

The Heavens 491

Chapter 491: A Familiar Vortex

The voice did not just echo out in the mind of Meng Hao's Demonic Incarnation in the Eight Branch Alliance, but also in the mind of his true self, which was currently speeding through the air in exactly that direction.

Meng Hao's mind in the Demonic Incarnation trembled, but his expression did not change in the slightest. He turned and walked off slowly. His inspection of the spell formation, and his sudden shock, was not noticed by any observers. As he walked off into the distance, the Divine Sense which had latched onto him slowly vanished.

Deep in the night, Meng Hao sat quietly in the tent, eyes closed.

Sun Dahai was already in a meditative trance. Although he was not one hundred percent at ease with this place, he felt it to be fundamentally safe. He was eighty percent sure that the Eight Branch Alliance was only interested in doing business.

Meanwhile, the fact that the Crow Divinity Tribe had a Demon Spirit was not possible to conceal from the other seven Tribes that made their home in this part of the Western Desert Central region. They all became aware of it.

“That's....”

“A Demon Spirit!! It's a Demon Spirit!”

“A Demon Spirit has actually appeared! We have to get it!!”

Two of the Tribes sensed the Demon Spirit first. The other five took longer but were equally shocked. Of the seven, five immediately dispatched people toward the place indicated on the Feng Shui compass.

In a very short period of time, the entire region was sent into a turbulent commotion.

The glowing dots on the Feng Shui compasses held by the High Priests of the various Tribes caused their hearts to fill with astonishment. Even as they dispatched their forces, the Eight Branch Alliance called a parliament of the Greatfathers and High Priests of the eight Tribes. Instantly, a heated debate discussion.

“Dammit! Why did a Demon Spirit have to appear at this time!?”

“According to our scouts, the surrounding Tribes have already taken action. Furthermore, the Demon Spirit is heading directly toward our Eight Branch Alliance! If nothing unexpected happens, the Demon Spirit will be on top of us in two days, which is exactly when the forces of the other Tribes will arrive! There will definitely be fighting and robbing!”

“Should we delay the bringing in of the net...? After all, our plan is extremely important, but a Demon Spirit... is equally important!”

“The ideal situation would be one in which we successfully bring in the net AND acquire a Demon Spirit...”

As the discussion continued, an old man sat in the seat of honour. He wore a red robe and had his eyes closed. After a while, he suddenly opened his eyes.

“Enough!” he said, his voice ringing out like a clap of thunder. All of the other individuals in the tent instantly went silent.

“Demon Spirits are well and good. However, to the Eight Branch Alliance, what is most important is restoring the power of the Sacred Ancient. In the Western Desert East region, our Eight Branch Alliance’s strength was significantly damaged. All of you received serious injuries. Even more importantly, we must not be rash when it comes to our Cultivation bases. If our totems are damaged, it could put us in danger of Cultivation base loss.

“That’s also the reason why we are resting in this location; exterminating the other tribes in the area is not something easy to do.

“Have you forgotten the main point of the plan? We attract more and more Cultivators to this area, and then use the power of the spell formation to carry out a blood offering. That will restore the glory of our totems! Actually, for the Demon Spirit to come is a good thing!

“In fact, there actually couldn’t be a better way to get more people to come here!” By the time the man finished speaking, his eyes were glowing with a cold light.

The other Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance began to nod silently.

Final preparations were made. Two days later at dawn, the Eight Branch Alliance began the auction.

A huge crowd of people was present, more than twenty thousand. As such, there was no special location for the auction; instead, it took place throughout the entire city.

Early in the morning, all of the buildings and shops in the city disappeared without a trace. What was left behind was a vast, empty square. Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators emerged from the surrounding tents to maintain order.

Everyone who was to participate in the auction held a jade slip in hand. These jade slips had been distributed a few days before, one for each person, including Meng Hao and Sun Daihai.

“It’s going to begin!” said Sun Daihai excitedly. Despite being a Nascent Soul Cultivator, he had never participated in an auction before.

Meng Hao, on the other hand, was quite used to such affairs. The pill auction back in the Violet Fate Sect had been attended by a hundred thousand Cultivators. That auction was above and beyond this one in both terms of scale and grandeur.

A glowing screen appeared up above, from within which appeared a man. His handsome face was as white as jade. Smiling, he clasped hands and bowed to the thousands of Cultivators below.

“We meet again, Fellow Daoists! I am Dong Hanzi, with whom which many of you are already acquainted, since I presided over the previous four auctions.

“Today’s auction is the final auction to be held by the Eight Branch Alliance. The rules are the same as ever. All of you have a jade slip, which you can brand with a value. That value will appear up here.

“There’s no need to prattle on. Our first lot for the day...” As Dong Hanzi’s voice rang out, the auction officially began. The first lot instantly caused quite a commotion. Prices branded onto jade

slips immediately began to appear on the illusory screen up in the air. The prices instantly began to climb higher and higher.

Sun Dahai's eyes went wide as he stared at the prices on the screen. As for Meng Hao, he didn't pay much attention to the auction. Instead he was looking around the area thoughtfully.

Time went by and the excitement in the auction continued to grow. After four hours had passed, when it was almost high noon, Dong Hanzi offered up a totemic Sacred Ancient for auction. It was at this point that the auction seemed to reach its peak.

Regardless if it was in terms of values being called out verbally or branded on the jade slips, the price continued to rise shockingly. It seemed relatively chaotic, but order was actually being maintained. By this point Sun Dahai was thoroughly wrapped up in his excitement; he held his jade slip in hand as he participated in making bids.

All of the twenty thousand people in the area seemed to be going crazy. Only Meng Hao, his face hidden within the depths of his black cloak, seemed to remain calm.

"This Demonic Qi spell formation really is something!" he thought, his eyes glittering coldly. Earlier in the morning, when the auction had just started, he saw the spell formation beginning to operate. By now, it was rotating rapidly, congealing large amounts of Demonic Qi, then sending it undulating out invisibly to influence the emotions of the Cultivators in the area.

These undulations were causing the twenty thousand participants to slowly act like lunatics.

In complete contrast, the Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance, who had recently been the shopkeepers and other shop workers, were circulating in the area, cold, mocking smiles on their faces.

Suddenly, Meng Hao caught sight of a boundless mist approaching from off in the distance. It impossible to say when it appeared, but it spread out to cover the area. Furthermore, there were sixteen Cultivators floating up in the air, looking down coldly at the crowds.

Of these sixteen people, half were of the early Nascent Soul stage, and four were of the mid-Nascent Soul Stage. Shockingly, two were of the late Nascent Soul stage.

One of them was Ou Yunzi, another was the man dressed like a scholar, and a third was the woman dressed in a Lady's robe.

The power of the Cultivation bases of these sixteen people began to spread out. However, Meng Hao could tell that all of the Cultivation bases were unstable, as if they were being held together with great difficulty. A few of these people actually emanated a faint Demonic Qi.

Meng Hao's expression was cold after glancing over them and then looking back at Sun Dahai. He suddenly spoke out Sun Dahai's name. As soon as the man heard his name being called out, a tremor ran through his body. The crazed look faded from his eyes and turned into confusion, then astonishment. He knew that there was something wrong with his behaviour just now.

Panting, he looked around, his heart filled with caution. When he saw the crazed look on the faces around him, and the prices climbing rapidly, cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

He subconsciously turned to look at Meng Hao and then said, "Sacred An...."

"Come with me," said Meng Hao calmly. Sun Dahai immediately followed Meng Hao as he worked his way through the crowd. They didn't draw much attention, and very quickly reached a certain location where Meng Hao came to a stop.

"This position is safe. If something unexpected happens, don't forget to sit down here and meditate. Don't take a single step away."

Sun Dahai was a shrewd and astute person. Earlier, he had been under the influence of the spell formation, but now that he had come to his senses, he could sense the strangeness in the area. Having heard Meng Hao's words, he nodded in agreement. He had already decided that no matter what happened, he would not move away from this spot.

At the same time, his admiration for Meng Hao grew to even greater heights. He looked at Meng Hao, and although he couldn't see his face within the blackness of his cloak, he could sense Meng Hao's eyes looking toward the center of the trade outpost city.

Meng Hao merged his Spiritual Sense with Demonic Qi and sent it out into the ground. He watched the spell formation rotating faster and faster; at the same time, the mist in the area continued to grow thicker.

“High noon is when the earth is aligned directly with the sun. At this moment of extremes... Yin is at its hardest and Yang as at its softest!

“Demonic Qi, or whatever kind of Qi it is, regardless of whether it is hard or soft, will appear at noon!” Meng Hao quickly calculated the current time.

“Only three more breaths of time.... Three, two, one....” A bright light shone in Meng Hao’s eyes as he watched the wildly rotating spell formation cause the mist in the area to churn. At the same time, the ground below began to change color. Now it was red, like fresh blood.

Strands of Demonic Qi began to float up to fill the air. Shockingly, the Demonic Qi started rotating, transforming into a huge vortex that filled the sky.

Of course, Sun Dahai couldn’t see any of this. To him, everything seemed normal. The sky was still the sky and nothing was different.

To Meng Hao, however, what he was seeing was shocking to the extreme.

As for the sixteen Cultivators in mid-air, they were performing incantation gestures. Then, they began to let out growling roars as sixteen streams of magical symbols suddenly began to spread out toward the vortex up in the sky.

No one could see the gigantic vortex, only Meng Hao. The sight of it was actually somewhat familiar, as if he had seen something similar before in another place.

As the vortex spun rapidly, a black hole suddenly appeared in its middle. Within that black hole... another world suddenly became visible!

As the world became visible, Meng Hao’s heart filled with astonishment, and an expression of disbelief appeared on his face. He suddenly realized what that place was!

Chapter 492: I’ll Be Back!

The Tower of Tang in the State of Zhao!

The year that Meng Hao left the Reliance Sect, he went to the capital city of the State of Zhao. There, he had stood atop the Tower of Tang, fulfilling his lifelong dream of looking out from its enormous height toward the Great Tang in the Eastern Land.

After that, when he was preparing to leave, the sovereign of the State of Zhao and the others prostrated themselves in worship to the Tower of Tang. As he left, he had inadvertently looked over his shoulder to see an enormous vortex appear in the sky. It was something that no one could see but him!

Within that vortex was another world, a battlefield filled with countless corpses, as well as a gigantic black coffin. The whole scene was incredibly shocking. Sitting next to the coffin, a shrivelled figure sat crosslegged. Meng Hao could never forget how as soon as he looked at the withered corpse, it suddenly opened its eyes.

That one look had caused a burning of his life force which lasted for months. Meng Hao now knew the purpose of that magic. It was a seal, locking onto his position.

Later, outside the Rebirth Cave, Meng Hao came to understand everything. He knew that the corpse's name was Choumen Tai. He had acquired Immortal Shows the Way from Choumen Tai, and knew that the world in that vortex was actually an ancient battlefield.

That war had been fought because of the previous Lord of the Ninth Mountain, of the Li Clan, as well as the current Lord of the Ninth Mountain who was of the Ji Clan. It was in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins that Meng Hao put even more pieces together, learning that the war of supremacy regarding the Lordship of the Ninth Mountain also had to do with the Immortal Demon Sect!

As he looked up at the vortex, his mind filled with astonishment as he realized that the world he was looking at was, shockingly... the exact same world he had seen when in the State of Zhao!

