

The Heavens 381

Chapter 381: Whenever It Snows, Think of Me!

“You know, I heard Grandmaster Pill Cauldron has no beloved,” said Meng Hao teasingly as he looked at Hanxue Shan. “You never know, you might have a chance!”

Hanxue Shan turned her head to look at Meng Hao. She had a slight smile on her young face, which she quickly covered up.

“Look, I’m pretty close with Grandmaster Pill Cauldron,” he continued, smiling as he crouched down next to her. “If I make the introduction for you, it will probably help quite a bit.” The cold wind blew across his face and caused his hair to lift up, revealing his distinct profile. Beneath the moon like this, the slight darkness of his skin was not visible. There was something distinctly handsome about him, and also something slightly strange.

Hanxue Shan couldn’t keep a straight face. She laughed, giving Meng Hao a sidelong glance. Her eyes shone in a way that seemed to indicate her mood was lifting, and the despondency which had filled her the past few days was passing.

“It’s not like YOU’RE Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!” she said with a laugh. Then, she intentionally straightened her face again, as if she were enduring great suffering. She continued, her tone not exactly polite: “You’ve never even been to the Southern Domain, how could you possibly be familiar with him?”

Meng Hao scratched his head, then laughed as he sat down next to her atop the pile of broken rocks. Ruins and rubble surrounded the two of them, and the snow fluttered down from above. The cold wind whimpered as it blew past.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and allowed an unfathomable expression to fill his face, something he’d picked up from Zhou Dekun. “You don’t understand. Even though I’ve never met Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, we’re both Grandmasters of the Dao of alchemy, and have long since been friends in spirit. After you get to the Violet Fate Sect, when you see Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, ask him if he remembers the person he saw in the snowstorm that year.” He looked up into the sky with a look of reminiscence. It would have looked very realistic if not for the fact that he was looking at Hanxue Shan out of the corner of his eye.

Hanxue Shan covered her smile with her hand, looking at Meng Hao with her beautiful eyes. Seeing his expression, she couldn't hold back her laughter any longer. When she laughed, it sounded like bells. The depression in her heart seemed to be dissolving.

"Alright, alright," she said with a laugh. "After I get to the Violet Fate Sect, when I see Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, I'll ask him exactly that." Then winked and continued in a crafty tone, "I think I should probably add some information, though. I'll remind him of something that person said in the snowstorm that year. He said, 'Every time it snows, think of me.'"

"That sounds a little bit flirty...." said Meng Hao, coughing lightly. He laughed. "That's fine, though. Ordinary people can't understand the relationship between myself and Grandmaster Pill Cauldron."

Hanxue Shan laughed again. "In Holy Snow City, that's what two people who care about each other say when they part." She laughed again, then rubbed her chest and straightened up.

"Alright, then, I forgive you," laughed Meng Hao. He gathered together some snow from the ground and held it in his hand, watching it as it melted. It seemed the melting of the snow caused memories to rise up within him; he suddenly thought back to the Violet Fate Sect. The images of all the people he knew there began to flit through his mind.

"I wonder if they're all okay...." he thought, looking off in the direction of the Southern Domain.

Seeing the manner in which he had picked up the snow, Hanxue Shan continued in a low voice, "Actually, I only admire Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, that's all. The things I told you before weren't really true. All I really want is a pill that he personally concocted." Seeing Meng Hao smiling, her eyes turned hard and she earnestly added, "Just one pill would leave me completely satisfied."

Meng Hao shook his head with a smile. He looked at her, so delicate and innocent, and then muttered something to himself. Finally, he retrieved a medicinal pill from his bag of holding. It was a Foundation Establishment Day pill that he had concocted some time ago. The quality of the pill wasn't bad; it contained more than eighty percent medicinal strength.

"I'd like to offer you this pill as a gift," he said. After a moment's thought, he used his fingernail to carve the character "Snow 雪" onto its surface. Then he handed it out to her. "This medicinal pill is more valuable than one concocted by Grandmaster Pill Cauldron. The reason is not because of the pill itself, but rather, because it was concocted by me." He smiled.

Hanxue Shan thought for a moment and then took the pill. She held it in her hand and looked down at it. She was about to say something when Meng Hao suddenly stood up.

“If you run into any problems in the Violet Fate Sect,” he said, “you can use that medicinal pill to gain an audience with Grandmaster Pill Demon. After he sees it, he will resolve whatever situation you’re in.” Meng Hao smiled as he spoke, but his voice contained hints of melancholy. As for Hanxue Shan, her eyes went wide. His words gave her the unconscious feeling that he was being intentionally mysterious.

“If Grandmaster Pill Demon asks about me....” before he could finish, Hanxue Shan suddenly interrupted.

“I’ll tell him that whenever it snows, you think of him.”

Meng Hao was taken aback. He could only imagine the expression that would appear on his Master’s face were he to hear such words. He couldn’t help but laugh out loud, a laughter that contained happiness. There was something beautiful about it, although no one could possibly understand what it meant except he himself.

Continuing to laugh, Meng Hao descended from the pile of rubble and began to walk off.

However, before he could take three steps, his expression suddenly flickered. Immediately, he dashed back, grabbed Hanxue Shan, and then Bloodburst Flashed away.

The instant he disappeared, a noiseless beam of mysterious light shot through the night to land in the exact position they had just been standing in. An explosion ripped through the air, causing the ground to tremble. The pile of rubble where Meng Hao and Hanxue Shan had just been standing on was transformed into nothing but ash drifting on the wind.

Some distance away, Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed coldly as he looked at beam after beam of light approaching from far away. Without hesitation, he held Hanxue Shan in his arms and retreated backward.

The rest of the Frigid Snow Clan members were instantly roused from sleep. The four Grand Elders, Hanxue Bao, and the more than two hundred Cultivators all leaped out of their beds.

“So, you want to wipe out the Frigid Snow Clan to the last man!” said Hanxue Bao wrathfully. His Cultivation base had fallen, and he was no longer an eminently powerful expert of the Spirit Severing stage. Now, he could only wield the power of the late Nascent Soul stage. As he spoke, he stamped his foot down onto the ground.

The ground rumbled, and cracks spread out in all directions. The earth showered up as a Thorn Rampart shield emerged. The shocking thorns spread out in all direction, and a massive roaring sound filled the air.

As the Thorn Rampart appeared, nearly a thousand Cultivators came into view outside in the snow. Among this group of a thousand, there were eight who seemed far more shocking than the others. No snow touched their bodies; even as it neared them, it was destroyed.

These eight were Nascent Soul Cultivators. Six of them were from the Western Desert, the remaining two being from the Black Lands Palace. It seemed this deadly attack on the Frigid Snow Clan was being led by the Western Desert.

The exterminating power of a Spirit Severing Cultivator wasn't a threat that faded from people's minds after only a few days. These people obviously dared to attack the Frigid Snow Clan because they knew its true circumstances.

Booms filled the air. The thousand Cultivators along with the eight Nascent Soul Cultivators employed magical techniques and divine abilities, constantly attacking the Thorn Rampart.

The ground quaked, and the Frigid Snow Clan Cultivators' faces flickered as they stood there silently.

“No wonder they came so quickly,” said Hanxue Bao, his cold gaze coming to rest somewhere off in the distance, upon something no one else could see. “They're benefiting from the augury of the Western Desert's Constellation Tribe!”

Meng Hao approached, holding Hanxue Shan protectively. As he did, he heard Hanxue Bao's words, whereupon he looked out past the thorns into the snowstorm outside. A moment passed, and then he blinked his right eye seven times. Immediately his view of the world changed. Everything became black and white. At the same time, out in the snowstorm, Meng Hao caught sight of a figure that he hadn't been able to see before.

It was a man wearing a white robe with a hood that obscured his face. Ripples were emanating out from his hands and floating in front of him was a black bowl, within which churned turbid waters. It seemed to be some sort of magic.

The instant that Meng Hao looked over, it seemed the white-robed man sensed it. He looked up and directly at Meng Hao. Meng Hao's heart trembled. What he saw were eyes with two pupils.

He felt something clawing at his heart, whereupon he immediately ended the technique he had been using. His vision of the world went back to normal.

“Do you see him too?” said Hanxue Bao, looking over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao nodded seriously.

“The Constellation Tribe is one of the three great Tribes of the Western Desert. They excel at augury, and believe that all the stars in the night sky are Demons.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a rumbling sound could be heard. Outside the Thorn Rampart, three giants appeared in the snowstorm. Each one was over one hundred and fifty meters tall, and caused the ground to shake as they moved. They held enormous cudgels in their hands as they charged forward.

Up above in the sky, piercing shrieks could be heard as multiple Flood Dragons appeared.

Further off in the distance, glowing war chariots could be seen charging forward. Magic swirled around the eight Nascent Soul Cultivators, along with magical items.

“Ignore the outside world! Focus on activating the spell!” As Hanxue Bao's powerful voice echoed out, the four Frigid Snow Clan Grand Elders, as well as the other Clan members, lowered their heads to look at the spell beneath them.

The Thorn Rampart shook and began to crumble. It seemed it wouldn't be able to stand up against a combined attack like this for very long.

A sigh escaped the mouth of Hanxue Bao. He waved his right hand, catalyzing another Thorn Rampart seed, which grew out to fortify their defenses.

“It’s too bad that Constellation Tribe member is here. He’s really suppressing the power of the Thorn Rampart.” Anxiety seeped onto Hanxue Bao’s face. However, it was at this moment that a bright glow suddenly emanated out from below.

“It’s activating! Patriarch, the spell is activating!!” Frantic, joyful cries rose up from the Frigid Snow Clan members.

Meng Hao looked back and saw the glow of the spell in the ground growing stronger and emitting a bright glow. From the look of it, it would fully activate in quite a short time.

The Frigid Snow Clan members were starting to get excited. However, it was at this time that suddenly a huge boom filled the air. Everyone’s attention was drawn off into the distance. All of the magical techniques and items of the enemy were being drawn together to form into a massive glow of extermination that resembled a star. It was with indescribable speed that it shot forward, slamming into the Thorn Rampart and smashing it into pieces.

Hanxue Bao let out a growling roar. He lifted his right hand into the air, causing the Thorn Rampart to reform once again. He shot forward, flashing an incantation signal and then waving his arm. A tempest shot forward, roaring toward the star of extermination, slamming into it and destroying it. Blood sprayed from Hanxue Bao’s mouth, and he staggered backward, his face listless.

“Patriarch!!” Grief and indignation appeared on the faces of the Frigid Snow Clan members. Hanxue Shan gnawed on her lower lip, her face pale. After everything she had experienced, she was no longer afraid, just concerned.

Meng Hao said nothing. He looked at the dawn light spreading out, and the Western Desert Cultivators. A strange glow appeared in his eyes as he looked off into the distance.

“If my calculations are correct, any moment now....” His heart began to thump as he saw a soaring fog appear off in the distance.

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life.... Three circles to the left, then three to the right. Shake those butts!” When the faint voice drifted across the air, a strange smile broke out on Meng Hao’s face. It continued to grow stronger until he started laughing.

Chapter 382: Eyeless But Not Voiceless!

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

“Three circles to the left, three circles to the right! Shake those butts.... Gaze upon the Immortal Execution spell formation!”

A sound like the rumble of thunder slowly grew louder and louder. Off in the distance, a billowing fog could be seen that covered Heaven and Earth. Within the roiling fog were thousands of huge figures running back and forth, their bodies twisting into strange postures. The sound of it echoed about, and as they ran, it emanated out an indescribable power, such that anyone who laid eyes on the whole sight would be struck speechless.

More than five thousand people were running, causing everything to tremble and shake. The roiling fog seemed to affect everything around it, as if the sky and the land would be sundered. In front of the five thousand running men was a multicolored parrot. It blustered haughtily, its squawks ringing out into the air.

“Come come! Shout out a little louder for Lord Fifth!”

This whole scene completely shook the one thousand Western Desert Cultivators. The eight Nascent Soul experts stared in shock at the bizarre-looking men, and the bird.

As for the white-robed Cultivator from the Constellation Tribe, the bowl in front of him suddenly started to tremble. The turbid waters within began to spill as he stared up at the sight.

As for the Frigid Snow Clan members within the Thorn Rampart, the light from the spell beneath them continued to grow brighter. However, the more than two hundred Cultivators couldn't help but gasp. Their scalps began to go numb at the shocking scene, and all they could do was stare numbly.

The four Grand Elders gaped, as did Hanxue Bao. Hanxue Shan stared with mouth wide opened, her face filled with disbelief.

Outside of the Thorn Rampart, some of the Black Lands Cultivators within the force from the Western Desert began to cry out in quavering voices.

