

# The Heavens 511

Chapter 511: The Spell Formation is Seen Again!

20,000 people versus 200,000!

This was a battle in which the difference between the two forces was immense. To many onlookers, it seemed as if it would be nothing more than a crushing.

Even though the Black Dragon and Crow Divinity Tribes were veterans of hundreds of battles, to face ten times as many bandit Tribes as their own number made the odds of victory too small. It appeared that the only thing they could do was work hard to kill as many of the bandit Tribe members as possible before being killed themselves.

That seems to be the only option.

But... as far as the Crow Divinity and Black Dragon Tribes were concerned, there was still another option.... Meng Hao, the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Crow Divinity Tribe, had an amazing ability to control and attract neo-demons. The Crow Divinity Tribe had started out with only a thousand members, but had grown to its current valiant state because in each battle, Meng Hao's neo-demons would become the linchpin to victory.

400,000 neo-demons, a power that no other Tribe could possibly possess, would without a doubt be a deciding factor in this battle.

A shocking roar filled the air as slaughter broke out between the two sides on the battlefield. In the blink of an eye, the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Black Dragon Tribe were like sharp blades that slashed into this alliance of twenty bandit Tribes.

The sound of the fighting rocked Heaven and Earth. The Crow Divinity Tribe's battle tactics seemed different during this battle than from previous battles. They would occasionally stagger their positioning, as if they were fighting in a unique battle formation.

The wind whistled and the sky dimmed. Broken patches of clouds drifted to and fro. It seemed as if some great change was occurring in the Heavens.

The ground quaked and the mountains trembled. The sound of shouting caused the sky to tremble. The violet rain fell down onto a scene of a ruthless slaughter!

The great Black Dragon Tribe seemed crazy. More than 10,000 Tribe members exploded out violently. Not a single bandit Tribe member could do anything to stand up against them.

As for the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, their killing intent rose to the Heavens. Their eyes were shot with blood. This was the last battle, which would decide whether they lived or died. If they didn't live... then what did it matter if they died!?!?

Their only chance was to enter through the Blackgate Fort up ahead. Otherwise, their spiritual energy would waste away in the violet rain and they would wither up like mortals. Therefore they exploded out with all the scorching fire their life force could muster. Even dying, they laughed uproariously.

Booming sounds could be heard as magical techniques exploded out. Growling roars filled the air. All of it mixed together to form a joyous song of battle. There was no music, only the majestic sound of fighting. There were no lyrics, only shaking and rumbling.

Xu Bai lifted his head up to the sky and laughed heartily as he shot forward through the battlefield. He was unstoppable, and spattered with blood. Some of the blood was his own, but most belonged to enemies. His laughter contained some sadness, but also stubborn hopefulness. It also said, "If I can't survive, then I will die in battle!"

Meng Hao looked over the scene, and his heart trembled. The blood in his veins boiled and veins of blood appeared in his eyes. This was the last battle, and it had his life force boiling.

"What happens in front of Blackgate Fort is like a play.... All the people on top of the battlement are the audience members, looking down at a play. He looked at the twenty Tribes of killers, hundreds of thousands of Cultivators, so thickly gathered that you could hardly see their end. They were like tidewaters of extermination, boiling with killing intent as they roared into battle.

Violet rain fell down endlessly, spattering onto the bodies of everyone present.

"It doesn't matter if you're watching the play or in the play.... It's still nothing more than a battle." Killing intent exploded out of Meng Hao's eyes. He waved his arm and 400,000 roaring neo-demons shot toward the bandit Tribes.

In total, there were more than a hundred Dragoneers among the bandit Tribes. They floated in mid-air under heavy protection, using all their power to control their own force of 400,000 neo-demons to fight back against Meng Hao's.

It was at this point that the Nascent Soul Cultivators of the twenty bandit Tribes all began to fly out. They radiated ruthlessness as they shot toward the Black Dragon and Crow Divinity Tribes.

They moved with such speed that they were nothing more than blurs. Almost as soon as they appeared, they were in the middle of the battle. The sound of slaughter rose up, along with the booms of divine abilities and magical techniques. The Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Crow Divinity and Black Dragon Tribes did not even number thirty in total. Compared to the number of Nascent Soul Cultivators from these twenty bandit Tribes, they were at a serious disadvantage.

However... Meng Hao's neo-demon horde was large enough that he could afford to send some extremely powerful neo-demons to join that battle. Instantly, they began to cause havoc on the battlefield.

Next, the totemic Sacred Ancients from the twenty bandit Tribes whistled into battle. They were of a variety of appearances, but they all emanated shocking auras. As they arrived, the totemic Sacred Ancients of the Black Dragon Tribe and Crow Divinity Tribe both appeared. Along with the Outlander Beast, they charged to fight back.

The battle had just begun, and already, it was shocking to the extreme.

Four totemic Sacred Ancients and twenty Nascent Soul Cultivators suddenly appeared to lock down Meng Hao and Xu Bai. This was especially true of Meng Hao; three of the totemic Sacred Ancients and seven of the Nascent Soul Cultivators targeted him specifically. They knew who he was and also knew that if they killed him, his neo-demon horde would disperse. If that happened... the battle could be won easily.

As they closed in on him, Meng Hao's eyes glittered with killing intent. He waved his right hand and a flicker of lightning could be seen as the soul of the Li Clan Patriarch suddenly was unleashed by Meng Hao.

As soon as the soul emerged, red lightning crackled about with the Li Clan Patriarch at its center. Boundless lightning shot out in all directions, instantly enveloping everything for hundreds of meters in every direction, creating a lake of lightning.

Within the lightning, the seven Nascent Soul Cultivators who had been so intent on killing Meng Hao, as well as the four totemic Sacred Ancients, all trembled violently. This was not ordinary lightning, this was Tribulation Lightning that had been absorbed by the Li Clan Patriarch as a Soul of Lightning.

Rumbling could be heard as the bodies of Meng Hao's enemies shook. Instantly, he transformed into a green smoke and a black moon. He shot with incredible speed towards a nearby early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator in the forces of the bandit Tribes. He was upon him in the blink of an eye. The Devil Spear appeared in his hand, and a seething devilish mist rolled out, filled with countless savage faces.

Miserable screams echoed out as the Devil Spear stabbed through the chest of the early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator. Mist enveloped him and savage, laughing faces began to consume him. Meng Hao disappeared again.

A howl could be heard as the seven late Nascent Soul stage Cultivators along with the four totemic Sacred Ancients charged toward Meng Hao.

As they closed in on Meng Hao for a second time, a blood-colored face magically appeared next to Meng Hao. As the Blood Immortal divine ability roared out, a rain of blood filled the area. The two sides clashed, and Meng Hao's body trembled. Blood sprayed from his mouth and he tumbled backward, coming to a stop and coughing up more blood. His host of opponents instantly stopped in place, their faces pale. A moment later, they continued forward in pursuit.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. He had no time to even wipe the blood from his mouth. His body transformed into a green smoke, and he even added on the Bloodburst Flash. When he reappeared, he was behind an early Nascent Soul Cultivator. His right hand clenched into a fist which slammed into the man. The Cultivator's body shook and all of his defenses crumbled as Meng Hao's fist plunged directly into his body and smashed his Nascent Soul.

"Meng Hao!!" roared one of the late Nascent Soul Cultivators that was chasing him, his eyes brimming with killing intent. "Do you dare to fight with us?!"

"I'm not an idiot," replied Meng Hao, a bit of disdain flickering within his eyes. "Seven late Nascent Soul Stage Cultivators versus only one me? And you ask if I dare to fight you? Why don't you first see if you can do anything to stop me?" He once again used the Bloodburst Flash and disappeared.

At the same time that he disappeared, two more totemic Sacred Ancients suddenly appeared in the same spot. Even as Meng Hao fled, they joined the group of other totemic Sacred Ancients to pursue him.

In just a few moments, Meng Hao danced back and forth across the battlefield, evading one deadly attack after another. Although he was hit a few times, after coughing up some blood, he would consume some medicinal pills. His speed didn't reduce in the least bit.

Any feeble early Nascent Soul stage enemies that he saw were doomed to die.

Slowly, more and more late Nascent Soul stage Cultivators joined the group which were trying to kill Meng Hao. Currently, there were nineteen of them, as well as nine totemic Sacred Ancients. They charged Meng Hao from all directions. Further off in the distance, one of the most powerful of the enemy Cultivators also began to approach with killing intent.

A scornful smile could be seen on Meng Hao's face. He flickered away, reappearing next to one of the bandit Tribes' early Nascent Soul stage Cultivators. That person's face fell, and before he could do anything, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the flag of three streamers to appear. It instantly wrapped the man up and began to hurl him away.

Even as the flag unfurled, the man's body exploded into pieces!

Such provocation on Meng Hao's part, especially the appearance of his 400,000 neo-demons, instantly had a huge effect on the battlefield. More and more Cultivators joined the force that was trying to slay him.

At the same time, because the most powerful members of the enemy force were focused on him, much of the pressure was taken off of the Crow Divinity Tribe and the great Black Dragon Tribe. In the initial clash just now, both Tribes had sustained losses of more than thirty percent. There were even Nascent Soul Elders who perished.

Similarly, the bandit Tribe alliance had paid a heavy price, having lost nearly 30,000 Tribe members in death.

As of this moment, it was becoming more obvious that the Crow Divinity Tribe members were setting up a formation. In fact, it was now possible to see a fog forming within their ranks!

“Meng Hao, don’t tell me the only thing you can do is run away!?! If you keep fleeing and killing our Tribe members, then we’ll have to go slaughter some of the ordinary Cultivators of your Crow Divinity Tribe!”

“That’s right! We can slaughter people just as well as you!”

Meng Hao completely ignored the cries of the people chasing him. His body continued to flicker at top speed.

Meanwhile, back on the battlement of Blackgate Fort, the Cultivators of the Heavenly Court Alliance and the other great Tribes were laughing and chatting.

“That guy can control 400,000 neo-demons! What a talent! However, it’s also completely idiotic to have only one person controlling so many.”

“He will definitely die sooner or later.”

As such conversations proceeded, Luo Chong stood there with his fists clenched. He had very complicated feelings regarding Meng Hao....

Duo Lan frowned, but said nothing. Next to her, Zhang Wenzu was smiling just as he had been the entire time. The people engaged in battle down below were nothing more than ants to him.

Meanwhile, down on the battlefield, the late Nascent Soul stage experts realized that Meng Hao was ignoring them. Enraged, they were on the verge of splitting up to go slaughter the regular members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, in order to force Meng Hao to fight them.

Currently, the seven thousand remaining members of the Crow Divinity Tribe had finished preparations for the spell formation. No longer were they emanating killing intent. Instead, they began to run. As they did, fog rose up to roil out in all directions.

At this moment, the parrot shot up to soar through the sky. Its face radiated arrogance and complacency as it squawked:

“Come, come. Recite along with Lord Fifth. Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife!”

## Chapter 512: 800,000 Neo-Demons!

Voices joined together to instantly shake the surrounding Cultivators of the alliance of twenty bandit Tribes. They stared in shock, along with the members of the Black Dragon Tribe. Everyone was flabbergasted.

At the same time, the seething fog began to grow thicker and emanate a shocking aura. The surrounded members of the bandit Tribes had no choice but to fall back. Some who didn't move fast enough were sucked into the fog. Instantly, bloodcurdling screams could be heard as they were trampled to death.

It wasn't just the Cultivators of the twenty bandit Tribes that gasped. The members of the Black Dragon Tribe were the same, and even the Cultivators of the Heavenly Court Alliance and other great Tribes who were on Blackgate Fort. Everyone was completely shaken.

“What are they yelling?”

“Who is Lord Fifth?”

“How come I feel like I've heard this before...?”

As of this moment, Meng Hao was now the only member of the Crow Divinity Tribe who was on the outside. His body was a wisp of green smoke that flickered back and forth, taking advantage of this opportunity to slay more of the early Nascent Soul Elders.

Even as miserable cries rang out, countless bloodshot gazes suddenly came to rest on Meng Hao as all of the Nascent Soul Cultivators suddenly turned to look at Meng Hao.

Given that they could no longer attack the Crow Divinity Tribe, Meng Hao was suddenly a glowing target. Instantly all of the bandit Tribes' Nascent Soul Cultivators shot toward Meng Hao, along with more than ten totemic Sacred Ancients. They radiated killing intent as they neared him.

These powerful experts were a force that could cause anyone under the Spirit Severing stage to be dumbstruck. Even Meng Hao would not be able to stand up to their combined attack. In fact... if they managed to attack him from all sides, then he would certainly be torn to pieces and completely exterminated.

The forces aligned against him were far more than he could handle. However... that was exactly what Meng Hao wanted.

Roughly seventy percent of the bandit Tribes' most powerful experts and totemic Sacred Ancients were now closing in on Meng Hao, filled with killing intent, their eyes shining with the desire to slay him. It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly stopped moving. For the first time, he hovered there in mid-air, not moving even an inch.

The fact that he had stopped instantly attracted countless looks from the majority of the members of the twenty allied Bandit tribes. Virtually all of their most powerful experts looked at Meng Hao with vicious killing intent, and then shot toward him. Instantly, he was being charged from all directions.

