

The Heavens 301

Chapter 301: Immortal Shows the Way

Meng Hao quickly decided to change the topic. “Senior, sir, I’m sure you didn’t just call me here to eat some White Dragon.” The way the man had looked at him just now made him feel like food, and had caused his scalp to go numb.

Only at this point did the man reluctantly look back up. From the look of it, it took quite a bit of willpower to do so. He tilted his head back to look up at the stars.

“These stars come from my memories of ancient times....” said the man softly, sounding a bit melancholy. “Unfortunately, I’ve been asleep for far too long.... When I woke up, I was here, in this land. I couldn’t tell if the starry sky was the same or not, or whether there were more stars or fewer.

“Listen up, kid. My surname is Choumen. I was born outside the Seventh Mountain, on Planet Tiger Cage. My full name is Choumen Tai! The man looked back down from the stars and stared at Meng Hao with a solemn expression.

“Because I was on good terms with an old friend from the Eighth Mountain, I took part in the Dao War between the Eighth and Ninth Mountains. During the course of the war, I was seriously injured. I should have perished, but I had one breath left that has kept me going until now.

“I may die, but I will not allow my legacy to end with me.... As for you, the moment you saw me way back then, I acquired the coordinates to this planet, allowing me to fall here. You have a special bloodline. If you’re lucky, you should be able to leave this tiny Planet South Heaven, travel to my home and return the legacy....

“That is my hope. If you’re able to do it, well and good. If not, I still won’t have any regrets!” He studied Meng Hao for a moment. “I have three boons to bestow upon you, as way of repayment!

“The first boon is a mark that I created after I achieved enlightenment and gained Immortality. Its name is ‘Immortal Shows the Way.’ Only someone who has ascended to Immortality in the Nine Mountains and Seas, and who is willing to sacrifice some Cultivation base, can create something like this. It was supposed to be given to my descendants as a treasure.

“When you are of the great circle of Dao Seeking, you can use it to step from that peak toward Immortal Ascension. Someone will show you the way, and your chances of succeeding in Immortal Ascension will increase by thirty percent!

“Furthermore, you won’t be using some local power, Immortal Shows the Way can cause a starry sky to descend!!” He lifted his hand up and pressed down on his forehead. A resplendent ball of light immediately appeared.

The glowing ball of light emanated an aura which did not belong to this world. As soon as Meng Hao sensed it, his mind began buzzing. He had the powerful feeling that this light contained a fearsome power. Were it to detonate, it could turn the entire Southern Domain into ash.

“This....” Meng Hao began to pant as he stared at the glowing ball of light in the man’s hand. Meng Hao could also sense that when the aura emerged, the man instantly grew weaker by almost half. The stars and the land around them seemed to grow more unstable, even blurry.

“Immortal Ascension is difficult... but with this Immortal Shows the Way, that difficulty will be reduced by quite a lot. All you have to do is continue to grow until you reach that point. When that time comes, you will most likely be able to make the final step!

“This item is the first boon I shall bestow upon you.” The man’s face was pale and his body was becoming less distinct. However, he gave a hearty laugh and, without hesitation pressed the glowing Immortal Shows the Way into Meng Hao’s forehead. Such an object could cause countless experts among the stars to engage in ruthless struggle, but the man handed it directly over. The glow of it fused into Meng Hao’s body.

Meng Hao trembled, and closed his eyes for a while. When he opened them, he felt completely different than before. However, he couldn’t quite tell what was different. The only thing he was sure of was that his head felt much clearer.

“The second boon I will bestow upon you is something you’ve likely heard of before: one of the three classic scriptures, the Dao Divinity Scripture! Sublime Spirit, Dao Divinity, Heaven Severing. These three scriptures aren’t just passed down on this planet where you reside. These three classic scriptures are handed down throughout all the Nine Mountains and Seas!

“Unfortunately, what most people possess are mere fragments of the full scriptures. Up till now, only two people have ever been able to collect the full text of any one of them, and been able to acquire the Dao Realm title. One of those was the Dao Divinity of the First Mountain!

“The other was Sublime Spirit from your Ninth Mountain!

“Only these two powerful experts were able to collect the complete Sublime Spirit Scripture and Dao Divinity Scripture respectively. Everyone else only possesses fragments. As for the most mysterious of all, the Heaven Severing Scripture, for countless ages no one has ever been able to collect it in its entirety, nor cultivated the great circle of that realm to acquire the designation Heaven Severing.

“As for my Dao Divinity Scripture, I only have one manual, which is actually far more valuable than the rest. Mine is the Divine Sense Manual! One of the main reasons why I didn’t die in the Dao War was because of this manual.

“My Divine Sense is about three times more powerful than anyone in the same stage as me. This... is the superiority which comes from cultivating this manual of the Dao Divinity Scripture. Triple is the limit; however, if you acquire other Dao Divinity fragments, then you can increase that number!

“This art, I pass to you!” The man raised his right hand and pushed down onto Meng Hao’s forehead. Immediately, a scriptural text began to float in Meng Hao’s mind. Each magical symbol radiated a black glow as it branded itself onto Meng Hao’s mind. Immediately, his body trembled as his Spiritual Sense experienced frenzied growth.

After the space of a few breaths passed, he found that his Spiritual Sense had increased by about double. As of this moment, he could easily send it out to cover everything around.

The stronger one’s Spiritual Sense is, the stronger the Core Qi will be. With Core Qi powering magical techniques, the result will be even more shocking; similarly, Meng Hao’s ability to deduce the ultimate form of his techniques far surpassed others.

At the moment, it was only a simple branding, and Meng Hao had only received a doubling of Spiritual Sense. Through continued cultivation, that increase would be even greater.

Even this seemed like a huge stroke of good fortune to Meng Hao, though, and left him breathing heavily.

“What do you think?” laughed the man. “Just having it branded to you increased your Spiritual Sense by double. That’s because of the half dragon you ate. The power of White Dragons stems

from Divine Sense. Your Cultivation base isn't capable of completely assimilating it, though. That will take some time. When that happens, your Divine Sense will become vastly more stable."

"White Dragon...." said Meng Hao without thinking. "You mean that wasn't an illusion?" Feeling the increase in his Spiritual Sense caused him to be vastly more confident in being able to reach Core Formation.

"Who said it was an illusion!?" said the man as he glared, reached up and smacked Meng Hao's head. "You gluttonous little punk! That was the last dried White Dragon that I had saved up. Its efficacy was rather low, but I still had planned to save it for my last meal before I died. Unfortunately, I gave you an entire half! Oh well, it doesn't matter."

The man seemed to be a bit jealous at the level of Meng Hao's good fortune. He sighed and then reached into his robe. "Alright, I didn't finish what I was saying. You have the first and second boons. Now, I'll give the last boon.... Kid, I want you to remember something. If you aren't able to deliver my legacy back to Planet Tiger Cage, then even if I'm dead I will definitely curse you!" From within his body, he dragged out a glowing white globule.

The glow carried with it a faint, delicate fragrance. Meng Hao gaped when he saw it; the glow contained a diamond-shaped object.

"This is...."

"This is my legacy," he said with a whisper, "contained in a breath of my Immortal Qi. This is what you must take to Planet Tiger Cage. Dissolve the Immortal Qi, and you will be able to see the legacy. Only you! If you wish to study it, you may. Just get it to Planet Tiger Cage!

"To be honest, though, according to my calculations, it would be difficult for you to fully assimilate it within several hundred years." Looking pained, he took the white diamond and pushed it into Meng Hao's chest.

Meng Hao's body spasmed. The white diamond suddenly appeared amidst his ten Dao Pillars. The white glow emanated out, connecting with his Dao Pillars.

At the same time, a boundless roar filled his Cultivation base, exploding outward throughout his body. His ten Dao Pillars shook and radiated massive amounts of Violet Qi, which then interlocked over the white diamond. Meng Hao's mind spun. He suddenly sensed a feeling that was similar to when he had consumed the Three Mortalities Pill in his attempt to reach Core Formation.

“I’m... approaching Core Formation!” Meng Hao said, panting.

The man’s body began to fade, causing him to speak in a rush: “You’ve reached the critical point leading to Core Formation. Dissipate some of my Immortal Qi, and it will help you to form your Core.... Look out for yourself. I’m placing all of my hope in you. Be careful of the Black Sieve Sect. Be careful of the ancient power which comes from the East in this planet. The Lord who controls that power has already reached the pinnacle of this planet.

“The uniqueness of your bloodline and my speculations regarding your past are contained in that breath of Immortal Qi. Some years from now, after you completely dissolve my Immortal Qi, you will be able to see. However, I can’t guarantee that all of it will be true....” The world around them began to crack and break. “I’m gonna make one last bet by entering your planet’s Rebirth Cave. According to my analysis, the mysteries within have something to do with the Dao Sea beneath the Ninth Mountain. Look out.... yourself.... mental realm is collapsing. When it... everyone inside will be teleported out....” The voice came and went in spurts, and then finally disappeared. An intense rumbling filled the area around Meng Hao, and then... everything collapsed.

He was once again surrounded by walls. However, this time, the walls were filled with fissures.

Cracking sounds filled the air. Meng Hao looked around and took a deep breath. Everything had happened too quickly just now. As he thought back to it, it seemed like a dream. And yet, the Dao Divinity Scripture was there in his mind, and within his body was the Immortal Qi in the shape of a diamond. It was all real.

Furthermore, his ten Dao Pillars were rapidly beginning to melt, releasing an unprecedentedly dense Violet Qi. The Qi wrapped around the diamond, and was slowly beginning to take the shape of a Core.

Meng Hao knew that he was now entering Core Formation. The process would normally take a very long time; however, because of the assistance of the Immortal Qi, the process would be sped up. Right now, he had reached a critical juncture!

It was at this exact moment that a boom filled the air. The sound came from a nearby wall, which suddenly exploded. A potent aura suddenly poured through.

“Finally found it,” said a voice. “This is the place the Patriarch spoke of. That person’s Immortal will is slumbering in this... eh?” The young man surnamed Ji suddenly appeared, a look of surprise on his face. He wore a long, azure robe.

His eyes flickered as they fell upon Meng Hao. A mysterious light glowed therein. His expression suddenly turned grim. “Did you steal it?” he asked.

Chapter 302: Crisis!

The Ji youth’s expression was one of unyielding pride, his words aloof and remote. He didn’t seem to think Meng Hao was even worth looking at, and spoke to him as he might a servant.

Meng Hao frowned. However, he thought of the fearsomeness of the Clan, as well as the fear An Zaihai had shown. He thought about everything he had experienced, and all the stories regarding Ji. Then, he immediately suppressed any feelings of displeasure he felt.

Now was not the appropriate time to attack; his Cultivation base had reached a critical juncture, the time when the important transformation would occur. Meng Hao knew that to attack now would affect the growth of his Cultivation base.

Furthermore, the Ji youth’s Cultivation base was at the peak of the early Core Formation stage, even higher than the azure-masked Cultivator from the Black Lands he had fought.

“Your excellency, I’m not quite sure what you mean,” said Meng Hao, looking surprised. “I just arrived here myself, and haven’t been able to find anything. Don’t tell me there’s some sort of treasure here?” The glow of greed shone in his eyes as he spoke.

The Ji youth’s eyes glittered as he glanced at Meng Hao, and an expression of utter disdain covering his face. He looked around, heart still filled with suspicion.

“This guy’s Cultivation base is at the Foundation Establishment level,” he thought. “No matter how weak the Immortal is, there’s no way this guy could penetrate his Immortal Sense. Plus, he’s slumbering. Even I couldn’t forcibly break into the Immortal Sense, not even with the device given to me by the Patriarch. So, could it have been taken earlier by someone else?” Within the Ji youth’s mind appeared the image of the girl surnamed Fang. He glanced over at Meng Hao. “Did you encounter anyone on your way here? Whatever it is you saw, tell me immediately,” he demanded. “If you leave out anything, I will wipe you and your Sect and Clan!” He made no attempt to cover over his disdain and superciliousness.

Meng Hao hesitated, then lowered his voice. “Someone else? Yes, I did see someone, actually, wearing a green robe. I couldn’t really see clearly which Fellow Daoist... it was... This place....”

Before he could finish, the Ji youth seemed to have made his mind up. He flicked his sleeve impatiently. “Screw off!” he said.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with an imperceptible coldness. However, a cowardly look appeared on his face, and he immediately backed up, then turned to leave.

It was at this exact moment that suddenly, the wall next to him exploded outward, and a person in green emerged.

Along with this person came an incredibly potent aura, which immediately enveloped the entire area. Not only did it contain power, but also feeling of extreme conceit.

As the aura roiled out, the figure emerged slowly, a young woman. This was none other than the girl surnamed Fang, who was also from the Eastern Lands. As soon as she appeared, her eyes fell onto the Ji youth.