However, this time, the ancient battlefield did not contain a coffin, but rather a sea of corpses....

In the very center of the sea of corpses was a huge altar, which was filled with a black mist. The mist made it impossible to see what was inside, but mournful shrieks could be heard coming from the mist. Soon, faces became faintly visible on its surface. It seemed as if they wanted to fly out from the mist, but were unable to. It seemed as if they had been stuck with the mist for countless years, unable to do anything except mourn and cry out.

Among the faces in the mist were Cultivators as well as neo-demons!

Meng Hao's mind filled with a roaring sound, and something like a powerful call suddenly welled up from his heart. It was actually impossible for him to tell whether this feeling was the black mist calling him, or if it was him calling the black mist!

It didn't matter at the moment. Meng Hao's heart and mind trembled as he thought back to the black mist he had seen in the center of the spell formation earlier, as well as what relationship it had with the vortex.

It was at this moment that looks of fanaticism filled the faces of the surrounding Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance. All of them kneeled down and began to bow toward the vortex up in the sky.

Even the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators up in mid-air also began to prostrate themselves.

At the same time, the redness that filled the ground began to spread out. The mist roiled as it enveloped everyone in the area, including Meng Hao. Vast amounts of Demonic Qi suddenly began to pour out from within the spell formation.

The instant the Demonic Qi appeared, it poured into all of the Cultivators in the area. They continued to act completely crazy, as if they had sunk into some dreamland from which they were unable to emerge. As the Demonic Qi filled them, their faces twisted and distorted.

The Demonic Qi poured into them, causing their bodies to tremble, and their expressions to turn vicious. Meng Hao's eyes glittered; after closer observation, he could see that the Demonic Qi was actually fusing with the life force of the Cultivators.

Next, all of these people lifted their heads up toward the vortex. At the same time, the sixteen Cultivators in mid air used their incantations to cause the life force fused with Demonic Qi, to shoot toward the whirlpool. It was instantly sucked in and headed toward the black mist inside. The faces in the mist suddenly looked excited, and began to consume it rapidly.

Meng Hao could clearly see all of this happening. He turned to look at Sun Dahai, who remained sitting cross-legged in that particular position. His eyes were closed and he was meditating; his position was one of a few in the area that had no Demonic Qi in it. That location was one of the nexus points of the spell formation; Demonic Qi would not enter it, making him temporarily safe.

“Just what exactly is that mist...?” thought Meng Hao. “Why do I have this feeling of calling? I can tell that it’s not the mist calling me. But rather... somehow I am inadvertently calling the mist.” He looked around as the Demonic Qi continued to pour into the surrounding tens of thousands of Cultivators. It merged with their life force and then shot up into the vortex.

At the same time, the surrounding tens of thousands of Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance began to speak in a bizarre language. The sound of it rose into the air, merging together to transform into sound waves that rolled out in all directions.

As their voices sounded out, the mist in the area churned even more violently. More Demonic Qi shot up into the vortex, causing the faces on the black mist to emit excited roars.

The whole scene was incredibly bizarre. That was especially so as the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators up in the air shouted out excitedly and performed double-handed incantations to produce sealing marks which flew out.

Even more shocking, totem tattoos suddenly began to appear on the foreheads of the sixteen Cultivators. These totems looked like... faces!

They were the same twisted faces that existed on the black mist in the vortex!

Similar totem tattoos could suddenly be seen appearing on the foreheads of all the tens of thousands of Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators. Each face was different. Some were old, some were young. Some were Cultivators, some were neo-demons.

“Those faces are their totems!” thought Meng Hao, his heart filling with shock. He would never have imagined that the faces filling the black mist in the vortex could be totems.

“This Eight Branch Alliance is incredibly bizarre. Not only do they have a spell formation that can absorb Demonic Qi, as well as Cultivators who actually have Demonic Qi in their bodies, but their totems are connected to things inside the world of that vortex.

“Even stranger... that black mist has something to do with Demon Sealers!” His eyes filled with a strange light.

It was at this moment that the Demonic Qi in the area suddenly began to cover the spell formation nexuses, and Sun Dahai suddenly began to tremble. Demonic Qi was already beginning to bore into his body.

Meng Hao frowned. He lifted his hand, and immediately the Demonic Qi spread away from Sun Dahai. Although it only caused a slight change to the dense Demonic Qi in the area, there were suddenly seven streams of Divine Sense that shot over.

“What?”

“That guy is still conscious!”

“It’s him...”

Almost at the same time that the seven streams of Divine Sense flew over, three of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators up above flickered and began to fly down. It took only a brief moment for them to near Meng Hao.

Of the three, one was the man dressed as a scholar. Killing intent flickered in his eyes.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. Waving his hand, he caused the Demonic Qi in the area to shoot toward himself. It transformed into an invisible attack which swept toward the incoming three Cultivators.

Amidst echoing booms, the three Nascent Soul Cultivators’ faces filled with shock, and they were forced to stop moving.

“Demonic Qi! That guy can manipulate Demonic Qi!!” Immediately, the astonished Nascent Soul Cultivators began to perform incantations. Illusory faces suddenly appeared in front of them. They pushed out with their hands, causing the three faces to twist with fury. Savage laughter erupted from the mouths of the faces as they shot toward Meng Hao.

The Demonic Qi wielded by Meng Hao had little effect on these three bizarre faces. They even consumed the Demonic Qi as they approached. Even by increasing the power of the Demonic Qi attack, Meng Hao was only able to make one of the three faces grow a bit blurry and fade away. The other two continued to shoot toward him.

A bang could be heard, and ripples spread out in all directions as Meng Hao's Demonic Incarnation suddenly shot backward. He snatched up Sun Dahai and then continued to fly back.

The faces of the three Nascent Soul Cultivators were grim as they flew in pursuit of Meng Hao.

“Your Cultivation base is definitely extraordinary, but do you really think you can escape from the Eight Branch Alliance!?”

“It might be strange that you can manipulate Demonic Qi. But we'll catch you and sacrifice you to the Sacred Ancient! The Sacred Ancient will definitely be very happy!”

It was with vigilance that the three Cultivators shot after Meng Hao. At the same time, another from the group up above shot down toward Meng Hao. It was Ou Yunzi, turning the group that was pursuing Meng Hao into a group of four.

Using minor teleportation, the four worked together to employ Divine Abilities. Ferocious, magical faces appeared, shooting toward Meng Hao and devouring Demonic Qi at the same time.

Meng Hao said nothing, nor did he even pay attention to his four pursuers. He held Sun Dahai in one hand and performed an incantation with the other, causing a host of sealing marks to appear on Sun Dahai's body.

At the same time, he flew away like a specter, completely avoiding the four Nascent Soul Cultivators.

After about ten breaths worth of time passed, Meng Hao placed his hand onto the top of Sun Dahai's head. Suddenly, a shield appeared around him, whereupon Meng Hao loosened his grip, allowing Sun Dahai to fall into the mist below.

With the shield in place, Sun Dahai would not be affected by the attacks of the Demonic Qi. Next, Meng Hao turned and waves his hand toward his four pursuers. Instantly, Demonic Qi appeared to attack them.

The five of them flitted back and forth with minor teleportations, unleashing endless magical techniques, divine abilities, magical faces, and Demonic Qi. Ou Yunzi and the others were quickly

filled with shock. Meng Hao danced back and forth, his attacks bizarre, causing them to feel more and more frustrated.

“Where did this guy come from? How could he be so weird?”

Even as the four of them were beginning to feel more and more frustrated, two more Nascent Soul Cultivators frowned and teleported down from the remaining group of twelve up above. Now, a combined force of six people was attacking Meng Hao. Six enormous faces appeared and then began to merge together. This killing move, combining the power of all six of them, caused a massive rumbling to fill Heaven and Earth. The sky dimmed and the clouds up above seethed. Meng Hao stopped moving as his black cloak was shredded into pieces. For the first time, his body beneath was revealed to the outside world.

It... was not actually a body! It was a mass of Demonic Qi, congealed into the shape of a body. It was a human-shaped body of Demonic Qi that looked like mist!

When the onlookers saw the body of mist, their minds trembled. The eyes of the six attackers, as well as the ten people up in air, went wide. Their expressions filled with astonishment.

“A Mist Clone!!”

“Impossible! What we’ve been working so hard to kill is actually a Mist Clone!!”

“If a mere Mist Clone is so powerful, then what about his true self... He must be completely fearsome!!”

Sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators’ faces completely fell. This was especially true of Ou Yunzi, whose face went pale when he thought back to his earlier premonition.

Meng Hao’s misty body began to fade away, but his face was filled with derision and coldness.

“I’ll be back!”

“I’m already here!”

The first sentence was uttered by the disappearing misty figure. The second echoed out from far off in the distance, causing a rumbling that shook everything.

To the people who heard it, it sounded like thunder exploding up into the Heavens.

Chapter 493: I Will Give You War!

The sound echoed out like thunder throughout Heaven and Earth. As it did, a three thousand meter long gigantic viper appeared flying through the air!

Standing on top of the viper were several thousand Cultivators. Their eyes flickered with cold glows. This was the Crow Divinity Tribe who, after years of warfare, had been forged into cold-blooded warriors.

None of them spoke a single word. From the elderly to the children, all of them wore grim expressions, ruthless and bloodthirsty. They stared out coldly at the Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance....

It was obvious that there were only a few thousand of them. But when the Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance looked at them, they seemed like an army of tens of thousands. The closer they came, the more obvious it was that the Crow Divinity Tribe was surrounded by a killing intent that could rock Heaven and Earth!

This intense killing intent was an invisible aura that could manifest after countless enemies had been killed. The fire and blood that had been experienced by the Crow Divinity Tribe had lit a burning madness in them that seemed on the verge of shaking the entire Western Desert.

“Who are they? What Tribe is that?!”

“For a whole Tribe to look like that is something that will never last long in the Western Desert, not even in the Central region. Such character is difficult to forge!”

“They... could it be... don’t tell me it’s caused by the Demon Spirit!?!?”

The sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators looked over, faces filled with shock. The Crow Divinity Tribe obviously only had a few thousand Cultivators, but their aura was incredibly intense. The killing

intent they emanated was too strong, making the Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators feel as if they were being suffocated.

This... was the Crow Divinity Tribe!

They had experienced the fires of war, had been bathed by the flames into a rebirth! A new Crow Divinity Tribe!

The viper flew through the air at top speed. Originally, they should have taken one day longer before arriving. However, the Crow Divinity Tribe had pushed with full force to increase their speed and arrive a day earlier. In the blink of an eye, they were suddenly here!

A man stood on the head of the enormous viper, in front of the Crow Divinity Cultivators. When the Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators saw him, in their hearts, they felt as if they were looking at a god of death.

He wore a green robe, and more than a few white hairs could be seen in his black, floating hair. He emanated the air of a scholar, and yet, his eyes were sharp and cold. His face was as cold as ice, making his aura bizarre to the extreme. It almost seemed as if his entire body was filled with the cold of winter.

His mere presence could cause everything to freeze over. This man was the well-spring of the Crow Divinity Tribe's killing intent. If you likened the Crow Divinity tribe to the blood which stains a sharp blade, then this man... would be the sharp tip of that blade!

This... was Meng Hao!

