

# The Heavens 201

## Chapter 201: The Dao Child Fights!

This could also be considered bloodless killing, because any shed blood was instantly cleansed by the pouring rain. The cleansing nature of the rain made Meng Hao more than happy to fight in the downpour. He didn't waste power from his Cultivation base to push the rain away from him.

He slowly released his hand and then turned. Rainwater poured off of his chin and hair, soaking his clothes. Lightning flashed in the darkness of night, and Meng Hao suddenly seemed to emanate a demonic aura.

The surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples were shocked. They looked at Meng Hao, not with contempt, but with concentration.

The Black Sieve Sect Dao Child Zhou Jie looked at Meng Hao with narrowed eyes. He didn't attack, though, but continued to hold aloft the incense burner. Smoke curled up from it and was rapidly coalescing in mid-air. "Kill this person at any cost," he said, his cold voice ringing out in the dark, stormy night.

There were more than ten Cultivators surrounding Meng Hao. Hearing the words of the Dao Child, they immediately prepared to attack. Magical techniques and treasured weapons of all sorts instantly bore down on Meng Hao. Booming sounds filled the air. This would be the most intense battle Meng Hao had ever faced; each and every one of these Cultivators was of the late Foundation Establishment stage.

As a matter of fact, a small Sect wouldn't even be able to produce so many Cultivators of this level. A medium-sized Sect, even if they had so many, would never dispatch them all simultaneously. To any Sect, disciples of the late Foundation Establishment stage were good fortune from the Heavens. If even one from a group this size could reach Core Formation, he would be crucially important to the Sect.

Only a super Sect like the Black Sieve Sect had such extensive resources to be able to afford to dispatch so many late Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. If he had not created his fifth Dao Pillar, then this battle would be extremely difficult, and potentially fatal. But now, with his fifth Dao Pillar, he was invincible to the

battle power of the Foundation Establishment stage. Actually, you could say that currently, Meng Hao was the most powerful person under the Core Formation stage in the entire Southern Domain!

He laughed coldly as the Black Sieve Sect disciples approached. His left hand made a grasping motion in the air, and immediately, the Flame Dragon appeared in the form of the Flying Rain-Dragon. It didn't completely appear, however. Meng Hao simply borrowed some of its heat to transform the surrounding sheets of rainwater into a thick mist.

As the mist roiled about, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, and the two wooden swords flew out. They circled around him for a moment, and then shot away.

The mist seethed, covering up the entire area so that nothing was visible. The heat in the area continued to turn the rain into mist. Thunder pealed out, and lightning crashed down. One after another, blood-curdling screams rang out from within the mist.

Meng Hao's shadow flitted about inside, carrying death with it. The two wooden swords swept out in front of him, severing the head of a Black Sieve Sect disciple. The disciple's eyes filled with astonishment in the instant before he died.

The sounds of slaughter drifted out. Meng Hao moved like a specter. Cracking sounds rang out from his right hand as he crushed another Cultivator. He tossed the body up ahead to block an incoming spear. A boom rang out as the corpse exploded to pieces. Meng Hao strode forward.

He waved his right arm, summoning the Wind Blade. It shot out, slicing another body to bits. The pieces of the corpse shot out from the mist and fell onto the ground.

Zhou Jie frowned when he saw this. However, he continued to manipulate the incense burner. The smoke drifting up from it appeared to be about sixty percent congealed.

Suddenly, another miserable shriek sounded out from within the mist. A Black Sieve Sect disciple, his body half destroyed, stumbled out. Just when it seemed he would escape successfully, Meng Hao's hand shot out and grabbed him by the top of the head. He pushed down, and the Cultivator screamed. Meng Hao's face emerged for a moment from the mist. He looked over at Zhou Jie.

Zhou Jie looked back, and as their gazes locked, Meng Hao smiled, and then disappeared back into the mist. He released his hand, and the Black Sieve Sect disciple slumped to the ground dead, his eyes still wide open.

Zhou Jie trembled at the sight of it, and an unsightly expression appeared on his face. The screams from within the mist seemed to be growing further and further apart. The booms grew weaker. Suddenly, a figure emerged from the mist.

“Elder Brother Zhou, save me!” cried one of the Black Sieve Sect disciples. His right arm had been severed, and a horrified expression covered his face. Despite his all-out push to escape, the words were barely out of his mouth when a meter-long phantom hand shot out from the mist. It moved at incredible speed, catching up to the escaping Cultivator in the blink of an eye.

It slammed into him, and a deafening explosion filled the air. The Cultivator’s body began to tremble, and he opened his mouth to say something. Before he could, his body exploded.

By this time, the mist surrounding Meng Hao was beginning to dissipate. Meng Hao walked out. From the look of his robe and long hair, he seemed like a weak scholar. But the coldness in his eyes caused Zhou Jie to tremble.

More than ten Cultivators of the late Foundation Establishment stage... and only Meng Hao had emerged alive from the mist.

“Your excellency’s methods are a bit too ruthless,” said Zhou Jie, slowly lowering his hand. He knew that he had run out of time, and wouldn’t be able to continue his work with the incense burner.

The Black Sieve Sect had completely misjudged Meng Hao’s Cultivation base.

Actually, Patriarch Violet Sieve had received information regarding Meng Hao’s Cultivation base from the their Sect Elder who was currently in the Song Clan. He knew that his power exceeded that of the mid Foundation Establishment stage, and was more akin to the late Foundation Establishment stage.

However, Zhou Jie was now well aware that Meng Hao’s battle power was not comparable to the late Foundation Establishment stage. In fact, it could exhibit terrifying pressure that exceeded such power.

After close observation just now, Zhou Jie got the powerful sense that his opponent's spiritual power was completely different from that of others. It looked like spiritual power, but it seemed to somehow be branded specifically to Meng Hao.

Logically speaking, the spiritual power of magical techniques with which Meng Hao attacked, should eventually dissipate back into Heaven and Earth. However, the power left over by Meng Hao's attacks did not dissolve away. Instead, they seemed to be rejected by Heaven and Earth. They just floated there like oil on water.

It seemed that the explosiveness of this rejected power was one of the reasons Meng Hao was so powerful. Zhou Jie reached these conclusions quickly, but couldn't figure out any solution to the problem. Fear filled his heart.

Because of this explosiveness, Meng Hao might be only at the mid Foundation Establishment stage, but decimating the late Foundation Establishment stage was as easy for him as crushing dry weeds and smashing rotten wood. That... was obvious!

Meng Hao's spiritual power was different. It belonged only to him. The spiritual energy of others belonged to Heaven and Earth. By practicing breathing techniques, Cultivators could borrow it. Based on the various stages of Cultivation, the amount of time it could be borrowed varied. However, regardless of anything, all of the spiritual energy would once again return to Heaven and Earth upon death.

It was a cycle. Just like the nine paths in front of the gray-robed old man atop the World Tree, it was a rule of Heaven and Earth.

"I'm actually not ruthless," said Meng Hao indifferently, "you people are. Actually, I'm pretty softhearted. However, your presence here is a bit of a problem." He waved his hand, causing the mist behind him to disperse fully. The rain descended onto the two of them, seemingly dividing them inseparably. However, their gazes locked, and their expressions grew fiercer.

"I am Zhou Jie, Dao Child of the Black Sieve Sect!" Zhou Jie suddenly lifted his hand. In it appeared a one foot long, blue-colored joss stick. The joss stick was lit, and smoke curled up from its end to form the shape of a sword that glowed mysteriously. This was clearly no ordinary joss stick.

"I am Meng Hao from the State of Zhao," said Meng Hao coolly. His right hand flashed an incantation gesture, and the two wooden swords appeared and rotated around him slowly. They

emanated glowing sword auras, and emitted a droning buzz that made seem as if they thirsted for blood.

This was not the first time Meng Hao had faced a Dao Child in battle. The first time was when he had fought Li Daoyi, and had forced him to flee, severing his arm in the process. Then he had encountered Li Shiqi, and had competed against her in demonstrations of strength. Now he was up against Zhou Jie.

“I had three Dao Pillars when I fought Li Daoyi,” Meng Hao thought. “I had four when I faced Li Shiqi. Now I have five. I will now prove that the power of my five Perfect Dao Pillars is invincible in the Foundation Establishment stage!” An exuberant gleam appeared in his eyes. The two wooden swords seemed as if they could sense Meng Hao’s desire for battle. Their droning grew even louder, and their sword auras gleamed even more brightly.

“You look just like a woman I met while traveling a few years ago. I pursued her, but nothing ever came of it. She wasn’t named Meng, though.” Zhou Jie shook his head. Actually, Meng Hao was a person who he believed deserving of his respect. In truth, among the Foundation Establishment Cultivators of the Southern Domain, he had only ever respected about ten people. Each and every one of them was a Dao Child!

But today, he recognized Meng Hao’s existence. Meng Hao was someone who could stand shoulder to shoulder with the current generation of Dao Children.

Even as the words left his mouth, Zhou Jie’s body exploded with the power of the great circle of Foundation Establishment. It rippled out, causing his hair to fly about. The rainwater around him shot away from him, as if it didn’t dare to touch him. A fierce look filled his eyes as he strode toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and he too began to stride forward. His Spiritual Sense shot out.

Rain fell around them as this battle of those at the peak of the Foundation Establishment began!

Chapter 202: Confrontation of the Peaks!

The multiple layers of clouds overhead smashed into each other, and the sound of thunder shook the earth. Down below, Meng Hao and Zhou Jie strode toward each other. Their eyes locked, and the power of their Spiritual Sense rocketed forward.

An attack of Spiritual Sense is formless and invisible. In terms of killing potential, though, its power far exceeds that of magical items!

Mutually caught in each other's gazes, Meng Hao and Zhou Jie both began to tremble. Zhou Jie felt like he was being crushed by innumerable mountains. Blood oozed out from the corners of his mouth. He set his jaw, and a look of ferocity sprang up onto his face.

Meng Hao seemed affected too. He pursed his lips, however, and no blood appeared. He snorted coldly, and then continued to walk forward. As the step descended, both people once again trembled.

Zhou Jie's face was a bit pale. He could tell that he was not superior in terms of Spiritual Sense. Without hesitation, he retreated several paces, flashing an incantation gesture with his left hand. The foot long joss stick in his right hand immediately let off twisting strands of smoke which transformed into a curved blade that shot toward Meng Hao.

As the blade flew through the air, the smoke which comprised it began to spread out. Soon the outline of a figure could be seen. It appeared as if a person were holding the curved blade, chopping it directly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. His left hand formed an incantation gesture, and the two seemingly eager wooden swords emitted an intense droning sound and then transformed into two beams of light which split the air as they sped toward the curved blade.

They arrived in an instant. There was no evasion, no twirling around. The two attacks seemed to be archenemies. They slammed into each other so powerfully, that it was clear one would be destroyed.

A boom echoed out, and Meng Hao waved both of his hands. It was as if there were invisible strings attaching the wooden swords to him; they immediately began to emit an intense sword aura that rippled out to fill the area. Everything started to shake. Who would possibly dare to approach?

A booming sounded out, and a strange look appeared in Zhou Jie's eyes. He lifted his left hand and waved it in front of him, then pressed down on the joss stick in his right hand. More smoke billowed out; in the blink of an eye, it transformed into more than ten weapons, each of them wielded by a phantom figure. All of them charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face was the same as ever as he looked at the approaching smoke phantoms. He lifted his hands, then extended them outward. The two wooden swords emitted explosive screeching

sounds. Suddenly, all of the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth seemed to rush toward them. The sword auras surrounding them expanded by thirty meters, and the swords themselves seemed to transform into two flying Sword Dragons which circled around Meng Hao.

