

The Heavens 481

Chapter 481: An Old Enemy

The battle lasted for several long hours. The Eternal Universe Tribe Greatfather perished and the High Priest was destroyed. Of the remaining five Nascent Soul Cultivators, three died and two attempted to flee.

They didn't get very far before Meng Hao caught up with them and exterminated them.

He had no other choice. The only chance they had to live was to surrender, change totems, and exercise faith in Meng Hao by becoming a slave member of the Crow Divinity Tribes. Meng Hao could well imagine that if he didn't kill those who chose instead to flee, news of the matter of the Demon Spirit would quickly travel far and wide.

They were in a bad enough situation as it was, if news spread even farther, then it would be even more difficult to successfully migrate.

Only about two thousand members of the Eternal Universe Tribe remained from the original force of seven or eight thousand. These members chose to surrender and pay allegiance to Meng Hao, becoming slave members of the Crow Divinity Tribes.

Of the 60,000 neo-demons, 50,000 survived the battle. They blotted out the sky as they surrounded Meng Hao, who stood there, hair whipping about, his face filled with killing intent. He truly looked bizarre in these circumstances.

Several days later, the Crow Divinity Tribes, now four thousand members strong, arrived at the city formerly controlled by the Eternal Universe Tribe. They stripped the city of anything useful and then proceeded on their way.

They headed south, following a path that would eventually lead them out of the Western Desert North region.

The violet rain only continued to fall harder and harder.... The corrosive properties of the rain, its ability to exterminate life force, also increased. More and more lakes could be seen covering the land. From the look of it, it wouldn't be long before the lakes joined together to become a sea.

Time flashed by. Two years passed. During the two years, the Crow Divinity Tribes continued on relentlessly toward the south. They crossed huge lakes and made their way through mountain ranges. During the journey, they faced battle seven times.

These seven battles caused the Crow Divinity Tribes to completely rise to prominence. Their numbers grew from four thousand to over 10,000. Only a thousand of those were original members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes. The other Cultivators were captured in battle and then chose to pledge allegiance to the Crow Divinity, to exercise faith in Meng Hao, and to become slaves.

Their totems were forcibly changed. Prostrating in worship to Meng Hao, they received either a Metal, Wood, Fire or Earth totem, and called Meng Hao Sacred Ancient.

Through the successive battles, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde gradually increased in size. It now numbered 80,000.

As far as Nascent Soul Cultivators went, before they had only three. Now, there were seven, an increase of four. They were Cultivators from other Tribes who had chosen to surrender. To these Cultivators who chose to join the Crow Divinity Tribes, it was actually a chance to survive through the Apocalypse.

If the Crow Divinity Tribes managed to make it to the Black Lands, then they too would be able to enter and survive.

The shocking sight of the neo-demon horde soaring through the sky made it so that the glory of the Crow Divinity Tribes had now been restored to the level it had been back in the days of the Five Tribes. Now that more people were joining, and resources were more plentiful, Meng Hao began to concoct medicinal pills. Because his medicinal pills could restore spiritual energy, they became an essential part of life in the Crow Divinity Tribes.

It was also the reason that the more than 10,000 Cultivators could continue to endure the violet rain. After all... despite their abundance of resources, they still had not been able to acquire a flying machine.

Large-scale flying magical items were considerably expensive, and not something that mid-sized Tribes would possess. Only great Tribes would have such magical items.

Meng Hao was hopeful of being able to acquire a flying machine. However, during the two years, his face only continued to grow grimmer and grimmer. He was well aware that because of the Apocalypse, many Tribes in the Western Desert North were in the process of migrating. That was why they had run into the seven other Tribes that they battled with.

However, as they continued to travel, they would eventually leave the North region. When that happened, they would be facing up against even more Tribes, many of whom would have Feng Shui compasses. Once the Demon Spirit showed up on a Feng Shui compass, it would give rise to shocking violence.

The only way to resolve situations like that was by killing!

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a cold light. During the two years, he had become completely accustomed to carrying out massacres.

“If the Crow Divinity Tribes cannot make it all the way to the Black Lands, it will be because I have done everything in my power, but failed. At that point, my debt to the Golden Crow will be paid. I will prove myself worthy of the blessings I have received from the Crow Divinity Tribes.” Meng Hao was already doing everything he could to fulfill his moral obligations. Regardless of whether or not he was able to achieve the pinnacle of his goal, there was now little more that he could do.

During the two years in which Meng Hao observed the violet rain falling, he was slowly beginning to attain bits of enlightenment. He was able to use the Everburning Flame to give birth to his Fire-type totem, and the framework of the Frost soil to create his Earth-type totem. As for his Water-type totem... perhaps he really could use the violet rain to acquire it!

After all, the violet rain contained the power of an Apocalypse. Such Water-type power could exterminate life and cut off spiritual energy. It was extraordinary to the extreme. If he could control that power and use it to create a Water-type totem tattoo, then Meng Hao would not only have completed the great circle of the five elements, but would have done so with five elements that could shake Heaven and Earth!

Metal came from the Golden Crow, a medicinal pill from ancient times that became a Demon, something exceedingly rare in Heaven and Earth!

Wood came from a powerful expert from the Ninth Sea, who collapsed upon reaching South Heaven. Its consciousness was reborn in the form of a tree, the Greenwood Tree!

Fire came from the East Pill Everburning Flame. It was a fire that could never be extinguished, that would exist eternally. Its origin was a mystery, such that even Meng Hao wasn't sure where it came from!

Earth came from the power of the Frost soil and the Frost Soil Demon Emperor, a legendary soil which, according to the legends in the Ninth Mountain, was magically birthed from a patch of dirt, and eventually became unique and unmatched.

“Water.... The violet rain Apocalypse exterminates life and cuts off spiritual energy, leaving everything desolate!” Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light.

10,000 Cultivators of the Tribe followed him in this Apocalyptic migration. The speed with which they traveled was significantly faster than two years before. After all, all of the people who surrendered and offered allegiance were Cultivators, not ordinary Tribe members. As for the original group of one thousand Crow Divinity Tribe members, the few hundred ordinary Tribe members were assisted by others, and didn't influence the general speed of the migration.

Not many people noticed the rise of the Crow Divinity Tribes. After all, everyone was anxious to carry out their own migrations, and didn't pay too much attention to what was happening elsewhere. Furthermore, because of the chaos of the Apocalypse, all Tribes were very vigilant when it came to dealing with outsiders.

However, there was one Tribe that did notice the five Crow Divinity Tribes. That Tribe was none other than the old enemy of the Crow Divinity Tribes, the Five Poisons Tribe!

On the border of the Western Desert North region, the Five Poisons Tribe had set up temporary shelters. In the central pavilion sat the Tribe's Priests, who numbered thirteen in total. In the center position were two old men.

The first was the Greatfather of the Five Poisons Tribe. The other... was the man who had led the great army in an attempt to exterminate the five Crow Divinity Tribes. The High Priest.

He broke the silence in the tent with his raspy voice: “We are certain that the Crow Divinity Tribes have a Demon Spirit.”

Conversations immediately broke out within the central pavilion.

“We have already contacted the great Cloud Sky Tribe. They have a Spirit Severing Patriarch, which qualifies them to enter the Black Lands. If we choose to join them, then... from now on, we will lose the right to govern ourselves, and will become an auxiliary branch of their Tribe. The exalted Sacred Ancients are reluctant to agree to such an arrangement.”

“If we choose not to join the great Cloud Sky Tribe, then the only hope we have to survive is to exterminate the Crow Divinity Tribes and seize their Demon Spirit. Furthermore, our only chance is to do so... before news of this Demon Spirit spreads to other areas outside the Western Desert North region!”

“That’s right. Once the words spreads out, it will reach the Central region, where large quantities of Tribes are congregating. The further south one goes, the more Tribes there are to be found. Once the Crow Divinity Tribes enter the Central region, the fact that they have a Demon Spirit will be impossible to hide.”

“If we acquire the Demon Spirit, we could use it to make a deal with the great Cloud Sky Tribe. We could offer it to them in exchange for the chance of autonomy if we join them.”

As the conversations continued, the Greatfather sat there taciturnly.

“In accord with our previous agreement, the emissary from the Cloud Sky Tribe will be here in two months.”

“However, according to our secret inquiries, the Crow Divinity Tribes are now over 10,000 in number. They also have tens of thousands of neo-demons. Furthermore, their Grand Dragoner Meng Hao is worth a thousand regular Cultivators! Such a war will be no simple thing.”

“They’re nothing but a disorderly mob. If we attack with all our might, we can definitely wipe out the Crow Divinity Tribes within three days, and seize the Demon Spirit before anyone else can!”

Finally, the Greatfather cleared his throat, instantly causing the pavilion to grow quiet. All gazes shifted to fall upon him.

“The Sacred Ancients are not willing to join another great Tribe. Neither are we.... Therefore, prepare for war! We will fight the Crow Divinity Tribes and seize their Demon Spirit. That Demon Spirit is the key to our future survival!” His eyes filled with determination as he spoke. Afterwards, all of the Priests kowtowed deeply to him.

“As for that Grand Dragoner Meng Hao... the Tribe still has a drop of Heavenly Blood. Use the blood to fuse the spirits of the tens of thousands of Tribe members, and slay Meng Hao!”

The High Priest stared in shock and said, “Heavenly Blood. That’s....”

“I’ve already made up my mind. The Crow Divinity Tribes’ Grand Dragoner Meng Hao will die as soon as we make our assault!” The Greatfather’s voice was resolute. The others sat there silently for a moment, then began to nod.

Soon thereafter, the Five Poisons Tribe’s temporary residence area buzzed as 50,000 Tribe members prostrated themselves around five statues. If you could look at the scene from up above, the Five Poisons Tribe looked like a giant petal with five flowers. In the very center were the Greatfather and the others. Suddenly, a drop of blood appeared in the hand of the Greatfather, which he flung up into the sky.

At the same time, the tens of thousands of prostrating Tribe Members began to chant an incantation. The sound of it was extremely bizarre as it floated up into the air. The sky dimmed, and the violet rain in the area seemed to begin to undulate.

“Spirit Fusion!” cried the Greatfather. Immediately, 50,000 Cultivators bit their tongues and spat out a mouthful of blood. The blood immediately shot up into the air to fuse together with the violet drop of blood which had been thrown up earlier. The mass of blood grew larger and larger; in the blink of an eye it was a few dozen meters wide. Then it began to shrink down until it was barely two meters tall, and bore the semblance of a human.

Soon a face appeared. Its eyes opened, and a bloody glow rose up into the sky. It looked around and, seemingly sensing the will of the surrounding 50,000 Cultivators, turned its head and then shot off into the distance.

Chapter 482: Blood of the Ji Clan!

After the figure of blood shot off into the distance, the members of the great Five Poisons Tribe rose to their feet. The Tribe happened to have a gigantic magical item capable of flight. It was a colossal, extremely life-like viper.

It was roughly three thousand meters long and emanated pressure in all directions. This flying magical item was actually the transmogrified corpse of a Sacred Ancient which had perished many

years in the past. The Five Poisons Tribe paid an exorbitant price to the great Heaven's Work Tribe to use their skill to transform the corpse into the flying magical item.

Normally speaking, its capacity was several thousand people. However, in their fervor to slaughter the Crow Divinity Tribes, the Five Poisons Tribe spared no amount of Spirit Stones, and even ignored any possible damage it might cause, to overload it with more than 30,000 Cultivators. They, along with the Greatfather and nine Priests, immediately headed in the direction they knew Meng Hao to be.

Among their number was Zhixiang. After returning from the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, she had maintained a low profile and concealed her Cultivation base. No one had picked up on anything out of the ordinary. At the moment, she stood there, eyes glittering, her brow slightly furrowed.

"I never imagined that this Five Poisons Tribe would have a drop of blood of the Ji Clan. The Blood Qi is viscous; it seems to be from a powerful expert of the Ji Clan from ancient times. It has grown weak over the years, to the point where the power of the bloodline won't even spread out. That must be why the Ji Clan is unaware that some of their ancestral blood is on the loose.

"Even still, it is still Immortal blood.... Well, it still won't be sufficient to kill Meng Hao." Eyes flickering, she maintained her silence.

The giant viper flew through the air for a few days. Eventually, it reached a lake, which it quickly crossed.

The Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather sat there cross-legged atop the giant viper. "I can sense that the Heavenly Blood is already nearing its target," he said. "It will go in for the kill tonight! Since the Crow Divinity Tribes' Grand Dragoner will die, we must make top speed and arrive in less than a day!" With that, he closed his eyes.

That night, the sky was dark and there was no moon. Everything was pitch black. The Crow Divinity Tribes were resting, having erected simple tents which were organized in concentric rings.

Regarding the miscellaneous affairs of the Tribe, the Greatfather of the Crow Soldier Tribe had recently been elected to serve as the Crow Divinity Tribe Greatfather. Various rituals were performed which the other Nascent Soul Cultivators also attended. During the past two years, the Crow Divinity Tribe had become a well-oiled machine.