Meng Hao was standing right next to her, but she completely ignored him. The arrogance which emanated from her was virtually palpable.

“Ji Hongdong, give the Immortal’s scripture to me!” said the young woman coolly. She was beautiful, and emanated icy arrogance. [1]

When he saw the girl appear, Meng Hao’s heart began to thump, and he backed up a few paces. Before he could get very far, the Ji youth’s eyes narrowed.

“Fang Yu, it turns out you took the Immortal’s scripture, and still....” He only finished half of his thought when his heart suddenly trembled. He abruptly looked at Meng Hao, and as he did, he blinked his right eye seven times in rapid succession. Suddenly, two pupils could be seen within his eye. They seemed to possess some power of psychic sight! As he looked at Meng Hao, he immediately was able to see the white diamond in Meng Hao’s dantian.

In addition to the diamond, there was a blurriness. Even the diamond by itself was enough to cause killing intent to spring out from the Ji youth’s eyes. However, just as soon as it appeared, it then vanished.

The speed with which all of this happened was such that if you blinked, you wouldn't be able to pick up even the slightest clue that something was happening.

“Preposterous!” said the Ji youth with a cold laugh. Ignoring Meng Hao, he immediately shot toward Fang Yu. As he neared, he waved his right hand, causing a field of stars to appear behind him. Fang Yu gave a cold snort and also advanced. She lifted her hand, forming a fist and punching out into the air. A huge boom resonated out in all directions.

Meng Hao immediately tumbled backward, then picked a random direction and sped off.

His face was grim. He could see that Ji Hongdong had seen through him; he didn't point it out and immediately pursue Meng Hao because of the Fang girl. Instead of saying something, he planned to come after Meng Hao later, alone.

The walls continued to fill with cracks, although Meng wasn't sure how long it would take until they completely crumbled. He slapped his bag of holding to retrieve the good luck charm. He pressed down on it, after which a frustrated look appeared on his face.

For the first time ever, the good luck charm was powerless to teleport him away.

“I can't place all of my hope on the collapse of this place....” thought Meng Hao. He knew full well that before the place fell to pieces, he had somewhat of a chance to flee. However, once the collapse was complete, if Ji Hongdong came after him, he would be in a very bad position.

Ji Hongdong's status, his place in the fearsome Ji Clan, made it such that if he were killed, it would be equivalent to deliberately invoking monolithic disaster. Meng Hao wasn't sure if the Violet Fate Sect would even be able to fight back. The two powers weren't even on the same level.

His face grim, Meng Hao continued on for a bit less time than it takes half an incense stick to burn. Finally, he gritted his teeth and stopped, sitting down cross-legged on the ground. Ignoring the crumbling of the walls around him, he began to meditate, rotating his Cultivation base and pushing as fast as possible toward Core Formation.

“Regardless of anything, I will only be able to seize the initiative... after I reach Core Formation!” A bright glow appeared in his eyes. This was a moment of crisis, leaving him little time to think things through. He closed his eyes and spit out a mouthful of mist, which immediately crackled

with lightning as it surrounded him. At the same time, a halo the color of blood emerged from Meng Hao, and a Blood Clone materialised and began to guard over him.

Meng Hao's ten Dao Pillars emitted a roaring sound that only he could hear. Massive amounts of Violet Qi poured forth, causing the Dao Pillars to begin to melt and then merge together.

After the Dao Pillars fully melted he would be able to form his Core. Thanks to the Immortal Qi, this process would happen much more quickly. Once Meng Hao reached Core Formation, he would set the record as the fastest person to do so since ancient times.

Time passed by. Meng Hao wasn't sure when Ji Hongdong would come for him. However, it would happen quickly, he was sure of that. Ji Hongdong had picked up on the clues. Once he shook off the young Fang woman, he would be coming for Meng Hao.

"Must go faster!!" thought Meng Hao, circulating all the power within his Cultivation base. Suddenly, a shocking roar filled his mind. His tenth Dao Pillar was now melting.

As the Dao Pillar melted, vast quantities of Violet Qi poured out, wrapping around and around the collection of violet mist which already existed around the Immortal Qi. The globule of violet mist rotated rapidly, emitting countless strands of Violet Qi throughout Meng Hao's body.

A brutally powerful aura appeared within Meng Hao; his physical body grew more powerful, his Spiritual Sense expanded, and most obviously, the Blood Clone and the Blood Death World he was within slowly began to grow stronger.

As the true self grew stronger, so did they!

Meng Hao wasn't satisfied, though. The speed was too slow. Veins bulged on his face as he pushed everything into rotating his Cultivation base. Amidst the roaring, his ninth Dao Pillar began to melt. More Violet Qi poured out. The violet mist globule rotated even more rapidly; it was now showing signs of condensing into a Core.

Next, his eighth Dao Pillar, then his seventh. They melted one after another, filling him with rumbling booms. Boundless spiritual energy exploded out, causing the violet mist to roil at even greater speed. It sucked in Violet Qi. As of this moment, Meng Hao's body was emitting a bright violet glow.

The globule of violet mist spun at high speed. All signs pointed to it forming into a Violet Core at any moment. Seeing this, Meng Hao quickly consumed a large amount of Three Mortalities Pills. It still wasn't enough. Meng Hao could clearly sense that he was... immeasurably close to Core Formation!

"Even faster!" thought Meng Hao with an inward growl. A thunderous noise could be heard as his sixth Dao Pillar, fifth Dao Pillar and fourth Dao Pill all melted. It was at this time that off in the distance, Meng Hao could hear a loud noise; someone was using a magical technique.

"It's not Ji Hongdong..." thought Meng Hao. He was focused on rotating his Dao Pillars, but he had long since sent his Spiritual Sense out into the area. He immediately caught sight of a figure making its way toward him at high speed.

Meng Hao sighed inwardly and opened his eyes. Off in the distance was Li Daoyi, wearing a thoughtful smile.

Catching sight of Meng Hao, he gave a slight smile and said, "I was wondering who it was that Fellow Daoist Ji wanted me to pursue and delay. So, it turns out it's Grandmaster Fang Mu." He slowly approached. As he neared, he suddenly stopped and gaped at Meng Hao. "Core Formation aura? You picked this moment to form your Core?" He laughed, his expression filled with a sneer.

"You really live up to your reputation, Grandmaster Fang Mu," he said. "Very audacious! However, you took something that belongs to Fellow Daoist Ji. That's a no-no. The mere sight of you fills me with the desire to kill."

"Make a move against me and you'll cause a war between the Li Clan and the Violet Fate Sect," said Meng Hao coolly, his expression the same as ever. He was in a race against time; his Cultivation base was rotating rapidly, causing his remaining three Dao Pillars to begin to melt away.

"I would of course never attack you," said Li Daoyi with a hypocritical smile. "I'll just block your way, make sure you stay behind and don't leave. Your life does not belong to me, but rather, Fellow Daoist Ji. The Clan Patriarchs will be more than happy to allow something like this to happen." He lifted his hand, extending it toward Meng Hao's forehead.

Meng Hao sighed. It seemed he would not be able to make his breakthrough at the moment. Killing intent glittered in his eyes, and he was just about to make a move, when suddenly, his face flickered.

At the same time, Li Daoyi's face also changed. He spun, and then dodged to the side.

Just as he did, a clear, melodious snort rang out, filling the air. A band of white light flashed through the spot where Li Daoyi had just stood, then shot after him.

Next, a prismatic beam shot toward them, coming to a stop next to Meng Hao.

There, wearing a white robe, facial expression icy cold, was Xu Qing.

She glared at Li Daoyi.

“Make your breakthrough,” she said calmly to Meng Hao. “I’ll take care of him.” Her voice was cold, but as her words made their way into Meng Hao’s heart, they transformed into gentle warmth.

Chapter 303: The Bloodline of the Ji Clan

“Xu Qing!” Li Daoyi’s eyes glowed brightly. He was not unfamiliar with Xu Qing; back in the western region of the Southern Domain, he had fought against her.

During that fight, he had suffered a great defeat!

Later, he was able to make a breakthrough and enter the Core Formation stage, but the loss that day had been extremely irritating. Seeing Xu Qing again now caused his eyes to fill with coldness. Killing intent flickered inside of him, and he lifted his hand. Power of Core Formation emanated out.

Xu Qing’s expression never changed from being cold. Her eyes glittered as a white colored Qi emanated out from her body, transforming into threads which shot toward Li Daoyi.

A boom echoed out immediately. Meng Hao’s eyes were closed, and he was completely focused on rotating his Cultivation base. His third Dao Pillar began to melt, sending Violet Qi surging through his body, permeating it. Meng Hao’s entire body was now violet-colored.

Xu Qing and Li Daoyi were locked in a magical battle. Xu Qing obviously had the upper hand; in reality, in terms of Cultivation base, she had fused with Matriarch Phoenix, making it impossible for Li Daoyi to even compare to her. She was essentially at the level of a Sect Patriarch.

However, even if Xu Qing actively attempted to meld, she would be unable to do so in a short period of time. Currently, she was only able to wield about one percent of the full power. Even that small amount still placed her above Li Daoyi.

No matter what methods Li Daoyi employed as they fought, Xu Qing's expression was the same as ever. Were she able to leave Meng Hao's side, to pursue Li Daoyi and use all the magical techniques she possessed, then she would easily be able to defeat him.

However, she didn't want to take such a risk. She was worried that if she fully engaged in the battle, Li Daoyi would use some trick or another to affect Meng Hao's Cultivation base.

As the two of them fought, Meng Hao's second Dao Pillar began to melt, and after it disappeared, the first. In the space of ten breaths, the Flying Rain-Dragon Core was visible in his Core Sea. It immediately moved into the violet mist.

The Demonic Core was already small; after merging into the violet mist, the mist globule began to rotate even faster. It was very obviously congealing into a Core at this point.

It was at this very moment that Ji Hongdong appeared off in the distance, flying in their general direction at high speed. His eyes were actually closed, as if he were following the trail of an aura.

His face was pale; obviously he had been injured while battling with the young Fang woman. Having shaken her off, here he was now, an intense light glittering underneath his eyelids.

"I'm not sure how that lowbrow Cultivator managed to pierce the Immortal Sense and acquire the Immortal Qi that the Patriarch talked about. Well, it doesn't matter. With his Cultivation base, he won't be able to absorb it very quickly. As long as I'm able to kill him, then I can take the Immortal Qi and absorb it myself. Once I do, then I'll definitely be able to be promoted out of the Quasi-Array. Then I can be a true member of the Clan Array!" As he reached this point in his train of thought, he opened his eyes. They gleamed with intense anticipation.

He suddenly turned his head and looked toward Meng Hao. "Found you!" he said, flying directly toward him.

As for Meng Hao, cracking sounds could be heard within his body. The violet mist globule within his Core Sea was shrinking. As it did, it began to grow more solid; it emanated a brilliant violet light as a thick exterior began to form.

Once it was completely solid, the Violet Core formed, then Meng Hao's Cultivation base would rocket up. He would leave Foundation Establishment and enter Core Formation, and the ranks of the truly powerful experts!

Ten percent, twenty percent, thirty percent.... The rotation of the violet mist globule inside of him began to slow, and looked more and more solid. It was shrinking also; all that remained was about the size of a fist.

It didn't take long before the Violet Core truly began to emerge. As of now, Meng Hao could feel a throbbing power pulsing through him; far, far greater than anything he had felt before.

This was not a normal Violet Core, but one formed from the ten Dao Pillars of a Perfect Foundation. The moment it appeared, it became the most powerful Violet Core ever seen in the tens of thousands of years that made up the history of the Violet Fate Sect.

This level of power was unheard of. Furthermore, after merging with the Demonic Core of the Flying Rain-Dragon, the Violet Core was even more brutally powerful.

No one in the Violet Fate Sect had even come close to touching such a level of power; even Reverend Violet East, when he was in the Core Formation Stage, had never reached this astonishing level.

In addition to all that... Meng Hao's Violet Core was formed with the assistance of the breath of Immortal Qi. This Core... was something that had never been seen in the Violet Fate Sect, the Southern Domain, the Western Desert, the Northern Reaches or the Eastern Lands!

Forty percent, fifty percent, sixty percent.... Meng Hao could sense the aura of the violet mist within him growing stronger. His heart began to beat faster, his body grew stronger, the range of the Spiritual Sense grew greater. He could sense all these constant changes.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao suddenly caught sight of Ji Hongdong with his Spiritual Sense. He approached rapidly; in one breath, he was far off in the distance, a moment later he was upon Meng Hao and the others.

At the same time that Ji Hongdong appeared, a boom filled the air. Li Daoyi coughed up some blood as he staggered back several paces to stand next to Ji Hongdong. He glared at Xu Qing, his eyes full of murder.

Xu Qing's face was a bit pale, but her expression was cold as she stared at Ji Hongdong.

