

## The Heavens 331

### Chapter 331: Just Steal It!

Meng Hao paused in mid-step, then sat back and focused once again on the auction, his eyes glittering slightly. There didn't seem to be anything very special about the flag, but for the parrot to show such interest in it left Meng Hao assured that it was something extraordinary.

"10,000 Spirit Stones!" someone cried in a husky voice, even as the introductory words were still echoing around the auction floor. Meng Hao glanced around surreptitiously and saw that the owner of the voice was someone among one of the three groups of Cultivators who were dominating the auction.

The opening bid caused everyone to frown. However, nobody dared to offer another bid. Not even the Cultivators from the other two groups did anything more than discuss the matter in low tones.

The auctioneer sighed inwardly. In the past, such a situation would never have arisen in the Dongluo City auction. However, because of the current disorder in the Black Lands, the United Nine wanted to recruit powerful groups of Cultivators just like these ones. Therefore, the auction itself wasn't very important, and matters such as those occurring right now were ignored.

Just as the auctioneer was about to bang his hammer down to set the final price, Meng Hao's cool voice rang out.

"15,000 Spirit Stones," he said calmly. The instant he did, the entire auction floor went silent, and one gaze after another came to rest on him. This was especially true of the group of Cultivators who had called out the opening bid. There were more than ten of them in the group, three of whom were of the Core Formation stage. The rest were Foundation Establishment, but all of them gave dark looks to Meng Hao.

One of the three Core Formation Cultivators, whose Cultivation base was about the same as Meng Hao's, coldly said, "Hand over your 15,000 Spirit Stones to me and then leave. If you do, we won't cause any trouble for you."

His words only caused Meng Hao to smile. "16,000 Spirit Stones," he said.

This caused the surrounding Cultivators to gasp. They could see a strange light in Meng Hao's eyes that caused the face of the middle-aged man who had just spoken to darken. Killing intent gleamed in his eyes.

“Are you fool enough to reject a face-saving offer? 20,000 Spirit Stones!”

“21,000 Spirit Stones!” Meng Hao didn't have many more Spirit Stones, and in fact, this was his limit. After purchasing the Spirit Orchid Leaf, his supply was dried up.

“Interesting,” said an old man standing next to the middle-aged man. He was one of the other three Core Formation Cultivators. His Cultivation base was the same as Dongluo Han's, at the mid Core Formation stage. “So, it turns out that there's someone in Dongluo City who dares to steal things that belong to one of the three great Sects. I'll offer 40,000 for this flag.”

He glared at Meng Hao as if he were already a dead man.

Meng Hao was silent for the space of a few breaths and then said, “50,000 Spirit Stones!” The surroundings were completely silent. Even the auctioneer appeared to be shaking with fear. In his estimation, this flag was worth no more than around 40,000 spirit stones. 50,000 was an extremely high price.

Perhaps auctions could reach such a high price in the Southern Domain, but this was the Black Lands. Furthermore, the actual function of the flag was not as amazing as he had made it sound; he had actually exaggerated a bit.

The mid Core Formation old man looked at Meng Hao, his gaze icy cold. It wasn't just him; many of the surrounding Cultivators seemed to think that Meng Hao was specifically targeting one of the three major powers of the Dongluo City region, the Han River Sect.

“If you want to make a bid like that, you'll need to show the Spirit Stones,” said the old man, his gaze flickering. “Otherwise I could make random bids too.” He looked over at the auctioneer, who hesitated for a moment and then faced Meng Hao.

“Fellow Daoist,” he said, “according to the rules of the auction, since you've incurred the suspicion of fellow participants in the auction, you'll need to produce the Spirit Stones to prove that you have them. Please, don't make things difficult for me.”

“How many Spirit Stones can I borrow with this?” asked Meng Hao, lifting up the black command medallion.

“100,000,” replied the auctioneer, looking back at the Core Formation Cultivator.

“I’ll pay 150,000 for the flag,” said the Core Formation Cultivator coolly. He looked at Meng Hao with cold laughter in his eyes. Given the power of the three great Sects, as well the fact that they had received recruitment invitations, a mere 150,000 Spirit Stones was a price that could easily be erased by the Dongluo Clan. Therefore, he didn’t care too much. What he did care about was having his Sect targeted in front of all these Cultivators. Killing intent already glowed in his eyes.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment, and then sighed inwardly. He just wanted the flag; he wasn’t targeting anybody. However, the auctioneer was now looking over at him, apparently preparing to announce the winner of this lot.

“Just how important is this flag?” Meng Hao transmitted to the parrot.

“Very important,” was the response. “If Lord Fifth isn’t mistaken, that’s no flag. Whoever it was that refined that thing into a flag is an idiot. He wrecked a precious treasure! Do you remember the guy I told you about who painted a talisman which ended up getting burned? The falling ash from the talisman became the Black Lands. Well, that talisman wasn’t completely destroyed; some of it remained and fell to the earth.

“Well, this flag is none other than a remnant of that scorched talisman. If you can get it, it will help you a lot in gaining enlightenment of that Immortal’s magical symbols. You could say that getting this flag will make you qualified to practice cultivation based on those magical symbols! If you don’t have the money, then just steal it! What are you waiting for! Don’t be scared! Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life. Lord Fifth is watching over you. Steal it! That’s what I did all those years ago. Steal it! I’ll even help you break the shield protecting the platform!” The parrot seemed to be getting more and more excited at the prospect of getting Meng Hao to steal the flag.

The voice of the meat-jelly bell interrupted the mental conversation between the parrot and Meng Hao. “Stealing is immoral, wicked, wrong,” it said solemnly. “For you two to do this is really bad, I ...”

However, having heard the parrot’s words, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered and filled with determination. This auction was hosted by the Dongluo Clan, and Meng Hao was even considering joining them. However, he was only one person; how could he possibly compare to ten?

It was hard to tell who the Dongluo Clan would side with in the end, which was a problem. Seemingly having no other options, and seeing the auctioneer about to say something, Meng Hao suddenly stood up.

This caused the auctioneer to stare over in shock. As he did, Meng Hao's body flickered. In front of the gaping eyes of all of the surrounding Cultivators, he shot toward the platform in the center of the auction floor.

He moved too quickly for anyone to react. As he neared the platform, the parrot continued to grow more excited. It squawked loudly, spitting something out of its mouth.

It was an attack that instantly slammed into the podium, causing a resounding boom to fill the air. The auctioneer stared in shock as the invisible shield protecting the podium shattered into countless pieces. Meng Hao descended, ignoring the auctioneer and grabbing the flag, then turning and shooting away.

Most of the Cultivators participating in the auction didn't even have time to react. However, the instant Meng Hao began to make his escape, two roaring howls rose up from the center of the auction floor. Two old men had suddenly appeared and flew to intercept Meng Hao.

"You dare to steal from our Dongluo Clan auction!?! You're looking to die!"

"Get back here!" The Cultivation bases of the old men exploded with the power of the late Core Formation stage. Seeing them approach only seemed to make the parrot more excited. It squawked again, and a piercing sound rang out, an attack which spread out explosively toward the two late Core Formation old men. Their bodies shook, and they were incapable of approaching any closer.

Meng Hao dodged past them, flying like a shooting star above the heads of the other Cultivators. He kicked up a stiff wind that blew across their faces as he transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the sky.

This entire process took only the space of a few breaths. From the moment he snatched the flag until he disappeared, he moved with incredible speed. The method he had used to snatch the flag was natural and smooth, almost rehearsed. The minds of the observing Cultivators reeled and were filled with blankness.

This was the first time they had ever seen anyone rob an auction. Even in the Black Lands, this was something extremely rare, especially considering that it was always major Clans who hosted auctions. All of the Cultivators had strange expressions on their faces.

The people from the three great Sects watched on, stunned. Most shocked of all was the old man who had just made the top bid; how could he have anticipated that his opponent would actually... violate the rules in such a way?

He had no money, so he just stole the item.... Granted, these three great Sects often did similar things, but usually it was in secret. They would never dare to do so publicly.

In fact, now it seemed as if everything the old man had just said was a joke. An angry expression quickly appeared on his face. Even more angry were the two Core Formation old men who had tried to stop Meng Hao. Their eyes blazed with fury and the veins on their forehead bulged out; they were clearly incensed.

A buzz immediately rose up among the onlookers.

“Who was that? How brazen! He actually stole the item!”

“He’s far too daring. He had no Spirit Stones, so he stole it?! Compared to him, we don’t even count as Black Lands Cultivators! He is the true Black Lands Cultivator!”

“We need to learn from him!”

Off in the distance, on one particular wall that no one in the auction could see, was a small booth. Inside stood Dongluo Han, who was currently staring out in shock. From this booth, everything on the outside could be seen, however, no one could see inside.

He had long since noticed Meng Hao’s lack of Spirit Stones, and had felt a bit embarrassed. After all, Meng Hao had been competing with the Han River Sect, one of the three great Sects that the Dongluo Clan had already made an initial agreement with. Dongluo Han had already begun to prepare a diplomatic response if Meng Hao gave voice to complaint. He had never imagined that Meng Hao would actually resort to theft!

“What a daredevil....” Another man stood next to Dongluo Han. He looked gentle and refined, but he also let out a sigh of praise.

Dongluo Han could only make a wry smile.

At the same time....

The old Core Formation Cultivator from the Han River Clan let out a roar. “You dare to steal things at the Dongluo Clan auction, and my things at that!? The three great Sects won’t let you get away with this!” His body flashed as he flew up into the air. He was immediately followed by ten or more people who all transformed into colorful beams that shot up into the air.

The other two groups from the three great Sects exchanged glances. Then, they also flew into the air to pursue at top speed.

As for the remaining Cultivators, they saw that the auction was now over, so they too flew up into the air to follow.

Chapter 332: The Great Con

Meng Hao sped through the air. The parrot gripped his shoulder tightly with its claws, flapping its wings and looking extremely pleased.

“Steal, steal, steal!” it squawked. “That’s the way to do it! Steal what you feel like, screw whatever you want. That’s the way to live! Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife!”

Meng Hao ignored the parrot. His face felt a bit red. This was the first time he had openly stolen something, and it felt strange. Back when he was a scholar, he would never have been able to brazenly rob in the way he had just now.

Actually, without the urgings of the parrot, he still would never have done so. Even with all the egging on, he had still hesitated. Actually, if he had been able to, he would have tried to sell some medicinal pills first. In the end, though, that didn’t seem possible.

Therefore, for whatever reason, he had listened to the parrot, and performed the robbery in the auction....

Such brazen theft made him feel quite nervous inside, but also a bit excited.

He shook his head, laughing bitterly as he moved along at top speed. He suddenly realized that he had been unconsciously influenced a lot by the parrot since it woke up.

“Damned parrot,” he thought with an inward sigh. Suddenly, the Cultivators speeding through the air at top speed could be heard from behind him, along with roars of rage.

“You little bastard! You stole my stuff! Are you looking to die?!” The voice echoed and rolled about like thunder. Meng Hao sent out his Spiritual Sense, and immediately saw the dozen or so pursuing Cultivators, whistling along through the air just behind him. He wasn’t sure what technique they were using, but their bodies were surrounded by a red glow, seemingly connecting them all together and lending them greater speed as they pursued.

“I’m not gonna do something like this again,” thought Meng Hao. “Stealing doesn’t really suit me. Yeah, next time I’d rather let the old guy buy the item, then find him later and take it from him. That way I can avoid this kind of attention.” Meng Hao was good at problem solving, so he thought for a moment and then sent his Spiritual Sense out again. One of the three Core Formation Cultivators, an old man with a face full of pockmarks was the only one Meng Hao was paying attention to. He had a Cultivation base at the late Core Formation stage; everyone else Meng Hao ignored.

The pock faced old man hadn’t said a word the entire time. Instead, he had observed everything with cold eyes; this made Meng Hao feel a bit of pressure.

Unless he put on the Blood Immortal mask, it would be difficult to defeat him.