His appearance instantly caused the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators to begin to pant. Their eyes went wide, and their hearts filled with an instinctual fear. They felt as if they were being submerged by floodwaters as they realized that they recognized his face! His face looked exactly the same as the Mist Clone that they had just killed!

The scene instantly caused the minds of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators to explode with roaring.

The faces of eight Greatfathers instantly fell. Eight High Priests began to pant. Among their number, Ou Yunzai's pupils constricted. Next to him, the man who looked like a scholar was filled with trepidation. As for the woman in the Lady's garment, her face was filled with disbelief.

"Who are you people?!" These words were uttered by one of the two most powerful of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators. They echoed out with thunderous power, along with a powerful aura. However, the pressure of this aura could do nothing to suppress the billowing killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribe.

"We are the Crow Divinity Tribe!" The voices of thousands of members of the Crow Divinity Tribe joined together to roar back in response. The sound of their roar turned into a sound wave even more powerful than thunder and lightning. It shot out from the gigantic viper as they descended upon the Eight Branch Alliance. It echoed out in all directions, shaking the Heavens with such loudness that nothing could compare!

It was as if some shocking giant had let out an enormous shout. A gale force wind sprang up, transforming into an attack which rippled out and sent the mist in the area into chaos.

Even as the roar of the Crow Divinity Tribe rang out, the gigantic viper emitted a cry. The thousands of Crow Divinity Tribe members instantly turned into beams of colourful light that spread out in the air. From down on the ground, the sight of it would make one think of the expression "the Celestial Beauty Scattering Flowers." Except, these flowers were the color of blood, making it seem as if what was being scattered were spattered drops of blood! [1. This is a Chinese idiom that comes from a Buddhist story of a Celestial/Immortal woman who throws out flower petals to test the moral character of Buddhists. Later it came to be used to describe things floating in the air. There is some really cool wordplay here because the word for "spattered drops of blood" is literally "blood flowers." There are lots of artistic depictions which you can see here]

Boom!

A massacre started instantly as the thousands of Crow Divinity Tribe members shot down into battle. They had long since grown used to war, to blood, and to slaughter.

In war, there is no speaking. There is no cursing. There are no faceoffs. There is only... fighting!

As the Crow Divinity Tribe members charged into battle, Meng Hao whistled through the air like a meteor as he lead the Crow Divinity Tribe's six Nascent Soul Cultivators to stab directly into the midst of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance.

One of late Nascent Soul Cultivators among the sixteen, an old man, grimly said, “A trifling few thousand. Even if you have some extraordinary qualities, the fact that you dare to come here shows that you truly overestimate your...”

Before he could finish speaking, Meng Hao, looking all the bit a shooting star, waved his right hand, causing all of the Nascent Soul Cultivators, as well as their fellow Tribe members below, to gasp.

60,000 roaring neo-demons spread out to blot out the sky. Big Hairy, the lizard, the red crocodile, the black crows, the green mosquitos, as well as a vast collection of Five Poisons neo-demons, shook the Heavens.

Furthermore, the furiously howling Outlander Beast appeared. A shrill, frenzied squawk could be heard which was the parrot, emanating his haughty air. A garrulous chatter could also be heard coming from somewhere within the neo-demon horde, which was the meat jelly.

The shocking neo-demon horde shot through the air like a tide of beasts, sweeping over everything.

The scene was like a sledgehammer that slammed into the hearts of the Eight Branch Alliance.

“Life or death is on the line. Eight Branches, COUNTERATTACK!” These words were uttered by the red-robed late Nascent Soul stage Cultivator who had just spoken. His face flickered, and his heart filled with regret. However, there was nothing else to be done. He could only let out a furious roar as he shot toward Meng Hao.

The sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators immediately began to perform incantation gestures as they teleported toward Meng Hao. The glow of magical items rose up around them, as well as savage magical faces. The faces howled as they shot toward Meng Hao.

However, even as they neared, Meng Hao waved his hand. A blood-colored mask suddenly appeared, which he quickly slipped onto his face. He waved his hand again, and an enormous face suddenly materialized around him.

The giant face bore the semblance of none other than Meng Hao himself!

The instant the face appeared, Meng Hao took a step forward. That step caused everything to tremble; the giant Blood Immortal face that now looked like Meng Hao rumbled forward, transforming into a massive attack. Everything shook; of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators, ten could only watch as their magical items shattered into pieces and their divine abilities were crushed. Blood sprayed from their mouths as they were tossed back like kites with their strings cut.

“The great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!!” Shock filled the faces of these ten people, and they didn’t even have the wherewithal to wipe the blood from their mouths.

“You are the ones... who killed my clone!” said Meng Hao coolly. He continued forward, taking a second step. As he did, the gigantic face appeared again. Its closed eyes suddenly opened, and it seemed to be speaking a single, soundless word!

As soon as the word appeared, the other six Nascent Soul Cultivators who remained felt blood pouring out of their mouths. Their minds reeled as if a sharp blade were being stabbed into their brains. The soundless sound wave passed through their minds, causing their entire bodies to shake. Life force essence was even squeezed out of their Nascent Souls.

“He’s halfway to Spirit Severing!” Four of them coughed up blood as they were sent tumbling backward, bodies shaking. Dread washed over them, and intense astonishment filled their eyes.

“If you want to do business, Meng Hao will do business with you. If you want war... then I will give you war!” Meng Hao’s voice was cold as he took a third step. This third step caused flames to spring up on the bodies of the ten Nascent Soul Cultivators who had been thrown backward moments ago. Writhing black smoke began to emanate off of their bodies. The flames of war were now burning away at their life forces.

Even the most powerful of the Eight Branch Alliance, the two old men with the late Nascent Soul Cultivation base, felt their ears ringing. Although they were not sent tumbling back, their minds were filled with waves of roaring, and flames of war appeared on their bodies too.

“Flames of war unify!” The instant Meng Hao spoke the words, a sound like thunder exploding into pieces suddenly rose up. The ten people who were farthest away emit bloodcurdling screams as their bodies exploded. Their Nascent Souls emerged, fearfully trying to flee at the highest speed they could muster. However, before they could barely move at all, they fell to pieces as if they had been crushed.

A cold wind swept over them, and they disappeared.

Ou Yunzi, the man dressed like the scholar, and the woman in the Lady's robe all felt their bodies collapsing in a cloud of blood and gore. Their Nascent Souls managed to flee off into the distance, where they looked back toward Meng Hao, shaking with fear, their eyes filled with despair.

The two old men of the late Nascent Soul stage had the highest Cultivation bases, but even they coughed up blood and fell backward, bodies shaking as they did their best to prevent from exploding.

Their tens of thousands of fellow Tribe members had originally occupied a position of superiority. But facing up against 60,000 neo-demons caused them to immediately begin to suffer defeat after defeat in the fighting. They had their own neo-demons of course. However, like Meng Hao's Crow Divinity Tribe, his neo-demons had experienced figurative foul winds and rains of blood. Furthermore, they had been bolstered by Meng Hao's Demonic Qi on multiple occasions. The neo-demons of the Eight Branch Alliance simply couldn't compare.

Mournful cries filled the air constantly. The land was soaked with blood. Facing up against the Crow Divinity Tribe, the Eight Branch Alliance despairingly found... that they were incapable of fighting back.

Regardless if it was terms of aura or Cultivation base, they were weaker. When it came to the coldness and bloodthirstiness of the Crow Divinity Tribe, that was something that only the elite members of great Tribes would have. And yet, every single member of the Crow Divinity Tribe was like that.

It was something the Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance had never seen or even heard of. They couldn't even imagine that in the great lands of the Western Desert, a Tribe like this could possibly exist!

"This is... a Battle Tribe!"

It was in this moment that Meng Hao's words from moments ago once again echoed out within the minds of the Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators.

"If you want war, I'll give you war!"

Chapter 494: I am Lonelytomb

In the very moment that the slaughter began, when ten of the sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators were killed, two of the remaining six, the retreating late Nascent Soul old men, exchanged a glance. Their eyes were bloodshot, and they could see the frenzy in each other's eyes.

They both performed incantations, spit out blood, and the pointed down toward the ground, their expressions savage.

“Activate the spell formation!”

Instantly, a deafening roar could be heard coming from the ground. The mist roiled, and the twenty thousand auction participants surrounded by the mist began to wither rapidly. Their life force was still being congealed into the Demonic Qi. Suddenly, bands of bright light started to appear on the ground.

The bands bent and twisted and then suddenly connected together to reveal an enormous spell formation!

It was exactly the same spell formation Meng Hao had observed earlier, although previously, it had been formed only of Demonic Qi. As it became visible, a column of black mist suddenly shot up in the exact center.

One of the Eight Branch Alliance's late Nascent Soul Cultivators shouted, “Crow Divinity Tribes, since you're looking to die, then the Eight Branch Alliance will help you achieve your aim! Henceforth, there will be no Crow Divinity Tribe in the Western Desert! All of you... will be destroyed in spirit and body! You will be expunged!”

A roaring sound filled the air as the black column shrank in on itself and transformed into a black figure.

“Sacred Ancient,” said the second late Nascent Soul Cultivator, his face covered with a vicious expression, “please exterminate these people! Expunge this Tribe!” At the same time, totem tattoos depicting faces appeared on the foreheads of all the Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators on the ground. There was one expression that covered each and every one of those faces.

Awe!

All the totemic faces were filled with intense awe, as well as enmity. Clearly, though, no matter how much hatred they felt, they were incapable of not feeling deep awe for the figure which had coalesced out of the black column of mist.

Tens of thousands of voices suddenly caused Heaven and Earth to shake: “Sacred Ancient, please, let your projection come to exterminate these people! Expunge this Tribe!”

The figure that had congealed out of the mist floated in mid-air. At first it looked blurry, but its features quickly clarified into that of a middle-aged man wearing a black robe. His face was expressionless, and he exuded an archaic aura. After having appeared, he flickered back and forth between being clear and being blurry. Sometimes he would even momentarily disappear before becoming clear again.

This flickering back and forth caused all the Cultivators who looked at him to have a very strange feeling. Their hearts were filled with disorder, and their eyes felt stabbing pain.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. As of this moment, the calling inside of him grew incredibly strong. Furthermore, the Demon Sealing Jade inside of his bag of holding was beginning to shake.

Meng Hao was well aware that this figure was what had been concealed in the center of the spell formation, and was also what had elicited the reaction from the Demon Sealing Jade.

The black-robed man turned his head, and his eyes came to fall upon Meng Hao. Instantly, Meng Hao’s mind filled with a roaring sound, and his vision swam. He no longer saw the Western Desert. Instead, he stood in a world with a red sky. He was in the middle of a battlefield, surrounded by wailing and shouting. He saw a black spear, shooting with incredible speed directly toward him.

His mind and heart trembled, and he had the sudden sensation that they were shattering. Suddenly, his eyes went wide as a finger appeared directly in front of him. The finger belonged to the black-robed man.

Boom!

In the moment of ultimate crisis, Eyeless Larva spun around him rapidly. The incoming finger attack slammed into it, and, in the resulting boom, Meng Hao tumbled backward several hundred meters, blood spraying from his mouth. He came to a stop and then looked up. His eyes narrowed, and a cold glow erupted out from within them.