“DIE!!” came the grim cries as the people came closer and closer. In the blink of an eye, they had surrounded Meng Hao. It was at this point that Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding with his right hand. Instantly, a wooden box appeared which he held high up into the air. His expression was dark as he slowly opened its lid.

Within the wooden box was a blooming flower.

Exotic Heartdevil Flower!! [1. The Exotic Heartdevil Flower was used by the Five Poisons Tribe against the Five Crow Divinity Tribes in chapters 439, 440 and beyond]

In this instant, all eyes subconsciously looked over at the flower. When that happened, an intense rumbling filled the minds of all onlookers. Instantly, the whole battlefield turned deathly silent.

Within that deathly silence, the Exotic Heartdevil flower began to wilt. This flower was extremely powerful, but there were simply too many Cultivators present. The vast number of people in the area was causing the flower to begin to wither.

Of course, Meng Hao had long since predicted that this would happen. After acquiring the flower, he had studied it and come to understand it. All he wanted was this one brief moment.

During that moment, the only people who weren't affected were the members of the Heavenly Court Alliance and the members of the great Tribes up on the battlement of Blackgate Fort. It was as if they were in a different world.



However, their expressions were filled with shock. Absolute silence reigned. They looked down at the Exotic Heartdevil Flower, and the deathly still that covered the battlefield.

“Exotic Heartdevil Flower...”

“Who could ever have imagined that the Crow Divinity Tribe would still have that flower!?”

“It’s a rare flower, but actually somewhat weak. However, if you use it cleverly it can be considered a precious treasure!”

Duo Lan was breathing heavily as she looked down at the scene. The sense of déjà vu she was experiencing continued to grow stronger. However, she still could not figure out who exactly Meng Hao was.

Next to her, Zhang Wenzu seemed to be paying attention to the scene below, although only slightly.

As for Luo Chong, he was panting as he looked down at Meng Hao. Within his complicated feelings was a touch of admiration.

Zhou Dekun was blinking. He had never imagined that Meng Hao would have a treasure such as this.

Even as everyone up on the battlement of Blackgate Fort was shocked, down on the battlefield, the Nascent Soul Cultivators who had been chasing Meng Hao, as well as the totemic Sacred Ancients, were all trembling, motionless. It was at this point that Meng Hao made his move.

A Blood Clone appeared. Its expression was one of greed, as if it thirsted to drink up lives. As it shot toward the group of more than ten totemic Sacred Ancients, Meng Hao stepped forward and hurled the Devil Spear out. A towering devilish mist rose up, filled with countless faces, to shoot toward the crowds of people.

Next, Meng Hao took a deep breath as his Wood-type totem tattoo magically appeared on his forehead. A sea of flames roared into being and freezing Frost soil spread out. The all-conquering power of his Metal-type totem tattoo was fused in as well. Four of the five elements instantly exploded out.

The sea of flames burned everything. The gigantic tree extinguished lives. The power of metal slashed through the air. The Frost soil kicked up a frigid wind that froze the sky.

Booming filled the air as all of these things happened in the exact same moment. There were no bloodcurdling cries. However, one totemic Sacred Ancient after another withered up. One Nascent Soul Cultivator after another felt their bodies exploding.

All of it happened in the space of only eight breaths. During those eight breaths, Meng Hao was able to completely reverse the situation on the battlefield.

For four breaths of time, the power of Meng Hao's four elements totems swept out explosively in all directions. The power transformed into an attack which slammed into the Nascent Soul Cultivators.

One bandit Tribe Elder after another felt their Cultivation base burn under the power of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. Their bodies were not under their own control, and their wills were lost. Any power they had to resist Meng Hao's divine abilities and magical techniques was completely weakened to the point where they could not withstand even a single blow.

Massive booms echoed out across the battlefield as the ordinary Cultivators of the bandit Tribes trembled, their faces filled with confusion. They felt as if they were experiencing an out of body experience, as if their bodies were mere husks.

Meng Hao knew that the entire battlefield would belong to him for the space of time of eight breaths.

At the same time, discussions broke out on the battlement of Blackgate Fort.

“This guy is completely cruel and diabolical!!”

“He intentionally caught the attention of all the powerful experts, then took advantage of the situation to take out the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. He's not just vicious, he's adept at scheming. However, if he thinks he can turn the tide of the entire battle with only that flower, then he's a bit naive!”

“That flower has its limits. At the most it will probably last for the space of ten breaths before vanishing. Maybe he can kill some people during that time, but, exactly how many? For example,

those late Nascent Soul stage experts are fundamentally powerful enough to last for even sixteen breaths under the influence of an Exotic Heartdevil Flower.”

By this time, five breaths of time had passed. The Exotic Heartdevil Flower was half withered, and its power was beginning to wane. The late Nascent Soul stage Cultivators were showing signs of intense struggle; it seemed it wouldn't be long before they were able to shake off the effects of the flower. Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He did not continue with any slaughtering, but instead began to perform an incantation. He pointed his finger down toward the ground, causing boundless Demonic Qi to instantly rise up. A vortex appeared that only he could see as it then began to rotate soundlessly. Meng Hao became the center of a raging tower of Demonic Qi.

Under the crushing pressure of this Demonic Qi, the 400,000 enemy neo-demons, who were no longer under the control of their Dragoneers, and were also being affected by the Exotic Heartdevil Flower, also began to tremble.

In their eyes, Meng Hao was like some sort of Demon Emperor. Because of the Demonic Qi, they had no choice but to yield to the pressure. As the last of the eight breaths ran out, one neo-demon after another lowered their heads and began to approach Meng Hao.

The Exotic Heartdevil Flower was fully wilted; it transformed into ash which then drifted away with the wind.

Everyone on the battlefield seemed to wake up as if from sleep. Their bodies trembled as they looked out in confusion. It took only a moment for the members of the bandit Tribes to suddenly gasp. Their expression instantly filled with complete disbelief.

The moment that they woke up, the Blood Clone finished consuming a fifth totemic Sacred Ancient. At the same time, thirteen of the Nascent Soul Elders who had been surrounding Meng Hao, exploded into showers of blood under the power of Meng Hao's four elements totems.

If that were the extent of it, it wouldn't count for much. However, before the Cultivators of the bandit Tribes alliance could even recover from their shock, they saw Meng Hao floating there in mid-air, surrounded by 400,000 neo-demons.

At the same time, shocking roars could be heard as the bandit Tribes' own 400,000 neo-demons shot toward Meng Hao. This was not an attack, but rather, they joined to circulate around him, emitting subservient cries.

As of this moment, 800,000 neo-demons were completely shaking Heaven and Earth!!

From ancient times until now, there had never been a person who could control an 800,000 strong neo-demon horde. To everyone watching, this was virtually inconceivable.

Nonetheless, the sky outside of Blackgate Fort was now filled with 800,000 roaring neo-demons. The sky shook, and everyone on the battlement of was thoroughly astonished. Within Blackgate Fort itself, the Heavenly Court Alliance was startled. As for the powerful experts of the great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs, their minds were all filled with profound trembling.

In fact... four streams of indescribably powerful Divine Sense suddenly spread out from within the Black Lands. These were... streams of Divine Sense belonging to Spirit Severing Patriarchs!

These streams of Divine Sense were filled with intrepid, savage power. They passed through Blackgate Fort to sweep across the lands of the Western Desert, eventually coming to rest on Meng Hao and his horde of 800,000 neo-demons.

As of this moment, the tide of the battle truly had turned!

Everyone who stood atop Blackgate Fort was panting and staring in shock. It was in this moment that a tremor ran through Duo Lan. She suddenly realized why Meng Hao seemed so familiar.

“He’s....” Her face filled with an expression of complete disbelief.

Next to her, Zhang Wenzu’s face was now filled with concentration. As he looked at the 800,000 neo-demons, his scalp went numb.

As of now, the Crow Divinity Tribe didn’t even need to attack. Nor did the Black Dragon Tribe need to fight. Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the 800,000 neo-demons to charge toward the allied bandit Tribes. The land trembled and the sky shook. The clouds in the sky roiled as the sounds of slaughter began to spread out.

Miserable shrieks rang through the air one after another as the bandit Cultivators, as well as their totemic Sacred Ancients, Greatfathers, and other powerful experts, were instantly stupefied.

They wanted to kill Meng Hao, but he was now hidden behind 800,000 neo-demons. How could they possibly kill him!?

They wanted to slaughter the members of the Crow Divinity and great Black Dragon Tribe, to cause Meng Hao to show his face. However, the fog of the Crow Divinity Tribe's spell formation towered up, within which could be seen the shadows of running figures. The members of the great Black Dragon Tribe were quickly absorbed into the fog of the spell formation, concealing them completely.

Chapter 513: Blood Totem!

When he had first laid eyes on these twenty allied bandit Tribes, Meng Hao knew that in this last battle, despite the unsurpassable battle prowess of the Crow Divinity and great Black Dragon Tribes, they would be defeated in the end.

There were just too many Cultivators in the bandit Tribes.

Even if by some miracle the more than ten thousands members of the Crow Divinity Tribe did not die, and a few hundred managed to enter into the Black Lands, by that time, they would no longer be the Crow Divinity Tribe.

On the other hand, if the Crow Divinity Tribe was able to continue on with majority of its strength, after it entered the Black Lands, it could combine with the Church of the Golden Light. Then, they would be a powerful force, and would thus be able maintain their self respect and continue on.

That was exactly the outcome Meng Hao hoped for. And there was only one way to make that happen.... That method had nothing to do with strength or weakness of Cultivation base. It had nothing to do with strength in numbers. No, Meng Hao knew that in the Western Desert... there was only one thing that was considered the source of true power.

His greatest strength did not lie in the five elements totems, nor in the power of his Cultivation base or his magical items. People who exceeded him in terms of such aspects were not rare. Even his position as a totemic Sacred Ancient did not count for much.

His Blood Clone was strong, but how could it possibly stand up to 200,000 Cultivators?

The Devil Spear was domineering, but he only had one!

Meng Hao knew that his most powerful asset, the greatest strength he had to rely on, was his identity as a Demon Sealer. In the great lands of the Western Desert, the fact that Meng Hao was a Demon Sealer meant that he could congeal and manipulate boundless Demonic Qi.

He could cause great changes in neo-demons, make them even more powerful than himself. He could control them and use them to accomplish things that he alone could not accomplish.

That was his greatest asset. It was also why the Crow Divinity Tribe had been able to leave the Western Desert North region and travel all the way to here.

Therefore... the Exotic Heartdevil Flower had appeared. Slaying totemic Sacred Ancients and Nascent Soul Elders was secondary to his true goal. While everyone was paying attention to him, he needed a brief pause in the battle, only four or five breaths of time while he was being surrounded.

That brief amount of time was crucial. To ensure success, he needed to make sure that the hundred or so Dragoneers of the allied bandit Tribes lost control of their neo-demons. It was in that way that Meng Hao could perfectly pull off his plan.

That was the entire reason why he had pulled out the Exotic Heartdevil Flower!

His goal was not to cause confusion for the ordinary Cultivators, nor was it to bewilder the Nascent Soul experts. Instead... he had been targeting the one hundred Dragoneers, who were hidden within their neo-demon hordes. These were the Cultivators who, seemingly from the beginning, had been completely ignored by Meng Hao, as if he didn't care about them one bit.

As of this moment, he had accomplished his goal.

800,000 neo-demons shook heaven and earth, completely rocking the battlefield. The Heavenly Court Alliance was shocked, as were all of the other Western Desert Cultivators who were watching.

The neo-demons instantly charged towards the well over 100,000 shocked bandit Tribe members.

This last battle was destined to be filled with foul winds and rains of blood. It was something the likes of which had never occurred in the history of the Western Desert. Everyone atop Blackgate Fort watched on in silence, even the four streams of Divine Sense from the Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

As the 800,000 neo-demons closed in, the eyes of the 100,000 bandit Tribe members went red. they also charged forward, howling: “Kill them!!”

At the same time, all of the totemic Sacred Ancients and all of the Nascent Soul Cultivators shot forward, transforming into something like a sharp arrow, piercing through the neo-demon horde toward Meng Hao.

“Kill Meng Hao and the neo-demon horde will collapse!!” In this critical moment, the Greatfathers of the twenty bandit Tribes roared, congealing the peak power that existed on the battlefield as they shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was there within the neo-demon horde, looking around with cold eyes as neo-demons circulated around him. Miserable shrieks sounded out constantly as Cultivators were ripped to shreds by neo-demons.

As of this moment, Meng Hao could sense the intense ruthlessness of warfare. It was no exaggeration to say that the world in front of him was awash in redness.

That redness was blood. The blood of neo-demons and the blood of Cultivators. The land turned red, so red that even the violet rain that fell could not wash it away.

This was a true massacre!

The vast amount of neo-demons in the horde made it so that even though neo-demons were constantly dying, there were always more to attack the bandit Tribe Cultivators. Bloodcurdling screams filled the air as the deaths intensified. Right now, it was like the yellow springs of the underworld had turned completely red.