A roaring sound echoed out from the approaching smoke phantoms as, one after another, they disintegrated, incapable of approaching Meng Hao.

“So you like defense,” said Zhou Jie coolly. “I can help with that.” A cold light shone in his eyes as his left hand flashed with another incantation gesture and then pressed up against the joss stick. It burned more furiously, and large quantities of smoke poured out. The smoke formed layers which expanded out in concentric rings.

Each new smoke ring was larger than the one before it. Soon, more than a hundred rings had formed, which then shot toward Meng Hao. They spun around him, as if in an attempt to envelop him.

The smoke rings seemed about to swallow him up, and yet Meng Hao’s expression didn’t change in the least bit. He opened his mouth, and the lightning mist appeared. In the past, the lightning mist had absorbed Tribulation Lightning, as well as some of the will of the lightning in the square cauldron. At the moment, it seemed to be undergoing another bizarre transformation. As it spread out, thunder crashed up above in the sky.

The lightning mist seemed to be affecting the clouds, causing them to congregate, as if lightning would begin to crash down at any moment. It seemed that the area outside of Meng Hao’s lightning mist would soon become a sea of lightning!

The mist expanded, and then the lightning crashed down; roaring filled the sky. The instant the smoke rings were touched by the lightning, they exploded into fragments.

Zhou Jie’s eyes narrowed. He had never expected such a tactic. Meng Hao walked forward, surrounded by the lightning mist.

The mist around him roiled, and thunderous booms filled the air. Incited by the lightning, the two wooden swords exploded with the vicious will of extermination. Meng Hao’s hair whipped around his head and rain poured down around him. Anyone who saw him would be struck to the heart with a frightening, demonic sensation.

Suddenly, a domineering aura began to emanate from Meng Hao, the first time such an aura had appeared on him!

“Actually,” said Meng Hao casually, “what I like best is attacking.” He strode forward, seemingly filled with overwhelming power. He was like some sort of ancient wild beast, ready to conquer the world.

Zhou Jie’s expression flickered as he suppressed the desire to retreat. Meng Hao now seemed completely different than he had been moments ago when he had been defending himself. He seemed to overflow with ferocity, as if he had previously been a sheathed sword... which had just been drawn!

It was time to display some skill!

One step, two steps, three steps.... With each step that Meng Hao took, thunder boomed even louder. Lightning filled the sky. The complete power of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base exploded out, bolstered by his expanding Spiritual Sense. Zhou Jie was shocked, and he knew that he must not allow Meng Hao to gather more momentum. If that happened, he would be very difficult to stop.

Just as Meng Hao’s third step landed, Zhou Jie’s eyes filled with determination. He loosened his right hand, and the joss stick, which was now little more than half a foot long, suddenly flew up.

Veins of blood shot through Zhou Jie’s eyes as both hands flickered with an incantation gesture. He shoved his hands out in front of him.

“Green Smoke Exterminating the East Pass!” He spoke the words in conjunction with the outstretching of his hands. The joss stick ignited, burning a significant amount of its length to create a thick smoke which flew straight toward Meng Hao.

“Burst!” cried Zhou Jie. The thick smoke suddenly exploded outward. Everything in the area shook violently, and the noise from the explosion drowned out the sound of thunder. The smoke even covered up the lightning as it rippled out in greenish waves that carried deadly, exterminating power.

Meng Hao’s body shook. The lightning mist around him quivered, and then simply burst apart under the strength of the attack. The two wooden swords fought against the incoming attack, and Meng Hao flew backward four or five paces. Blood seeped out from the corners of his mouth.



“It seems that Dao Children from the great Sects really are pretty badass....” Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eye flickered. Zhou Jie stood there, his face somewhat pale. However, his eyes gleamed as he extended his hands forward in another incantation.

More of the joss stick burned away. Now, it was barely two inches long. Thick smoke roiled toward Meng Hao.

“Burst!” howled Zhou Jie, more lines of blood appearing in his eyes. Even as the smoke exploded out, Meng Hao lifted his right hand and struck it forward five times.

Black Sieve Five Strikes!

The five strikes were executed with extreme speed, and were completed in the blink of an eye. As the exterminating smoke mist expanded out, an enormous hand appeared in front of Meng Hao. It shot directly toward the smoke.

An earth-shaking boom resonated out. All of the raindrops in the area exploded into minuscule drops of water. Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed, and he shot backward a pace. His five Perfect Dao Pillars rotated, and made the five-strike attack over and over again.

One giant hand, two giant hands. In the blink of an eye, no less than ten giant hands appeared in front of Meng Hao. It was a frightening sight. All of the hands glowed with a golden light as they whistled through the air toward Zhou Jie.

Zhou Jie’s eyes were nearly completely filled with blood. His hands flickered continuously with incantation gestures. The joss stick was now completely burned away. The smoke mist it created shot toward Meng Hao’s incoming hand attacks. When they slammed into each other, a huge boom filled the air.

A gale force wind shot outward, and ripples emanated out in the air. The trees swayed backward, and the rainwater was transformed into a mist. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and yet, his expression grew fiercer.

Zhou Jie staggered backward seven or eight steps, and, unable to control himself, coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. His face was pale, and yet his eyes gleamed brightly.

Neither of them spoke, as they stared at each other. Both of them knew that this battle... was far from over.

Zhou Jie had only used one magical item. He hadn't even employed any of the magical techniques of his Sect, nor any killing moves. Neither had Meng Hao.

They looked at each other for the space of three breaths, whereupon Zhou Jie lifted his head up to the sky and laughed. "The Great Black Clouds Palm! What a familiar magical technique! Brother Meng, since you know this technique, I think today would be a good opportunity to exchange some pointers. Let me show you why the Black Sieve Sect's Great Black Clouds Palm is known by the moniker Black Clouds!" He lifted his right hand, and his breathing suddenly seemed to become strange and ragged. As his hand rose, illusory images appeared.

Each image was the shape of a hand. In total, twenty-six of them appeared. Zhou Jie's eyes narrowed, and he stretched his hand out toward Meng Hao.

"This is the true Great Black Clouds Palm!" As Zhou Jie's voice rang out, he struck forward, and an enormous hand appeared. It emitted a black glow, and as it formed it seemed to be composed of mist. This black mist was none other than the namesake black clouds!

The Black Clouds Palm screamed through the air toward Meng Hao, filling the area with a thunderous roar. Be it in terms of profundity or power, this attack vastly exceeded the incomplete version which Meng Hao had learned.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed, but he said nothing. This was his personality; when engaged in magical battle, he would rarely speak. Everything he wanted to say was said in attacks. By not speaking, he increased the viciousness of those attacks.

He lifted his right hand and used his index finger to slice open a cut on his thumb. As the blood flowed out, everything in Meng Hao's eyes turned red.

Chapter 203: I am Strong! I Shall Take My Stand!

Blood Immortal Legacy!

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!

These words contained magical powers. For the power to be unleashed required a sufficient Cultivation base, namely, Core Formation. Meng Hao was well aware that he was incapable of using it.

However, the Blood Finger, the Blood Palm and the Blood Death World, did not have a Cultivation base requirement. With sufficient spiritual energy, they could be unleashed. In addition to the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, these were his killing moves.

Upon the path he trod to reach this day, Meng Hao had used the Blood Finger technique multiple times. It was clearly uniquely powerful, enough to shock anyone who saw it being used. The world in front of Meng Hao appeared to be red, which was a sign of the Blood Finger. Meng Hao had long since gotten used to this blood-red world. He looked at Zhou Jie, and the massive hand formed by the Black Sieve Sect's magical technique, Great Black Clouds Palm. It screamed through the air toward him.

The hand itself seemed to be formed from black colored mist, and yet it was also interlaced with a strange Qi. As the hand approached, it seemed to grow larger and larger. Meng Hao could imagine that soon it would fill his entire vision, and blot out the rest of the world.

It made him think back to the time in the State of Zhao when Lord Revelation had floated in the air above the Reliance Sect, and sent a palm strike down into the ground. At that time, he had been too weak to even struggle. The palm destroyed the Reliance Sect, and left a massive hand print in the earth.

But a red blur had appeared in the sky, like a sword that could sever Heaven and Earth. It split the hand in two, saving Meng Hao. In his mind, Meng Hao could see that massive hand descending upon him.

Of course, Zhou Jie couldn't even come close to comparing with Lord Revelation. And yet, the scene today was very reminiscent....

Meng Hao suddenly smiled, a wordless, soundless smile. He lifted his hand toward the incoming palm. The incoming palm attack grew closer and larger, kicking up a fierce wind which sent Meng Hao's clothes and hair whipping about...

Meng Hao lifted the thumb of his right hand, and then slashed it toward the incoming Great Black Clouds Palm.

This slash was like a flash of blinding light in the midst of pitch blackness. It was a slash like the brightness seen when opening the eyes for the first time. This slash was just like the one the Demon Lord had used to sever Lord Revelation's palm attack. This slash... was evidence of the enlightenment Meng Hao had experienced underneath that massive palm in the Reliance Sect in State of Zhao!

I am strong! I shall take my stand!

A roaring boom filled the air. Meng Hao stood there, not moving a muscle. The massive incoming palm was a mere seven inches from him when a huge crack appeared, beginning at the top of the middle finger and snaking down all the way down through the gigantic palm. Then it split out, growing wider and wider. Meng Hao stood there calmly, safely, as the palm passed by. Wind screamed, buffeting his hair wildly. However, in the midst of the whipping hair, his eyes shined brightly. They were like sunlight in the dark of night. Anyone who caught sight of it would find the light... blinding!

"Do you want to keep going?" asked Meng Hao calmly, flicking his sleeve.

Zhou Jie stood there silently, looking at Meng Hao. Bitterness arose in his heart, but a moment later, the will to fight once again sparked to life in his eyes.

"Of course I want to keep going," he replied coolly. "From the moment I became Dao Child until now, I've never been defeated." He took a breath, waving his hand toward the incense burner off to the side. Instantly, the incense burner began to tremble. Cracks appeared on its surface, and popping sounds rang out as it collapsed into pieces. "No one should interfere with our fight now." His words were simple, and so were his actions. However, this simplicity revealed incredible power, the power of a true expert. It was only the seed of power, but even that little bit caused Meng Hao's eyes to narrow.

"He's cut off his own path of retreat," thought Meng Hao. "With nowhere to run to, he can only rely on himself, and will be forced to utilize all of the power he can muster. This Zhou Jie really is an outstanding person."

He nodded.

Zhou Jie lifted his hand and then pressed down onto his bag of holding. From within, five glittering strands of light emerged. Suddenly, the darkness around them disappeared as brilliant light filled the air. The bright light was emanated from what now hovered in front of Zhou Jie. Five glowing swords!

Five glittering swords, glowing with a variety of colors!

Zhou Jie reached out and extended his fingers. The five swords moved to his fingers, one hovering beneath each.

“Sieve Moon Mother Earth, Heaven Splitting Sword Formation!” Zhou Jie’s hand pushed down toward the ground. As it did, the brightly glowing swords also shot down, and then disappeared.

The instant the swords disappeared, Meng Hao’s pupils constricted, and he shot backward six paces.

Almost simultaneously, the five swords suddenly reappeared out of thin air. They shot upward, heading directly toward Meng Hao, who was still in the midst of retreating.