He looked over and gave the parrot a look. “This whole disaster is your fault!”

“What are you scared of?” said the parrot, looking back at him with an intense look of pride. “Screw them to death!” Suddenly, its claw lifted up toward its face, placing a black band around its head, covering one eye. After that, it flew off of Meng Hao’s shoulder.

It squawked, and suddenly a black fire appeared around its body, which began to grow rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it was now twenty or thirty meters tall. It lowered its head, looking every bit like the member of some sort of elite death squad. With a cry, it made its attack.

Meng Hao’s eyes went wide. He saw the parrot advancing bravely; it only took an instant for it to slam into the dozen or so pursuing Cultivators. A boom rang out, and the red glow which

surrounded the Cultivators instantly collapsed. Some of them coughed up blood; the three Core Formation Cultivators scattered.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Without hesitation, he shot forward. In an instant, he was in front of the early Core Formation Cultivator. He lifted his fist and struck out.

The man's mouth twisted into a vicious smile. He made an incantation sign with both hands, and immediately a spinning vortex shot out. It was black, and lightning crackled within. Furthermore, terrifying shrieks could be heard, along with a multitude of spirit faces, which shot toward Meng Hao, apparently intent on consuming him.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. Without hesitation, he landed his punch. A boom filled the air. The faces twisted and screamed, and then collapsed into pieces. The lightning disintegrated, and the vortex broke up into pieces. This magical technique couldn't stand up in the least to Meng Hao's fist. Before the middle-aged Cultivator could react, Meng Hao's fist passed through them all and slammed into his chest.

Boom!

The man toppled backward, blood spraying from his mouth and out from his back. His body shook as a massive hole appeared in his chest. He only had time to look down at it before his entire body exploded.

Meng Hao didn't pause for a moment. His right hand immediately began to form an incantation.

In front of him was the old mid Core Formation Cultivator, who brimmed with killing intent. He waved his sleeve, and nine pagodas appeared around him, upon the surfaces of which were carved the images of bizarre creatures. Suddenly, countless phantom creatures sprang into being around the pagodas, filling the sky. They immediately charged toward Meng Hao.

However, it was at this moment that Meng Hao cried, "Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!" His finger fell, and immediately, ghost images sprung up everywhere, from everything. It was as if a second phantom world existed on top of the current one. They folded in onto the old Core Formation Cultivator; causing his expression to flicker. His Cultivation base was immediately locked down, as if he had been removed from the world, shoved alive out of Heaven and Earth.

"What magic is this...." His mind spun as the cold-faced Meng Hao approached. His fist descended, then another, then a third!



By the time the third punch fell, the nine pagodas had been smashed into smithereens. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's fist was speeding toward the old man's forehead.

Suddenly, an intense feeling of danger filled Meng Hao's head. Without a moment's hesitation, he transformed the fist into a claw and snatched the mid Core Formation old man. Meng Hao shoved the man in front of himself and then pushed, using the immobilized old man to propel himself backward.

As he lifted his head, he saw an orange light shining out from the face of the pock marked old Cultivator. It flew through the air to the spot he had just been in, which was now occupied by the mid Core Formation Cultivator. Suddenly, the glowing light stopped.

That orange light was what had just caused the sense of crisis to appear in Meng Hao's mind.

He laughed coldly as he fell back. The parrot shot over like lightning, and together, they flew off into the distance.

"I'm the Patriarch of the Han River Sect!" said the pock faced old man, his face grim. "Let's see how you try to escape me!" The mid Core Formation Cultivator's Cultivation base was now recovering, but his face was pale white and he looked at Meng Hao with fear. His killing intent, though, was stronger than ever.

The group of Cultivators once again began to pursue Meng Hao, this time, with the pock faced old man in the lead.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. He had the good luck charm in his hand still. It was full of cracks, and he wasn't sure how many times he could use it before it completely disintegrated. Unfortunately, he had discovered long ago that he could not duplicate the good luck charm. However, he would still use it without hesitating if the situation demanded.

"Hold on," said the parrot. "Don't use that thing. I know what it is. Why waste the excellent opportunity we have right now?"

As Meng Hao sped along, he looked at the parrot, who was clutching tightly to his shoulder.

“What are you talking about?”

The parrot’s eyes gleamed as it said, “Don’t you want to get rich? Don’t you want to get a bunch of treasures? Don’t you want to become the wealthiest person under the Heavens?”

Meng Hao blinked a few times. Ever since he was young, he had dreamed of being rich. For the parrot to mention such a thing at this moment left him feeling a little bit suspicious.

He sent out his Spiritual Sense to glance at the people pursuing him. Given his own current speed, he guessed that it wouldn’t be long before the Han River Sect Cultivators caught up with him.

“Lord Fifth doesn’t care too much about riches. Lord Fifth loves fur and feathers. Okay, how about this.... You can keep everything, but you have to promise that in the future, you’ll find more beautiful furred and feathered creatures for Lord Fifth. Ones similar to that Scarlet Peacock would do nicely.” Without waiting for an answer from Meng Hao, it lifted up one of its claws and shook it.

“Ultimate Vexation, get the hell out here!”

A face appeared on the small bell that was attached to the Parrot’s claw. It looked incensed. “I know what you’re planning. This time, I won’t do it. I have principles! I won’t do it. I won’t! Never!”

The parrot yawned and said, “Remember the fatso who attacked you that year? I’ll tell you where he is.” Its expression was one of complete disdain, as if the meat jelly’s consent was a foregone conclusion.

As soon as it heard the parrot’s words, the meat jelly’s face appeared to twist with indecision.

“That damned fatso. I hate him! It was with complete good will that I spent ten thousand years converting him. Then, he repaid my kindness with enmity. I... I... Fine! I need to finish converting him. For that reason, I’ll help you one more time. But only this once! And this is the last time... Really....” As the meat jelly chattered, an impatient look appeared on the parrot’s face. It kicked its claw one more time, and the meat jelly flew off.

“Bitch! Will you ever shut up!?! Alright, turn into some Spirit Stones for Lord Fifth. I want one million, okay?” When the parrot finished speaking, the meat jelly let out a growl, and then, to Meng Hao’s shock, suddenly exploded.

The sound of the explosion immediately caught the guarded attention of the Han River Sect Cultivators. Even the pock faced old man suddenly stopped moving.

However, a moment later, vast amounts of shining, glittering Spirit Stones appeared. They looked like rain as they descended from the sky all over the place.

They were dazzlingly bright in the sunlight, and a thick spiritual energy emanated out from them, completely shocking. The amazing, brilliant sight of it caused all of the nearby Cultivators to begin to pant.

One million Spirit Stones, and the quality of each one was beyond average; these were not low-grade Spirit Stones! To see them slowly floating down in mid-air caused the Black Lands Cultivators to instantly charge forward with reckless abandon.

Even the pock faced old man's eyes went wide. To him, one million Spirit Stones was a vast number. Behind him were the members of the other two great Sects, and behind them were nearly hundreds of other Cultivators. All of them, rushed forward with wide eyes.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he immediately transformed into a beam of light that shot off at high speed, like a shooting star. He left behind all the people who were suddenly enthralled with the idea of getting rich.

It was as if they had lost their minds, and didn't even stop to think why Meng Hao would suddenly have so many Spirit Stones. If he did, why would he need to perform robbery at the auction? Actually, Meng Hao was feeling a bit torn; he couldn't believe he had never thought to have the meat jelly turn into Spirit Stones.

"Heh heh," chuckled the parrot with an arrogant, sinister smile. "Steal away. The more you steal the better. Years ago I forced Ultimate Vexation to use this method on the eight Taiping Dao Patriarchs to rob them blind!"

Chapter 333: Conning the Whole Way

One million Spirit Stones appeared; brilliant sunlight reflected off of them, creating a radiant glow. This afternoon in this part of the Black Lands, a crazed frenzy rose up among hundreds of Cultivators.

This was especially true of the Cultivators in the very back, who had come along to watch the excitement. Their eyes went red as they immediately used every technique they knew to increase their speed, scattering in all directions to grab Spirit Stones.

The people from the Han River Sect were the closest. The pock faced old man hesitated for a moment; something didn't seem right to him. He thought back to the auction, and how Meng Hao had apparently been short on Spirit Stones. However, it was impossible to tell whether the Spirit Stones were illusory or real. Seeing how the disciples surrounding him were all breathing heavily, he gritted his teeth, abandoned the chase, and went after the Spirit Stones. His sleeve flicked as he tried to gather together as many as possible.

The other Han River Sect disciples charged forth madly. The disciples from the other two Sects immediately began to struggle for supremacy in taking the Spirit Stones. It only took a moment for hundreds of Cultivators to be flitting about in all directions after Spirit Stones. Soon, they began to fight and plunder.

“Dammit, that’s my Spirit Stone!”

“The guy who robbed the auction tossed out these Spirit Stones to save his own skin! They don’t belong to anybody. First come first serve!”

The sound of explosions echoed out. One million Spirit Stones seemed like a lot, but considering hundreds of Cultivators were fighting over them, they were divided up very quickly. It was without hesitation that the Cultivators tossed them into their bags of holding.

Suddenly, their excited, complacent thoughts changed, and they looked off in the direction Meng Hao had fled.

In their opinion, for him to have thrown out a million Spirit Stones just to buy some time, indicated that he must have even more Spirit Stones on his person.

A strange light appeared in the eyes of the Han River Sect Cultivators. They had snatched up the most Spirit Stones of all, perhaps more than two hundred thousand. The expression on the face of the pockmarked old man indicated that he was determined to win. He knew the Spirit Stones weren't fake; after snatching them up, he had carefully examined one. With a hearty laugh, he shot in pursuit of Meng Hao, his disciples in tow.

Almost all of the other Cultivators in the area did the same. There were a few who hesitated, worried that something untoward would happen if they were too greedy. Some even considered leaving; after all, everyone had gotten some Spirit Stones, which meant that everyone had profited at least some. Some people were surreptitiously examining their bags of holding to count exactly how many Spirit Stones they'd acquired.

It was then that a flabbergasted gasp could be heard.

“Huh? Where are the Spirit Stones? I just took about ten thousand, where did they go?”

“Mine are gone too! What's going on...?”

Others who overheard such remarks immediately looked down to check their own bags of holding, whereupon their faces instantly fell.

“My Spirit Stones are gone! Impossible! I stole at least eight thousand just now!!”

“Something fishy is going on....”

A buzz rose up, mixed with miserable cries. As they checked their bags of holding, the faces of all the Cultivators grew deathly pale. Some of the Cultivators even began to shake, and veins began to pop out on their faces. Intense rage and insanity poured out from their eyes.

“My magical items are gone!!”

“Dammit, my medicinal elixir! There's none left at all in my bag of holding!!”

“Ahhhhhh! My bag of holding has nothing in it! What's going on!? It's totally empty! Even the magical item I just bought at the auction is gone!”

As word spread, the miserable cries grew even louder. The pock faced old man from the Han River Sect flickered as he looked down to his own bag of holding. Then, his face went as gray as ash; he lifted his head up to the sky and let out a desolate howl.

His body shook, and smoke began to rise up from the top of his head. Veins of blood shot through his eyes, which radiated vicious frenzy. How could he not go crazy? His heart virtually dripped with blood, as if someone had literally ripped it open.

His bag had originally contained hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones, which had apparently vanished into thin air. All of his medicinal elixir, magical items, medicinal pills... everything was gone, even the random odds and ends he had collected inside.

His bag of holding had been thoroughly cleaned out. He was now completely empty handed.

His savings of many years, half of the wealth of the Han River Sect, had all been on his person. Now, however... it was gone.

The pock faced Patriarch howled. Behind him, the Patriarch from one of the other great Sects was shaking and howling madly. His bag of holding was equally empty.

The bags of holding of all the hundreds of Cultivators were completely empty. Someone had inexplicably removed their contents, leaving behind not a sound or hint of how it had occurred...