“Blood....” thought Meng Hao as he looked down at the ground. Suddenly, he reached a bit of new enlightenment. Blood... was also water, correct? It was a type of water that contained life; it was in fact the source of life force.

Having blood didn't necessarily mean you were alive, but without it, you would certainly not be.

“It seems that I’m bound to blood by Karma. The Blood Immortal legacy, all the slaughtering that resulted from my practice of cultivation.... Blood, is also a kind of totem.

“Besides, what are totems anyway? Totems... are not a manifestation of my own will and enlightenment. No, they are a force of power of the Nine Mountains and Seas. They are a seed of power!!”

Muttering to himself, he closed his eyes, ignoring the powerful experts of the bandit alliance who were going all out to try to reach him and kill him. As they neared, neo-demons attempted to block their way, resulting in even more blood showering about.

It was at this moment that suddenly, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe moved forward along with the spell formation. Fog churned, and the sound of running echoed about. Massive golden figures could be seen within, charging into the battle.

As soon as the fog reached the members of the bandit Tribes, miserable shrieks could be heard.

A howl could be heard as the excited parrot suddenly appeared in mid-air. In a squawk that the entire battlefield could hear, it said, “Come come. Shout out with me! Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife....”

As soon as the voices began to echo out from within the spell formation fog, another batch of roiling, cloudy fog could be seen within the Black Lands. It was exactly the same in appearance, and loud, clear voices rang out from within. They were filled with excitement and determination.

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife! Lord Fifth, we welcome you back with respectful hearts!! Patriarch, we welcome you back with respectful hearts!!” These resounding voices caused the observers on the battlement of Blackgate Fort to stare in shock. When they looked over, they could see that within the approaching fog were seven or eight thousand enormous figures. They charged through mid-air, passing out from the Black Lands to enter the Western Desert and charge down toward the battlefield.

“That’s....”

“The Church of the Golden Light!!”



“The spell formation of the Crow Divinity Tribe is exactly the same as that of the Church of the Golden Light!!”

When the Church of the Golden Light appeared, it was like a sharp blade that stabbed into the already scattered and battered bandit alliance. Together with the Crow Divinity Tribe, they began a slaughter of spell formations that hit the enemy from two directions at the same time.

The members of the great Black Dragon Tribe also charged out from within the center of the Crow Divinity Spell Formation, engaging in bloody slaughter down to the very end.

The battle was now completely one-sided. Any position of superiority the bandit Tribes had was completely lost because of the 800,000 neo-demons. Hopelessness and terror filled their hearts and minds. Miserable screams filled the air as they completely lost any will to fight.

The slaughter continued nonetheless!

150,000. 130,000. 100,000... 80,000... 50,000!!

It did not take long for the bandit Tribes' numbers to be reduced to only 50,000 Cultivators. The other 150,000 were nothing more than corpses. Their blood flowed out, causing the area outside of Blackgate Fort to become a lake of blood!

The reek of gore filled the air. As for the top experts and totemic Sacred Ancients of the bandit alliance, they were seriously injured and virtually going mad as they slaughtered their way through the neo-demons to grow closer and closer to Meng Hao.

The slaughter down below wasn't actually drawing much attention. The eyes of the Cultivators on the battlement of Blackgate Fort were all drawn toward the neo-demons that were protecting Meng Hao, who floated there in mid-air.

Meng Hao was the key to everything. If he died... then the bandit Tribes could still secure victory in the battle!

Booming filled the air as dozens of Nascent Soul Cultivators and more than ten rapidly weakening totemic Sacred Ancients mowed their way through the crowds of neo-demons. They carved out a bloody path as the neo-demons, giving no thoughts to their own lives, threw themselves in front of the enemy. The enemy had no choice but to continue the slaughter as they tried to near Meng Hao.

The distance between the two was still several hundred meters, packed close with crazed neo-demons. Unfortunately the enemy Cultivators weren't able to get to Meng Hao. There were just too many neo-demons. The Demonic Qi of a horde of 800,000 neo-demons was something that the Nascent Soul Cultivators couldn't see. However, they could sense that there was some unspeakable pressure in the area that made minor teleportation impossible.

All they could do was charge physically and try to kill their way to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's closed eyes suddenly snapped open. When they did, his pupils glowed with a red will of blood that seemed to be a reflection of the lake of blood down below. It was the same color as his mask, as if it was in fact, merged with the mask.

"Blood is water.... As it turns out, I had the totem with me all the time, I just never realized it.... It has always been here." His skin was now completely the color of blood. It almost seemed as if the Blood Immortal mask had disappeared. Meng Hao's entire body was the same color as the blood-colored mask. It was no longer a mask, but rather, Meng Hao's true face.

In this moment, his long robe had also turned red. Even his hair was crimson. Right now you could actually say that he looked... exactly like a Blood Clone.

"Not quite there," he murmured. "Unfortunately... this blood totem will belong to the Blood Immortal, not me...." He raised his right hand, causing the Ji Clan Blood Clone, which was off in the distance pouncing toward another Cultivator, to suddenly tremble. It seemed unwilling to respond, but also unable to control itself. It disappeared, and when it reappeared, it was directly in front of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao pointed at the Blood Clone, and instantly, it transformed into a beam of light that fused into Meng Hao's finger. Shockingly, a totem tattoo suddenly appeared on Meng Hao's finger in that same spot!

A red totem tattoo. A blood totem!

As soon as the totem appeared, Meng Hao's Cultivation base exploded up. It was as if it had been restrained for too long, and now it was finally able to climb high. In the blink of an eye, it exploded out in a way that caused the approaching bandit alliance experts and totemic Sacred Ancients to be filled with stupefied astonishment.

Chapter 514: Five Elements Temporarily Combine!

Meng Hao's hair whipped about his head despite the lack of wind. His eyes glowed with a profound light. Everything around him was bright red. The lake of blood below began to boil and rise up into the air.

If that were all there was to it, the true fearsomeness of the blood tattoo would not have been made manifest. However, all of the cultivators in the area suddenly felt that the blood inside their bodies was suddenly out of control, as if it were about to burst out from within them!

The bandit Tribe members felt this way, as did the Cultivators atop Blackgate Fort!

Everyone was instantly shocked by this development.

Everything dimmed; up above, winds blew and clouds roiled. A fountain of blood could be seen in mid-air within the neo-demon horde, focused on Meng Hao's index finger!

At the same time, in the Southern Domain, some distance from the border of the Black Lands....

A bloody glow rose up into the sky from the Ancient Temple of Doom. This glow instantly caused the great Sects and Clans of the Southern Domain to stir into action.

All of the deity statues within the Ancient Temple of Doom began to weep tears of blood. It was a bizarre sight which shook the entire Southern Domain.

It almost seemed that these statues were commemorating the power of the Blood Immortal as it returned into the world!!

Meanwhile, back in the great lands of the Western Desert, outside Blackgate Fort.

Meng Hao slowly looked up at the shocked peak experts of the bandit alliance.

“With the Ji Clan Blood Clone, I can congeal a blood totem. It can't compare to the violet rain, so I don't want it to be permanent. However, to temporarily reach the full circle of the five elements will do nicely. Or perhaps... I can use the blood totem as the foundation and fuse it with the violet rain.

Then I can reach the great circle of the Water-type totem!” Eyes filled with anticipation, Meng Hao lifted his hand up and pressed his index finger onto his forehead.

“Five elements.... temporarily combine!”

The power birthed of the spirit of the Golden Crow! Metal!

The boundless life force of the Greenwood Tree! Wood!

The Frost soil which gave birth to the Frost Soil Demon Emperor! Earth!

The Everburning Flame! Fire!

And now, the legacy power of the Blood Immortal, transformed into blood. Water!

In this instant, the five elements reached their great circle. I might only be a temporary great circle, but it caused Meng Hao’s Cultivation base to soar up nonetheless. His Perfect Gold Core emanated with limitless golden light. A transformation began during which it seemed... a Nascent Soul became visible!

At the same time, the five elements began to combine!

Metal. Wood. Water. Earth. Fire. Five elements fused together, both promoting and restraining each other as they united to form a primeval Chaotic will. Within this primeval Chaos appeared a single strand of light!

This light was golden in color, the same gold as the metal of the five elements, and the same color as the Metal-type totem tattoo. It also was the same color as Meng Hao’s Perfect Gold Core. As soon as the golden light appeared, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base roared up.

It climbed up ceaselessly. In the blink of an eye... he broke out from the Gold Core stage and into the early Nascent Soul stage!

His Perfect Gold Core began to melt, from within which emerged a Nascent Soul that belonged uniquely to Meng Hao!!

As of now, Meng Hao could slay the early Nascent Soul stage, shock the mid Nascent Soul stage, and hold his own against the late Nascent Soul stage. It was hard to say if he would be able to come out victorious against the latter. In any case, this was a power that the Core Formation stage simply could not possess. The power of Meng Hao's Five-Colored Nascent Soul had been completed one step at a time as the various totem tattoos appeared. As of now, he possessed a battle prowess that was completely unprecedented and thoroughly frightening in the Cultivation world.

Surprisingly, in the view of the Divine Sense of outsiders, Meng Hao actually appeared to be of the great circle of Core Formation. However, no one could deny that he was of the Nascent Soul stage. Many people actually assumed that Meng Hao was deliberately putting on a front to make it look as if he was of the Core Formation stage.

Currently... in the moment that Meng Hao's Cultivation base exploded upward, causing him to enter the early Nascent Soul Sage, a Nascent Soul was formed within his Gold Core. The faces of all the Cultivators who were watching instantly filled with disbelief, and they gasped.

"He... had a Cultivation base breakthrough? He's in the Nascent Soul stage?"

"How... how is this possible? He reached the Nascent Soul stage? Don't tell me that before, he really was just a Core Formation Cultivator!?!?"

"That's impossible! Perhaps he was already a Nascent Soul Cultivator before, but because of some unforeseen circumstances, experienced a Cultivation base drop, and only now is faintly able to recover?" Astonished conversations spread out on the battlefield as well as among the audience up on the battlement of Blackgate Fort, and even among the groups of bandit Tribe peak experts who were trying to fight their way through the neo-demon horde.

Even as they were locked the throes of astonishment, a second beam of light rose up from Meng Hao, in addition to the golden light.

Green!

Flickering green light interlocked with the golden light. Meng Hao's hair whipped about as boundless life force suddenly began to emanate out from him. In this moment, his Cultivation base soared even higher. As of now... he was at the peak of the early Nascent Soul stage, only a step away from the mid Nascent Soul stage!

This sudden explosion instantly shook the minds of everyone who was watching. Even as Meng Hao lifted up his head and roared, three colors appeared behind him, a three-colored sky!

Gold, green, plus the color which represented his Water-type blood totem, red!!

The three colors of the sky that appeared behind Meng Hao were reflected in the firmament up above as Meng Hao's Cultivation base once again leaped higher. It climbed up ceaselessly, breaking through from the early Nascent Soul stage to the mid Nascent Soul stage.

As of this moment the faces of each and every person observing were filled with disbelief. Duo Lan's eyes were wide, as if she was seeing something unimaginable. Even Zhang Wenzu's eyes were flickering with deeper and deeper concentration.

Next, a fourth, world-shaking color suddenly appeared. Yellow!

Behind Meng Hao, a four-colored sky could be seen. His Cultivation base did not stop climbing, but rather, continued to rocket up. It was as if all the methodical preparations he had made were now being unleashed with explosive results.

His energy exploded out and his aura grew vastly more intrepid as behind him, five beams of light interlocked to form a Five-Colored Sky!

That fifth color was... black!

Five elements, five colors. In this moment, they transformed into a Five-Colored Sky that circulated around Meng Hao. His clothes rippled, and his hair was in chaos. His eyes glowed with a bizarre, brilliant light.

Meng Hao floated there, his body emanating radiant five-colored light, a Five-Colored Sky behind him. As of this moment, there were no totem tattoos visible on his body. All he possessed... was the Five-Colored Sky and an indescribably fearsome aura!

These five colors stemmed from Meng Hao's five elements. Gold came from the Metal-type tattoo. Green came from the Wood-type. The Water-type blood made red. The soil of Frost was black!

Finally came fire. It was not red, but yellow, a raging flame that rose up into the sky.

His Cultivation base rocketed up a final time. His aura exploded out with incredible intensity, profoundly affecting all the Cultivators who were watching. Deep in their hearts, it caused all onlookers to feel fear and trembling.

Finally, he reached the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage. His distance from the late Nascent Soul stage was... only a sliver. At last, the rocketing climb of his Cultivation base came to a stop. Everyone on the battlefield was shaken as they looked at Meng Hao.

This explosive Cultivation base growth came after years of suppressing his Gold Core. In this instant, he experienced meteoric growth into the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage as he unleashed all that had been pent up before.

Earlier, he could battle with the late Nascent Soul stage. As of now... Meng Hao was powerful enough that, although he might not be able to shake the Spirit Severing stage, he could crush any Cultivator under that stage like dry weeds or rotten wood. He would be able to cut through any of them like a hot knife cutting through butter!

Despite all that, Meng Hao let out a sigh.