The glittering light they emitted was dazzling as they screamed through the air. They were winding beams that were instantly upon Meng Hao, their sword auras billowing up to the sky. The sword Qi seemed to have locked Meng Hao up tightly; death surrounded him in all directions.

“Interesting,” said Meng Hao, his eyes narrowing. He lifted the thumb of his right hand and waved it toward the five swords.

A boom filled the air, and suddenly a blood-colored shield surrounded Meng Hao, thirty meters in each direction. The five swords slammed into the shield, causing a massive roar to echo out.

Zhou Jie coughed up some blood and then flickered in an incantation with both hands. The five swords emitted a shrill screaming sound. A flash of light burst out, and the five swords turned into twenty five swords!

The swords filled the air as they shot once again toward Meng Hao. Their intense power caused Meng Hao to be filled with a sense of life-or-death danger.

However, his expression remained the same as ever. As the twenty five swords shot toward him, he flicked his sleeve. The power of his Cultivation base roiled out. He slashed his index finger with his thumb causing blood to pour out. Using the power of two Blood Fingers, he gestured up into the air.

Boom!

The massive explosion was enough to distort one's vision. Everything in the area seemed to twist. The twenty five swords were blocked. Zhou Jie let out a howl. He pushed his hands against his chest, and veins popped out on his face. The twenty five swords flew up into the sky, and in an instant, transformed. One hundred and twenty five swords now filled the sky. From all directions, they descended upon Meng Hao.

They slammed into the glowing blood shield, which distorted and began to retract. In the blink of an eye, it had shrunk by nearly ten meters. Nearly half of the swords passed through it, pressing on toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and slashed a third and fourth finger. Four fingers were now filled with the power of the Blood Immortal Legacy. The glow of blood filled the air as Meng Hao slashed the fifth finger!

The five fingers were covered in blood, forming the shape of a bloody handprint. This was the second of the three Legacy techniques, which contained power exceeding the Blood Finger. This was... the Blood Palm!

The Blood Palm appeared, filling the sky with a shocking roar. A massive blood-colored palm magically coalesced above Meng Hao's hand. He waved his hand, and the bright red, bloody glow spread out, sweeping through the sword formation and causing the more than one hundred glittering swords to tremble and fly backward. Meng Hao took a step forward, waving his hand once again.

A roaring sound could be heard as the space three hundred meters surrounding Meng Hao suddenly was filled with the image of an enormous, blood-colored hand. Meng Hao stood at its very center. The massive hand shot into the air, then clenched into a fist.

Zhou Jie's face twisted. He coughed up more blood and rapidly flashed some incantation gestures in an attempt to regather his glittering swords. Instead, his face drained of blood.

The more than one hundred swords were apparently under the control of the massive clenched fist. They struggled as if they wished to free themselves, but were unable to.

Thirty of the swords trembled so violently that they eventually let out plaintive whines and collapsed into pieces.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. Roaring filled the air as thirty more flying swords disintegrated, and then another thirty. Finally, another thirty...

In the space of a few breaths, all of the flying swords were shattered to pieces by the massive clenched fist. The blood-colored hand slowly disappeared. As it did, five glittering, crack-filled swords appeared in front of Meng Hao.

“I have one last technique!” said Zhou Jie through clenched teeth. His eyes were crimson as Meng Hao waved his hand, sending the five glittering swords into his bag of holding.

“Black Sieve, Immortal Subjugation!” howled Zhou Jie. His left hand pushed down on his forehead. At the same time, he waved his right hand. Instantly, dozens of jade slips flew out. Cracking sounds filled the air as each and every one cracked into pieces. A sweet, beautiful aroma filled the air. However, it quickly turned into a disgusting odor which made one wish to vomit out their internal organs.

Suddenly, a Qi filled the entire area, which seemed to belong to Zhou Jie...

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered. Suddenly, the archaic voice from the Demon Sealing Jade echoed in his mind.

“A hosts of evil spirits which call themselves Immortals

Meng Hao was used to the sudden appearance of the voice in his mind. He looked over at Zhou Jie, sensing the increasingly powerful Qi which radiated out from him. Zhou Jie’s twisted face no longer looked handsome. Instead, it seemed as if countless faces of others were flickering atop his own.

Anguish filled Zhou Jie’s face, and it appeared as if he couldn’t hold on much longer. Slowly, the life began to drain away, and his face began to grow dark. It turned out this technique could not be used by someone of the Foundation Establishment stage, not even...

A Dao Child!

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!” Meng Hao slowly lifted his hand. A Qi suddenly began to emanate from him that outsiders would not notice, but was absolutely visible to the countless bizarre spirits which were currently pouring into Zhou Jie.

The legion of faces which hovered on top of Zhou Jie’s face, one and all, filled with expressions of terror...

Chapter 204: The League of Demon Sealers!

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

This was the only technique among the Demon Sealing Sect’s magic that Meng Hao had truly mastered. You might even say that it was not a magical technique, but a divine ability!

Every generation of Demon Sealers must create a new hex, and this one was created by the Eighth Generation Demon Sealer. As the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, Meng Hao should have been prepared to face everything. However, Patriarch Reliance had ruined everything. Had it not been for a host of coincidences, as well as good fortune, Meng Hao would never have been able to learn the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

He took a deep breath and lowered his right hand. Ghost images appeared of everything in sight. Meng Hao’s body trembled, and the world shook. Everything folded in onto Zhou Jie, causing countless ghost images to appear around him.

All of this takes some time to describe, but in fact happened in an instant. The ghost images began to vanish. Miserable screams echoed out from Zhou Jie; the voices did not belong to him, but rather the spirits which had entered his body.

Zhou Jie’s body trembled, and his eyes were filled with confusion. A pulsating black aura drifted out from his body. The aura was extremely dense, and within it could be seen nine phantoms, images of old men with faces twisted in insanity and horror. They glared at Meng Hao.

No observer would be able to see these images... neither could they hear... the blood-curdling shrieks!



Meng Hao was the only one who could see or hear any of it. He was the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and despite having not yet fully realized his potential, his drop of blood had already confirmed his identity as the Ninth Generation. That was irrefutable.

Therefore, he could see these things.

The phantom spirits screamed miserably and then began to speak.

“The League of Demon Sealers, you’re the Ninth Generation....”

“The day our Dao was realized, you Demon Sealers blocked us, refined us, preventing us from becoming Demons!”

“Who cares about the League of Demon Sealers? They’ll become like us eventually, discarnate souls of Heaven and Earth!”

As their words echoed out, their bodies began to tremble, and their screams grew more intense. The black aura around them began to dissipate, and they began to be absorbed into the ground. Their figures grew indistinct and then began to disappear.

Meng Hao watched on thoughtfully. He didn’t know much about the League of Demon Sealers; he was gradually learning along the way. Looking at the discarnate souls had caused a coldness to flash through his eyes. He waved his right hand.

As he did, the discarnate souls vanished. Their dying cries echoed into Meng Hao’s ears.

“Shatter the League of Demon Sealers! Lord Ji has replaced the Heavens and forged the Immortality Bestowal Dais. We struggled to become Immortal, and then died. What of it? Your League prevented us from achieving our Dao. Just wait until things change, then see which of the countless discarnate souls in Heaven and Earth will devour you!!”

As the sound of the voices continued to echo out, Zhou Jie’s pale face began to recover its complexion. His eyes were still filled with confusion.

Meng Hao glanced at him thoughtfully for a moment, then turned with the flick of a sleeve and began to walk off into the rain.

Zhou Jie watched Meng Hao's figure disappearing. He took a deep breath, and then clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Next time we fight," he said under his breath, "I won't kill you, even if I win. I will repay your kindness, and prove the determination of my Cultivation." Then he turned weakly, disappearing into a beam of light.

Meanwhile, deep in a limestone cave in the Hundred Thousand Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect.... The moment the discarnate souls died, furious howls could be heard. Although they echoed up into the sky, not a single Black Sieve Sect disciple could hear them.

"The League of Demon Sealers! He's of the League of Demon Sealers!!"

"Damn those Demon Sealers, each and every generation! Lord Ji fears them, and cursed the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer to die! This is the Ninth Generation...."

"Death, death, death.... The League of Demon Sealers must die! Every generation!!"

"Immortality Bestowal Dais lacks only the spirit of a Demon Sealer. Find him! Snatch his spirit and drink his blood to gain an Immortal body!!"

As the howls rang out, the entirety of the Hundred Thousand Mountains suddenly shook. The mountains shook, the ground shook, as if the spirit of the mountains was aroused. Pulses of black aura drifted up, causing the sky to grow dark.

However, at the very moment in which the pulses of black aura were about to shoot out, the corpse which had fallen from the sky to land near the Southern Domain's Rebirth Cave, suddenly shook. As it shook, and aura emerged from it, an aura not visible to any living person. It instantly spread out throughout the Southern Domain, filling it with terrifying force.

This terrifying force caused the discarnate souls beneath the Hundred Thousand Mountains to tremble. Everything grew silent.

“Who are you!?” Amidst the deathly silence, a powerful aura exploded out from deep beneath the Hundred Thousand Mountains. It seemed powerful enough to cause the corpse to tremble. When the other discarnate souls saw it, they prostrated themselves as if this aura were their sovereign.

The billowing aura filled the sky above the Black Sieve Sect, covering the land for millions of kilometers in every direction. Everything became pitch black. The strangest thing was... no one could actually see this! To any onlooker, the sky was as blue as the deep blue sea!

The voice which responded was deep and archaic. “I came seeking destiny,” it said. The sound echoed throughout the Hundred Thousand Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect, filled with the ancientness of countless years. It seemed... somewhat tired.

Within the exhaustion was a barely detectable... killing aura.

It seemed as if this person had lived a life of battle, had killed so many times that it was impossible to describe. The voice seemed to contain a shocking will.

“What do you want?!” said the sovereign-like aura above the Black Sieve Sect.

“Destiny comes and destiny goes. The Dao will always exist. This kid has destiny. If you interfere, I will abandon rebirth, change my plans, and instead slaughter all of you.”

The sovereign-like aura said nothing. After some time passed, it faded away. As it did, a haughty voice rang out.

“There’s no need to change your plans. We will come for you! Select thirty Chosen from the Black Sieve Sect and send them to our Black Underworld Cave! We will return to the mortal world!”

Meanwhile... deep in the recesses of the Rebirth Cave, was a corpse. It was not the corpse of a human, but rather, a fish. It was a small fish, about the size of a hand.

The place where the fish’s eyes once had been suddenly began to burn with a underworldly fire.

Next, deep beneath the Milky Way Sea, the long rope stretched along the seafloor toward the wooden coffin that rested amidst the massive formation of stones. A scratching sound could be heard, as if someone was inside the coffin, scratching the lid with their fingernails.

A raspy voice sounded out: “League of Demon Sealers....” The voice was filled with melancholy, and reminiscence. The words drifted slowly up, causing a violent storm to break out on the surface of the Milky Way Sea.

Chapter 205: Dispelling Poison with the Cubic Pearl!

The rain continued to fall, but the horizon was no longer pitch black. Moonlight could be seen through the clouds, and far in the distance, the glow of the morning sun was just becoming visible. Night was beginning to fade, and sunlight approached.

As the sun replaced the moon, rain fell down, and Meng Hao proceeded onward. His expression was calm, as if nothing had just happened. This rainy day made him think about the snow back in the State of Zhao.

He wasn’t sure exactly where he was within the Southern Domain. The only thing he could see was a mountain range that stretched off into the distance. His only company was the falling rain and the cold wind.