“That's... the spell formation of Lord Fifth from the Church of the Golden Light!!”

Immediately, this caused people to understand what exactly this bizarre scene was.

“The Church of the Golden Light!! Patriarch Golden Light!”

Within the Thorn Rampart, the Frigid Snow Clan members were breathing heavily as the voices from outside drifted into their ears. It didn't take long for them to react. Suddenly, some of the Cultivators began to speak.

“They're from the Church of the Golden Light?”

The name of the Church of the Golden Light had risen to thorough prominence in the Black Lands recently, and the stories told about Patriarch Golden Light were completely mysterious and fascinating. To see what they were seeing now caused their minds to fill with shock.

None of the Cultivators present were sure exactly why they were here. Meng Hao coughed lightly as he thought about the fame earned recently by the Church of the Golden Light. He looked at the approaching group of more than five thousand Cultivators, all of whom were said to be his own followers.

“Church of the Golden Light!” he cried out. “Hear my orders. Surround the enemy Cultivators outside the Thorn Rampart!” Suddenly, a blinding golden glow erupted out from him, which was none other than light from his Gold Core. It circulated around his body, bathing everything around him with golden light. Anyone who was nearby couldn't help but see clearly.

As his voice echoed out, and the golden light began to shine, the Cultivators around him turned to stare at him.

The four Grand Elders' eyes were wide, and even Hanxue Bao was looking at him with a deep expression.

Even as they stared at him, the five thousand Cultivators flew whistling closer. They heard Meng Hao's voice, and saw the golden light, whereupon their voices combined with shocking power to cry:

“We shall follow the Patriarch’s commands to the death!!” Five thousand voices roared the words, which reverberated out. The roiling fog followed the five thousand Cultivators as they ran to surround the area. Shocking booming sounds accompanied their running; the sky above grew gray, and the earth quaked. Layers upon layers of fog rose up, within which could be seen towering, phantom figures that bore the appearance of Celestial warriors.

However... their postures were bizarre, and their rear ends shook in an odd fashion. It gave the whole image a very bizarre tone....

The sight of it thoroughly shocked the surrounding Western Desert Cultivators, as well as the Frigid Snow Clan cultivators. They stared in amazement at Meng Hao, their minds reeling. If by this point they didn’t realize who Meng Hao was, then they truly didn’t deserve to even be alive.

“You’re... you’re Patriarch Golden Light!” exclaimed First Elder with a gasp, his face filled with disbelief.

One by one, the Frigid Snow Clan Cultivators began to breathe heavily and utter hushed exclamations.

“Patriarch... Golden Light?!”

“Patriarch Golden Light!”

They knew that the Church of the Golden Light had surged up in recent days amidst the chaos of the Black Lands. It had occupied Dongluo City, and caused quite a headache for the Black Lands Palace. Patriarch Golden Light was a figure of complete mystery; his congregation numbered five thousand, and they could form a thoroughly shocking spell formation.

There was nobody in the Black Lands right now who hadn’t heard of the name of Patriarch Golden Light; he was completely famous.

To suddenly find out that Meng Hao was actually Patriarch Golden Light filled them with disbelief.

Hanxue Shan’s eyes were wide; just how many secrets did Meng Hao have? Whether it was his abilities as a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy, his power in catalyzing the Thorn Rampart, or his identity as Patriarch Golden Light, at the moment, he continued to reveal layer after layer of astonishment.

Hanxue Bao looked thoughtful as he stared deeply at Meng Hao, then clasped hands and bowed.

Seeing him bow, the four Grand Elders and the rest of the Frigid Snow Clan all immediately followed suit, bowing deeply to Meng Hao.

“Senior,” said Meng Hao, “there’s no need for that.” He understood the meaning of the bow; it was a means of thanking him for saving the Frigid Snow Clan.

Booms sounded out continuously from the roiling fog outside. The glow from the spell below continued to grow brighter. It seemed that they would be teleported away at any moment.

“The Frigid Snow Clan will forever remember your great kindness, Fellow Daoist,” said Hanxue Bao. “Neither myself nor the successive generations after me will ever forget you.” Gazing at Meng Hao, he lifted his right hand, whereupon a Thorn Rampart seed flew out. “There is really nothing the Frigid Snow Clan can do to repay you. When we reach the Violet Fate Sect, this seed will be of little use to us. However, on the perilous path which you tread, it might be able to provide you with a bit more protection.”

Meng Hao didn’t refuse. As far as he was concerned, this seed was very important. He was quite sure that he would be able to have his vines consume the seed, or perhaps use some other transformation technique on it. He nodded as he accepted it.

“Senior, and all other Fellow Daoists of the Frigid Snow Clan. Your spell is ready to activate. I will stay here to protect you as you leave. Once everyone has departed, I will destroy what remains of the spell portal. I sincerely wish that you all... have a safe journey!” He had been with the Frigid Snow Clan for around half a year and had experienced quite a bit with them. He had achieved his goals in coming here, so now he would do one last thing in repayment.

Explosions could be heard in the outside world. Countless figures could be seen within the fog, and the blood-curdling screams of the Western Desert Cultivators echoed about. All of this merged together to form into a sort of song of departure. Meng Hao looked over the Frigid Snow Clan members as the spell activated. As the Clan members disappeared, they looked back at Meng Hao, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

These people were no strangers; he recognized the faces of each and every one. Of course, he did not know all their names. But considering how he had defended the city together with them over these months, and had saved them on multiple occasions, it had given birth to a certain camaraderie.

“I will forever remember your kindness, Grandmaster Meng!”

“Grandmaster Meng, I hope that a day comes in the future when we can meet again!”

“Grandmaster Meng, please take care of yourself!”

One by one, the Frigid Snow Clan members disappeared into the teleportation spell. The four Grand Elders gazed at Meng Hao, giving him deep bows. Their expressions were somewhat wistful as they disappeared into the spell.

Hanxue Shan stood there; she did not bow, nor did she speak. She couldn't prevent the tears from flowing down as she looked at him, and he looked back at her.

They stood looking at each other, separated by the spell, their figures slowly glowing blurry to each other's eyes.

In the moment before the entire world faded into a blur, Hanxue Shan mustered her courage and spoke out to Meng Hao's disappearing figure. “Every time it snows, you must think of me.”

Meng Hao knew that she couldn't see him, but he smiled and nodded nonetheless.

A sigh welled up within Hanxue Bao's heart, and he shook his head. He was now the only Frigid Snow Clan member left who hadn't entered the teleportation spell. He looked around at the ruins around him, and then at the churning fog, from within which could be heard both howls of rage and shrieks of misery. All of it suddenly seemed very far away.

“Are you sure you won't come with us to the Southern Domain?” he projected to Meng Hao.

“I can't. Thank you for your kindness, senior. I wish you a safe journey.” With a slight smile, he clasped hands and bowed to the disappearing Hanxue Bao.

Hanxue Bao didn't reply. He closed his eyes as he disappeared. Blinding lights of teleportation shot up into the air, transforming into ripples that emanated out and then vanished.

Meng Hao watched them as they disappeared. After a thoughtful moment, he waved his right hand toward the spell portal. A boom filled the air and the ground shook as the portal shattered, transforming into ash that would never be reformed.

He turned to look at the surrounding fog. Suddenly, a multicolored streak of light appeared. It was the parrot, which flew over to perch on Meng Hao's shoulder. It was followed by the meat jelly, which was in the form of a hat.

The ground quaked as vines erupted up to surround them. At the moment, Meng Hao's figure was thoroughly Demonic.

It was at this moment that cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from within his bag of holding. He slapped his right hand, whereupon the cocoon flew out. The cracks covering its surface suddenly collapsed, and a white larva emerged!

This larva was as white as winter snow. It was the size of a pinky finger, and its entire body was as translucent as crystal. It was not cold, but instead, emanated a strange, shocking power that seemed capable of shaking Heaven and Earth.

The Eyeless Larva!

Its empty eyes emanated a cold light, and as it crashed out from within the cocoon, it emitted a cry which caused everything to vibrate!

Larvae make no sound. But this Eyeless Larva did!

This was a sound which it would emit only once in its life!

As the Eyeless Larva cried out, shockingly, everything trembled. The Black Lands. The Southern Domain. The Western Desert. Even the Eastern Lands shook.

Chapter 383: An Eternal Breath

Larvae are living creatures which cannot produce sound. However, in this instant, the metamorphosed Eyeless Larva emitted sound. This was a sound which would only be heard once.

It was the voice of the Larva!

When the voice called out, Meng Hao's ears buzzed.

In that instant, the entire world seemed to grow still.... The Eyeless Larva spoke only once, and when it did, it silenced the world!

During this space of one breath, everything around Meng Hao, the wind, the people, the sky, the land, everything... grew still....

The five thousand running Cultivators, the dust they kicked up, the ripples of the magical techniques, everything in the area. The effect spread out to cover all of the Black Lands.

It spread to the Western Desert, covered over the Southern Domain, swept across the Milky Way Sea to enter the Eastern Lands, even the Northern Reaches. In this moment... everything grew still.

This was an absolute stillness. Nascent Soul, Spirit Severing, even Dao Seeking experts were all the same. In this moment, within this silence... one breath was stolen from all of them!

This theft was incredibly difficult to detect!

It was a manifestation of the frenzied and indescribable dominance that the Eyeless Larva manifested upon its appearance. The Eyeless Larva had no life force, therefore, it needed to steal it. It plundered life from all existence. All living things which existed in the flow of time... lost one breath.

Plants, animals, mortals, Cultivators... all living things. Everything grew still and motionless, and then lost one breath.

One breath was not much, but when you combine everything in the entire world, it adds up to a myriad of years!

In all of the Southern Domain, all of the Western Desert, all of the Eastern Lands, all of the Northern Reaches, there was nothing in existence that sensed this breath being stolen. Even experts

at the peak of the Dao Seeking stage had no way to sense the loss of the breath or the stillness in the world.

Only Immortals could!

Other than Immortals, no one had any clue!

Although they could not sense it, their life force now lacked one breath. Their time in the world slipped down; the higher the Cultivation base, the greater the loss.

That breath belonged to the Eyeless Larva, and Meng Hao!

During the stillness, ripples suddenly emanated out from the Rebirth Cave in the vast lands of the Southern Domain. They spread up into the air, and a figure appeared, formed from countless strands of Qi. It looked toward the Black Lands.

“The Eyeless Celestial Larva....”

In the vast Western Desert, in a profoundly mysterious location, was a stretch of ruins and rubble. Countless years ago, this place had a name which shook Heaven and rocked the Earth. It was called... the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

Now, it was nothing but rubble. Even still, it was one of the most profound and mysterious places in the Western Desert.

Currently, within the endless ruins, an incredibly ancient voice heaved a sigh.

“Has the Celestial Larva appeared...? It doesn't seem like it, it seems too weak....”

In the Eastern Lands, the Northern Reaches, the Milky Way Sea, it was the same. A faint aura appeared and then vanished.

During this moment of silence, a gargantuan face flashed across the sky above the Milky Way Sea.

On a forested mountain in the Western Desert, an old man sat there painting a picture of the distant mountains and rivers. During this moment of time, his paintbrush suddenly stopped moving and he lifted his head.

“The Celestial Larva... and that kid.... So, they’re bound by Karma. I guess I’ll help you once again.” Shaking his head, he waved his paintbrush, causing some ink to fly out and splash onto the ground.

This was Shui Dongliu.

A moment later, in the Eastern Lands, the old man from the Ji Clan who had battled with Pill Demon was holding his fishing rod out over the Pool of Heaven. Suddenly, a bang sounded out as the line snapped.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and astonishment filled on his face.

“What just happened...?”

In the Milky Way Sea, there was an island floating among the waves. An entire nation existed on this particular island. There were mountains, the North Sea, Yunjie County, and Cultivators. It was, of course, the State of Zhao.

And this was none other than Patriarch Reliance!

As the world returned to normal, the island trembled. At the far end of the island, a gigantic head suddenly emerged from the shell and looked up into the sky, shocked.

All across Planet South Heaven, things like this happened in various locations, although not many.

Back in the Black Lands, Meng Hao was panting as he stared blankly at the Eyeless Larva that rested on his palm. Earlier, when he had fed the Frigid Snow Larva, it had seemed completely normal. But all of a sudden, Meng Hao’s heart was filled with fear.

Granted, he had gotten the information regarding how to create the Eyeless Larva by means of interrogation. He knew that perhaps ninety percent was true and ten was false, although it was impossible to determine which parts were which.

Therefore, he had done things very carefully.

However, even the Black Lands Cultivator who had given him the information would have had no way to know how truly fearsome the Eyeless Larva would be when it appeared!