“That Heaven-damned bandit! I won’t rest until he’s dead!” These words came out even before Patriarch Pockmarks could say anything similar. They came from a rubicund old man whose entire body was quivering. The insanity in his eyes outmatched that of Patriarch Pockmarks’. This was the Patriarch from one of the other Clans.

The source of his madness was the fact that just before the auction, he had filled his bag of holding with a million Spirit Stones. That was the price he had demanded from the Dongluo Clan to join them.

In addition to the Spirit Stones, there had been magical techniques from the Dongluo Clan, which he had long thirsted for. Now, though... they were all gone. How could he not go mad?

These Black Lands Cultivators weren’t stupid. If they couldn’t figure out that Meng Hao was the culprit, then their years of Cultivation had been spent in vain. And the root of the problem was those Spirit Stones....

Hundreds of Cultivators were now in a rage. Their eyes were red, and they used all the power they could muster to shoot at top speed after Meng Hao.

Revenge must be had! However, there was no sign of Meng Hao. Fearing that he would escape completely, the hundreds of Cultivators used a variety of methods to call upon friends.

Some arranged for people up ahead to block Meng Hao. Others contacted people from other power groups or Sects up ahead, requesting either direct assistance, or to borrow jade slips or Spirit Stones.

Of course, none of them realized that Meng Hao hadn't actually conned them; the parrot had. However, it didn't matter. Meng Hao and the parrot had both done such things many times in the past.

When you think about how many people Meng Hao had conned throughout his time in the Cultivation world, well, you could say that he had conned people the whole way....

As a tiny example, there was a certain group of discarnate souls back in the Black Sieve Sect who Meng Hao could send into instant misery if he felt like it....

As Meng Hao whistled through the air, the meat jelly reclined lazily on top of his head, looking quite arrogant.

"This is wrong...." It coughed up dozens of magical items.

"This is immoral...." It burped up a vast quantity of Spirit Stones.

"This is too wicked...." In the blink of an eye, it spat up mouthful after mouthful of bottles of medicinal elixir and hundreds of jade slips.

"You two are going to turn me into an evildoer...." With a sigh, the meat jelly coughed up some more items.

Meng Hao stuffed the belongings of hundreds of Cultivators into his bag of the Cosmos. Only it was large enough to contain so many things.

Seeing such a vast collection of items caused Meng Hao's mouth and tongue to go dry. The sight of more than a million Spirit Stones caused his eyes to shine. Then there were the jade slips, which surely contained a vast array of information. As for the magical items, none of them particularly caught Meng Hao's attention. However, if he sold them, he would be able to make a heap of Spirit Stones.

Then there was the random collection of other items, one of which happened to catch Meng Hao's eye. It was a book, plated in something that looked like gold. It consisted of three pages, and three illustrations.

The first illustration depicted ten swords arranged so that their tips pointed outward to form something that looked like a lotus flower.

The second illustration depicted one hundred swords, formed together to make ten lotus flowers which were arranged into a large ring.

The third illustration depicted one thousand swords arranged into one hundred lotus flowers, creating a massive formation. They circled around each other, forming ten layers which all seemed to be revolving in different directions. The mere sight of it was dazzling.

"A sword formation?" thought Meng Hao. He glanced at it for a moment, then put it aside. He continued flying on, heart thumping. He really had struck it rich this time, having stolen the wealth of hundreds of Cultivators.

"It's too bad..." he was just whispering this sentence in his heart, when the parrot next to him let out a sigh and spoke out loud exactly what he was thinking.

"It's too bad there weren't very many people," said the parrot. "If there were more, then this transaction would have truly been profitable."

"Don't even think of trying to get me to do it again!" blubbered the meat jelly. With a pop, it again transformed into a bell and attached itself to the parrot's foot.

Meng Hao looked at the parrot, and the parrot looked back at him. One man, one bird. In this instant, seeing the light in each other's eyes caused them both to experience the feeling of mutual friendship.



“From now on, you are Lord Fifth’s master!” said the parrot, its voice sincere.

“In the future, I’ll find some more fur and feathers for you.”

After exchanging these words, the man and bird looked down at the meat jelly bell. The meat jelly quivered and opened its eyes, as if it had just felt something very cold. After opening its eyes, it saw Meng Hao staring off into the sky, and the parrot looking down at the earth below.

“You’re both evildoers....” said the meat jelly loudly.

“Wow, the weather is great today,” said Meng Hao, looking up at the beautiful white clouds, seemingly entranced, as if he’d never seen them before.

“Eee!” said the parrot, looking down at the ground with an expression of rapture. “The flowers down there are beautiful! They almost look like they’re covered with feathers!”

Soon, three days had passed. Meng Hao proceeded onward at top speed the entire time. Behind him, the hundreds of Cultivators stretched out in a line as they pursued him, based on the level of their Cultivation base.

Their eyes were filled with killing intent. Their hatred for him had not quite reached the point where they refused to live under the same sky with him, but it was close.

Black Lands Cultivators were used to living in constant danger, and as such, usually keep most of their belongings in their bags of holding. That was especially the case... when going to an auction.

You could even say that it was at the very moment when their bags of holding were fullest that they met Meng Hao. As such, their hatred toward him was incredibly intense.

This was especially true of the three great Sects. The Patriarch Rubicund was the most frenzied of them all. He had taken the lead position in the group. After him was Patriarch Pockmarks. Their eyes billowed with venomous killing intent as they glared ahead toward Meng Hao. They couldn’t wait to tear him to pieces and eat him alive.

“Little bastard, I’ll hunt you to the ends of the earth if I have to. You’re dead!” screamed Patriarch Rubicund, gnashing his teeth as he thought of his Spirit Stones. His heart bled.

## Chapter 334: Celestial Spell Formation

“Look, you old fart, you’re the ones who started chasing me. That’s what started this whole thing.” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with coldness as he proceeded onward. Off to the side, Patriarch Rubicund whistled toward him.

The man gave a cold snort, then increased his speed. “Stealing auction items is a high crime! Then you used depraved tricks to steal our wealth! You’re a disgrace to the Black Lands, which earns you the death penalty!” Behind him, Patriarch Pockmarks’ eyes were darkly sinister. Further back, the rest of the Cultivators were all looking at Meng Hao with intense killing intent.

“Your Cultivation base is in the late Core Formation stage, and yet after three days you’ve been unable to catch up to a paltry early Core Formation Cultivator like me? How do you have the face to raise such a ruckus?” Meng Hao also increased his speed.

“You sure know how to run your mouth! It won’t be long before I help you to understand what it’s like to live a life worse than death!” As he spoke, Patriarch Rubicund used some unknown technique to cause his face to suddenly grow purplish-black. His speed then increased by several times as he shot toward Meng Hao. At this speed, he would catch up in the space of just a few breaths.

“Greedy to the bones,” said Meng Hao coolly. “Considering your Cultivation base, do you have any face whatsoever?” The parrot opened its mouth and a gale force wind sprung up along, with a shocking roar.

Meng Hao’s speed increased. Facing up against the fierce wind, Patriarch Rubicund and the rest of the hundreds of Cultivators behind him could do nothing except howl in rage as their speed decreased.

Currently, none of them had any magical items. Some of them were able to use secret techniques or Core Qi to close some of the distance between them and Meng Hao. However, a single breath from the parrot would immediately increase the gap. Therefore, no matter what they did to increase their speed, it did no good and they were unable to catch up with Meng Hao.

During the three days, their rage only continued to grow more and more intense.

Seeing the distance between them and Meng Hao grow once again, the killing intent in Patriarch Rubicund's heart spread to fill his entire body. The Patriarch Pockmarks was exactly the same, as were all the hundred Cultivators behind them.

After three days of travel, Meng Hao could tell from the landmarks and regions he was passing that he was getting close to his Immortal's cave.

"Considering how pissed off they are, are you sure your idea will work?" said Meng Hao to the parrot, frowning.

"Of course it'll work," replied the parrot boastfully. "You can never go wrong when you listen to Lord Fifth. Just lead these people into our lair. You can go practice Cultivation and leave everything else to Lord Fifth!" It patted its chest and proudly continued, "Don't worry, the more people there are, the more chaotic the aura will be, and the easier it will be to use that technique I mentioned to delay the Heavenly Tribulation."

The frown remained on Meng Hao's face. During his three days of travel, he had discussed with the parrot the matter of delaying the Heavenly Tribulation. He knew that the method was a type of deception, using a variety of miscellaneous auras to confuse Heaven and Earth. It was like spreading a gauze over the face of the Heavenly Tribulation.

Therefore, these pursuing Cultivators, more than a hundred of them, would actually be of some use to Meng Hao and the parrot. However, as to whether the technique would succeed, and as to whether the parrot would really be able to hold off the crowd, well, Meng Hao wasn't completely certain.

Even as he was thinking about these things, his eyes suddenly flashed. He looked ahead of him, and his eyes narrowed; there he could see a dozen or so beams of prismatic light whistling toward him. He was being blocked in!

There was a blockade up ahead, and people pursuing him from behind. The people up ahead merely had to delay him for a bit, and then the pursuers would arrive. He was encircled.

Behind him, Patriarch Rubicund and many of the others all of a sudden looked very excited. Obviously, they had used various methods to call for help earlier, and the result was this group of people up ahead preparing to block Meng Hao's way.

Among the approaching Cultivators was a middle-aged man of the mid Core Formation stage. Core Qi floated above his head, but it appeared to be a muddle of colors; clearly the man had just recently cultivated it. Furthermore, he obviously had a Mixed Core.

His expression was grim as he sized up Meng Hao. Then, he performed an incantation sign, which caused the Core Qi to transform into the shape of the head of a wild beast. It roared as it shot forward.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he lifted his hand and then pointed a finger down toward the ground.

"Righteous Bestowal!" A strange light flickered in his eyes; in an instant, ghost images sprung up from the ground everywhere. Now, he could see wisps of Demonic Qi which were invisible to everyone else. They shot toward Meng Hao and then began to circle around his body.

The invisible pulsating aura which surrounded Meng Hao coalesced into a phantom. It was blurry, but after taking shape, it emanated Meng Hao's aura.

Next, he waved his hand toward the group of Cultivators up ahead, causing the phantom to shoot toward them.

Meng Hao didn't want to split his attention to control the phantom, so as soon as it neared the group of Cultivators, he said, "Burst!"

The phantom immediately exploded.

A huge boom rocked Heaven and Earth. What everyone else saw was Meng Hao simply pointing toward the group Cultivators, after which blood sprayed from their mouths. A few people even directly blew up. The face of the Core Formation Cultivator fell, and he retreated seven or eight paces. However, he was powerless to fight back against what seemed like an invisible gale force wind that slammed into him and sent him tumbling backward.

Astonishment filled his face as he was knocked head over heels, blood spraying out of his mouth. Before, he had assumed that even if his opponent was extraordinary in some way, he was with a group of a dozen or more people. Furthermore, all he had to do was delay him, which should be no problem.

And yet Meng Hao had used an unknown technique to simply point a finger and then unleash some sort of incredible power. The man's heart felt cold as he watched Meng Hao approach; he didn't dare to do anything further to stop him.

Meng Hao shot forward, immediately passing the scattered group of Cultivators who had been attempting to block his path.

This scene caused the hundred or so pursuing Cultivators to feel completely shocked. All of them slowed, hesitating. However, when they thought about their empty bags of holding, and the expression 'strength in numbers,' then their killing intent once again billowed up. Not a single one retreated; they immediately shot in pursuit of Meng Hao, stringing out in a line that resembled a sharp arrow.

Time passed. After three or four more breaths from the parrot, Meng Hao finally caught sight of the short mountain and the Immortal's cave. He also saw the group of more than a hundred Cultivators living around the mountain.

When they caught sight of him and his pursuers, looks of vigilance and uneasiness appeared on their faces.

The instant they began to feel uneasy, the parrot's shrill voice blared out, "Okay children, Lord Fifth is here with some guests. Get in formation!"