At the same, up in the invisible vortex, in the world filled with corpses, the black mist on top of the high altar suddenly began to churn. An anxious, indignant howl suddenly echoed out from it.

As the howling echoed out, the expressions on the countless faces of Cultivators and neo-demons in the mist suddenly changed. They distorted and twisted, as if some unknown force was suppressing the howling within the mist.

Simultaneously, the expression on the face of the black-robed man who stood up ahead from Meng Hao also flickered. He looked up toward the vortex, his eyes flashing. Then he looked back toward Meng Hao, and a strange glow could be seen in his eyes.

It appeared to be a look of disbelief. Even more than disbelief, there was apparently an unprecedented excitement and greed.

At the same time, one of the remaining six Nascent Soul Cultivators up in mid-air, an old man of the mid Nascent Soul stage, having seen Meng Hao forced back by the black-robed man's finger attack, excitedly shouted, "Sacred Ancient, please exterminate this vicious, cruel Cultiva...."

Before he could finish speaking, the black-robed man's right hand suddenly shot up to form a claw, which he pointed toward the mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivator. The old man suddenly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was shocked to find that the black-robed man's hand was wrapped around his neck.

"Pipe down," said the Black Robed man, his voice cool. He squeezed his hand, and a cracking sound could be heard. The mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivator's eyes went wide as his body instantly withered up. His life force was sucked out by the black-robed man, and in the blink of an eye, he was transformed into nothing more than a desiccated corpse. His eyes were wide open the entire time, and filled with confusion. In the end, a poof could be heard as his body transformed into black ash. He was completely dead, in both body and spirit.

"He... is not someone you qualify to dishonor with your words," said the black-robed man, his voice soft as he looked at Meng Hao.

Everything suddenly became quiet. The Crow Divinity Tribe members and neo-demons all began to back up. The Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators were stupefied. Suddenly sapped of their will to fight, they edged backward. All eyes were now upon Meng Hao and the black-robed man, both of whom floated there in mid-air.

The remaining five Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance had pale faces. In their recollection, the Sacred Ancient never seemed to possess consciousness. His incisive attacks were almost like that of a puppet. He also never spoke. But today... not only did he speak, but his expression had changed, and he even seemed to be showing emotion. This was beyond anything they had ever imagined, completely unprecedented. They were scared witless, and couldn't help but back up.

The black-robed man smiled and continued, "Isn't that right, exalted Demon Sealer?"

His smile was filled with savagery, as well as excitement. The excitement apparently made the flickering of his body even more intense, causing him to look even more bizarre.

The black mist on the altar within the vortex once again churned. The howling sound grew more furious, as if something wished to burst out from within the mist. Despite that, the faces still seemed capable of suppressing it.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, but inside, he was trembling, as if great waves were slamming against his heart. What was the most shocking of all to him was that he had finally run into someone who instantly recognized that he was a Demon Sealer.

"Who are you?" asked Meng Hao, staring at the man.

"Who am I? You're asking me who I am?" The black-robed man stared in shock for a moment, and then suddenly laughed. It was an uproarious laughter filled with excitement, as well as a greed that even the Cultivators of the Eight Branch Alliance could also see.

"You're actually asking who I am?" he asked, continuing to laugh. "You don't recognize me? Don't tell me the First Generation Demon Sealer severed the legacy? Don't tell me..." Suddenly, an arrogant squawk could be heard from behind him.

"Don't tell me nothin', bitch!" A multicolored blur suddenly appeared, which headed straight toward the rear end of the black-robed man and... shot directly through.

A pop could be heard as the parrot suddenly appeared on Meng Hao's shoulder. It glared fiercely at the black-robed man.

“You’re just a Devil Construct, bitch! Dammit! Bitch! Lord Fifth hates Devil Constructs!”

Not willing to be outdone by the parrot, the meat jelly, who was still in the shape of a bell attached to the parrot’s foot, suddenly cried, “Lord Third also hates Devil Constructs! All Devil Constructs should be converted!”

The black-robed man stared in shock. He looked down at his misty body, and then looked back up, his eyes filled with the desire to kill.

It was at this point that another furious cry could be heard from behind the black-robed man: “Outlander!”

The enormous Outlander Beast, in a fair imitation of the parrot, shot directly toward the black-robed man.

Even as it closed in, however, the black-robed man waved his arm behind him and coldly said, “Demonic Shattering.”

He only spoke two words, but in response, massive amounts of invisible Demonic Qi from the surrounding area shot toward him and congealed in front of his right hand. Then, it shattered.

The Outlander Beast let out a miserable shriek as nearly half of its body was shredded into a haze of blood and gore. It appeared to be on the verge of being completely wiped out.

“Beloved concubine!” cried the parrot, its eyes bright red. It suddenly shot forward, its body expanding until it was several dozen meters long. It shot toward the black-robed man, then passed through him, picking up the Outlander Beast flying rapidly off into the distance in retreat.

The black-robed man did not counterattack. Instead, he looked coldly at Meng Hao, smiling as he began to move forward.

“I never imagined that I would meet the current generation of the Demon Sealers.... After I consume you, who else could possibly suppress me!?”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. His opponent’s aura was monstrous, and emanated shocking ripples. Meng Hao could feel an intense pressure weighing down on him. Panting, he stared at the black-

robed man. Just now, everyone else had seen the black-robed man simply lift his hand to cause the Outlander Beast to suddenly shatter into a mass of blood and gore.

Only Meng Hao clearly saw what really happened. This was a new way to use Demonic Qi that he had never seen before!

“So Demonic Qi... can actually be used like that!” It felt like lightning was crashing around inside of his head. It seemed as if the black-robed man’s divine ability had suddenly opened up the door to a new Dao belonging to Demon Sealers.

Meng Hao suddenly began to retreat. At the same time, the black-robed man increased his speed, his expression of viciousness and greed more visible than ever.

“A Demon Sealer separated from his legacy! You would do well to remember my name.... I am Lonelytomb!” The instant the man spoke out his name, the mist in the vortex suddenly emitted a furious shriek. It seemed that it was struggling to burst out; nonetheless, the faces seemed willing to be destroyed to prevent it from escaping.

Chapter 495: An Ancient Scripture Seals a Devil!

The black-robed man’s dark, sinister words rang out, carrying a bizarre, devilish power that seemed capable of causing anyone who heard it to be shaken inwardly. All of the Cultivators in the area had blank looks on their faces. Their minds suddenly seemed to be filled with a whirlwind; their memories were thrown into chaos. It was as if they heard what the black-robed man said, but couldn’t remember it.

A feeling of contradiction filled them, as if fantasy and reality were being mixed. All the surrounding Cultivators’ faces paled.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he sensed the fearsomeness of his opponent. He knew that this was a power that he could not fight against. He fell back. The power of his opponent’s words did not affect him too much, but his mind still shook. The reason for this was that the man’s voice was bolstered with Demonic Qi, and transformed into complex magical symbols that spread out in all directions.

“The way I’ve been using Demonic Qi is far too simplistic....” thought Meng Hao, panting. “I never thought it could be used that way!” His eyes glowing brightly, he shot backward, even as the black-robed man flew like lightning toward him.

Suddenly, the black-robed man lifted his hand and pointed at Meng Hao.

Instantly, surrounding Demonic Qi rushed to congeal around the finger. In the blink of an eye, it turned into a spear which screamed through the air toward Meng Hao.

No one else could see this happening. What they saw was the black-robed man pointing at Meng Hao. However, Meng Hao could very clearly see everything. A sudden, intense feeling of grave danger swept over him. However, even as that happened, Meng Hao looked at the black-robed man and suddenly thought of Patriarch Reliance.

“Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, refined from blood by the Third Generation Demon Sealer... Patriarch Reliance, a Demon sealed by past generations for me, to be my Dao Protector... I am the Ninth Generation....

“Things didn’t work out well with Patriarch Reliance, but he still wouldn’t kill me. All he could do was run away. This Demon Weapon refined by the Third Generation Demon Sealer wants to consume me so that he can live forever. This situation seems different than that of Patriarch Reliance, but actually, it’s fundamentally very similar!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then began to speak.

“Ancient Dao; Tenacious Desire to Seal the Heavens; Benefaction for All in the Mountains; Dao Tribulation Must Come to the Nine Mountains and Seas; My Fate is the Aeon!” He uttered the words of the scripture with a strange, Demonic cadence that gave birth to bizarre ripples. Every word seemed like a unique magical sealing symbol that connected with the Heavens and the starry sky!

As he spoke the words, a look of astonishment and disbelief appeared on the face of the black-robed man. His body trembled and massive amounts of black mist began to fall away from him. A miserable scream emanated from his mouth.

“Demon Sealing Scripture!?” howled the black-robed man. “Impossible! Haven’t you lost your legacy?! How could you know that damned Demon Sealing Scripture!?” He reached toward the vortex in the sky and made a grasping motion. Suddenly, on the altar in the vortex, the faces began to howl and push down onto the mist. For some reason, the black-robed man’s body was no longer in a state of distortion, but rather, stable.

Despite that, his aura was weaker than before, by more than half.

“You’re dead!!” he said, glaring murderously at Meng Hao, well aware that his time was running out. As of now, he could only temporarily suppress the power of the Demon Sealing Scripture. His right hand suddenly lifted up and he pointed again toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as his opponent suppressed the power of the scripture. He gave a cold snort. Before, the man was at the peak of his power, and was able to shatter the Outlander Beast with a single blow. At that time, Meng Hao was no match for him. But now, he was weakened. This Demon Weapon Lonelytomb... was now someone Meng Hao could fight!

“I am a Demon Sealer,” thought Meng Hao, “sensitive to Demonic Qi and able to use it. I should be able to exceed this so-called Demon Weapon Lonelytomb. If he can use the Demonic Qi in that way, then so can I!” He took a deep breath and lifted his hand. He thought back to the scene in which the Outlander Beast had been defeated, and that great door that had suddenly opened in his mind. Instantly, the Demonic Qi in the area rushed toward him and began to congeal. A rumbling sound could be heard as it suddenly slammed into the Demonic Qi spear that was closing in on him.

As the explosion rang out, Meng Hao was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. After he came to a stop, he coughed up three mouthfuls of blood. His face was pale, but he was laughing.

Although his ability to control Demonic Qi was not as refined as that of his opponent, he had now achieved a new understanding.

“Bring it on!” he said, his eyes shining brightly. As he floated there in mid-air, he lifted his right hand, causing more Demonic Qi to rush toward him. It surrounded him, transforming into a gigantic vortex of Demonic Qi.

The black-robed man’s eyes flickered, and inwardly he was shocked. He never imagined that his opponent would be able to learn something new and then make so much progress in such a short period of time. The difference in rudimentary knowledge of Demonic Qi and the ability to use it as it had been just now, was not that of a single step, but more like the huge gap between Heaven and Earth.

“With powers of insight like that, you deserve to be called a Demon Sealer. But if you want to learn how to control Demonic Qi from me.... Too bad! I won’t give you the chance! I don’t have to use Demonic Qi to kill you. I can slay you with only three forms of my divine ability!” The black-robed man made a grasping motion, and a long, black spear magically appeared in his hand.

“First Form, Butcher the Shocked Immortal!” As the man spoke the words, he suddenly waved the spear. It instantly transformed into a black dragon which roared, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws as it twisted majestically in the air. It emanated Demonic Qi as it shot toward Meng Hao. Even as it flew through the air, it flickered, multiplying into nine separate dragons!