Actually, one of the bits of information that he had intentionally left out was the fact that in order to get the Eyeless Larva to appear, one needed an unimaginably vast amount of Mulberry Thunderclap Leaves. In fact, all the Mulberry Thunderclap Leaves on Planet South Heaven were probably not enough.

How could he possibly have imagined that Meng Hao would be so inhuman as to actually be able to metamorphose an Eyeless Larva?

It was actually something impossible to do!

The truth was, once a Frigid Snow Larva consumed a Mulberry Thunderclap Leaf, if it did not continue to feed until a certain point, then it would explode with shockingly destructive power. The force unleashed would be powerful enough to annihilate everything within a three hundred kilometer radius.

That was his true plan. He didn't covet the legendary Eyeless Larva, but rather the fearsome, destructive power. It was a precious treasure that would give him incredible powers of threat.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he sensed what the Eyeless Larva was doing. It lay there in his palm, unmoving. However, Meng Hao could sense a vast, strong power of life force, incredibly intense. He suddenly thought about that moment of silence.

This life force exceeded anything he had ever seen before. Not even the Blood Mastiff could compare to the Eyeless Larva in this respect. Even if he faced up against a Spirit Severing expert, that person would not be able to compare to the life force of the Eyeless Larva.

No outsider would be able to sense such an intense life force. Only Meng Hao could do that, because of the unbreakable bond that now existed between the two of them. It had begun with the Frigid Snow Larva. By the time it metamorphosed into the Eyeless Larva, though, the connection was deep-rooted, branded upon the very life of the thing.

Because the brand emerged at the same time as it metamorphosed, it was something that exceeded the imaginations of normal people, and the power of magic. You can say that there were very few powers under the Heavens which could extinguish the connection which now existed between Meng Hao and the Eyeless Larva. It was as if the larva was now a part of him. Because of this, Meng Hao could now sense the thick and fearsome life force which existed inside of it.

It was because of this life force that, after its metamorphosis, the Eyeless Larva could employ its shocking divine ability!

The larva would never be destroyed, and its thread could not be broken. The thread could not be broken, nor could the larva be destroyed!

Chapter 384: MY Gold Core Tribulation!

It was as if there was some inexplicable cycle that existed, within which appeared a type of rule. Because of this, the Eyeless Larva could never be killed, nor could its silk be destroyed. It was truly miraculous.

“This creature is a defiance of the Heavens....” After feeling the connection with the Eyeless Larva, Meng Hao’s eyes began to shine, and his heart pounded.

Lord Fifth looked crestfallen and filled with envy as it looked at Meng Hao, as if its heart was on the verge of exploding. It was something extraordinary and special, and was also able to sense what had just happened. Its gaze fell onto the Eyeless Larva, and after a long moment passed, it let out a sigh.

“Lord Fifth is so handsome and debonair,” it said, continuing to sigh, “esteemed in all Heaven and Earth, a unique, beautiful bird. During this life, I’ve never been able to have such a miraculous, heaven-defying creature. Why does Meng Hao suddenly get one.... It’s not fair, you dog-fart of a Heaven! It’s not fair!”

Meng Hao lifted his head up to look into the sky.

“Parrot, it’s time to remove whatever force you put on me to conceal me from the Heavenly Tribulation. The time has come to transcend my Gold Core Tribulation!” His eyes glittered with an unprecedented glow. It was the glow of self-confidence, as well as a virtually imperceptible look of disdain.

The parrot glanced at Meng Hao, then flapped its wings. A multicolored glow shot out from it to cover Meng Hao's entire body.

As the multicolored glow passed over him, an aura suddenly emanated out from him with great intensity. This was not an aura from his Cultivation base, but rather undulations placed upon him by the parrot to conceal him from the Heavenly Tribulation.

Now that the undulations had revealed him, intense rumbling sounds immediately filled the sky. Deafening thunder rang out, reverberating out in all directions, covering everything for thousands of kilometers in all directions, shaking the land.

The lightning seemed to be furious, as if it had been searching for Meng Hao for a long time, and now that it found him, was filled with an awe-inspiring desire to crush him out of existence.

The sound of thunder reverberated around in the air; as it did, immense black clouds filled the sky, covering over everything. Layer upon layer rose up, emanating shocking sounds of thunder. Lightning twisted and crackled amidst the layers of clouds. The sight of it was astonishing.

As for the Western Desert Cultivators trapped within the spell formation, expressions of astonishment covered their faces. The face of the white-robed man from the Constellation Tribe, also caught within the fog, immediately fell.

"That's... Heavenly Tribulation!"

Meng Hao looked up at the Tribulation clouds filling the skies, and the countless bands of silver lightning, twisting about like snakes. As the ear-splitting thunder sounded out, he coolly said, "Get the Cultivators of the Church of the Golden Light out of here! Retreat them to a position fifteen hundred kilometers away! The rest of you, get fifteen hundred kilometers away too. For this Tribulation... I will not need your assistance. This is MY Gold Core Tribulation!"

The parrot hesitated for a moment, then flew up into the air. The meat jelly hovered off to the side, looking at Meng Hao. "I hope you don't get killed by the lightning..." it said solemnly. It put on an ancient and wizened appearance. "If you do, there will be one less evildoer in the world. Don't worry, though, if the lightning does kill you, I won't be too heartbroken. In fact, I..." Seemingly reveling in Meng Hao's misfortune, it was just making to leave when Meng Hao grabbed it.

"Hey! What are you doing!?" it howled furiously.

“You don’t get to leave,” replied Meng Hao calmly. The vines surrounding Meng Hao instantly burrowed down into the ground and were gone in the blink of an eye. The parrot also shot away at top speed; within an instant, it was five hundred kilometers away.

At the same time, the parrot transmitted the information to the Cultivators of the Church of the Golden Light who were in the fog. They immediately began to scatter, fleeing as far away as possible. Soon, the only people around Meng Hao were the Western Desert Cultivators, emerging from the fog, expressions of shock on their faces.

During the same moment in which they caught sight of Meng Hao, massive thunderous booms sounded out from up above. The brutality of the sound itself threatened to cause everything around to collapse. Roughly thirty percent of the Western Desert Cultivators coughed up blood and then let out miserable shrieks as they realized they had been deafened.

Simultaneously, a bright red lightning bolt shot down toward Meng Hao from up above. As it descended, it attracted other nearby lightning toward it. By the time it was about to slam into Meng Hao, it was as thick as a human thigh.

The instant it was about to hit him, Meng Hao lifted his hand up with blinding speed. There in his hand was the meat jelly.

A boom echoed out, along with the miserable cry of the meat jelly, who instantly turned black. Meng Hao’s body quivered as massive amounts of red sparks danced down his arm and then covered his entire body. They then passed down his feet to crawl across the ground, turning the snowy ground three hundred meters in all directions into a red lake of lightning!

“So this is Heavenly Tribulation...” said Meng Hao, lifting his head up to laugh. “Bring it on!” His hair whipped around him, and his eyes filled with disdain as he laughed uproariously toward the Heavens.

“Dammit, he’s transcending the Tribulation! He’s actually doing it!” The nearby Western Desert Cultivators’ faces filled with shock. It was without hesitation that most of them retreated backward, their scalps numb. The only thing that they could think to do was flee.

However, some of them had a different idea. Killing intent flickered in their eyes as they shot toward Meng Hao.

“Kill him, and the Heavenly Tribulation will go away!” This was what they were thinking as they shot toward him as fast as possible, unleashing magical techniques to attack him.

“How naive!” said Meng Hao with a cold laugh, ignoring the incoming Cultivators. Even as they closed in on him, massive rumbling could be heard from the sky as another lightning bolt descended toward him.

This time, Meng Hao didn't use the meat jelly. That was because this particular lightning bolt, when it was about three hundred meters away from him, suddenly broke apart. It transformed into a dozen or so smaller lightning bolts that fell like rain onto both him and the Western Desert Cultivators who were charging him.

BOOM!

“Ahh, that's really scratching my itch,” said Meng Hao with a laugh. After all his time dealing with the Heavenly Tribulation attacking him at intervals over the past months, his skin had grown a lot tougher. A bolt of Heavenly Tribulation lightning that could easily kill a Western Desert Core Formation Cultivator wouldn't so much as hurt Meng Hao.

He was used to it. Having experienced Heavenly Tribulation in a way that ordinary people could never even imagine, his body was now much more used to lightning.

As for these smaller lightning bolts, they really did feel like they were scratching an itch. When the lightning hit his body, all he felt was a little numbing sensation.

In fact, it was somewhat comfortable.

As for the dozen or so Western Desert Cultivators who had been trying to kill him, when the boom rang out, they were all instantly blackened into ash. Their magical techniques and treasures were destroyed like rotten wood.

Almost at the same time as Meng Hao's words rang out, their charred corpses toppled to the ground. Seeing this caused the other surrounding Western Desert Cultivators to gasp with shock.

Even the pupils of the eight Nascent Soul Cultivators constricted.

“Is he even human?”

“Dammit, it looks like he’s actually enjoying the Heavenly Tribulation. This guy is inhuman!” The surrounding Cultivators were in an uproar. More were beginning to flee, wanting nothing more than to get out of the region of the Heavenly Tribulation. They could tell that only if they could get thousands of kilometers away would they be safe, and not attract the Heavenly Tribulation.

Suddenly, Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, filled with coldness and killing intent. “Congregation of the Church of the Golden Light! Encircle the surrounding three thousand kilometer area with the spell formation. Trap these people here! Do not let them step half a foot outside!” Now that they were here with him, Meng Hao was disinclined to let them leave.

It didn’t matter if they were Core Formation, Nascent Soul, or even the mysterious white-robed man from the Constellation Tribe. Meng Hao would keep them here to share in transcending the Tribulation!

“Abide by the holy commands of the Patriarch!” cried out the five thousand Cultivators. The sound of their voices turned into a powerful wave which fought back against the thunderous roars of the Heavens. It echoed out in all direction, filling the three thousand kilometer area. The five thousand Cultivators of the Church of the Golden light then began to run. As they did, a billowing fog suddenly rose up, and rumbling could be heard.

“People are always asking me if I dare to fight. Well today, I ask you, who is there... that dares to fight with Meng Hao!?” He flicked his sleeve and accompanied the echo of his own voice as he flew forward toward the other Cultivators.

As he charged toward them, the sky rumbled with furious, crackling lightning that seemed to contain the might of the Heavens. A red bolt of lightning, even thicker than before, began to fall. It was when this happened that Meng Hao arrived in front of a group of a dozen or so Cultivators.

Their faces twisted, and in their hearts filled with enough curses that if they had the time, they would give voice to them for three days and three nights. Booms echoed out everywhere as the Heavenly Tribulation lightning bolt split, slamming into everyone present. Instantly, Meng Hao was surrounded by corpses. His body vibrated as sparks flowed down past his feet and across the ground. Again, he was surrounded by a lake of lightning dozens of meters in every direction. Meng Hao’s laughter once again rang out.

“Who dares to fight me!?” he cried.

“Dammit, this guy is a supernova of evil!”

“Stay away! Stay away!”

More booms filled the air. Everywhere Meng Hao went, lightning roared. Anyone within three hundred meters of him all became selfless, bosom buddies of Meng Hao, there to help him transcend the Tribulation....

Just as a bolt of Heavenly Tribulation lightning was descending to slaughter a dozen or so more people, killing intent suddenly gleamed in the eyes of the eight Nascent Soul experts. The Heavenly Tribulation had thrown the Qi in the area into chaos, making it impossible for them to use minor teleportation. Therefore, they all flew toward Meng Hao from different directions.

They couldn't use minor teleportation, but their speed was incredible. It took only a moment for them to be right on top of Meng Hao. The eight of them combined their powers into a single attack all aimed at Meng Hao.

“DIE!!” they screamed. They hated him to the bones. First he had trapped them, then directed lightning against them. All of that was caused by someone of the trifling Core Formation stage. They were determined to shred him to pieces, to make him understand that regardless of any circumstances, Core Formation Cultivators were like insects compared to the Nascent Soul stage.

Seeing this, the white-robed Cultivator from the Constellation Tribe's face suddenly flickered. Immediately, he cried out, “Stop!” However, he was too late.

With a slight smile and a cool look, Meng Hao ignored the eight attackers and looked up into the sky.

“Just what is the might of the Heavens...?”

Chapter 385: Bring It On!

Thunderous roaring rose up as the divine abilities of eight Nascent Soul experts descended upon Meng Hao. Vicious expressions covered their faces, and their intense killing intent radiated out.

Each and every one could imagine the scene in a moment as Meng Hao's weak body shattered like porcelain, exploding into countless pieces. After that, the Heavenly Tribulation would disperse, and this farce of a battle would be over.