At the same time, Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light which shot directly toward the fissure in the side of the mountain.

As he did, the parrot loosened its grip on his shoulder and flew into the air. The meat jelly bell attached to its foot made dainty clinking sounds.

When the more than one hundred local Cultivators heard the parrot's voice, tremors ran through their bodies. Gritting their teeth, they immediately rose to their feet. Then, they began to run in a particular order and fashion, coiling around the short mountain as they did so.

A strange expression appeared on Meng Hao's face as he used Spiritual Sense to watch all of this. He thought back to what the parrot had called a Celestial spell formation, and all the running training it had made the Cultivators do. He hesitated for a moment, then clenched his jaw and sat down cross-legged. He pulled out the medicinal plants needed to make the Perfect Gold Core Pill and began to concoct.

He would make the Perfect Gold Core Pill, consume it, and then replace his Violet Core with a Gold Core. Furthermore, he would go all out, breaking through from the early Core Formation stage into the mid Core Formation Stage, all using his Perfect Gold Core!

“After that happens, I will delay the Heavenly Tribulation and cultivate Core Qi. If all goes smoothly, then when I leave this Immortal’s cave....” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with a frigid light. “I’ll help them to experience true deadly pursuit!” He took a deep breath and then produced the copper mirror, which he used to duplicate some of the medicinal plants he needed.

Before, he would have had to be very careful, considering his lack of Spirit Stones. Furthermore, using the ultra high-grade Spirit Stones would have been far too distressing. Now, however, he had more than a million Spirit Stones in his bag of holding; therefore, he felt free to use them without being miserly.

In addition to that, Meng Hao felt supremely confident in his Dao of alchemy, far more so than Chu Yuyan had been back when she concocted the Perfect Foundation Pill. Using the mysterious legacy technique of the East Pill Division, along with his alchemic flame, Meng Hao was more than seventy percent confident that he would succeed.

Outside the Immortal’s cave, Patriarch Rubicund, Patriarch Pockmarks, and all the others approached, faces filled with murder. They saw Meng Hao disappear into the short mountain, the detestable parrot flying around squawking, and the group of Cultivators running in circles around the mountain.

All of it caused them to gape in shock for a moment, and then begin laughing uproariously. As more people arrived, they too looked at the Cultivators running in circles, and laughed out loud.

“What are these people doing? Have they gone insane?!”

“Are they jogging for exercise?”

“What kind of Cultivators are they? They’re really losing face for the Black Lands!”

The sneering ridicule of the Cultivators who had been pursuing Meng Hao caused embarrassed looks to appear on the faces of the Cultivators on the ground. However, they didn’t dare to stop

running. This was the only Celestial magic that the parrot had taught them, which drew its power from people running.

According to what the parrot said, this technique was incredibly, unbelievably amazing. It was supposedly the ultimate spell formation in all Heaven and Earth.

“Come come,” cried the parrot excitedly as it soared through the air. “Everyone put your voices together....”

The more than one hundred local Cultivators hesitated for a moment. However, nearly a year of practicing had created a virtual instinct. As soon as one person cried it out, everyone joined together to shout.

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife!”

Their voices joined together and echoed out in powerful waves. As the sound rose up, so did a wind. It was hard to tell whether the wind was started because of the running, or because of their shouting.

In any case, the wind caused the area fifty kilometers around the Immortal’s cave to suddenly become blurry. The blurriness was faint, so faint, in fact, that no one noticed it all, not even Patriarch Rubicund, who was of the late Core Formation stage, or the others of similar level.

“Kill everyone!” cried Patriarch Pockmarks. “Don’t even leave a blade of grass left alive!” His words floated through the air lightly, but were filled with shocking killing intent. As they rang out, the Han River Sect disciples behind him, as well as many of the other random Cultivators, transformed into prismatic beams. They shot forward, their faces twisted viciously, their killing intent billowing. It was with ultimate derision that they prepared to vent their venomous hatred of Meng Hao.

Chapter 335: Valiant!

The large group of Han River Sect disciples descended with killing rage and taunting laughter. Eyes beaming with viciousness, they neared the over one hundred Cultivators who were running around on the ground.

“Children, don’t look! Ignore them!” cried the parrot as it flew back and forth in the air. The clinking of the bell on its foot could also be heard ringing out. “Come come. Join me in your loudest voice....”

The more than one hundred Cultivators once again joined voices to call out loudly. The Cultivators who had been pursuing Meng Hao all the way from Dongluo City grew closer. However, as they neared, their expressions flickered as they felt a wind picking up.

The wind brushed against their faces, rippling their clothes, blowing against their hair. It even began to push their bodies about. The charging Cultivators were gradually forced to stop. Their clothes whipped violently, their hair was in disarray, and their expressions were gradually changing to that of shock.

A vortex of slowly moving wind began to spread out from beneath the feet of the running Cultivators. As it extended outward it pushed back against the incoming Cultivators, blocking them. In an instant, it changed from a gentle breeze into a screaming gale force wind.

The screaming of the wind was shocking, and it mixed with the cries of the Cultivators inside to form a power that seemed as if it could rend the very Heavens. The Cultivators from Dongluo City retreated in astonishment. Some were too slow, and were caught up by the cyclone of wind. Blood sprayed from their mouths, and even their organs were broken into pieces.

A dozen of the Cultivators who had weak Cultivation bases suddenly began to scream. Their miserable cries drifted along with the wind, piercing the ears of the onlookers. People watched on in horror as the clothing of their dozen compatriots was ripped to shreds. Their hair turned gray, and their skin was slowly peeled off of their bodies as if they were being punished with death by a thousand cuts. Blood and flesh flew about within the screaming wind. In the blink of an eye...

The skin and muscle of the dozen Cultivators were completely flayed off of their bodies, turning them into skeletons. Cracking sounds could then be heard as the skeletons were smashed into pieces and then disappeared into the wind.

This scene caused the pursuing Cultivators’ scalps to grow numb. Their faces shone with intense horror and disbelief. Their breathing came in ragged pants as they hurriedly backed up. No one dared to proceed forward, and complete silence filled the air, with the exception of... the cries of the wind and... the voices of the running Cultivators, joined together and melded into the wind.

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth... gain eternal life....”



During this moment of relative silence, Patriarch Rubicund gave a cold snort. From behind him walked out a Cultivator of the mid Core Formation stage. Another mid Core Formation Cultivator appeared at the side of Patriarch Pockmarks, his jaw clenched.

A third mid Core Formation Cultivator appeared along with a Patriarch who was obviously from the third of the three great Sects. This man was tall and well-built. After he stepped forward, the three Core Formation Cultivators turned into beams of prismatic light that shot forward.

They appeared intent on piercing through the massive, foggy whirlwind to destroy the more than one hundred Cultivators within.

However, as soon as they neared the wind, their faces changed immediately. They emitted howls as Core Qi appeared above their heads, taking various forms as they charged into the foggy wind.

They had advanced nearly half way to the hundred or more Cultivators, and were roughly thirty meters away from them when, suddenly, a gigantic, phantom figure appeared within the whirlwind.

It was formed from wind itself, and was no less than thirty meters tall. Its facial features were indistinct; the only thing visible was its strapping frame and the illusory clothes which rippled on its body. As the phantom appeared, it was running and emitting an indistinct howling sound. It seemed to have not even noticed the three incoming Cultivators.

The killing intent of the three men flickered as they performed incantation gestures. Core Qi exploded outward, transforming one into a stretch of sandy soil, another into a vast array of flying swords, and the third into a painting of mountains and rivers. The Core Qi enveloped the area, sweeping directly toward the gigantic phantom.

“Shatter!” cried the three men, their voices cold.

However, their Core Qi passed directly through the giant phantom, as if it were completely illusory.

This caused the three men to gape in astonishment. The next thing that happened was that the phantom turned and barreled directly toward them.

The phantom was supposedly illusory, and yet it caused the bodies of these three men to tremble violently. Their faces turned ashen, and they coughed up mouthfuls of blood. Looking astonished, they were about to retreat when they suddenly saw a second, a third, a fourth... and in an instant TEN giant phantoms had appeared within the wind. All of them charged forward toward the three men, who immediately began to retreat.

The Core Formation Cultivator from the Han River Sect was a bit slower than the others. Before he could retreat more than a few paces, one of the phantoms was upon him. Eyes filled with viciousness, the Core Formation Cultivator bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood out into the air. He passed his hands through it, created a blood-colored mark.

He pushed against the blood-colored mark, causing it to ignite and then transform into a massive blood-colored skull. With a roar of rage, it shot toward the approaching phantom. Instead of slamming into each other, the blood-colored skull passed directly through the phantom, and then flew past it through eight more phantoms before finally dissipating.

A look of despair appeared on the face of the Han River Sect Cultivator as the first phantom slammed into him. Blood sprayed from his mouth and he let out a blood-curdling scream.

“Patriarch, save me....” he cried in a voice filled with fear and dread. Patriarch Pockmarks’ face fell. He was about to charge forward to save the man, when his eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he felt as if he didn’t dare to charge forward, and instead retreated.

The reason for this was that he suddenly caught sight of dozens of phantoms approaching at high speed within the wind. Their approach shook the ground, as if giants were trampling the earth. Howls mixed with bloodcurdling shrieks as the Han River Sect Core Formation Cultivator was trampled to death in a bloody pulp.

This scene caused the hearts of all of the outside Cultivators to begin to pound, regardless of the level of their Cultivation base. The foggy wind was growing more and more blurry; as for their expressions, there was no longer even a hint of derision to be seen. Instead, their faces were filled with terror.

Immediately, people began to consider fleeing. However, what they hadn’t noticed was that behind them, another foggy wind had appeared. It surrounded them, completely enveloping them and cutting off their escape.

These Cultivators had pursued Meng Hao with menacing viciousness, but now, their hearts grew cold.

This was even more so when they noticed that inside the foggy wind ahead and behind were dozens of phantom figures. The figures were running, causing the ground to heave. It was easy to imagine how quickly they would be injured, or even killed, were they to be struck by the phantoms.

After all, the phantoms had just trampled a mid Core Formation Cultivator to death in an instant. This filled the other Cultivators' hearts with dread.

It didn't take long for them to realize that the phantoms running through the wind were actually none other than the more than one hundred Cultivators they had previously derided.

As they circled the area, their voices grew louder and louder.

"Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life. When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife!" The shocking sound of the voices shook the earth, causing everything to tremble and the other Cultivator's faces to drain of blood.

"What spell formation is this?!" the words were not spoken by Patriarch Rubicund, whose heart trembled with fear and trepidation as he looked at the foggy wind around them growing less and less clear. Nor were they spoken by Patriarch Pockmarks, who stood there with an unsightly expression on his face.

Instead, they were spoken by another Cultivator. He was short, with a very large head. Because of that, he didn't stand out very much within the crowd. Even Meng Hao hadn't even noticed him.

When the big-headed Cultivator spoke out, looks of reverence appeared on the faces of many of the surrounding onlookers, who stepped back politely. Patriarch Pockmarks was from the Han River Sect. Patriarch Rubicund was from the Sky High Sect. And this big-headed Cultivator was the Patriarch of the third great Sect, the Talisman Sect.

His Cultivation base was at the late Core Formation stage. His methods were ruthless, and few people in Dongluo City would dare to provoke him. Furthermore, he was known to be very skilled with spell formations. As he stepped forward and looked out at the foggy wind, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a jade bracelet.

Patriarch Rubicund and Patriarch Pockmarks looked at Patriarch Big-head's bag of holding with bitter smiles. They said nothing, but it was obvious that he hadn't been part of the great Spirit Stone theft incident. Clearly, his bag of holding was completely intact.

Patriarch Big-head stared down at the bracelet, the surface of which was murky, but upon which could be seen over one hundred dots of light, moving to and fro. He studied it for a long moment and then took a deep breath. His eyes shone with amazement, and his heart trembled. "What a splendid Celestial spell formation," he said. "This is a legendary magic from ancient times, long since lost to the world. And yet here it is today, being employed in front of our own eyes!