“If I can understand this violet rain, then I could merge it into the blood totem and create a great circle Water-type totem. When that happens, my Cultivation base will definitely be able to break through from the mid Nascent Soul Stage!” Meng Hao knew that his current Cultivation base was not truly of the great circle of the five elements and thus, could not propel him past the mid Nascent Soul stage.

That was not what he truly wanted. The water of these five elements contained part of the blood of the Blood Immortal. What he wanted was the violet rain of the Western Desert Apocalypse.

That was his choice.

At present, his five elements Cultivation base was only a temporary fusion. In fact, his Nascent Soul was actually illusory, and the five elements were not fully combined. He had not concocted his Five-Colored Nascent Soul. Once he did, then his Cultivation base would be completely stable.

Suddenly, a bizarre light shone in his eyes. He looked off into the distance at the countless neodemons and the astonished experts and totemic Sacred Ancients of the bandit tribes.

“I think it’s time to test out the battle prowess of this temporary combination of the five elements!” Even as he murmured to himself, the neo-demons roared and pounced onto the bandit Tribe experts, forcing them to defend themselves. Suddenly, one of the Nascent Soul experts was separated from the others by the neo-demons. A wide-open space was then cleared, an empty lane providing a clear line of sight from him to Meng Hao, who was a few hundred meters away.

The old man and Meng Hao looked at each other for a moment, and then Meng Hao coolly said, “Bring it on.”

“Such arrogance and conceit!!” roared the old man, who happened to be a High Priest. His eyes flickered coldly as he used minor teleportation to shoot toward Meng Hao.

The rest of the members of his Tribe, including the Elders and the Greatfather, had been killed because of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. As of now, he was the only peak level expert left from his Tribe. He shot forward, his eyes flickering with intense killing intent. As he neared, his totem magically appeared above his head. It was an immense star which then transformed into a gigantic boulder three thousand meters wide. Rumbling sounded out as it shot through the air toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao hovered there, his expression tranquil. He waved his right hand, causing the Five-Colored Sky to flicker. A swooshing sound could be heard as a five-colored light expanded out and then disappeared. A moment later, the incoming boulder shook and then disintegrated.

The sight of this caused everyone watching to be shocked, especially the charging High Priest. His face filled with disbelief. It was at this point that Meng Hao distractedly waved his hand and pointed forward.

As he pointed, the Five-Colored Sky rippled and then disappeared. When it reappeared, it had congealed onto Meng Hao’s finger. Then his finger descended, and blinding five-colored light shot toward the old man.

He was a High Priest, but his face flickered nonetheless. He roared as he unleashed divine abilities and magical items. He shot backward, using several minor teleportations to suddenly disappear and then reappear off in the distance.

He reacted quickly and moved with incredible speed. It seemed as if no matter how swift and fierce the five-colored beam of light was, it wouldn’t be able to touch him. However... suddenly he found



that his entire body was trembling. He coughed up a mouthful of blood as a five-colored glow appeared on his chest. He stared down in disbelief, unable to do anything except gape.

“How is this possible...?”

“As you can see,” said Meng Hao softly, his eyes shining with enlightenment, “you cannot evade the power of the five elements.”

The old man said nothing, but a bitter smile appeared on his face. Suddenly, his entire body turned red as all the blood inside exploded out. Popping sounds could be heard as it was transformed into a bloody mist. At the same time, a golden light flew out from within him, transforming his entire body, from inside to out, into a statue made of gold. However, he still wasn't dead. The fact that he theoretically had a chance to survive was like a bitter torment as he fell toward the ground. But then, a sea of flames erupted out from inside of him, burning him dead, body and soul.

Chapter 515: An Initial Understanding of Karma

“Different combinations of five elements will have different manifestations....” thought Meng Hao, having gained new enlightenment. He looked up at the pale-faced bandit Tribe experts and totemic Sacred Ancients. They wanted to kill him, but were now surrounded and cut off by countless neo-demons, and were severely weakened.

They really had no way to get to him. They were surrounded by hundreds of thousands of neo-demons. They couldn't even reach Meng Hao, let alone... kill him.

“We're defeated...” said one of the old experts bitterly. As of now, they knew they had lost and knew that Meng Hao fundamentally could not be killed.

Meng Hao was not an impulsive person, and despite his sudden increase in battle prowess, he would still act cautiously. They knew that he would only allow one of them to attack at a time, and would not presumptuously try to take them all on at the same time.

Facing up against an enemy like this caused these bandit alliance experts to be filled with a sensation of powerlessness.

As soon as the old man's words echoed out, the scattered bandit Tribe members down below on the ground slowly began to give up. They ceased fighting back, and stood there silently.

Of the original 200,000 Tribe members, not even twenty percent remained. This battle had not been won single-handedly by Meng Hao. Rather, the unstoppable crushing power of the 800,000 neo-demons he wielded was a force capable of causing any enemy force to be moved.

Now that he had defeated the bandit alliance, Meng Hao did not continue to contain or slaughter them. He allowed the broken remnants of the Tribes to leave the battlefield. As they disappeared off into the surrounding plains, Meng Hao led the Crow Divinity Tribe, the Church of the Golden Light, the great Black Dragon Tribe and 800,000 neo-demons forward to stand in front of Blackgate Fort. He lifted his head up to look at the battlement up above.

“The Crow Divinity Tribe has arrived with a Demon Spirit!” he said slowly, his voice echoing out into the Black Lands!

Xu Bai stood next to Meng Hao. He looked up at the enormous gate leading into the Black Lands, took a deep breath, and said, “The great Black Dragon Tribe has arrived with a Demon Spirit!”

There was a brief moment of silence, after which...

An enormous rumbling could be heard as Blackgate Fort’s huge gate... slowly began to open!

As the gate opened, the crowds on top of the battlement looked down. Virtually all of the gazes swept over the people down below and came to rest on Meng Hao.

Conversations immediately began to spread out.

“It seems that from now on, the Black Lands is going to be a bit more lively than before.”

“This Meng Hao has an extraordinary Cultivation base and bizarre divine abilities. His totems are even more shocking. He can even slay late Nascent Soul stage Cultivators. He will definitely rise to even more prominence in the future here in the Black Lands!”

“The Western Desert Apocalypse has reached its culmination. It won’t be long before we will be able to see the sea from Blackgate Fort.... The Crow Divinity Tribe and the great Black Dragon Tribe slaughtered their way here from the Western Desert. They are the only two Tribes that actually gained entrance to the Black Lands this way with a Demon Spirit. Very unusual....”

Hearing their conversations caused Luo Chong to roll his eyes. He occasionally looked back down into the crowd of people below at Meng Hao. As for what he was thinking, it was impossible to tell.

Zhou Dekun's expression was one of excitement as he looked down at Meng Hao, a wide smile splitting his face.

Duo Lan was frowning at first, but quickly caused her face to relax. She continued to look deeply at Meng Hao.

Next to her, Zhang Wenzu was smiling. Shaking his head, he said, "Five elements totems, combined together.... An interesting idea. Unfortunately, it's only temporary. It won't be long before it floats away like a rootless lily pad. He's definitely not Chosen material.

"When I meet him in the future here in the Black Lands, I'll have to help him understand why combining the five elements is nothing more than a joke." He smiled.

At the moment, the massive rumbling continued to sound out as the gate finished opening completely to reveal an opening that looked like a door, roughly three hundred meters wide. Sunlight poured out from within. On the other side was the Black Lands. It was as if this door was the separating point between two worlds.

Xu Bai took a deep breath and then turned to Meng Hao. Clapping hands, he bowed deeply. "Brother Meng," he said, "words cannot express the depth of my gratitude for your kindness. The alliance between the two of us will never change! For now, I, Xu Bai, will lead my Tribe into the Black Lands. After we have time to reorganize, then the two of us can find some time to chat!"

Meng Hao laughed and nodded in response, but didn't say anything.

With that, Xu Bai led the thousands of members of his great Tribe toward Blackgate Fort. They quickly disappeared inside and entered into the Black Lands.

As the Black Dragon Tribe made their way in, Meng Hao looked back at the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe behind him.

After a long moment, his gaze finally came to rest on the members who had once been part of the Five Tribes. There were only a few hundred left. Wu Chen and Wu Ling were among them.

There was also the Greatfather who had burned his life force all those years ago. He was now very old, with not much longevity left.

Meng Hao looked at them. They looked back. No words were exchanged. After all the years spent together, they knew Meng Hao quite well. Within the silence was a deep melancholy.

After a long moment, Meng Hao smiled.

He looked at the few hundred former members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes, as well as the other Tribe members they had picked up along their journey. His voice warm and amiable, he said, "At long last I have led you here. Now, I deliver your hope to you."

He had traveled with these people for many years, had fought by their side to reach this point. At long last, they had reached their destination, the great gate which led into the Black Lands.

The gate had been opened, and was just waiting for them to walk through it.

"You may continue to practice cultivation with my totems," he continued. "In addition, I have branded the other totemic Sacred Ancients that we acquired so that the Crow Divinity Tribe may form totems from them.

"My vines... have recovered. I will give them to you as a protector and guard." He waved his hand, causing a Thorn Rampart Vine seed to appear. He quickly branded it with a mission.

Protect the Crow Divinity Tribe!

After that, he gave the vine seed to the Crow Divinity Tribe Greatfather. The old man looked silently at Meng Hao and thought back to all the scenes from years past, and to what Meng Hao had said about giving hope to the Tribe.

All of the things that had happened flashed through his mind, causing his vision to blur somewhat as he looked at Meng Hao.

“Starting today,” said Meng Hao softly, “the Church of the Golden Light will be part of the Crow Divinity Tribe. From now on... the Tribe will not be called Crow Divinity, but rather, the Golden Crow Clan!” The members of the Crow Divinity Tribe began to tremble. It was hard to say who did it first, but they all began to drop to their knees and kowtow to Meng Hao.

No one spoke. However, the tears in their eyes and the looks on their familiar faces made clear their deep respect, fanaticism, and gratitude for Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked at them and smiled. It was a smile that said, “The time has come to part.”

He turned and looked at Gu La. “Gu La.... Henceforth, you are free. Before releasing you, though, I must say that I truly hope you remain as a member of the Golden Crow Clan, to be their Dragoner.”

Gu La trembled as he dropped to his knees and stared at Meng Hao in a daze. On the long road of travel, his past grievances had long since vanished. He wore a strange expression at the moment, one filled with reluctance to part ways. After a moment, he lowered his head and voiced his agreement.

“I give you the Wild Giant,” continued Meng Hao. “Treat it well.” Meng Hao looked over at the Wild Giant. Throughout the years, it had been injured over and over again, and its body was now covered with scars. Despite that, it was mighty. It looked at Meng Hao with a blank expression, as if it didn’t quite understand everything that was going on.

“As for these 800,000 neo-demons, I will not take any of them with me. I give them to all of you, to form the backbone of the Golden Crow Clan’s battle prowess. I will personally brand all of them so that you don’t need to control them. They will be here to protect the Golden Crow Clan.” With that, he waved his right hand. Immediately, 800,000 neo-demons roared a shocking roar. Each one of them looked at Meng Hao, as if they were communicating with him....

Grievous whines could be heard from Big Hairy and the others, as if they were unwilling to separate.

Meng Hao looked at the Greenwood Wolves with a soft smile. He thought back to all the years ago when he had joined the five Crow Divinity Tribes, and had first laid eyes on the five Greenwood Wolf pups.

He could still remember their plaintive yips after going hungry for a whole night.

He thought about how he ran out into the mountain forest to find food for them.

“You’ve grown up now,” he said softly. “You don’t need to follow me any more.... Where I’m going... the five of you can’t go.”

Their mournful howls seemed to cause the surrounding members of the Golden Crow Clan to be roused from their prostration. They raised their heads to look at Meng Hao with expressions of grief.

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, please, do not leave the Golden Crow Clan....”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, can’t you stay with us in the Black Lands?”

“Without you, exalted Sacred Ancient, we would have long since perished on the way here. Sacred Ancient, the Golden Crow Clan will forever remember your kindness!”

Hearing the all their words caused Meng Hao to stand there silently for a long moment. Finally, he shook his head and looked at them earnestly.

“There is no need for you to thank me,” he said quietly. “Everything I did was to pay a debt of gratitude to the Golden Crow and the great tree. It was also my way of making an apology. Perhaps... this is Karma.” He waved his hand, causing one of the Demon Spirits he had sealed to fly over into the hands of the Greatfather.

“Take it and enter in the Black Lands!” He gave a deep look to the Golden Crow Clan, then glanced at the Black Lands. He knew that the remaining Demon Spirit he possessed would soon lead to conflicts. Deciding not to remain behind any longer, he turned his back on the Black Lands and strode off. Taking advantage of the temporary five elements combination, he quickly shot off into the distance and disappeared.

“Beloved concubine,” said the parrot, in a fair imitation of Meng Hao, “You stay behind here to recover from your wounds. Please take care of the Church of the Golden Light for me. Lord Fifth... will come back for you.” Looking both sad and arrogant, it flapped its wings as it shot off into the distance to follow Meng Hao.