"Excellent job, Li Daoyi," said Ji Hongdong coolly. "I will notify my Clan regarding this matter, and tell them that your Li Clan performed a meritorious deed."

"Please don't be so polite, young master Ji. It is my honor to be able to assist the Ji Clan. Young master Ji, please allow me to take this woman away. She has attacked me twice so far, and today I plan to help her understand what it means to live a life worse than death!" A vile, licentious look shone in his eyes. He liked cold women like this.

"Do as you wish," replied Ji Hongdong coolly. He glanced at Xu Qing, then looked at Meng Hao, who was still sitting there cross-legged, meditating.

Looking at his Cultivation base, and seeing that he was forming his Core, caused a look of derision to appear in his eyes.

"If Fang Yu hadn't appeared, I might have been fooled by you. Since you have the Immortal Qi in your body, then I have no choice but to slay you and refine it out of your corpse." With that, he took a step forward. A massive power emerged from his body. An image appeared behind him, that of mountains and rivers and a great land. It was a strange scene; it made it seem as if he were an emperor, and that the land he stepped on was part of his empire.

As he proceeded forward, the violet mist within Meng Hao reached eighty percent completion, and headed toward ninety percent. The powerful aura within him didn't emanate out from him at all. Instead, it surged throughout his body, filling him.

Xu Qing set her gaze, and then stepped in front of Meng Hao to block Ji Hongdong's way.

"You overestimate yourself!" said Ji Hongdong with a cold snort. He took another step, and the massive image behind him of the mountains and rivers suddenly expanded, exerting pressure down into Xu Qing.

This was the manifestation of Ji Hongdong's Core Qi. The mountains and rivers made him seem like an emperor exuding a royal aura. Xu Qing's face went pale under the pressure; her eyes suddenly shined with a blackness that completely covered over the whites of her eyes. Anyone who looked at her eyes now would see only dark emptiness.

Suddenly, the aura emanating from her body was no longer white, but black. Strands of blackness emerged, transforming into a host of vicious, demonic faces. The faces congealed together above her face to form into... a black phoenix!

It immediately charged directly toward the royal will embodied by the mountains and rivers.

Ji Hongdong's eyes narrowed, shocked by what had just happened. A boom rattled out, and blood sprayed from Xu Qing's mouth. She staggered backward, then grabbed Meng Hao. It was the same way she had grabbed him all those years ago when she took him from Mount Daqing. Holding him at her side, she shot off into the distance.

Her face was pale, and blood seeped from the corners of her mouth. Just now, she had used the power of Matriarch Phoenix, a power which did not fully belong to her; as a result, she had significantly injured herself.

She was willing to take the risk, but in truth, she could not employ too much of the power, only a bit of it.

At the same time as she sped away with Meng Hao, Ji Hongdong, his face pale white, looked down and pulled a damaged jade pendant out from near his chest.

His face was unsightly, his eyes filled with killing intent as well as astonishment.

"Just now, she erupted with power similar to that of a Nascent Soul Cultivation base. She even crushed my life-saving jade.... This girl's aura... is interesting. It must be the power of a discarnate soul. Now I just have to see which discarnate soul of the Southern Domain dares to take shape before me, Ji Hongdong of the Ji Clan. Who is it exactly that dares to attack me!?" A cruel smile twisted his face as he shot forward in pursuit.

Li Daoyi followed him, sighing inwardly. Now he knew that Xu Qing hadn't been using her full power during their fight. If she had, he would without a doubt be dead already.

“Obviously, she didn’t use her full power when she attacked just now. That would cost her too much....”

Meng Hao couldn’t physically see what was happening, but because of his Spiritual Sense, he was aware of all the changes in the situation. In fact, things were even clearer than if he had seen it with the naked eye. He saw Xu Qing’s blood, saw her risking her life.

He felt a stab of pain in his heart, and waves of anger surged up in his heart. By the time she coughed up blood for the third time, the violet mist inside of Meng Hao was ninety percent complete and closing in on one hundred percent.

“Elder Sister,” he said, opening his eyes. “Put me down, okay?”

Xu Qing didn’t say anything. She ignored him, speeding forward as quickly as possible.

He looked at her, warmth filling his eyes.

Suddenly, a whistling sound could be heard as Ji Hongdong appeared, flying through the air. By now, the walls in the area were more than half crumbled to pieces. It wouldn’t be long before they completely disintegrated.

When Ji Hongdong appeared, a look of determination appeared in Xu Qing’s eyes. She waved her left hand, and her body trembled as massive amounts of black aura shot out, forming into the shape of a black phoenix, filled with countless discarnate souls. Shrill screams filled the air as it shot toward Ji Hongdong.

“Are you blind?!” said Ji Hongdong with a cold snort. “Do you really dare to offend the bloodline of the Ji Clan?!” He continued forward without hesitation.

Chapter 304: Core Formation!!

By the time the words left Ji Hongdong’s mouth, the phoenix, formed from the black aura as well as countless discarnate souls, was around twenty to twenty five meters away from him. Suddenly, it began to tremble.

The previously vicious faces of the discarnate souls were suddenly filled with dread and shock, as if they had suddenly encountered something they found terrifying.

The black phoenix emitted a shrill scream, as if it didn't want to proceed any further forward. It lowered its head, almost like it was bowing to Ji Hongdong.

The expression on Xu Qing's face immediately changed. She began to tremble, and her eyes filled with disbelief. How could she possibly have predicted that the discarnate souls of the Black Sieve Sect, who were as powerful as the sun at high noon, would prostrate before a Core Formation Cultivator?

"Your bloodline...." Her heart thumped as she suddenly considered the words Ji Hongdong had just spoken.

Ji Hongdong gave a cold harumph, and once again spoke: "Trifling discarnate souls! In front of the bloodline of the Ji Clan, they don't even count as wild dogs. They're nothing but insects. When they died, they died under the Heavens of the Ji Clan!" His words were cool, his countenance proud. He never stopped moving forward; as he did, the discarnate souls shrieked. They retreated backward, prostrating, their faces filled with looks of entreaty.

The black phoenix trembled violently as Ji Hongdong approached, and suddenly, a face appeared on its surface.

It was the face of a woman. This was not Xu Qing's face, but rather the sealed Matriarch Phoenix!

Her eyes were closed, and her expression was one of terror, and even more so, imploring. She wanted to offer an explanation, but it seemed she had lost her power to speak or even open her eyes. Slowly, a bright red sealing mark appeared on her face.

When Ji Hongdong saw the face, he blinked seven times. A bizarre light shone out as he studied her. A strange expression appeared on his face, and then he laughed.

"Interesting," he said, with a meaningful smile. "I've heard of discarnate souls possessing people, but I've never heard of a host taking control of the discarnate soul." He looked at Li Daoyi. "What is her name and Sect?"

"Black Sieve Sect, Xu Qing!" replied Li Daoyi immediately.

“Xu Qing. Interesting,” he said, a wicked smile on his face. “I’m not sure how you did it. You fooled the Black Sieve Sect, as well as the other discarnate souls. You’ve fooled everyone into thinking that you are the discarnate soul. Tell me, if word of this gets out, what would happen to you?” He proceeded forward, laughing loudly. He waved his right hand, and all the discarnate souls retreated, even the black phoenix. Trembling, they didn’t dare to proceed any further forward.

They weren’t necessarily afraid of the young man in particular, but rather the fearsome bloodline of the Ji Clan inside of him!

Xu Qing’s face changed even more, becoming even paler. She well knew that if word spread, she wouldn’t be able to flee far enough. She would be dead without doubt. It wouldn’t just be the Black Sieve Sect that was chasing her, but all the fearsome discarnate souls.

Whether it be the Cultivators who lived on the surface of the Black Sieve Sect, or the discarnate souls beneath, not a single one would let her go free. There would be nowhere to flee to in the entire Southern Domain. All of her resources in the Sect would be purged. No shelter would be found anywhere in the Southern Domain. Besides, even if she fled, she couldn’t physically stay away for very long. The process of fusing with Matriarch Phoenix could only happen within the Black Sieve Sect.

It was only there that she could continue the process. Until Matriarch Phoenix was completely swallowed up, if she stayed away from the Sect for too long at one time, then her Cultivation base would begin to deteriorate. This matter had suddenly turned into a great disaster for her.

Seeing Xu Qing’s change of expression caused Ji Hongdong to laugh. His eyes filled with derision; he loved seeing people like this. It gave him a feeling of power, as if he were a great lord. “And then there’s this seal....” he said. “It’s very interesting. It can help you control the discarnate soul. I think the Sect Patriarchs will be very interested in this.” He laughed as he approached, his face filled with derision, as if everything was under his control.

Xu Qing’s face was pale. Having temporarily lost control of the discarnate souls, and without the power of Matriarch Phoenix, she was just an ordinary Cultivator. Even the power of Core Formation could only be wielded by her with difficulty.

Furthermore, she couldn’t retreat. She suddenly felt a binding around her, holding her in place as if she were being sealed. She couldn’t move even an inch.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to kill you,” said Ji Hongdong. He neared lifting his hand toward Meng Hao to grab him.

Even as his hand closed in, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. A frightening power surged out from his Cultivation base. It ripped through the area like an invisible cyclone, causing Ji Hongdong's face to twist. He retreated backward immediately, nearly thirty meters. His face was dark, and his pupils had constricted.

Next to him, Li Daoyi's expression was one of astonishment, disbelief and alarm. Body trembling, he stared at Meng Hao's figure within the cyclone, and a look of venom and shock filled his eyes. He suddenly said, "You're... you're... you're not Fang Mu! You're Meng Hao!!" His voice was shrill, and his breath came in pants. How could he ever have imagined that the person he had searched in vain for throughout all these years, was actually right in front of him!!

As the words left his mouth, thunderous roars filled the air, and the violent winds surged outward. Meng Hao's figure seemed to surge upward. He was the nucleus of the cyclone; the terrifying winds were coming out from his body.

Meng Hao's face suddenly changed. No longer was it Fang Mu's, but rather, his own face, his original face. An intensely terrifying aura suddenly shot up from within him.

Li Daoyi's face went pale. His mind was reeling; he just couldn't believe what was happening. However, how could he not understand that Fang Mu was Meng Hao, and Meng Hao was Fang Mu!

"Violet Fate Sect Legacy Apprentice, Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, Fang Mu, Meng Hao...." He retreated backward, thinking about the pain he had experienced when he lost his arm. It had been restored, but the enmity created in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament was something he considered to be the greatest humiliation in his entire life.

Surrounding by a violet glow, a profound look filled Meng Hao's eyes. Other than him, no one could know the reason for why he had just switched to his original appearance....

His eyes glowed with coldness. Within him was a Violet Core, about the size of a child's fist. It rested in the position once occupied by his Core Sea, floating there, rotating. Every time it spun in a full circle, vast quantities of violet-colored strands surged out like lightning to every corner of his body.

The violet-colored strands flickered as they surged through his Qi passageways, filled with a boundless Cultivation base power that far exceeded Foundation Establishment. This was Core Formation Qi, from a Core Formation Cultivation base!

In fact, this Core Formation Qi was not the type of Qi that would be emitted by a Cultivation base that had just entered the Core Formation stage. This was the explosive power of the pinnacle of the early Core Formation stage.

The violet wind screamed as it spun throughout the area. Even Meng Hao's long hair was now violet as it whipped around his head. Next to him, Xu Qing sighed; it seemed she had thought of something. Her face changed, and she was about to speak when Meng Hao suddenly interrupted.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it," he said, his voice light. He turned, his eyes glowing with a violet light as he looked at Ji Hongdong.

Ji Hongdong's expression was the same as usual. "Fang Mu? Meng Hao? It seems you have quite a few identities. Considering how quickly you entered Core Formation, it also seems that the breath of Immortal Qi really is incredibly valuable. That makes me happy." He smiled, lifting up his arm and then flicking his sleeve. Suddenly, a field of stars appeared behind him.

The starfield was large, filling the air. It rushed toward Meng Hao, exerting a suppressive force. It was clear that this field of stars was that which shined above the Southern Domain, including the Western Desert and the Eastern Lands. It was vast and mighty.

As it approached, it enveloped everything, making it impossible for anyone to avoid it.

Meng Hao lifted his head, his expression a bit blank. He was silent, almost as if he didn't notice the starfield approaching him. As it descended, the blankness on his face disappeared, replaced instead with determination.

As of now, a decision had been made!

He lifted his hand, forming a fist. A red glow suddenly shot out; this was the Blood Death World. It slammed into the starfield.

An explosion filled the air, and Meng Hao tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut.

"Fool! You..." said Ji Hongdong with a cold laugh, his voice filled with contempt. However, before he could finish speaking, Meng Hao's tumbling body suddenly changed direction. It was with

indescribable speed, before anyone could react, that he suddenly appeared directly in front of Li Daoyi. Li Daoyi had been on guard the entire time, but he was still incapable of evading.