"This Celestial spell formation is based upon humans. Ancient Cultivators used powerful corporeal bodies to form the eye of the spell. The more people in the spell formation, the more power it can employ.... The wind of this spell formation has the potential to slay Immortals. Those phantoms are Human Celestials!!" Patriarch Big-head's scalp was numb. He suddenly turned his head to look at the foggy wind behind them, and his eyes began to glitter brightly.

"However, there are only one hundred people powering this particular spell. Furthermore, these are not ancient Cultivators, and their Cultivation bases are varied and weak. In turn, that means... this spell formation can be broken! What is your choice, to break through the wind in front of us and slay the people therein, or break through the wind behind us, retreat and then come up with another plan?" He looked at Patriarch Pockmarks and Patriarch Rubicund, his eyes gleaming.

The three of them exchanged glances, whereupon their eyes filled with determination.

"I don't want much," said Patriarch Big-head with a smile, his eyes filled with avarice. "Just that parrot."

"I want my belongings back, plus half of the contents of that guy's bag of holding," said Patriarch Pockmarks, his voice grim.

"The other half goes to me," said Patriarch Rubicund, his killing intent flickering, "along with his life!"

Chapter 336: League of Hellfire!

A brutal glow flickered within the eyes of the three Cultivators. Patriarch Big-head laughed heartily and then once again slapped his bag of holding to produce what appeared to be nothing more than an ordinary grain of rice.

It was plump, glossy and white. At first glance, the sight of it would make you hungry.

The eyes of Patriarch Rubicund and Patriarch Pockmarks narrowed. “That’s....”

“This object was pried from the mouth of an ancient Giant Locust,” said Patriarch Big-head, his voice cool. “It was passed down through generations to me. After studying it thoroughly, I refined it anew. It can be used to break any spell formation in Heaven and Earth.” He waved his hand, and suddenly, waves of rice grains flew out from his hand, pouring in sheets toward the black, foggy wind ahead of them.

The pure white rice instantly began to turn dark. It only took the space of a few breaths for it to become pure black. Patriarch Big-head gasped, and a strange look appeared in his eyes. His body trembled, and he began to shrink as if he were being withered. Veins of blood appeared in his eyes.

“Fellow Daoists, I need power from your Cultivation bases!” He lifted his right hand, and Patriarch Rubicund and Patriarch Pockmarks immediately began to transmit power from their Cultivation bases. Patriarch Big-head absorbed it without hesitation.

Other surrounding Cultivators heard the words uttered by Patriarch Big-head. Patriarch Pockmarks glanced at the remaining Han River Sect disciples, and soon, a mutual understanding was reached by everyone. Power poured out from the Cultivation bases of the hundreds of surrounding Cultivators. Patriarch Big-head turned into a black hole as he sucked in the power. His eyes turned bright red, and he raised his hand straight up into the air and extended a finger.

“Luminous Rice...” he said, his voice hoarse. Instantly, the blackened sheets of rice began to emit blinding rays of light, which shot out, forming together into a vast sheet of brightness. The light illuminated the surrounding darkness of the foggy wind, and if you didn’t look too closely, everything suddenly didn’t seem as mysterious as before.

Patriarch Big-head bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. The glowing blood, which was filled with the power lent by the surrounding Cultivators, melded into the shining rice grains within the foggy wind.

“Heavenly Army Transformation!”

A powerful boom filled the air, and the surrounding Cultivators instantly saw a vast array of emaciated figures appear within the fog. They were short, about half the size of an average person,

and did not appear to be any sort of Heavenly Army. In fact, they looked more like evil spirits that had just crawled out of hell. All of the grains of rice transformed into such evil spirits.

In the blink of an eye, there were hundreds of them!

The bodies of the evil spirits were indistinct, as if they couldn't quite fully manifest into the world. Even still, a cruel and bloodthirsty viciousness emanated out from them.

Patriarch Big-head's face was pale as he retreated a few steps, clasped hands and bowed. "Heavenly Army, I beseech you to break this formation! The more than one hundred people inside are my sacrifices to you, oh Heavenly Army!" Up ahead, the fog roiled as the massive phantoms began to slam into the evil spirits. Shocking explosions rang out.

Inside the spell formation, the parrot's eyes went wide with both fear and irritation.

"Dammit! That's an Immortal divine ability that's supposed to turn rice into soldiers. Who was it that changed it into something that summons evil spirits!? That's not something a Core Formation Cultivator could pull off, and it's also not a technique from the Ninth Mountain. That's something from... the League of Hellfire from the Fourth Mountain!

"Somehow that guy managed to get his hands onto an incomplete legacy.... Dammit, everybody else can pretty much ignore these evil spirits, but considering the current state of my body... it could cause some big problems if I ran into them." For the first time, the parrot looked somewhat nervous. "So annoying...." it said, taking in a deep breath.

Meanwhile, back in the Immortal's cave in the short mountain, Meng Hao's eyes glowed brightly as he looked at the black pill furnace he held in his hand. On the surface of the pill furnace was the face of a youth, which looked back at Meng Hao with an expression that said it would never yield.

This was none other than the pill furnace he had acquired in the Violet Furnace Lord trial by fire. However, from the moment he had acquired it, it had showed no sign that it would ever submit to him. At the moment, Meng Hao looked at it with brow furrowed. Finally, he gave a cold snort and performed an incantation with his right hand. Then, he pushed his finger down onto the face of the youth. It twisted and filled with a look of pain.

Meng Hao was currently surrounded by countless threads of Qi, visible only to himself. They swirled toward him from all directions to pour into the pill furnace.

“If you still won’t give in, fine,” said Meng Hao coolly. “A pill furnace with a spirit inside is a bit better, but I’m already used to the kind without.” Meng Hao pushed down, and the Demonic Qi in the area poured in, transforming into a cage. The cage surrounded the image of the youth, and then transformed into something that looked like a net, which completely suppressed it.

The youth screamed, filled with anxiety. However, the scream was weak.

“If I want to let you live, then you can continue to exist. If I want you dead, it will take a mere thought.” Meng Hao’s voice was cold, and even as he spoke the words, the net tightened, thoroughly restricting the youth in all aspects. The blackness of the pill furnace began to grow dim, to be replaced by a violet color.

Glancing at the pill furnace, Meng Hao waved his right hand, whereupon a vast quantity of medicinal plants emerged. His left hand flickered like a ghost as he began to catalyze, extract fluids, make adjustments, and feed ingredients into the pill furnace. A flame appeared in his right hand; it was not red, but violet.

This flame was none other than the East Pill Everburning Flame, the legacy alchemic flame stoked by his Violet Core. This ever burning alchemic flame would allow him to employ the Spirit Summoning Incantation.

Just when Meng Hao was about to begin concocting, the anxious voice of the parrot was transmitted into his mind. Meng Hao immediately sent out his Spiritual Sense, whereupon he saw the fog in the outside world, as well as the hundreds of vicious evil spirits.

He was silent for a moment, and then looked at the pill furnace. His eyes filled with determination as well as a cold glow.

“I don’t care what price you have to pay, give me three days!” he transmitted back. Then he severed his connection with the outside world and began to concoct.

“Three days...” thought the parrot, a feverish light shining in its eyes. A flicker could be seen at its feet, and the meat jelly appeared.

“Lord Fifth gets it, b\*tch! How annoying! I never imagined that someone would have a Hellfire legacy. Even though it’s not complete, it still... could restrain Lord Fifth!” The parrot eyed the meat

jelly earnestly. “Three days. You need to cooperate with me for three days. If Meng Hao isn’t finished by that time, then we’ll just have to flee.”

Only on rare occasions would the meat jelly not be talkative. However, as soon as it heard about the Hellfire legacy, its eyes grew wide.

The meat jelly shivered and nodded repeatedly. “The League of Hellfire from the Fourth Mountain.... How is it possible for them to appear here?!”

Time passed slowly. Meng Hao’s expression remained calm the entire time. Rumbling sounds were already detectable from outside of the Immortal’s cave, the results of the unanticipated problems the parrot had mentioned.

Meng Hao wasn’t the type of person to lay blame on others. True, it had been the parrot’s idea to lure all the people here. However, even though unexpected problems had cropped up outside, Meng Hao was still confident that they could be handled.

This was the self-confidence of a Cultivator.

“As long as there are no Nascent Soul Cultivators, then all I have to do is put on the blood-colored mask, and I can take care of everything myself if I have to. This is a good opportunity to teach the parrot a bit of a lesson.” Meng Hao’s left hand flickered as he poured more medicinal plants into the pill furnace, along with a mouthful of Violet Qi. This Qi was not Core Qi, which could give birth to divine abilities, but normal Cultivation base Qi.

The purpose of this action was to cause his alchemic flame to grow even stronger. A variety of complex thoughts filled his mind as he began to concoct the Perfect Gold Core Pill.

Under normal circumstances, this pill would require quite a bit of time to concoct. However, Meng Hao was a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy. Furthermore, he had his legacy flame and the Spirit Summoning Incantation. Considering all of that, he was confident that he could reduce the concocting time by quite a bit.

Time passed. Three days later, the squawks of the parrot echoed out throughout the foggy wind. Explosions filled the air. The fog had already subsided by about half. The killing intent of the Cultivators from the three great Sects billowed to the Heavens. They had been trapped for days now, and had constantly been sending power out from their Cultivation bases. They were growing more exhausted, but their hatred for Meng Hao caused them to intensify their efforts.



Of the hundreds of evil spirits, only about half remained. As for the more than one hundred Cultivators who ran about within the spell formation, many were coughing up blood and their bodies were stooped over. They did not seem to fear for their lives; nonetheless, they slowly began to slip into unconsciousness.

As more and more of them passed out, the forces of the three great Sects grew nearer. Patriarch Big-head pulled out more rice, flinging it out into the air. Darkness filled the area, even the sky itself. There were no clouds; this darkness bore the appearance of a turbid magical river.

“The yellow springs appear... This is definitely the work of the League of Hellfire....” The parrot laughed bitterly. Inside the fog, a light glittered as the meat jelly appeared. It flew through the air listlessly, looking dispirited. The two of them had used quite a variety of special defensive techniques throughout the past three days, but now they were running out of steam.

“Dammit!” said the parrot hatefully. “If I had just one more year to practice, or five hundred Cultivators, then the power of this trifling incomplete legacy couldn’t possibly break through Lord Fifth’s Celestial spell formation!” Suddenly, an explosion could be heard from within the Immortal’s cave.

Meng Hao’s eyes were bloodshot. He had used all the energy he could muster to concoct the Perfect Gold Core Pill. At the critical moment, the pill furnace began to shake. Strands of golden light began to emanate out from within, bathing the entire Immortal’s cave with a golden glow.

Meng Hao’s hair was in disarray, his expression listless. And yet, determination still glowed within his bloodshot eyes. His alchemic flame burned as he continued to refine the pill, increasing its medical strength.

At this moment, the sky in the outside world, which was dark and gloomy to begin with, suddenly filled with massive amounts of black clouds. The black clouds churned and seethed, covering an area fifty kilometers in diameter. The illusory visage of the yellow springs was concealed, and the gruesome darkness banished. However, the Earth below only grew darker. Booming sounds filled the air as countless bolts of lightning writhed up above like silver snakes.

This was not the Heavenly Tribulation of Perfection. This was Pill Tribulation caused by a medicinal pill!

However, if the pill was successfully concocted, and Meng Hao consumed it, then the Tribulation would change. Its explosiveness would increase exponentially, and it would transform into a horrifying, exterminating Heavenly Tribulation!

### Chapter 337: Perfect Gold Core Pill

When the Pill Tribulation appeared, Meng Hao sat in the Immortal's cave, his eyes shining brightly as he stared at the pill furnace in front of him. The pill furnace was thoroughly inundated with golden light, illuminating the entire Immortal's cave with the color of gold.