His battle with Zhou Jie had confirmed the battle prowess of his five Dao Pillars. He could definitely suppress Dao Children, the most powerful of the Foundation Establishment stage!

“Unfortunately, I’m still lacking in terms of techniques,” he thought. “I have a similar problem with magical items, otherwise I could have completely crushed him.” He walked along in the rain, lost in thought. The Cultivation world was much different from the life of a scholar. He was gradually learning how to identify his weaknesses. He could not allow his weaknesses to cause his next battle to end with his own death.

“There’s not much I can do regarding magical techniques. Joining the Violet Fate Sect would help a lot, if I could somehow figure out a way. However... as for magical items....” Meng Hao frowned.

All of his magical items had been acquired through battle. However, the more powerful his Cultivation base grew, the less effective his magical items became. The wooden swords, the lightning mist and the little black net all grew with him, but as for the fan, the bow and the other items, they were gradually becoming less and less useful.

“I’m not completely stuck in this regard, though. I have two methods which can be used to forge magical items. I could go to the Black Lands to search for the Frigid Snow Larva. If I feed it the

Sieve Net Thunder Mulberry Leaf, it will transform into the Eyeless Larva, which can produce indestructible silk threads!

“I also have the jade page from Han Bei’s ancestor which can be used to forge the Time treasure. Either one of these two could solve my current problem. Unfortunately... both are incredibly difficult, and can’t be accomplished quickly. Of course, there’s also the flag with three streamers, although I can’t even touch it with my current Cultivation base....” He shook his head, looking around at the unceasing rain. It seemed to be growing heavier. Meng Hao’s body flickered, and he shot toward the nearby mountain range. He waved his hand, and a flying sword screamed out and carved an Immortal’s Cave into the side of the mountain.

With the flick of a sleeve, he flitted like a nightingale into the Immortal’s Cave, where he sat down cross-legged to meditate. His Cultivation base rippled with power, and the heat which spread out from him caused all the moisture in the newly carved cave to instantly disappear.

He spat out the lightning mist, which spread out to cover the entire cave, including the entrance. Then he closed his eyes and rotated his Cultivation base. After the time it takes half an incense to burn, he opened his eyes and slapped his bag of holding. When he lifted his hand up, it was holding the Cubic Pearl.

At first look, it appeared to be square, but upon closer examination, it actually wasn’t. It was very bizarre. Meng Hao looked at the pearl and took a deep breath. His eyes shone with anticipation.

He took out the copper mirror and made a copy. Unfortunately, he didn’t have many Spirit Stones left. After hesitating a moment, he decided not to make any more copies.

“I hope this pearl can dispel the poison of the Resurrection Lily,” he said, eyeing the pearl with glittering eyes. He wasn’t sure exactly how the pearl worked, but he was not the same Cultivator he used to be. He was as powerful as someone from the late Foundation Establishment stage. Without a moments hesitation, he cast his Spiritual Sense into the pearl.

After a moment, he frowned, then bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some blood onto the pearl. In the blink of an eye, the pearl absorbed the blood, and then suddenly began to melt.

Strands of white light floated up, along with a delicate, purifying fragrance. Meng Hao’s eyes began to shine. After a long moment, he waved his hand, and the Immortal’s Cave shook. A crack spread out on the ground, and suddenly a vine burrowed up.

Under Meng Hao's direction, the vine stretched out toward the white strands, and then began to absorb them. The white strands instantly shot toward the vine, entering into its body. Meng Hao watched on, eyes glittering.

After the space of about ten breaths, the vine began to change color. Soon, it was no longer dark red, but pure white. A sense of purity radiated out from it.

More time passed. Meng Hao looked thoughtfully at the slowly melting pearl, and the white strands which floated up from it. His eyes filled with determination, and he began to breathe deeply. The strands flew toward him, entering his body through his mouth and nose.

He closed his eyes, and after about ten breaths had passed, his body began to quiver. Veins bulged on his face, and his eyes snapped open. Within his pupils could be seen the crying-laughing demonic faces. On top of the faces suddenly appeared layer after layer of white strands.

It appeared as if the white strands were attempting to purify the Resurrection Lily within Meng Hao.

Time slipped by. Soon, an hour had passed. Sweat poured off of Meng Hao like rain. His face was pale, but his eyes radiated stubbornness. He took a breath, and more white strands floated into his body through his mouth and nose. As they did, the demonic faces in his pupils began to twist and distort.

Faint screams echoed out in Meng Hao's mind, and his body felt as if it were about to be torn to pieces. There seemed to be a battle of life-and-death going on inside of him. The demonic faces in his eyes were even more twisted. Ghost images appeared, and a black aura began to pour out of the top of Meng Hao's head. The aura twisted and coalesced into... a three-colored Resurrection Lily!

The Cubic Pearl seemed about to darken, as if it were going to release the full power of its aura. It was now half of its original size. It seemed that it would soon have used all of its effectiveness, and the white strands would disappear.

Meng Hao's eyes shined brightly. Without hesitation, he reached out and grabbed the pearl. This time, he didn't breathe in the strands, but actually consumed the entire pearl.

A roaring sound filled his body that seemed to create a harmony with the crashing thunder on the outside. The Resurrection Lily on his head writhed as if it were being buffeted by a powerful wind. Finally, it showed signs of dissipation.

Shrill shrieks filled his head, and his face distorted. However, without hesitation, he lifted up the second Cubic Pearl and, gritting his teeth at the loss of Spirit Stones, made another copy.

After making the second copy, he was now out of Spirit Stones. Eyes radiating stubbornness, he lifted both Cubic Pearls and put them into his mouth.

A shocking, thunderous roar filled Meng Hao as soon as the Cubic Pearls entered his mouth. The roaring was so incredible that it expanded out to fill the surrounding mountains. White strands spread out from Meng Hao's pores, swirling up and surrounding his body.

The three-colored Resurrection Lily on his head suddenly quivered. It seemed to be fading, as if it would completely dissipate at any moment. As Meng Hao sat there surrounded by the white mist, the demonic faces within his eyes emitted constant ghost images, and slowly began to fade away. It seemed the pearl really was capable of dispelling the poison.

After about an hour passed, the image of the Resurrection Lily on the crown of Meng Hao's head was almost completely invisible. There was no trace whatsoever of the demonic faces in his eyes. But then...

Suddenly, the mist which had been dispelling the Resurrection Lily suddenly diffused outward. Next, the white strands began to seethe, congealing above Meng Hao's head. A red streak appeared in their midst, followed by a bright yellow streak, and finally a streak as blue as the sky.

The four colors mixed together within the churning mist, forming together to make... a four-colored Resurrection Lily!

Apparently, the Resurrection Lily couldn't be destroyed. Even as it died, it would reappear as if it had been reincarnated.

An unsightly expression appeared on Meng Hao's face as he observed the four-colored Resurrection Lily. His eyes glimmered darkly, but then suddenly began to shine.

Upon closer inspection, it seemed the four-colored Resurrection Lily, which resembled a demonic face, had an aura that was not any stronger than the three-colored Resurrection Lily from before. In fact, this new Resurrection Lily was trembling.

“That’s not the fourth color!” thought Meng Hao, his eyes narrowing. After thinking back to the four-colored Resurrection Lily he had seen in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament, he realized that his own Resurrection Lily was different.

“If it had actually developed a fourth color, then my consciousness would have been lost, and I would have transformed into a Resurrection Lily. But I don’t feel strange at all. Furthermore, the color of this fourth petal....”

Suddenly, the quivering four-colored Resurrection Lily spasmed. Its white petals collapsed into pieces, which then transformed into a white glowing light. The light shot toward the blue petals, and the Resurrection Lily began to tremble even more violently for the space of a few breaths. Meng Hao continued to observe, eyes shining.

He watched as the blue petals began to wither, and then disappear. Now, the Resurrection Lily was composed of only two colors. Upon closer inspection, the blue petals hadn’t completely disappeared, but was still barely visible. In fact, it seemed as if they would gradually reappear.

The two-colored Resurrection Lily seemed weaker, yet at the same time emanated a pure aura. Apparently, after absorbing the Cubic Pearl, the Resurrection Lily had lost one of its colors. Other than that, it seemed like the poison-dispelling power of Cubic Pearl didn’t affect the Resurrection Lily at all.

The two-colored Resurrection Lily flickered. Meng Hao was powerless to do anything as it slowly sank back down into him through the top of his head. Its aura was much weaker, however. Meng Hao stood up. After a moment’s hesitation, his eyes filled with resolve.

“The Cubic Pearl was somewhat effective. However, if I want to completely dispel the poison, I have no other choice than to infiltrate the Violet Fate Sect. There, I can search for a method to completely rid myself of it. This thing is really like a bone stuck in my throat!”

Chapter 206: The Huang Clan Five Immortals [1]

Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to retrieve the blood-colored mask. He looked at it for a moment. Unless it was absolutely necessary, he didn’t want to get tangled up with the meat jelly again.

It had reached a terrifying level in terms of being annoying, which Meng Hao had experienced first hand. After a moment of thought, he reached into the mask with Spiritual Sense.



It was dark inside, and as soon as Meng Hao entered, he sensed the mastiff's aura. It was growing more and more powerful, causing Meng Hao to feel somewhat calm.

The Blood Mastiff was his most powerful and deadly ally. He couldn't wait for it wake to up and stand at his side like it had when it was a puppy. It would lift its head to the sky and roar.

Next, Meng Hao's Spiritual Sense moved on, pausing for a moment on the flag of three streamers. After a moment, he moved on. It was obviously a precious treasure, but he couldn't do anything with it now.

When his Spiritual Sense reached the Li Clan Patriarch, he stared in shock.

The man was more thin and pallid than ever. He was incredibly weak, and it seemed as if his spirit might collapse at any moment. Despair filled his eyes. Meng Hao suddenly got the feeling that he had underestimated the fearsomeness of the meat jelly.

The meat jelly parrot was currently perched on the shoulder of the Li Clan Patriarch, its eyes glowing as it talked. Every few breaths, the Li Clan Patriarch would shudder.

Meng Hao hesitated, then gritted his teeth and slowly approached. The meat jelly suddenly looked up, having sensed Meng Hao's Spiritual Sense. It cried out.

"Eee? You're here! Why don't you join us? The old man and I were just discussing a sunset from seventy thousand years ago. We haven't finished yet, and he promised to listen until the end." The meat jelly seemed very excited at the prospect of Meng Hao joining the discussion.

Meng Hao's heart trembled, but before he could say anything, the Li Clan Patriarch looked over at him. His eyes glistened as if he were looking at a blood relative, and he emitted an excited shout.

It was a shout that seemed to be filled with reckless abandon.

"My name is Li Xuefeng! I'm a Patriarch of the Li Clan from seven thousand years ago. I possessed one of the Divine Watchmen within the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament. I beg you, please take the bird away. I'll tell you everything. Ask me anything, what do you want to know...? I know techniques from the Li Clan, divine abilities. Whatever you want to do, I can help you. I can tell you anything. Please, take it away, I..."

“Shut your mouth!” said the meat jelly indignantly. “You show no respect for your elders! Am I really so annoying? Y-y-you, you’re too immoral! You’re mine!!” He turned to look solemnly at Meng Hao. “He’s mine! I still haven’t brought him back from the path of wickedness. I still have seventy thousand years of....”

“He’s yours! Yours!” said Meng Hao hurriedly, in a voice which could sever nails and slice iron. Without hesitation he continued, “I guarantee it. He’s definitely yours!”