Actually, Meng Hao's initial goal this entire time had been Li Daoyi. After all, he would be the easiest to exterminate, no matter how prepared he was.

Li Daoyi's pupils constricted; he was about to shoot backward when Meng Hao lifted his right hand and pushed it down onto Li Daoyi's forehead. A boom filled the air, and an exterminating power poured into Li Daoyi's body, filling him, crushing him, mangling him. He was dead instantly.

"Did you pay attention to the face of the person who killed you?" he asked softly, looking at Li Daoyi's bloody corpse. He turned to look at Ji Hongdong.

Meng Hao sighed, then slapped his bag of holding to retrieve his East Pill Division identification medallion. He looked down at it for a long moment, his eyes filled with a complicated, disconsolate look. Finally, determination filled his eyes and he... crushed it.

The instant he crushed the medallion, his Violet Furnace Lord's robe began to disintegrate. A green robe now covered his body.

As of this moment, he was no longer Fang Mu, Legacy Apprentice of the East Pill Division. Now... he was Meng Hao from Mount Daqing in the State of Zhao!

Chapter 305: Do You Dare to Kill Me!?

The instant Meng Hao crushed the Violet Furnace Lord medallion, the moment his Violet Furnace Lord robe began to fade away, something happened in the State of Eastern Emergence, Violet Fate Sect, East Pill Division, on Grandmaster Pill Demon's low mountain.

In one particular building were three racks of jade slips.

On the third rack were nine jade slips. Upon each slip was written a name, and if you looked closely, you would see that they belonged to the nine great Furnace Lords, An Zaihai, Ye Feimu, and the others. These were all of Pill Demon's novitiates.

There was only one jade slip on the second rack. This one belonged to Chu Yuyan, his Personal Apprentice.

The first rack also contained one jade slip, upon which was written two characters. Fang Mu!

His position was the highest. Legacy Apprentice. This jade slip represented the importance of Meng Hao's place in the East Pill Division of the Violet Fate Sect. Suddenly, Fang Mu's jade slip began to tremble. Cracking sounds rang out, and fissures sprang out from the middle of the slip. In an instant... it exploded, transforming into flying ash.

The moment the jade slip collapsed, white-robed Pill Demon was sitting cross-legged on the mountain's peak, looking off into the distance. A tremor ran through his body. He turned his head, looking down into the room with the jade slips. He held his gaze for a long time. His ancient face suddenly seemed to grow older; more wrinkles appeared.

Meanwhile, in the center of the Southern Domain, in the middle of the territory of the Li Clan, was a location that appeared to be just like the dwelling place of Immortals. Suddenly, a roar filled the air. Along with the roar appeared a figure bristling with rage.

As the figure charged out, seven or eight others appeared behind him. The man held a shattered jade slip in his hand. It emitted a bright glow, in the middle of which was a face... it was none other than that of Meng Hao!

This was the reflection stored in Li Daoyi's pupils the moment before he died. Meng Hao's face.

"Daoyi!!" howled the old man, lifting his head to the sky and letting out a howl. A Dao Child of the Clan had been slain. Such a thing was said to have occurred to the Wang Clan years ago, but it turned out to only be a rumor. Even still, it had shocked the Southern Domain. Now, it really had happened to the Li Clan. This time, it was no falsehood; this Dao Child really had met his death.

"I don't care who you are," the old man raged, "you killed a Dao Child of my Li Clan! No matter which Sect you belong to, you shall die!!" He and the eight figures shot off into the distance. Behind them, even more Cultivators of the Li Clan followed, dozens. They transformed into prismatic beams of light that shot toward the Rebirth Cave at such speed it seemed possible they would tear a hole into the sky.

At the same time, in the Wang Clan of the Southern Domain, deep within that endless chain of mountains, was the lava cave of the tenth Patriarch of the Wang Clan. Suddenly, the lid of his coffin shattered into pieces, and the tenth Wang Clan Patriarch slowly rose to his feet.

He walked into the lava, and as he did, it slowly cooled and grew dark, as did the cave.

“As one of the legendary Wang Clan Patriarchs once said, all living things sow Karma. Therefore, Karma must be reaped. With life, comes death.... Today, I will help you. Yes, it’s sowing Karma, but in the future, I will consume you, and that is the reaping of Karma that you must pay. Today, you will not die. However, that merely indicates that in the future, you will belong completely to me.” The tenth Wang Clan Patriarch laughed hoarsely as a red glow surrounded his body.

“I haven’t been out in so long....” he muttered lightly, then disappeared.

Near the Rebirth Cave, within the mental realm of the Immortal’s corpse, in the depths of the maze, Meng Hao stood next to Li Daoyi’s corpse, breathing heavily.

From the moment he had revealed his true features, Meng Hao had been in constant deep thought. Li Daoyi had to die. The instant Meng Hao had heard Ji Hongdong’s words, Li Daoyi’s fate had been sealed; he must be killed!

Only dead men can truly keep secrets. [1]

Xu Qing had her secret, as did Meng Hao. Were word to get out, Xu Qing would face unspeakable danger to her life.... In fact, her death would be certain.

Therefore, Li Daoyi had to die!

However, there was a polar difference between dying beneath Fang Mu’s hand, and dying beneath Meng Hao’s.

Meng Hao was no longer the ignorant youth he had been when he first entered the Cultivation world. In his years practicing cultivation in the Violet Fate Sect, his understanding of things had grown exponentially. How could he not understand that the death of a Dao Child of any Sect would instantly be made known to that Sect?

Furthermore, they had techniques to be able to reveal the appearance and aura of whoever did the slaying. Even determining the exact location where it had happened would not be difficult. It might

be possible for the meat jelly to help him cover up the truth from the Li Clan. However... Meng Hao wasn't confident enough to take that risk.

Meng Hao was well aware of the situations, and the ramifications.... Therefore, he could not kill Li Daoyi while wearing the face of Fang Mu.

As such... he had no choice but to discard that identity.

As for Ji Hongdong, Quasi-Array member of the number one Clan in all the lands of South Heaven, well, if he died, Meng Hao could only imagine what the reaction of the Ji Clan would be. Any powerful and fearsome Clan would take serious action to handle the slaying of one of their Clan members. That was a necessary reaction to maintain the dignity and power of the Clan.

Killing Ji Hongdong would be like killing the prince of an Empire. An Empire might have many princes, but such a thing would provoke severe catastrophe and endless problems.

The Violet Fate Sect would really have no way to fight back against the Ji Clan. Based on An Zaihai's description, and Meng Hao's personal understanding, although the Violet Fate Sect was a great Clan in the Southern Domain, compared to the Ji Clan, it was like... a tiny mayfly.

If a Violet Fate Sect disciple killed a member of the Ji Clan, that death wouldn't just involve whichever trifling disciple did the killing. Most likely, the entire Sect would collapse because of it.

As Meng Hao's fingers crushed down onto his Violet Furnace Lord medallion, what he was thinking about was his Master. He also thought about the other Violet Furnace Lords. He thought about the green mountains and clear blue waters of the East Pill Division. He thought about all his experiences through the years there.

Despite all that... Ji Hongdong had to die!

If he didn't, Xu Qing would be in incredible danger. Furthermore, if the Ji Clan knew of the existence of a Demon Sealer, well... the mere thought of it caused Meng Hao's scalp to prickle with danger.

Therefore, Ji Hongdong was doomed to perish. Only his death could ensure Xu Qing's safety, and allow her to stay in the Black Sieve Sect and completely fuse with Matriarch Phoenix, without anyone suspecting her.

And so, Meng Hao crushed the Violet Furnace Lord medallion. It represented him casting off all ties with the Violet Fate Sect; he had nothing to do with them now. He was Meng Hao. Fang Mu was merely an alias. Once that information was revealed, the Violet Fate Sect would be able to offer a clear explanation.

Most importantly, destroying the medallion indicated that he was forsaking the Sect. It might even offer implication that Fang Mu was dead.

The only frustrating factor was that when he left this place, the Li Clan would be after his head. There would be nowhere in the vast Southern Domain where he could hide. He would be forced to leave, to truly disappear from the Southern Domain.

Furthermore, before disappearing, he must prepare for what would surely be a vast series of storm-like upheavals.

All of this had been rushing through his mind the moment Xu Qing's identity was revealed to Ji Hongdong. Despite Meng Hao's breakthrough in Cultivation base, he was still hesitant at first. In the end, though, he was filled with resolve.

"Master," he thought, slowly looking off in the direction of the Violet Fate Sect. "I've been unfilial.... Please view Fang Mu as... dead!" His eyes flashed as he looked back at Ji Hongdong. For the first time, they flickered with killing intent. It takes some time to analyze all of the thoughts that went through Meng Hao's head, but in actuality, they flashed through his head in an instant. As they did, they transformed into intense killing intent.

This killing intent caused Ji Hongdong's mind to tremble. This was the first time he had ever seen someone staring at him in such a way. In the past, it didn't matter where he went or which enemy he fought, people would attack him, but never with the desire to exterminate him.

That was because his surname was Ji. The bloodline of the Ji Clan pumped through his veins. In the Southern Domain, in the lands of South Heaven, few people would ever dare to provoke the Ji Clan!

"You want to kill me? Do you dare?!" His eyes glittered coldly as he lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture. Immediately Core Qi blossomed above his head. Again, the starfield appeared. This time, there were clearly far more blinking stars than there had been before. They covered everything above them, filling the area, then rushing down toward Meng Hao.

As the bright starlight descended upon him, Meng Hao's killing intent continued to flicker just as before. The stars approached, and he lifted his right hand, striking forward. As he did, his blood-covered fingers caused everything to shake. Suddenly, a massive blood-colored palm appeared beneath him.

The bloody palm grew larger, expanding; next the Blood Death World came to being, within which Meng Hao's Blood Clones could be seen. They faced the incoming starlight and starfield, and immediately moved to defend against it.

The Blood Palm shot upward like the hand of a giant, slamming into the starfield.

A boom filled the air. Meng Hao's entire body trembled, and blood oozed from his mouth. The starfield began to collapse, and the starlight dissipated. However, Meng Hao's Blood Death World also began to disintegrate.

At the moment, Meng Hao hadn't yet cultivated Core Qi. Right now, he was now facing up against a Cultivator who had; however, Meng Hao was vastly different than the last time he had done so, against the azure-masked Black Lands Cultivator. He would not flee; no, he was much more evenly matched now.

Ji Hongdong's expression changed; blood sprayed from his mouth and he staggered backward. A fierce expression washed over his face, and he waved his right hand out.

"Other than that damned crazy lunatic from the Fang Clan, you're the first person to ever injure me! Damn you! Dungeon of Heaven; Incarnate Prison!" As he cried out, his hand flashed an incantation gesture and then waved toward the air above Meng Hao. Immediately, a blue glow appeared, spreading out to cover everything. It transformed into... a blue sky complete with white clouds, its own Heaven.

Even stranger, this sky covered Meng Hao only; everywhere else looked just as it had before.

"Let ring the Bell of the East. Nine exterminations; use the will of the Heavens to destroy the body; use the gaze of the firmament to punish the spirit; use the bloodline of the Ji Clan to punish this person with Heavenly Tribulation!" Veins of blood filled Ji Hongdong's eyes. He lowered his finger, and the blue swath of Heaven above Meng Hao filled with roiling black clouds. Thunder crackled, and even more shockingly, it seemed lightning would soon fall.

“You want to kill me? You’re not qualified!” Ji Hongdong slapped his bag of holding, and a silver bell appeared in his hand. Immediately, a clear ring sounded out.

“Use the bloodline of the Ji Clan and the guidance of the Bell of the East to call forth the judgement of the will of the Heavens against this Meng Hao! DIE!” His face distorted with rage as he let out a roar.

Chapter 306: Slaying Ji!

As Ji Hondong’s words resonated out, the sky above Meng Hao’s head began to crackle with lightning. A bolt of lightning as thick as an arm shot down with incredible speed, heading directly toward Meng Hao.

The Violet Core within him rotated rapidly, bursting forth with boundless Cultivation base power. As it surrounded Meng Hao, his right hand shot upward. Massive amounts of Violet Qi appeared above him, transforming into a curved shield.

A boom filled the air as the lightning slammed into the shield, causing it to shatter to pieces. Immediately following, a third, fourth, fifth lightning shield... a seemingly endless numbers of shields popped into place to resist the lightning. Soon the lightning bolt was as thin as a finger. Meng Hao then spit something out of his mouth, and the lightning mist appeared. It immediately swallowed up the lightning.

“Time to finish things!” said Ji Hongdong with a cold laugh. He waved the bell again, causing a chiming sound to ring out. Immediately, within the black clouds in the sky above Meng Hao, three lightning bolts intertwined with each other, seemingly on the verge of exploding down.