As the gold light spilled out, Meng Hao could sense cracking sounds.

The sounds came from within the pill furnace; Meng Hao sensed something like a liquid gold within the pill furnace, rapidly congealing, shrinking. Each time it shrank, a cracking sound could be heard, as if the liquid was being compressed.

It was at this time that the Pill Tribulation appeared in the sky overhead. Such tribulation was unavoidable; Meng Hao took a deep breath and concentrated on the pill furnace.

In the outside world, the Tribulation clouds spread out in all directions; lightning crackled and thunder boomed up to the Heavens. Outside of Meng Hao's Immortal's cave, wisps of white Qi were rising up from the short mountain. They circulated together to form into the shape of a pill furnace that seemed to wish to fly up into the sky.

The sight of it caused the late Core Formation Patriarchs of the three great Sects to stare mutely. However, it didn't take long for their expressions to fill with disbelief.

"That's... Pill Tribulation!!"

"That's definitely the legendary Pill Tribulation. I've read about it in the ancient records. They say that when certain medicinal pills appear, or sometimes other precious materials, the Heavens become angry and wish to exterminate the object!"

"That damned Cultivator is concocting pills? Who knew he could do that?! And who would have imagined he could concoct a pill that would provoke Pill Tribulation!?"

Greed appeared on the faces of the three Patriarchs.

The Cultivators behind them didn't understand what the black clouds meant, so their eyes filled with confusion. Then, the booming of thunder began to grow more intense, and their faces filled with fear.

It was at this moment that a huge tremor ran through the earth as what remained of the more than one hundred Cultivators powering the spell formation all coughed up blood and then passed out. As they fell, the fog dissipated.

The short mountain was now visible, as were the parrot and the meat jelly, floating in mid-air. They were currently looking up into the sky, odd expressions on their faces.

When the fog fell, the remaining evil spirits began to scream, as if the lightning and thunder in the sky filled them with terror.

Suddenly, a massive, thick lightning bolt began to descend down toward the earth. As it shot down, over a thousand smaller lightning bolts merged together with it until it was nearly a meter and a half wide. It shot directly toward the short mountain.

The sight of it caused the Patriarchs of the three great Sects, along with the Cultivators who surrounded them, to stare open-mouthed.

However, just when everyone thought that the lightning bolt was about to smash into the mountain, it suddenly began to collapse for no apparent reason. As it did, it split into hundreds of smaller lightning bolts, which then screamed toward the trembling evil spirits.

It seemed these evil spirits were also something that attracted the attention of the Heavenly Tribulation, causing it to split apart and seek to destroy them.

That was the reason for the strange looks on the faces of the parrot and meat jelly. Actually, it was a lucky break that the Pill Tribulation appeared at the exact same moment that the spell formation fell apart.

Explosions filled the air and the ground quaked. The hundreds of evil spirits screamed miserably as over half were instantly smashed into nothing. The other half began to slowly dissipate, intent on leaving.

Not a single spark of lightning headed toward Meng Hao's pill furnace inside the Immortal's cave. The golden glow shone up from the pill furnace, spreading out in all directions, piercing out through the Immortal's cave, penetrating up through the mountain and the soil.

Suddenly, a blinding golden light appeared outside of the short mountain. In addition, bands of golden light seeped up from within the earth.

The evil spirits who had escaped the Tribulation Lightning and were dissipating, saw the golden light and then began to scream and disappear with even greater haste.

A fathomless golden light!

It shot out from the center of the mountain, as if a sun were buried deep within!

It seemed as if this sun wished to rise up out of hell and charge into battle with the Heavens!

The meat jelly and the parrot had long since flown off. However, the parrot felt bad for the Cultivators who had formed the spell formation, so before leaving, it and the meat jelly carried them off to hide some distance away.

Within the blink of an eye, the mountain was no longer visible; the only thing one could see was the boundless glowing light.

The light pierced up into the clouds above, causing them to churn violently. The lightning danced back and forth, and a second bolt began to form. It shot down toward the center of the golden light, the short mountain which was the nexus of it all.

It moved with incredible speed, and was soon almost directly on top of the mountain.

However, even as that happened....

A popping sound rang out within the Immortal's cave. The lid flew off of the pill furnace, and an unprecedentedly bright golden light emanated out, eclipsing the light from before. Something that had the appearance of a sun flew out, emanating scorchingly hot rays of golden light. Meng Hao's Immortal's cave seemed as if it would ignite, along with the entire mountain!

What actually was... it began to melt. The stones, the restrictive spells, all the objects within, became ash in an instant. The only thing left behind was the piercing golden light which shone up into the Heavens. The light was impossible to cover up as it shot upward to slam into the lightning bolt.

When the light and the lightning bolt connected, a massive boom ripped out that violently shook Heaven and Earth. The Immortal's cave was gone; Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, bathed in goldenness. The ground beneath him was beginning to melt. The black soil was transforming into golden liquid, which spread out everywhere to form a lake!

A golden lake!

At the very center of the lake was Meng Hao, his hair flying about, his Violet Core spinning inside of him, the strange mark on his forehead glittering. His clothes rippled wildly, and his eyes shone with stubbornness.

There in his right hand... was a golden medicinal pill!

It might be more correct to say that what he held was not a medicinal pill, but a blazing golden sun!

This golden pill was the Perfect Gold Core Pill!

The Patriarchs from the three great Sects, along with the hundreds of other Cultivators, stood there with hearts pounding. The instant they saw the medicinal pill, the Dao Pillars of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators began to tremble, as if they were aware that the results of consuming this pill would be different from that of any other.

As for the Core Formation Cultivators, especially the three Patriarchs, their bodies trembled violently. They could sense intense hope emanating out from the Cores within their bodies. It seemed as if their Cores wanted to merge with this golden medicinal pill. It only took a moment for the three Cultivators to suddenly understand; were they able to consume this pill, then... they would be able to tread an unprecedented path of cultivation!

Only the three Patriarchs could control themselves; the remaining hundreds of Cultivators instantly went crazy and shot directly toward Meng Hao, intent on stealing the Perfect Gold Core Pill.

However, even as they approached, the sound of thunder filled the air as three lightning bolts congealed. Meng Hao's hair whipped in the air as he used all the power he possessed to place the pill in his mouth and consume it!

Here begins the great Dao of the Gold Core!

Chapter 338: Perfect Immortal Body!

“No!!”

The sight of Meng Hao consuming the pill sent all of the Cultivators, even the Patriarchs of the three great Sects, into a frenzy. Their minds spun, and they couldn't control themselves; they rushed madly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was calm as he placed the medicinal pill into his mouth. However, his eyes shone with an extraordinary light. His hair whipped in the air as the Heavenly Tribulation roiled above him. He sat straight and tall in the middle of the golden lake, filled with a sort of divine grace.

The pill did not dissolve, but instead instantly slid down into his abdomen. When that happened, the descending lightning bolt suddenly stopped in mid-air and exploded. Countless sparks of electricity showered out, forming into something that looked like a face.

The face's eyes were closed, but it still seemed as if it could see everything in the world. And it appeared to be concentrating on Meng Hao.

The face faded away, and the Tribulation clouds in the sky seethed with unprecedented intensity. The clouds had been 50 kilometers in diameter, but now they grew with explosive speed. 250 kilometers. 500 kilometers. 1,500 kilometers.... It only took a moment for them to cover a radius of 5,000 kilometers.

For 5,000 kilometers in all directions, black clouds covered everything. Thunder boomed and lightning danced. Flashing light from the Heavens seemed to be preparing to sunder the Earth!

A few hundred kilometers away from Meng Hao, in the field of rubble, the sound of ragged panting could be heard. The old man who was sealed there was observing the proceedings from within his black mist. No one could see him, but as he looked up, he could see the lightning, and it made him laugh. His laughter was hearty and filled with excitement and pleasure.

“A Perfect Immortal Body!” laughed the old man. “One of the three great Immortal Bodies, the Perfect Immortal Body! This kid will reach Immortal Ascension soon!”

Meanwhile, Meng Hao’s body began to shake as the Perfect Gold Core Pill slid down into his abdomen. A fierce expression covered his face, and veins bulged out on his forehead. His body felt as if it were about to be violently ripped into pieces.

The pain was indescribable. After forming his Violet Core, his pupils had taken on a violet hue, but now, the violet was being replaced with gold.

Within him, his Violet Core shook, and cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across its surface. It seemed to be on the verge of breaking into pieces.

At the same time, the hundreds of Cultivators in the area began to descend upon him, their eyes burning red. They seemed to have lost their minds; the only thing that remained was frenzy and greed. Meng Hao had consumed the golden pill, so they wanted to consume him!

It seemed the thought of even taking a single bite of his flesh was enough to drive them to infinite madness.

However, even as they neared him, Meng Hao lifted his head up toward the sky and roared. The sound of the roar slammed into the approaching Cultivators like a wave. Blood sprayed from their mouths as they tumbled backward.

Even the Patriarchs of the three great Sects were sent spinning away, bodies shaking and blood shooting from their mouths.

As they spun away, out of control, Meng Hao’s Violet Core shattered. The pain caused by its disintegration caused Meng Hao’s roar to become even more shocking. His pupils were now more than half gold, and a golden light filled his entire body.

Inside of him, where his Violet Core used to exist, a Gold Core suddenly appeared, whereupon it instantly swept up the shattered remnants of the Violet Core.

Massive amounts of golden light poured out from the Gold Core, spreading out through Meng Hao’s Qi passageways. His entire body was filled with the color of gold.

The pain was instantly replaced with a rapturous feeling. His hair whipped about him as he felt power surging through his body. His heart began to pound. Every rotation of his Cultivation base sent roaring booms in all directions.

His skin was a bit pale, and a bit of a demonic air seemed to seep into his features. He was more handsome, his body taller and straighter. He was surrounded by golden light.

Power! He felt something similar to what he had felt back near the Rebirth Cave, when he reached Core Formation. Back then, the difference between Foundation Establishment and Core Formation had been clear; that was the same feeling he had now.

His Spiritual Sense grew, his physical body became stronger, his bones tougher. Even his mental faculties were quicker than before. Everything about him changed, as if he were going through a massive transformation.

This transformation equated to stepping foot onto a great Dao.

The great Dao of the Golden Core!

Meng Hao's eyes opened, and when they did, a dazzling golden glow shot out. Golden light shone through his green robe, making his entire person seem like some sort of Celestial warrior!

Off in the distance, the parrot and the meat jelly were cautiously observing. The parrot's eyes were wide and filled shock. It had been with Meng Hao for years, but most of that time had been spent in the copper mirror; Meng Hao actually had many secrets that it wasn't aware of.

As for the meat jelly, it really had no idea about Meng Hao's true level. It only knew that he seemed relatively strong.

Now, both of them watched as he underwent his transformation.

"How bizarre!" muttered the meat jelly. "It's a Perfect Immortal Body! I never noticed it before!"



“Inhuman!” said the parrot, sounding hurt. “What incredible good fortune! What amazing destiny! Only a Sublime Spirit Doyen can have a Perfect Immortal Body, and yet, he actually does! Only big shots like Lord Fifth should have a Perfect Immortal Body!”

“Three Heavenly Scriptures: Sublime Spirit, Dao Divinity, Heaven Severing. Each scripture contains secrets of the Heavenly Mountains and Seas. Using them, the three great Immortal Bodies can be cultivated. From ancient times until now, only a Sublime Spirit Doyen and a Dao Divinity Doyen have appeared. A Heaven Severing Doyen has never been seen.

“This kid really has Heaven defying good fortune. A Perfect Immortal Body.... Ahhhhh, with a body like that, if he reaches Immortal Ascension, he could become a Legacy Apprentice of the Sublime Spirit Doyen.