Nine deadly dragons shook Heaven and Earth as they shot toward Meng Hao.

The sky dimmed and the cloud seethed as nine black dragons screamed through the air. Visible in their claws were corpses, all of whom emitted mournful wails and screams of agony.

The sound of it pierced Meng Hao’s mind, causing him to think of the slaughter of a battlefield. His eyes glowed brightly as a feeling of unease swept over him. He waved his right hand, and instantly Wooden Time Swords flew out to form the Lotus Sword Formation. A droning sound could be heard as it rotated, sending out the explosive power of Time.

Meng Hao had been using this Time Sword Formation for a long time, and was very familiar with it. The instant it appeared, the air was distorted and twisted. Time changed. As the nine dragons closed in, Meng Hao performed an incantation with both hands and then pointed forward.

The Lotus Time Formation blossomed into the image of a lotus which shot toward the nine dragons.

A huge boom could be heard!

“Time Termination!” he cried, biting his tongue and spitting out some blood. He waved his hand, causing the blood to transform into a blood mist which shot toward the Lotus Time Formation. This heart blood caused the Time power of the sword formation to instantly explode out. At the same time, Meng Hao slipped on the blood-coloured mask, causing a red glow to flicker into being. Next, four wooden swords flew out.

These were the swords that Ji Nineteen had referred to as Immortal Murdering Swords!

The four wooden swords shot forward, merging into the Lotus Sword Formation; instantly a powerful killing intent radiated out.... These dragons must die!

A rumbling sound filled the entire sky and Meng Hao’s body trembled as he retreated backward. The Lotus Sword Formation fell about and the four wooden words were sent spinning. However, the nine dragons also exploded, shattering into countless pieces.

“Second Form, Reincarnation Extermination!” A mysterious glow appeared in the eyes of the black-robed man. His body shot back as he waved his right hand. The black spear instantly transformed into a black beam of light which shot at incredible speed toward Meng Hao.

As it neared, it seemed as if it were shattering the various layers of air that it was shooting through. The deadly spear neared, seemingly capable of shattering everything.

If that were all there were to it, it wouldn't be a very big deal. However, as the spear got closer, shattering through the successive layers of air, images began to appear. Each of these images seemed to be from a different time. However, in all of the images, Meng Hao could be seen! Different versions of Meng Hao from different times periods, as if these were various reincarnations of him throughout the ages!

His past life, the life before that, all past lives! It was impossible to tell if the images were real or fake, but they certainly looked incredibly realistic!

Meng Hao's mind trembled as he looked at what appeared to be thousands of past lives. At the same time, he had the feeling that he wasn't looking at anything. A profound sense of deadly crisis rose up in him, as if any ability to dodge or flee had been sealed off. It was as if this spear was going to destroy all of his thousands of past lives!

He watched the black spear approach, and an enormous pressure weighed down on him, weakening his Cultivation base.

Suddenly, his forehead began to glow. All of the great totem tattoos on his body erupted out. Metal, Wood, Fire, Earth. A sea of flames appeared, along with an enormous tree, a rain of gold, and archaic Frost soil.

As the Reincarnation Extermination spear attack neared, Meng Hao opened his mouth; an azure blur shot out which transformed into an Immortal's Sword which smashed through the air, emanating shocking Sword Qi. This was not the Dancing Sword Qi, but rather the sword will which was embodied within the sword itself.

“Instead of you severing my reincarnation,” said Meng Hao, “how about I do it myself!” He waved his hand, and a glow of determination appeared in his eyes.

The sword will merged with the power of his four great totems, and then began to emit a shocking azure light. The sword shot forward in the blink of an eye, faster than the black spear, to slice through the reincarnations!

A massive boom lifted up from the Reincarnation Extermination, shaking everything.

The azure Immortal's Sword was sent flying backward. It transformed into an azure glow that returned into Meng Hao's mouth. His body trembled and he fell backward, coughing up a huge mouthful of blood. When he looked back up, his gaze was cold as he stared at the black-robed man.

The black-robed man's heart and mind shook as he glared back at Meng Hao. He also retreated backward, the long, black spear in his hand crumbling into pieces.

"Dammit, first he used that scripture to weaken me. Then, my Demonic Qi attacks, which have fearsome exterminating power on just about anyone, are virtually useless against him because he's a Demon Sealer. If it weren't for that, this fight wouldn't be so troublesome!" The man suddenly reached up to push his hand down on his forehead. His body became blurry, almost illusory. At the same time, another black spear magically appeared in his hand.

The spear was just as black as before, and seemed to be connected to the mist that formed his body, as if they were the same thing.

"Third form...." Before the black-robed man could finish speaking, the killing intent in Meng Hao's eyes suddenly flared.

"What third form, bitch!?" Meng Hao had already come to notice that in both speech and action, he had been influenced quite profoundly by the parrot.... For example, the words he had just spoken had actually come out quite naturally.

Even as he spoke them, he moved forward, pushing down onto the blood-colored mask. Then he extended his arm, and everything began to turn black. It was as if a massive flag were covering over the sky and the land!

This was Meng Hao's most powerful magical item, the flag of three streamers!

Chapter 496: Dost Thou Dare!?!?

The flag rumbled out, sweeping over everything, distorting the air, causing the sky to shake, rocking the land. In the blink of an eye, the astonishing flag... shot toward the black-robed man.

His face instantly filled with disbelief as he was sent tumbling backward. He was fast, but not fast enough to avoid the flag of three streamers. Booms filled the air as the flag wrapped around his body and began to strangle him to death!

Popping sounds filled the air as the black spear the man held was shattered into pieces. However, after that happened, the man suddenly coalesced out of the air again off in the distance. This time, he was even more illusory and flickered even more. He was clearly much weaker.

“That flag... that flag...” His eyes were wide as he stared at the flag circulating around Meng Hao.

The man’s body had been exploded by the flag, and weakened greatly. Meng Hao strode forward and once again recited the scripture which he had used against Patriarch Reliance, that tool of the Demon Sealers to make death tremble, the Demon Sealing Scripture:

“Ancient Dao; Tenacious Desire to Seal the Heavens; Benefaction for All in the Mountains; Dao Tribulation Must Come to the Nine Mountains and Seas; My Fate is the Aeon!”

The instant the scripture was uttered, the black-robed man once more retreated backward and let out a miserable howl.

“Dammit! Dammit! You’re too despicable!!” he roared. At this point, how could he not understand that Meng Hao’s purpose in using the flag was to distract him from suppressing the scripture? It had been a very, very long time since he had felt frustration such as this. He had originally stood in a position of ultimate superiority, but in the blink of an eye had been severely weakened. His body had been shattered, and before he could even reform himself, he had been suppressed with the scripture as this damned, despicable bastard once again recited the Demon Sealing Scripture.

Almost at the exact same time as the black-robed man began to retreat, Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly flickered. Take advantage of weakness; take the opponent’s life! That was Meng Hao’s doctrine of fighting. Without hesitation, his right hand waved through the air, causing a band of blood-colored light to shoot toward the black-robed man with incredible speed.

Shockingly, within this bloody beam of light was a Blood Clone!

Ji Clan Blood Clone!

As soon as it appeared, everything in the area was stained with a crimson glow. The black-robed man was suppressed by the scripture; his body trembled as the Blood Clone pounced onto him.

His face completely fell; there was a bang, and his body exploded into pieces. Massive amounts of black mist that made up his devilish will and life force, were absorbed by the Blood Clone.

“I won’t accept this!!” Off in the distance, the black-robed man once again appeared, this time, even weaker than before. He raised his head up and howled. He really couldn’t accept the situation. In his former peak of power, he could easily fight back against even this Blood Clone. But now, he had been weakened even further.

Instantly, a feeling of imminent death flared up in his mind. He could never have possibly imagined that a day would come in which he would actually be slain.

As the Blood Clone closed in on him again, madness filled his eyes. He suddenly raised his hand and pointed toward the vortex up in the sky.

“Lonelytomb!” he howled.

As the words echoed out, his body flashed. At the same time, the mist on the altar up in the vortex began to roil. It seemed to be struggling with the faces that existed on its surface. However, the faces suppressed it with the same insanity as before.

As they suppressed the mist, massive amounts of life force and Demonic Qi began to emanate out from the tens of thousands of people that had been surrounded by the mist of the Eight Branch Alliance. All of these Cultivators who had come to participate in the auction began to tremble. Their bodies withered and they aged rapidly. Their life force oozed out from their orifices to merge with Demonic Qi, which then shot toward the whirlpool.

The life force of tens of thousands of people transformed into countless bands of Qi which shot into the whirlpool. After it was madly consumed by the faces; suddenly, nearly half of the faces suddenly shot out from within the mist. They... charged out from within the vortex, shooting through the sky toward the black-robed man.

As they left the vortex, the mist on the altar began to emit intense howls. It was as if there was something inside struggling madly to break out from being sealed.

In the blink of an eye, the faces reached the black-robed man and began to circulate around him. They were filled with cruelty, madness and a thirst for blood as they fused into the black-robed man. As they did, his aura rose up, increasing with shocking intensity.

A billowing black aura roiled, filled with massive amounts of vicious faces. Each one of these faces was a totem toward which the Eight Branch Alliance Cultivators exercised faith.

“I am Lonelytomb, I am a Devil Construct.... I am Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, formed from the grievances of the lives I have exterminated throughout the countless years, a Devil Construct!

“Lonelytomb destroys, the Devil Construct rises!” A strange light shone in the eyes of the black-robed man. His aura suddenly exploded out, and black Qi filled the area. The Ji Clan Blood Clone suddenly stopped in its tracks, staring at the black-robed man. It seemed to have sensed something threatening.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a look of unprecedented concentration appeared on his face.

It was at this moment that suddenly, beam after beam of colourful light appeared off in the distance. Suddenly, tens of thousands of Cultivators suddenly appeared.

These were the Cultivators from the local Tribes that were after the Crow Divinity Tribe to rob its Demon Spirit. After they appeared, their killing intent soared to new heights. However, when they saw the condition of the battlefield, they couldn't help but gasp and suddenly grow silent.

Their eyes were instantly fixed on Meng Hao and the black robed man who was billowing with a massive black aura.

“DIE!” cried the black-robed man, taking a step forward. He lifted his right hand, causing the black Qi to seethe and then transform into an enormous, ferocious face which shot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, more black Qi swirled out and shot toward the Blood Clone.

Meng Hao slipped the blood-colored mask back on. A glint of determination could be seen as he took a deep breath, flashed an incantation gesture with this right hand, and then pointed out.

“Without a face!”

An equally large face suddenly appeared, which was none other than the Blood Immortal divine ability. It was Meng Hao’s own face which shot through the air toward the face of black Qi, which was formed from countless smaller vicious faces.

Shocking rumbling filled the air as Meng Hao spoke again.

“A single word!” Instantly, the lips of the face he had summoned began to move. Sound waves rippled out.

“Flames of war unify!” He lifted both hands up and then pushed them toward the ground. Immediately smoke rose up in all directions, along with something that looked like the flames of war. This was the third form of the Blood Immortal legacy.

Amidst the booming sounds, Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a brilliant light.