A gleam appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. He had already reached a good estimation of his true battle power; he had no Core Qi, but he was definitely capable of fighting someone at the peak of the early Core Formation stage who did.

However, he would not be able to secure victory; he would only be able to match blows. Meng Hao would have had the upper hand if he was fighting anyone other than Ji Hongdong, who possessed the bloodline of the Ji Clan.

If he were at this moment to once again encounter the azure-masked Black Lands Cultivator, defeating him would be a simple matter.

Realization flickered within him. “Were I to cultivate Core Qi,” he thought, “or acquire a Perfect Core... then exterminating the early Core Formation stage would be as simple as turning over my hand!”

He calmly looked at Ji Hongdong and said, “You’re right. It’s time to finish things.” He slapped his bag of holding, and the blood-colored mask appeared in his hand.

The mask of the Blood Immortal Legacy. The minimum criteria to wear this mask was to have Cultivation base at the Core Formation stage.

Above Meng Hao, the three lightning bolts were condensing, preparing to descend upon him. Meng Hao slid the mask onto his face. As soon as it touched his skin, a tremor ran through his body.

He instantly felt indescribable pain on his face, as if the mask were adhering permanently to his skin. At the same time, everything in his field of vision began to turn blood red.

An evil viciousness suddenly appeared in his mind, replacing his intellect. A billowing killing intent shot up, as if he had been bedeviled.

One word echoed in his mind: “Kill.... Kill.... Kill....” It seemed as if it were being spoken by an innumerable host of people, some men, some women, some old, some young. There even seemed to be the voices of animals and plants. It was if all living things were speaking that one word directly into his ears.

The world in front of him grew even more deeply crimson; within the space of a single breath, everything was completely red!

Within this world of redness, he felt his Cultivation base suddenly explode; he was still of the early Core Formation stage, but in this instant, he was able to form a crimson Core Qi!

The Core Qi was incredibly dense as it appeared above Meng Hao’s head. If you studied it closely, you would be able to see that this Core Qi did not belong to Meng Hao, but rather to the Blood Immortal Legacy mask!

With the mask on his face, Meng Hao looked utterly bizarre. There was even a sinister demonic aura about him. Ji Hongdong looked at the mask; there were no facial features on it, only two eye holes, where Meng Hao’s bright red eyes could be seen!

The redness of his eyes was the same color as the Core Qi hovering above him.

His green robe was now stained with redness; it fluttered about him, making him look like some sort of Blood Devil!

“What magical item is this?” said Ji Hongong, his expression flickering. An intense feeling of danger appeared inside him as soon as Meng Hao donned the mask. He actually had not experienced many things in life, so this feeling caused his entire body to tremble. Without thinking, he rang the bell in his hand once more. Above Meng Hao, the three lightning bolts shot down.

Meng Hao laughed. The smile produced by his laugh was obscured by the mask, but the laughter itself was grating. He began to raise his right hand up toward the three incoming lightning bolts. His hand clenched into a fist, and as he did, the crimson Core Qi above him transformed into a massive fist. A rumbling roar filled the air as it shot toward the three lightning bolts.

The resulting boom shook heaven and earth. The three lightning bolts collapsed into pieces. The sky above even trembled.

Ji Hongdong’s face fell, and his eyes were filled with veins of blood. The bell in his hand suddenly rang, and he coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. His expression grew fierce, and let out a shrill howl. “Let the will of the Heavens descend! Trial by Tribulation!”

As his words rang out, the clouds in the sky above Meng Hao suddenly redoubled, layer after layer. Within the thick blackness, nine lightning bolts appeared, seemingly congealing the will of the Heavens as they prepared to strike.

An aura which seemed powerful enough to destroy all living things suddenly spread out. A look of consternation appeared on the face of Xu Qing, who stood off in the distance.

It was at this exact moment, however, that Meng Hao spoke.

His voice was hoarse, and bizarrely mesmerizing.

“Without a face....” Meng Hao only spoke three words of the Blood Immortal Legacy’s divine ability. Without a face, a single word, the flames of war unify; Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas

that cover the sky; Capture the gods, advance the troops, fire consumes the towers; Forge all spirits and bloodlines into the 9 killing powers!

These words actually contained nine Blood Immortal divine abilities; only by wearing the mask could they be utilized. Right now, a shocking magical technique of the Ancient Doom Clan, not seen for tens of thousands of years, suddenly appeared in Meng Hao's outstretched hand.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, the massive amounts of Core Qi above his head suddenly began to spread out, transforming into a massive face. The face had no features whatsoever, except for two eyes; it was nothing but a sea of red!

The left eye was also completely red; shockingly, though, within the position of the right... was Meng Hao!

As soon as the massive face appeared, it shot toward the nine descending lightning bolts.

Everything shook; even though this place was not real, it could still be rocked by frantic insanity. The nine lightning bolts immediately shattered into pieces. The black clouds in the sky began to disintegrate, and as the face collided with the spirit-punishing Heaven, it too thoroughly collapsed.

This magic of facelessness transformed into a gigantic face, with an abstruse left eye and Meng Hao in the right, with no other features. It caused Ji Hongdong's scalp to go numb, and filled him with the intense sensation of death that inundated his body.

"You..." Ji Hongdong was about to continue speaking, but his words caught in his throat. This was because at this moment, the magic of facelessness, transformed into the enormous face, suddenly appeared directly in front of him. Meng Hao, standing in the position of the right eye, lifted his hand up and seized Ji Hongdong's neck.

His grip cut off Ji Hongdong's words, causing the young man's expression to twist. He wanted to struggle, but he suddenly found that his Cultivation base was suppressed; he had no way to fight back.

His eyes filled with terror and intense dread; he could sense Meng Hao's killing intent. Its ferocity was without equal, and yet... he just couldn't believe that in the lands of South Heaven, someone would dare to slay someone of the bloodline of the Ji Clan.

This concept was deeply rooted in his heart. It was something that had existed within him since he was very small. At the moment, he was in a crisis, but his fear quickly disappeared, only to be replaced with grimness. He glared at Meng Hao, and a snide smile appeared on his face.

He couldn't speak, but his eyes spoke the words: "Do you dare to kill me?" The message was immediately transmitted into Meng Hao's heart.

He did not beg for mercy, nor did he speak any ingratiating words. In this moment of life and death, he could not forget about the dignity and nobility of the bloodline of the Ji Clan. He lifted his chin and stared coldly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was quiet for a moment, then hoarsely said, "I really... don't want to kill you...." The redness in his eyes began to fade, replaced instead with that which was Meng Hao.

Hearing this, a cold smile twisted Ji Hongdong's lips. Suddenly, Meng Hao's right hand tightened. A popping sound could be heard, and Ji Hongdong's eyes went wide. His neck was smashed into nothing; the power of the Blood Immortal which coursed through Meng Hao's hand, suddenly poured into Ji Hongdong's body. He trembled, and his body immediately began to wither. All the blood in his body congealed into his forehead; a mark of blood appeared, congealing into a collection of the bloodline of the Ji Clan, which suddenly flew out into the air!

The blood merged into the forehead of the mask that Meng Hao wore. The mask rippled, as if it were excited. Meng Hao loosened his grip, dropping Ji Hongdong's remains.

He closed his eyes, then lifted his right hand to remove the mask. When it came off, it revealed how pale Meng Hao's face was. The power of the mask was shocking. Were Meng Hao's Spiritual Sense not as powerful as it was, then he would never have been able to maintain control of his own mind.

In the short period that he had wielded the power of the mask, he realized that he had lost half of a sixty-year cycle of longevity.

The price of wearing the mask was extremely high.

Meng Hao turned to Xu Qing, his face pale. Biting down on his lip, he softly said, "We're safe now. No one will know your secret."

Xu Qing stared blankly at Meng Hao, her eyes filling with tears. She was a simple person, but she knew the price Meng Hao had paid to protect her secret.

He had killed a Ji Clan member, and had thus provoked great calamity. In order to not implicate his Sect, he had forsaken it.... Now, he had no choice but to become a wanderer. He would never be able to return to the Southern Domain, nor would he be able to hide from the Ji Clan.

Furthermore, he was only a Core Formation Cultivator....

Xu Qing bit down on her lip, but couldn't hold back the tears. They slid down her face, and yet, never touched the ground; Meng Hao lifted up his hand to wipe them away.

"Don't cry," he said, smiling. "There's a long road ahead. Who knows when it is that we will meet again." His face was pale as he smiled, which served only to imprint his words deeper in Xu Qing's heart.

"I'm leaving now," he continued. "This place will be collapsing soon." He looked deeply into her eyes, knowing that after he turned to leave, they would be as separated as if one was alive and the other dead. Even if he made it out with his life, who knew how many years would pass before he could return.

When he was able to return, who knew if the beautiful woman who stood in front of him now, would still be the same as before.

But Meng Hao had no regrets. Ji Hongdong had to die. Be it for Xu Qing, or for himself, only Ji Hongdong's death could assure their continued life.

Even if he hid Ji Hongdong's body within the blood-colored mask, Meng Hao knew it would do no good against the power of the Ji Clan. In fact, the consequences might be even more severe.

Perhaps there had been a third path he could have trod; unfortunately, things had happened too quickly, and he hadn't been able to puzzle out what that third path might have been. As far as trying to kill using Meng Hao's identity, then live normally as Fang Mu, attempting that would show that he didn't understand the terrifying power of the Ji Clan. That was his judgement based on everything that he had experienced.

Had he attempted to do that, then there was a ninety percent probability that the entire Violet Fate Sect would be sucked into destruction. That was a choice he refused to make.

Meng Hao turned, and as he did, he suddenly realized someone was embracing him from behind. It felt soft and warm.

“I’ll wait for you,” said Xu Qing. Her voice carried persistence. Regardless of past, present or future lives, they would be together forever.

Chapter 307: Fang Mu is Meng Hao!

The moment Ji Hongdong died, something happened on the other side of the Milky Way Sea, on the border of the vast Eastern Lands, atop a white mountain. The mountain had no snow on it; instead, the crags which formed it were completely white in color, seemingly without blemishes or impurities.

In the Eastern Lands, this place was called White Mountain.

Somewhere on White Mountain was a cistern. This cistern was so deep, that according to the legends, the waters within went down as far as the mountain was tall.

Sitting next to the cistern was an old man. He was gaunt, his face expressionless, and in his hand he held a fishing pole. The fishing line descended down into the cistern, and at the moment, it was motionless.

Suddenly, the fishing line went taut. The old man’s expression didn’t change; he simply pulled up with his right hand. A bizarre, miserable shriek pierced the air as the fishing line flew up. Hooked on the end was a globule of light.

If you looked closely at the light, you could see that it was comprised of countless glowing threads. On each of these threads were faces, and in the middle of them all, in the center of the globule of light, was a middle-aged man. His expression was one of terror, and he immediately dropped to his knees and began to beg for mercy.

The old man looked at him and coolly said, “For me to fish your Karma out of all the multitude of living creatures is nothing but good fortune for you, right? Why beg for mercy?” His hand made a clutching motion in mid-air, and the globule of light flew into his hand. As he grabbed it, the

middle-aged man within let out a defiant howl, the kind that comes the moment before death. In addition, he emitted the Qi of the great circle of the late Nascent Soul stage.

The old man allowed the Qi to emanate out. Then, he popped the globule of light into his mouth. A few crunching sounds could be heard, and then he swallowed. Some blood oozed out from the corners of his mouth, which he quickly licked up. His eyes filled with a bright glow.

“Ah, the flavor of Karma...” he murmured. After some time passed he looked up into the sky, then suddenly dropped to his knees and prostrated himself.

He kowtowed nine times, then raised himself up and looked at the cistern. After a while, he frowned. He thrust his hand out, and a shattered jade slip appeared in his hand.

“Hmm?” His eyes glowed. “A son of Ji died.... One of the sons of Ji, of my bloodline. Dead in the Southern Domain...?” He pinched down onto the jade slip, and the image of a face appeared in his mind.

The face belonged to none other than Meng Hao!

At the same time, a sharp voice echoed out in his mind.

“Patriarch, the person who killed me is named Fang Mu of the Violet Fate Sect, also known as Meng Hao!” The voice belonged to none other than Ji Hongdong. This was the last bit of will that remained in him before he died. The voice was sad and shrill, filled with intense resentment.

There was no way Meng Hao could possibly have predicted that this would happen. The Ji Clan had a method with which to transmit voices along with their death; Meng Hao was only aware of the ability to transmit images.

Luckily, extracting the Clan blood from Ji Hongdong before his ultimate death had inflicted quite a bit of pain; as a result, Ji Hongdong’s consciousness had been thrown into chaos. The only thing he had been able to do was transmit Meng Hao’s name; he had completely forgotten about the matter of Xu Qing.

