

The Heavens 521

Chapter 521: When the Tear Fell Into the Sea

After that, Meng Hao saw many familiar people appear, none of whom could he quite seem to remember.

Xu Bai came, as did Chen Fan and Fatty. Even... Big Hairy.

By now, Big Hairy was a totemic Sacred Ancient. However, he was only level 11 not level 12. Nor had his Cultivation base reached that legendary realm of Heavenly Neo-demons similar to the Spirit Severing stage.

Instead, he was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. In the great lands of the Western Desert, there are a total of 12 levels of neo-demon growth. According to historical records, the peak was generally considered to be level 11 neo-demons who were similar to the Spirit Severing stage. Level 12 neo-demons, also called totems, were comparable to the Dao Seeking stage. Neo-demons like that had only existed during the golden age of the Western Desert. The true power of a totemic Sacred Ancient had almost everything to do with the faith that was exercised in it.

However, what goes up must come down. That was all in the past. After the Apocalypse hit the Western Desert, even great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs could not compare to how they had been before, during the heyday of the Western Desert. Therefore, level 11 Heavenly Neo-demons were similar to the great circle of the Nascent Soul Stage. Level 12 were similar to Spirit Severing, and possessed the power to bestow totems. Most Western Desert Cultivators were not even aware of this; only Tribal Greatfathers and High Priests understood the matter thoroughly.

It was the same with Meng Hao in his role as totemic Sacred Ancient. With more Tribe members, there was more faith power, which allowed him to grow stronger.

When the Western Desert Apocalypse came, life force was exterminated. Neo-demons were affected, and even more so, totemic Sacred Ancients. All totemic Sacred Ancients were weakened severely. Thankfully, Meng Hao had nourished Big Hairy and the others using Demonic Qi. Because of this, Big Hairy and the other totemic Sacred Ancients of the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan developed the ability to bestow totems earlier than usual.

They were able to do so at level 11!

Big Hairy stayed for quite some time in the Violet Sea. He let out yips and calls as he looked for Meng Hao. He ended up with nothing, and left sadly.

One day, another old man came. His face was grim, and his Cultivation base was not clear. Meng Hao could see that he was surrounded by incredible killing intent as well as an ancient, archaic aura. The intensity of it caused Meng Hao's Cultivation base to tremble.

The man looked at the sea for a long time before frowning. In the end, he gave a cold laugh and then left.

That man was none other than the tenth patriarch of the Wang Clan!

Many people came. One day it was a woman in a red garment. Although she was incredibly beautiful, her face was filled with a frown. Her gaze swept about and then she looked down at the Violet Sea. She happened to be directly above the position in which Meng Hao was sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the sea.

"I've been waiting for you for years only to find out that you're here, in the midst of Demonic Transmigration!?!? Instead of working hard at being a Cultivator you decide to become a Demon? What the hell?"

"Are you crazy, you moron?! Are you a man or not? First you take advantage of me, and then just go on your merry way? How irresponsible could you be? I, I, I... What the hell am I gonna do in ten years? What the hell is a lone badass bitch gonna do by herself in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane!?!?" There was nothing the red-robed woman could do other than grind her teeth. A few days later, she left angrily, clearly incredibly frustrated.

A few more days passed, whereupon a woman came who wore a long green garment. She was pretty, and emanated a medicinal aura. She hovered in mid-air for a long time as she looked out at the sea.

"Meng Hao, where are you exactly...?" she said softly. A very long time passed, she sighed and prepared to leave.

Before making her way off into the distance, she looked at the Violet Sea and then threw a medicinal pill down into the waters. This was a medicinal pill that she had personally concocted, and it represented her personal Dao of Alchemy, which had reached its peak.

The medicinal pill fell into the water and dissolved.

Suddenly, Meng Hao felt something tugging at his heart. A tremor ran through his corpse, which was still sitting cross-legged on the seafloor.

Another dim morning, a white-robed woman flew out across the sea from the direction of the Black Lands. She seemed neither angry nor happy, but rather, cold. She hovered quietly in mid-air, looking around at the sea. After a long moment passed, she slowly looked down at the violet seawater.

What she didn't know was that she was actually looking at Meng Hao himself.

Meng Hao couldn't quite grasp that the woman he was looking at was... Xu Qing.

Being separated from someone is not the most helpless feeling in the world. Even worse is when you are directly in front of the person you miss, but can't actually see them.

For the first time, Meng Hao's emotions trembled. That tremor ran through the entire Violet Sea. Moments ago it had been calm, but now, huge waves rolled across its surface.