“I need... your faith power!” he cried out. One by one, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe began to kowtow. The totem tattoos on their body, which were part of Meng Hao, began to glow with light.

“Sundered clouds....” Boundless faith power poured into Meng Hao from all directions. It exploded in intensity, allowing Meng Hao to utilize something he had never used before, the fourth form of the Blood Immortal legacy!

The sundered clouds from “sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that cover the sky!”

Sundered clouds! Clouds that were once whole but then sundered. The power of these sundered clouds would give rise to a wind of sundered clouds that could crush Heaven and Earth. This power clearly vastly exceeded that of the first three forms of the Blood Immortal legacy. The shocking intensity of the power caused countless layers of clouds to suddenly spring out around Meng Hao. They spread out, causing a thick fog to fill the entire area.

This fog, was actually made of clouds.

The power of sundered clouds came from... the breaking of clouds!

Rumbling echoed out as the cloud fog in the area suddenly looked as if it were being ripped apart by giant, invisible hands. They shattered, and in that instant of shattering, the face that had been magically summoned by the black-robed man's divine ability, suddenly fell to pieces.

The black-robed man staggered back, still unable to accept the situation. He was now only able to wield thirty percent of the power of his Cultivation base. The rest had been constantly weakened during the course of the battle.

When he saw his magic once again being shattered, he lifted his head up and howled. Both hands performed an incantation gesture, and once again, roughly half of the faces on the mist in the vortex flew out and fused into his body. Yet again, his aura exploded out.

His face suddenly grew incredibly vicious, and he pointed down toward the tens of thousands of auction participants down on the ground.

Desolate shrieks resulted as all of the Cultivators, with the exception of Sun Dahai who was protected by Meng Hao's shield, had their life forces completely sucked out of their bodies and fused into the Demonic Qi. The Demonic Qi, and even the mist that surrounded the Cultivators, all shot toward the black-robed man.

As the mist was sucked away, it revealed tens of thousands of desiccated corpses lying about everywhere!

The black-robed man howled as the mists fused into his body, causing his Cultivation base to begin to recover. He lifted his hand and made a snatching gesture toward Meng Hao.

In response to this snatching gesture, black mist exploded out from his body to transform into an enormous hand three thousand meters wide that shot toward Meng Hao.

"A bloody rain!" said Meng Hao, performing a double-handed incantation gesture. At this critical moment, he employed the fifth form of the Blood Immortal divine ability. Under Meng Hao's control, the Blood Clone exploded, transforming into countless beams of bloody light that shot

toward Meng Hao. They fused with the bloody rain that Meng Hao had just summoned, causing the entire area to actually... rain with blood.

Every single drop in this monstrous rain of blood was filled with the power of the Blood Immortal divine ability. It all shot through the air toward the mist hand summoned by the black-robed man.

The sight of it caused everyone in the area to be shocked to the core. A boom rang out that could be heard for tens of thousand of kilometers in every direction. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he was sent tumbling backward. His divine ability collapsed. The bloody rain flew out in all directions. The Blood Clone was now listless. The black-robed man's body trembled as he was yet again weakened to the point that it seemed it might disappear at any moment. Because he had been weakened by the scripture, this battle was turning out to be quite challenging. However, victory was in sight. His face twisted savagely, he went all out, causing another black mist hand to shoot toward Meng Hao.

“Die, Demon Sealer!!”

It was at this exact moment that...

“Devil Construct, dost thou dare!?!?” An enraged voice echoed out like thunder, seemingly containing the might of the Heavens. It came from within the world of the vortex, like a raging torrent emerging from within the black mist on the altar.

As the voice exploded out, the remaining faces that were trying to suppress the black mist suddenly emitted miserable shrieks. They instantly collapsed into pieces, causing the mist to suddenly spread out in all directions to reveal... a pale white spear that was stabbed into the middle of the altar.

This spear was... the true Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!!

Chapter 498: Absorbing the Eight Branches

Thousands upon thousands of faces shot out in all directions. They had no choice other than to submit to Meng Hao, which of course caused the remaining thousands of members of the Eight Branch Alliance to begin to tremble as the totems in their bodies forced them to kneel down and bow to Meng Hao.

The five Nascent Soul Cultivators, including the two of the late Nascent Soul Stage, were also shaking, unable to control themselves as they began to kowtow to Meng Hao.

Totems are the source of incredible power to Western Desert Cultivators, and also the reason why there are so many more high level Cultivators there than in the Southern Domain. At the same time, though... they are also a deadly weakness!

When a totem dies, any Cultivators who exercise faith in it will experience a drop in Cultivation base. Furthermore, when a totem surrenders, so will the Tribe members connected to it. This is a condition, perhaps even a restriction.

In some ways, Western Desert Cultivators are actually slaves of their totems!

Were it not for that, the Western Desert, given its vast population, would have long since expanded out of their lands and overrun the Southern Domain.

A perfect example was this situation; now that Meng Hao had the Devil Spear, he was in control of the totemic faces. You could say in some ways that Meng Hao was now the Sacred Ancient of the Eight Branch Alliance!

“Sacred Ancient!” cried the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe. Expressions of excitement could be seen on their faces as they kowtowed to him. The surrounding tens of thousands of neo-demons roared, causing the ground to shake and their aura to shine brightly.

The other Tribes who had come for the Demon Spirit were shaken, and their faces flickered with various expressions of fear and astonishment. They had personally witnessed Meng Hao’s battle right now, and also saw the Eight Branch Alliance capitulate. Considering all of that, they no longer felt themselves to be in any position of superiority.

Meng Hao floated in mid-air, clutching the Devil Spear in hand. He looked at the vortex up in the sky as it slowly shrank down and then disappeared. In the moment that it winked out, an archaic voice filled his mind.

“I am waiting for you in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane....”

The winds and clouds up above tumbled and turned, and the vortex was gone. Everything was returned to normal. The invisible vortex that no one except for Meng Hao could see, was now thoroughly vanished.

Meng Hao looked around thoughtfully, his eyes shining brightly, the Devil Spear gripped tightly in his hand.

“Ladies and Gentlemen who have come for the Demon Spirits, shall we fight, or not?” His cool voice echoed out, causing the Crow Divinity Tribe members’ killing intent to radiate out visibly. The neo-demon horde roared. They were like a crossbow, cocked and ready to fire!

The Greatfathers from the other Tribes felt their hearts pounding. Meng Hao’s power seemed sharper than a needle, and they didn’t possibly dare to try to fight back against him. They exchanged glances, and then one of their number quickly said, “You misunderstood, we actually came here to exterminate the Eight Branch Alliance.... However, they seem to have been absorbed by you, Fellow Daoist, so we’ll take our leave now.”

After he finished speaking, the others voiced their agreement. The Tribe members were surreptitiously edging backward. From the look of things, there would be no more fighting, although it was impossible to tell for sure.

Meng Hao looked around at the Tribes, and then slowly said. “Each Tribe will leave behind ten thousand neo-demons, then you may leave.” Instantly, a black mist began to spread out from the Devil Spear.

When the Greatfathers heard his words, they frowned and hesitated. Finally, a cold snort could be heard from one of the Greatfathers off in the distance.

“Are you kidding? If my Radiance Sifting Tribe wants to leave, nobody can stop us!” The Greatfather of the Radiance Sifting Tribe was actually an old woman, making her a Greatmother. Having spoken, she flicked her sleeve and began to fly away with her thousands of Tribe members.

She truly was confident that if she left with her Tribe, there was no one that could do anything to stop them. Even though Meng Hao had the Devil Spear, and was clearly mighty, he had just experienced a difficult battle. It was impossible for him not to have sustained injuries; obviously, he was just posturing.

Believing herself to have seen through his ruse, the idea of giving up ten thousand neo-demons seemed like a joke. Not only would she not hand them over, she would leave to spread news about the Demon Spirit to some of the great Tribes, who would no doubt compensate her.

Seeing the reaction of the Radiance Sifting Tribe, Meng Hao began to move forward, his expression completely the same as usual. He hefted the Devil Spear and then tossed it straight out ahead of him. Instantly, a shocking screaming sound could be heard as it shot through the air. Black mist roiled out from inside, which in the blink of an eye, transformed into a black cloud.

Inside the black cloud were countless savage faces, howling as they shot toward the retreating Tribe. The Greatmother's face flickered, and her eyes went wide. However, she merely let out a cold harrumph as, together with the Tribe's five Nascent Soul Priests, she shot to meet the black mist.

Power exploded from the Cultivation bases of all six people as they combined forces to attack the black mist.

"Break!" cried the Greatmother.

A massive boom could be heard which shook everything. The black mist spread out and slammed into the six. The five Priests' faces fell, and blood shot out of their mouths. Their bodies tumbled back like kites with their strings cut. However, before they could fall back too far, the mist had surrounded them. Vast quantities of savage faces pounced onto their bodies. The sound of biting and chewing mixed with blood-curdling screams, creating a ghastly scene.

Within the space of a few breaths, the five Priests had been completely consumed. The old woman coughed up blood as she retreated back toward her other Tribe members. When she reached them, she lifted her head up to the sky and howled as she slapped her bag of holding to produce a tortoise shell.

She tossed it out and spit a mouthful of blood onto it. Instantly, it began to spin and expand, growing to the size of several thousand meters. An ancient, simplistic aura emanated out from it, along with countless streams of glowing magical symbols, as it spread out to surround her and the members of the Radiance Sifting Tribe.

"Let's see you break through this!" she said hoarsely, a ferocious expression on her face.

Seeing this tortoise shell caused the surrounding Greatfathers from the other Tribes to look on with serious expressions. They recognized the tortoise shell, and were instantly shocked.

“It has a totemic aura.... That’s the corpse of a totemic Sacred Ancient, refined into a protective treasure. Once it’s activated, nothing can break through it. With that, they should be able to leave this place with ease!”

“No wonder the Radiance Sifting Tribe dared to defy that fearsome Cultivator. It turns out they have a....”

Even as the surrounding experts recognized the tortoise shell, the Devil Spear shot toward it. The black mist arrived first, slamming into the tortoise shell, causing a massive rumbling to fill the sky. The tortoise shell immediately began to radiate bright light, but it didn’t collapse. The black mist began to spread out and cover the tortoise shell.

When the members of the Radiance Sifting Tribe saw this, they were shocked, especially the Greatmother.

“This enemy of the Radiance Sifting Tribe....” Before she could even finish speaking, the Devil Spear within the black mist arrived. In the blink of an eye, it reached the tortoise shell.

A massive boom rose up to the Heavens, causing the wind and clouds to churn and the sky to dim. A shock wave rumbled out from the tortoise shell, and cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out from the area the spear had slammed into. This continued for the space of three breaths, after which a huge roar could be heard as the tortoise shell exploded into countless pieces.

The Devil Spear continued on its way, radiating killing intent and black mist. It shot in... stabbing directly through the disbelieving Greatmother and heading toward the other Tribe members behind her. Black mist spread out, enveloping the thousands of Radiance Sifting Tribe members. Countless excited faces appeared, spreading out in all directions, clearly thirsting for blood. Just when they were about to begin feeding, some invisible force seemed to hold them back.

Meng Hao looked at the remaining thousands of Radiance Sifting Tribe members within the shattered tortoise shell. “Surrender?” he said slowly, “Or be buried alive with the rest of the dead?”