“Very well, then. You seem to be in a lovely mood, so I won’t permit you to participate in the current discussion. I need to teach a lesson or two to this old man,” it said angrily. “I can’t believe he tried to tattle on me. I hate tattling, it’s very immoral....” It spoke with fury, but excitement filled its eyes. The sudden introduction of a new conversation topic made it very enthusiastic.

Despair filled the face of the Li Clan Patriarch. He gazed pleadingly at Meng Hao, his eyes filled with regret. Why had he insisted on being so arrogant before? If he had just yielded earlier, he would never have been forced to face the torment of this frightening bird.

His life recently had been a living hell, a nightmare worse than death. His entire body suddenly shook.

Meng Hao cleared his throat.

Paying very close attention to his wording, Meng Hao said, “Senior, I was thinking about your ever-changing forms. Soon, Junior will be infiltrating a Sect. Is there any way Senior could possibly lend me some of your power of ever-changing forms?” Even as he spoke, he slowly edged backward.

The meat jelly turned and looked at Meng Hao in surprise.

“What are you going to do? Are you planning some evil deed!?”

“Of course not!” His voice filled with an air of righteousness, Meng Hao said, “You see, there are some extremely wicked people in this Sect. I want to infiltrate them in an attempt to catch the evildoers. Then, Senior can educate them, and help bring them back from the path of wickedness.”

The meat jelly suddenly seemed very excited. “Oh, so that’s your plan! Very well, very well. Meng Hao, you are really doing the right thing. Such evildoers really must be educated by me... although...” Suddenly it seemed hesitant.

Meng Hao’s next words were spoken in a mesmerizing tone. “Senior, how about this: over the next few days, I will go capture some bullies for you to guide and help.”

“Oh?!” The meat jelly seemed even more excited, and its hesitation began to wane.

It was time to strike while the iron was hot! “How about two bullies?” said Meng Hao.

The meat jelly quivered and flapped its wings excitedly. However, it still seemed a bit hesitant.

Gritting his teeth, Meng Hao said, “Five bullies! It will take me a few days, but I can go find five bullies for you.”

The meat jelly let out a delighted squawk. Its entire body shook, and its eyes shined red with excitement. It stared at Meng Hao, panting. “Bring me three bullies!!” it cried. It looked at Meng Hao nervously, as if it were worried he would disagree.

“Huh? Three?” Meng Hao stared in shock. At first, he had assumed the meat jelly would try to get even more out of the deal. Instead, it was the opposite.

“Three!” roared the meat jelly. “Bring me three bullies, and I’ll help you. Less than three and the deal’s off!” It seemed it felt it was risking everything in its request.

Meng Hao felt that the whole situation was very strange, but he nodded nonetheless. “Okay, I’ll get you three bullies. Not one less!” With that, he retracted his Spiritual Sense. He took a deep breath as he looked at the blood-colored mask. A strange expression covered his face.

“Could it be that the meat jelly doesn’t know how to count? I offered five, and then it demanded three, and looked like it was going all out...” Mumbling to himself, Meng Hao put the mask away, turned, and left the Immortal’s Cave. The rain had long since ceased. He turned into a white beam of light which shot off into the distance.

Two days later.

On a mountain path walked a muscular man of about thirty years of age. He wore a yellow gown, had small eyes, and a mustache shaped like the character 八. Next to him walked a young man, toward whom he smiled and said, “Junior Brother Meng, it’s not far now. Up ahead is where my older brothers and I reside. Once we’re there, you’ll have to stay for a while. You and I hit it off immediately, didn’t we? We’ll definitely have to become sworn brothers. You know, the Huang Clan Five Immortals are very well-known in these parts. We can really be of some help to you!”

The young man had a bashful expression on his face. His Cultivation base seemed to be at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, one level higher than the yellow-robed Man.

“Thanks, big bro Huang,” the young man said shyly. “This is the first time I ever left the Sect, so I’m very fortunate to have met you.”

“Outside your Sect, you have to rely on friends. It’s really no imposition. My older brothers and I are all very hospitable. Little bro, you’re so young, and yet have such a high Cultivation base. Your future prospects are limitless! I’m sure that you’ll soon be a very famous person in the Southern Domain. You might even be able to outshine Chosen. You know, my older brothers and I think that making friends is very important, and we’re happy to do so.” The yellow-robed man laughed heartily, then slapped Meng Hao on the shoulder. His eyes, however, glittered with contempt and greed. He glanced conspicuously at Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

He had never seen such a bag of holding before; it was obviously something beyond ordinary.

Of course, a man like him would never have a chance to lay eyes on such a bag of holding. This bag was none other than the bag of the Cosmos. And the young man was obviously Meng Hao.

They had run into each other just this morning out in the wild mountains. The instant the man caught sight of the bag of the Cosmos, he had coveted it. But once he saw the level of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, he gave up any ideas of trying to steal it. Instead, he had engaged in lively smalltalk for quite some time.

The man smiled at Meng Hao and thought, “Some disciple from a Sect I’ve never heard of goes out on his own for the first time. A disciple like that must surely have some life-saving treasures from his Sect. However, someone like this doesn’t have any experience. Only a few flattering words, and I’ve already won him over.” In the man’s mind, he had already figured everything out about his opponent.

Meng Hao looked more bashful than ever. However, in his heart, he was rejoicing. It had only taken him two days to find some local tyrant Cultivators. Even better, the man was leading him to a place where there would surely be more tyrants of the type that the meat jelly would like.

As they chatted, an Immortal's cave suddenly appeared up ahead of them at the bottom of a mountain. Its sealed main door was enormous, made from solid limestone. From the look of it, the Immortal's cave must take up half the inside of the mountain. On either side of the main door were two stone guardian lions, extremely lifelike in appearance. They didn't seem to fit in with the surroundings, as if they had been transported here from somewhere else.

There were also two towers near the entrance of the Immortal's Cave. These towers were constructed, not from earth and wood, but from bones. There were bones of both humans and animals, all piled up. It all was very gruesome.

"Here we are, little bro!" said the yellow-robed man, laughing loudly.

Meng Hao frowned. "This place..."

"I know what you're thinking," said the man. He continued, his voice firm: "But we're out in the wilderness. Though we don't cause problems for others, we do have to take some precautionary methods. Decorations like this only serve to frighten off the thieves and miscreants."

Meng Hao didn't respond, but a cold light gleamed in his eyes.

The yellow-robed man didn't notice Meng Hao's look. He waved his sleeve, and a flying sword flew out. He jumped on, and transformed into a colorful beam of light which glided through the air toward the Immortal's Cave.

Meng Hao followed suit, his eyes gleaming coldly.

As the two of them approached the main door of the Immortal's cave, the yellow-robed man waved his sleeve. A bright beam of light shot out, landing on the door. It rumbled, and then slowly began to open up.

Almost as soon as the door began to open, three Cultivators emerged from within. They were all about forty years old, with Cultivation bases at the ninth level of Qi Condensation. Two had fierce

bearings, while the other was lean and haggard, with treacherous eyes. He held a fan in hand. He smiled as his gaze swept over Meng Hao.

The yellow-robed man laughed as he landed next to the three others. He turned and looked at Meng Hao, smiling. “Older brothers, I ran into friend Meng here on the road this morning. This is his first time outside of his sect. I invited him to spend some time with us. Please, join me in welcoming him!”

In this case, Huang is the Chinese character 黄 huáng, which is a common surname, but also means “yellow”

Chapter 207: This is a Pretty Nice Immortal’s Cave

The two large, fierce-looking men eyed Meng Hao for a moment and then smiled. Whichever way you looked at their smiles, they appeared vicious. It was as if they were staring down a helpless little lamb.

The man with the fan seemed to be the most treacherous of the group, and his smile appeared the most sincere. He clasped hands and saluted Meng Hao.

“I, Huang, heard the birds singing earlier, and couldn’t help but wonder if a guest would be arriving. Fellow Daoist, a single glance at you and I felt the aura of a hero wash over me. Hearing Fifth brother’s words just now, I can tell that you are a dragon among men, venturing out of his Sect for the first time. Fellow Daoist, you are the type of person I revere the most. Please, come into our Immortal’s Cave and relax for a moment.”

“Well...” said Meng Hao, seemingly unsure of how to respond to such praise. Clasp hands, he bowed back to the man. However, he appeared to be hesitant to enter the cave. Inwardly, he sighed. The man’s flattering words were obviously full of lies. Meng Hao could have come up with something much better to say, were he in the other position.

“Little bro,” said the yellow-robed man, his eyes flickering, “we’re here at the main door. Come come, follow me in. Now that you’re here, you’re home!” He pulled at Meng Hao’s sleeve, dragging him into the Immortal’s Cave.

The other men clustered around hesitating Meng Hao as the yellow-robed man graciously led him inside. The limestone door slowly closed behind them. Immediately, the glow of luminescent pearls filled Meng Hao’s eyes.

The Immortal's Cave was quite spacious and luxuriously decorated. It was filled with a variety of different rooms, including a pill concocting room and a medicinal plant courtyard.

With a candid laugh, the yellow-robed man made introductions: "Little bro, this is Second Brother, and this is Third Brother. After Fourth Brother, is me the Fifth Brother." As he made the introductions, he gave a meaningful glance to the treacherous looking man who ranked second.

"Greetings, Fellow Daoists," said Meng Hao shyly, clasping hands to them. He glanced around, a pleased expression in his eyes. When his gaze fell upon the luminescent pearls, his eyes shined brightly.

"Fellow Daoist Meng, what do you think of our Immortal's Cave? Not bad, huh?" said Second Brother Huang with a smile, gently fanning himself. His expression was tinged with a disdainful look that he assumed others wouldn't see, an expression that made it clear he was playing some sort of game. He stared at Meng Hao.

"It's pretty good," said Meng Hao, "pretty good. Very complete, with plenty of private rooms. Really, it doesn't seem common in any aspect." His praises sounded very sincere. "These luminescent pearls are especially incredible. It seems the spiritual energy here is quite abundant. Don't tell me you have a Spirit Spring, too?" He asked the question in a very astonished tone.

"There absolutely is a Spirit Spring," said Second Brother Huang with a laugh. "That's exactly why the five of us decided to build our Immortal's Cave here." The contempt in his eyes grew more obvious. In his mind, Meng Hao was prey trapped in a tiger's lair.

The Third and Fourth Brothers Huang both gazed at Meng Hao, their hideous grins growing wider. They clearly viewed Meng Hao as a sheep in a wolf's den!

As for Fifth Brother Huang, he continued to eye the bag of holding strapped to Meng Hao's waist. His smile grew more brilliant. He obviously thought that today was his lucky day to have snatched up such a cash cow.

Meng Hao also smiled. Although he still looked a bit bashful, his smile was genuine, and quite happy. The Immortal's Cave really seemed to contain some good opportunities, as did this group of men. They continued to herd him along.

"Eldest Brother recently brought in an artist to paint a portrait of him," said Second Brother Huang. "It's not really convenient for him to come out. Fellow Daoist Meng, why don't we go see him?"

Without giving Meng Hao a chance to refuse, he pulled him toward the middle of the Immortal's Cave, where there was a vast, open area filled with luminescent pearls. At the far end was an enormous throne.

The throne was constructed from crystals, and upon it sat a large man. He appeared to be about fifty years old. He wore a long violet robe, and had a very dignified countenance. Even though he tried, it was impossible to cover up his fierceness. He radiated an intense killing aura.

His Cultivation base was not at the Qi Condensation stage, but the early Foundation Establishment stage!