Xu Qing stared blankly down at the sea. For an entire year.

During that year, she did not leave, but instead passed the time on a mountain-island. Every day, she looked out at the sea. Every day, Meng Hao looked back at her.

During that year, Meng Hao continuously tried to remember who she was....

Xu Qing wasn't aware of it, but in order to prevent her from being disturbed, Meng Hao made the area surrounding the island a zone in which life was not permitted. No Western Desert Cultivator could step foot into that area.

It became a world that belonged only to Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

A year later, a jade slip that Xu Qing possessed began to glow brightly. It seemed to be a summons. The glow flickered with increasing frequency, causing her to rise to her feet. She looked quietly out at the sea before turning to leave.

The instant that she turned, a single teardrop rolled out from the corner of her eye and fell down into the sea.

The teardrop merged into the seawater.

Chu Yuyan left behind a medicinal pill.

Xu Qing left behind a single teardrop.

The medicinal pill caused Meng Hao to tremble. The tear, however, dropped into the sea and then caused the Western Desert Violet Sea to suddenly explode with unprecedented tsunami waves.

“Who was she...?” Meng Hao asked himself. As he asked himself this question, the tsunami waves grew even more shocking. They rolled across the entire Western Desert Violet Sea, causing all the Cultivators in the Black lands to tremble.

“Why am I in such pain...?”

“What have I forgotten...?”

“Who was that woman...?”

“Who were all those people...?” As Meng Hao murmured to himself, storm winds raged and huge waves battered the surface of the sea. Roaring filled the air.

Even as he asked himself these questions, Meng Hao let out a soundless, frenzied roar. As the teardrop moved down, the seawater parted to make way for it, creating something almost like a path.

The teardrop proceeded unobstructed. It was as if it were being guided down into the depths of the Violet Sea. It continued down into the blackness toward where Meng Hao's corpse sat cross-legged.

The teardrop neared Meng Hao and then landed onto his pale, bloodless lips. Then, it seeped into his mouth and transformed into a deep bitterness.

The bitter tear spread out within Meng Hao's mouth, causing his corpse to suddenly move. An indescribable aura suddenly exploded out from him.

As it did, the tsunami waves on the sea grew even more astonishing!

After a long, long time passed, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly... opened!

When his eyes opened, a roaring sound filled his mind. Countless memories, countless images, poured out, filling his mind, restoring him.

"Death is not the end of life, but rather, the beginning.... I am Meng Hao!" After a long moment passed, he looked quietly out at the black seafloor. However, what he saw with his eyes was actually the sky above the surface of the ocean.

He was awake! He was enlightened!

In the instant of his enlightenment, he realized that ten years had passed since that teardrop fell. As for how much time had passed since he began his process of understanding the Violet Sea, a full... one hundred and fifty years had passed!

Without that teardrop, Meng Hao would not have awakened. He would have continued his Demonic Transmigration. Ten thousand years later, he would have awoken. When that happened, the world would have had one less Cultivator. The legacy of the Demon Sealers would have been severed. At the same time, a new Greater Demon of Heaven and Earth would have appeared!

The instant he woke up, the great waves on the surface of the Violet Sea calmed. All of the specters sank down into the seawater, vanishing from the world above.

The entire Violet Sea became deathly quiet.

Down in the depths of the Violet Sea, Meng Hao's life force once again burned vigorously. After a few days passed, he had already surpassed his previous pinnacle. Before, such intense life force would have provoked an incredible reaction from the will of extermination in the violet Sea. He would have been completely and thoroughly exterminated.

But now, the Violet Sea did nothing to get rid of him.

That was because Meng Hao was the Violet Sea. And in many ways, the Violet Sea... was Meng Hao!

He slowly lifted up his right hand. As he did, the entire Violet Sea quietly sank down a full thirty meters.

The majestic Western Desert Violet Sea sank down thirty meters, making more of the island-mountains visible.

This scene caused all of the Cultivators in the Black Lands to be completely shocked. One group of people after another came out to investigate. However no one could figure out or even guess why the sea had suddenly sunk by thirty meters.

The real reason was because that was how much seawater was needed to congeal a violet character for water on the back of Meng Hao's hand.

This mark signified that Meng Hao could control the power of death of the Violet Sea. This was his... Water-type totem tattoo!

As he looked down at his hand, Meng Hao waved it, causing the seawater that surrounded him to part, creating an opening three hundred meters wide. Within that opening, no water existed.