After a moment of brief silence, the thousands of Radiance Sifting Tribe members chose to surrender. They wiped out their totem tattoos, exercised faith in Meng Hao, and became an auxiliary branch of the Crow Divinity Tribe.

The Greatfathers of the rest of the Tribes, fearful that Meng Hao would change his mind, immediately began to hand over hordes of ten thousand neo-demons. Then, they left as quickly as possible. Considering they had abided by his demands, Meng Hao did nothing to block their way.

The path to this point had been one of killing. Even though Meng Hao had developed a cruel and cold heart, he was now extremely tired.

As the other Tribes made their way off into the distance, the members of the Eight Branch Alliance stood there quietly as they too became a sub-Tribe of the Crow Divinity Tribe. As of this moment, the Crow Divinity Tribe was now over 10,000 strong.

At the same time, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde was bolstered up. He now had 150,000 neo-demons!

It was a huge neo-demon horde, but in reality, many of them were low-level neo-demons. Even by absorbing Demonic Qi, there was no way for them to experience incredible growth in a short period of time. 150,000 neo-demons required a terrifying amount of food to sustain. The actual number that could fight in battle was only about 100,000. The rest became food.

Everything that had belonged to the Eight Branch Alliance now belonged to the Crow Divinity Tribe. They had three enormous flying magical items as well as vast quantities of resources. All of this only served to cause the Crow Divinity Tribe to be even more powerful.

Several days later, all members of the Crow Divinity Tribe mounted onto the enormous ship-shaped flying magical item. It whistled through the air, streaking through the clouds as it headed south at top speed.

The current power of the Crow Divinity Tribe far exceeded that of the previous five Tribes of the Crow Divinity. Although it could not currently compare to the great Tribes, they could now be considered to be at the peak of the mid-sized Tribe range.

As far as their migration went, they had now traveled about a third of the way to their destination. The rest of their path would take them through the Central Region of the Western Desert, to the South Region. The end of the path would of course be the Black Lands!

The parrot, in compliance with Meng Hao's request, began to pass on to the Crow Divinity Tribe the same spell formation that it had taught to the Church of the Golden Light!

Of course, the parrot completely agreed with the idea. In fact, because of the fact that Meng Hao wasn't paying attention, it had actually already started to teach the spell formation. Now that Meng Hao directly brought up the notion, it immediately got very excited.

“Little Haowie, don't you worry,” it said, eyes shining brightly. “My dream is that, upon entering the Black Lands, there will be people there shouting the name of Lord Fifth. Then, my two great armies will join together to become like my wings!”

Chapter 499: An Old Friend

The violet rain fell harder.

Half a year later, the lakes in the Western Desert North region all connected, transforming into a great, Violet Sea. The great sea exterminated all life and cut off all spiritual energy.

The North region... was now completely devoid of any neo-demons. There was nothing alive. Any Tribes which had chosen not to migrate were now buried at the bottom of the sea.

The entire Western Desert North region was covered with a surging, Violet Sea, beneath the surface of which, mountain peaks were just barely visible.

Now that the North region had become a sea, the Western Desert Apocalypse exploded out with its first true display of shocking power. Massive, powerful waves rolled across the sea, spreading out to smash into and collapse the mountains separating the Central region from the North region. As the mountains fell, the Violet Sea expanded out into the East, West and Central regions.

As the Violet Sea expanded, the lakes in the East, West, and Central regions began to combine. The seawaters gradually grew more majestic, and rose with increasing speed.

The shaping and expanding of the sea was like a whip, lashing at the backs of the migrating Tribes. They had to move faster, and plunder more.

The number of dead and wounded... was impossible to count.

The effect of the spiritual energy being cut off spread throughout the Central region, as well as into the East and West regions. With the exception of the South Region, spiritual energy everywhere grew rarer and rarer.

Because of the lack of spiritual energy, the Cultivation base of Cultivators fell and led to deaths. Such deaths caused the totemic Sacred Ancients of the various Tribes to begin to weaken.

The weakening of the Sacred Ancients in turn caused the Tribe members to weaken. As such, any deaths caused a vicious cycle that was impossible to break out of.

During the half-year period, the Crow Divinity rode its flying magical item through the Western Desert Central region. They experienced dozens of battles, during each of which, their opponents came at them with the full power of an entire Tribe.

A defeat in any of these battles represented the destruction of an entire Tribe. And yet, the battles could not be avoided.

That was because the Crow Divinity Tribe had a flying magical item, which other Tribes wanted. They also possessed a Demon Spirit. As soon as a Demon Spirit appeared, other Tribes would go mad with greed. Even Meng Hao was worried about this phenomenon.

During the half year, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde shrank to 70,000, and that was even after bolstering them up along the way. That having been said, these 70,000 neo-demons were incredibly powerful.

As for Tribe members, there were 8,000. However, those 8,000 Tribe members were now veterans of countless battles!

Meng Hao ended up getting seriously injured twice during the half year period. However, with deliberate effort, he was able to cause his totemic power to grow more refined. Furthermore, his control of Demonic Qi reached a completely new realm.

It is only in that fine divide between life and death that battle prowess can be elevated. In addition, it was during this time that Meng Hao continued along on his path of enlightenment regarding the Violet Rain. Although his progress was slow, he was gradually getting more and more results.

Because the violet rain cut off the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth, Meng Hao's superiority grew even more obvious. That was why it was so easy for him to slaughter a late Nascent Soul stage Cultivator.

The thinning of the spiritual energy actually allowed Meng Hao to gradually increase his own power.

Meng Hao currently stood at the prow of the magical flying ship. His face was pale, and his body somewhat thin. The years of campaigning had truly changed him. He looked off into the distance and then sighed, "The day when there is no spiritual energy left at all in the Western Desert, is the day when I will truly make my rise."

During the half-year period, three other momentous events occurred. Three Demon Spirits appeared in the great lands of the Western Desert. It instantly drew the attention of various tribes, and resulted in plundering and fighting.

Meng Hao was well aware of what happened when a Demon Spirit suddenly appeared; that was exactly what had led to his two serious injuries along the campaign trail.

However, these other Demon Spirits relieved some of the pressure placed on Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe. No longer were they being attacked from all sides. They only continued to grow stronger and stronger.

Meanwhile, about half a month's journey up ahead of Meng Hao, three black flying machines that looked like swords were shooting through the air.

They were pitch black, and emanated pulsing, cold auras. Each of these sword-shaped magical ships were several thousands meters long, and were covered with black-robed Cultivators, all seated cross-legged.

Their faces were expressionless and their eyes closed as they sat in meditation. Occasionally, some of them would open their eyes, and a bright flashing could be seen.

Shockingly, these Cultivators' totem tattoos were all swords!

Huge black flying swords and totem tattoos depicting weapons were not things frequently seen in the Western Desert. In fact, in all of the great lands of the Western Desert, there was only one tribe that had had black sword totems.... This Tribe was obviously the great Cloud Sky Tribe.

They had a Spirit Severing Patriarch, and were the most powerful Tribe in the Western Desert Central region. The Five Poisons Tribe had acquired the opportunity to become an auxiliary branch of this Tribe, but before the emissary could even reach them, they had been wiped out by the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Of the three black sword magical items, one flew in the lead position. Sitting cross-legged at the very tip of the sword was an old man. Unlike the other Tribe members, his robe was white. He had the bearing of a transcendent being, and proud expression covered his face. Sitting on either side of him were two middle-aged men who wore cautious, obsequious smiles on their faces.

“How much longer?” asked the transcendent-looking, white-robed old man, his voice cool. In both his facial expression and temperament, this man manifested an aloof proudness. It was as if years of being in a position similar to royalty had ingrained itself onto his very personality.

This was especially true of his transcendent aura. Each and every one of the members of the great Cloud Sky Tribe had looks of awe on their faces when they looked at him.

One of the middle-aged men sitting next to him replied, “Grandmaster Zhou, I’m happy to report that in approximately five days, we will reach that despicable Crow Divinity Tribe. Grandmaster Zhou, it is truly an honor for the Main Tribe to send you to direct the military operations of the Battle Branch.”

The Cloud Sky Tribe was a great Tribe, and commanded thirteen auxiliary Tribes. The Cultivators on these three black swords belonged to one of those thirteen Tribes, a Battle Tribe. As for this transcendent-looking old man, if Meng Hao were here, he would definitely have a strange expression on his face. He would instantly recognize the man to be Zhou Dekun.

Zhou Dekun, Furnace Lord of the Violet Fate Sect’s East Pill Division. Zhou Dekun... had lived quite an odd life. He had drifted from place to place, and had experienced things that other Furnace Lords would find hair-raising.

He had been captured and taken to the Black Lands, where he eventually ended up being taken in by the Frigid Snow Clan as an esteemed guest. He became Frigid Snow City’s Grandmaster of the Dao of Alchemy, surrounded by a host of concubines. His reputation grew until he became known as the greatest alchemist in all the Black Lands.

After that... he was taken prisoner again. He passed through many hands in the Western Desert. After all these years, it was impossible to know what exactly he had experienced. However, as of this moment, it was obvious that he was a member of the great Cloud Sky Tribe. Clearly, he occupied an extremely high position.

Obviously, it didn't matter where you went in the wide world, possessing pill-concocting skills could lead you into miracles....

A haughty expression filled Zhou Dekun's face as he nodded in response. Actually, it was of his own accord that he requested to lead this expedition. In recent years, life in the Tribe had become somewhat tedious. He wanted to get out and stretch his legs. Thankfully, the great Cloud Sky Tribe had arranged a mission for the Battle Tribe to go exterminate the Crow Divinity Tribe. One reason was because of the fact that the great Cloud Sky Tribe had made an agreement with the Five Poisons Tribe, only to learn that they were exterminated on the way by the Crow Divinity Tribe. In order to preserve their ability to intimidate others militarily, they had to wipe out the Crow Divinity Tribe. Another aspect, of course, had to do with the Demon Spirit.

Therefore, Zhou Dekun took on the mission. He would represent the Main Tribe to direct the military operations. That was why he was here. Because of his position, and the might of the great Cloud Sky, he was actually quite safe within the current Apocalypse.

He was well aware of that fact, as were the Greatfather and the High Priest of the Battle Tribe, who sat on either side of him. They knew that their mission here was actually secondary. The main purpose of the outing was to please Zhou Dekun, who occupied such a high position within the Tribe.

As for the Demon Spirits, even Meng Hao knew about the other three that had appeared in the past half years. However, the great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs actually had even more accurate information. They knew that it was not just three that had appeared in the last half year, but rather, five!

The Heavenly Court Alliance in the Black Lands did nothing about the five Demon Spirits. Instead, vast amounts of Tribes fought and plundered over them. In the end, three of them were actually acquired by Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs, after which, those Tribes entered into negotiations with the Heavenly Court Alliance.

The great Cloud Sky Tribe was one of the Tribes who had acquired a Demon Spirit. The other two were acquired by other great Tribes which did not have Spirit Severing Patriarchs. Other Tribes sent

spies to get information about them, but because they were great Tribes and incredibly powerful, no one dared to try to do anything.

For Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs, acquiring a Demon Spirit wasn't incredibly important. Such Tribes would be able to get into the Black Lands whether they had one or not. Therefore, it wasn't worth paying a heavy price to get one.