In front of the large man sat a stooped, withered old man with long white hair. His body trembled and the paintbrush in his hand quivered. The outline of the large man could be seen on the canvas in front of him.

The man's eyes flashed over the group as they approached. He completely ignored Meng Hao, focusing instead on the yellow-robed man. He gave a cold harrumph.

"If you don't have something important to do, don't leave," he said. "I've been jumpy lately, and have a bad feeling. Now that you're back, sit down. I'll have this painter do a portrait of all of you."

Eyes filled with veneration, the yellow-robed man nodded his head in agreement. He stepped forward and sat down next to the violet-robed man. Second Brother Huang and the others clasped hands in respectful salute. Ignoring Meng Hao altogether, they moved forward to sit down.

No one said anything, and soon Meng Hao was standing there alone, an awkward expression on his face.

The large, violet-robed man looked at the painter and said, "You paint some good portraits of us, you hear? If you do, then I won't cause any trouble for you." Hearing the man's cool words, the stooped, white-haired old man shivered and nodded.

"Second Brother, I've really been feeling uneasy lately. Don't forget to check the teleportation portal. If any problems occur, we can get out of here instantly. Third and Fourth Brothers, you two listen well. No going outside!" Each and every word uttered by the violet-robed man caused the others to nod in agreement. None of them paid any attention whatsoever to Meng Hao. He stood there awkwardly. In his opinion, the man should at least greet him. Finally, he gave out a dry cough.



They ignored the cough and continued talking. The violet-robed man didn't so much as look at him. The others, including the yellow-robed man, didn't look his way either.

Meng Hao sighed, then coughed a little louder, interrupting the dialogue. Finally, the eyes of the five men fell upon him.

"Who's this?" said the violet-robed man with a frown, his voice sinister.

"That's a kid that Fifth Brother picked up when he went out," said Second Brother Huang, waving his fan. He laughed. "Apparently it's his first time out of his Sect."

"This kid is a real idiot," said the yellow-robed man, laughing. "His bag of holding is clearly incredible, so I chatted him up. Who could have imagined that he would be taken in by my rambling!? I led him right here."

Hearing this, the violet-robed man looked Meng Hao over, then coolly said, "Hand over your bag of holding." His expression was one of arrogance; seeing that Meng Hao was at the Qi Condensation stage, he obviously felt that he was virtually beyond notice.

Meng Hao smiled and glanced around. The look in his eye made it seem as if he were looking at his own house. "This is a pretty nice Immortal's Cave. Why don't you give it to me? Oh, your throne looks pretty good too, if a bit extravagant. I'll take that as well."

The violet-robe man gaped at Meng Hao. The Third and Fourth Huang Brothers, as well as the yellow-robed man, all burst into arrogant laughter. As it echoed throughout the Immortal's Cave, Second Brother Huang's eyes narrowed and filled with a look of concentration.

"Actually, I'll take all of you along with the Immortal's Cave," said Meng Hao. With a chuckle, he began to walk forward. Before he could even take a step, the Third and Fourth Brothers Huang leaped up. They were tall and stalwart, with fierce expressions. Laughing contemptuously, they rushed toward Meng Hao.

"You brat, you dare to speak such nonsense in your Elders' Immortal's Cave!? Aren't you scared!?" They weren't very far away from Meng Hao, and it took only a moment for them to near him. They were just about to employ some magical techniques when Meng Hao again cleared his throat.

As he did, he completely ignored the two, and took another step forward. When they ran into him, it was like they had slammed into some immovable force. Blood sprayed from their mouths, and their trembling bodies tumbled backward, slamming up against the wall. They coughed up more blood and looked in shock at Meng Hao. Their Cultivation bases were suddenly suppressed, making them little more than mortals.

Everything happened too quickly. Before the others could even react, Meng Hao had reached the crystal throne.

“Are you looking to die!?” cried the yellow-robed man. His body shot forward. Next to him, Second Brother Huang’s eyes flickered, and he waved his hand. A Flame Bird magically appeared, which shot toward Meng Hao. Second Brother Huang himself, however, shot backward in retreat.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in an instant. Meng Hao didn’t even need to lift his hand. He glanced indifferently at the incoming yellow-robed man. The man’s mind suddenly reeled, and he felt a stabbing pain as some incredible power pulsed in his heart. His vision grew dim, and he began to tremble in despair. The incredible pressure inundated him, and he was powerless to resist it.

Blood shot from his mouth, and he tumbled backward, slamming into the wall. Fear and intense astonishment filled his eyes. His body trembled. The only thing he could think of was the weak, shy expression on Meng Hao’s face when he had met him, that made him look like a helpless animal.

“Who... who are you...?” he said, his heart filling with indescribable dread. How could he possibly have imagined that what he brought into his home was not a helpless lamb, but a vicious wild beast!?

As for Second Brother Huang’s Flame Bird, before it could even near Meng Hao, it shook, and then disintegrated. To Meng Hao, a Flame Bird technique such as this was like a child’s toy sword.

In the space of an instant, four of the Huang Clan Five Immortals were reduced to a state of shock. The large, violet-robed man still sat on the crystal throne, his face draining of blood. He watched Meng Hao approaching, and his face distorted. With a cry of rage, he leaped up. The instant he did, Meng Hao’s gaze fell upon him.

When the gaze entered the violet-robed man’s eyes, it hit him like a world-shaking thunderclap. An incredible roaring filled his mind, causing his body to spasm. A feeling of imminent life-or-death crisis washed over him. It was as if this gaze could pierce the world itself, and instantly exterminate him.

“The great circle of Foundation Establishment....” gasped the large man, his voice faint. Disbelief filled his eyes.

#### Chapter 208: Ask Not The Heavens Regarding Slaying the Flower

Despair and bitterness welled up within the heart of the large, violet-robed man. He immediately lost all will to fight back. Being at early Foundation Establishment, he simply didn't have the courage to attempt to fight with someone of the great circle of Foundation Establishment.

As Meng Hao calmly approached him, he retreated backward several paces. Without hesitation, he clasped hands and saluted.

“Greetings, senior,” he said. Then to the others, “Hey you, why haven't you paid respects to the Elder?!” Mumbling and trembling, the Second Brother Huang hurried over and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

His heart quivered with fear. How could he ever have imagined that what he previously believed to be a weak little lamb could instantly transform into a devilish fiend that could slaughter him hundreds of times over?

Third and Fourth Brothers, as well as the yellow-robed man, immediately joined the violet-robed man. Trembling, the five brothers all bowed repeatedly to Meng Hao.

The most bitter and regretful of all, of course, was the yellow-robed man....

He glanced over at the violet-robed man to find him staring over with an expression of deep, venomous hatred. The yellow-robed man's eyes darkened, and he very nearly fell into a coma out of fright.

Coughing lightly, Meng Hao sat down onto the crystal throne. The five men were now standing where he had been just moments ago....

The old painter stared in frightened awe.

The violet-robed man's heart was filled with anxiety and his scalp was numb. “Sir....” he said. He was just now wrapping his mind around what had happened. His body trembled.

Meng Hao looked at him and said, "I can see that you have some problems with your Cultivation base. You've been stuck with only one Dao Pillar for years. How about this: I have a medicinal pill that would be very beneficial." He lifted up his hand, in the middle of which was a medicinal pill.

It was a very common pill for the Foundation Establishment stage. However, its effectiveness was a bit....

"How many Spirit Stones are you willing to pay for it?" asked Meng Hao coolly.

"Uh...." The violet-robed man gritted his teeth, then pulled out his bag of holding and handed it over to Meng Hao. Meng Hao frowned slightly, causing the trembling violet-robed man to turn and glare ferociously at the four men other behind him. Each and every one was shaking in their boots. One by one, they pulled out all of their belongings. In the end, the violet-robed man procured all of the items and wealth they had saved up over the years in their Immortal's Cave, as well as the cave itself, and offered it to Meng Hao. All in exchange for one medicinal pill.

His expression the same as ever, Meng Hao collected up the various valuables. Then he glanced at the yellow-robed man, who looked back sullenly, and then the Second Brother Huang.

"I heard you mention there's a teleportation portal here?"

"Yes, yes there is," replied Second Brother Huang. Not daring to leave out any information, he quickly gave a full description: "Actually, we didn't bring the portal here; it's a natural function of the Immortal's Cave, which we accidentally discovered. It works, but it will only teleport to one fixed location." His heart was filled with virtual agony, as well as complete enmity for the yellow-robed man. "Dammit, Fifth Brother," he thought, "who is this that you brought back with you? He's some kind of Patriarch!!"

Meng Hao nodded. He had already used his Spiritual Sense to confirm the location of the teleportation portal. Looking back at the five men, he suddenly waved his arm. Unable to resist, the five of them were instantly swept up. All they could see was a blur as they entered the world of the blood-colored mask which lay inside Meng Hao's bag of the Cosmos.

Everything was the color of blood. The meat jelly was in the midst of educating the Li Clan Patriarch, who sat there, emaciated, a blank, agonized look in his eyes. He looked more dead than alive, his body slack.

The meat jelly immediately noticed Meng Hao appear with the five Huang Clan men. Its eyes filled with excitement, and he instantly cast aside the Li Clan Patriarch.

“Bullies!” he cried, flying over. “I smell bullies! They’re all bullies, all immoral!!” It flew a few circles around the five Huang Clansmen, who were clearly disoriented and terrified. The meat jelly was getting more excited.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and said, “Senior, these are the bullies I promised to bring you a few days ago. They need education from you to bring them back from the path of wickedness.”

“Excellent, excellent,” said the meat jelly with a nod. “You kept your word, as shall I. First, let me count.” It flapped its wings as it settled onto the shoulder of the large, violet-robed man.

“One... two... three...” The meat jelly began to count, starting with the violet-robed man and the proceeding onto the Second and Third Brothers. When its eyes fell upon the Fourth Brother, it suddenly stared in shock. “One... two?” It flapped its wings as it reached the yellow-robed man. Suddenly, an angry, humiliated expression appeared on its face. It spun and glared at Meng Hao. “Liar!!”

Meng Hao gaped at the meat jelly.

“Look!” roared the meat jelly furiously. “One, two, three, one, two!! You’ve brought me two bullies, and I asked for three! I wanted three bullies!!” It clearly believed itself to have been swindled.

Meng Hao stared with wide eyes. Suddenly, everything became clear. This damned meat jelly really could only count the numbers one, two and three?

Without hesitation, Meng Hao quickly swept up the yellow-robed man as well as the Fourth Brother. Instantly, they disappeared.

“That was just a little mistake,” said Meng Hao quickly. “Why don’t you count again?”

The meat jelly carefully began to count again. “One, two, three... Haha! There are three! Three bullies. Excellent, excellent.” Excited once again, it beat its wings and flew around in a few more circles. Suddenly, a glow like lightning shot out from it toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't evade. The lightning glow slammed into him, melding with his Spiritual Sense.

"This is my will of lightning," said the meat jelly, which had already landed on the shoulder of the violet-robed man. "You can use it to change forms one time. Make sure to bring back some more bullies!" It looked at the violet-robed man with a friendly expression. "Hey. Hello. My name is Ultimate Vexation. What's your name?"

The large, violet-robed man stared in shock. Not waiting for him to reply, Meng Hao quickly left the blood-colored mask. He could only imagine what would happen after the man responded. A sea of suffering awaited him....

Back in the Immortal's Cave, Meng Hao sat there, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"The meat jelly can only count from one to three.... Very useful." After a moment, he looked over at the old painter, who sat there with a dull expression on his face.