“Ah, Doyens, truly powerful experts within the Nine Mountains and Seas, Cultivators who can oppose the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas. Sure, Lord Fifth doesn’t care too much about them, but... Lord Fifth is in a weak position now, dammit, so he has to rely on their help.”

The parrot was getting more and more animated. “And then there’s that damned legend, which is the reason I’ve met such calamity.... According to the legend, if all three of those scriptures are collected and combined, they will form the Mountain and Sea Scripture! That scripture....” As it started to recall the terrifying Mountain and Sea Scripture of legend, it seemed on the verge of going crazy.

As for Meng Hao, he took a deep breath as he felt his Cultivation base rotating along with the Gold Core. Great waves of power washed through him, filling him with determination.

“So, is this the power of the Perfect Gold Core...?” he murmured, his eyes glowing with golden light. His entire person radiated dignity. He waved his right arm, and power exploded out of his Cultivation base.

As it did, a vortex of golden wind sprang into being around him, sweeping across everything.

The hundreds of Cultivators stared in shock. The frenzy was still visible on their faces, but they couldn’t stop themselves from backing up, pushed away by the invisible power of the golden wind generated by Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, the golden wind swirling around Meng Hao had turned into a screaming cyclone. As it spun through the air, a face appeared within the wind, that of Meng Hao.

“As of this moment,” Meng Hao said coolly, “I no longer need to hold back my Cultivation base. It is time to enter the mid stage of the Perfect Gold Core!” The Gold Core within him began to spin rapidly and Cultivation base power surged up. As it grew stronger, the cyclone caused the hundreds of surrounding Cultivators to be thrown backward.

Astonishment filled their faces, especially the Patriarchs of the three great Sects, whose eyes shone with disbelief. It felt to them as if Meng Hao could crush them at any time; the Cores inside of them were even beginning to show signs of instability.

The same question was spinning in the minds of everyone: “What... what pill did that guy just consume?!”

It was at this moment that Meng Hao’s Cultivation base reached the pinnacle of its climb, and a great roaring filled his mind. It seemed like his Cultivation base had reached a bottleneck, and that at any moment, it would break through.

The golden storm winds surrounded Meng Hao for a radius of fifty kilometers. He felt himself suddenly break through from the early Gold Core stage to the mid Gold Core stage!

He felt his body grow tougher and his Spiritual Sense stronger. The Gold Core fused with him, forming what seemed like a second soul.

The Gold Core contained his memories, his soul, his life. It was as if his life force and very life itself existed inside of it. In fact it actually felt like a seed.

The seed of a Great Dao!

The instant he entered the mid Gold Core stage, the golden glow around Meng Hao intensified until it seemed like a golden sun hovered above his head, shining out across the land, turning everything the color of gold.

“It’s about time to form my Core Qi. I wonder what the essence of my Core Qi will be....” He closed his eyes as the golden cyclone whipped around him. In his mind appeared images... from when he was small until now: the Tower of Tang, Yunjie County, Mount Daqing, the Reliance Sect, the State of Zhao, the Southern Domain, the Violet Fate Sect... all the way to the events at the Rebirth Cave.

“Core Qi essence can be abstract or literal....” he thought. Suddenly, he recalled the starry sky he had seen just before he met Choumen Tai.

In that land... he had looked up and seen an ancient starry sky.

Meng Hao also remembered that Ji Hongdong’s Core Qi had taken the shape of a starry sky, except, that was the starry sky of the Ji Clan.

“The starry sky of ancient times, that is the essence of my Core Qi.” He opened his eyes, and as he did, the golden sun exploded. Massive amounts of golden Core Qi expanded out. At the same time, the golden tempest around him suddenly shrank inward. In the blink of an eye it melded into Meng Hao’s body, causing the golden glow which bathed the surroundings to disappear.

The only thing left was roiling Gold Core Qi which took the shape of... a starscape!

It was not a golden starscape, but a black one. However, within the blackness was a myriad of golden stars. Those stars were stars that few people could ever see... the starry sky of ancient times!

The blindingly bright starscape which floated above Meng Hao’s head immediately began to emanate an unprecedentedly shocking pressure. The surrounding hundreds of Cultivators were shaken, especially the Patriarchs of the three great Sects. The instant they saw it, they gasped in astonishment.

“His Core Qi... its essence... is a starscape!!”

“The power of Core Qi is manifested by the grandness of its essence. What could possibly be more grand than the stars?”

“From ancient times until now, only the truly Chosen of Heaven and Earth have manifested Core Qi as a starscape. This guy....” The three of them began panting, looks of fear on their faces as they slowly backed away.

Chapter 339: Vengeance To Be Had!

Suddenly, thunderous booms could be heard from within the roiling black clouds that stretched out for 5,000 kilometers. A multitude of dancing lightning bolts could be seen within them. In addition,

a terrifying aura suddenly appeared. It was an aura that wished to destroy everything, an aura that seemed to desire to wipe out all the people in Heaven and Earth.

Even if it meant destroying the land itself, everyone must die!

Meng Hao looked up at the vast, churning Tribulation clouds up above. It didn't matter how strong he was, it seemed the Heavens would destroy and kill everything!

An intense golden light shone in Meng Hao's eyes. There was something different about acquiring the Perfect Gold Core than the time he had acquired the Perfect Foundation. A change had occurred within him, as if a great Dao had opened up in front of him.

However, before anything else, he needed to transcend this Heavenly Tribulation!

“Dammit, Lord Fifth is gonna have to risk it all!” cried the parrot. “This master is different from the others and I can't pull the wool over his eyes. His luck and fortune can't possibly measure up to mine, but after all these years I haven't seen anyone better! He's the one. YOU'RE the one, kid! Lord Fifth is gonna go all out! Let's delay this Heavenly Tribulation!” The parrot's eyes turned red as it suddenly shot forward. At the same time, it lifted its claws up to tie a black band around its head, covering its right eye.

As the parrot flew out, the lightning up above began to coalesce. The sheer amount of it vastly surpassed that from the Pill Tribulation. Furthermore, this lightning was red in color.

Meng Hao's hair flew wildly around him, and his body shook violently. His eyes turned as crimson as if they had been ripped into pieces. The lake water beneath him boiled, rapidly transforming into myriad golden beads that slowly began to rise into the air.

“Parrot!” roared Meng Hao. At the same time, he began to use a technique the parrot had taught him to exercise control over his consciousness. In the blink of an eye, the golden light in his eyes vanished, as did all of the Qi he was emanating. His body suddenly seemed to wither, and his expression grew dull.

The parrot soared up into the air and let out a furious shout: “Deceive the Heavens!”

Along with the shout, its body exploded with countless multicolored beams of light. The nearby Cultivators trembled as wisps of Qi began to emerge from the tops of their heads. The strands of Qi floated up into the sky and merged together with the light to form a huge net.

In the middle of its descent, the red lightning suddenly hesitated, as if it couldn't locate Meng Hao's aura.

"Ultimate Vexation, get over and help, b\*tch!" the parrot roared.

The meat jelly hesitated for only a moment. Then, a pop could be heard as its body suddenly transformed into a million illusory phantoms that shot up into the air to form a second net.

The Tribulation clouds in the sky seethed, and more lightning bolts writhed about, apparently searching for Meng Hao's aura.

"Luckily you're asleep, Heavens of Ji!" cried the parrot arrogantly. "Only a sliver of your will exists. Maybe I couldn't fool your true self, but you think I can't hoodwink a bit of your will? Lord Fifth is omniscient! Alright, all I have to do is hold on for three days, and this Tribulation can be delayed for sure!" As soon as the words were out of its mouth, the red lightning bolt descended. Being unable to find Meng Hao's aura, it shot toward the first large net.

A boom could be heard as the illusory net shattered. The hundreds of Cultivators surrounding Meng Hao spat up blood and then, with the exception of the three Patriarchs, all of them... instantly exploded.

The three Patriarchs coughed up blood, and their bodies shrank and withered. Inside, cracks spread out across their Cores, as if they might collapse at any moment. After a moment, their eyes grew clear and their faces filled with astonishment and fear. They retreated at top speed, scalps numb. The only thing they could think about was running away!

"Bitch! Why don't you keep searching for the correct will!" raged the parrot. "Instead, you're just blowing random things up! You're, you're, you're... you're cheating! Fine, so can Lord Fifth! I'll screw you to death! Tribulation schmibulation! Lord Fifth is gonna screw you to death! Ultimate Vexation, come help me, b\*tch! Turn those clouds into my favorite Fluffy!" It seemed to feel its dignity had been severely challenged. With a howl of rage, it bit down on one of its own multicolored feathers, then whipped its head about and threw it down. Eyes brimming with insanity, its body suddenly grew larger and larger, and it shot up into the sky.

It flew at high speed directly into the Tribulation clouds!

At the same time, a beam of light shot out from the meat jelly net, seemingly a bit resentfully. It entered into the Tribulation clouds and spread out through all of them. Suddenly, the clouds began to twist and distort. Meng Hao gaped open mouthed as he saw the Tribulation clouds begin to change shape.

They changed into... a gargantuan, plump animal, covered with white fur.

The luxuriant furriness of this animal is difficult to describe. The fur draped off of the enormous creature which stretched out for thousands of kilometers in every direction, so large you couldn't see from one end to the other.

As for the parrot, it gave an excited squawk as it dove into the fur. It emerged again in a moment, but showed no signs of being tired, instead diving enthusiastically back in from a different angle. This process repeated over and over again.

As Meng Hao watched on, his mind went blank. He could never have possibly imagined that the Tribulation clouds could be changed into this appearance....

What had previously been a very solemn and momentous occasion, had suddenly turned somewhat comical....

Meng Hao shook his head. Suddenly, the furry Tribulation cloud let out a massive boom. The countless lightning bolts dissipated in all directions. Within the cloud, the parrot was visible, its body dark, but still stubbornly persisting.

"Fluffy, I'm gonna screw you to death. Wench! I'm definitely gonna screw you to death!" The excited parrot didn't seem to want to stop.

However, the masses of lightning in the area began to fall, accompanied by thunderous booms. They shot toward Meng Hao, seemingly without number, tens of thousands of them. Meng Hao's scalp went numb. The Heavenly Tribulation when he had acquired his Perfect Foundation had seemed solemn and imposing in its desire to destroy all living things.

But this... the seemingly endless amount of lightning gave off an aura that made Meng Hao feel uneasy. It seemed that this Tribulation sent against his Perfect Gold Core had somehow changed, thanks to the interference of the parrot.

As the lightning descended toward Meng Hao, the meat jelly net let out a disgruntled howl and moved to cover over Meng Hao. A massive boom sounded out, shaking the earth. The lightning slammed onto the meat jelly, causing Meng Hao to shake in trepidation.

A blinding light filled his eyes that made it impossible to see anything around him. After a very long time, the lightning and thunder gradually faded away. Meng Hao looked back up to find that the massive ball of fur in the sky was gone.

His eyes widened and he took a deep breath. Everything looked placid, but Meng Hao knew that such massive quantities of Tribulation clouds couldn't possibly vanish like this. The sense of crisis he'd felt because of the Heavenly Tribulation had not departed.

The pitch-black parrot fell to the ground with a flopping sound. It struggled to its feet and then slapped itself roughly on the chest.

It was panting. Its expression was somewhat listless and its aura weak. However, its voice was as arrogant as ever as it said, "Is Lord Fifth badass or what? The Heavenly Tribulation has been delayed for you. Time to give your profound thanks. Without Lord Fifth, it wouldn't matter if you had Ultimate Vexation here. The Heavenly Tribulation would just keep going on forever until he was smashed to pieces.

"Don't get too excited, though. I went all out to delay the Heavenly Tribulation, but there's no way to tell for how long. You need to get ahold of your Tribulation Transcending Life Form as quickly as possible. Alright, it's time for Lord Fifth to rest up. Don't be too moved. Oh, and don't forget to find some more furry, feathered creatures." With that, it fell flat onto its face. Its body transformed into gray ash which drifted away with the wind. However, along with the ash was a multicolored glow that flew into Meng Hao's bag of holding.