In the end, this was how two great Tribes with no Spirit Severing Patriarchs were able to keep ahold of the Spirit Demons they had acquired, and earn the right to enter the Black Lands.

“Grandmaster Zhou,” said one of the middle-aged men next to him, speaking very cautiously, “if there is anything you require during the journey, please don't hesitate to speak up. We will spare no effort in meeting your needs.”

“That's right, Grandmaster Zhou. The battles in the Apocalypse have been chaotic. With so many Tribes migrating, many treasures are out in the open. If you see anything you like, we can get it for you.”

Zhou Dekun laughed heartily, his expression one of complacency. In recent years, he had often sighed emotionally when he thought about his journey of life and how miraculous it had been.

“If there's something I really need, then I won't hold back from telling the two of you. Very well, let's push forward with as much speed as we can muster. I'm very interested in that Demon Spirit that the Crow Divinity Tribe has.” With that, Zhou Dekun closed his eyes.

The two men next to him said nothing more. The three black swords shot forward at incredible speed, growing ever closer to Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Time passed, and soon five days had gone by. On this day, the violet rain poured down the same as ever. Down below, rivers and lakes could be seen. The spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth was thin. It was around dusk when the Crow Divinity Tribe and the great Cloud Sky Tribe... finally caught sight of each other in the air above the Western Desert Central region!

Chapter 500: The Sky is Dark!

The three black swords moved with incredible speed, using a method that was beyond the comprehension of the Crow Divinity Tribe. They pierced through the air, appearing directly in the path of the Crow Divinity Tribe's magical airship.

The Crow Divinity Tribe's massive airship suddenly stopped in place. Thousands of sharp gazes came to fall upon the three black swords. The two sides faced off against each other, not moving a muscle.

The violet rain fell around them, and a wind blew that carried with it the power of extermination. A bitter cold pressed down on everyone; however, this coldness paled in comparison to the killing intent of both of these Tribes.

The eyes of the Crow Divinity Tribe members had gone wide when they saw the three black swords. Nearly ten thousand people had all risen to their feet simultaneously. They had experienced many, many battles, so death was something they had become accustomed to. Killing intent exploded out, along with countless ice-cold gazes.

No one spoke. There was no calling out. There was only a deathly silence and killing intent that seemed capable of affecting even the clouds and wind!

For such a shocking scene to arise, it was clear that neither of these two Tribes had any kind intentions!

The instant the killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribe members rose up, bright glows appeared in the eyes the eight thousand Cultivators of the Cloud Sky Tribe on the three black swords. These people looked like sharp, unsheathed swords, their desire to kill rising up to the Heavens.

The wind and clouds seethed and the air rippled as the killing intent of these eight thousand sharp, unsheathed swords exploded out. It was in this moment that, shockingly, on the forehead of each and every person a black sword appeared. The black swords flickered brightly; obviously they possessed some unique totemic power.

In terms of their bearing, these two Tribes seemed to be evenly matched.

One was a famous Battle Tribe from a great Western Desert Tribe with a Spirit Severing Patriarch. It was only an auxiliary Tribe of the great Cloud Sky Tribe. However, in terms of battle prowess, even the Main Tribe completely respected them.

The other Tribe had fought countless battles, and had experienced life and death. They had undergone constant transformation, existing in a state of perpetual war that had turned their blood into iron!

In this moment, the two Tribes could sense each other's valiance and power. The eight thousand members of the Cloud Sky's auxiliary Battle Tribe comprised about eighty percent of their entire Tribe. Right now, they could clearly see a will to fight emanating from the bodies of the Crow Divinity Tribe members. It was something they didn't see often.

When the two middle-aged men sitting by Zhou Dekun saw the Crow Divinity Tribe and sensed their valiance, intense looks appeared on their faces.

"The entire Crow Divinity Tribe has the same will! It's a killing intent that has been distilled into pure essence!"

"You usually only see something like this in the elite members of great Tribes! Who could ever have imagined that the Crow Divinity Tribe would have an aura like this!"

It wasn't just them. The rest of the Tribe members all had a similar reaction.

Both the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Battle Tribe could be described with the same words. Taciturn! Cold-blooded! Ruthless!

At the same time, when the Battle Tribe appeared in front of the Crow Divinity Tribe, they could instantly see that they were vastly different from any other enemies faced up against in the past. The pressure that emanated out from them caused an intense desire for battle to gleam in the eyes of the Crow Divinity Tribe members.

There were now thirteen Nascent Soul Cultivators in the Crow Divinity Tribe. In addition to Ou Yunzi and the other of the five from the Eight Branch Alliance, during the past year of war, the Crow Divinity had picked up a few more.

Of the thirteen Nascent Soul Cultivators, two were of the late Nascent Soul stage, five were of the mid Nascent Soul stage and six were of the early Nascent Soul stage. A force such as this put the Crow Divinity Tribe on the border between a mid-sized Tribe and a great Tribe that lacked a Spirit Severing Patriarch.

The Battle Tribe saw all of this. The power of the Crow Divinity Tribe far exceeded what they had anticipated. They knew that this battle... would be extremely violent and bitter.

A deathly silence filled the air as the two parties faced off against each other. The killing intent from both sides slammed together, causing the aura in the entire area to be thrown into chaos. In this moment of imminent crisis between the two parties... a strange expression suddenly appeared on Meng Hao's face as he caught sight of Zhou Dekun sitting there right in the middle of everything on the black sword.

Zhou Dekun's eyes went wide when he saw Meng Hao.

The two of them were separated by several hundred meters, but their gazes instantly locked. It only took a moment for wry smiles to appear on their faces.

The Battle Tribe High Priest had of course not noticed that Zhou Dekun and Meng Hao were looking at each other. The oppressive atmosphere had reached a peak. He suddenly opened his mouth and broke the deathly silence: "KILL THEM!"

However, even as the Battle Tribe members behind him, as well as the Crow Divinity Tribe members, were about to roar and charge into battle, Zhou Dekun suddenly leaped up and slapped the Battle Tribe High Priest across the top of his head.

"Shut up!" cried Zhou Dekun, flying into a rage. "Did I tell you to start fighting?! Everybody, stay your hand! Dammit! The orders from the Main Tribe were to do everything possible to induce them to surrender! I haven't said a single word and you're already trying to kill them!?" The Battle Tribe members all stared over at him with cold eyes. In this critical moment in which their killing intent was exploding out violently, their gazes seemed sharp enough to rip everything to pieces. Instantly, Zhou Dekun felt his mind trembling. However, it only took a moment for his eyes to widen.

"Disobeying orders?" he asked, his voice as cold as ice.

The Battle Tribe High Priest looked up, seemingly on the verge of being shamed into rage. Although the slap just now had not contained any force, it had happened in front of all the members of the Tribe, and was a huge humiliation. However, when he thought about Zhou Dekun's status, he did nothing. The Battle Tribe Greatfather took a step forward and glared out at the other Tribe members. He gave a cold snort, causing them all to fall back silently.

Although the Battle Tribe Greatfather was secretly infuriated, he didn't let it show on his face. At least not too much. His expression somewhat unsightly, he said, "Grandmaster Zhou, please, what are your orders?"

At the same time that the Battle Tribe had been on the verge of charging into the battle, many members of the Crow Divinity Tribe were also on the verge of exploding out with the power they had built up. However, unlike the Battle Tribe, as soon as Meng Hao gave the word, they instantly backed down.

This caught the attention of the Greatfather and High Priest of the Battle Tribe, and instantly shook them. They exchanged glances and could see the thoughtful look in each other's eyes.

They knew that a Battle Tribe like the Crow Divinity Tribe had reached a shocking level of power.

Meng Hao stood, and then his body flickered as he moved out. This instantly caused the Battle Tribe to be filled with vigilance. Zhou Dekun gave a cold harrumph. His expression one of haughtiness, he moved off of the huge black sword to head toward Meng Hao.

The two of them flew up into the air, quickly becoming two tiny dots up above.

The two Tribes down below stared at each other with killing intent, but made no moves.

Up above, Meng Hao and Zhou Dekun were tiny specks in the air, and it was impossible for the Tribe members below to hear anything they were saying. Meng Hao gave a wry smile as he looked at Zhou Dekun. He clasped hands and bowed.

"Elder Brother Zhou," he said teasingly, "it's been many years, but you look as graceful as ever,"

Zhou Dekun cleared his throat, looking a bit embarrassed, and even more emotional, as he gazed back at Meng Hao. "I never imagined that we two fellow disciples would meet here after parting ways all those years ago in the Southern Domain." He sighed, his expression one of reminiscence.

Meng Hao sighed softly. He couldn't help but recall past events. He thought about the return trip from the Black Sieve Sect, when he and Zhou Dekun ran into the Black Lands Cultivators and been forced to separate. He had never imagined that after that separation, they would meet again in the Black Lands and then again in the Western Desert.

“So, that alchemist in the Black Lands really was you?” asked Zhou Dekun with a wry smile. After the event had occurred, he had realized that the only person who could possibly have been so powerful in pill concocting was of course the person in front of him right now.

When Zhou Dekun thought back to how Meng Hao had consistently backed down in Holy Snow city in the Black Lands, allowing him to maintain his reputation, it actually caused him to be filled with gratitude. Over the years, that gratitude had fused with his previous feelings of friendship to form a warmth that had endured for years and years.

You could say that in all the Western Desert, Meng Hao was actually Zhou Dekun’s only family.

When Meng Hao looked at Zhou Dekun, he thought about the Southern Domain. He thought about his Master, Chu Yuyan, and all the people back in the Violet Fate Sect. He thought about all his other close friends in the Southern Domain, about Fatty and Chen Fan.

And... Xu Qing.

Their faces floated in his mind, clear and not blurry at all. As he saw their faces in his mind’s eye, he realized that he... missed home.

Except, his home was in the State of Zhao, which had long since disappeared from the Southern Domain.

Meng Hao and Zhou Dekun sighed and began to chat. Sometimes they smiled and laughed, sometimes they got excited and passionate. As they recalled past years, Meng Hao felt was awash with feelings that he rarely experienced. It was the same with Zhou Dekun.

When Meng Hao recounted some of the bitter difficulties he had faced, Zhou Dekun was shocked. To Zhou Dekun, Meng Hao’s life was like an exhilarating adventure. As for Meng Hao, when he heard about Zhou Dekun’s experiences, they seemed almost as miraculous as his own.

After hearing Zhou Dekun’s story, Meng Hao smiled and said, “So, you are the Cloud Sky Main Tribe Elder of the Dao of Alchemy... a position comparable to High Priest. In the great Cloud Sky Tribe, you definitely wield much power and influence.... Elder Brother Zhou, I can’t help but admire you, truly.”

Zhou Dekun laughed, sounding quite pleased with himself.

Without even realized it, they had allowed four hours to passed. While the two reminisced about past times, the two Tribes down below simply had to wait.

The Crow Divinity Tribe seemed to take the situation in stride. Meng Hao was their totemic Sacred Ancient, and they were fanatically loyal to him. Even if they had to wait longer, they wouldn't mind.

The Battle Tribe was a bit different. They stood there, taciturn. The Greatfather and the Grand Priest exchanged suspicious glances. They looked up at the black dots up in the air that were Zhou Dekun and Meng Hao. They couldn't understand why Zhou Dekun had already taken four hours trying to convince the enemy to surrender. By now, the sky was growing dark....