Meng Hao's gaze lowered from the Heavens to the approaching Cultivators. "The Heavens are not to be offended. Not to be provoked! Not to be superseded!! The Heavens are trying to slay me! Who do you think you people are? What qualifies you to try to replace the Heavens in an attempt to exterminate me?" He laughed proudly.

His laughter caused the faces of the Nascent Soul Cultivators to instantly fall. It was with great astonishment that they discovered their divine abilities had no effect whatsoever on Meng Hao. They disappeared like an ox tossed into the sea with rocks tied around its feet.

Simultaneously, an indescribable sense of danger suddenly appeared. Lightning began to amass in the sky, to a far greater extent than before. A roaring sound could be heard as a massive bolt of lightning three meters thick began to fall. It looked like an enormous pillar of light.

It immediately split into nine parts which descended downward.

Meng Hao lifted up his right hand, within which was the shrieking meat jelly. The eight Nascent Soul Cultivators' scalps went numb; Meng Hao's laughter had turned everything into a nightmare. They immediately retreated from the incoming Tribulation Lightning.

It didn't matter how quickly they evaded. The lightning descended, slamming into them with a huge boom. Blood sprayed from their mouths and their faces went white. They shot backward at high speed, staring at Meng Hao with immeasurable dread.

The white-robed Cultivator from the Constellation Tribe frowned, his face unsightly and pale. "The ancient records say that whoever is transcending Tribulation is an inauspicious life form of Heaven and Earth. Everything within five thousand kilometers of him will be turned into nothing but ash. However, until then, he is still an inauspicious life form! Anyone near him will be dead for sure!

"Furthermore, it will be impossible to kill him. The Heavens are difficult to fathom, especially in regards to dignity. The Heavens will exterminate this person, how could they possibly allow others to assist? Attempting to kill him now is making yourself an enemy of the Heavens!

“The instant he gets killed by the Tribulation Lightning, his body will explode into a ball of lightning.... According to the ancient records, when that explosion of lightning occurs, everything within the Tribulation transcendence zone will be reduced to nothing.

“The only hope of survival is to make sure that he transcends the Tribulation. Furthermore, you can’t let the Lightning infect your body. If it does, and you don’t die, then you are evoking Karma.... If you evoke such Karma, then the Tribulation Lightning won’t stop until you’re dead. You eight Nascent Soul Cultivators... are dead beyond the shadow of a doubt!”

Face grim, the white-robed Cultivator retreated at top speed.

The Heavenly Tribulation boomed as one lightning bolt after another shot down onto Meng Hao, who held the meat jelly upraised in his hand to defend himself. The lightning would subsequently disperse into the area around him. Any nearby Cultivators would let out bloodcurdling screams. Soon, the air filled with the sounds of cursing and reviling.

Meng Hao didn’t care. This was something he had learned from Patriarch Reliance. When you con someone and then end up getting cursed by them, you must maintain your cool. It was really a realm unto itself.

Throughout the years, Meng Hao had conned many people, and had refined that skill to the very pinnacle. Therefore, he continued to redirect the descending lightning to the various Cultivators in the three thousand kilometer region.

Wherever he went, he was surrounded by a lake of lightning, along with plaintive cursing. What he left behind was scorched corpses.

To the Cultivators here, it was nothing but a massacre, a slaughter in which no one could do anything to fight back. They couldn’t attack him, nor could they flee as... they were horrified to discover that Meng Hao’ speed was incredible, even if he was being struck by lightning!

Time passed, and the Heavenly Tribulation continued to fall, and nearly all of the surrounding Cultivators had been conned into death thanks to Meng Hao. There were roughly a hundred left, all of whom had split off toward different areas, their faces pale. If Meng Hao even looked their way, they would flee at top speed in the opposite direction.

Unfortunately... the lightning fell continuously, there were some people who couldn't avoid it. That was especially true of those Cultivators who had at some point attacked Meng Hao. Meng Hao didn't even have to get near them to attract the falling lightning.

The eight Nascent Soul Cultivators, for example, soon found that no matter where or how they fled, whenever lightning shot toward Meng Hao, they would also be struck.

Each lightning bolt contained incredible power. Even though they were of the Nascent Soul stage, if things kept up as they were, they wouldn't be able to take it.

“Dammit, that Heaven-damned bastard is too sadistic! This is his Tribulation, we're innocent....”

“I'm gonna kill him! Kill him!!”

“If he doesn't die, then I swear that he will be the greatest archenemy in my entire life!!”

The roughly one hundred surviving Cultivators howled continuously amongst the roaring of the thunder. Whenever the lightning sought out Meng Hao, they, too experienced lightning.

Meng Hao coughed lightly as he lowered the meat jelly. It seemed to be full, almost bulging. It glared furiously at Meng Hao.

“You're immoral, you're too wicked....”

Boom!

“Aiiiiiii! You evil bastard....”

Boom!

“Let me go, okay, Master? You're the best Master in the world. Forgive little old me, okay? I'm full. Really, I'm full. I can't eat any more....”

Looking at the wretched condition the meat jelly was in, Meng Hao held it up to block one final lightning bolt, then flicked his sleeve. The meat jelly instantly turned into a prismatic beam of light that shot off toward the fog.

“Dammit Meng Hao,” it roared. “You just wait, you wicked, immoral bastard. I’ll definitely convert you in this life!” Feeling very wronged, it was continuing to curse when Meng Hao transmitted a single sentence to it.

“If nothing unexpected happens, then when I reach Nascent Soul, I’ll need your help with the Tribulation Lightning again.”

The meat jelly suddenly trembled, and an ingratiating expression appeared on its face. Not saying another word about the subject, it flew into the fog. It feared Meng Hao, feared him completely. It was worried that if it spent any more time talking back, it would be forced to get so full that it would explode.

Meng Hao looked around the three thousand kilometer area and didn’t see anyone else. The remaining hundred or so people had long since dispersed and found places to hide. If Meng Hao couldn’t find them, then it indicated that the Heavenly Tribulation couldn’t either.

He took a deep breath as a look of concentration filled his face. Now the true transcending of Tribulation was to begin. This was because the Tribulation Lightning was no longer pure red; now it contained, an additional color.

It could be described as abstruse, and pitch-black!

Abstruse, pitch-black lightning!

Each bolt now had doubly destructive power. As it roared down, Meng Hao could see that within the red and black was incredible power of annihilation. He lifted his right hand into the air, wherein appeared the Li Clan Patriarch.

The explosion echoed out, accompanied by a miserable shriek. The soul embodiment twisted, but did not disperse. After all the time Meng Hao had spent getting it used to lightning, while it wasn’t a complete Soul of Lightning, it was more than halfway there.

“Damn you Meng Hao, I’ll never let you get away with this!” The Li Clan Patriarch’s roars were shocking and filled with grief. During the last half year, he had experienced torment and pain like nothing he had experienced in his life. He had been born into a lofty status, and in the Li Clan was considered a Patriarch. However, with Meng Hao, he had experienced untold suffering.

At the moment, even as the grief welled up from his heart and he reviled Meng Hao, he was lifted up again. A boom filled the air, along with a miserable shriek.

In fact, he now felt that spending time with the meat jelly was much better than being with Meng Hao. Before, he used to consider the meat jelly to be the biggest nightmare in existence. He had long since changed his mind. Now, the meat jelly actually seemed somewhat charming. Meng Hao was the true ultimate nightmare.

Booms rang out as one lightning bolt after another fell down. Even with the Li Clan Patriarch, and Meng Hao’s increased resistance to lightning, it was still difficult to take.

Meng Hao’s body trembled. The ground around him was thoroughly destroyed, and much of it had crystallized. It looked like blackish-red gems, horrible and fearsome in appearance.

When the lightning slammed into this new type of ground, it would ricochet off, inflicting even more injuries onto Meng Hao. As such, he needed to constantly change locations. The pressure bearing down on him was growing increasingly greater, as well as upon the hundred or so other people who were still in the fifteen hundred kilometer area.

As the lightning continued to rain down, occasionally, bloodcurdling screams would rise up. Just now, five hundred kilometers away, blood sprayed from the mouth of a man festooned with totem tattoos. Lightning smashed down onto him until he couldn’t take it any more and died. In the end, he’d had no choice other than to help Meng Hao transcend this tribulation.

After the man died, even more lightning fell from the Heavens.

Two hundred and fifty kilometers away, three Western Desert Cultivators were currently sitting cross-legged, converging their power, along with a total of nine glittering totems and dozens of magical items, to create a shimmering shield above their heads. Lightning bolts continued to fall down onto the shield. Suddenly....

Three successive bolts of black-red Tribulation Lightning smashed into the shield, shattering it to pieces. Their magical treasures collapsed into pieces, and the nine totems were split apart. The three

Cultivators' bodies spasmed and blood sprayed from their mouths. Moments later, they were nothing more than ash drifting in the wind.

A thousand kilometers away was a Western Desert Cultivator who had fled into a subterranean chamber. Above him hovered rings composed of thousands of human skulls, his attempt to conceal himself. It had worked up until now, when bolt after bolt of black-red lightning smashed the skulls into pieces, which were then transformed into ice crystals. Moments later, the man was nothing more than a collection of crystals fused with the ground.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao coughed up some blood, then lifted his head up and laughed. His hair whipped around, and his body was covered with lightning wounds. However, his maniacal laughter had not reduced even in the slightest.

Of the hundred or so people who had joined him in this transcending of Tribulation, only twenty or so still held out. The rest were dead.

After enough time passed for two incense sticks to burn, a boom rang out from Meng Hao's body. The Li Clan Patriarch seemed on the verge of death. Having accomplished all he could with him, Meng Hao put him away. After this particular round of lightning, Meng Hao's body felt as if it were on the verge of collapse. It was at this point that Violet Qi appeared in his eyes, and his body began to recover.

"Bring it on!!" he roared, holding his head back as he laughed and laughed. His laughter was shrill but filled with determination and even a touch of madness. As the laughter reached the ears of the five thousand running Cultivators of the Church of the Golden Light, it seemed completely brutal.

Chapter 386: Five Colored Sky, Cultivation Base Breakthrough!

The parrot stared blankly at Meng Hao as he stood there surrounded by Heavenly Tribulation. Within the three thousand kilometer region, the ground had been completely transformed into ice crystals. The sky was thick with black clouds, and lightning fell down like rain, shaking Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao was in the middle of it all, head thrown back as the brutal sound of his laughter rose up into the face of the Heavens. The parrot was breathing heavily as it recalled a figure it had seen once, also laughing in the face of Heavenly Tribulation. The only difference was that Meng Hao was on the ground, and the person in its memory was in mid-air.

Apparently infuriated by Meng Hao's laughter, the clouds in the Heaven seethed, and another color appeared in addition to the red and black.

Green!

Shocking green lightning mixed in with the red and black. Three-colored lightning descended upon Meng Hao, twenty bolts at the same time!

The eight Nascent Soul Cultivators had lost even the power to curse. They were doing everything to fight back against the lightning. Amidst the booms, Meng Hao's laughter rang out as slender, white strands began to fly about in the air around him. The lightning was completely incapable of breaking these strands, not even a bit.

Of the Cultivators in the three thousand kilometer area, only the eight Nascent Soul Cultivators could resist the three-colored lightning, as well as... the white-robed Cultivator from the Constellation Tribe.

All of the other Cultivators who had lasted up to this point were now dead.

The white-robed Cultivator's heart filled with alarm. He had exercised utmost caution up to this point, and yet in the end, had been infected by Karma. He was now sucked into being part of the Tribulation. His eyes filled with venomous hatred, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Dammit, how could it be three-colored Tribulation Lightning? Just what did this guy do to offend the Heavens to invoke legendary Tribulation Lightning like this!?!?"

A roaring sound rose up again as bolts of three-colored lightning continued to fall relentlessly. Meng Hao's body shook. Silk swirled around him continuously.

The silk thread spit out by the Eyeless Larva is neverending, and is impossible to break!

The thread could be long or short; at the moment it spun to surround Meng Hao, creating layer after layer. When the lightning fell from the Heavens to slam into it, giant booms filled the air. The lightning seemed to be split into pieces by the silk, which was not breaking. However, the resulting reverberations slammed into Meng Hao.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood as sparks danced through the air around him and then slammed into the ground, only to ricochet back up and hit Meng Hao. Cracking sounds could be heard from his legs as shattered bones suddenly poked out through his skin.

Meng Hao's vision was starting to grow dim. Blood filled his mouth, but he simply spit it out and then started laughing again. His eyes were filled both with determination, and a violet glow. Using the power of the Violet Pupil Transformation, and borrowing from his longevity, he healed himself. In the blink of an eye, he was back to normal.

