspy voice coming out from underneath it.