At the moment, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in his own tent, which was located in the very center of the encampment, an indication of the venerated position he occupied. Outside of the tent, Crow Divinity Tribe Cultivators stood guard day and night.

Currently, his eyes were closed, and he held an alcohol flagon in his right hand. Throughout the two years, he had kept Han Shan's flagon close at hand. Inside was an unending supply of alcohol. Although drinking it did not give him any Dancing Sword Qi, it left him with a warm feeling inside that kept him quite comfortable despite the violet rain.

He couldn't drink too much, though. At the most, he would drink three small mouthfuls per day.

He sat there cross-legged, his eyes closed. His attention was currently focused inside the blood-colored mask, on Ji Nineteen, who was still bound by the flag of three streamers. Whenever he had time these past years, Meng Hao would take the time to study him. The four deadly wooden swords were kept stabbed into him the entire time. Despite Ji Nineteen's raving and cursing, his Cultivation base was incapable of restoring itself. It was completely restricted by Meng Hao's wooden swords.

Next to Ji Nineteen was the Li Clan Patriarch, who sat there rubbing his hands together excitedly. His body was covered with crackling lightning that danced back and forth. After experiencing the Heavenly Tribulation those years ago, he was almost completely transformed into a Soul of Lightning.

In compliance with Meng Hao's requirements, he had turned into a sort of jailer, responsible for keeping an eye on Ji Nineteen. Every time Meng Hao came to torment Ji Nineteen, the Li Clan Patriarch would get extremely excited. He would even offer bits of advice to Meng Hao to help him transform Ji Nineteen into a Soul of Lightning.

As far as Ji Nineteen was concerned, all of that was not the worst of the situation. The worst was that during the two years, the meat jelly had taken a strong interest in him. Every few days it would come in and try to convert him. Ji Nineteen was on the verge of collapse. Every time the meat jelly came to try to convert him, the Li Clan Patriarch would get even more excited, and his face would be covered with a sinister smile.

"Tell me, how does one use the Karma of the Ji Clan? If you tell me, I'll keep the meat jelly away for an entire month. What do you say?" Meng Hao spoke slowly and methodically, but all he got in return from Ji Nineteen was raving and cursing.

Meng Hao's face began to grow colder. His Cultivation base was not weak like it had been all those years ago. He had already reached the point that he was strong enough to kill this weakened Ji

Nineteen. Right now, his eyes flickered with coldness for a moment before turning calm again. He was just about to go call for the meat jelly when suddenly, his body completely disappeared. Simultaneously, back in the tent, a fissure suddenly opened up in the air in front of seated Meng Hao.

As soon as the fissure opened, a blood-colored hand stretched out from within, completely silent and undetectable by anyone. This hand was very strange looking; it had no prints on the fingers or palm, and in the very center of the palm, tens of thousands of magical faces could be seen. This bizarre hand immediately shot toward Meng Hao, extending its finger to in an attempt to tap him on the forehead.

When the blood-colored hand was only about seven inches away from Meng Hao's forehead, his eyes snapped open. A profound sense of deadly crisis filled him, wrapping up his mind. He instantly moved backward, but the blood-colored finger followed at the same speed. As it did, a blood-colored arm and then a body emerged from the fissure.

As Meng Hao retreated, he hit the wall of the tent. His eyes flickered as Metal-, Wood-, Water-, and Earth-type totems magically appeared in front of him, slamming into the blood-colored finger.

A boom rang out, shaking everything and echoing out into the silent night. The tent instantly exploded into bits as Meng Hao shot out from within. The more than 10,000 shocked members of the Crow Divinity Tribe all began to emerge from their tents. When they looked over, they saw their Sacred Ancient, Meng Hao, shooting through the air in retreat.

Pursuing him was a blood-colored figure which emanated a bloody glow. Its finger was only seven inches away from Meng Hao, blocked by four great totems, which prevented it from moving any closer.

Meng Hao's face flickered as he retreated. The blood-colored mask instantly appeared; when he donned the mask, a bloody glow shot out of Meng Hao to rise up into the air. A gigantic face appeared which shot toward the blood-colored figure.

A rumbling boom could be heard as the blood-colored figure pierced directly through the face. Now, it was not seven inches away from Meng Hao, but five.

"What is this thing!?" thought Meng Hao, his pupils constricting. At this crucial moment, an azure glow suddenly appeared in his eyes. He opened his mouth, causing an azure Immortal's Sword to fly out. It shot like lightning to slam into the blood-colored figure.

A boom could be heard as the speeding sword slashed into the figure. Suddenly a sound could be heard that resembled tens of thousands voices all screaming at the same time. The blood-colored figure instantly exploded into countless fragments. Meng Hao saw tens of thousands of magical faces twisting and shattering.

As the boom echoed out, the Crow Divinity Tribe members down below looked up with anxious expressions. When they saw the blood-colored figure finally collapse, they heaved sighs of relief.

Meng Hao floated there, his expression grim.

“That thing showed up far too unexpectedly. So strange. It wanted to kill me, which would then cause the Cultivation bases of the entire Crow Divinity Tribe to fall...”

“Ah?! Wait, something else must be going on. No matter what Tribe it is that wanted me dead, they would not pass up an opportunity to attack after my death. They would definitely follow up in attack! That means the Crow Divinity Tribe is still in danger!” Having reached this conclusion, Meng Hao’s face flickered. He looked off into the night sky and was just about to summon his neo-demon horde when the grave danger he had predicted appeared. His eyes narrowed as his body transformed into a black moon, which then shot forward in a wisp of green smoke.

Right behind him in mid-air, countless dots of blood suddenly began to form back together into a blood-colored figure. The bloody glow was a bit weaker this time, but the feeling Meng Hao got was that it was purer. The sense of deadly crisis he felt was even stronger now!

The blood-colored flickered as it suddenly shrank down into a single, dark drop of blood. The drop of blood instantly caused Meng Hao to begin to breathe heavily.

“Soul Blood! That’s a drop of Soul Blood!!”

The Soul Blood turned into a streaking line as it shot toward Meng Hao with indescribable speed. As it did, an incredible, overwhelming aura emanated out. At the same time, the feeling of Karma could also be sensed within the blood.

It was in this instant that inside the blood-colored mask, the flag of three streamers suddenly began to tremble. It emanated a feeling of hope, and an aura that suggested it had suddenly encountered its archenemy!

As for Ji Nineteen, a roaring filled his body, and his face filled with disbelief.

“Ancestral aura? It’s ancient, extremely ancient, maybe even more ancient than the Ji Clan itself... This is impossible. What generation does this patriarchal blood come from? Whose blood is it?!?!”

“Ji Clan blood!” thought Meng Hao. His eyes went wide as he realized that all his divine abilities, all his magical techniques, and all his totems were useless against this blood. Even using the green smoke escape art, he wasn’t fast enough to evade it. In the blink of an eye, it was upon him.

Meng Hao didn’t even have time to use the Dancing Sword Qi.

The only thing he had time to do, in the moment just before the blood reached him, was wave his hand. Immediately 80,000 neo-demons emerged. Upon Meng Hao’s order, they shot down to protect the Crow Divinity Tribe.

He just had time to accomplish this. Then, the blood hit his forehead, filling him with roaring pain.

It was at this time that Meng Hao roared: “Agarwood!”

Instantly the power of the Agarwood exploded out from within Meng Hao, fighting back against the power of the blood drop. It was unclear exactly what was happening, but the blood was incapable of killing Meng Hao. After hitting him, the boundless might of the Agarwood expanded out, enveloping Meng Hao.

It was in this exact moment that the Five Poison Tribe’s gigantic viper could be seen up in the sky, whistling through the air. Tens of thousands of Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators transformed into beams of colorful light that shot down toward the ground.

They were joined by tens of thousands of neo-demons which were under the control of a handful of Five Poisons Tribe Dragoners. In addition, powerful Nascent Soul Cultivators teleported down, filled with determination to eradicate the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Off in the distance, the air rippled as the Five Poisons Tribes totemic Sacred Ancients, with the exception of the spider and scorpion, appeared.

In the blink of an eye, the one thousand Crow Divinity Conclave Tribe members recognized who these people were. The Five Poisons Tribe. Instantly, their eyes turned red.

When you face up against your archenemy, you won't rest until they are dead!

Chapter 483: I Shall Seal Death!

“Kill them!”

The more than one thousand Crow Divinity Conclave Tribe members' eyes were red. The former Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, who was now the Greatfather of the entire Crow Divinity Tribe, as well as Wu Chen, Wu Ling, and all the other Tribe members who had participated in the bloody war, all let out unbridled roars of fury.

Killing intent sprang out from their eyes as all the enmity from the past exploded out within them. They shot forward, totems magically materializing. Immediately, booms filled the air.

Behind them, the rest of the more than ten thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribe all joined them as they charged into battle.

The Crow Divinity Tribe members had experienced many battles in their two years of migration. In the beginning, they had been small and weak. Over time, they had grown stronger and more powerful in their rise to prominence. It wasn't just the physical strength of the Crow Divinity Tribe which had grown, but also the strength of their hearts!

As for the Tribe members who had surrendered to the Crow Divinity Tribe and exercised faith in Meng Hao, his totems not only caused their Cultivation bases to soar up, they also benefited from his medicinal pills. This caused their faith in the Crow Divinity Tribe as a whole to grow strong.

Most importantly, after joining the Crow Divinity Tribe, they had hope. This was especially so considering that their former Tribes did not exist any more. As of now, the Crow Divinity Tribe was their only hope.

They looked forward to the day when the Crow Divinity Tribe would enter the Black Lands. After two years of constant victories in battle, their hope was incredibly strong.

In the blink of an eye, the battle began.... The Crow Divinity Tribe did not shrink back in the slightest. Even as the Five Poisons Tribe was still nearing, the more than ten thousand Crow Divinity Tribe Cultivators, joined by 80,000 neo-demons, instantly charged into battle. That was when the slaughter began!

No words were exchanged. The Five Poisons Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe were long-standing enemies. The enmity which existed between the two had been interrupted by the arrival of the violet rain Apocalypse.

Were it not for that war, the Crow Divinity Tribe would never have sunken into such decline and would already have been able to migrate out of the Western Desert North region. As far as the Five Poisons Tribe went, it was because of the war that the Scorpion Branch split off, and their Sacred Ancients now lacked a spider and a scorpion!

Of the Five Poisons, two were gone. To the Five Poisons Tribe, this was a catastrophic blow. At any other time, it wouldn't have been too much of a problem. With time, they could have recovered. But at that critical juncture, the violet rain arrived, forcing the Five Poisons Tribe to migrate. Their overall level of power was reduced, causing further complications for their migration.

This was why the desire to destroy the Crow Divinity Tribe was so strong in the hearts of the Five Poisons Tribe.

Shocking booms filled the air. Heavy casualties were immediately inflicted in the initial fighting. There were even members of Crow Divinity Tribe who chose to self-detonate, causing the Five Poisons Tribe to recall the frenzied fighting from years ago.

However, the Five Poisons Tribe also fought with madness. The war years ago had been one of invasion; this battle, however, was one in which they were fighting for their own survival as a Tribe. Even some Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators began to self-detonate.

The Crow Divinity Tribe only had seven Nascent Soul Cultivators, whereas the Five Poisons Tribe had more than ten Priests. However, the Crow Divinity Tribe's advantage was not in the number of Cultivators they possessed, but rather, their neo-demons.

They had powerful neo-demons. 80,000 of them. There were even high-level neo-demons in the horde who could compare to Nascent Soul Cultivators. As of this moment, the two Tribes were relatively evenly matched.

The Crow Divinity Tribe Greatfather faced off against the Five Poisons Tribe High Priest. Their battling shook Heaven and Earth. The Greatfather was actually not a match in terms of his Cultivation base. However, he had long since chosen to burn his Cultivation base and life force, all of himself, to temporarily increase his level of power. Only by doing so could he hold his own against the High Priest.

In truth, what he was trying to do was hold up the High Priest and prevent him from attacking anyone else.

As for the Five Poisons Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancients, they were missing a spider and a scorpion. However, their viper, toad, and centipede still emanated explosive pressure.

Before the Apocalypse, their presence would have been astonishing. However... because of the years of violet rain, as well as the totemic sealing of the Crow Divinity Tribe years ago, they were much weaker than before.

Right now, their level of power exceeded that of the Nascent Soul stage, and they were incredibly powerful. The ones to match up against them were the Outlander Beast, the parrot, and the meat jelly. As the battle began, it became apparent that, whether it be it in terms of their top fighters, or even the ordinary Tribe members, the Crow Divinity Tribe was slightly at a disadvantage. Although it couldn't be said that they were being crushed, it was quite close to that. Thankfully, Meng Hao's 80,000 neo-demons were there, allowing them to just barely hold on.