As of this point, there was no land within the three thousand kilometer region which had not been crystallized; this led only to further injury for Meng Hao.

Given this situation, there was no reason not to simply... fly straight up into the sky!

This action caused the parrot's eyes to grow wide. As of now, he was having difficulty separating the previous image in its memory with that of Meng Hao's.

"This is my Gold Core Tribulation, and I'm gonna last until the end! No more hiding! No more fear and awe! If fear and awe exist in the heart of the Cultivator, then how can any great Dao be cultivated!? How can self-confidence be cultivated!?"

"When I reached Foundation Establishment, I ran away. When I reached Core Formation, I hesitated. Well now... I will retreat no further!" A roar echoed up from deep within Meng Hao, filled with his determination to become powerful.

"When this Tribulation is over, I will be even stronger!" He held his head back and roared as he floated there in mid-air. His black hair danced around him, and his back was straight. His appearance was that of lofty heroism. The silk of the Eyeless Larva swirled around him, unbreakable by anything under the Heavens.

As Meng Hao roared, more three-colored lightning fell, heading directly for him. He laughed, his eyes shining with confidence as he lifted his right hand, formed it into a fist, and directly punched the Heavenly Tribulation.

This was his first attempt to actually fight back!

Such resistance seemed simple, but few people would ever think to use this method to attempt to transcend Heavenly Tribulation. It was a rare thing for someone to attempt to actually destroy the Heavenly Tribulation.

Almost the same moment that Meng Hao's fist slammed into the lightning, it was as if some new part of him were suddenly ripped open. His will and heart moved in accord, and his Cultivation base mobilized. As soon as he put to action his intent to fight back against the Heavenly Tribulation, his Cultivation base suddenly exploded up!

He was no longer in the mid Gold Core stage. He had broken through into the late Gold Core stage. Granted, he was not at the peak, but had without any doubt stepped into the late stage. Such willingness to undertake actions that can lead to grave consequence, and the resulting instant breakthrough, were shocking to the extreme!

Seemingly endless amounts of golden light radiated out from his body. His eyes shone with a dazzling golden brilliance. Without hesitation, Meng Hao produced an ultra high-grade Spirit Stone. The instant it appeared in his hand, he absorbed the spiritual energy within, then crushed it into dust. He roared, drawing upon the new power of his Cultivation base, the energy within the Spirit Stone, and the bizarre force in his right hand, to shoot directly up toward the Heavenly Tribulation.

A roaring sound filled the air and Meng Hao coughed up blood as one, two, three... five bolts of Heavenly Tribulation slammed into him, shoving him downward. Silk spun madly around him, and Violet Qi exploded in his eyes. The injuries he was sustaining were constantly being healed. Among the eight Nascent Soul Cultivators who remained in the three thousand kilometer region, three of them suddenly coughed up blood and then were killed by the lightning.

They had no magical items with which to defend against the Heavenly Tribulation, nor any experience standing up to lightning. Neither did they possess wild, stubborn determination; the only path for them was the one that led to death!

Even Nascent Soul Cultivators could not flee this Heavenly Tribulation; their bodies exploded into pieces.

Meng Hao's body was shaking, and it seemed as if every inch of him was covered in blood. He shot down toward the ground, and yet even as he did, the Violet Pupil Transformation went to work. He quickly consumed a vast collection of medicinal pills; when he was a mere nine meters away from the ground, he suddenly stopped in mid-air. Shockingly, hoarse laughter once again filled the air.

Suddenly, the sky above went black. Ten lightning bolts shot down, carrying with them all the pretentious dignity of the Heavenly Tribulation. They descended directly toward Meng Hao, and as they did, the sky above suddenly burst into chaos. The massive clouds began to rotate to form a vortex. Shocking rumbling filled the air. If this scene could be painted onto a canvas, anyone who looked at it would never be able to forget it.

“Meng Hao is not the type of person to passively take a beating!” laughed Meng Hao. He lifted his hand up and pointed toward the sky. Suddenly, the power of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex poured out from Meng Hao. Ghost images sprang up everywhere as the power shot up toward the Heavens.

“Demonic Qi! Art of Righteous Bestowal! Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!”

Heaven and Earth shook. An aura visible only to Meng Hao himself surged up from the crystalline ground and shot toward him. The countless strands immediately congealed together to form a churning mist.

This Demonic mist surged out to completely surround Meng Hao, as if he was calling upon the very essence of the land, and it was following his direction. It shot toward the incoming ten bolts of lightning.

A massive boom rocked everything above and below. The lightning descended, causing a shocking roar to fill the sky. It slammed into the Demonic Qi surrounding Meng Hao, causing it to shatter, layer by layer. As it did, the lightning slowly began to dissipate.

In the blink of an eye, only three of the ten Tribulation Lightning bolts remained. The Demonic Qi crumbled away, and the three remaining Tribulation Lightning bolts screamed toward Meng Hao. Immediately, the silk of the Eyeless Larva surrounded him, and yet, some of the lightning still managed to slip through.

A tremor shot through Meng Hao's body, and a vast quantity of blood sprayed out of his mouth. His body shot down toward the ground like a meteor. A huge boom could be heard as he slammed into the crystalline ground. The ground shattered, cracks spread out, and a crater was suddenly visible.

The Tribulation Clouds up above churned, lightning dancing about within. Suddenly, the lightning began to congeal together, its color changing once again. Now the lightning had four colors. Peals of thunder crackled out.

Within the three thousand kilometer region, the remaining five Nascent Soul Cultivators coughed up blood. Two of them directly exploded. Their weakened Nascent Souls attempted to flee, but were obliterated by lightning.

Begrudged screams could be heard before they died. Now, there were only three Nascent Soul experts left in the area. Their bodies trembled and their eyes filled with despair. Hatred for Meng Hao filled their hearts; unfortunately for them, there was nothing they could do about it.

It was at this time that the four-colored lightning began to descend from within the churning clouds. It sped toward the crater, and yet, even as it neared its destination, a fist suddenly flew out from within to slam directly into the lightning bolt.

A huge explosion filled the air and everything trembled. Meng Hao emerged, his body scorched black, blood everywhere. However, the violet glow continued to shine in his eyes, healing his body. He chuckled hoarsely and then, heart filled with valiance, flew up into the air.

“Gold Core Tribulation. You’ve already let loose around a hundred lightning bolts. Please, feel free to bring on some more!” As his voice echoed out, madness glowed within his eyes.

The Tribulation Clouds up above seethed, roaring with thunderous superciliousness and fury. Suddenly, everything up above turned bright red; simultaneously, countless bolts of red lightning fell like rain toward Meng Hao.

They slammed into him, transforming into endless sparks. And yet, Meng Hao remained floating in mid air, his grandeur only continuing to grow.

Suddenly, another color appeared up above. Black!

The sky was half black and half red! The rain of lightning now included black lightning. Thunderous roars filled the sky. Next, green appeared!

Red, black and green. Three colors interlocked in the sky, and the rain of lightning was now that of these three colors!

It wasn’t over, though. A fourth color appeared!

White!

Four colors now could be seen in the sky. White-colored lightning now descended from this sky of four colors. The ground shook as the lightning slammed into it.

Amidst this four-colored lightning, Meng Hao floated, the silk of the Eyeless Larva spinning around him. He rotated his Cultivation base as he fought back against the Heavenly Tribulation.

It was at this moment that everything shook, as if some invisible person was roaring. Suddenly... a fifth color appeared in the sky!

Yellow!

Red, Black, Green, White, Yellow!

A Five-Colored Sky, and Five-Colored Tribulation Lightning. This was the final Heavenly Tribulation Meng Hao would face in his Gold Core Tribulation. He suddenly had the intense feeling that if he could transcend this lightning of five colors, then this Heavenly Tribulation would end.

“So, the final Heavenly Tribulation!” His eyes glistened with intense determination.

Chapter 387: The Ninth Generation Demon Sealers First Sealing of the Heavens!

“Heavenly Tribulation has five colors, and the five elements have five colors.... I wonder if there’s some connection between the two.” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Now was not the time to worry about such things. As soon as the five colors up above finished merging together, a five-colored bolt of Tribulation Lightning appeared and began to descend.

At first glance, this five-colored Tribulation Lightning bolt looked to Meng Hao almost like a gigantic tree falling down from the sky. However, it quickly changed into something that resembled a golden sword. It pierced through the air, changing again, this time into a massive sea that seemed poised to wipe away everything in sight.

After a brief moment, it changed another time. Now it was a Flame Sea that could burn away everything in existence, within the midst of which was an enormous bird formed from clay!

These five changes happened instantly, and then vanished. However, Meng Hao saw them all; instantly his heart trembled as he understood what was happening.

Boom!

The five-colored Tribulation Lightning bolt slammed into Meng Hao. He had the Eyeless Larva and its silk. He had the Violet Pupil Transformation. He had a Perfect Cultivation base, exploding intense power. He had the glove on his right hand, which even Heavenly Tribulation could not destroy. A massive boom filled the ears of the five thousand running Cultivators, a boom that rose up all the way to the Heavens.

When the five-colored Tribulation Lightning descended, one among the remaining three Nascent Soul Experts in the three thousand kilometer region shook and then exploded into a cloud of flesh and blood, which then dissolved into ash. His Nascent Soul was also exterminated.

“Five-Colored Sky!” cried the white-robed Cultivator from the Constellation Tribe. “It’s the legendary Five-Colored Sky!!” By now, the man’s clothing hung in tatters on his body, and his ancient face was revealed. The most shocking thing was that his facial features were all deformed, and his ear was covered up with his own skin!

His eyes shone with a red glow, and his body was trembling as he looked up into the sky. A look of unprecedented fear and awe could be seen in his eyes.

Meng Hao’s body was also trembling. He clenched his jaw tightly as the five-colored lightning showered over him. It danced about, seemingly intent on ripping him to shreds and blotting out his soul. It wanted to bore into his flesh and smash his blood and Qi passageways.

But the Eyeless Larva fought on tenaciously, like an ultimate treasure of Heaven and Earth, sending out layer after layer of unbreakable silk to shatter the five-colored Heavenly Tribulation.

Thanks to the silk, the five-colored lightning gradually disappeared. Not a single lightning bolt could be seen anywhere. Meng Hao raised his head up and roared. Violet Qi surged, once again restoring his body. However, on his face, wrinkles of age were now visible.

“Five-colored Tribulation Lightning cannot break the will of Meng Hao!”

The Five-Colored Sky rumbled, and the seething clouds suddenly began to congeal together. As the clouds moved, it seemed as if Time itself were dancing within. Peals of thunder filled the Heavens as countless bolts of five-colored lightning appeared. All of them gradually began to merge.

At the same moment, an unspeakable pressure could be felt from up above. As the clouds contracted, it seemed as if they were now filling with an unprecedented lightning of annihilation.

“Hold on, Meng Hao!” squawked the parrot from its position outside the three thousand kilometer region. “This is the final bit of lightning!”

The lightning rumbled as the final collection of Heavenly Tribulation formed. Within the space of about ten breaths, no more Tribulation Clouds could be seen in the sky. The only thing visible now was the glow of the five colors!

This five-colored glow... was not lightning. Instead, it had taken the shape of a gigantic hand. Each finger of this hand was one color, making it a gigantic Five-Colored Palm. It was Heavenly, and of lightning; after all, it was formed out of five-colored lightning itself. Upon examination, this massive palm truly seemed incomparable.

Strangely, it had no palm print whatsoever!

Rumbling filled the air as the Five-Colored Palm began to fall down from the sky.

As it neared, the ground shook, shattering the land within the three thousand kilometer area. Everything collapsed. The remaining two Nascent Soul Cultivators who held on until now could do so no longer. With blood curdling shrieks, they exploded. Their Nascent Souls, along with every trace of their life force, were completely eradicated.

As for the white-robed member of the Constellation Tribe, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his face filled with despair.

The palm descended, and Meng Hao could feel an unprecedented pressure. His body trembled, his face paled, and blood sprayed from his mouth. He hovered there in mid air, shaking, slowly being pushed down by the immense pressure.

The descended palm seemed capable of crushing a mountain into nothing; Meng Hao felt as if he couldn't take it. He would soon be squished flat.

“The final lightning,” said Meng Hao, his body trembling as he was pushed down. “You wish to exterminate me? Well, how about I seal you!” He suddenly threw his hand out. He emanated viciousness and madness as he pointed down to the ground.

“Demonic Qi! Art of Righteous Bestowal!”