“Useless fool,” said the old man with a slight frown. “However, useless as he might have been, the blood of the Ji Clan still flowed within his veins. How could mortals have killed him so easily? Although, the Violet Fate Sect...” Shockingly, this old man viewed Cultivators as mere mortals!

He flicked his wide sleeve, transforming the jade slip into ash. Then, he leaped up into the air, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Only his sinister voice remained, echoing throughout the mountain: “The Southern Domain. I haven’t been there for years.”

Outside the Rebirth Cave, eight old men sat cross-legged beneath the banner of the Ji Clan. One by one, their eyes opened. Astonishment and disbelief shined out as they rose to their feet.

Their eyes were filled with veins of blood, and intensely violent killing intent poured out. This shocking sight shook everyone in the area. One by one, Cultivators from the other Sects and Clans looked over in astonishment as they watched indescribable frenzied rage and killing intent rising up from the eight old men.

All of them were Nascent Soul eccentrics, with extraordinary Cultivation bases. Their combined killing intent was enough to shake the Heavens, rock the Earth and change the color of the wind.

“One of the sons of Ji has perished...” The eight men exchanged glances. Amidst their rising killing intent, they could also sense the mutual fear which caused their hearts to tremble.

Based on the laws of the Ji Clan, they knew that if they did not find Ji Hongdong’s killer, then they would be sent to the grave with Ji Hongdong as burial offerings. In fact, all of the Clan members within their sphere of influence would instantly be exterminated.

That was the price to be paid if they did not find the killer and bring him back to the Eastern Lands!

One among the eight men lifted his hand to slap his bag of holding. Immediately, fragments of a jade slip appeared, eight of them. Each of the other old men took one, and then they held them out to join them together. Immediately, a warm glow shone out.

The light climbed up into the sky, and the faces of the eight old men were incredibly grim as they studied it closely. It wasn’t just them; the Cultivators of the surrounding Sects were also closely observing what was happening.

Within the glow appeared a figure; he wore a mask, making it impossible to determine what he looked like. However, the mask overflowed with bloody killing intent. It immediately caused the hearts of all onlookers to tremble.

“That’s....”

“That’s the mask of the Blood Immortal Legacy! That’s the mask of the Blood Immortal of the Ancient Doom Clan!”

“You’re right! During the last Blood Immortal Legacy Tournament, I saw it with my own eyes.... But didn’t the Li Clan say that there was some accident, and that it was lost within the Blood Immortal Legacy zone? Of course, the great Sects didn’t believe them, and conducted their own investigations, however, in the end they determined that the Li Clan didn’t acquire the legacy....”

When the eight old men heard these words, their eyes glittered, and their killing intent grew more intense. They looked at the pillar of light belonging to the Li Clan, causing the Li Clan members’ faces to instantly flicker.

Before any explanations could be made, though, eight beams of light suddenly approached from off in the distance. They screamed forward, and as they approached, it was clear that Li Clan Elders were approaching.

The old man in the lead cried, “Li Clan Dao Child Li Daoyi perished in this place. Fellow Daoists, do you recognize this person?” He waved his hand, and an illusory screen appeared, upon which was the image of Meng Hao.

At the exact same moment, the masked figure within the beam of light protected by the Ji Clan’s had slip suddenly distorted, transforming into another image. Again, it was none other than... Meng Hao!

Right now, the eyes of everyone in the area were fixed on the two glowing screens, and the person depicted there. Their minds reeled.

They reeled because of the news that the Dao Child of the Li Clan had perished.

They reeled because all of the Clans and Sects of the Southern Domain suddenly put the pieces of the puzzle together; now they knew why the Ji Clan had produced the broken jade slip, and why the figure there was the same as that produced by the Li Clan.

One of the Patriarchs from the Golden Frost Clan gasped. “Could it be that... one of the sons of Ji of the Ji Clan....”

“If that’s true, then whoever did it has provoked a great disaster! The Ji Clan of the Eastern Lands.... How could they possibly let this matter rest!?”

“Which Sect is the killer a disciple of...?”

Everything was deathly silent. All of the Cultivators present began to slowly back away.

“That... that looks like that guy Meng Hao who disappeared a few years ago....”

“Meng Hao? The Sublime Spirit Scripture! I remember! That’s Meng Hao!”

“Meng Hao....”

A great buzz of conversation filled the area surrounding the basin. Amidst the uproar, the eyes of the old men from the Ji Clan boiled with killing intent, as did those of the Elders from the Li Clan.

The old man from the Li Clan gritted his teeth and said, “This Meng Hao is still within the Corpse’s illusory land. Let’s seal off the area! Teleportation is prohibited! It doesn’t matter what treasures that little bastard has, he won’t be able to escape even if he has wings!” The surrounding Nascent Soul Elders immediately shot off toward the north, south, east and west.

Clearly, they planned to seal the area and prevent anyone from teleporting away.

“One of the sons of Ji of the Ji Clan has perished here. Fellow Daoists of the Southern Domain, please remain here and wait until all details are brought to light. Until then, no one is permitted to leave.” Immediately, four of the eight Ji Clan Elders dispersed. Obviously, they did not put complete faith in the methods of the Li Clan, and would implement their own sealing measures.

“Apparently this person possesses some arts of transformation,” said another of the old men from the Ji Clan, along with a cold snort. “That doesn’t matter. Having killed a member of the Ji Clan, he has been stained with the Karma of Heaven and Earth. Once he emerges into the world, we will be able to sense him.”

It was at this moment that suddenly, a freezing Qi suddenly blasted out from near the Rebirth Cave. It contained a fearsome potency; the might of Spirit Severing. Slowly, a tall figure strode out from within the basin.

He was a middle-aged man, wearing a long, orange robe. As he strode out, he attracted the attention of all of the surrounding Cultivators from the various Sects. They all immediately recognised him; this was the most powerful expert present among the Ji Clan.

His Cultivation base was at the Spirit Severing level; when all of the other Clan Patriarchs had retreated from the basin surrounding the Rebirth Cave, he had remained behind. He knew that the cave was a fearsome place, even for someone of the Spirit Severing stage, and that unless absolutely necessary, no one would enter it. In fact, none of the Patriarchs from the various local Sects were willing to enter it; at most, they would approach the mouth of the cave.

This man had not retreated, and as such, had engaged in quite a few battles with various strange life forms in the vicinity of the cave. As he emerged from the area, his face was grim. When he reached the eight old men from the Ji Clan, all of them respectfully clasped hands in salute.

The middle-aged man opened his hand to reveal some shattered powder that was all which remained of a jade slip.

“The killer is Fang Mu of the Violet Fate Sect, also known as Meng Hao!” the man said coolly. “That was the message transmitted by Ji Hongdong before his death. This matter has even stirred Patriarch Ji Fang, who is currently hurrying here from the Eastern Lands.” Though his voice was calm, it contained an intense threatening air, which caused the hearts of the members of all the surrounding Sects to fill with trembling. [1]

“Fang Mu.... Meng Hao....”

“How could that be possible!? Fang Mu of the East Pill Division of the Violet Fate Sect is also the same guy everyone was looking for throughout the Southern Domain that year, Meng Hao?!?!”

“This.... No wonder no one could ever find Meng Hao. He was hiding in the Violet Fate Sect. He even became a Legacy Apprentice....”

Amidst the commotion, one gaze after another came to fall upon the pillar of light belonging to the Violet Fate Sect. Within, the faces of the Violet Fate Sect Cultivators instantly began to change.

An Zaihai’s face fell. Next to him Lin Hailong gasped and rose to his feet. Wu Dingqiu stared mutely for a moment, and then his face grew incredibly grim. A profound sense of crisis filled the minds and hearts of all the Violet Fate Sect disciples.

It was at this moment that within the Violet Fate Sect’s pillar of light, the eyes of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs slowly opened.

Chapter 308: I’m His Master!

The first Violet Fate Sect Spirit Severing Patriarch was silent for a moment before saying, “I’ve received a message from the Sect Leader. Fang Mu of the East Pill Division has forsaken the Violet Fate Sect. We do not know whether he is alive or dead. If he is alive, he has nothing to do with the Violet Fate Sect. Similarly, If he is dead, it similarly does not have anything to do with us.”

His eyes glowed brightly as his words echoed out one by one. To speak such words caused him to feel utter humiliation, as well as intense sorrow.

The other Spirit Severing Patriarch said nothing, but a slight frown appeared on his face. There seemed to be a fury in his eyes that was just on the verge of exploding. However, he knew that they could not under any circumstances offend the Ji Clan.

They were the only people present who knew about the matter of Fang Mu, and in fact, they really had just received an urgent command from the Violet Fate Sect. The wording in the command was simple. It didn’t mention the death of a member of the Ji Clan, but it did say that momentous changes were about to occur. It said that Fang Mu had voluntarily forsaken the Sect, and that if any mishaps were to occur, the two Patriarchs were to explain this immediately.

The two of them had assumed something important had happened, and with the developments just now, it was obvious exactly where the problem lay. Each had lived for a thousand years, so it naturally took only a moment for them to ascertain the crux of the matter.

Regardless of whether his name was Fang Mu or Meng Hao, the kid apparently had been faced with no other choice than to attack, and had killed a member of the Ji Clan. In order to not implicate the Sect, he had voluntarily crushed his Violet Furnace Lord medallion, making a clean break.

Such a choice caused the two Spirit Severing Patriarchs to feel pain in their hearts. This was a disciple of their Sect, a Legacy Apprentice of the East Pill Division. In a moment of crisis, he had taken steps to prevent any trouble for the Sect.

Unfortunately... they had no way to protect him. No one in the Violet Fate Sect could do anything for him now. The two Patriarchs had no choice but to coldly distance themselves from him, in front of all of the Cultivators in the entire Southern Domain.

His life didn't matter. His death didn't matter. He had nothing to do with the Violet Fate Sect.

The words they had spoken led to instant silence in the area. Shocked and perplexed looks filled the faces of many of the Cultivators from the other Sects. They could hear the helplessness within the words, and when compared to the domineering power of the Ji Clan, it caused them to instantly feel sympathy.

The Spirit Severing Cultivator from the Ji Clan stared coldly at the Violet Fate Sect disciples for a moment, then snorted. Other than that, however, he did nothing.

Silence reigned. No one spoke. Everyone was waiting for the disciples who had disappeared to return.

Restrictive spells had already sprung up all around. As of now, there was absolutely no way for anyone to use the power of teleportation. After a moment, however, within the Black Sieve Sect's pillar of light, Patriarch Violet Sieve's eyes began to glitter.

Finally, he spoke up. "Fellow Daoists from the Ji Clan, and other members of the senior generation. I happen to know that Meng Hao possesses a good luck charm from the ancient Good Luck Sect. I'm afraid your restrictive spells..." He smiled, but didn't finish speaking.

Hearing these words immediately caused the eyes of the Ji Clan Elders to flicker as they exchanged glances. The Spirit Severing Cultivator waved his right hand, and a jade pendant appeared.

"Place this within the restrictive spell. It can block the good luck charm."

The faces of the two Violet Fate Sect Spirit Severing Patriarchs grew dark. They glared at Patriarch Violet Sieve, ill intentions flickering in their eyes, barely concealed.

The disciples of the various Sects were so shocked that they were like cicadas in the dead of winter. Various thoughts ran through their heads. They thought of Fang Mu, and then Meng Hao, and their expressions flickered through various stages of astonishment.

Fang Mu was thoroughly famous in the Southern Domain. It was said that he was like the sun at high noon amongst the others of his generation. No one could compare to him. He was Grandmaster Pill Demon's Legacy Apprentice, Dao Child of the East Pill Division, one of the four Grandmasters of the Southern Domain... Pill Cauldron....

As for Meng Hao, the appearance of the Blood Immortal mask caused everyone's hearts to be filled with a roar of shock.

He possessed the Sublime Spirit Scripture, was son-in-law of the Song Clan, and now, recipient of the Blood Immortal legacy!

Amidst the silence, the faces of the Song Clan members were somewhat unsightly as they sat in their pillar of light. Eccentric Song was there too, frowning and sighing inwardly.

All of the Cultivators present, including the Spirit Severing Patriarchs, were oblivious to the fact that an old man had suddenly joined the crowd. He was emaciated and unimposing in appearance. However, no one noticed that he was there, almost as if he weren't part of the world.

The old man smiled. "You entered the realm of Perfection, kid," he said lightly to himself. "There's a thing called Karma in the world, and today, I will help you to sow it. In the future, I will seize your Perfection, that will be the reaping of the Karma." No one, of course, could hear him. This was none other than the ancient tenth Patriarch of the Wang Clan.

Everyone continued to wait silently.

Meanwhile, at the very edge of the Southern Domain, near where the State of Zhao used to exist, past the numerous mountain ranges, was a vast sea.