However, it was clear that they would only be able to hold on for a short period of time!

In the middle of the battlefield was a bizarre area that no one could enter. It was an empty area roughly three hundred meters across.

In the very middle of the three hundred meter area was an enormous, rippling sphere of blood. Roaring sounds could be heard emanating out from it, as if someone inside were struggling, trying to break out.

This blood sphere was formed by none other than the Ji Clan blood. Because of the power of the Agarwood, it had changed forms in this way. Instead of recklessly trying to kill Meng Hao, it was now acting like a seal, trapping him inside.

"Kill them!" roared the Crow Divinity Tribe members.

“Press on! The Sacred Ancient will definitely break out!” To the Crow Divinity Tribe members, Meng Hao was their Sacred Ancient, almost like a god.

With Meng Hao there, all dangers and all catastrophes could be overcome!

They had staunch faith in Meng Hao. They truly believed that all they had to do was endure; their Sacred Ancient would break free from the blood sphere. Once he appeared, he would lead them into victory over the Five Poisons Tribe!

The Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather’s eyes glittered. His Cultivation base was at the late Nascent Soul stage. With a cold snort, he charged into the battle. Wherever he went, death followed. Any Crow Divinity Tribe member who tried to block his way exploded into death.

His body turned into a beam of light as he shot directly toward the three hundred meter wide area. No one could stop him. As he neared, he flashed an incantation with both hands, sending an attack to roar toward the blood sphere.

This was a special technique, a divine ability which could actually pass inside of the blood sphere. He wanted to kill Meng Hao and acquire the Demon Spirit!

Moments ago....

Roaring echoed out. Within the blood-colored sphere, Meng Hao’s face was grim. He looked around him at the rippling, bloody light that surrounded him like a wall. It was like a gigantic seal, with him locked in the middle, unable to emerge.

Meng Hao’s hands flickered as one magical technique and divine ability after another slammed into the blood-colored wall. The sound of it all was deafening, but the blood-colored wall wasn’t harmed in the slightest.

He also had no way to know what was happening outside. Just before being sealed inside, he saw the Five Poisons Tribe approaching. It was in that moment that he knew that this battle... was a disaster for the Crow Divinity Tribe!

Meng Hao was worried and anxious. It wouldn't matter if he was stuck inside this place for a short period of time. But if too much time passed, he knew that the Crow Divinity Tribe would not be able to hold out against the Five Poisons Tribe.

The Five Poisons Tribe had obviously planned things out well. Their goal was obvious; eradicate the Crow Divinity Tribe and snatch their Demon Spirit. You could say that in the past two years of battle, they had never faced a situation as dangerous as this.

Even as Meng Hao was frowning in thought, the blood-colored wall suddenly contracted, and then moments later, expanded outward. During this period of contraction and then expansion, three strands suddenly bored through the wall. As soon as they entered, they transformed into a gigantic viper, centipede and toad. Three of the five poisons magically appeared. Instantly, they let out piercing cries and shot toward Meng Hao.

On the bodies of each of these three creatures, Meng Hao could see the image of an old man.

That old man was none other than the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather, who was outside of the blood-colored seal.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he waved his hand. Instantly, his Cultivation base exploded out with the power of four of the five elements. A ferocious, gale-force wind swept across the three poisons. The viper instantly broke apart and disappeared.

Meng Hao let out a cold snort. Cracking sounds could be heard from within his body as he moved forward like a fiend. A fist descended, and the toad let out a miserable shriek as it exploded into pieces.

At the same time, the centipede's body twisted as it shot like lightning toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he spit out a mouthful of Alcohol Qi.

The Alcohol Qi was like a mist that instantly enveloped the centipede. Its body began to wither, and it let out a shriek. It was at this point that a mark like a black moon appeared on Meng Hao's forehead.

Employing the evil magic, the moon flickered as it branded down onto the body of the centipede, using it as a conduit with which to attack the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather to whom it was currently connected. The black moon Spiritual Sense attack bubbled forth rapidly.

Moments ago, the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather was outside of the blood-colored seal, flashing an incantation with both hands, his expression vicious and filled with killing intent. However, his face suddenly flickered as the viper was killed!

Without thinking about it, he backed up a bit. Before he could barely move a single pace, his expression suddenly filled with shock. That was the moment that Meng Hao's fist slammed into the toad, causing it to explode.

Then, his eyes suddenly widened.

"Not good!" Without hesitating, he made to retreat. His hand moved as he prepared to sever his magical connection to the centipede. Before he could complete his action, the image of a black moon suddenly appeared on his forehead.

The instant the seal appeared on his forehead, violent, explosive pain like lightning filled the Five Poison Tribe Greatfather. It felt like an invisible blade were stabbing into his Sea of Perception. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and he tumbled backward, face filled with astonishment. He instantly severed the connection between himself and the centipede.

After the connection was severed, the Greatfather coughed up another mouthful of blood. His face was pale and filled with intense shock.

"His Cultivation base is so powerful!" he thought, panting. It was at this point that intense ferocity emanated from within his eyes.

"It's a good thing that in my planning I told the Heavenly Blood to seal him if it couldn't kill him. If he weren't sealed right now, then we would have to pay a heavy price to win this battle!

"He must absolutely not be allowed out of that seal! The Demon Spirit is most likely on his person; therefore, we must keep him sealed while we slaughter the Crow Divinity Tribe. Afterward, we will use all of the power of the Tribe to destroy him, body and soul!" A vicious smile twisted the lips of the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather. He no longer made any attempts to attack through the blood-colored seal. Instead, he began to add further seals on top of the original seal, determined to keep Meng Hao thoroughly trapped inside.

Chapter 484: Fuse the Blood of Ji!

As the battle between the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Five Poisons Tribe continued, it slowly became more evident who was in the losing position. The casualties amongst the Crow Divinity Tribe increased, including the neo-demons.

Of course, the Five Poisons Tribe paid a heavy price, but not as much as the Crow Divinity Tribe. Because of the fierce pressure of the battle, the Crow Divinity Tribe forces were now showing signs that they might fall apart.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was still stuck within the blood-colored seal. Unfortunately, no matter what ideas he came up with for how to escape, nothing worked. Minor teleportation and magical items, even the flag of three streamers could not even temporarily put a dent into the seal.

He tried everything, the Lotus Time Formation, the three strange wooden swords. He even tried Han Shan's Immortal's Sword, but based on his observations, it would take three days for it to break through the seal.

There seemed to be only one option left; that was the Dancing Sword Qi. Meng Hao's eyes turned red as he began to condense Alcohol Qi outside of his body.

"This blood contains the power of Karma. It must be the some blood from a Ji Clan Patriarch of an ancient generation. If this drop contains such power after all these years, just how strong was this person when he was alive?" Meng Hao's mind trembled as the Alcohol Qi swept out and the Dancing Sword Qi began to congeal inside of him.

He could think of no other method other than using the Dancing Sword Qi, which was somewhat of a pity. He actually didn't know if even the Dancing Sword Qi would enable him to break out; however, he did know that the Crow Divinity Tribe could not hold out for much longer.

He took a deep breath and was just about to cause the power of the Dancing Sword Qi to explode out, when suddenly he looked at the wall created by the blood-colored seal. He looked at the rippling blood and then suddenly felt a tremor run through his body.

"Blood... blood...." In this moment it felt as if lightning were coursing through his head. An audacious and perhaps even insane idea had suddenly risen up in his mind.

The idea caused him to suddenly begin to pant, and hesitate regarding using the Dancing Sword Qi.

“Soul Blood. This is Ji Clan Soul Blood. I already have Soul Blood from that Ji Clan Quasi-Array Cultivator

If I add this blood, that’s two drops!

“I have Ji Nineteen sealed up inside the blood-colored mask. If I extract some Soul Blood from him, that means I have three generations of Ji Clan blood. Using the Blood Immortal magic, I can form a Blood Clone!

“Three generations of blood can form a Blood Clone. Nine Generations can make a Blood Divinity. A Blood Divinity... should possess the power of Ancestral Awakening. The manifestation of powerful Ji Clan experts could once again appear! I would be able to wield some of the strength of one of their Immortals!”

Meng Hao began to pant. The idea continued to develop in his head, quickly filling his entire brain. All of a sudden, he realized that his current situation was a golden opportunity!

If he missed this chance, it would most likely be very difficult to acquire more Ji blood. Furthermore, this particular drop of Ji blood was not ordinary; it clearly had an incredible background.

“I don’t necessarily need to break open the blood seal; instead I can choose... to use it to make myself a Ji Clan Blood Clone!” Panting, a bright light began to shine in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“What I need right now, then, is some blood from Ji Nineteen!” After a moment of deliberation, decisiveness filled his eyes.

He lifted his hand and pushed it down onto blood-coloured mask. He sent his Spiritual Sense inside, causing himself to instantly appearing directly in front of Ji Nineteen.

Ji Nineteen looked incredibly weak, but his eyes shone with a strange glow. He could sense the aura on the outside world and knew that the will of a Ji Clan ancestor was there.

“Who is it...?” he wondered to himself. “It’s impossible. It’s so ancient! How could the blood of such an ancient ancestor exist.... It exceeds the history of the Clan itself. Just who could it be?”

Ji Nineteen was so shaken that he didn't even notice that Meng Hao had arrived. Meng Hao materialized in the world of the mask, a vicious expression on his face. He reached out his right hand and unhesitatingly pushed down onto Ji Nineteen's forehead.

A ferocious expression suddenly appeared on Ji Nineteen's face. Before he could even begin to struggle, the aura of the Lotus Sword Formation emanated out from Meng Hao, entering the blood-colored mask and approaching Ji Nineteen.

"You can struggle and fight back if you want," said Meng Hao grimly. "Right now, I don't care if I can't get any more information about the Ji Clan from you. I want a drop of Soul Blood. Struggle, refuse, fight back... all such actions will be futile.

"If you cooperate, then I'll take the blood and leave. Resist me, then I will exterminate your soul and take a drop of Soul Blood by force!" With that, he closed his eyes and rotated his Cultivation base. Four great totems magically appeared. He focused all the power of the great Blood Immortal magic. Everything was focused on extracting Soul Blood from Ji Nineteen.

The aura of the Lotus Sword Formation neared, and the power of Time suddenly began to rotate. To ensure his success in the matter, Meng Hao even called out to the sleeping Blood Mastiff!

The mastiff was sleeping, but as the years had passed, Meng Hao could sense that... it would soon awaken!

Ji Nineteen's face fell. He could hear the killing intent and coldness in Meng Hao's voice, and could tell that Meng Hao without a doubt was speaking the truth to him.

His mind trembled. Maybe he wouldn't struggle, but how could he be willing to comply? However, the power of Time neared, causing his face to flicker. The flag of three streamers tightened around him, causing him to pant. Finally, the aura of the mastiff neared, filled with the power of Spirit Severing. Ji Nineteen could sense Meng Hao's decisiveness, and suddenly was filled with an intense sense of grave crisis.

He suddenly realized that Meng Hao wasn't necessarily incapable of killing him. He just didn't want to at the moment. Ji Nineteen knew that going against Meng Hao in this moment meant that he would most likely die in the blink of an eye.

Sensing Meng Hao's determination, he suddenly began to waver.

Even as Meng Hao forced the Soul Blood out of Ji Nineteen, the battle between the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Five Poisons Tribe was reaching a climax.

The Outlander Beast was not a match for the all three of the totemic Sacred Ancients. Even with the parrot and the meat jelly, it was still injured. Its body trembled and its aura was growing weak. However, it still roared as it fought back against the Sacred Ancients, preventing them from passing it.

In mid-air, the Nascent Soul Elders of the Crow Divinity Tribe were pale-faced. They coughed up blood as they sustained serious injuries. They were like lamps that were running out of oil.

The rest of the Tribe members were locked in bitter combat. Casualties were heavy as both sides killed back and forth. The booming of self-detonation could be heard everywhere. Even the neo-demons were in sore straits. Big Hairy was severely injured and the Wild Giant was coughing up blood. Gu La's face was pale, and his aura was nothing more than a slender strand.

As for the Greatfather, he had burned his life force almost to the limit. His body emanated a strong aura of death. However, he still went all out to restrain the High Priest.

“Exalted Sacred Ancient.... We can't hold on for very much longer....”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, please, break through that seal!”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient....”

These words were not spoken out loud. Instead, they were the prayers of the Tribe members, words spoken in their hearts, containing their will. They merged together, to form a power of will.

As the power of their will reverberated out, Meng Hao, inside the blood-colored seal, suddenly opened his eyes. A drop of Soul Blood flew out from inside the blood-colored mask to land in his palm.

Meng Hao's face was pale. It had not been easy extracting the Soul Blood from Ji Nineteen. Had he not become so much stronger than when he first captured Ji Nineteen, it would have been virtually

impossible. Even still, he was as exhausted as if he had been battling for days against a powerful opponent.