“Haha! Freedom, bitches! My beloved concubine is too protective. I can’t deal with that. Finally I’m free.... Ah, the smell of freedom! How lovely!”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient!” As Meng Hao left, all of the members of the Golden Crow Clan turned and once again prostrated themselves toward him. After a long time passed, they slowly rose to their feet. Filled with melancholy, unsure of the future, they took their 800,000 neo-demons and entered the Black Lands.

Meng Hao’s departure caused the faces of crowds on the battlement above to be filled with shock. Zhang Wenzu’s pupils constricted. He suddenly realized that his judgement of Meng Hao had been completely off.

“Where is he going...?”

Duo Lan was shocked. Zhou Dekun stared with wide eyes.

Far off in the distance, Meng Hao proceeded onward. His expression was calm, his entire bearing completely different than it had been before.

“If I hadn’t chosen to go to the five Crow Divinity Tribes that year, the Golden Crow could have lived for another thousand years. My arrival was the sowing of Karma. The reaping of that Karma was the death of the Golden Crow. However, that reaping was another sowing. Because the Golden Crow perished, the Crow Divinity Tribes declined, and narrowly escaped being exterminated. They were nearly wiped away in the Apocalypse. That was a reaping of Karma.

“Sowing contains reaping, reaping contains sowing. Everything that happened before was all sowing. Karma was reaped after I led the Crow Divinity Tribe out of the north all the way to the Black Lands.

“It is similar to repaying kindnesses. The kindness is the sowing of Karma, and the repayment is the reaping of it!

“Karma is about cause and effect. I... understand now.” As he traveled along, his eyes began to glow with enlightenment. It was as if he could see the faint Karma threads attached to all living things!

Laughing, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce the Ji Clan fishing rod. As he cast it out, within his heart floated the sense of the Karma of all living things.

## Chapter 516: Without Severing the Spirit, How Could You Live Past 1,000?

Starting in the north and then extending to the east and west, the great lands of the Western Desert slowly became a violet-colored sea. The sea spread out to eventually cover the south as well. It stopped outside Blackgate Fort. At this point, it was truly a boundless sea.

Blackgate Fort was eventually submerged by the water. Ten thousand years later, after the seawater vanished, a new land would be revealed.

That would be the true end of the Western Desert Apocalypse. The seawaters would disappear, and the Western Desert would once again appear.

Perhaps by that time, the land would be unfamiliar to the Western Desert Cultivators residing in the Black Lands. However, there would definitely be people who would go to search for the roots of their Tribes from ten thousand years before.

Right now, Blackgate Fort's gate was closing, signifying an official end to the migration....

Meng Hao's laughter rang out as he gained enlightenment regarding Karma. He saw the Karma threads. By casting out the fishing line, he could control the treasure just like a member of the Ji Clan. To Meng Hao, this was an extra, unexpected benefit.

"So Karma has been with me all along..." He shot through the air, the parrot perched on his shoulder. The meat jelly was attached to the parrot's foot like always. One man, one parrot, and one meat jelly shot through the downpour of violet rain. They were surrounded by the power of extermination. Spiritual energy was completely cut off.

After parting ways with the Golden Crow Clan, Meng Hao chose not to enter the Black Lands. He made a different choice. He would stay behind within the Violet Rain Apocalypse in order to form his Water-type totem.

As for the blood totem, that was not Meng Hao's choice of totems. He would place himself within the Violet Rain Apocalypse in order to gain enlightenment and understand the true meaning of the Violet Sea.

As he shot through the air, his eyes suddenly glittered.



“Now that I’ve left the plains outside the Black Lands,” he murmured, “the pursuit should be catching up....” He suddenly stopped in mid-air, turning to look behind him.

“I’m probably being chased, not by the Nascent Soul stage, but... Spirit Severing!!” His eyes glowed brightly as he looked around, and he smiled.

A long moment passed before his gaze came to be fixed at a spot not too far off.

“It will most likely be Spirit Severing. After my display back at Blackgate Fort, no ordinary Nascent Soul Cultivator would be willing to try to interfere with me.” As Meng Hao thought about the Spirit Severing stage, his eyes suddenly filled with a burning passion.

Spirit Severing... was an indescribably powerful stage!

It was something that Cultivators sought after with passion secondary only to Immortal Ascension!

The mysteries of Spirit Severing had nothing to do with variations in divine abilities, but rather the manifestation of the Domain. Each of the three Severings were an instance of the use of the Domain.

Only within the Spirit Severing stage was it possible to have the qualification to call one’s cultivation... a Dao!

In the cultivation of the Spirit Severing stage, medicinal pills were secondary. The most important thing was... enlightenment regarding the Domain.

Every Spirit Severing Patriarch had a different Domain. Based on their different experiences in life, the Dao of the Domain chosen by the Cultivator transformed into a blade of Severing. The first Severing was the early stage, the second Severing was the mid, the third Severing was the late!

Each of these Severings would cause the Cultivation base to rise to a new realm. When all three Severings were completed, the great circle of Spirit Severing was complete. After that, there was only one path to follow... and that was Dao Seeking.

The reason why it was called Dao Seeking was that the body of the Cultivator contained a Dao. Within the three Severings of the Spirit Severing stage, one's Dao was discovered, then questions arose.... Once the Dao was solidified, then one was qualified for Immortal Ascension.

Unless... doubts arose during Dao Seeking. Then the Dao vanished and the body perished. Everything became emptiness.

There is a saying that once enlightened, one can die happy. That is how one could describe the Dao Seeking stage. Once enlightenment was gained, and one's own Dao was solidified, then one could smile even in death.

Spirit Severing, Dao Seeking, Immortal Ascension!

Those were the ultimate pursuits of the Cultivators in the great lands of South Heaven. Three stages, each one of which could lead to death. However, when the final goal of Immortal Ascension was reached, the Cultivator would then be qualified to leave South Heaven and travel among the stars. There, one's personal Dao could become even more strong, and blossom like a resplendent flower!

When such a beautiful flower blossomed, one could die laughing at the Heavens, having lived a life not in vain!

That was the path of Immortal Ascension!

Meng Hao's path. Xu Qing's path. Chu Yuyan's path. Chen Fan, Fatty and all the others all were treading such a path....

Objectively speaking, though, whether you looked at the Western Desert or the Southern Domain, Dao Seeking experts were as rare as phoenix feathers and qilin horns.... Even Spirit Severing experts were not common. Generally speaking, even great Tribes in the Western Desert would have only one Spirit Severing Patriarch, which was the reason why they could sustain their legacies throughout the years and become truly powerful.

It was similar in the Southern Domain. Spirit Severing experts were not common. Furthermore, the majority... remained within the First Severing. Those who reached the Second were less common and as for the Third... they were even rarer.

That was because... each Severing could be fatal. Lack of success... meant certain death. In fact, many Cultivators who became Spirit Severing Patriarchs... chose not to continue on with further Severings.

Failure... meant death!

The power of the Spirit Severing stage lay in the Domain. It could influence divine abilities, could change the laws of nature, could accomplish whatever the heart desired. From the perspective of Nascent Soul Cultivators, it could do things that seemed impossible.

Take for example Patriarch Reliance. The fact that he could carry away the State of Zhao with him had something to do with this Cultivation base. However, that action was actually a manifestation of Spirit Severing!

Another example was the Patriarch of the Frigid Snow Clan. Of his own power, he could shake everything in the area. However, once his Cultivation base fell, it instigated an attack.

If one wished to enter the Spirit Severing Stage, the initial step was the first Severing, which could not be avoided.

It was an enormous obstacle that had to be passed by any Cultivator who wished to proceed beyond the Nascent Soul stage. In fact, it was an obstacle that many Nascent Soul Cultivators could not pass. Because of that, they ended up staying within the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage until their longevity expired, whereupon they became skeletons and returned to the dust.

If one could not live past one thousand years, and could not defy the heavens, how could one be of the Spirit Severing stage?

The longevity of the Nascent Soul stage was roughly one thousand years. Even with the use of shocking medicinal pills that could increase longevity, it was impossible to exceed one thousand years of life. That was one of the laws of Heaven and Earth. One thousand years was the absolute limit to the longevity of a Cultivator.

However, with the First Severing of Spirit Severing, five hundred to a thousand years of longevity could be hewn out. As to exactly how much, that depended on the person as well as the Domain.... In any case, the longevity would definitely exceed one thousand years!

Passing beyond one thousand was a defiance of the Heavens!

That was why reaching Spirit Severing was so difficult. It was difficult... to an ultimate degree!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, taking the stubbornness and desire that shone in his eyes and concealing it deep within his heart. He would continue down this path to Immortal Ascension... in a way that had never been done before. That was the determination in Meng Hao's heart.

The Five-Colored Nascent Soul was only the first step!

Meng Hao looked out into the air, but could only see the downpour of violet rain. Everything was deserted, with no one visible except for him. Meng Hao was quiet for a long moment, ten breaths of time to be exact. Suddenly, a translucent figure slowly began to appear in mid-air several thousand meters in front of Meng Hao.

As the figure became visible, a strange, invisible power seemed to affect the violet rain in the area. It was pushed aside, ensuring that not even a single drop landed on the figure.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, as if nothing out of the ordinary was going on. However, it was at this moment that the parrot opened its eyes wide. All of the multicolored feathers on its body stood on end. The meat jelly bell on its foot began to tremble, causing tinkling bell sounds to ring out.

"Dammit, Spirit Severing!!" said the parrot, gaping. It was impossible to tell exactly what it was thinking. It looked down ruthlessly at the meat jelly bell and said, "Shut up! Quit shaking! Your shaking is really annoying Lord Fifth!" In response, the meat jelly's shaking grew even more intense.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He had long since predicted that after the Crow Divinity Tribe entered the Black Lands and handed over the Demon Spirit, the fact that there was a second Demon Spirit would quickly be discovered.

Considering that the Heavenly Court Alliance wanted Demon Spirits, it was possible that other great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs would grow greedy. That meant there was a high possibility that they... would try to catch and kill him.

Such circumstances would have been even more difficult to avoid if he had entered the Black Lands himself. Furthermore, it would have implicated the Crow Divinity Tribe. His only option was to leave.... Even leaving, though, would likely result in people coming after him.

However, it now had nothing to do with the Crow Divinity Tribe. The scene of Meng Hao leaving Blackgate Fort had been witnessed by too many people. From that moment on, it was tantamount to Meng Hao severing his Karma with the Crow Divinity Tribe.

“Do you know why I’m here?” asked the transparent figure, slowly opening its eyes. The opening of its eyes caused everything in the vicinity to suddenly change. It was as if some indescribable, invisible force of law had enveloped the entire area. The figure did not open its mouth to speak. Instead, its voice resonated in Meng Hao’s mind like thunder.

An intense aura caused Meng Hao to feel as if he were about to suffocate. A mere thought on the part of this figure caused the violet rain in the area to stop moving. It paused, motionless in mid-air. The sight of the drops of water floating there motionless in midair was truly shocking.

This was something that no Nascent Soul Cultivator could do. This was not a divine ability, but rather but a command of laws. This was... a Domain!

Only Spirit Severing experts were possessed with Domain!

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked at the translucent figure. “So, I have been pursued, not by a Nascent Soul Cultivator, but someone of the Spirit Severing stage!”

“Hand over that Demon Spirit,” said the translucent figure, staring at Meng Hao. “Then you can be on your way.” Its expression was one of neither happiness nor anger. It continued to stand there, its mouth closed but its voice echoing in Meng Hao’s mind.

“Hold on a second!” squawked the parrot. It suddenly flew up into the air. At the same time, the meat jelly bell on its foot continued to chatter.

Flapping its wings rapidly, the parrot continued, “Heh heh. Look, big brother. Lord Fifth is not on the same side as this kid. Aiya. Now that I think about it, my beloved concubine is back at home waiting for me. See you later!”

“Big brother,” gushed the meat jelly, “Lord Third is not on the same side as this kid....”

Meng Hao's expression was unsightly as he glared at the parrot and meat jelly. "That is the Demon Spirit!" he suddenly said, pointing at the parrot.

Suddenly, the semi-transparent figure looked over at the parrot.

"Meng Hao, we're on the same side, bitch! You, you, you...." The parrot began trembling, having been instantly sent into a fluster.

"This is wrong," howled the meat jelly. "This is immoral! This is going to provoke Heavenly Tribulation. You...."

Chapter 517: Valiant Zhixiang

At the same time that the parrot and the meat jelly were howling, the translucent figure suddenly opened its mouth in a cold harrumph.

This time, it was not a sound that echoed out only in the mind. It really did open its mouth to emit a sound. The sound reverberated out like magic, shaking everything!

The parrot and meat jelly were instantly silenced.

Everything in the area was completely still and silent. Meng Hao seemed incapable of even breathing. This was not the first time Meng Hao had faced a Spirit Severing Cultivator. However, this was the first time... that he truly faced up against one completely on his own. It was his first time relying only on himself to stand up to the crushing pressure of the Spirit Severing stage.

Years ago when he faced Patriarch Reliance, Meng Hao did it as a Demon Sealer. The only thing Patriarch Reliance did in the end was flee in frustration.