Meng Hao's mind and heart shook. He quickly checked the copper mirror inside the bag of holding. The parrot loved to brag, and wasn't very reliable, but Meng Hao would never forget how much it had helped him just now.

Dispersing the Tribulation clouds had seemed simple, but seeing the parrot in the state it had been just now, Meng Hao knew that it had paid a high price for its actions.

“No need to check on it,” said the meat jelly languidly. Its body was tattered and listless. “It’s not going to die. After it rests for a few days it’ll be fine. Poor me, always struck by lightning. I like eating it, but sometimes I just get so full.” It transformed into a hat which settled onto Meng Hao’s head.

“You need to be careful,” it continued, its voice growing weaker. “That wicked parrot and I once helped a young girl delay Heavenly Tribulation. Later she got pissed off and tried to kill us. She chased us for years and years. Repaid kindness with enmity. I really hate people like that.” Eventually it trailed off into a muffled murmur, and then stopped talking.

Meng Hao sat there thinking for a long moment. He looked around, and then waved his hand, causing more than a hundred medicinal pills to fly out. They crumbled in mid-air as they shot toward the unconscious Cultivators that the parrot and the meat jelly had been protecting. After the medicine entered their bodies, the Cultivators trembled, and then slowly began to open their eyes.

After coming to their senses, they appeared somewhat confused. It didn’t take long for them to compose themselves and begin to look around.

The mountain, and everything around it, was gone. The medicinal cistern was gone, and the buildings they had constructed were now nothing but crumbled ruins. The lake that had formed was also gone; left behind was only a large crater.

They looked at it all silently, bitterness filling their hearts. They had gone to a lot of trouble to seek safety in this place, to find somewhere to practice cultivation in a convenient fashion. But now, everything was gone.

“The Immortal’s cave is gone,” said Meng Hao. “But I can find you another one!” The more than one hundred Cultivators lifted their heads up to look at him.

“The medicinal cistern is gone, but I can make you a new one!” This second sentence caused a bright glow to appear in their eyes. It seemed their resolve had been ignited.

“If you are willing,” said Meng Hao, his voice resonating loudly, “follow me! There is vengeance to be had! The time has come to kill!” He flicked his sleeve and shot up into the air. Behind him followed the more than one hundred Cultivators, their eyes flashing with intense killing intent. These were Black Lands Cultivators, and they understood what it meant to exact vengeance!



Meng Hao's Spiritual Sense spread out to track down the fleeing Patriarchs from the three great Sects.

#### Chapter 340: One Aura, Three Bodies

Meng Hao was in the lead, followed by well over a hundred Cultivators. They whistled through the sky in formation; the sight of it was very imposing.

Meng Hao could clearly make out the three fleeing Patriarchs with his Spiritual Sense. They had chosen to flee in different directions. However, their speeds were all different; obviously they were using various secret techniques to go as fast as possible.

“Three directions...” Meng Hao gave a cold snort and then extended his hand to point down at the ground. Immediately a buzzing sound could be heard. No one else could see anything happen, but Meng Hao saw ghost images spring up everywhere, after which vast quantities of Demonic Qi appeared. It swirled up and rapidly began to coalesce in front of Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, it had transformed into two figures. They were indistinct, blurry. The only thing visible was the aura, gradually spreading out. As for everyone else, they saw nothing at all.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he waved his right hand, causing two Blood Clones to materialize in front of him. They moved forward to merge with the Demonic Qi, which was a shocking sight.

This was a technique Meng Hao had come up with earlier. By merging a Blood Clone with Demonic Qi, it would make it both easier to control his Etheric Incarnation as well as simpler to recall it if necessary.

The two Blood Clones' battle prowess was not equal to that of his true self, but the Blood Clone Demonic Qi combination could explode with incredible power.

If the Patriarchs of the three great Sects were at the peak of their power, they could easily defeat these Blood Clones. However, Meng Hao could see that, with the exception of Patriarch Big-head, they had all sustained internal injuries as well as Cultivation base reduction. Even more importantly, their minds had been shaken. Combine this with their lowered Cultivation base, and they couldn't be in a weaker position.

Meng Hao was confident that his Incarnations could definitely exterminate them!

Considering the level of his Spiritual Sense he could definitely control both of these Incarnations; if anything unexpected happened, there were other options he could employ to handle the situation. He sent his will into the two Blood Clone Demonic Qi Incarnations and then sent them shooting off in two different directions.

He also split the more than one hundred Cultivators into three groups, two of whom he sent to follow the Blood Clones off into the distance.

Then, he raised his head and locked his Spiritual Sense onto the only of the three great Sect Patriarchs who had a bag of holding: Patriarch Big-head. Followed by around fifty Cultivators, he headed directly in the man's direction.

“You followed me for days with murderous intent. You destroyed the spell formation of my Immortal's cave! Do you really think I would let you get away with that!?” Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. These people had been courting death, and Meng Hao wouldn't be softhearted with them.

Most importantly, they had seen something they shouldn't have! The consequences for them would be death!

Filled with killing intent, Meng Hao shot along at top speed.

Meanwhile, in another location, Patriarch Rubicund was zooming along, his face pale. Currently, he was only able to wield about forty to fifty percent of the power of his Cultivation base. Furthermore, his bag of holding was empty; he had no medicinal pills, no magical items, nothing which he could use to recover.

A feeling of desolation rose up in his heart, which then transformed into intense regret. And yet, how could he ever have imagined that the situation would have turned out so opposite to expectations?

“I have to get out of here. I need to go into secluded meditation and cultivate. After my Cultivation base is recovered, I'll recruit some more Fellow Daoists to go kill that guy!” His eyes radiated vicious hatred. All he had to do was spread the word about a man who could concoct golden medicinal pills, and there would be plenty of Black Lands Cultivators willing to go after him.

In fact, there may even be some Nascent Soul eccentrics. If that were the case, it wouldn't matter what superhuman powers the guy had, he would be dead without a doubt.

Suddenly the reflection of a bloody glow could be seen in the old man's eyes. His heart lurched and an intense sensation of imminent crisis filled his mind and heart. He veered off to the side without hesitation.

The instant he shifted his momentum, a bloody beam of light whistled past him at high speed. Ripples emanated out through the air as it passed, causing Patriarch Rubicund's face to flicker. His heart pounded; he knew that if he hadn't evaded at the right time just now, his head would have exploded!

An intense, grim sound filled the air as the rippling passed the old man. As the sound emanated out, the red glow in the air exploded.

“SMASH!”

The ripples transformed into an intense attack. Booms filled the air as the old man, even in the middle of dodging and retreating, coughed up a mouthful of blood. His face pale, he turned around.

The first thing he saw was a blood-red figure. Its hair was red, its robe, even its skin. It approached slowly, and as it did, the old man could sense an invisible but powerful aura. It was bizarre, but as it emanated out, it transformed into an intense dread.

He couldn't see this thing's Cultivation base!

The bloody phantom's eyes seemed to be completely blank, and even more strange, the closer the old man looked, the more he realized it was impossible to tell whether it had cultivated some heretical technique, or was a puppet.

“Who are you, your excellency?” said the old man, sounding frustrated. Were his Cultivation base at the peak of its power, he wouldn't care, but at the moment, he was seriously injured, with an empty bag of holding. The circumstances couldn't be more inauspicious.

The Blood Clone's eyes suddenly flickered and seemed to come to life. The look in its eyes suddenly resembled that of Meng Hao's. “Did you really forget me so quickly?” it said. “Didn't you say you would chase me to the ends of the earth to kill me?”

Great waves of emotion suddenly flickered across Patriarch Rubicund's face. Without thinking about it, he backed up, his heart racing.

"It's him.... But... but how could he be using a puppet like this? Is it a puppet, or... could it be... an Etheric Incarnation?" When his thoughts reached this point, his mind began to spin, and the blood completely drained from his face. The technique to form Etheric Incarnations was not something Core Formation Cultivators could master. It was a divine ability that only Nascent Soul Cultivators could employ!

As the old man began to flee, he suddenly heard the sound of running. A black mist appeared as the fifty or more Cultivators arrived, running together according to the parrot's spell formation.

"Just who is this guy...?" Patriarch Rubicund's scalp went numb, and his eyes filled with despair and frenzy.

Meanwhile, in another location and a different direction, Patriarch Pockmarks of the Han River Sect was speaking similar words, his face filled with bitterness.

He was surrounded by a red mist, outside of which were fifty Cultivators running in formation. In front of him was a figure dressed in a red robe, with indistinct facial features. The only thing he could make out were two blood-red eyes.

The eyes seemed to contain no emotions at all; they were completely merciless.

Patriarch Pockmark's face was pale; his Cultivation base was actually the weakest of the three; he was of the late Core Formation stage, but his injuries were severe. Cracks covered his Core, and he could only wield roughly thirty percent of his power.

He hesitated for a moment then said, "Look, all of this is just a misunderstanding. Sir...." Suddenly, a boom filled the air, and the entire area was covered in mist.

Off in another direction, Meng Hao's face was calm as he shot through mid-air in a band of light. Up ahead of him, Patriarch Big-head's scalp was numb as he used everything he could muster to fly forward.

Occasionally he would spit up some blood; Meng Hao wasn't sure what secret technique he was using, but it continued to rapidly boost his speed. Meng Hao followed, frowning. At the moment, he

was pushing forward with all the speed he could muster, but was still unable to catch up. He could only maintain the current distance.

“Just what technique is he using to achieve such speed?” thought Meng Hao, his eyes flashing. He suddenly waved his right hand out and pointed with his index finger. “Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!” His finger descended, and ghost images sprang up everywhere as a bizarre power shot toward Patriarch Big-head.

As it descended, the man’s expression changed dramatically. However, just a moment later, to Meng Hao’s shock, he spit up a mouthful of blood and used some method to seemingly unfetter his body and shoot forward in a flash.

Meng Hao was visibly shocked.

Patriarch Big-head’s heart trembled. “Dammit! This guy just recently broke into mid Core Formation. He just cultivated Core Qi! How could he be so inhuman? And what technique was it that he just used? It forced me to use a forbidden legacy technique to get away!” His escape had seemed nonchalant to Meng Hao, but in truth, the forbidden legacy technique was self-destructive; his injuries were now even worse.

“I can’t keep doing this,” he thought. “At this rate, he won’t even have to make a move. I’ll eventually just die from my injuries!” Grinding his teeth, he suddenly stopped in mid-air and slapped his bag of holding to produce a grain of pure white rice. He threw it out in front of him.

Flashing incantations with both hands, he then pointed toward the grain of rice and said, “Luminous rice, transform into a Heavenly army!” His voice was accompanied by a roaring sound which echoed out. The grain of rice transformed into a raging torrent of blackness. Popping sounds filled the air as more than a hundred evil spirits appeared.

Patriarch Big-head’s neck was purple, and his extremely large head was covered with cold sweat. His breathing was ragged as he utilized the technique. His injuries had apparently worsened even further; blood sprayed from his mouth and his eyes filled with viciousness.

At this point, he didn’t hope to slay his opponent, but just to delay him.

Unfortunately, as soon as the hundred or so evil spirits appeared and shot screaming toward Meng Hao, Meng Hao calmly said: “Amateur!”

Suddenly, Core Qi exploded out above his head. The golden Qi transformed into a starscape filled with golden, glowing stars. The light from the stars shot out toward the incoming evil spirits.

A booming explosion echoed out; the evil spirits could do nothing to block Meng Hao. They dissipated along with miserable screams. Patriarch Big-head's face went pale as he continued to retreat. However, Meng Hao had already lifted up his hand.

Mania poured from the eyes of Patriarch Big-head. Seemingly risking everything, he performed an incantation with his left hand, simultaneously slapping his bag of holding with the other hand to produce a magical item. His heart filled with bitterness, but he knew that he would have to risk it all in this battle in order to have even the slightest chance of making it out alive.