Now was not the time for rest, though. He waved his right hand, and immediately, another drop of Soul Blood appeared next to Ji Nineteen's. This was the blood he had acquired that year from the Ji Clan Quasi-Array Chosen outside of the Rebirth Cave.

In addition to the blood in the blood-colored seal, he now had three drops in total!

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then began to perform an incantation gesture with both hands as he employed the great Blood Immortal magic to form a Blood Clone!

"Merge!" he growled. Instantly, the two blood drops fused together and then shot into the blood-colored wall in front of him.

All of these drops of blood had a common origin. The instant they fused together, Meng Hao crossed his legs and closed his eyes. As he performed continuous incantation gestures, drops of sweat as large as beans began to pour down his face. His hands moved faster and faster, causing streams of sealing marks to float out. At the same, the blood-colored seal around him began to shrink.

As the bizarre shrinking process began, shocking, indistinct screams of rage began to emanate out from the blood-colored seal. Instantly, the battlefield was shaken. The faces of the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators instantly fell. Even the three totemic Sacred Ancients looked astonished.

When the Crow Divinity Tribe members heard the sound of it, they were instantly invigorated.

Tens of thousands of people watched as the surface of the blood-colored sphere was covered with bizarre ripples. As the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather watched on, his heart filled with inexplicable fear and trembling. He suddenly had a very, very bad feeling.

With a roar, he performed a two-handed incantation gesture as he continued to reinforce the seal.

Despite that, a roaring sound filled the air as the blood sphere rapidly shrank from thirty meters wide to only fifteen. As it did, 20,000 distorted faces suddenly appeared on the surface of the sphere. These faces were the spirits that the Five Poisons Tribe members had merged with their drop of Heavenly Blood, as a means to control the its will.

Rumbling filled the air as 10,000 of the faces were expelled. The blood sphere shrank again. Now it was only about ten meters wide. A sense of shocking purity suddenly appeared within it.

At the same time, a horrifying aura blasted out from inside. This aura vastly exceeded that which had resulted from Meng Hao's previous Blood Clones. This aura shook Heaven and Earth, and caused the entire sky to turn red, as if something completely inhuman were about to come into existence!

The intensity of the aura exceeded that of the Spirit Severing stage, reaching an indescribable level that caused the faces of everyone present to fill with astonishment. The powerful experts of the Five Poisons Tribe gasped in stupefaction.

They knew now exactly what was happening. The spirits of the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators were being expelled from the blood sphere. That meant that the blood was no longer under the control of the Five Poisons Clan!

A roaring sound like thunder rolled out in all directions, shaking all of the Cultivators on the battlefield, as well as the neo-demons and the Five Poison Clan's totemic Sacred Ancients.

Even as faces flickered in astonishment, another roar sounded out as another 10,000 of the Five Poisons Tribe spirits were expelled from the blood.

A fearsome aura rose up into the sky!! Everything grew dim, and the clouds were swept away. The entire world became a blood-colored hell!

"He must not be allowed to emerge!" roared the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather. He shot forward, going all out to prevent Meng Hao from breaking free. Blood sprayed from the mouth of the High Priest as he managed to extricate himself from the Crow Divinity Greatfather. Face filled with fear, he too shot forward to assist.

Chapter 485: Blood Clone is Born!

An aura which shocked even the three totemic Sacred Ancients of the Five Poisons Clan danced out madly from the blood sphere. Astonished, they went all out, using all the faith power they could muster, sparing no effort as they broke past the seal that was the Outlander Beast. They too began to strengthen the blood sphere seal.

“We must not allow him to come out! Do not let him out!”

The rest of the Five Poisons Tribe’s Priests also sustained injuries as they shot toward the shrinking blood sphere. Five of them broke through and, filled with astonishment and fear, began to bolster the sealing.

The combined force of seven Nascent Soul Cultivators and three totemic Sacred Ancients all poured into the sealing power of the blood sphere.

The surrounding Crow Divinity Tribe members were in a frenzy as they also tried to break through. The Five Poisons Tribe members desperately fought back. The intensity of the battle instantly increased.

However, despite the fact that peak of the Five Poisons Tribe’s power was focused on the blood sphere seal, it continued to shrink. Soon, it was only three meters wide. By this time, virtually all of the Five Poisons Tribe spirits had been forced out. The magical faces had expressions of torment as they dissipated into the area.

Even more shocking, a horrifying aura exploded out from the blood sphere, the strength of which instantly started to suffocate the seven Nascent Soul Cultivators. Their faces were pale as the aura slammed into them, causing a roaring sound to fill their minds as they coughed up blood.

The faces of the three totemic Sacred Ancients filled with an unprecedented level of fear and shock, to the extent that... their bodies even began to tremble!

There were now absolutely no spirits of the Five Poisons Tribe on the blood sphere; in the blink of an eye, all consciousness within it disappeared, replaced by the magic of the Blood Immortal. At the same time, it shrank down into the form of a person!

That person bore the semblance of Meng Hao!

“Kill him!” roared the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather at the top of his lungs, seemingly on the verge of going mad. He had now abandoned any attempts at sealing, and instead unleashed deadly divine abilities against the blood-colored figure.

The others did the same. Booms echoed out as the three totemic Sacred Ancients attacked. However, the blood-colored figure didn't even react. That in itself caused the face of the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather to fill with astonishment.

“This Meng Hao refined the Heavenly Blood! He... he's actually refining it into a creature of blood!!”

“That's impossible! That Heavenly Blood was acquired by one of the ancestors by a fluke. The power it contains is fearsome to the extreme. How could a Cultivator possibly fuse it...? Throughout the years, all those in the Tribe who tried to fuse it died! The best we could do was come up with magic to control it!”

The Greatfather and the others felt their minds reeling, and their expressions were that of shock.

Even more bitterly painful was that their Tribe's prized treasure, their secret weapon to destroy the enemy, had been refined successfully. It was almost as if they had handed over their precious treasure as a gift. This thought caused them to feel incredible vexation.

This was a critical moment for Meng Hao in the refinement process of the Blood Clone. He suddenly had an intense feeling that this Blood Clone was completely different from the other Blood Clones he had created in the past. They were like fireflies and this was like the bright moon!

“So, this Ji Clan Blood Clone turns out to be THIS powerful...” Such an incredible level of power far exceeded Meng Hao's imagination. Right now, he could detect faint signs that as he continued with the refinement, the will of the blood was slowly awakening.

This was one of the functions of the Blood Immortal magic. Based on some factors which Meng Hao didn't fully comprehend, it was able to force out the bloodline power concealed within the blood!

The more ancient the blood, and the purer the bloodline power, then the more powerful the Blood Clone would be!

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He knew that what he needed to do now was find something to act as the core of the clone. If that core was indestructible, then the clone was indestructible!

The Blood Clones Meng Hao had created in the past looked crude, and had been refined using the meat jelly skin. However, their usefulness to Meng Hao had been significant.

The successful refinement of this particular Blood Clone, and its fearsome level of power, was something that even the information about the Blood Immortal magic did not discuss. Even the Blood Immortal had never anticipated that something like this could happen. Even the Blood immortal had never created a clone like this particular... Ji Clan Blood Clone.

After all, the Blood Immortal completely looked down on ordinary Ji Clan members. The main goal was to refine the blood of direct descendants of the Ji Clan. Even Blood Clones created from the blood of direct descendants, however, would pale in comparison to the Ji Clan Clone which was about to appear!

That was because one of the drops of blood that made this clone was from a Chosen of the Ji Clan. Another was from the ancient Ji Nineteen. The final drop, the drop that determined exactly how fearsomely powerful the Blood Clone would be... had an origin that even Ji Nineteen couldn't ascertain. The only thing he could tell was that this drop of blood came from primordial times, and was as powerful as the blood of an original ancestor!

It was that final drop of blood that made this Blood Clone completely different. In fact, if Meng Hao was able to get six more drops of blood in the future, and fuse them into this blood Clone, then he could form a complete Blood Divinity. In that case, the power of Ancestral Awakening would be unleashed, and that mysterious Ji Clan ancestor would appear!

When that time came, it might be possible to recognize this person... and determine his true identity!

Echoes filled the air as the peak of the Five Poisons Tribe's power was unleashed in attack. The blood-colored figure which surrounded Meng Hao was writhing in a bizarre fashion. However, it didn't matter what divine ability was leveled against it, nothing could stop the figure from fully forming.

The blood figure slowly became more refined; Meng Hao's features slowly became clearer. In the blink of an eye, a bloody glow suddenly began to extend like water out from the figure.

The face of the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather fell. He could sense a shocking aura that was currently being held back by the blood-colored figure that surrounded Meng Hao.

“Don’t hold anything back. Exterminate him!” bellowed the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather. He flashed an incantation with both hands and then spit out a mouthful of blood. His body instantly withered a bit, but in exchange, a five-colored mist suddenly appeared that roiled toward Meng Hao.

The High Priest’s face flickered as he flashed an incantation with his right hand. The totems on his body magically manifested into a creature that was the amalgamation of all of the five poison creatures. It instantly charged toward Meng Hao.

The rest of the other five Nascent Soul Cultivators all unleashed their most powerful divine abilities.

As for the three totemic Sacred Ancients, their bodies suddenly began to shrink until they were each no more than a meter or two long. This meant that their bodies were now refined and pure. They charged toward Meng Hao, fully able to sense that the bloody glow coming off of him was something so shockingly powerful that it could constrain and crush even them. Such constraining force was shocking to them, and they instinctively knew that they needed to destroy it before it fully appeared. It was a premonition that arose from within their souls and their blood. Once the bloody glow fully took shape, it wouldn’t matter that the three of them were totemic Sacred Ancients. In front of such attacking power, they would be crushed like dried reeds or rotten wood.

It was an instinctive premonition, a fearsome intuition!

However, even as their divine abilities and magical techniques descended, the bloody glow which surrounded Meng Hao suddenly shrank down to form a red dot on his forehead. Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly snapped open.

The instant his eyes opened, the glowing bloody dot on his forehead flew out. It emitted a shocking, high-pitched howl that sent sound waves roaring out. Banging sounds could be heard in all directions as all the seals which had been in place were shattered.

The glowing, bloody dot instantly transformed into a bloody beam of light that shot toward the viper totemic Sacred Ancient. The viper Sacred Ancient immediately recoiled, a look of astonishment and despair written on its face. A trembling shook it which arose from its very soul, washing over it like floodwaters. Faced up against this bloody beam of light, it was as if it had lost all its power to fight back, as if in its awe, it lost all confidence!

The bloody beam of light moved with indescribable speed as it slammed into and then passed directly through the viper Sacred Ancient.

The viper Sacred Ancient's entire body turned pale white as its essence, its life force, its blood, everything was instantly sucked away by the bloody figure.

This level of potency was like Heavenly might. If it wanted you dead, then you had no choice but to die. This Blood Clone was a Ji Clan Blood Clone, and the Ji Clan was the Heavens of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

If it wanted to take everything away from you, then any resistance you offered would be futile. To the Ji Clan, any person who was not of Ji, was a heretic!

For example, this totemic Sacred Ancient, which originated from the ancient Immortal Demon Sect, a Sect that... the Ji Clan had been forced to eradicate!

The death of the totemic Sacred Ancient instantly turned into a clap of thunder that shook the hearts of the Five Poisons Clan Cultivators! The faces of the Greatfather and the High Priest and the others all fell!

“Impossible!!”

“Sacred Ancient.... The exalted Sacred Ancient was absorbed....”

“This is... this is...” Even as the corpse of the viper Sacred Ancient began to fall to the ground, there were around ten thousand of the Five Poisons Tribe members who coughed up blood and began to wail. The totems on their bodies began to fade and their Cultivation bases began to drop.

There were even several among the more than ten Priests who coughed up blood and began to tremble, their faces filled with disbelief.

“The Sacred Ancient... perished!!”

As the bloody beam of light swept through the air, a strange, shocking sound rang out that sounded like something was being swallowed. The echoing sound caused everyone, even the other two Sacred Ancients, to instantly cease any attack and immediately fall into retreat. A blood-coloured face suddenly appeared around Meng Hao. Rumbling could be heard. He fell back a few paces, then

used minor teleportation to suddenly appear off in the distance, where he charged into the besieging Five Poisons Tribe.

“Blood Clone...” he said coolly. “You may continue to feed.” Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes. The bloody beam of light emitted a shout, then suddenly materialized into a figure.

It looked exactly like Meng Hao, except that it emanated a bloody glow and had bright red eyes. Its body flickered as it shot at incredible speed toward the other two totemic Sacred Ancients.

The two Sacred Ancients fell back almost instinctively, moving as fast as possible. Unfortunately, even if they moved faster than that, they would be unable to go faster than the Ji Clan Blood Clone.