"Senior," he said softly, "what village are you from? I can take you back home."

The man looked scared. He hesitated for a moment, then said in a trembling voice, "But... my painting isn't finished yet. Do you mind if I paint you?" His eyes shined with anticipation.

Meng Hao was shocked for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed, and he looked closely at the old man. No matter which way he looked at him, the man seemed mortal. After a while, Meng Hao nodded. "Thank you so much, sir," he said, continuing to sit there on the crystal throne.

The old man took a deep breath, and then lifted the paintbrush, hand trembling. Looking at Meng Hao, he began to paint.

Time passed slowly. It took about four hours, during which time Meng Hao waited patiently. The man painted earnestly, and Meng Hao sat without moving.

After a while, the old man put down his paintbrush. He eyed the painting in front of him, and a satisfied expression filled his eyes. He looked up at Meng Hao and smiled.

“Finished,” he said. “Why don’t you take a look? Does it look like you?” His face was filled with anticipation.

Meng Hao smiled. He stood up and walked over to stand next to the old man. What he saw on the canvas was a young man sitting upright in a chair, surrounded by mountains. You couldn’t say that the painting wasn’t good, but there was something about it that just didn’t seem right. It only bore a thirty percent resemblance to Meng Hao.

“Very good,” said Meng Hao, smiling and nodding his head. “What are these two marks here?” He lifted his hand to point at the painting, where two long, thick marks could be seen. Meng Hao wasn’t sure what they meant.

“What’s above all of us?” asked the old man, smiling.

Meng Hao looked at him in surprise. Then, he smiled. “The sky,” he said quietly.

“Think about it for a moment,” said the old man, gazing at Meng Hao. His smile seems to contain some sort of hidden meaning. He looked completely different than he had just moments ago. Meng Hao thought for a moment, and then looked up. His eyes glittered as his vision passed through the Immortal’s Cave to look up at the sky outside.

After some time passed, Meng Hao lowered his head. The instant he did, his pupils constricted. The old man... was nowhere to be seen!

An archaic voiced suddenly filled the Immortal’s Cave, causing Meng Hao’s body to quiver. His Spiritual Sense suddenly scattered. “Because of the ten thousand year old will of the World Tree, my residual self is here today. It is fate that I came here today to paint for you. I have sealed the true form of the Resurrection Lily, refined its nature talent and fused it with your spirit. While it is sealed, it cannot harm you. Furthermore, you will be able to draw upon the Resurrection Lily’s nature talent of plants and vegetation. When enough time passes, you can cast away my residual will which seals the flower. Every ten thousand years, I commit one person to memory. Furthermore, a person who exists in my memory cannot be exterminated by the Karmic Severing of those surnamed Ji.”

A long moment passed before Meng Hao took a deep breath. His eyes shone brightly as he turned once again to look at the painting. He gasped and stared in shock.

The image on the painting was not that of Meng Hao, but of a... Resurrection Lily!

It looked savage, unwilling, and even insane. It appeared to be sealed inside the painting! The image was incredibly lifelike!

There were also some words written on the painting.

The day the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors, the flower falls, Immortal Ascension, one thousand years. Karma is hidden in the Immortal Mountain. Ask not the Heavens regarding the path to slaying the flower.

Painted in the Southern Domain, Planet South Heaven, for my young friend.

Shui Dongliu.

Chapter 209: Opportunity for a Secret Meeting

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He lifted his head and was lost in thought for some time. Within his mind swirled images from that day within the cloud vortex in the Song Clan. When he'd stood on the enormous tree looking out into the emptiness, he'd seen words written and signed by Shui Dongliu!

A long moment passed. Finally, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged on the ground to examine himself. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, he opened his eyes, which shone brightly. It was clear to him that the Resurrection Lily had been completely repressed by some intangible force. It seemed to be asleep, sealed.

This effect was much more powerful than that of the Spring and Autumn tree, and would give him much more time to completely dispel the poison. Taking a deep breath he carefully rolled up the painting, and then clasped hands and bowed deeply for the old man.

"Many thanks for your assistance, Elder," he said, holding his bow for the space of ten breaths before straightening. He had no idea why this old man had appeared, or why he had been waiting, seemingly for Meng Hao himself.

"Shui Dongliu..." After another moment, Meng Hao turned and headed to examine all of the secret rooms in the Immortal's Cave. Everything that he could take with him, he packed away. Afterward, he went to the teleportation portal. Although he hadn't studied teleportation portals very much in the



past, he had used them several times. He pulled out a spirit stone and placed it into the middle of the portal. Gleaming light shined out, and soon, the glow of teleportation surrounded Meng Hao.

A droning sound filled the air, shaking the entire mountain. The light flashed blindingly, and then disappeared. Meng Hao also disappeared without a trace.

Southern Domain. State of Eastern Emergence, Violet Fate Sect territory. In the middle of the remote mountains was a towering peak, carved into which was an Immortal's Cave. A radiant, glittering light appeared and then slowly vanished. Meng Hao immediately walked out.

He looked back at the abandoned Immortal's cave and the run-down teleportation portal. Not sure whether he would need to use it again one day, he committed its location to memory, then disappeared into a beam of prismatic light.

As he flew along, a rippling glow suddenly spread out in layers over his body. When it faded, his appearance had completely changed. His skin was no longer dark, but rather fair and clear. He looked much younger, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old, and emanated a completely scholarly and refined air. He looked completely different, even somewhat soft and immature.

"I bet all the Sects and Clans in the Southern Domain are looking for me, thanks to the Sublime Spirit Scripture incident. But now, I can infiltrate the Violet Fate Sect. Be it with the goal of dispelling my poison, learning alchemy, or to master Violet Qi from the East... I absolutely must join this great Sect." His eyes filled with resolve.

Several days later, outside the Violet Fate Sect, in a city of Cultivators.

Violet Moon was a flourishing, bustling city, a hub of activity for Cultivators in the State of Eastern Emergence. This was especially true in the seventh month of the year, when the Violet Fate Sect held its yearly Pill Auction. During that time, the city usually was filled with even more Cultivators than usual. It wasn't just the Sects of the State of Eastern Emergence that would come, but Sects from throughout the Southern Domain. Many would teleport here just to attend the Pill Auction.

The so-called Pill Auction was a massive convention hosted by the Violet Fate Sect to auction off medicinal pills. Master alchemists from the Violet Fate Sect would offer up their best medicinal pills. Not only would they make tidy profits, but it allowed them to show off their pill concocting talent to the rest of the world.

During the Pill Auction, even the Furnace Lords of the Violet Fate Sect would sometimes participate. When that happened, it would always cause quite a stir, and attract the attention of other great Sects.

After all, Furnace Lords from the Violet Fate Sect were different than normal master alchemists. Other Sects wouldn't be able to raise up a single one, no matter how high of a price they paid. In the entire Southern Domain, only the Violet Fate Sect could train Furnace Lords.

Half the reason the Violet Fate Sect could become one of the great Sects of the Southern Domain, was because of its alchemists. The other reason was the fragment of the Sublime Spirit Scripture which gave them the Violet Qi from the East technique.

Because of this, the Violet Fate Sect was structured into two divisions. One part of the Sect was made up by the Violet Qi Division, the other part of the Sect was made up of the East Pill Division!

The Violet Qi Division practiced Cultivation related to the Dao of magical techniques. The East Pill Division was devoted to the Dao of alchemy. The two divisions both complemented and respected each other. Because of this relationship, the Violet Fate Sect occupied its current position.

This year's Violet Fate Sect Pill Auction would take place in only a few days, within Violet Moon City. Currently, a young scholar of about sixteen to seventeen years old stood in the public square in the city center, gazing off into the distance at a mountain. The mountain glowed with a violet light that rose up to the heavens. It turned the entire sky a violet color, and from a distance, it didn't appear to be a mountain but actually... a colossal mountain-sized statue!

The statue depicted an old man. In front of the old man was a pill furnace shaped somewhat like a mountain, as well as an enormous scroll, both of which emanated violet-colored light. With a mere glance, anyone could tell that this place was anything but ordinary.

This was the main gate of the Violet Fate Sect!

Next to the young scholar was a skinny, middle-aged man of about thirty years of age, with shifty eyes. He sighed emotionally and said, "That's the Founder of the Violet Fate Sect. His Daoist name was Reverend Violet East. He's long since achieved Immortality. However, the Daoist doctrines he left behind have been built upon down until this very day. They became the foundation upon which was built one of the five great Sects of the Southern Domain, the Violet Fate Sect."

His eyes filled with veneration, he continued, “Later generations remembered his countenance and, using a mountain as the base, carved out that statue. The pill furnace in front of him represents the East Pill Division of the Violet Fate Sect. The scroll represents the Violet Qi Division. Together, they form the majestic main gate of the Violet Fate Sect. Beyond that gate are endless mountains, all connected with suspension bridges. It forms an amazing sight that outsiders aren’t able to gaze upon. That, is the Violet Fate Sect.”

The young scholar seemed to be completely wrapped up in the man’s words. However, deep in his eyes existed a cold light.

Naturally, this young scholar was none other than Meng Hao, with his new appearance. The skinny man next to him was a guide he’d found who helped strangers familiarize themselves with the city.

“If only I could join a great Sect like this, then I would be able to live without regrets,” Meng Hao said softly, gazing at the majestic main gate. His words were filled with longing.

“That’s pretty much impossible,” laughed the skinny man. “The Violet Fate Sect rarely recruits new disciples. Even when they do, it’s usually only from the Sects and Cultivator Clans within the State of Eastern Emergence. They almost never accept outsiders. If they did, the State of Eastern Emergence would be filled with people dreaming of joining. Young friend, it’s still early. What sort of things are you interested in buying, I can take you to find them?”

“There’s no need, I already found what I was looking for.” Meng Hao laughed, then took out a Spirit Stone and handed it to the skinny man. He gave him a slight bow and then walked out of the square.

The skinny man stared at him in surprise for a moment, and then pocketed the Spirit Stone. He had led the young man around all morning, showing him all around the city but not taking him to any markets whatsoever. Putting the matter aside, he walked off. There was still a whole afternoon in which to find other customers.

Meng Hao traversed the streets surrounding the public square. Halfway down one block, he suddenly stopped and glanced over at a nearby store. It was a medicinal pill shop. On the wall inside the shop, he could see some old, dried up medicinal pills, arranged to form the outline of a pill furnace. In the middle of the image of the pill furnace was an elliptical symbol.

Within the symbol were four dried up medicinal pills.

Nothing about it looked out of the ordinary or unique. However, after catching sight of it, a smile broke out on Meng Hao's face. He walked around the corner into an alley. When he emerged, he was wearing a wide, bamboo hat and a long robe. He strode directly into the medicinal pill shop.

The shop wasn't large. Other than the shopkeeper, there was no one else inside.

"I want one of these pills," said Meng Hao, pointing to one of the low-priced pills on the shelf.

The shopkeeper opened his eyes and glanced at Meng Hao, then pulled out one of the pills Meng Hao had pointed to.

"This pill is useful during the fifth level of Qi Condensation. It costs seventeen Spirit Stones."

Meng Hao grabbed the pill without even looking at it, and with the flick of a sleeve, sent it shooting toward the image on the wall. It immediately smashed into the middle of the elliptical symbol. Now, instead of four pills, there were five.

With that, he tossed some Spirit Stones to the shopkeeper and then left.