At the same time, a bloody light sparkled on his index finger. This light represented the life force of the blood totem as it magically made its appearance.

Under Meng Hao's control, a ghost image of the blood totem slowly appeared on the back of his right hand. Slowly it began to fuse with the Violet Sea totem, which represented death.

As they fused, as the ghost images sprang up, Meng Hao's body suddenly shook.

“Blood represents life!

“The Violet Sea represents death!

“When life and death collide, that is extermination. When life and death mix together, it is the source of all life.... This is my fifth element Water!

“It represents life, and also represents death. It is a source of extermination, and also a source of life!

“My Water-type totem will form my first Nascent Soul. Its color is a combination of violet and blood. It... is my fifth element, Water, my Blood-Violet Nascent Soul!” His eyes shone with a strange light as he suddenly clenched his right fist. The Water-type totem tattoo disappeared. It didn't dissipate, but rather sank down into Meng Hao's body, branding itself onto his Perfect Gold Core.

At the same time, Meng Hao's eyes flickered with determination. As of this moment, he suddenly looked, not like a Cultivator, but like an alchemist!

As of this moment, he was Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!

“My body is the pill furnace....” he murmured. His blood began to circulate rapidly. Tremors ran through his flesh, making it seem as if he truly had become a great furnace of Heaven and Earth.

Inside of him, there was no flame, but rather... his life force!

Using his life to concoct pills, and using alchemy to concoct a Nascent Soul, he would create his own Five Colored Nascent Soul!

“My heart is the pill formula!” He placed his hands onto his knees and closed his eyes. Within his heart existed a method that had never been used before, and probably never would again, to begin his Cultivation base breakthrough. This was a way to acquire a Perfect Nascent Soul even though he had never been told the true method for forming such a Nascent Soul.

This was Meng Hao's pill formula!

“Concoct a Five-Colored Nascent Soul! The first step is to make not one but five Nascent Souls!” Meng Hao's body filled with a roaring sound as he used pill concocting techniques to begin to refine his own body.

After fusing the Water-type totem onto his Perfect Gold Core, Meng Hao used his own body as the pill furnace and his heart as the pill formula, to be able to concoct a Nascent Soul.

This was something that had never occurred in the Cultivation world before Meng Hao. It was his own path, his own way of practicing cultivation. It was a road that would reach the peak of perfection!

Time passed. Suddenly, cracking sounds could be heard from his Perfect Gold Core. Fissures appeared. Moments later, his Perfect Gold Core suddenly exploded, transforming into a primordial Qi vortex.

Suddenly, a Blood Violet glow could be seen!

Chapter 522: Five-Colored Nascent Soul

Within the Qi vortex, Meng Hao's body radiated Blood-Violet light. The light spread out of the vortex and then began to congeal together. Soon, a vague outline became visible.

The shape of the outline swirled continuously. The Violet Sea surged around Meng Hao, also turning into a vortex, which grew larger and larger until the entire Western Desert Violet Sea was affected! Roaring filled the air!

All of the Cultivators who happened to be on the Violet Sea, regardless of where they were, were instantly filled with astonishment. In their shock, they had no way to even guess what was causing this phenomenon.

Meng Hao's eyes were closed at the moment. The Blood-Violet light continued to radiate out intensely. The interlocking beams of light that were forming the outline, began to grow more and more clear. Soon it was obvious that the outline....

Astonishingly, it was congealing into the shape of a small person.

This person looked exactly like Meng Hao, only much, much smaller. It was about seven inches tall, its body completely transparent and emanating a Blood-Violet glow! An incredible aura was also detectable!

The intensity of this aura far exceeded that possessed by virtually any other Nascent Soul Cultivator. It was even comparable to the Flawless Nascent Souls of Cultivators from great Sects!

Upon its appearance, the Nascent Soul's expression was one of confusion. However, it quickly came to its senses and stretched out its arms and legs. Meng Hao's heart began to pound as the power of an early Nascent Soul Cultivation base suddenly exploded out within him!!

Back at Blackgate Fort, he had temporarily possessed a similar, but unstable, Cultivation base. This time, it was permanent, and completely of his own!

Furthermore, although this was still the early Nascent Soul stage, in terms of aura, the power was even more intense!

This was a Blood-Violet Nascent Soul!!

As soon as the Nascent Soul appeared, it flew out from Meng Hao's body to float in the air in front of him. Its eyes glittered as it sat cross-legged in mid-air, its body radiating Blood-Violet light up into the sky.