Demonic Qi once again poured up from the land in the three thousand kilometer area. What Meng Hao wasn't aware of, however, was that this time, there was simply not enough Demonic Qi. He continued to descend, until finally he landed directly onto the shattered earth.

“Not enough Demonic Qi!!” he exclaimed, his facial features twisted. With a cry, he produced the Demon Sealing Jade. A deafening roar filled the air, and the earth trembled. At the same time, the Demon Sealing Jade in Meng Hao's hand began to emanate ripples which extended out. Three thousand kilometers, five thousand kilometers....

Meng Hao's face twisted with savagery. Power poured out from the Frigid Snow Clan's Agarwood legacy, as well as Immortal Shows the Way, which he had received during the events near the Rebirth Cave. The power shot out of him and then into the Demon Sealing Jade.

Meng Hao's mind spun. The ripples from the Demon Sealing Jade spread out. Five thousand kilometers. Fifteen thousand kilometers....

A complete fifteen thousand kilometers!

Suddenly, Meng Hao could sense all of the vegetation that existed in this area. All living things existed within his will. Every change and fluctuation was under his control.

“Demonic Qi! Art of Righteous Bestowal!” He looked up at the enormous Five-Colored Palm that was descending onto him. As his voice echoed out, all of the Demonic Qi within the fifteen thousand kilometer region rushed madly toward him.

It congealed around Meng Hao, creating a vortex of Demonic Qi. It started out thirty meters wide, then three hundred, then three thousand, finally thirty thousand meters!

Meng Hao's eyes glowed with brilliance and determination. He slowly lifted his right hand up and then extended it toward the massive palm up above.

As he did, the Demonic Qi vortex lifted up, forming into a hand that was visible to no one except Meng Hao.

This palm seemed capable of sealing anything in Heaven and Earth!

“I am the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer! I SHALL SEAL THE HEAVENS!”

He struck his right hand up toward the descending Five-Colored Palm.

His strike carried along with it his stubbornness, his dream of treading the path of Cultivation until he became a powerful expert, and in addition, his very life force!

After all, if he could not transcend this tribulation, then he would be dead without a doubt!

This strike also carried with it Meng Hao’s Immortal Shows the Way, the Agarwood legacy of the Frigid Snow Clan, and his own madness.

Such madness was required! This was not a battle of magic, but a sealing of the Heavens!

This strike was filled with the dignity of the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, with the power to seal the Heavens, and the explosive power of all the Demonic Qi of the land within fifteen thousand kilometers!

In addition to all this, the Li Clan Patriarch emerged, along with the howling meat jelly. Every tool he had to fight back against the Heavenly Tribulation was now in play!

The parrot was clamouring excitedly, its eyes bloodshot. This was the moment it had been waiting for. It was only when the final lightning bolt descended that it could make a move, and lead in the five thousand Cultivators. This way, they would not be infected by the lightning.

The five thousand Cultivators shot toward Meng Hao, circling around him. Massive amounts of fog rose up to fight back against the final bolt of Heavenly Tribulation Lightning.

An immense roaring, louder than anything that had occurred up to this point, pressed down onto the five thousand Cultivators, covering over even their shouts. It was the only thing that could be heard... and it echoed five times!

This sound was none other than the sound of the two gigantic palms slamming into each other and shattering.

Upon the first echo, the five thousand Cultivators coughed up blood. They were thrown tumbling across the ground in all directions, and the fog dissipated. The white-robed man from the Constellation Tribe screamed as he was shredded into pieces, his body and spirit annihilated.

Upon the second echo, the sky and land shook. Everything on the surface of the land was transformed into ash and ruins. All the crystalline ground became a huge crater...

Upon the third echo, the meat jelly let out a plaintive howl, and the Li Clan Patriarch teetered on the verge of destruction.

Upon the fourth echo, the parrot let out a disconsolate shriek as all of the colorful feathers on its body were shattered. Everything visible was now a world of five colors.

Upon the fifth echo... Meng Hao saw his Demonic Heaven-Sealing Palm slam into the Five-Colored Palm. It looked as if a massive sealing mark were preparing to seal up the Heavenly Tribulation.

Amidst the roaring, the two palms collided. One was of the Five-Colored Sky. One was from a Demonic Sealer of the Heavens. One wished to destroy. One wished to seal the Heavens. The amount of power involved was impossible to describe. In this moment, the Heavens were not the Heavens, the Earth was not the Earth, and the Demonic was not Demonic!

The air itself shattered. As the roar filled everything, the five-colored world suddenly faded into complete blackness....

Within the blackness, Meng Hao's eyes shone with faith. He glared up at the black Heavens, and softly said, "So, you can seal the Heavens!"

With that, an incredible sense of weakness poured out from within his heart. Smiling, he closed his eyes, employing the Eyeless Larva's ultimate protective ability. Endless amounts of silk shot out, transforming into an enormous cocoon!

Meng Hao's body was completely encased inside the cocoon.

There was no sound. No Heavenly Tribulation. There within the crater, was a cocoon that seemed as if it would be there for an eternity.

Gradually, the sky regained its color. The Five-Colored Palm was gone. Meng Hao's Demonic Sealing Palm had transformed into ash. The only thing that remained was that which had formed the nucleus of the palm, the Demon Sealing Jade. It banged down onto the ground near Meng Hao's cocoon.

The pressure exerted by the Heavenly Tribulation was now gone. The area which the Tribulation had descended upon... was now completely soundless and motionless. The Tribulation had been transcended.

The parrot and the meat jelly, as well as the surrounding five thousand Cultivators, all looked weary and listless. They gathered around the cocoon to stand guard for Meng Hao and wait for him to break out.

Time passed. Soon, an aura of transformation emerged from the cocoon. Inside, Meng Hao was sleeping, but his body was gradually changing. He was now even more accustomed to lightning. In fact, occasionally, bolts of lightning would shoot out from his body to dance around the cocoon and then spread out into the region beyond.

Chapter 388: Breaking Out of The Cocoon

Meanwhile, the Frigid Snow Clan had long since teleported onto a high mountain peak in the Violet Fate Sect of the Southern Domain. The Violet Fate Sect had arranged for this mountain to be the new home for the Clan.

Because of her beauty, Hanxue Shan had already attracted quite a bit of attention from the alchemist Cultivators of the Violet Fate Sect. The Clan assimilated into the Violet Fate Sect, and Hanxue Shan chose to join the East Pill Division, and follow her dream of becoming an alchemist.

After arriving, she finally learned the news that Grandmaster Pill Cauldron had forsaken the Sect. It was difficult to describe how she felt about that. There was some amount of loss, but also tranquility.

If she hadn't met Meng Hao, perhaps she would have felt more loss. Now, though, whether or not she got to see Grandmaster Pill Cauldron wasn't very important.

Hanxue Shan stood atop the mountain, looking off toward the Black Lands, when suddenly, a voice interrupted her thoughts. "Little sis Shan, I heard from your fellow Clan members that you met a certain Grandmaster Meng back in Holy Snow City."

Hanxue Shan looked back to see an incredibly beautiful woman standing behind her, wearing a long blue gown. Her features were bright and alluring, so delicate it seemed like the slightest breeze could break them. It was as if Heaven and Earth had taken all favor and placed it upon her, as if she were something stepped out from a painting into the mortal world.

"Greetings, Senior Chu," said Hanxue Shan, lowering her head and then bowing from the waist. Standing in front of her was none other than Chu Yuyan, the most beautiful woman she had seen since arriving at the Violet Fate Sect. Her beauty was such that Hanxue Shan sometimes found it somewhat distracting to look at her.

She had also heard some of the gossip about past events regarding Senior Chu and Grandmaster Pill Cauldron.

"Perhaps someone like her is really worthy of Grandmaster Pill Cauldron," she thought. Seeing Chu Yuyan just now made Hanxue Shan's thoughts suddenly shift to that of her own relationship with Meng Hao. His face suddenly appeared in her mind.

"Shan?" said Chu Yuyan softly, walking a bit closer.

Hanxue Shan's face reddened, and she immediately bowed her head. Deep in her heart, she felt somewhat embarrassed, wondering why she was thinking about Meng Hao in this way. He was the kind of person who couldn't take a hint at all when it came to love.

"Yes, I did meet Grandmaster Meng," she replied quietly. "He is good at concocting pills. Without him, the Frigid Snow Clan would have been wiped out, and I wouldn't be here."

"Is this Grandmaster Meng a Black Lands Cultivator?" asked Chu Yuyan, gazing at Hanxue Shan.

"Yes, he's a local Black Lands Cultivator known as Patriarch Golden Light." As she spoke, her face continued to grow redder. "His Cultivation base is unfathomable. He was even able to catalyze our

Thorn Rampart. The Dao Child of the Black Lands Palace was afraid of him.... Even Grandmaster Zhou couldn't measure up to him when it came to pill concoction. Senior Chu, why is it that you ask about him?"

Chu Yuyan laughed. She looked at Hanxue Shan and could tell based on her own experience that this young girl had clearly fallen in love. Obviously, her heart was entangled with this Black Lands Cultivator, Grandmaster Meng.

"Oh nothing," she responded with a slight smile, shaking her head. "It's just that I've heard him mentioned quite often by your Fellow Clan members, and I'm interested in his Dao of alchemy. I'm curious what realm he has achieved. Unfortunately, he's not here, so I figured I would ask around a bit." Considering this Grandmaster Meng was a Black Lands Cultivator, he must not be the person she'd assumed. She was just about to turn and leave when Hanxue Shan continued speaking.

"Well, Grandmaster Meng isn't too fond of the Southern Domain. However, I happen to have a medicinal pill he gave me. Senior Chu, do you think you could tell the level of his Dao of alchemy by looking at it?" Hope suddenly lit up her face. After arriving in the Violet Fate Sect and joining the East Pill Division, she now had a much better understanding of the ranking system for alchemists. Her curiosity regarding Meng Hao's skill in alchemy had been piqued.

"Yes, I can help," replied Chu Yuyan with a smile and a nod. "Let's see what realm this Grandmaster Meng that you like so much is in." Considering her status, she would normally never do something like this. However, Hanxue Shan reminded her of herself all those years ago. She sighed inwardly.

Hearing Chu Yuyan's words caused Hanxue Shan to feel even more embarrassed. Head bowed, she immediately produced the medicinal pill given to her by Meng Hao. As soon as she handed it over to Chu Yuyan, she felt regret.

She recalled what Meng Hao had said regarding showing the pill to Grandmaster Pill Demon. "He was probably just bragging. To expose him in this way really isn't the right thing to do...."

At the moment, she hadn't noticed the incredible change in Chu Yuyan's facial expression when she laid eyes on the medicinal pill. She began to breathe heavily, causing Hanxue Shan to raise her head in astonishment. Chu Yuyan staggered back slightly, a blank look on her face.

"Senior Chu...."

Chu Yuyan closed her eyes for a long moment before opening them again. She looked at the character “snow” scratched onto the side of the pill, and then back up at Hanxue Shan. For some reason, a wave of irritation rose up in her heart.

“What is his name?” she asked, gritting her beautiful teeth.

Hanxue Shan was suddenly a bit frightened. Her voice low, she said, “Meng... Meng Hao....”

“Damnable Meng Hao!” growled Chu Yuyan through clenched teeth, unable to control her reaction. Her voice was filled with a complicated tone, including both irritation but also gratification. Now she knew that Meng Hao was not only safe but also doing quite well.

This caused the irritation in her heart to grow even stronger.

Hanxue Shan looked at her. Chu Yuyan was far above her in terms of both Cultivation base and status in the Sect. However, the anger on Hanxue Shan’s face was clearly visible.

“Why are you getting mad for him?” said Chu Yuyan with a sigh. “Meng Hao IS Grandmaster Pill Cauldron. He and Fang Mu are one and the same!” Chu Yuyan gave Hanxue Shan a final look, then handed the medicinal pill back to her and left.

Hanxue Shan looked as if she had been struck by lightning. She stood there with a blank look on her face, her mind spinning.

“He is Grandmaster Pill Cauldron....”

At the same time that these events were occurring, far off in the Western Desert was a stretch of desert plagued year round by sandstorms. The wailing, sand-filled wind rolled over the land, making it dark both day and night.

Anything that entered this place instantly could tell that it was like some sort of forbidden danger zone.

In the depths of this stretch of the desert was an altar complex half-buried in sand. Located inside the altar complex was a box the size of a hand. Suddenly, the box began to glow with dazzling light. At the same time, the wind outside grew more intense as it swept across the land. The flickering

light began to transform into something that looked like a black sun capable of sweeping in everything around it.

A roaring sound emanated out from within the altar as the box suddenly flew out from inside. It shattered into pieces, whereupon a writhing mass of blood emerged from inside. The blood slowly began to take the shape of a person. This person appeared to be very weak. Eventually, the facial features became clear.