Later in Holy Snow city, the legacies of the Frigid Snow Clan enabled Meng Hao to fight against a Spirit Severing Patriarch. In reality, though, that battle was not fought by Meng Hao, but by the legacies of the Frigid Snow, and the Agarwood!

This was the first time doing it while truly alone.

The intensity of the pressure felt to Meng Hao like Heavenly might. His Cultivation base was rotating rapidly and five-colored light glittered out of his body, a manifestation of the power of the five elements. However, despite this, his eyes were instantly shot with blood.

“A five elements totem. Nice idea,” said the semi-transparent figure, its voice cool. “If you could stabilize it, it might be considered stunning and peerless. Unfortunately, you can’t. With your current combination, you could sweep across the Nascent Soul stage, but you wouldn’t be able to stand up to a single blow from me. Very childish.” Its tone was not one of arrogance, but rather one of unquestionable strength. It was a strength that spread out into the area and caused cracking sounds to ring out as fissures split the air in all directions.

“These two trashy neo-demons are in no way Demon Spirits. If you don’t hand it over willingly, then I’ll just take it. Although, I do have to say that this physical body of yours is pretty good...” Except for the cold harrumph from earlier, the translucent figure hadn’t opened its mouth again. Its voice continued to echo in Meng Hao’s mind. As it finished speaking, it casually lifted up its hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

The finger instantly caused a cold, emotionless feeling to fill the area. A tremor ran through Meng Hao’s body, along with an icy coldness.

At first, the coldness seemed to be something that affected his physical body. But actually, it was a coldness that filled his heart and soul. It was a coldness that affected the seven emotions and six pleasures. This coldness seemed to affect all of Meng Hao’s feelings, freezing them over, transforming him into a state of true cold-blooded unfeeling.

This transformation almost seemed to be putting him to some sort of special state, a state which was suitable for possession.

“Enough, enough!” squawked the parrot. “Spirit Severing my ass! This isn’t Spirit Severing, bitches! Meng Hao, even though you tried to con me, if you say the word, I’ll run off to find someone to get revenge for you...” At the same time, the meat jelly was howling out some complaints.

Meng Hao ignored them. His face was calm as he suddenly understood the meaning of the coldness inside of him.

“So this is the Domain?” He took a deep breath, and then his eyes began to fill with a bright light. “Zhixiang, if you don’t do something, then you’ll have to go by yourself to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.” As soon as his voice echoed out, the eyes of the translucent figure flickered, but

its hand did not stop moving. Meng Hao's body continued to fill with coldness; his heart slowly stopped beating, and his emotions turned as cold as ice.

This was not a divine ability or a magical technique, but merely the pointing of single finger. Everything seemed calm, but incredible changes were occurring, changes that influenced the laws of reality. Meng Hao felt as if he were bound up, incapable of resisting. It was as if his Cultivation base existed in name only, and was incapable whatsoever of resisting this surprise onslaught from the Domain.

The only thing he could do to fight against it would be to employ the Agarwood for the final time to escape death, or his final bit of Dancing Sword Qi. However, Meng Hao would not act rashly. Besides, it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to use his trump cards when facing up against the Spirit Severing stage.

That was because he had Zhixiang!

He wasn't nervous at all. He knew that before going the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, there was someone who was very interested in whether he lived or died.

Besides, even if his guess about the situation was wrong, he was still prepared to take other action. The will of the Agarwood was currently swirling in his mind, ready to awaken.

That was another reason why he had been so casual, first about leaving, then about waiting in this spot.

At the same time, his eyes slowly started to turn blue. However, in that moment, an annoyed, cutesy snort suddenly filled the air. At the same time, a blooming white lotus appeared in front of Meng Hao. The translucent figure's face fell.

Cracking sounds echoed out as fissures filled the air around Meng Hao. They spread out with a boom, transforming into countless fragments which then exploded.

Strangest of all, the explosions were actually illusory. This collapse was not a true collapse, but rather ghost images. Even as everything shattered, it faded away.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as his body returned to its normal state. The coldness, however, remained behind. It seemed that Zhixiang, annoyed as she was, wasn't willing to help him dispel it.



Meng Hao didn't care. He smiled as the color of his eyes returned to normal. Even as his body returned to normal, he retreated backward. Suddenly, he turned into a green smoke and a black moon. He even employed minor teleportation as he fled off into the distance!

The translucent figure frowned, and was just moving forward to pursue, when it stopped in place. That was because it suddenly found that a grim-faced woman was directly ahead, floating in mid-air.

The woman was incredibly beautiful. She wore a light green gown, the sleeves of which were embroidered with light blue peonies, and was hemmed with silver thread in the shape of auspicious clouds. The front of the garment was covered with light yellow brocade. She floated gracefully in the air, her garment swirling around her, like a willow tree fluttering in the wind.

Any man who looked at her would surely feel his heart pounding with desire and would be virtually intoxicated with her beauty. Her skin seemed delicate enough to be punctured by even a slight wind. Her face was immaculately beautiful, as if all other beautiful things in the world would be like dirt in front of her. Her beauty was the kind that caused her to be the focus of all gazes, wherever she went.

However, at the moment, she was grinding her teeth in apparent anger.... Her beauty seemed to contain the desire to kill, and her face was serious. She did not seem coquettish and seductive; her face was nearly half filled with coldness.

As she moved forward, the area around her swirled with countless flower petals which swirled like a vortex. They danced about her, some of them coming to fall on her shoulders; the entire scene was incredibly picturesque.

This was none other than Zhixiang!

After the Five Poisons Tribe was exterminated, it seemed as if she had gone off on her own. In actuality, for this the entire time, she had been keeping tabs on Meng Hao's Tribe from off in the distance. She didn't want him to reach an untimely end. If that happened, she would be much less confident about her chances of success in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

She had watched Meng Hao deliver the Crow Divinity Tribe to the Black Lands, and had also sensed the Spirit Severing Cultivator's Divine Clone pursuing him. At that point, Zhixiang knew that she had no choice but to take action.

She didn't really want to, but considering that Meng Hao had called her out, her hand had been forced. She had no choice but to reveal herself. Despite her irritation at Meng Hao, she had no other options.

"Your excellency, who might you be?" asked the translucent figure with narrowed eyes. This was the second time it had actually opened its mouth. Its voice was ancient and archaic.

"I'm the badass bitch who's gonna kick your ass!" she said. Her voice sounded like the singing of a lark. Unfortunately, her wording... was quite the opposite.

The eyes of the translucent figure flickered coldly. It took a step forward and then raised its right hand and pointed its finger.

"You trifling clone!" spat Zhixiang grumpily. "You see a badass bitch and you don't hightail your ass out of here immediately?!" Even though she was cursing, it was the kind that didn't make one mad, but actually was somewhat enjoyable.

Even as she spoke, she waved her sleeve, causing the flower petals circulating around her to suddenly fly toward the semi-transparent figure.

Off in the distance, Meng Hao was flying through the air in a wisp of green smoke. He suddenly heard an enormous boom coming from behind him. At the same time, Zhixiang's voice suddenly echoed in his ear.

"I spent a lot of effort building up this little bit of Immortal power, you bastard. Now it's all wasted! Meng Hao... if you stand me up on the day that the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens, then you're dead!"

Meng Hao's expression was the same as usual, almost as if he hadn't heard anything. He utilized the Bloodburst Flash to suddenly shoot off into the distance.

He didn't care how Zhixiang did it. Even if another Spirit Severing Patriarch emerged from the Black Lands and she had to pay a further price, she would still have to stop that person to give him a chance to flee. Once he escaped from the Southern region and disappeared into the Apocalypse and the boundless sea, finding him would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Any Spirit Severing Patriarch would think twice about coming out after him alone; after all, once they left the Black Lands, the disputes and fighting that could break out in their absence would be too much of a cause for hesitation.

Meng Hao had thought through all of this thoroughly. He employed all the speed he could muster to shoot off into the distance.

Time passed by. Meng Hao wasn't sure what Zhixiang did to intercept any enemies. However, for an entire month, he didn't encounter any pursuit. By this point, having employed the fastest speed he could manage, he had already crossed half of the Southern region.

Even more violet rain fell. At this point, no sea was visible, but the aroma of seawater could be detected. The violet rain was causing everything to erode. No plants could be seen on the ground below. Life force was being exterminated and spiritual energy had faded; not a bit was left.

Occasionally, he saw bandit Tribes below. Eventually, Meng Hao caught sight of South Cleaving Pass.

He stopped there for a moment, looking at the pass with a soft sigh. He didn't stay for very long, and during that time, the Cultivators that remained in the region didn't even notice him.

His body flickered as he shot off toward the north at top speed.

During his traveling, his Cultivation base continued to weaken. The Five-Colored Sky was faded. He was now no longer at the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage, but rather, the early Nascent Soul stage.

According to Meng Hao's calculations, it wouldn't be long before the five elements dissipated, whereupon his Cultivation base would return to the Perfect Gold Core stage.

What he needed to do next was to gain enlightenment regarding the sea of violet rain, and how to fuse it with the blood totem. Then, he would have his own Water-type totem, and would be able to tread... the path of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul!

At that time, he would truly be able to make a meteoric rise!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, hunching over as he shot forward at top speed. Three months passed. His Cultivation base was now completely back to the Perfect Cold Core stage. He finally left the Western Desert South region and was in the Central Region. Here, the only thing visible in all directions, was a boundless, endless...

Violet Sea!

Chapter 518: Sinking to the Heart of the Violet Sea

The sky was dark, and violet rain fell in buckets. The only thing Meng Hao could see in all directions was a vast sea.

Waves undulated across its surface, pushed along by a cold wind. His hair drifted up and his clothes rippled as he floated in mid-air looking out soundlessly at the sea.

It seemed as if all life in the entire world was completely gone and buried. The only thing left behind was his loneliness. It floated in his heart for a moment before he shook his head, causing it to fade away.

He proceeded on at top speed. The parrot followed, occasionally letting out an arrogant squawk.

“La lala la la, I’m a seagull...!” The parrot suddenly dove into the water, only to shoot up into the air again off into the distance. It seemed extremely happy.

The vast sea seemed endless. Meng Hao continued on for a few more months until he was deep into what had once been the Western Desert Central region. Here, he could see the very tips of what had once been tall mountains, but were now islands.

There were no Cultivators and no neo-demons. There were only... occasional floating corpses.

Everything was deathly still.

Another seven days passed. Up ahead of Meng Hao appeared a rather familiar-looking mountain peak that was now an island. Meng Hao stopped in mid-air. After examining it for a long moment, he realized that he recognized this particular mountain.

He had passed it when traveling with the Crow Divinity Tribe. As of now, the mountain itself was buried under the sea. All that was visible now was about sixty meters of its top which made up the island.

“This place should do.” He didn’t proceed any further north. Continuing on would only mean fewer islands, and deeper waters. The current water level was what had been mid-air in the past.

He landed on the mountain-island and sat down cross-legged. He took a deep breath and looked out at the sea around him. As far as he was concerned, this was the perfect place to practice secluded meditation. It was very safe.

Because of the exterminating power of the violet rain, it was an Apocalypse to Western Desert Cultivators. To Meng Hao, though, it offered no inconvenience. In fact, once he gained enlightenment and produced a violet rain totem, this place would be like his own personal sea.

After some time passed, Meng Hao closed his eyes. There was no longer any five-colored glow about him. He was completely of the great circle of the Gold Core stage. His five elements tattoos glittered brightly as he began to meditate.

The parrot flew around, occasionally flying off into the distance, occasionally returning. No matter where it went, it seemed capable of finding things to amuse and entertain itself.

At the moment, it was pretending to be a seagull, squawking and crying out in delight. The meat jelly wasn’t willing to be outdone. A pop rang out as it also turned into a seagull and then rolled its eyes superciliously at the parrot.

It was at this point that the two buffoons began to have a contest....

Time passed. Months went by. Meng Hao’s Cultivation base continued to remain at its peak. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and a brilliant glow could be seen within his pupils.

He looked down at the blood totem tattoo on his right index finger, and as he did, an expression of determination appeared on his face.

“My final totem!

“Blood represents life, and fights back against all forms of death. This is the part of the Water-type totem tattoo which exemplifies life.

“The violet rain represents death, and destroys all life. This is the part of the Water-type totem tattoo which exemplifies death.

“Life and death oppose each other but also exist in a cycle. Without life, how could there be death? And without death... what could serve as a contrast to life!?”

“The fusion of life and death. The blending of blood and the violet rain. That will be Meng Hao’s... great circle Water-type totem!”

As he murmured to himself, his eyes radiated an incredible light. It was currently night, and the rain was falling as usual. However, as he sat there in the rain, his eyes glowed with a light like that of lightning.

“If I truly want to gain enlightenment regarding the violet rain totem that represents death, then I can’t just sit here looking at the sea. I need to immerse myself in it, so that I can personally experience...”

“What death is!

“In that way, when there is no distinction between myself and the Violet Sea, when our wills are congruous, then I will have the chance to understand it. When I can control its power, then I can brand myself with a totem tattoo classified as part of the Violet Sea!” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao felt absolutely no hesitation. That was Meng Hao’s personality. When he made a decision, he would not easily change his mind.