The shopkeeper watched all of this in surprise. Then his eyes began to glitter, and he clasped hands and bowed toward Meng Hao's back as he walked off.

Time passed. Meng Hao had been staying in Violet Moon City for two days. On the same day that the Violet Fate Sect Pill auction started, he was sitting there cross-legged in the night when suddenly he opened his eyes and retrieved a jade slip from his bag of holding. It was glowing brightly.

This particular jade slip was an invitation medallion to a secret meeting! Recorded in the jade slip was a map, marked with the same symbol that was on the wall of the shop he'd visited earlier.

Outside, the moon was rising. Meng Hao put away the jade slip, and then left.

Soon, he appeared outside the same shop as before, wearing a wide bamboo hat, and voluminous robes. Without hesitation, he walked up and knocked on the wooden door.

After three knocks, the door slowly swung open. Inside was a nothing but pitch black.

His eyes flickered. After a moment's examination, he walked in. Ripples flowed out across the surface of the blackness, as if it were water. Meng Hao saw a bright glow, and then he was in a different place. Up ahead of him was a princely palace.

This palace looked exactly the same as the place he had visited the first time he went to one of these secret meetings. An old man, hands crossed and folded up within his sleeves, stood outside the palace. He looked Meng Hao over wordlessly.

Meng Hao approached, pulling out the secret meeting invitation medallion. The old man lowered his head, and Meng Hao walked past him into the palace.

He could hear the sounds of singing and dancing coming from further inside, just like the last time. Beyond some ornamental rock displays was a pavilion, within which sat four Cultivators. All of them wore masks covering their faces, making it impossible to see who they were.

Chapter 210: Joining the Violet Fate Sect

Meng Hao stepped into the pavilion calmly. He didn't look at the four others, nor did they look at him. He sat down off to the side.

Not much time passed before three more people arrived. They were surrounded by the sound of singing, and yet no dancers could be seen. It created a truly bizarre air. Suddenly, contented laughter rang out as a ruddy-faced old man appeared and strode toward them. He sat down in the seat of honor.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, let today's secret meeting begin. I won't go into all the rules. I'm sure this is not your first time participating as guests in a secret meeting, Fellow Daoists, so let's get going." He flicked his sleeve, and a Nine Dragons Furnace appeared in the middle of all the participants. Mist began to spread out, and Meng Hao glanced at the old man.

This man was clearly not the same old man Meng Hao had seen at his first secret meeting. However, Meng Hao's Cultivation base was not the same as it had been at that time. With his Spiritual Sense, he could tell that the old man wasn't even real.

He was actually a projection!

“These secret meetings are really mysterious,” Meng Hao thought. “There must be some powerful forces behind the scenes that organize them. The meeting back in the Black Sieve Sect territory was exactly the same as this one.” He pulled out a jade slip, which he sent into the furnace.

All the other participants did the same, and soon the mist from the dragon furnace filled the area, enveloping everyone.

Glowing lights began to appear, which Meng Hao started to browse through. His eyes began to flicker. The vast majority of the offerings were for pill formulas and medicinal plants.

“There must be at least one person from the East Pill Division here today, and not just a master alchemist, but a Furnace Lord.” In the past few days, Meng Hao had made a few inquiries about the East Pill Division, and now knew much more about it.

For example, disciples of the East Pill Division started out as apprentice alchemists. Eventually, they could become master alchemists, then Furnace Lords. Higher than the Furnace Lords were the Violet Furnace Lords, who were very important figures within the Southern Domain.

Violet Furnace Lords were automatically novitiates of Grandmaster Pill Demon, and thus could receive direct instruction from him. The only other way to become a novice of Grandmaster Pill Demon was to have special backing, and thus reach heaven in a single bound, so to speak.

For example, Ding Xin from all those years ago, had been a disciple of the Violet Qi Division. However, his gift for pill concoction impressed Grandmaster Pill Demon, and he eventually was selected to become a novice. Sadly, before he could even begin his studies, he had been sent to the State of Zhao and had fallen at the hands of Meng Hao.

After that, the only disciple Grandmaster Pill Demon had accepted to be a novice was Chu Yuyan. However, her skill in pill concocting was actually only at the level of a Furnace Lord. She was still quite a distance from Violet Furnace Lord.

Meng Hao sat there thoughtfully, looking over the various twinkling dots of light. After a while, he reached out to grab the glowing dot that contained his information. He quickly imprinted it with some more details and then threw it back out to wait.

Not too much time passed before a streak of light appeared in front of him.

“You have a friend who wants to join the Violet Fate Sect’s East Pill Division and become an apprentice alchemist? You’ll need a recommendation for that. What do you have to trade?”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. This was the exact purpose for which he had chosen to attend the Violet Moon City secret meeting.

According to the rules of the Violet Fate Sect, it was impossible to just randomly join the Sect. However, the larger a Sect is, the more dragons and snakes will be jumbled together [2]. Of course there would be some people who would break the rules out of self-interest. And apparently this secret meeting had a Furnace Lord in attendance, most likely because of the recent Pill Auction.

If medicinal herbs could be sold for profit, then why not a spot in the Sect for an apprentice alchemist? After all, in the Violet Fate Sect, there were roughly one hundred thousand apprentice alchemists. One spot didn’t really count for anything.

Meng Hao didn’t respond immediately. He waited for about the time it takes two incense sticks to burn. No more responses to his request came in, so he began to negotiate with the person who had just messaged him. They felt each other out to confirm each other’s legitimacy. Meng Hao was familiar with this process.

It didn’t take long for the two of them to reach an agreement. Meng Hao traded some of the medicinal plants he had acquired in Patriarch Reliance’s Immortal’s Cave in exchange for a spot as an apprentice alchemist. When the deal was completed, Meng Hao had a new jade slip in his hand.

It was dark green, and the image of a pill furnace was carved on its surface.

Soon, the secret meeting came to an end. The mist dissipated, and one by one, the various participants disappeared into beams of light. When Meng Hao passed through the glowing exit, he found himself in a remote corner of Violet Moon City. He lowered his head and promptly disappeared into the night.

Three days later, at the foot of the Violet Fate Sect, Meng Hao appeared, still looking like the sixteen or seventeen year old scholar. He had a nervous expression on his face as he respectfully handed the dark green jade slip over to a stout middle-aged man.

The man wore a Daoist robe and had a thin beard. He appeared to be at the eighth level of Qi Condensation. He glanced at Meng Hao and then looked over the jade slip.

“Since you have this jade slip of recommendation, you may join the Violet Fate Sect as an apprentice alchemist. However, all apprentice alchemists must cross the Pass of Truth. Including yourself, there are three people here today who wish to join the Sect. If any of you harbor sinister intentions, then you will meet your death on the Bridge of Truth.” He flicked his sleeve and began to walk.

Meng Hao followed him along the foot of the mountain, the one that was shaped like a pill furnace. Up above was the imposing statue of Reverend Violet East. Meng Hao and the middle-aged man walked for some time, until they were about halfway up the mountain. Up ahead was a chain bridge, which swayed lightly back and forth. Clouds drifted about above and below, making the image of Reverend Violet East just barely visible. Behind the giant statue was the peak of a mountain, surrounded by curling mists and clouds.

Beneath the bridge was a deep abyss. Falling into the abyss meant sure death for anyone who couldn't use their Cultivation base.

Not far from the chain bridge stood a Cultivator of about thirty years of age, with a blank expression on his face. Behind him were two youths, one boy and one girl, who cast nervous glances at the chain bridge. Clearly, they were so frightened that their scalps had gone numb.

The stout Cultivator led Meng Hao up to them and then yawned.

“The three of you must cross the bridge,” he said. “If no duplicity exists in your heart, then you will reach the other side safely. With that, you will be a Violet Fate Sect apprentice alchemist. However, if you do harbor duplicity, then you will die. Throughout the years, many youths have perished before reaching the other side.” Having finished his speech, the man completely ignored Meng Hao and the others.

The expressionless Cultivator closed his eyes.

Meng Hao looked over at the chain bridge. Without hesitation, he walked forward toward it. Behind him, the young man gritted his teeth and followed.

As soon as Meng Hao stepped foot onto the bridge, it began to sway back and forth. He took a deep breath as he walked away from the pill furnace mountain. About half way, a strong wind picked up, whistling past and causing the bridge to sway even harder. At the same time, a soft sigh could be heard. The sound of it pierced into Meng Hao's ears and sent his mind reeling.



Distracting thoughts suddenly filled his head. They contained information about the various reasons he wanted to join the Violet Fate Sect. They bubbled up, beyond his control, as if at the moment anyone could read his thoughts.

At this exact moment, however, the aura which powered the meat jelly's transformation ability suddenly rose up. It immediately pushed down the distracting thoughts. Suddenly, Meng Hao felt an invisible gaze descending upon him from the statue of Reverend Violet East, inspecting him.

His heart trembled. As the other distracting thoughts were pushed down, he tried hard to continue thinking about his desire to study pill concocting as well as his yearning to join the Violet Fate Sect.

The invisible gaze swept over Meng Hao for the space of about ten breaths. Then, it moved on to the two young people behind him.

Meng Hao continued on, his face pale. Behind him, a scream rang out. Nothing had happened to the young woman, but the young man suddenly fell off of the chain bridge, plummeting down.

Suddenly, the power of early Foundation Establishment erupted out from the young man. As soon as it did, though, his body suddenly trembled. A look of fear shone in his eyes as his Cultivation base suddenly vanished. Like nothing more than a mortal, he fell down into the abyss.

Meng Hao sucked in a deep breath. With an expression of both determination and fear, he continued on, clenching his jaw. The gaze swept over him a total of nine times. Each time, it stayed on him longer and longer. Finally, he reached the statue of Reverend Violet East. He stepped onto the mountain that formed the main gate of the Violet Fate Sect. He had succeeded.

There in front of him was an old man wearing a black gown. A thick aroma of medicinal plants wafted off of him.

He looked coolly at Meng Hao for a moment, and then nodded. Generally speaking, people could not cross the Bridge of Truth if they harbored secret motives. The chain bridge seemed ordinary in nature. However, it was a method that the East Pill Division had used for years to test disciples. If they passed the test, then they could join the Sect.

“State your name.”

“Fang Mu,” replied Meng Hao, nervously clasping his hands.

“I am the honor guard of the East Pill Division’s herb district, Xu Chen,” said the old man coolly. “I also supervise new apprentice alchemists. You’re lucky to be able to join the Violet Fate Sect’s East Pill Division. Apprentice alchemists are the foundation of the East Pill Division. Every single Furnace Lord was promoted from the ranks of the master alchemists, who of course all start out as apprentice alchemists. In the future, perhaps you will become an esteemed Furnace Lord. That will depend on your good fortune and latent talent.”

The young woman finally approached from the bridge. She trembled as she stood next to Meng Hao. Her face was pale white.

“Let’s go. Having reached this point, you can now call this Sect your home.” The old man smiled kindly, and then flicked his sleeve. A gentle wind picked up Meng Hao and the young woman as the old man flew off with them to another location.

Winding paths snaked through the surrounding mountains as they flew along. Looking around, Meng Hao could only see endless chains of mountains, as well as countless valleys filled with richly ornamented buildings. The whole scene looked celestial in nature.

“This place...” thought Meng Hao, “Is the Sect where Fang Mu will reside for a very long time....” His eyes shined brightly as he looked at all the sights.

Then suddenly, a strange expression filled his eyes. He had just noticed that in one valley was an empty space between the buildings. Stabbed into the side of the mountain there was an iron spear.

That iron spear looked very familiar....