This was none other than the black-robed Spirit Severing Cultivator who had been killed by the Frigid Snow Clan's Agarwood legacy!

He was not truly dead! His body had been killed, but his Dao remained. His essence was not exterminated, nor his life extinguished.

As time passed, the body finished growing. He lifted his right hand, causing a black robe to cover his frame. He slowly lifted up his head, and a look of grim rage could be seen in his eyes.

"A person who can accept the full branding of that legacy is not someone to be casually trifled with," he said. "But just wait until I extricate myself from this place.... We will meet again!"

The former Holy Snow City was now nothing but a deep crater. Snow drifted about in the air, covering the bodies of the five thousand Cultivators who were located in its depths.

Located in the middle of all these Cultivators was a cocoon roughly three meters long. A boundless, pulsating aura emanated off of it. Over the past several days, the aura had grown stronger and stronger.

Suddenly, cracking sounds could be heard. The surrounding Cultivators all looked over at the cocoon, which was now shrinking. It sounded as if a wind had suddenly kicked up; its whimpering cry echoed out in all directions.

If you looked closely, you would see that there was actually no wind. Instead, the silk strands which made up the cocoon were beginning to unravel from the inside out. Soon, the cocoon was very thin, and speed of the shrinking increased rapidly until it was no longer like a wind, but a whirlwind.

It prevented the surrounding Cultivators from seeing anything, but it did not prevent the intense aura from emanating outward.

The Cultivators began to back up slowly, watching the process for the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Slowly, a person appeared within the whirlwind. Lightning danced around him, and beneath his feet was a lake of lightning. It appeared as if this person now understood the will of lightning and exercised command over it.

After emerging completely, the Cultivators could now clearly see this person's face. It was, of course, Patriarch Golden Light... Meng Hao!

His long hair fluttered, and he wore a long green robe. His features were handsome. Beneath his feet was a crackling lake of lightning, and countless sparks writhed over his body, making it seem as if his green robe were a cloak of lightning.

Meng Hao had completely transcended the Heavenly Tribulation. His Cultivation base rotated; it was at the very peak of the late Gold Core stage. He was now only... a mere step away from the Nascent Soul stage.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His Cultivation base was now completely different than it had been before. After transcending the Heavenly Tribulation, his Perfect Gold Core was now even more firmly condensed. The power emanating from his Cultivation base gave him an utter confidence of his place in the Core Formation stage.

Even more shocking was that having experienced the refinement of the eleventh level of Qi Condensation, the distillation of the Foundation Establishment, and now this baptism of Heavenly Tribulation, his physical body now far exceeded that of any ordinary Cultivator. In fact, not even the body of a Nascent Soul Cultivator could compare to his in terms of strength and durability.

All of this, however... was merely secondary!

What was most pleasing to Meng Hao was that after experiencing this Heavenly Tribulation, his body was now much more resistant to lightning, to an astonishing degree. In fact, lightning even existed inside of him, and his magical techniques contained the aura of Heavenly Tribulation.

This was truly luck for him, gained in the midst of Heavenly Tribulation. This was not the type of good fortune that anyone could acquire. It was the type that you got when you looked death in the face, and came out only by sacrificing some of your life force.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he strode forward. The vortex faded away, and the Demon Sealing Jade flew up to disappear into his bag of holding. The Eyeless Larva drifted up and then transformed into a white ring which slipped onto Meng Hao's finger.

He rubbed the ring, cognizant of the fact that without the Eyeless Larva, he would have been incapable of transcending the tribulation.

"From now on, my path is as boundless as the sea and the sky. With my Cultivation base, as long as I'm careful, I can go anywhere."

As Meng Hao lifted his head, the surrounding five thousand Cultivators immediately dropped to their knees to kowtow.

"Congratulations Patriarch!"

Chapter 389: Appointment With Yan Song

Several days later, in the border region between the Black Lands and the Western Desert, green-robed Meng Hao sat cross-legged atop the Wild Giant, which roared as it sped forward.

In the Wild Giant's hand was a Western Desert Cultivator, his face awash with grief and indignation; this was none other than Gu La.

During the collapse of the city, he and the Wild Giant had been buried inside of the Heavenly Pit created by the magic of the black-robed Cultivator. The magic had disappeared, but the Wild Giant and Gu La had remained buried within.

If Meng Hao hadn't remembered them, he and the Wild Giant would never again have been able to see the light of day.

The parrot was perched on Meng Hao's shoulder, the meat jelly was, once again, attached to its ankle in the form of a bell. The parrot's face was as wildly arrogant as ever. It proudly looked up into the sky, occasionally sighing with emotion and regret.

What it regretted was that Meng Hao had left the five thousand Cultivators of the Church of the Golden Light back in the Black Lands, in the former Dongluo City.

Wrapped around the Wild Giant was a vine. The vine was somewhat listless, and thorns would occasionally protrude from its surface and then sink back in. According to his previous idea, Meng Hao had the vine consume the Thorn Rampart seed he had acquired. Unfortunately, that made it temporarily impossible to control. At the moment, it seemed to be on the verge of death. It would definitely need some time to recover and completely absorb the abilities of the Thorn Rampart.

“The Black Lands is in complete chaos,” he said softly. He had been sitting perched on the Wild Giant for several days now as they traveled through the Black Lands. He had made quite a few inquiries, and now knew that after the fall of Holy Snow City, the only remaining city in the former United Nine had finally capitulated and joined the Black Lands Palace.

After a few days of hesitation, Meng Hao had decided to arrange for the Church of the Golden Light to do the same. The general course of events had already been determined, and to struggle against it was useless. Doing so would only result in being crushed and destroyed.

On the surface, it seemed as if the Black Lands Palace had unified the Black Lands. However, the truth of the matter was that the true great turmoil was just beginning.

Seven powerful Tribes from the Western Desert had openly entered the Black Lands, and seemed intent on completely transforming the place. Everywhere they passed was left in ruins.

Meng Hao muttered to himself, and his facial expression flickered as he looked off into the distance. He immediately sent out his will, causing the Wild Giant to stop moving. In the blink of an eye, it began to glow with a yellowish-brown light as it transformed into what looked like a hill.

This shape-changing art was a natural ability of Wild Giants. Even a Nascent Soul Cultivator would have to spend some effort to identify it now.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, piercing cries could be heard from off in the distance. A patch of black clouds soared through the sky, in the middle of which were several condors. Their eyes were red, and they emitted a putrid odor. They were surrounded by a mist of decay as they flew through the air.

Down below, a veritable sea of beasts caused the ground to shake as they ran along. Behind the sea of beasts sped several thousand Western Desert Cultivators.

A huge banner whipped about in the air above. The banner was emblazoned with the mark of their Tribe, an image of a skull, pale white and emanating an aura of death. This was one of the Western Desert Tribes which was invading the Black Lands.

After the Tribe disappeared off into the distance, the hill shape began to slowly transform back into the Wild Giant and Meng Hao. Meng Hao looked off toward the horizon and frowned.

“That’s the fourth Tribe so far,” he thought. This was indeed the fourth Tribe he had encountered in the recent days. “Is it because the Black Lands is part of the Western Desert, and that’s why Tribes are coming to occupy the area?” Meng Hao’s frown deepened. Something didn’t seem right about the whole thing. The passing members of the Tribe had looks of relief on their faces, which made Meng Hao question the situation even more.

“Well, it doesn’t really matter if there’s something fishy with these Western Desert Tribes. At the moment, I can’t go back to the Southern Domain, and the Black Lands is simply too small and in too much chaos. It’s not suitable for cultivation right now. The only place I can go to for the moment is the Western Desert.” He lifted up his head and looked off in that direction.

“The Western Desert. That’s my destination!” Having declined the offer made by the Frigid Snow Clan, Meng Hao was now convinced of where he should go next. Only in the Western Desert would he be able to continue his research into totems, and finalize his theory regarding the five elements. He would use pill concocting techniques to concoct his own Five-Colored Nascent Soul.

No one had ever gone down such a path before!

“Metal, wood, water, fire, earth. I need five totems, one for each of the five elements. That will be the foundation, just like the medicinal plants you need to prepare before concocting a medicinal pill!

“Unfortunately, the difference between Western Desert and Southern Domain cultivation is too obvious. They use the power of totems, the resulting aura of which is completely different. One glance, and they will recognize me.” A ponderous look appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. Some of the most important aspects of Western Desert cultivation would be very difficult for a Southern Domain Cultivator to uncover. If he wanted to research totems, the best way would be to infiltrate the Western Desert under the guise of a Western Desert Cultivator.

He consulted with the meat jelly about this, but after helping him transcend the Tribulation, it was completely worn out. According to its explanation, it needed to rest for some time before it could provide any more assistance to the wicked and immoral Meng Hao.

Meng Hao even played his trump card and mentioned three bullies, which caused the meat jelly to tremble with excitement. However, tears also covered its face, as if it had seen some precious treasure, only to have it taken away.

Meng Hao sat there silently as the Wild Giant proceeded forward. However, a moment later, his eyes suddenly glittered and filled with determination.

“It seems that I really do need to work with Yan Song after all. He said before that he had a way around this aura problem. If he really has been working on this matter for years, then presumably, he is trustworthy.” His eyes flashed and filled with determination.

“With my current Cultivation base, along with the Bloodburst Flash and the Lotus Sword Formation, there is some distance between myself and the early Nascent Soul stage. However, if an early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator wanted to kill me, it wouldn’t be an easy task. If you add in the blood-colored mask... then I can definitely battle the early Nascent Soul stage!” He produced Yan Song’s wood slip and transmitted some Spiritual Sense into it. After that, he patted the Wild Giant on the head. It roared and then changed directions according to Meng Hao’s instructions.

Several days later....

In the border region between the Black Lands and the Western Desert is a region with endless mountain chains. In the middle of a dense forest was a stream with flowing waters that let off a silver glow. During the nighttime, this glow was particularly conspicuous to anyone who was able to use a particular method of rotating the Cultivation base.

Currently, Yan Song sat next to the little stream, smiling at the two middle-aged men in front of him.

Both men had Cultivation bases at the early Nascent Soul stage. One wore a long blue robe, the other, a black gown. Along with Yan Song, they formed a triangle as they all sat there cross-legged.

“Fellow Daoist Yan, when will we begin?”

“No need to be anxious, Fellow Daoist Wang. There are still two other Fellow Daoists en route. Based on my calculations, they should be here within two days. When they arrive, we can begin.”

[1]

“Fellow Daoist Yan,” said the black-robed Cultivator in a cool voice, “you should consider this matter carefully. Every additional person will indeed increase the chances of success, but will also mean dividing the rewards even more.”

“Fellow Daoist Mo Li, don’t worry,” said Yan Song with a smile. “I’ve thoroughly researched our destination. I’m absolutely certain that the Spirit Severing Pill can be split between five people.

“I truly hope you are telling the truth, Fellow Daoist Yan,” said the Cultivator in the blue robe, the one named Wang. He laughed, but the threat in his words was clear.

Yan Song also laughed. His voice cool, he replied, “Fellow Daoist Wang, you saw the wood slip with your own eyes, and can make your own decisions. If you don’t trust me, then even if I tried to convince you, you wouldn’t stay.”

The Wang Cultivator gave a cold harrumph, but didn’t say anything in response.

The moon soon appeared, causing the three people to look up. Suddenly, off in the distance, a prismatic beam of light could be seen streaking through the darkness. Moments later, an old man appeared next to the three Cultivators.

This man’s Cultivation base was at the early Nascent Soul stage, and clearly at the peak, placing him above Yan Song and the others.

“Patriarch Transmutation, Li Tian!” said the Wang Cultivator, his eyes narrowing. A serious expression filled his eyes.

The black-robed Cultivator next to him, the one surnamed Mo, also had a grave look on his face as he narrowed his eyes.

The old man Li Tian calmly glanced over the two of them and then smiled. It was a sinister smile, filled with coldness.

“So Fellow Daoist Wang and Fellow Daoist Li are here. When we last parted, years ago, the both of you were already so intimate. Now it seems you’ve gotten even closer? When will I be able to toast you at your wedding feast?” His voice was grating, and his eyes radiated condescension.

When they heard his words, the two men's faces didn't change in the slightest. It seemed they were used to the man speaking in such a fashion.

"You have always paled in comparison to us, Fellow Daoist Li," responded the Cultivator named Wang. "Throughout your years of Cultivation, it's hard to say how many female disciples from various Sects you've ruined. You don't even dare to step half a foot into the Southern Domain nowadays. You're like a stray dog, constantly on the run. I guess you must enjoy that type of life, Fellow Daoist Li." He feared Li Tian in his heart, but his words were incisive nonetheless.