“Neo-demons...” cried Meng Hao, his voice echoing out. “I am your Demon Patriarch. Today, you may slaughter to your heart’s content!” 40,000 neo-demons remained in his horde. Nearly half had been killed. At this moment, however, those remaining 40,000 neo-demons lifted their heads up and roared a roar that shook the Heavens. Boundless Demonic Qi suddenly rushed toward Meng Hao and then spread out to be absorbed by the neo-demons. In addition, the neo-demons of the Five Poisons Tribe suddenly began to tremble and emit subservient whines.

Under this sudden counterattack, the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators were thrown into complete chaos!

“Exercise faith in me! Tribe members who offer worship to me, I am your totemic Sacred Ancient. Those who show faith in me, have my totems.... The Five Poisons Tribe is our archenemy. It is time to settle our differences once and for all!” He waved his sleeve causing a Greenwood Tree to magically appear. A sea of flames roared up into the sky. A golden rain spread out. Frigid soil began to freeze everything!

The thousands of Tribe members who remained of the Crow Divinity Tribe had bright red eyes. It was with complete madness that they charged the terrified Five Poisons Tribe members!

Meng Hao’s eyes glinted with harshness, and his voice echoed out like thunder, causing Heaven and Earth to split: “Kill them!”

Chapter 486: Leave None Alive!

The Ji Clan Blood Clone shot in pursuit of the two great totemic Sacred Ancients. The Sacred Ancients cut sorry figures as they frantically fled. The morale of the Five Poisons Tribe had been severely damaged.

At the same time, Meng Hao's 40,000 neo-demons roared as they absorbed the thick Demonic Qi coming from Meng Hao. All of them began to mutate, growing fiercer as they screamed through the air toward the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators.

Suddenly, more than a thousand corpses on the ground suddenly rose to their feet. Upon the head of each of these corpses, an illusory crow could be seen. These crow automatons' eyes glowed with gray light as they suddenly flew up into the battle.

Booms echoed out as a deadly battle ensued between the two groups of neo-demons. The battle was once again being fought at a fever pitch.

The vast majority of the thousands of Crow Divinity Tribe members were wounded, but it didn't matter. Eyes red, they charged forward with madness. Regardless of whether they were original members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes, or new members who had pledged allegiance in the past two years, each and every one exerted all the Cultivation base power they could muster. They knew... whichever side lost this battle would have no survivors!

There would be no opportunity for surrender in this fight. Regardless of Five Poisons Tribe or Crow Divinity Tribe, both were destined to be arch enemies. Whichever of these two Tribes lost the battle... would be completely wiped out!

This was an extermination!

Complete and utter extermination!

As the slaughter continued, Meng Hao went into action. The killing intent in his heart ran deep. The seal that had been placed in just now would have been incredibly difficult to break out of unless he just so happened to have the Blood Immortal magic and the two drops of Ji Clan Soul Blood. The Five Poisons Tribe had planned to wipe out the Crow Divinity Tribe, and as such, the desire to kill that Meng Hao felt right now had reached a pinnacle.

Leave none alive!

Accept no surrender!

His eyes glinted with a cold glow as he shot forward toward the peak level fighters of the Five Poisons Tribe, the Nascent Soul Priests. His speed was incredible as he transformed into a black moon and then a green smoke.

The Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather's face was pale white. The fact that Meng Hao had extricated himself had slammed into his heart and mind like an iron hammer. Then, there was the terrifying appearance of the blood-colored figure, which had in a scant moment sucked dry one of the Five Poisons Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancients. All of these things were stupefying, and transformed into an intense figurative attack that caused all of the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators to grow pale in the face.

"Today... will decide if the Tribe survives or perishes..." The Greatfather gave a bitter laugh. Then, his eyes filled with reckless abandon. He glared at Meng Hao and then ignited his Cultivation base. The intrepid aura of a late Nascent Soul Cultivation base exploded out as he charged toward Meng Hao.

The High Priest's eyes flickered with coldness as he joined the Greatfather to attack Meng Hao.

A massive roaring could be heard as the three people prepared to slam into each other. Meng Hao, in the shape of a black moon, shot forward in a green smoke, passing directly between the Greatfather and the High Priest. He moved so fast that the two other Cultivators' faces filled with shock.

"So fast!!" Their eyes went wide as they suddenly looked over their shoulders. Bloodcurdling screams could be heard from not too far away. It was one of the Five Poisons Tribe's ordinary Priests. With his Cultivation base at the early Nascent Soul stage, he would normally be able to lord it over others. However, Meng Hao only needed to use the first form of the Blood Immortal divine abilities to cause the man to explode, killing him instantly.

"That was the first!" Meng Hao said coolly. He waved his arm, causing the fragments of blood and gore in front of him to fly away. He gave a cold look toward the Greatfather and High Priest, who glared back. They instantly pointed out toward Meng Hao, causing a five-colored mist to fly toward Meng Hao and surround him.

A mocking smile appeared on Meng Hao's mouth as the mist enveloped him. Suddenly, a miserable scream could be heard. Meng Hao had suddenly disappeared and then reappeared in front of another

of the Priests. His hand currently gripped the man's neck. He lifted him up and then crushed his throat.

A boom could be heard as flesh and blood flew out in all directions. Meng Hao disappeared, but just before he did, his cold voice echoed out.

“That was the second!”

The Five Poisons Tribe High Priest lifted his head and howled. His face distorted as he performed a double-handed incantation and then gestured forward. A five-colored glow to spread out in all directions. Suddenly, ripples began to emanate out from Meng Hao, who was just about to disappear into the air.

“There won't be a third!” cried the High Priest, intense killing intent emanating out from him as he shot forward toward Meng Hao.

It was at this point that suddenly, a shocking roar of despair filled the sky. The voice belonged to none other than one of the Five Poisons Tribe's Sacred Ancients.

The sound of the cry was miserable; it contained the fear and astonishment felt by the totemic Sacred ancient in the moments before death. Onlookers could just barely make out the figure of an enormous toad in the midst of a red light. Its body withered as all of its life force was sucked away.

Simultaneously, a large number of Five Poisons Tribe members suddenly began to tremble and cough up blood. Hopelessness shone in their eyes.

Despairing cries rose up from the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators.

“The toad Sacred Ancient... perished....”

“Of the five Sacred Ancients of the Five Poisons Tribe, two were sealed and two have perished. Only the centipede Sacred Ancient is left.... But it is currently being pursued....”

“Could it be that the Heavens wish for the Five Poisons Tribe to be destroyed...?”

The fighting did not stop. However, the weakened position of the Five Poisons Tribe grew even more severe.

The Priests near Meng Hao were all coughing up blood, and were unable to continue to prevent their Cultivation bases from falling. As for the High Priest who was charging Meng Hao, his body trembled, and he too coughed up blood.

Even as he was coughing up blood, Meng Hao suddenly appeared directly behind him, eyes glittering with killing intent. He formed a fist and punched.

A boom rattled out as at this critical moment, the High Priest's body twisted, and a black mist shot out to cover him. Meng Hao's fist slammed into the black mist, not shattering it, but causing cracks to appear on its surface. It quickly reformed, condensing down into the image of the High Priest, his face pale. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, and his eyes filled with fury.

"Meng Hao!!" he roared. Even as he did, the eyes of the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather went completely bloodshot. Filled with madness, he exploded toward Meng Hao with all the power he could muster.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. He ceased pursuing the High Priest, transforming into a black moon and a green smoke as he suddenly shot off into the distance.

His speed was such that neither the Greatfather nor the High Priest could possibly match up. Hearts boiling with rage, they followed after him. However, it was at this point that a third bloodcurdling scream filled the air. Then a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth.

The surrounding early Nascent Soul stage Priests were simply not a match for Meng Hao. They didn't even qualify to try to fight back against him as he slaughtered them. In a moment, he had destroyed them as easily as crushing dried weeds or rotten branches.

"The third!"

"The fourth!"

"The fifth and the sixth!" Every time he killed a Priest, Meng Hao's cold voice could be heard echoing across the battlefield. The Cultivators of the Five Poisons Tribe had faces completely drained of blood and filled with increasingly intense despair. Many of them were even beginning to

flee. On the other hand, every time Meng Hao called out, the Crow Divinity Tribe Cultivators grew more inspired. The slaughter was monstrous.

“Meng Hao!!” roared the High Priest. “You’re a Grand Dragoner, how can your Cultivation base be so profound!?” In his anxiousness, the High Priest didn’t even take the time to think about what he was saying. “As the Sacred Ancient of the Crow Divinity Tribe, you have a high status. Don’t you think that killing early Nascent Soul stage Priests is a huge loss of face for you!?”

“Nope,” replied Meng Hao. His body flickered and he suddenly appeared next to another Nascent Soul Priest. The shocked man actually decided to self-detonate, but before he could, the first two fingers of Meng Hao’s right hand pointed out as he used the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. Its power instantly sealed the man’s Cultivation base and preventing him from self-detonating. Meng Hao’s fingers stabbed into the man’s forehead, instantly smashing the man’s Cultivation base.

“Meng Hao!” shouted the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather. “Do you dare to fight one-on-one with me!?!?” The man’s heart was filled with anxiety, but Meng Hao’s speed was such that he was completely incapable of catching up.

The rest of the Nascent Soul Priests were currently fleeing, but their speed couldn’t possibly match up to Meng Hao’s. He was already fast to begin with, but now that he possessed Yi Chenzi’s escape art, his speed was increased to a terrifying level.

It was at this moment that, off in the distance, another bloodcurdling scream could be heard echoing out, shaking everything. Suddenly, an enormous centipede could be seen writhing up above in the midst of a red glow. A red light passed through the creature’s body, sucking away all of its life force. The centipede’s body went stiff and its scream was suddenly cut off.

The Five Poisons Tribe’s centipede Sacred Ancient, the last of the totems, had been destroyed!

All of the Five Poisons Tribe’s totems disappeared as if they had been directly erased. There... was not even one left!

“Sacred Ancient!!”

“My Cultivation base.... The exalted Sacred Ancients are all dead. The Five Poisons Tribe is dying....”

All of the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators coughed up blood. Their bodies sagged as all of their Cultivation bases sank downward. Core Formation became Foundation Establishment! Foundation Establishment became Qi Condensation!

They let out howls of despair. What they felt now was a feeling that the original Crow Divinity Tribe members were deeply familiar with. However, back when that happened, Meng Hao was there, and became their new totemic Sacred Ancient. Right now, the Five Poisons Tribe... had nothing like that to rely on.

The remaining five or six Nascent Soul Priests were locked in combat with the Crow Divinity Nascent Soul Elders. Their faces were pale; they could do nothing to prevent their Cultivation bases from wasting away. In the blink of an eye, they were no longer of the Nascent Soul stage, but rather, had become Core Formation Cultivators.

The instant their Cultivation bases dropped to Core Formation... in the blink of an eye, their bodies shook. If it wasn't a head lopped off, it was a body exploded. All of them were slaughtered in an instant by the Crow Divinity Tribe Nascent Soul Elders.

The massacre continued as the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators' Cultivation bases shot downward.

As of now, the only Nascent Soul Cultivators that remained in the Five Poisons Tribe were the High Priest and the Greatfather. However, even they were forced to pay a steep price because of the death of the totemic Sacred Ancients.

Their Cultivation bases declined; they were no longer in the late Nascent Soul stage, but rather the mid stage. From the look of the situation, they wouldn't be able to stay there long. The decline would continue until they reached the early Nascent Soul stage.

The green smoke suddenly congealed into Meng Hao. He put on the blood-colored mask and then turned around to face the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather and High Priest.

"Did you just say you wanted to fight me?" he asked coolly.

Chapter 487: Five Poisons Tribe Extermination

"Despicable!!" said the Five Poisons Tribe High Priest, his face flickering as he stared at Meng Hao. He ground his teeth as he subconsciously edged backward. He was now no longer of the late Nascent Soul stage, so facing up against Meng Hao caused his heart to be half filled with fear.

Even as the words left his mouth, a whistling sound could be heard from off in the distance. It was none other than the Blood Clone. Having slaughtered the two great totemic Sacred Ancients, it was returning, its lust for blood unsated.

All of a sudden, Meng Hao realized that he couldn't sense a connection to the Clone. In the blink of an eye, the bloody figure was pouncing on the Five Poisons Tribe High Priest.

This was the same man who had stood lofty and proud outside of the Crow Divinity Tribes those years ago. Now his face filled with shock and he cried out in alarm. Power exploded from his Cultivation base as divine abilities and magical items appeared. He held back nothing in an attempt to block the Blood Clone. However, the Blood Clone charged directly through all the divine abilities and magical items to pounce onto the man. In that instant, time seemed to slow down for a moment.

When the Blood Clone left the High Priest, the man's body was withered. His life force had been sucked away; even his Nascent Soul was dried up and dead. His body was now nothing more than a desiccated corpse, completely drained of every drop of blood.

The dried up corpse fell to the ground; the expression on its face was the same expression it had worn before dying, one of dread, shock, and deep regret.