That was especially true after beginning his path of cultivation. He had never looked back, but instead, continued forward at all times. If one gets in a rut, or hesitates to make a decision, then death is not far off.

Eyes glittering, Meng Hao stood up and looked at the competing parrot and meat jelly. Then he strode forward and jumped directly into the Violet Sea.

As soon as his body touched the violet seawater, an intense aura of death completely surrounded him.

Meng Hao's body trembled as he managed to cross his legs. After sinking down more than thirty meters, he opened his eyes and stopped moving.

He had already reached the limit of what he could endure. If he sank any further, the death will would become too intense. To this sea, he was something alive, and therefore something it was diametrically opposed to.

Meng Hao was incapable of fighting against the entire Violet Sea.

Even sinking down thirty meters was something that if others heard about they would react to with complete disbelief. The Violet Sea was a place that Cultivators simply couldn't enter. Even sinking six meters into the sea for a short period would be like plunging into flames of destruction, let alone thirty meters.

To an ordinary Cultivator who sank down thirty meters, it would only take about ten breaths of time before their life force vanished. The aura of death here was qualified to destroy all life.

As for Meng Hao, the fact that he could sit there cross-legged for much longer than ten breaths worth of time had a lot to do with his Perfection. The realm of Perfection made it so that he did not absorb power from Heaven and Earth. He was his own cycle. His ability to survive far exceeded that of others.

Even still, after twenty breaths worth of time, Meng Hao's body began to shake. The will of death congealed around him, growing thicker and thicker. This collision between life and death turned into an extermination, a power that would thoroughly extinguish and bury him.

It was like ice water being poured onto a red-hot branding iron. The two were incompatible. Ice and fire opposed to each other created a force... either the ice water would turn into steam, or the branding iron would experience a complete end.

This was extermination!

After thirty breaths of time, the power of extermination was so intense that Meng Hao was forced to open his eyes and shoot up out of the sea. After flying up into the air, he returned to the mountain-island, his face pale. He coughed up a mouthful of blood. The collision between his life force and the death aura had transformed into an extermination that Meng Hao found difficult to endure.

However, his eyes were now shining brightly.

“Now I understand. The Violet Sea Apocalypse does not inherently contain the power of extermination. Its primary will is that of death. When it encounters life force, extermination erupts. That extermination is not inherently created by the Violet Sea, but rather when it is combined with life force.

“The opposition of life and death transform into the power of extermination.... That will be the true power that the great circle of the Water-type totem will be able to unleash when it is completed!

“It requires time for life and death to create such extermination.

“The life within my blood totem tattoo needs to coexist with the death of the violet rainwater, not extermination. To truly gain enlightenment, I need to negate the power of extermination. In that way, I can truly understand the will of death!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then sat back down cross-legged. After three days, he was fully recovered. When he opened his eyes, they shone brightly. After sitting in contemplation for a moment, he once again strode forward and dropped into the seawater. He returned to the same position thirty meters down where he crossed his legs and experienced the extermination that came with the seawater.

Time passed. A year went by in the blink of an eye.

During that year, Meng Hao did not see any Cultivators or any other form of life. It felt as if he was the only person alive in the world.

Negating the power of extermination was not easy. Even being sustained because of the realm of Perfection, it was very difficult for him. He would not use his blood totem unless it was absolutely necessary. If he did, then the gap between life and death within the Violet Sea would swell, allowing the power of extermination to rush in and threaten to wipe him away.

“I cannot use life to be enlightened regarding death. In order to understand death, I must truly die!” Meng Hao could now descend almost one hundred meters into the Violet Sea, and stay there for the space of 170 breaths before speeding back up to the surface.



He had made a lot of progress during this year, but he was still far from thoroughly understanding the Violet Rain.

“This death is not just some blind perishing, though. I have to go about it methodically. I need to slowly decrease my life force under the power of the extermination. Then, make a complete turnabout. By surviving only my own aura of death, and thus not being influenced by the exterminating will, then I can truly experience the Violet Sea’s death aura.” After having reached this new enlightenment, Meng Hao rested for a few days, then once again entered into the Violet Sea to meditate cross-legged.

More time passed. One year. Two years. Three years....

Ten years.

Meng Hao was now cross-legged more than six hundred meters beneath the surface of the Violet Sea, completely motionless, as if he were dead. An aura of death circulated around him. Occasionally, the power of extermination would explode out, but it was quite subdued, obviously much, much weaker than it had been ten years ago.

A month passed. Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly opened. The power of extermination around him suddenly grew incredibly intense. Before it could explode out, he shot up out of the Violet Sea.

“Still not enough....” he murmured. “When I’m able to sit on the seafloor permanently, then I will be able to begin to comprehend the truth of the Violet Sea!” During the ten year period, his Cultivation base had not experienced much change at all. However, his whole body and aura had experienced earthshaking transformation.

He was more tall and slender, and within his scholarly disposition was a bit more of something Demonic and bit less Confucian. His life force was reduced, and his deathly aura increased.

His skin was bright and clear, his features were more handsome, even Demonic.

After ten years, the violet rain was still falling, but the sea had not grown much deeper. The islands still existed.... By this time, the Western Desert South region had also become part of the sea. The entirety of the great lands of the Western Desert were now covered by seawater. Any Cultivators who had been unable to enter the Black Lands, were now nothing more than skeletons buried by the Violet Sea.

As of now, they were much like the Bridge Slaves in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. They were like specters who would occasionally appear on the surface of the waters. Occasionally entire Tribes would appear, floating about, taking away any life force. They were like emissaries of the Violet Sea.

Meng Hao had encountered such specters several times throughout the ten years.

In fact, this moment in which he burst out from within the Violet Sea, he saw a group of several hundred specters off in the distance, drifting across the surface of the sea with vacant looks on their faces. As soon as Meng Hao appeared, they suddenly stopped moving and looked over.

Chapter 519: Within the Sea, Time is Forgotten

The specters looked at Meng Hao, and he looked back. They appeared to hesitate, as if they were confused about something.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as normal. However, he looked closely at the specters, paying attention to see how they would react.

After a moment, a towering death aura rose up from them. Their bodies flashed into motion as they shot toward Meng Hao.

He frowned, then sighed lightly. As the specters neared, he pointed out with his right hand, causing a bloody light to explode out. Within this bloody light was an intense life force which shot forward. In the blink of an eye, it slammed into the specters.

When that happened, an exterminating will exploded out that caused everything to shake. A sound like a thunderclap echoed out as the specters' bodies collapsed into pieces. They were now dead in soul as in body.

This exterminating will was created when the will of life touched an aura of death.

Ten years ago, Meng Hao could never have done this. Now, though, after ten years of enlightenment, although he could not completely reverse his own life force into an aura of death, he did understand the method with which to produce extermination.

“If these Violet Sea specters can sense my life force, then there’s no need to even mention the sea itself.” He shook his head. During the past ten years, along with his increase in enlightenment, he had also come to find that when encountering these specters, they always looked puzzled for a moment. It showed that he was at least making progress.

“Such a phenomenon also seems to indicate that I’ve indeed picked the correct path.” He looked up into the sky, lost in thought. He had no idea where the parrot and meat jelly had gone off to. In the past ten years they had frolicked and played to their hearts content.

They would often disappear without a trace for half a year or more. Considering their usual vices, Meng Hao wasn’t worried for their safety. There was nothing in the area that had fur or feathers, so no matter what stories they made up, they actually couldn’t accomplish much.

Meng Hao rested for a few more days before once again sinking down into the Violet Sea.

It turned out Meng Hao was so focused on his cultivation that he actually miscalculated regarding the parrot and meat jelly....

While it was true that there was nothing in the area that had fur or feathers, well, the Black Lands was another story.... The parrot and meat jelly had gotten tired of the ocean years ago, and had secretly left and flown back to the Black Lands.

After entering, they immediately caused a violent commotion that eventually became a legend.

Time passed, another ten years.

Meng Hao had already spent more than twenty years trying to understand the violet rain. By now, he could submerge nearly three thousand meters and sit there cross-legged for several months.

His life force was currently incredibly weak. Were it anyone else, such a lack of life force would mean they weren’t alive at all. Meng Hao was different, though. Although his life force was weak, his thick death aura actually became something like a different type of life.

Such life was similar to that of the specters, except that it possessed a fleshly body, and a soul.

The reason Meng Hao could endure for so long underneath the sea was that as his life force grew weaker, the power of extermination in the seawater was reduced. The will to expel him from his position within the water was also weakened.

Another ten years passed. When Meng Hao had spent an entire half of a sixty-year cycle trying to gain enlightenment of the violet rain. At long last, he could sink all the way to the very bottom of the sea.

He could now step foot onto what had once been... the great lands of the Western Desert!

On the seafloor, Meng Hao could feel pervasive, indescribable auras of death surrounding him in all directions. The auras were incredibly thick, and were even accompanied by numerous specters.

When these specters saw Meng Hao, though, they completely ignored him, and would simply pass on, sometimes drifting directly through his body.

The life force in Meng Hao's body had already been suppressed almost completely. The only thing left was a tiny sliver upon which his entire life hung. His body was now filled with an abundant aura of death, causing his skin to turn an ashen white, almost the exact same color as a corpse.

He sat cross-legged on the seafloor, on what had once been the surface of the Western Desert. This time, year after year passed.

To understand the violet rain, one must become the violet rain. Only in such a manner could enlightenment be gained. After thirty years of attempts, Meng Hao was finally able to achieve some success.

That sliver of life force that sustained the fire of his life was now surrounded by an aura of death. However, it was not exterminated. The surrounding will of extermination was now incredibly weak.

Meng Hao was now finally able to understand what it felt like to die within the violet rain.

He did not move. He sat there cross-legged, making no attempt to leave the Violet Sea. Another ten years passed.

Meng Hao's process of understanding how to form his Water-type totem had already lasted forty years. To a mortal, forty years is half a lifetime. To Cultivators, though, forty years... could not be considered short... but neither could it be considered very long.

After forty years, the rainfall in the Western Desert was no longer a downpour. It was now showing signs of letting up. The rain itself would not last for ten thousand years. According to the records kept in the Western Desert, the rain would last for a hundred years at the most.

Unfortunately, even though the rain would cease to fall after a hundred years, the spiritual energy would not be restored. The Violet Sea would still be like a restricted area for Cultivators. It would be possible to fly in mid-air above the waters, but... it was impossible to step a single foot into the sea.

Furthermore, because of the death of the vast numbers of Western Desert Cultivators who hadn't been able to enter the Black Lands, there were countless specters that filled the Violet Sea. As they flew about, any living thing they encountered would cause them to feel extreme grievance. They would instantly attack in an effort to exterminate the life force.

Even still, these specters were actually something that Cultivators could use. Because they were congealed out of an aura of death, they could be sealed. Some of the more powerful of the specters could even be refined into Death Aura Crystals. Such crystals could be used when practicing cultivation to stimulate the latent power of the body.

During that forty year period, many great upheavals rocked the Black Lands. The one thing that didn't change, however, was that the Heavenly Court Alliance still held sway as the most powerful force in the Black Lands.

In addition to the Heavenly Court Alliance, six other powerful forces gradually rose up. These were of course the great Tribes who had Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

Actually, one of them, the sixth, did not have a Spirit Severing Patriarch. The name of this force was the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan.

This Clan was a combination of the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Black Dragon Tribe. In terms of the power structure, the Golden Crow Clan was the primary power, the Black Dragon Tribe the secondary, and the Church of the Golden light was tertiary. Together, they formed a powerful Clan.

Although they had no Spirit Severing Patriarch, they did have 800,000 neo-demons. As such, the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan possessed such fearsome power that no one dared to look down upon them.

That was especially the case when it came to their spell formation. Over the course of forty years, many people spied upon them, but all were forced to dispel of any thoughts of trying to take the Clan out.

The Clan also had the Thorn Rampart vine. Any enemy under the Spirit Severing stage would be completely incapable of doing anything against it.

If a Spirit Severing expert arrived, it might be able to handle the Thorn Rampart, but 800,000 frenzied neo-demons was something that no Tribe would dare to test out.

Because of this, there was a balance in the Black Lands.... Because of that balance, the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan was able to not only exist, but rise to a position of power.

There is probably no need to even mention how their totemic Sacred Ancients grew. With the Outlander Beast acting as a guard, the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan was a force that everyone was forced to take seriously.

This was even more the case when some of the neo-demons from the horde of 800,000 gradually grew to the point of becoming totemic Sacred Ancients!

Thirty years ago, Big Hairy reached level 11 and became a totemic Sacred Ancient! On that day, all neo-demons in the Black Lands could sense a powerful Demonic Qi which spread out thickly in all directions from the Golden Crow Clan.

After another ten years, the red crocodile and the enormous lizard successively became totemic Sacred Ancients.

As for the crows, mosquitos and some of the various other neo-demons, they grew like bamboo shoots after a spring rain. All of them reached level 11 and became totemic Sacred Ancients!