When looking at the Cultivation world of South Heaven as a whole, all Nascent Soul Cultivators generally cultivated a single Nascent Soul. That single Nascent Soul would become the focus of their path of cultivation.

Only a few almighty practitioners possessed special techniques or incredible Cultivation bases that made a single Nascent Soul insufficient, and would therefore refine a second Nascent Soul.

People like that were the strongest among the strong. Each and every one of them were people who left indelible marks on the pages of history.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was taking his first steps down just such a path!

The appearance of his Blood-Violet Nascent Soul caused a red glow to suddenly appear in Meng Hao's eyes. He took a deep breath, then closed his eyes. By now, his Perfect Gold Core was completely shattered and had turned into a vortex that spun constantly and emanated a primordial aura.

Suddenly, Meng Hao's Metal-type totem tattoo began to flicker and then slowly fade away. It sunk down into his body, transforming into a golden light which then fused into the primordial vortex.

"Metal-type power from the spirit of the Golden Crow, an unbreakable metal," murmured Meng Hao, "Using my pill concocting methods, I will use this to concoct Meng Hao's... second Nascent Soul!" Using his body as the pill furnace and his heart as the pill formula, he once again began to concoct a Nascent Soul.

Moments later, a rumbling sound emanated out from his body. Thankfully, Meng Hao was at the bottom of a sea. Were he not, the sound would have echoed out far into the distance. Despite being on the seafloor, it still caused huge waves to suddenly explode out in all directions.

At the same time, the primordial vortex within Meng Hao emanated an intense golden light, which radiated out through his skin, making him look like a statue of gold.

Next, an outline became visible within that golden light. It grew clearer and clearer as it transformed into a small person that looked exactly like the Blood-Violet Nascent Soul!

It was seven inches tall, completely transparent, and had a blank expression on its face. It looked exactly like the Blood-Violet Nascent Soul, except that this second Nascent Soul emanated a golden glow!

Its bearing was one of righteousness and utter holiness. After the space of a few breaths, the tiny golden figure's eyes suddenly flashed with clearness. It stretched its body, causing golden light to explode out along with incredible power. Meng Hao's Cultivation base suddenly exploded with power.

It shot upward, climbing up to the peak of the early Nascent Soul stage, just a tiny step away from the mid Nascent Soul stage!

The tiny golden figure was the second of Meng Hao's Nascent Souls, a five elements Metal Nascent Soul!

The Nascent Soul flickered as it shot out from within Meng Hao. It flew out just like the Blood-Violet Nascent Soul, except in a different direction, where it then stopped and then faced the first Nascent Soul.

An incredible aura rippled out in all directions. Meng Hao's Cultivation base undulated with incredible intensity. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath as the Wood-type totem tattoo on his forehead began to fade away.

"Metal and Water have been concocted into Nascent Souls," he murmured to himself. "Now it's time for Wood.... The Greenwood Tree from the Ninth Sea will become my third Nascent Soul.... Wood Nascent Soul! With this Nascent Soul, my progress down the path of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul will be almost complete!" Meng Hao focused all of his mind and heart on the Qi vortex inside of him. Using his Spiritual Sense like his own hands, he again began to concoct a Nascent Soul.

It only took moments before the primordial Qi vortex within him to begin to shine with a green light!

It seemed as if lightning were dancing about within it. Incredible roaring sounds emanated out that seemed to contain life itself within them. It became life force, an overwhelming life force that seemed to stem from the beginning of all creation. At the same time... a beam of green light shot out from within the primordial vortex.

The beam of light swirled around to form an outline of four limbs and a head. Facial features emerged. The eyes suddenly snapped open and began to shine with a blinding green light!

Meng Hao's Wood Nascent Soul suddenly appeared!

The moment that the Wood Nascent Soul appeared, Meng Hao's Cultivation base shot up, breaking out from the early Nascent Soul Stage and entering fully into the mid Nascent Soul stage!

Three Nascent Souls. If any outsider could look upon this scene, that person would definitely be flabbergasted, filled with incredible disbelief. From ancient times until now, Cultivators who possessed three Nascent Souls were as rare as phoenix feathers and qilin horns. Perhaps only ten people had ever done so, and that was ten thousand years in the past.

Right now, Meng Hao had successfully concocted a third Nascent Soul. However... in terms of the path of concocting a Five-Colored Nascent Soul, the first step wasn't even fully complete! From this, it could be seen that Meng Hao's Nascent Soul concocting method was truly something completely new!