The Blood Clone shot through mid-air toward the battling Tribe members, slamming into the Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators. It passed through the battleground like a sea of blood, leaving behind only desiccated corpses.

The Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather watched what was happening, and his aged figure seemed to emanate even more Death Qi. He seemed so old that he might fall into a grave at any moment.

"The Five Poisons Tribe has lost this battle," he said, as the miserable screams continued to echo out. Pain filled his heart as he turned to Meng Hao, clasped hands, and bowed deeply. "I would like to earnestly request that the Crow Divinity Tribe totemic Sacred Ancient leave a bit of hope for the Five Poisons Tribe..."

Meng Hao looked back at him silently. More and more bloodcurdling screams filled the air. After a long moment, Meng Hao calmly replied, "If the Crow Divinity Tribe were the loser, and I made such a request, would you comply?"

The Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather was filled with bitterness. He knew that such a thing would never happen. If the victor in the battle had been the Five Poisons Tribe, then the Crow Divinity Tribe would have been completely wiped out, including the old, the young and the ordinary Tribe members. The entire Tribe would have been completely eradicated, wiped clean off the face of the earth.

This was not a personal vendetta; it was a war between Tribes. There would be no mercy, no pity. There was only life... and death!

“I understand. In that case.... You and I shall fight!” He took a deep breath as he lifted his head up. His eyes filled with the will to go to battle. However, deep within that will to fight was actually a desire for death.

“To be killed by the hand of the Crow Divinity Tribe totemic Sacred Ancient is a worthy death,” the Greatfather continued lightly. “As the Greatfather of the Five Poison Tribe, I curse you and the Crow Divinity Tribe.... On the other hand, despite having met death on this path to the Black Lands, we are both Cultivators of the Western Desert.... I hope that in the coming days, the Crow Divinity Tribe... will surpass even its former glory. After all, we are all Western Desert Cultivators!” With that, his body flickered as he shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao saw the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather’s desire to die, and inwardly, he sighed with regret. However, this caused no sloppiness in his actions. His eyes glittered coldly as he strode forward.

The two met in mid-air, causing booms to echo across the battlefield. The Greatfather unleashed one divine ability after another, like a flower who had reached the point of death and wanted to shine with as much life as possible.

Amidst the booming, magical techniques slammed into each other and divine abilities exploded. Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators were dying everywhere on the battlefield. However, the miserable screams were now growing more faint, weaker, and fewer.

After the space of ten breaths passed, the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather coughed up a mouthful of blood. Laughing uproariously, he once again charged toward Meng Hao.

After twenty breaths, he had lost one of his arms. Still laughing toward the Heavens, he stubbornly charged Meng Hao again.

Thirty breaths later, a deafening roar filled the air as a gigantic mist rose up into the air. Meng Hao slowly slipped off the blood-colored mask, turned, and walked off. Behind him, the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather exploded into countless chunks. In the moment before his death, confusion filled his eyes. Within that confusion, was a release from worldly cares.

He was dead, body and spirit!

It was impossible to say whether it was by some previous plan, but the instant that the Five Poisons Tribe Greatfather died was the same moment in which the Blood Clone sucked the life and blood out of the very last Five Poisons Tribe Cultivator on the battlefield.

The battle with the Five Poisons Tribe was now completely over.

However, even as Meng Hao heaved a sigh of relief, his pupils suddenly constricted. His body suddenly flickered to reappear in front of one of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe. He lifted his hand up and pushed it out in front of him.

“Screw off!” he said, his expression vicious. The sound of his voice was like thunder, shaking everything and echoing out in all directions. His gesture just now seemed to cause the air to rip; ripples spread out to reveal something shooting through the air that Meng Hao had just blocked... the Blood Clone!

This was a Ji Clan Blood Clone which looked like Meng Hao in all aspects except for the bloody glow which emanated off of it. When it appeared, it stood there in front of Meng Hao, its eyes shining with displeasure and struggle. Its lust for blood after killing the final member of the Five Poisons Tribe had caused it to instinctually seek to consume the nearest living thing to it.

As of this moment, the Crow Divinity Tribe members began to let out sighs of relief. As the frenzy of battle wore off, they quickly fell back, taking the neo-demons with them.

It took only a short moment for all of the Tribe members and neo-demons to be behind Meng Hao. Even the Outlander Beast retreated, panting, instinctively fearful of the Blood Clone.

Only the meat jelly and the parrot dared to stand, one on each of Meng Hao's shoulders, arrogantly looking at the Ji Clan Blood Clone who stood up ahead.

“This bastard is too ugly,” said the parrot appraisingly. “No hair at all, not even one! How could something like this even exist? Although, why does his aura seem so familiar? I just can’t seem to place it....”

The meat jelly gave the Blood Clone strange, measuring look, and then greeted it in a very amicable fashion. “Heyyy. Hi there! Hello! I’m Lord Third. Let me tell you something, do you know how high I can count? I can count to three....”

The Blood Clone stared at Meng Hao, completely ignoring the parrot and the meat jelly. There was an innate haughtiness within the thing that seemed to be at odds with the seal connecting it to Meng Hao. That conflict caused its face to twist and the suddenly let out a howl toward Meng Hao.

Its Cultivation base was special. It was impossible to sense anything like Core Formation, Nascent Soul or Spirit Severing. It was as if it didn’t even have a Cultivation base. All it had was an aura, a fearsome aura that exceeded a Cultivation base. This aura made it seem as if it were a horrible enemy to anything in which life existed.

Furthermore, it seemed that absorbing the blood and life force of powerful experts caused its aura to grow even stronger. Meng Hao had the feeling that even though he had created it, were it not for the legacy magic of the Blood Immortal as well as various other control techniques, it would be taking instinctive, terrifying actions.

Looking at the Ji Clan Blood Clone growling there, his heart sank a bit. From the records of the Blood Immortal legacy, he knew that there was always a chance of a revolt occurring when using blood to refine spirits. Generally speaking, that would happen when a Blood Divinity emerged. It rarely happened with Blood Spirits. The chances of it happening with a Blood Clone were virtually nonexistent.

However, this Ji Clan Blood Clone, which although definitely only in the Blood Clone phase, was suddenly showing signs of revolt. This was no doubt a situation that the Blood Immortal had never anticipated.

This situation instantly caused Meng Hao to think about that mysterious drop of Ji blood.

It was at this moment that the Ji Clan Blood Clone’s red eyes flickered. It howled and charged directly toward Meng Hao. However, in that instant, Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a red light. His pupils turned bright red and magical symbols appeared within them.

This instantly caused the Blood Clone to scream and back away from Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. Lifting up his right hand, he performed an incantation, without the slightest hesitation, using a Blood Immortal legacy technique. All of his power poured into a restrictive seal that he had placed inside the body of the clone during its refinement.

The Blood Clone screamed miserably and began to tremble. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, it's body suddenly collapsed, transforming into a drop of blood. Meng Hao waved his hand to collect the seal, then picked up the drop of blood.

As soon as the blood touched his palm, it transformed into a strand of silk. This was a strand of Eyeless Larva silk, which was what Meng Hao had used to form the core of the Ji Clan Blood Clone.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he took care of the Blood Clone. However, his heart was filled with somberness. This was the first time that the Blood Clone had shown any signs of revolt, causing Meng Hao to unleash the full power of the restrictive seal. If it happened again, Meng Hao feared that using the same restrictive seal as before would be ineffective.

His eyes flickered in his thoughtfulness.

"If I refined the Blood Clone using the conjuring method for Blood Spirits, then the effectiveness of the restrictive seal should increase quite a bit." His mind settled, Meng Hao led the Crow Divinity Tribe and the neo-demon horde off of the battlefield. He collected the corpses of the totemic Sacred Ancients, as well as the Five Poisons Tribe's flying machine, and slowly moved off.

After they left, a ripple appeared in the air atop a mountain not far away from the battlefield, an area that was nearly completely submerged in violet rainwater. Zhixiang magically appeared. She chuckled as looked off in the direction of the departing Crow Divinity Tribe.

"It seems I've underestimated him again.... I assumed that he would have to pay a higher price to achieve victory, perhaps waste some Dancing Sword Qi. I never imagined that all he would have to do was use the power of the Agarwood.

"Just how many times can he summon the Agarwood. And how much of the Sword Qi does he have?" Lost in thought, Zhixiang stood there for a while, her brow furrowed. Finally she smiled.

“It doesn’t matter. What’s the point of trying to figure those things out? There are still many years to go before the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens again. I might as well enjoy myself in South Heaven.” Laughing, her body flickered and she disappeared.

The moment she disappeared, Meng Hao, who was leading the Crow Divinity Tribe groups, suddenly glanced over his shoulder, his eyes shining brightly.

Chapter 488: Entering the Central Region

Having experienced the battle with their archenemy, it could be said that the Crow Divinity Tribe had won a great victory. They had exterminated the Five Poisons Tribe. Unfortunately, that victory had come at a heavy price.

Of their force of ten thousand Cultivators, they now only had a bit more than three thousand left. However, those who remained had undergone a sort of baptism. Whether in terms of Cultivation base or in just the impression they left on others, they were now as sharp as swords... deadly, unsheathed swords!

All the battles they had fought made it so that even death meant little to them. Amidst the blood and the killing, even what it meant to be a Cultivator changed in their hearts.

The Crow Divinity Tribe had experience tumultuous change. These more three thousand survivors could all be considered to be a match for the most powerful members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes years ago.

War can wipe out a Tribe. At the same time, it can also cause a Tribe to rise to prominence! It can kill people. At the same time, it can give birth to new life!

In the blink of an eye, the Crow Divinity Tribe had been reborn. As of now, it was possible to predict that if they carried on this way, by the time they reached the Black Lands, they would be a great Tribe, risen to prominence within the Western Desert Apocalypse. Based on their battle prowess and decisiveness, they would become a Tribe that even other great Tribes would come to fear.

At the same time, Meng Hao’s personal strength continued to grow. Every time he fought through a desperate crisis, it caused wild faith to grow in the hearts of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes. It turned into a piety, a faith power that constantly circulated around Meng Hao and fused into his body.

Although he could not actually absorb it, its continued existence inside of him cause his life force to flourish and the power of his divine abilities and magical techniques to increase dramatically.

Meng Hao could tell that the faith of the Crow Divinity Tribe members had the potential to increase his power. At the same time, his own might caused the Crow Divinity Tribe members' Cultivation bases to rise.

“The amalgamation of the five elements will give rise to a mighty leap up for the Crow Divinity Tribes!” thought Meng Hao. Currently, he sat on the head of the flying viper. The wind beat against his face as he looked out at the lands below.

After the battle, Meng Hao had absorbed the remainder of the Five Poisons Tribe's neo-demons. Although many of them had died, his horde now contained a total of around 50,000.

In addition, they had acquired quite a bit of resources from the Five Poison Tribes. Most importantly... was this precious treasure, a flying machine that could hold thousands of people!

This gigantic viper whistled through the air, carrying all of the Crow Divinity Tribe members as they continued on their journey.

The incredible speed with which it moved filled the Crow Divinity Tribe members with hope, and allowed them to put aside about the horrific brutality of the battle they had just fought.

It had taken them two years to walk out from within the depths of the Western Desert North region. They had experienced many battles, and in the end, had fought it out with the Five Poisons Tribe. Now, it was as if a door had opened for them.

After passing through this door, the glory of the Crow Divinity Tribe would once again be known in the Western Lands.

The giant viper shot through the air for many days. They passed over quite a few Tribes who had no flying machines, and soon had gone farther than they could have traveled in ten years on foot.

The further south they flew, the fewer lakes they saw, and the more rivers. The reason for this was because the further south one got, the higher the elevation. Contrariwise, many areas in the lands in the north were already becoming seas.

Several days later, a mountain range became visible up ahead. It was black, and stretched out seemingly endlessly.

Sitting next to Meng Hao was the Crow Divinity Tribe Greatfather. His face was pale, and his body aged. As he looked off into the distance, he coughed, and then slowly said, “This is the true demarcation between the Western Desert North region and the Central region, the Ink Qilin Mountain Range....”

During the battle, the Greatfather had chosen to burn his own life force in order to delay the enemy High Priest. Despite months of treatment by consuming medicinal pills concocted by Meng Hao, as well as healing power from his Wood-type totem, he had harmed his foundation. He knew that the time of his death drew close. He only had about half of a sixty-year cycle left.

He felt no regrets. Half of a sixty-year cycle was enough that he might be able to watch with his own eyes as the Crow Divinity Tribe entered the Black Lands. He might even be able to spend some time living with the Tribe after they got there.

To him, that was enough. During the few months of travel, he had not practiced Cultivation, but rather, lived like an ordinary person. He would sleep, and sometimes dream, something he hadn't experienced in many years. Within his dreams he saw images of himself and the other Greatfathers with whom he had fought and schemed against for so many years. In his dreams, they were smiling and beckoning to him, inviting him to leave with them.