Under their guardianship, the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan truly was worthy to be called powerful. They became one of the six greatest powers in the Black Lands underneath the Heavenly Court Alliance!

Ten years ago, the parrot and the meat jelly used some unknown method to escape the detection of Spirit Severing Divine Sense and re-enter the Black Lands. They instantly began to sow chaos. Vast numbers of neo-demons met with disaster. With the exception of the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan, neo-demons from any Tribe who sensed the aura of the parrot and meat jelly would instantly wail mournfully and then flee in the opposite direction.

No matter what any Dragoneer did to try to control them, they were powerless to block them in any way. Their neo-demons would quickly flee, and the lonely Dragoneer would be left hovering alone in mid-air, trembling.

“The Bane of Dragoneers” was a name that quickly rose to prominence in the Black Lands.

During that forty year period of time, the Southern Domain remained on guard against the Black Lands. However, disciples often came from the various Sects of the Southern Domain to have dealings with the six great powers. On the surface, things seemed peaceful. In reality, both sides were being vigilant regarding the other.

The Sect with whom the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan had the most dealings with... was the Violet Fate Sect!

The reason for this was that legends began to spread of what had happened forty years ago. The Western Desert Cultivators soon learned that the totemic Sacred Ancient who led the Crow Divinity Tribe out of the North, Meng Hao... was once a disciple of the Violet Fate Sect!

He was Grandmaster Pill Cauldron of the Southern Domain, a person completely illustrious and famous.

As soon as word of this began to spread, it caused a huge stir. After all, everyone who had seen Meng Hao combine the five elements outside Blackgate Fort had been thoroughly shaken.

However, as time passed, the stories about Meng Hao soon came to be legends of the past. No one had seen or heard from Meng Hao for forty years. All they knew was that he had disappeared into the depths of what had once been the Western Desert. As the Violet Sea spread because of the violet rain, many people came to believe that Meng Hao had already perished.

As for the reason why he did not enter the Black Lands, but instead chose to travel out into the Violet Sea, it gradually came to be accepted that it was because of the Ji Clan from the Eastern Lands!

The enmity between Meng Hao and the Ji Clan quickly became common knowledge.

During the forty years, the lands of South Heaven changed quite a bit. The Meng Hao who so many people were beginning to forget, was currently sitting at the bottom of the Violet Sea, attempting to gain enlightenment regarding the will of death. Meanwhile, also at the bottom of the sea, far away from Meng Hao in what had once been the Western Desert North region, in the location of what had once been the home of the Crow Divinity Tribe, another young man in a black robe sat cross-legged on the ocean floor. Occasionally he would open his eyes, and they would glow with a red light.

If you looked closely at this young man, you would see that his appearance... was very similar to that of Meng Hao's. The difference was that he seemed much, much more cold and sinister.

He wore a black robe, and on his forehead could be seen a mark that looked like a bat. As he sat there cross-legged, he actually looked very much... like a black-colored bat!

“Seven spirits managed to slip through to the holy barriers of the Heavens. They transformed into seven ancient true spirits.... After tens of thousands of years passed, their spirit wills ascended, and their spirit bodies transformed into seven Immortal Murdering Swords. Meng Hao, by what right of virtue do you possess four of them!?!?”

“The true spirits are not visible in the world. We incarnate spirits are the real power. By recapturing the spirit bodies, we can then have the ability to tread the path of the true spirit!” The eyes of the black-robed youth glittered. His left eye actually had no eyeball, but instead, was a vortex. Within the vortex was a corpse which was half human and half beast. This was the exact same bizarre corpse from which Meng Hao had acquired the Immortal Murdering Sword years ago within the Crow Divinity Tribe's Holy Land.

As of now, that corpse had become nothing more than nourishment for this black-robed youth. Perhaps it was by consuming that corpse... that the Black Bat was able to transmogrify and change its shape!

Chapter 520: Endless Cold Knows No Years

40 years flashed by. There were still people who remembered Meng Hao, but most people only recalled a scene in which someone brought 800,000 neo-demons through Blackgate Fort.



As far as what Meng Hao looked like, most people barely remembered.

As time passed, Meng Hao was slowly being forgotten.

In truth, it was the same even with him. Not even his shadow was seen upon the Western Desert Violet Sea. He had been submerged at the bottom of the sea for years now.

He sat cross-legged on what had once been the land of the Western Desert. This time, it lasted for a very long time.

He didn't move, nor did he breathe. There seemed to be no signs of life coming from him whatsoever. He sat in the darkness of the bottom of the sea, secluded in meditation.

The surrounding will of extermination was increasingly reduced. Even if you looked for it closely, it was difficult to detect its existence. At the same time, the scant life force remaining in Meng Hao's body slowly lessened. There was only one tiny strand that kept his life from being snuffed out.

It was in exactly this fashion that twenty more years passed.

From the time Meng Hao had begun his attempt to understand the Violet Sea, a full sixty year cycle had passed. More and more people in the outside world were forgetting about him. Even in the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan, many people who joined the Clan or were born during that time took the stories of Meng Hao to be nothing but exaggerated legends. The exception were the people who had actually associated with Meng Hao years ago.

Slowly, friction began to develop between the members of the Black Dragon Tribe and the Golden Crow Tribe. However, Xu Bai was able to forcefully suppress this trend, and smooth out the conflicts.

It was understandable considering that the two Tribes did not have a common origin. They had been forced together because of the pressures of the outside world. The Golden Crow Tribe occupied a position of leadership above the Black Dragon Tribe. Although things seemed as peaceful as the waters of a windless sea, in reality, the wild hearts of the Black Dragon Tribe were awakening.

More years passed. One day, Meng Hao sat there cross-legged and motionless in the depths of the seas. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open.

As soon as they did, they began to shine with a brilliant light. After a long time, his expression began to weaken.

“So many years....” he murmured softly to himself, looking around at the world of the pitch black seafloor.

“Unfortunately I... still haven’t thoroughly grasped the meaning of the Violet Sea’s death will. The will of extermination is weak, but still there. Until it completely vanishes, I will be separated from the Violet Sea, incapable of fusing together with it.

“Although there is only a tiny bit of life force left in me, it is still there. As such, the extermination power will not disappear.

“Don’t tell me, that I really... have to die?!” He shook his head as he looked out thoughtfully at the blackness around him. Occasionally, specters would appear. During the more than sixty years that had passed, more and more specters had begun to awaken and roam about in the seawater.

They would float past Meng Hao without making even the slightest hint of an attack against him. It was as if they couldn’t see him, or perhaps, in their judgement, Meng Hao was like them, completely lacking any life force whatsoever.

As Meng Hao looked at the black sea water, an image coalesced in his mind. It was the vague image of his father and mother from when he was a child. He saw himself as a boy, reading books in front of the window. He felt the disappointment of failing over and over again in the preliminary rounds of the imperial examinations. And then there was the point on Mount Daqing where his entire life changed.

The Reliance Sect. The Blood Immortal Legacy. The Violet Fate Sect. The Black Lands... all the way down to the great lands of the Western Desert. All of these things flashed through Meng Hao’s mind. It was endless. Endless unforgettable memories. It was now almost one hundred years since he had encountered Xu Qing on Mount Daqing.

A hundred years of time had flowed by. It had passed by so quickly that Meng Hao barely had time to recall all the memories. Just like that, the entire life of a mortal passed gone by.

Gradually, Meng Hao's life seemed to coalesce in front of him. He saw many figures. It didn't matter whether they were enemies or friends, the Karma threads which invisibly connected him to all these people started to become visible.

After a while, Meng Hao smiled. Within that smile, determination suddenly shined out.

He had picked this path, and would unflinchingly continue on down it to the end. When risks are taken, the results can be death, or incredible rewards!

Meng Hao closed his eyes. In that instant, he unhesitatingly crushed that last tiny strand of life force.

There can be no growth without destruction! Without death, how can there be new life?!

When the strand of life force vanished, Meng Hao's body seemed to fill with a soundless roar. His life force disappeared, completely gone. The flame of life inside of him had been snuffed out. As of now, he was completely... dead!

This was true death, a state of existence without any life force, without any consciousness, without any aura or ability to perceive anything. It was as if he were buried deep in the bottom of the Violet Sea.

The instant in which death occurred, the will of extermination which had been blocking him from fusing with the Violet Sea, suddenly vanished. It completely disappeared without a trace.

The removal of this blockage seemed to indicate that he had received approval. He... was just like the Violet Sea, a will of death.

Without the extermination cutting him off, Meng Hao's body was enveloped by the dense death aura of the Western Desert Violet Sea. It poured into him, swirling around within him, boring through him. It began to circulate, moving about in cyclical fashion.

Meng Hao possessed no consciousness. It was as if he had been cleanly severed away from the world, as if he had nothing to do with the world any more. He had forgotten it; it had forgotten him.

The only thing that remembered Meng Hao was the dense death will of the Violet Sea. It continued to congeal around him, to pour into his body. Finally one day, his pale flesh became completely gray and filled with an aura of death. He was now... one with the Violet Sea.

His internal organs, his body parts, all of it was fused with the Violet Sea.

He had become the Violet Sea.

However, the Violet Sea had not become him yet.

Time passed.

One year. Five years. Ten years.... Eventually thirty years passed. As of now, around ninety years had passed since Meng Hao began to seek enlightenment of the violet rain.

Recently in the skies above the Western Desert, the violet rain which had fallen unceasingly for nearly a hundred years now seemed to be on the verge of ceasing. The signs grew more and more apparent. A year passed and the Violet Rain... finally stopped.

The sky was still overcast, but the rainwater ceased to fall. It was not a complete end; occasionally some rain would fall here and there. Generally speaking, though, the violet rainfall had passed.

When the violet rain stopped falling, there was something different about the Violet Sea of the Western Desert. In that moment, all of the specters which had been floating about above and below the sea suddenly stopped. Everything became silent. Their faces became even more blank than before, as if they were listening respectfully to something.

That period of listening lasted for three months.

After the three months, everything returned to normal. However, there was something... different about this Violet Sea, something that no one could sense.

It was as if within the sea, each swell of the waves contained a will.

That will belonged to Meng Hao!

Meng Hao, however, was not aware of it. He was not sure of when exactly he had awoken. He didn't remember who he was, nor did he possess any of his memories. All he remembered was that he had awoken, and become the Violet Sea.

He was the Violet Sea.

The Violet Sea... was also him.

Confused, he looked around. He didn't remember any time having passed. He saw the rain stop falling, until not even a drop could be seen. He also saw a young, black-robed man sitting cross-legged in the depths of the sea.

The instant he saw the young man, the young man also sensed Meng Hao, and a look of disbelief and astonishment filled his face. His body began to tremble as if from cold. Although Meng Hao didn't understand why, the young man suddenly transformed into a black colored bat and then began to flee in terror.

Every time Meng Hao shifted his attention to him, he would tremble with indescribable terror and flee at top speed.

Meng Hao truly did not understand. He looked away and began to examine the world around him again, somewhat in a daze. Soon, Cultivators began to appear above the sea, arrived to hunt the specters.

Meng Hao saw all of this very clearly. He also saw some of the Cultivators fall into the sea, whereupon they lost their lives.

Meng Hao watched everything with confusion. More and more Cultivators arrived. They were careful not to touch the seawater. By using their divine abilities and magical techniques, they were able to find some of the mountain-islands that had not been completely submerged. They began to construct cities around the peaks, above the seawater.

They called them cities, but they were really more like outposts.

Soon, a total of ten such outposts were constructed above the Western Desert Violet Sea.

Meng Hao observed them. At one point, a strand of will rose up, and huge waves rolled across the surface of the sea to suddenly submerge one of the outposts that was being constructed.

The rise of the outposts caused even more Cultivators to come to the great Western Desert Sea to carefully hunt specters....

After observation, Meng Hao gradually came to feel bored. He grew silent, and time once again began to pass... although he didn't know how much.

With no one disturbing him, and no unforeseen occurrences, Meng Hao could exist like this for ten thousand years. Then the Violet Sea would vanish, and his consciousness would return to his body. Finally he would be reborn.

Meng Hao didn't know that what he was experiencing, although it seemed as if it were enlightenment, was actually something that in ancient times was called... Demonic Transmigration!

The fleshly body was abandoned, as well as the Cultivation base. Consciousness was shattered and then reawakened in a new form of life. Everything was forgotten as one became a Greater Demon of Heaven and Earth.

Everything about the past was completely cleaved away.

Within the sea, time is forgotten. Endless coldness, knows no years.

Meng Hao saw many people. One of them was an old man wearing a long white robe. His body emanated a medicinal aroma, and he had the bearing of a transcendent being. On one day of one particular year, he appeared above the Violet Sea.

He stared down blankly at the waters, and Meng Hao stared blankly up at him. There was something familiar about this man....

He floated there silently in mid-air, looking down at the sea. Three months passed. Finally, the man let out a soft sigh.

“Apprentice, you... are in the midst of Demonic Transmigration....” He shook his head, then turned and left, clearly filled with complex emotions.

Meng Hao’s corpse sat on the sea floor, cross-legged. In that moment, he trembled a bit. He now felt even more confused.