This was none other than the Milky Way Sea, which separated the West and South from the North and East.

Suddenly the air above the Milky Way Sea outside of the Southern Domain began to ripple and distort. A blurry image appeared, a person, who suddenly stepped forward. The figure was indistinct at first, but it rapidly coalesced into an old man.

This was none other than the old man who had been fishing Karma on the peak of White Mountain in the Eastern Lands, Ji Clan Patriarch Ji Fang!

He hovered in mid-air above the Milky Way Sea, looking out at the Southern Domain. Then, his body flickered, and he shot forward. However, even as he neared the border of the Southern Domain and was about to enter, he frowned and let out a cold snort. He raised his right arm and flicked it out ahead of him.

A boom filled the air, spreading out in all directions, causing the ocean water beneath him to seethe and roar. The land comprising the border of the Southern Domain quaked, and the great boulders lining the seashore cracked and disintegrated.

As the land crumbled and the seawater churned, an old man appeared in front of Ji Fang. He wore a long gray robe upon each sleeve of which was the image of a pill furnace.

The old man's hair was long and white, and he was very thin, with dark blotches on his skin. His expression was placid, yet filled with power. His eyes glowed brightly, and a Heavenly aura seemed to be concealed within them.

The strong aroma of medicinal pills wafted out from him to fill the area.

Ji Fang gave him a cold look and then said, "Should I call you Violet East, or Pill Demon?!"

This old man was none other than Meng Hao's Master, Pill Demon!

Pill Demon was silent for a moment, then looked back at Ji Fang. "Violet East has perished, I'm Pill Demon."

“Well, it doesn’t matter if you’re Pill Demon or Violet East,” he said coldly, lifting his head slightly, “if you want to prevent the Violet Fate Sect from being destroyed, then get out of my way. Anyone who kills a member of my Ji Clan must die!”

Pill Demon shook his head. “I’m his Master. He kowtowed to me three times, now it’s time for me to do something for him.” He waved his right arm, and suddenly a bronze pill furnace magically appeared in his hand. It immediately emanated an ancient Qi, which spilled out in all directions. A bluish mist poured out from the pill furnace, circling around, making the entire area into a world of fog.

“If you were really Violet East, then I might have some misgivings,” said Ji Fang with a harrumph. “But as for you, you’re clearly... looking to die!” With that he raised his hand, and the mist grew thicker, immediately inundating both himself and Pill Demon.

It was impossible to see them now. Only explosion after explosion could be heard, echoing out from within the mist. Beneath them, the Milky Way Sea seethed. The border lands of the Southern Domain quaked. Each and every attack made by either man contained enough power to shake the Heavens and rock the Earth.

A grim voice echoed out from within the mist. “Pill Demon, is it really worth it to do something like this for your apprentice? You might be able to stop me, but can you stop the entire Ji Clan?”

“He chose to become my apprentice, and I chose to become his Master. That’s not something that can be erased by forsaking a Sect. I believe it’s worth it. All of it! I can’t stop the Ji Clan, but I can hold you off for a moment. That’s enough!”

Another explosion shook the heavens. The battle shook this remote area where the Southern Domain met the Milky Way Sea.

The mist churned, lightning crackled, thunder boomed; the battle rose to a climax.

The walls within Choumen Tai’s illusory mental realm were now collapsing. As Meng Hao disappeared, Xu Qing bit her lip and closed her eyes.

Meng Hao left. He was no longer Fang Mu, but instead looked like he had when he’d left the State of Zhao, although now his Cultivation base was at the Core Formation stage. He transformed into a beam of light and shot off into the distance.

He wasn't leaving the maze, he was leaving Xu Qing.

He didn't look back.

The green mark on the back of his hand flickered. It had appeared after he had formed the Violet Core, and the blood began to circulate through his veins.

It appeared to be a magical symbol. Of course, he had seen it before, back when he reached Foundation Establishment, as well in the Violet Fate Sect when Choumen Tai had called out to him.

As he proceeded forward, more and more walls began to crumble into pieces. The entire maze seemed to be collapsing, and many of the Cultivators stranded within were now able to see each other. They quickly began to form groups based on whichever Sect or Clan they belonged to.

However, anyone who wasn't fast enough to regroup became the subject of attack, causing the entire place to begin to dissolve into chaos.

Meng Hao whistled through the air, moving faster and faster. No one could make out his face, only the shape of his figure as he shot past.

The rumbling roars grew more intense as the walls continued to collapse. Meng Hao suddenly paused for a moment. Based on the collapse around him, he knew that it would only be moments before the entire place was gone.

"Because of the deaths of Li Daoyi and Ji Hongdong, the outside world has been sealed down. It seems my good luck charm... is not going to help me." A glow appeared in his eyes. The instant he had made his move on Ji Hongdong, many thoughts had been racing through his mind.

"My only chance... will be the Rebirth Cave, fifty kilometers away!" He took a deep breath, and then suddenly, his expression flickered. A mist suddenly covered his body, and he shot off in a new direction.

It didn't take long before up ahead of him appeared Chu Yuyan, Ye Feimu, as well as some other Violet Fate Sect disciples. They were surrounded and under attack by Western Desert Cultivators.

“Fellow Daoists from the Violet Fate Sect,” cried one of them in a grim voice, “hand over the copy of those inscriptions you just made, and we’ll leave you alone. If you don’t, then we don’t care if you belong to a great Sect of the Southern Domain, we will exterminate you nonetheless!” The totem tattoos on their bodies began to ripple. Chu Yuyan, Ye Feimu and the other disciples, who were from the Violet Qi Division, were doing their best to defend themselves.

Ye Feimu was seriously injured, and his face was pale. However, he continued fighting doggedly. Blood oozed out of the corners of Chu Yuyan’s mouth, and her right arm dripped with gore. Her face was pale, and her jaw clenched.

Everyone else was also injured, and were clearly fighting for their lives.

Next to them, two Violet Qi Division disciples slumped against the wall, although it wasn’t clear whether they were dead or alive.

Chapter 309: Another Wave Rises [1]

“This place could collapse at any moment!” said Ye Feimu, his voice weak. “Once it does, we’ll be teleported out!” He was speaking, of course, to the Violet Fate Sect disciples, not the Western Desert Cultivators.

His face was pale, and within the paleness could be seen pulsing black lines. It wasn’t poison, but rather some sort of parasitic insect, the result of some bizarre magical technique from the Western Desert. After being infected, the result would be either injury and critical Cultivation base loss, or death.

Were it not for this, Ye Feimu wouldn’t be in the current state he was, not considering the level of his Cultivation base.

Chu Yuyan clenched her jaw, slapped her bag of holding, and produced some medicinal pills which she swallowed. The whole group wore expressions of resolve. Unfortunately, other than Chu Yuyan, all of them had the strange black lines on their faces; it seemed they had all had been infected by the parasitic insect.

The Cultivation bases of the Western Desert Cultivators were not that much higher than those of Chu Yuyan and the others. They were all in the early Core Formation stage, and not even the peak. Therefore, they hesitated for a moment. The reason they hadn’t moved in for the kill already was that they didn’t want to provoke too much trouble in the Southern Domain. However, the etchings

from just now were a precious treasure; seeing the resolve on the faces of the Violet Fate Sect disciples caused them to exchange glances. Finally, killing intent sprang from their eyes.

“Kill them! Before this place collapses!” Eyes glittered and attacks were begun. The power of their totems manifested, transforming into four enormous beasts which charged toward Chu Yuyan and the others.

It was at this moment of crisis that Meng Hao appeared. Mist covered him, making his features indistinguishable. Before the Western Desert Cultivators could even see him clearly, he was standing in front of Chu Yuyan and the others. He lifted his right hand and waved it forward. Immediately, a violet glow appeared in front of him which transformed into an enormous curved moon shape.

A violet moon, with the power to sever lives. It slammed into the four beasts, sending out a massive explosion. The Western Desert Cultivators looked on in shock, and then retreated one after another. The totem tattoos on two of them immediately began to ripple, incapable of holding up against the power. The attack then slammed into the Cultivators, ripping their bodies to shreds.

As for the other two, one coughed up a mouthful of blood, narrowly managing to avoid the attack. The other was the most powerful of the group, and the one who had put Ye Feimu out of commission. His Cultivation base was at the mid Core Formation stage.

Meng Hao’s appearance caused Chu Yuyan to stare in shock. Seeing the appearance of the Violet Gibbous Moon filled her with astonishment.

That was an art only the Violet Fate Sect possessed, and that no outsider could ever master.

“Screw off!” said Meng Hao, glaring coolly at the two unharmed Western Desert Cultivators.

His words were filled with enormous pressure, causing the Cultivator who had avoided the blow to immediately turn to flee. He was a Western Desert Cultivator; to him life was filled with adversity. He had no concept of honor and glory; to him survival was the most important thing. Therefore, since he could clearly see that he had no chance of winning, he chose to retreat.

Before leaving, he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao. He respected strength; it didn’t matter if Meng Hao had just killed his compatriots.

The other Western Desert Cultivator, the middle-aged man with the mid Core Formation Cultivation base, hesitated for a moment. He looked at Meng Hao, and then at Ye Feimu and the others. Finally, he turned to depart.

“Leave behind the antidote!” said Meng Hao coldly.

The man sighed inwardly, then waved his arm to send a black bottle flying out. Meng Hao wasn't worried about whether or not the man was planning any tricks. The complete collapse of this place was just around the corner; once it did collapse, everyone would be sent out. When that happened, all of the minor problems would be easily solved.

Meng Hao turned back to look through the mist at Chu Yuyan and the others. “This place is about to fall apart. All of you... take care of yourselves.” His face filled with conflicting emotions, he made his way off into the distance.

“Who are you?” Chu Yuyan suddenly asked.

Meng Hao didn't respond. He made his way off thoughtfully.

Ye Feimu watched him leaving, and then suddenly said, “Fang Mu, what happened?!”

His words instantly sent Chu Yuyan reeling. The other Violet Qi Division disciples all looked off toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao paused for a moment. He sighed softly, then called back, “From now on, there is no more Fang Mu in the Violet Fate Sect....” Then he continued on his way.

Chu Yuyan and Ye Feimu gaped, their faces filled with astonishment. However, it took only a moment for Chu Yuyan's phoenix-like eyes to suddenly narrow.

“That voice....” Her breathing suddenly grew ragged as she looked off at Meng Hao's retreating form.

Rumbling booms echoed out as the collapse of the surrounding walls continued. The walls in the immediate vicinity were completely toppled, revealing nothingness. Some of the Cultivators began to be sucked out into the nothingness, and then disappear.

Meng Hao looked around with an expression of concentration and cautiousness. He wasn't sure of the exact circumstances outside, but he could guess that there would be extreme danger. He didn't take any sort of reckless action, but instead carefully observed the nothingness beyond the collapse of the walls.

Not much time passed before the roaring grew more intense. Everything was falling apart. Meng Hao's gaze flickered, and he was just about to fly off into the nothingness when suddenly, his expression flickered. He lifted his hand and waved his sleeve; the two indestructible wooden swords flew out, moving to defend Meng Hao's side.

It was at this exact moment that a boom resonated out. The fist of a woman punched through the air toward him, seemingly out of nowhere. The fist smashed into the violet mist which surrounded him, causing it to collapse instantly. The fist didn't pause, instead proceeding directly on toward Meng Hao's swords.

An enormous blast radiated out.

The two swords hummed and shook, spinning back and slamming into Meng Hao's chest. Pain filled his body, and he flopped backward like a kite with its string cut, blood spraying from his mouth.

He looked over to see that the owner of the fist was none other than the young woman surnamed Fang. She wore a long green robe, along with an air of aloof elegance. She slowly approached through the void.

She was beautiful, but she had hit Meng Hao with an astonishing blow from her fist. The power of the fist far exceeded the early Core Formation stage. Physical power such as this was shocking to Meng Hao.

The violet mist roiled around Meng Hao, and as he stared at the woman, his pupils turned violet. His wounds began to rapidly heal, and within the space of a few breaths he was completely back to normal, except for a slightly paler face.

He wiped the blood from his mouth and looked up at the woman, his face grim.

“Such power...” he thought. “Such incredible power! That was far beyond Ji Hongdong; I think that blow just now could easily wipe out a normal early Core Formation stage Cultivator!” His eyes narrowed.

“Running away pretty quickly, I see,” she said coolly. “I see you killed that annoying Ji Hongdong who everybody hated. Well, I can kill you easily. Take out the Immortal treasure and give it to me. You can’t even use it anyway.” She was not proud and arrogant the way Ji Hongdong was, but rather aloof. Clearly, she was much more powerful than him as well.

She also seemed to possess an incredibly domineering air, even a bossiness.