They had fought for a lifetime, but now, he was the only one left. He would wake up from his dreams feeling lonely and alone.

“After we pass these mountains,” he continued, his voice low, “we will be in the Western Desert Central region. Right now, that is probably where the largest groups of Cultivators are gathered.” After that, he coughed a few more times.

“Our stockpile of Spirit Stones is sufficient,” he went on. “Unfortunately, this Five Poisons Tribe flying treasure probably won't be able to keep going for a very long time. Because it was overloaded earlier, it was damaged. I'm afraid it won't be able to sustain flight for more than half a year. After that, it will stop working.” The Greatfather frowned anxiously.

Meng Hao nodded, but did not respond. As the flying viper treasure shot over the Ink Qilin Mountains, a vast tableau opened up in front of Meng Hao's eyes. It was an enormous plain that was completely different from the lands in the north.

Although the violet rain fell here, there was still greenery visible, areas where the violet rain had not exterminated all the vegetation.

As they proceeded further south, the previously extinguished spiritual energy suddenly began to sparkle to life. This caused the Crow Divinity Tribe members to instantly be enlivened.

Meng Hao frowned. Because the spiritual energy had not been completely cut off in the Western Desert Central region, and because not all life had been exterminated, it meant that there would be more Tribes here.

"Now that we're here, we need to be more cautious," he said. With that, he sent the flying viper forward to search for a place in the plains where the Tribe could rest and reorganize.

At the same time, he waved his hand, causing a large group of black crows to appear and fly toward the west, south and east. They shot off into the air and quickly disappeared.

Time passed by. Half a month later, they still had not run into any local Cultivators. Nonetheless, the Crow Divinity Tribe remained vigilant, constantly keeping watch in all directions.

One afternoon, Meng Hao sat there cross-legged as a black beam of light appeared up in the sky. It shot toward their flying magical treasure, and then appeared in front of Meng Hao in the form of a black crow. It hovered in the air in front of him, emitting a soundless call.

Meng Hao looked at the crow, and then his eyes began to glow. A moment later, he lifted up his hand. The crow landed on his palm and then disappeared.

Another half month went by. Similar events occurred over and over again as the black crows that Meng Hao had sent out returned at high speed with reports from the surrounding areas.

Meng Hao was also able to see the surrounding lands through the eyes of the crows. Using their bodies, he was essentially able to increase the range of his Spiritual Sense.

Several days later, when all the crows had returned, Meng Hao was now as familiar with the area as he was the back of his own hand.

He waved his hand, causing a screen to appear in front of him upon which was sketched a map. “There are seven Tribes in the area, all mid-sized Tribes. The smallest of them number in the thousands, the largest is 20,000 strong....”

The Greatfather and the other Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribe were seated around Meng Hao. They looked with interest at the map.

“Right now, these two Tribes are the closest to us,” Meng Hao continued. “They no doubt are already aware that we have a Demon Spirit. However, Tribes who have managed to migrate this far into the Central region will have experienced many hardships. They won’t make a move lightly, and will certainly attempt to scout us out.

“In recent days,” he said calmly, “I have sensed at least two waves of Divine Sense sweep over us, which are assuredly from the totemic Sacred Ancients of those two Tribes.” None of the surrounding Cultivators said anything.

“What interests me most in this area is this place,” said Meng Hao, pointing to a spot on the map. It was a relatively large location about two weeks away via flight, which Meng Hao had circled on the map.

“This place seems very strange, and is occupied by seven or eight Tribes. Based on the observations of my neo-demons, it seems they have constructed something of a trade outpost.” He frowned.

“They must have formed an alliance!” said one of the Nascent Soul Cultivators. He was a middle aged man, not one of the original members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, but a more recent addition.

“Because of the Apocalypse,” he continued, “and the increasing heaviness of the violet rainfall, there will definitely be some Tribes who choose to form alliances instead of fighting with each other. The members of such alliances will be stronger as a whole, and will have a better chance of surviving.

“The group the exalted Sacred Ancient referred to is surely just such an alliance. As for the trade outpost... that seems simple enough to explain. I’ve passed through this part of the Central region before in the past. The Tribes in this area tend to form mobile trade outposts. In fact, some Tribes are nothing more than such trade outposts.”

“Elder Sun is correct,” said the Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder. “I’ve also heard of this matter. After these particular Tribes formed their alliance, they constructed a trade outpost to engage in resource trade. They all have their various needs and desires, but together, they are more confident of making it to the Black Lands.” The Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder had already switched totem tattoos. He now had Meng Hao’s Wood-type totem. This had caused his Cultivation base to climb back up into the early Nascent Soul stage.

“Logically speaking,” said Elder Sun, “a trade outpost created by an alliance like that won’t stay in place for too long. They’ll continue moving forward, growing stronger and more powerful, continuously engaging in business with people they encounter.

“That is exactly the type of place we need to go to. We might even be able to purchase a long range flying magical treasure. There may be some other items we can acquire that will be useful for our migration.

“I’ve even heard that in the trading outposts of some of the great Tribes, you can purchase Sacred Ancients from Tribes that have been wiped out....

“The main question is, do we engage in trade with this alliance? Or... do we rob them!?” His words caused everyone’s eyes to begin to shine brightly and then look toward Meng Hao to await his decision.

Meng Hao was quiet for a while before coolly saying, “If the alliance chooses to trade with us, then we trade. If they want to go to war with us, then we will bring them war!”

Chapter 489: Eight Branch Alliance

Meng Hao’s words caused the surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribe to sit thoughtfully for a moment before cold glows appeared in their eyes, and then killing intent. This was especially true of Elder Sun, who licked his lips, his eyes glinting viciously.

Meng Hao closed his eyes and then pointed his finger down towards the ground. Instantly, Demonic Qi shot up from the plain, swirling around to form a figure. This was none other than Meng Hao’s Demonic Incarnation.

The illusory figure contained Meng Hao’s Spiritual Sense. It flickered as a black cloak suddenly wrapped around it, turning it into a black-cloaked man.

The black-cloaked man floated there in the air, his facial features indistinguishable. Meng Hao's voice suddenly spoke out from within the hood: "The Tribe as a whole, as well as my true self, will not move. I'll send this clone ahead to that alliance."

The surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators nodded. Regarding Meng Hao's bizarre divine abilities, they were already used to them. To them, it was simply how things should be.

The black-cloaked figure turned to Elder Sun. "You've traveled through this area before, Elder Sun. Why don't you accompany me on this little expedition?"

Elder Sun took a deep breath as he rose to his feet and then bowed.

The Greatfather of the Crow Divinity Tribe also rose to his feet. He produced a bag of holding which he handed over to Meng Hao. This bag of holding contained a portion of the Tribe's Spirit Stones and other resources.

Meng Hao's black-cloaked Demonic Incarnation turned and flew off into the sky, followed by Elder Sun. In the blink of an eye, they turned into beams of colorful light that shot off into the distance.

After the Demonic Incarnation left, Meng Hao, who was still seated there cross-legged, opened his eyes.

"We'll rest and reorganize here for a few days," said Meng Hao coolly. "Afterwards, whether we engage in business or war will depend on the will of the Tribe." Considering his position within the Tribe, his words actually counted as the voice of the Tribe.

The surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators nodded, and the Crow Divinity Tribe began to station themselves in the area. This would be their first period of prolonged rest during the entire migration.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao's black-cloaked Demonic Incarnation flew through the air of the Western Desert Central region, along with Elder Sun.

They moved at high speed, occasionally employing minor teleportation as they headed directly toward the alliance of Tribes.

A few days later, Meng Hao asked, “Elder Sun, do you have any former acquaintances in this area?” He’d come to find that Elder Sun seemed very familiar with the region. Occasionally the man would look around at the scenery with what appeared to be a wistful expression.

Elder Sun chuckled. “To be honest with you, exalted Sacred Ancient, I actually made a few enemies in this area some years ago. They chased me around, trying to kill me, which is how I came to be more familiar with the area.” Elder Sun was skinny and wizened, and had a mustache shaped like the character 八. On the left side of his face was a scar that stretched all the way down to his neck, making his appearance especially sinister.

Meng Hao nodded, and declined to make further inquiries. The two of them continued to fly through the air in beams of colorful light.

Time flashed by. They were able to move with incredible speed, traveling in ten days what it would take the flying machine one month.

Actually, it took that long because of Elder Sun. Were Meng Hao traveling alone using his Demonic Incarnation, it would only take five days.

One day, an area appeared up ahead on the plain. More than ten thousand tents were arranged in concentric rings around a city. They were densely packed in special patterns that made it look like a spell formation with protective powers.

The more than ten thousand tents were organized into groups that made up eight different patterns like sealing marks, which of course represented the eight different Tribes which formed the alliance.

The city was located in the very center. From his position up in the air, Meng Hao could see quite a few Cultivators coming and going. The whole scene was quite lively.

When Meng Hao and Elder Sun were about three thousand meters away, the voice of an old man suddenly called out from the direction of the allied Tribes.

“Welcome to the Eight Branch Alliance. We are an alliance formed by eight different Tribes, and are camping in this area for five months. During that time, flying is prohibited for three thousand meters in all directions. Fellow Daoists, if you have come to do business, then you are welcome here.”

Even as the words could be heard, an old man suddenly appeared in front of Meng Hao and Elder Sun. On his face could be seen some blotchy, brown marks. He looked over Meng Hao and Elder Sun and then continued, "I am Ou Yunzi. Fellow Daoists, you don't look familiar. I'm curious as to where you might have come from." After examining Elder Sun, his eyes came to rest on Meng Hao, whereupon his pupils constricted.

Ou Yunzi was at the early Nascent Soul stage, so the fact that he could not see the Cultivation base of this black-cloaked man caused his heart to fill with vigilance.

Seeing that Meng Hao did not plan to speak, Elder Sun laughingly clasped hands and said, "I am Sun Dahai. Our Tribe is migrating from the Western Desert North region, and are passing through the area. We heard that the Eight Branch Alliance built a city in the area, and thus decided to come trade for a few necessary items." [1]

Ou Yunzi's eyes shifted away from Sun Dahai to look behind him and Meng Hao, where of course there was nothing. His expression ordinary, he suddenly smiled.

"The Eight Branch Alliance welcomes all Fellow Daoists who wish to engage in business. Welcome, both of you!" With a laugh, he turned and gestured welcomingly. The three of them descended to the ground and began to walk toward the Eight Branch Alliance.

"That fact that you managed to migrate from the Western Desert North region all the way to here indicates that your Tribe is definitely extraordinary, Fellow Daoist Sun."

"Ai, there were many twists and turns along the way, and we experienced many things. But, let's not talk about that. Fellow Daoist Ou, from the look of things, your Eight Branch Alliance seems highly likely to be able to enter the Black Lands. I offer you my congratulations."

"Thank you for your auspicious words, Fellow Daoist Sun. May I inquire, what sort of items are you looking to acquire?"

"Oh, nothing special. Just some odds and ends, although if there are any neo-demon hordes for sale, that would be excellent."

Laughing and smiling, Sun Dahai continued to chat vaguely with Ou Yunzi as they walked along.

The entire time, Meng Hao remained silent, allowing Sun Dahai and Ou Yunzi to feel each other out.

When they reached the border of the allied Tribes, Ou Yunzi smiled and clasped hands and watched as Sun Dahai and Meng Hao entered the city. Afterwards, a dour look appeared on his face.

Suddenly, a man's voice could be heard: "Brother Ou, is there something fishy about those two?"

The air rippled next to Ou Yunzi as a man and a woman appeared. Both were middle-aged. The man wore a long scholar's robe and the woman was dressed in a Lady's gown.

Ou Yunzi glanced over at the two and then slowly said, "They say that they came from the North region. I didn't notice anything out of the ordinary about that Cultivator named Sun. As for the black-cloaked man next to him, I couldn't see the level of his Cultivation base. Furthermore, his aura was cold and dark.

"In order to forestall any mishaps, I suggest we allow them to be on their way of their own accord and..." Before Ou Yunzi could finish, he was interrupted rather impolitely.

"There's nothing to worry about," said the woman in the Lady's gown. "He couldn't possibly be a Spirit Severing Patriarch. Even if he's of the late Nascent Soul stage, he's only one person. The net has already been cast out. When it comes time to draw it in, no mishaps will occur. Fellow Daoist Ou, there's no need to worry."

The scholarly looking man laughed, and his eyes flickered coldly. "He's only one trifling person. Brother Ou, there's no need to take him to heart. We will let the net remain cast a few more days, and then, according to the agreement reached by the Elders, we will draw it in. If those two really came from the North region, along with their Tribe, then we'll be able to catch quite a big fish!"

The man laughed, and the woman continued, "When the time comes to draw in the net, their Tribe will be revealed, and will become resources for our Eight Branch Alliance. Then, our months of rest here will not have been in vain.