Li Tian's eyes glittered with coldness. He gave a gruff laugh but said nothing more.

Seeing that the three of them would speak no more, Yan Song cleared his throat.

"Fellow Daoist Li is a trustworthy person," he said with a laugh, clasping hands. "On this journey into the Western Desert, all Fellow Daoists must work together."

"Very well," said Li Tian in a jarring voice that sounded like iron rubbing on stone.

Yan Song smiled and was about to say something else when suddenly, old man Li Tian's face flickered and he turned his head.

"Who's that?"

Even as his voice was sounding out, a beam of blood-colored light streaked through the forest toward them. Within an instant, it was a dozen or so meters away from the group.

The appearance of this newcomer was too sudden. Yan Song, Wang, and Mo didn't even sense anything until Li Tian said something. It was at that point that suddenly they realized something was amiss.

Almost the same instant that the newcomer appeared, Li Tian gave a cold snort. He immediately lifted his right hand to perform an incantation. Black strands of Qi swirled out to form a black crane. Emitting a piercing cry, it shot directly toward the blood-colored figure.

“Without a face,” said the blood-colored figure, waving its right hand. Instantly, an enormous face appeared. The face was indistinct but emanated shocking power. When the black crane slammed into it, it suddenly looked angry, and a booming sound echoed out.

The roaring sound caused Li Tian’s face to twist. Coldness still radiated out of his eyes, but now, within that coldness existed fear.

Chapter 390: The Five Tribes of the Crow Divinity

The blood-colored figure retreated a few paces and nonchalantly flicked a sleeve. The image of this person underneath the moonlight was instantly etched into the memories of all present.

The mask had two eyeholes, but no other features. Even the eyes themselves were bright red. However, they were not filled with madness, but rather ruthless coldness.

As the moonlight fell onto his green robe and long, black hair, he exuded a powerful air as well as something slightly Demonic.

This, of course, was none other than Meng Hao wearing his blood-colored mask!

“Your excellency, who are you?” said Li Tian in his grating voice. Next to him, the eyes of Wang and Mo narrowed as they looked at Meng Hao. Inwardly they were on full alert; they were unable to see the mask’s extraordinary abilities, but they could see that Meng Hao’s Cultivation base was only at the Core Formation stage. In contrast, the attack just now, while seemingly rather casual, had actually displayed ripples of power comparable to the Nascent Soul stage.

Therefore, everyone here was suddenly somewhat hesitant regarding Meng Hao’s Cultivation base.

Yan Song’s eyes flickered as he looked at him. There was something familiar about Meng Hao that caused shock to well up within his heart.

“Fellow Daoist Yan invited me here,” Meng Hao said coolly. “Is this how you receive guests?” Behind him, the Wild Giant slowly approached through the forest. As for Gu La, Meng Hao had rendered him unconscious earlier; the matter at hand was not something for his ears.

The Wild Giant was enormous, but nothing that the Nascent Soul Cultivators would care a whit about.

Yan Song's eyes flickered with understanding as he recognized Meng Hao's voice. "Fellow Daoist Meng!" he said. He took a deep breath. Deep inside, he suddenly realized that Meng Hao was much more mysterious than he had realized. His previous appraisal was that Meng Hao was of the Core Formation stage and a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy. But the scene from just now could not possibly have left him unmoved.

"Just what secrets is he hiding...?" thought Yan Song, realizing that there was much about Meng Hao that he didn't know. Suddenly, he let out a loud laugh and then clasped hands and said, "I didn't realize it was you, Fellow Daoist Meng. A simple misunderstanding, nothing more. Fellow Daoists Li, Wang, and Mo, allow me to introduce you to Fellow Daoist Meng. He is the last member of our party, a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy to whom even I cannot compare. With Fellow Daoist Meng here, our undertaking will have a much higher chance of succeeding."

Li Tian and the others exchanged slight nods. There was much less hostility in the air than there had been moments before.

As far as Meng Hao joining the group, they might have looked down on him because of his Cultivation base was at the Core Formation stage. However, Nascent Soul Cultivators are generally an eccentric lot. Most knew that many of their fellow Nascent Soul Cultivators liked to conceal their true Cultivation base, and very much did not like it when others saw their true level.

Yan Song did not offer any further explanations regarding the matter as the party gathered next to the silver stream.

Meng Hao's expression was cool. He had chosen to wear the mask at the expense of some of his life force, the reason being his previous experience in a similar situation in the Southern Domain, in the Black Sieve Sect's ancient Blessed Land. Because his insufficient Cultivation base, he had been attacked. Although the matter had been resolved, it had led to some awkwardness and unfavourable situations.

This time, he figured he might as well lead off with a tough posture. After all, by donning the blood-colored mask, he was much stronger than normal.

"With Fellow Daoist Meng here," said the man named Wang, "all are accounted for. Fellow Daoist Yan, would you mind explaining in detail the matter regarding the Spirit Severing Pill?" He looked at Meng Hao, then glanced over at the black-robed Cultivator named Mo. When he did, his eyes flickered with irritation and killing intent.

He made no attempt to conceal his expression, which caused Li Tian to chuckle. Yan Song also noticed. He gave a wry smile, unsure of what to say.

Meng Hao was taken aback. The Wang Cultivator's killing intent seemed completely inexplicable, leaving Meng Hao astonished. It was then that he noticed that the Cultivator named Mo was looking at Meng Hao with a look of appreciation, even curiosity. The man was middle-aged, but his skin was as white as jade, and his features handsome, filled with a certain gentleness.

The gaze of the Mo Cultivator was surprising, but as soon as he heard the chuckle of Li Tian, he seemed to think of something which terrified him. He coughed lightly and stepped back to avoid Wang.

Yan Song shook his head. He could only smile wryly and clear his throat, then say, "Fellow Daoists, I'm indebted to the four of you for the trust you have shown me. Your arrival here has ensured that we can definitely accomplish our task in the Western Desert. However, I, Yan, will not attempt to pull the wool over your eyes. This undertaking will be very dangerous!" He looked around at the four others, noting their expressions, then continued.

"The ancient Dao of alchemy vastly exceeds that of modern times. Much has been lost, and currently, it is only common to find medicinal pills that are effective up to the Nascent Soul stage. Medicinal pills useful for the Spirit Severing stage are very rare. Nowadays, one can acquire medicinal pills that have survived since ancient times or even remote antiquity, then re-concoct them to make pills that are, at best, not even ten percent as effective as the original.

"The greatest dividing mark between the ancient Dao of alchemy and modern days, is none other than the Spirit Severing Pill. Upon consuming this pill, which is also known as Resurrection Day, the Cultivator will be submerged in an enlightenment of Heaven and Earth. He will be able to clearly understand himself and then accomplish his First Severing.

"You can review all of this information on the wood slip I gave to you all. Throughout the years, I, Yan, have traveled to many places, and finally confirmed that a location connected to the ancient Dao of alchemy exists in the Western Desert!

"Perhaps its existence is connected to the rise of the Crow Divinity Tribe. I've attempted to secretly enter their Sacred Mountain but was unable to even get near it. I could only observe from a distance. Even still, I could verify that it is connected to the ancient Dao of alchemy!"

As Yan Song slowly made his explanation, Meng Hao's expression remained the same. However, deep in his heart, he was analyzing Yan Song's words, trying to determine how much was true and how much was false.

"The Crow Divinity Tribe has long since fallen into decline and split apart. It now exists as five separate powers, each of which now exists as a Tribe in its own right. They are the Crow Soldier Tribe, the Crow Fighter Tribe, the Crow Scout Tribe, the Crow Flame Tribe and the Crow Gloom Tribe!"

Hearing this, Meng Hao's expression remained the same as always. However, a tremor ran through his heart as he thought back to the man he had captured, Wu Mu, who was from the Crow Scout Tribe.

"What's the point of all of this?" said Wang somberly, his face expressionless. "Just lead us to this Crow Divinity Mountain, and we can enter it together."

"Fellow Daoist Wang, the matter is not that simple," responded Yan Song, shaking his head. "The Crow Divinity Tribe might have split apart, but atop Crow Divinity Mountain is a Totem God, in other words, a Spirit Severing Patriarch. With him on Crow Divinity Mountain, do you really think we can just barge in?"

"No, we must employ a different tactic. The Crow Divinity Tribe was split up into five sub-Tribes. Every so often, according to a predetermined schedule, the five tribes will enter their Sacred Mountain to pay obeisances to their ancestors, and to acquire totemic power.

"That is the only way to openly enter Crow Divinity Mountain. Therefore, our job is to infiltrate the Tribes and then make names for ourselves. We must gain their trust by joining their Tribes as vassals, and then acquire the right to enter Crow Divinity Mountain! After we get into the Mountain, we will reassemble and work together to acquire the pill of the ancient Dao of alchemy!" Yan Song's eyes shone with a bright light. Clearly, he had been working on this plan for a long time in order to assure that it would go off smoothly.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed and Li Tian appeared to be lost in thought. Wang and Mo exchanged a glance; both seemed to approve of the plan.

Yan Song looked around at the ground and then laughed. "As for how to make a name and gain their trust, I'm sure all of you Fellow Daoists will have your own ways to do that!"

“How do we resolve the problem of our auras?” asked Meng Hao.

“For that matter, we will have to prevail upon Fellow Daoist Li. He has resided in the Western Desert for a hundred years, and all the way until now, no one has ever been able to determine which Tribe he is in, nor what he looks like. Clearly, he is quite skilled in this regard.” With that, Yan Song clasped hands and bowed to Li Tian.

“Absolutely no problem,” said Li Tian coolly. “Before coming here today, I used a secret art to create five rare treasures. These objects can alter your aura and conceal your Cultivation base for three years. Using this object will also enable you to manifest a totem tattoo that completely resembles that of Western Desert Cultivators.

“However, I will not blithely dole out such treasures. Yan Song, you are the leader of our party, so I will offer one to you with no questions asked. However, if the other three Fellow Daoists wish to acquire my treasure, you will explain to me what use you will be in this mission regarding the ancient Dao of alchemy.” Li Tian’s eyes glittered. The message was carefully worded, but it was obvious that he wanted to pry into the private details of the others.

The Wang Cultivator gave a cold snort and said, “The two of us can analyze and explain all of the complex spell formations in Crow Divinity Mountain. The rest of you won’t have to move a finger.”

Li Tian laughed, then waved his right hand. Three beams of white light shot out toward, two of them landing into the hands of Wang and Mo, the other flying to hover in front of Yan Song.

“What about you, Fellow Daoist Meng?” asked Li Tian, looking over at Meng Hao. All of the people present feared Meng Hao. His casual attack earlier had clearly impressed dread upon their hearts.

“I am a master of all Daos of alchemy,” said Meng Hao, his expression placid. His words caused Li Tian’s pupils to constrict. Wang and Mo suddenly looked very serious.

Yan Song smiled wordlessly. After a long moment passed, Li Tian waved his sleeve, sending a white light shooting toward Meng Hao.

“As for how to use the item, you all can figure it out on your own.”

“Very well,” said Yan Song. “Since we are all in agreement, we should now make our way toward the five Tribes. I will go to the Crow Flame Tribe.

“I choose the Crow Soldier Tribe,” said Wang.

“The Crow Scout Tribe!” said Meng Hao, his expression the same as always, not revealing even an ounce of anything.

“Then I shall select the Crow Fighter Tribe,” said Li Tian.

That left the Crow Gloom tribe for Mo. The assignments having been made, Yan Song produced an eight-sided Feng Shui Compass, which he placed onto the ground. The glow of teleportation magic immediately rose up.

“After entering the five Tribes, we will keep any communication to a minimum,” he said. “We will reassemble in Crow Divinity Mountain, using the wood slips to communicate.” He next produced jade slips which he handed over to the others. “Here is a detailed introduction of the five Tribes and the Western Desert. Incidentally, all five of the Tribes are currently recruiting large numbers of vassals. Infiltrating them should pose no difficulty.” With that, he stepped into the teleportation spell and disappeared.

Wang and Mo followed in succession. Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he carefully examined the teleportation spell. After hesitating for a moment, he summoned the Wild Giant, who was still holding Gu La in hand. He then entered the spell under the watchful eyes of Li Tian.

Colors blossomed in Meng Hao’s eyes as he was teleported away. He felt as if his body were being pulled apart, as if he were suddenly adrift in Time. He wasn’t sure how much time passed before a buzzing sound filled his head. He felt like he was being torn into pieces. Then, everything went back to normal. He reappeared in a stretch of barren, greenish mountains.