She waited for the space of two breaths and then said, “You don’t agree? Fine, then you can just DIE!” She stepped forward at incredible speed, and was instantly directly in front of Meng Hao. She raised her right hand, and the fist descended toward him.

Meng Hao began an incantation with both hands. A five-fingered Blood Palm sprang up; beneath his feet, the glow of the Blood Death World appeared. Blood Clones popped out and seemed to merge with his body. As the fist neared, he struck out with his palm.

A shocking boom filled the air, and massive power shook the ground beneath the two of them, shattering what remained of any nearby walls. A vortex of nothingness appeared and began to suck everything in.

Meng Hao coughed up some blood as he tumbled backward. Violet Qi roiled throughout his body, and his pupils glowed with a blinding violet radiance. His wounds once again healed; however, his face was even paler than before.

This recovery had cost him some of his life force, and life force represented longevity. He retreated, a cold glow emanating from his eyes. He slapped his bag of holding to produce the blood-colored mask.

The young woman took two steps back, a fierce expression filling her eyes.

“You’re the first person in the early Core Formation stage that’s ever been able to make me fall back!” she said unyieldingly.

“I can make you bleed as well,” replied Meng Hao, his eyes filled with as much coldness as hers. He lifted his hand to place the mask on his face, and as he did, the young woman let out a cold snort. The killing intent in her eyes grew even stronger. Her body flickered as she shot toward Meng Hao, raising her fist into the air.

“FANG!” She called out only the one word, but the instant she did, the color of her fist changed into green. Countless green lightning bolts surrounded it, and it emanated a shocking and terrifying Qi that caused Meng Hao’s scalp to go numb.

The speed with which the young woman approached caused Meng Hao’s heart to fill with an intense sense of crisis. He had not experienced such a feeling even when fighting against Ji Hongdong just now. In fact, it had been a very long time since he had experienced such a crushing pressure from anyone in the same generation as himself.

“DIE!” cried the young woman, her voice echoing out in all directions as she neared Meng Hao.

At this exact moment, Meng Hao’s right hand placed the mask onto his face. A Qi of blood and death immediately exploded out from him.

It was also at this exact same moment that the back of the hand he had used to place the mask on his face was suddenly facing the Fang girl. In addition, the green mark which had appeared on the back of his hand when he formed his Core had not disappeared. It suddenly... flickered slightly.

The green mark flashed like a magical symbol, and the young woman saw it. The instant she did, her eyes went wide, and filled with complete disbelief.

Her fist was almost upon Meng Hao. She suddenly let out an exasperated grunt. Risking a recoil of energy, she twisted her attack to the side, causing her fist to slam into the ground next to Meng Hao.

A boom filled the air, and massive cracks filled the ground, revealing nothingness beneath them. Even the nothingness seemed to tremble, threatening to collapse from the power of the fist.

The young woman coughed up a mouthful of blood. Her hair flew about her in disarray, and she turned her head to glare at Meng Hao, her eyes filled with fury and disharmony.

This caused Meng Hao to gape at her openly. He wasn't sure what had happened just now in the critical moment to cause her to change the direction of her fist. She must have known that doing what she had done just now would result in injury to herself.

Chapter 310: Blazing as Brilliantly as Ever!

“DAMMIT!” howled the young woman. She was very beautiful, and her appearance before she had attacked just now was charming and gentle. However, her moves had been as explosive as a dragon.

Right now, her howl was filled with potent power, and an aura that seemed to proclaim that she was the most important person in the world. Seeing her like this caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb; he had never before witnessed a woman behaving like this.

“DAMMIT!” she roared. She clenched her right hand into a fist and smashed it into the ground. There wasn't much ground left to begin with, and her blow caused it to crumble even further.

“Why couldn't it be black!?”

BOOM!

“Why couldn't it be red!?”

BAM!

“Why couldn't it be violet!?”

With every sentence, she violently slammed her fist down onto the ground around Meng Hao, causing the ground to begin to disintegrate. Soon, only the spot directly beneath his feet was left remaining.

The slamming fists even caused the nothingness around them to begin to collapse....

Meng Hao's scalp grew even more numb. This girl was crazy! Such bizarre power... really went beyond Meng Hao's imagination. He had the feeling that even though he was wearing the blood-colored mask, he still wasn't a match for this lunatic.

Suddenly, Meng Hao thought back to how Ji Hongdong had described this young woman, and suddenly completely agreed.

Seeing how she was smashing the nothingness into smithereens, Meng Hao quickly turned and sped off in a different direction into the nothingness. As he charged off, he heard the girl raging.

“Why did it have to be green!?”

BLAM!

His face pale, Meng Hao prepared to be teleported out of the nothingness. He looked down briefly at the back of his hand, and the mark, which was gradually fading.

“Could it really be because of this mark...” he thought, hesitating for a moment. Thinking back to the fearsomeness of the crazy young woman, he shuddered. From the time he was small until the time he grew up, from when he studied as a scholar to when he began to practice cultivation, this was the first time he had ever been this frightened of a woman.

Meng Hao’s eyes began to grow hazy. When they cleared, he could see a black fog overhead, and could also sense a familiar aura. This... was the region of the Rebirth Cave.

Right now, the Immortal’s corpse was rapidly shrinking. From the looks of it, it would very soon return to the size of a normal human.

People were currently being teleported out all over the place, in various positions. The instant Meng Hao appeared, he pulled out the good luck charm. It took only a moment to test it out, whereupon Meng Hao frowned. As he had anticipated, it wouldn’t work.

Putting the good luck charm away, Meng Hao immediately shot off in the direction of the Rebirth Cave. Even before emerging, he had made up his mind. He knew that he would be stuck in this area, and as such, was dead without a doubt. There would be no way to flee.

His only chance of survival lay upon the path of death... the Rebirth Cave!

Such a path of death, in comparison to his current predicament, was a chance for survival!

He had no other options. It was a gamble, but he had thought through everything, and as such, charged forward immediately.

The instant he had teleported out, outside of the misty basin, by the more than ten pillars of light, the eyes of the middle-aged man from the Ji Clan suddenly opened.

“He’s here!” he said, waving his right hand. Immediately, a glowing image appeared in front of him; it was none other than the fleeing Meng Hao. “He’s heading north!” he said coolly, flickering off in pursuit. The Nascent Soul Elders of the Ji Clan followed him into the fog of the basin, their faces grim and filled with killing intent.

The dozen or so Li Clan Cultivators also flew into the air in quick succession, faces filled with killing intent as they went in pursuit of Meng Hao.

Any one of these people could kill Meng Hao with the wave of a finger. However, each and every one of them joined the chase; pursuing Meng Hao was a matter which all felt that they must participate in.

They entered the fog, but as they did, not a single one could sense the presence of the tenth Wang Clan Patriarch. He smiled as he also moved in the same direction. He was in plain sight, and yet no one noticed him as he joined them within the fog.

The Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Ji and Li Clans proceeded through the black fog, and as they did, their Cultivation bases were slowly suppressed. Soon, they were back within the great circle of the Core Formation stage.

Despite that, any one of them was powerful enough to immediately slay Meng Hao.

They moved onward with incredible speed. As for the middle-aged Spirit Severing Cultivator from the Ji Clan, his Cultivation base was even more suppressed. He could fight against it, but not for long. At the moment, his Cultivation base was at the Nascent Soul stage.

He was moving with the greatest speed through the fog. As he whistled through the air, suddenly, he heard a cough that sounded very ancient, coming from off to the side.

The cough was too sudden; it immediately caused the middle-aged man's face to flicker and stop moving temporarily.

"Who are you?!" he said, anxiety and doubt showing on his face. Even though his Cultivation base was suppressed, he was still a powerful Spirit Severing expert; his ability to sense danger had flashed as soon as he heard the cough. It transformed into a droning in his mind, and he had the feeling that the owner of the voice could kill him immediately if he so wished.

"Which member of the senior generation is here?" he asked, his scalp growing numb. He thought of the Rebirth Cave, and suddenly a sense of crisis filled him that caused him to begin to pant. "Sir, I am of the Ji Clan..."

"How is... Ji Eleven?" said the ancient voice, seemingly filled with emotion.

"The Eleventh Divine Patriarch..." The middle-aged man's mouth and throat immediately went dry, and his heart began to thump. Ji Eleven was a name that outsiders didn't know, the name of a person who was a member of a group of the most ancient members of the Ji Clan.

Any one of that group was an ancestor who the entire Ji Clan would prostrate in worship to.

"Sir... sir, I have never seen the Eleventh Divine Patriarch..." The man trembled; the seemingly imperceptible pressure coming from the owner of the ancient voice caused him to feel as if the entire world was about to fall apart.

"Very well," said the voice, drifting about like a breeze around the middle-aged man. "I won't cause too much trouble for you. Sit here and meditate for the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Then you may leave." The voice was filled with somberness. It caused the middle-aged man's face to instantly flicker. He hesitated for just a moment, then chose to sit down cross-legged.

The tenth Wang Clan Patriarch stood right in front of him, staring off into the black fog. However, the middle-aged man couldn't see him at all.

"Child, I've already delayed this person for you," he said softly to himself. "I've fixed your biggest problem for you. The rest of them are suppressed into the Core Formation, which means you still won't be able to escape. That, in turn, means that even if I help you get away, you'll still die on the outside. In that case, I may have no choice but to take your perfection away from you now.

“It’s too bad. From time immemorial, it has never been possible to force perfection to develop. I’m not sure what power it was that caused the interference.... If it weren’t for that, I could just grab you and let you grow in my custody. After you reached the Nascent Soul stage, then I could take it from you. Well, you’d better not let me down. You need to get powerful quickly, okay?” The old man’s eyes flickered with a sinister glow. At this moment, he looked incredibly bizarre.

“Only 60 kilometers....” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed brightly. The spot he had been teleported to was not very close to the Rebirth Cave. Normally speaking, such a distance would be nothing to him.

However, he was surrounded by danger on all sides. This distance of 60 kilometres represented either life or death.

He was currently moving at the fastest speed he possibly could.

55 kilometers, 52 kilometers, 50 kilometers.... Meng Hao could now see the shrinking corpse of the Immortal. He was about to fly over it when his expression suddenly changed.

A boom filled the air; multiple members of the various Sects suddenly appeared as they were teleported out into the fog, sending it roiling out in all directions. Their expressions flickered as they saw the group of old men speeding through the air after Meng Hao.

The group included Chen Fan, Han Bei, Chu Yuyan, Wang Youcai, Li Shiqi as well as... Xu Qing.

They saw what was happening; they saw the old men chasing, and they saw who they were chasing. Off in the distance was... Meng Hao!

Because the churning fog had suddenly dispersed, Meng Hao was completely visible. Everyone could see him; furthermore, he had no inclination to conceal his identity. All eyes were now fixed on him alone.

“Meng... Meng Hao!” said Chen Fan, staring in amazement. His mind spun as he gaped at Meng Hao. He had searched for him for years, but had never been able to pick up his tracks after the year he disappeared. How could he ever have anticipated that he would suddenly catch sight of Meng Hao here?

Chu Yuyan’s face was pale, and her body trembled. She stared blankly at Meng Hao’s garment. Her face filled with bitterness as she suddenly understood that... Fang Mu was Meng Hao!

He was the Cultivator from the State of Zhao with whom she had spent half a year stuck inside a ravine. It hit her like a bolt of lightning. In truth, that lightning bolt had begun brewing within the mental realm. She had even begun to prepare herself then; however, as of now, she couldn't control the emotions inside of her. Her heart surged with countless complexities.

There were two people in her life that she considered to be unforgettable. One was Meng Hao. She could never forget him because of the twisted feelings he caused that year in the volcano; those events had filled her with hatred she found difficult to put into words.

The second person she found to be unforgettable was Fang Mu. The instant she found out he was Pill Cauldron, she would find herself thinking about him, even though she didn't know why. Sometimes, his face would appear in her mind, and she would find herself giving a light snort, or occasionally, a slight smile. Other times, her face would grow red.

“Fang Mu.... Meng Hao....” Two faces appeared in her mind, overlapping. In the end, the only thing that remained was deep bitterness and complex emotions.

Wang Youcai looked silently at Meng Hao. His heart was calm, but deep inside, he recalled the scene from all those years ago in the cave of Mount Daqing. He remembered sticking his head out, looking up, and seeing Meng Hao the scholar.

Li Shiqi looked at Meng Hao silently, thinking back to their battle years ago.

Han Bei sighed. She was clever and farsighted. The instant she saw the expression on Chu Yuyan's face, some clues as to their relationship suddenly appeared in her mind, although she had no way to completely solve the puzzle. Meng Hao, of course, had left her with a deep impression long ago. Her phoenix-like eyes gazed at him.

Meng Hao.... It was a name that hadn't appeared in the Southern Domain for a very long time. And yet, here he was, blazing as brilliantly as ever!