All of this, with the exception of Meng Hao's acquisition of the various five elements totem tattoos, was almost completely because of his position as a Grandmaster of the Dao of Alchemy. Only with such an identity could he be qualified to use pill concocting techniques to concoct a Nascent Soul!

Most importantly... was Meng Hao's overall base. He had reached the great circle of Qi Condensation. He had ten Perfect Dao Pillars. He had completed the great circle of the Perfect Gold Core. With a base like that, he was completely unique in all the lands of South Heaven.

Such a base was the reason that a primordial vortex spun about inside of him. It sustained him as he concocted one Nascent soul after another. Were anyone else in this situation, without such a foundation, they would be completely incapable of doing this.

He was now about to enter a place that throughout the history of the great lands of South Heaven, only a few Nascent Soul experts had ever entered. Throughout countless years and among endless Chosen and heroes, this was the most Nascent Souls anyone had ever possessed. Four Nascent Souls.

Throughout innumerable years, only three people had ever possessed four Nascent Souls!

As of now, that number would be increased to four!

"East Pill Everburning Flame," murmured Meng Hao, "which is just like the eternity of my Dao of alchemy and my everburning heart. I will congeal the fire of the five elements of Heaven and Earth. This fire represents my Dao of alchemy, and the determination with which I practice cultivation!"

"This fire will be used to concoct my fourth Nascent Soul. Fire Nascent Soul!" His voice was soft, but filled with unhesitating decisiveness that could chop nails and sever iron. At the same time as he had spoken, the Wood Nascent Soul flew out to sit cross-legged in the air with the Water and Metal Nascent Souls. Three Nascent Souls circled through the air around Meng Hao.

Suddenly, a yellow light began to shine out from Meng Hao's Fire-type totem tattoo as it slowly vanished. It also merged into the primordial vortex.

A sea of fire appeared within Meng Hao, completely enveloping the primordial vortex. It spread out from within him to fill the entire area.

He was completely surrounded by a sea of fire. Within the flames, the Qi vortex spun as a band of fire shot out. It quickly transformed into a small person, seven inches tall. This was Meng Hao's five elements Fire Nascent Soul.

As soon as it appeared, the flames in the area fell in on themselves, rippling back into Meng Hao and congealing onto the body of the Fire Nascent Soul. It was at this point that the Nascent Soul's eyes opened.

When that happened, Meng Hao's Cultivation base exploded upward, climbing all the way to the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage.

Back at Blackgate Fort, when he first combined the five elements, his Cultivation base had climbed up to the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage. Now, with only four Nascent Souls, he had already reached the same level he had before when combining the five elements.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His eyes glittered as the Fire Nascent Soul flew out to join the other three Nascent Souls that floated around his head. They were now formed into a four-sided spell formation.

The exact center of that spell formation was none other than Meng Hao.

"The essence of the power of the Frost Soil Demon Emperor was the Frost soil, which existed even before primordial times, at the beginning of everything. That essence... will form my fifth Nascent Soul. Earth Nascent Soul!" He took a deep breath. Filled with unprecedented confidence, he closed his eyes once more. His final totem tattoo vanished and then merged into the Qi vortex within him.

Time passed. Moments later, an intensely cold aura began to emanate out from Meng Hao to fill the area. Cracking sounds could be heard as the Violet Sea around him was frozen!

Meng Hao's Cultivation base exploded up again. Now, he was no longer at the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage, but rather, had broken through into... the late Nascent Soul stage.

His hair whipped about and his clothing rippled. At the same time, an intense howling sound could be heard coming from within him. A seven-inch-tall person floated up out of the top of his head. Its expression was one of solemnity, and it radiated a frigid aura, just like that of Frost soil.

This was... Meng Hao's five elements Earth Nascent Soul!!

The five elements Earth Nascent Soul floated out. As of now, Meng Hao was surrounded by five Nascent Souls. Metal. Wood. Water. Fire. Earth. His five elements Nascent Souls were finally complete!

The first step of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul was now finished.

As of this moment, Meng Hao had reached an unprecedented point along the path of the Nascent Soul stage in the lands of South Heaven.

There was no one more powerful than him!

Chapter 523: Sixth Nascent Soul!

His Spiritual Sense increased several times over. 300 meters. 3,000 meters. 15,000 meters.... Soon, it was 27,000 meters! However, if he focused all of the Divine Sense into one line, instead of spreading it out in all directions, that distance would be multiplied by ten! [1]

This was no longer Spiritual Sense. No Spiritual Sense could reach this point. The only thing that could was... Divine Sense!