"All of it will just count as bad fortune for them! They won't be able to blame anyone but themselves!" With that, the man and woman departed.

Ou Yunzi frowned. After a long moment, he shook his head. “Maybe I really am just thinking too much into it.” With that, he turned and disappeared.

After entering the city, Meng Hao and Sun Dahai split up. Sun Dahai had practiced Cultivation for many years, and was experienced and astute. He was adept in making discreet inquiries and collecting news, so Meng Hao decided to stroll about the city alone. When he saw all the people, and the proliferation of various shops and stores, he was astonished.

This place was quite large, and although you couldn’t say that it had everything, there was quite a variety of things to purchase, from neo-demon hordes, to powerful solitary neo-demons, even a quite a bit of rather shoddy medicinal pills. There were even flying magical items.

Unfortunately, there were no prices listed, only indications that these items could be purchased through auction. Even still, Meng Hao was able to get a feel for the majesty of the city. There were many Cultivators; it seemed the city could hold nearly ten thousand people, making the place quite bustling.

As he walked, Meng Hao’s pupils suddenly constricted as he noticed what appeared at first to be a simple structure, but was actually a luxurious shop. This shop happened to specialize in totems!

Different Tribes had different totem branding methods, and this place happened to sell a variety of such methods for a variety of prices. This shop instantly caught Meng Hao’s attention.

After careful examination, he found that most were relatively cheap, and were only designed for functionality, not for providing Cultivation base breakthrough.

After looking around for a while, he felt that he understood the city a lot better. About two hours later, he had managed to stroll through about half of the city, when suddenly, he stopped in place.

He had just sensed a bit of Demonic Qi coming from a shop nearby. After looking over, he was able to identify which shop; it was a place that sold totemic Sacred Ancients!

Perhaps a better way to say it was that these were incredibly powerful neo-demons that could be turned into totems!

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he was just about to enter the shop when suddenly a man appeared in front of him. He was dressed like a scholar; this was none other than the man who had been speaking with Ou Yunzi earlier.

The man laughed and blocked Meng Hao's way.

"Fellow Daoist, the things in this shop will be up for auction in seven days. If you want them, you can purchase them at that time."

Meng Hao looked at the man with cold, glittering eyes. Without a word, he turned and walked away.

The middle-aged scholar's pupils constricted. When Meng Hao had looked at him, the man had used Divine Sense to try to feel Meng Hao out. However, all the Divine Sense could make out regarding the black-cloaked man was rippling nothingness. It couldn't pierce inside, not even the slightest bit.

"That man is very strange..." said the scholar, his eyes narrowing.

Meng Hao's expression didn't change as he walked through the city. However, deep within his cloak, his eyes gleamed with coldness.

"This place is pretty interesting. It seems almost everything is purchasable only at the auction.... Everything seems ordinary, but if you think about it carefully..."

Chapter 490: Underground!

As evening fell, the violet rain fell down onto the tents in the area that had been set up specifically for visiting Cultivators.

After spending a few Spirit Stones, Meng Hao and Sun Dahai had been able to acquire a tent, within which they now sat cross-legged.

"Exalted Sacred Ancient," said Sun Dahai in a low voice, as he reported his findings to Meng Hao, "I made a lot of inquiries earlier today. The Eight Branch Alliance has been in this spot for four months now. During the last few days of each of those months, they have hosted an auction.

“They’ve already held four such auctions. When popular items appear, deaths sometimes occur. However, none of the deaths are connected to the Eight Branch Alliance.

“Such deaths are usually caused because of personal disputes and thefts. Generally speaking, it seems that the Eight Branch Alliance is really just interested in business, and has no malicious intentions.

“The final auction will be held ten days from now. When it concludes, the Eight Branch Alliance will move on. As such, many local Tribes will be attending the final auction, and many valuable treasures will be up for purchase.”

Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, his face concealed within this black cloak. After listening to Sun Dahai’s report, he said, “You think there’s nothing unusual about this place?”

Sun Dahai’s eyes flickered. “There doesn’t seem to be anything particularly unusual. However, we do need to be on guard. It’s possible the Eight Branch Alliance is spreading bait to attract some big fish, which they can then collect together in one fell swoop.

“The surrounding Tribes couldn’t possibly be that off-guard,” he continued. “If the Eight Branch Alliance wanted to swallow them up, it would be difficult to accomplish. Besides, to survive in this Apocalypse, Tribes have to experience war and battles. Such Tribes wouldn’t possibly fall for something so stupid. Even if they sent people here to trade, they wouldn’t send too many Spirit Stones or other resources with them. If I were a local Greatfather, I would send a large group so that there would be safety in numbers. As for Spirit Stones, they would be secondary.

“Furthermore, if the Eight Branch Alliance truly had the power to swallow up an entire Tribe, then what is the point of the city? Why not just sweep over the surrounding tribes and plunder them dry? That would certainly save a lot of effort.” Sun Dahai looked puzzled.

“That’s why I think that there’s a seventy percent likelihood that they are actually focused on doing business, and not on maliciously robbing people.” He looked over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was silent for a short time before giving a hoarse laugh.

“If you came to this conclusion, then likely other Tribes will too. It is because of that understanding that this city houses over ten thousand outsiders. Most are members of the other seven Tribes that exist in this region, as well as some Cultivators from even more distant regions.

“However, did it ever occur to you that the true goal of the Eight Branch Alliance, is neither business, nor robbing Spirit Stones and other resources?” Cold, glowing eyes looked out at Sun Dahai from within the black cloak.

Sun Dahai was taken aback, and sat there lost in thought.

At the same time, several dozen days of travel away where the Crow Divinity Tribe was resting, Meng Hao’s true self sat cross-legged. Suddenly, his eyes opened to reveal a brilliant glow, and he rose to his feet.

“Members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, after enough time passes for a single incense stick to burn, we will mount our flying treasure and move at top speed toward the Eight Branch Alliance!” Immediately, all the Tribe members emerged from their meditative trances. Without asking any questions whatsoever, they rose to their feet. In the short amount of time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the thousands of Tribe members stepped onto the gigantic viper. A piercing cry rose up as the flying viper treasure shot through the air. Spirit Stones were used unhesitatingly, causing the viper to speed as fast as possible toward the Eight Branch Alliance.

As the Crow Divinity Tribe made their way toward the Eight Branch Alliance, time passed by slowly for Meng Hao and Sun Dahai. Casting aside their previous prudence, they made their way throughout the Eight Branch Alliance city and began to make purchases.

Within the space of a few days, they had spent quite a bit of Spirit Stones to purchase various supplies that would be needed for the migration. The Eight Branch Alliance was constantly announcing the auction to take place in a few days. In fact, each day, various shops and stores would put on display some of the items which were to be auctioned.

Meng Hao saw three flying machines, one of which was a 25,000-meter treasure shaped like an actual ship, that could hold around ten thousand people.

It was protected by a glittering shield, and was capable of astonishing speed. Although a terrifying amount of Spirit Stones was required to operate it, it was essentially the only type of item that the Western Desert Tribes could use at the moment. Anything that normally operated on spell formations that absorbed the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth, was now inoperable.

There were a few special totem branding techniques that were the topic of heated debate within the city. However, what caught Meng Hao’s eyes the most were the neo-demons.

The Eight Branch Alliance had over a hundred thousand neo-demons of all varieties. The mere sight of them was shocking.

In fact... there were three totemic Sacred Ancients that the Eight Branch Alliance had on display. One was a three-headed Xuanwu turtle. Another was a three hundred meter long golden eagle. The final one was a blind crow. This crow was very similar to Meng Hao's other black crows; however, its aura was vastly, vastly more powerful.

Unfortunately, these three totemic Sacred Ancients seemed extremely weak and listless. Clearly, the Tribes and Tribe members who had exercised faith in them had been slaughtered. Therefore, the faith power they had stored up was thoroughly exhausted, and had not been replenished.

In addition, they were bound by fine, silver chains that pierced through their bodies. Their previous aloofness and haughtiness had changed. Now they were items for sale that anyone could glance upon casually.

Every day, a voice would ring out through the entire city, filled with sincerity. It didn't seem to contain even a scrap of hypocrisy, and sounded completely credible.

“Greetings, Fellow Daoists. The Eight Branch Alliance will be holding our final auction in six days. After the auction, we will be leaving this area. During this final auction, we will be selling all of the items that you have had a chance to look over recently. Some of these items belong to the Eight Branch Alliance, but the majority have been entrusted to us by other parties to sell.

“In some cases, these items will not be sold for Spirit Stones, but rather other special items that we require. After all, it is such items that we will prepare to auction off in the next location we travel to.”

Considering the reputation built up by the Eight Branch Alliance, as well as the extremely attractive items up that were to be put up for auction, more and more Cultivators arrived each day.

These people didn't just come from the neighboring seven Tribes, but even Tribes from further south. Of course, for safety's sake, large groups of Cultivators had been dispatched, all well-known figures. The leaders of all of these groups were of the Nascent Soul stage.

Three days before the auction was set to begin, the foreign population of the city had already swelled to twenty thousand. The city was packed, and the atmosphere extremely lively and out of the ordinary. In fact, some Tribes had already begun doing business secretly.

Sun Dahai was as happy as a fish in water; he immediately began to interact with the other Tribes as he attempted to gather together all the supplies they needed. As of the day before the auction, Meng Hao had already spent all the Spirit Stones he had brought in order to acquire the various items they needed.

The more people arrived, the more Sun Dahai seemed to think the area was safe. As for Meng Hao, he felt exactly the opposite. During the past seven or eight days, he had not actually engaged in any of the purchasing. Instead, he walked around the city, observing and studying it. In the end, he was convinced that under the surface of this entire area was a huge spell formation!

The spell formation was very complex. Even with many people working at it, it would take months to set up. Considering how long the Eight Branch Alliance had been in this area, Meng Hao was certain that the spell formation... had been put together by none other than them!

Most curious of all, this spell formation seemed to be able to stir and congeal Demonic Qi!!

The spell formation was so well hidden that even a Nascent Soul Cultivator would be incapable of detecting it. The only reason Meng Hao could sense it was because of the Demonic Qi that was congealed inside. Obviously, the body Meng Hao was using was illusory, materialized from Demonic Qi; naturally, he was extremely sensitive to Demonic Qi.

Demonic Qi was shapeless, which Meng Hao well knew. No one could see it, nor feel it. Only neodemons or totemic Sacred Ancients would be able to sense it. However, considering the weakness of the Demonic Qi in the spell formation, it would probably be difficult even for Sacred Ancients.

Unfortunately, it could not escape detection of Meng Hao, Demon Sealer.

“A spell formation that attracts Demonic Qi is not the type of formation that an ordinary Cultivator would set up. The actual skill used in creating the formation is secondary to the mere fact that it contains Demonic Qi. Whoever made it has some level of understanding of Demonic Qi.” Meng Hao thought about it for eight days as he walked about observing the city. It seemed as if he were examining the items which were being sold, but in truth, he was carefully observing the spell formation.

The more he observed it, the more interested he got.

At the moment, it was now one day before the auction. Meng Hao was standing in the center of the city, where there were no shops, but rather, an altar. The altar appeared ordinary. Placed on top of the altar was a huge statue that depicted a Cultivator with outstretched wings on his backs.

This was the totem statue of one of the eight Tribes that made up the Eight Branch Alliance. Similar statues could be seen throughout the city, each one of which represented one of the eight Tribes.

As soon as he neared the altar, Meng Hao could sense at least ten streams of Divine Sense fall onto his body. It was impossible to tell what type of cultivation was practiced by the owners of these streams of Divine Sense. It was too deeply hidden. The level of the Cultivators was also impossible to determine. There was even a strand of Demonic Qi present, which stuck out to Meng Hao. Inwardly, he gave a cold laugh. He knew that if he did anything out of the ordinary, this place would instantly be filled with at least ten Nascent Soul Cultivators.

He looked up at the statue with glittering eyes as he walked past casually. He didn't stop. However, what he did do was secretly merge his Spiritual Sense in the Demonic Qi down below. It slowly spread out underground, undetectable. Based on his several days of study and observation, Meng Hao was now certain that this altar was the center of the spell formation.

As the Spiritual Sense spread out, Meng Hao could see the majestic spell formation. Furthermore, at the center of the spell formation was a pulsing black mist. Whatever was inside that black mist was impossible to see.

It was at this moment that a tremor ran through his mind, the source of which was inside his bag of holding. It was an archaic voice that he had not heard for a long time during his time in the Western Desert. It echoed out to fill his mind.

“Third Generation Demon Sealer blood refinement, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

“The League of Demon Sealers! The First Generation is the Ancestor. The Second Generation is the Inheritor. The Third Generation is the most powerful. After the Fourth Generation, the successive generations grow weaker.... But the Ninth Generation is the ultimate! If the Ninth Generation is not slain, it is the pinnacle!”