This was a speciality of Nascent Soul Cultivators. Divine Sense!

An ordinary Cultivator of the late Nascent Soul stage possessed Divine Sense that had a limit of 21,000 meters. The line of demarcation with the Spirit Severing Stage was 30,000.

Only Spirit Severing Cultivators had Divine Sense with a range of 30,000!

Right now, though, Meng Hao's Divine Sense already could reach 27,000 meters!

Meng Hao looked up at the five Nascent Souls hovering around his head. Right now, the primordial Qi vortex formed from his Perfect Gold Core was greatly reduced. However, from the look of it, it seemed sufficient to actually concoct a sixth Nascent Soul!

Meng Hao looked thoughtfully at the five elements Nascent Souls, and felt the boundlessness of his late Nascent Soul stage Cultivation base. He took a deep breath. He had practiced cultivation for less than two hundred years. He had started out as an insignificant Cultivator in the State of Zhao. The path which he had traveled led down to this very moment in which he was a late Nascent Soul stage expert. All of the memories along the way seemed almost like a fantasy.

His five elements Nascent Souls were assembled. The first step was complete. Now, the second step was about to be taken. That second step was combining the five elements!

Once combined, he would be a Five-Colored Paragon!

However, a flash of hesitation appeared in Meng Hao's eyes, and he frowned.

"The thirteen level of Qi Condensation formed a great circle. My Perfect Foundation, my Perfect Gold Core, my entire path... consisted of reaching the pinnacle of each stage. All of that made it so that I could exceed anyone else in the same stage!

"Therefore, I now have my five elements Nascent Souls!

"Nascent Souls of the five elements and five colors can be broken down as follows. Three elements are Cracked. Four elements are Flawless. Five elements are Perfect.... Logically speaking, I should be in the realm of Perfection.

"Divine Sense with a range of 27,000 meters seems to exceed other Nascent Soul eccentrics by far. However, I wonder what the true range of the Divine Sense of a Perfect Nascent Soul really is?" This was what was causing Meng Hao to hesitate. He looked at the five elements Nascent Souls, lost in thought.

The fact that his five elements Nascent Souls were successfully concocted caused him to be both extremely happy, but at the same time, thoughtful. Divine sense with a range of 27,000 already proved that his choice of paths was correct. Correct, and yet... there seemed to be some difference between this path, and the Perfect Nascent Soul of legend.

Meng Hao didn't know exactly how powerful the legendary Perfect Nascent Soul was, but considering he was familiar with the Perfect Foundation and Perfect Gold Core, it was possible to come up with a general, theoretical answer to the question.

"A Perfect Nascent Soul requires all of the five elements. The result is one Nascent Soul with five elements and five colors. I, however, chose to concoct five different Nascent Souls based off of the different totems. When I combine the five elements, I should be able to achieve a Perfect Nascent Soul!

"However... I still have the feeling....

"I can't know for sure, but bet the true range of a Perfect Nascent Soul is 29,999 meters!" Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light. The method he had created to concoct a Nascent Soul became the path of the five elements Nascent Soul. This method did not become a new technique for creating a Perfect Nascent Soul. Actually, it appeared to exceed that path.

"My Divine Sense has reached 27,000 meters after successfully producing the five elements Nascent Souls, which is still slightly less than a Perfect Nascent Soul. Well then... I'll just have to add another Nascent Soul to close the gap!" Meng Hao's eyes shone with determination as he sat there cross-legged on the seafloor. He lifted his right hand up, within which appeared, shockingly, a medicinal pill!

This medicinal pill was something he had acquired from the bag of holding of the member of the Ji Clan he had killed all those years ago.... It was one of the three great medicinal pills, a One Color Soul Procurement Pill!!

This pill was incredibly rare, something miraculous from ancient times. After consuming it, there was a high likelihood to increase the quality of a Nascent Soul. By adding an extra color, it was like adding an extra level of power to the five elements.

"I already have all of the five elements. Perhaps consuming this pill will do nothing. On the other hand, perhaps a sixth element will appear that I'm unaware of!" Meng Hao was silent for a moment before his expression filled with determination. He had to try at least once. Not trying wasn't an alternative he could accept.

Without hesitation, he produced the copper mirror. He had a lot of Spirit Stones in his bag of holding, wealth he had accumulated over the years of leading the Crow Divinity Tribe.

With no trace of irresoluteness, he duplicated the medicinal pills. It took a vast amount of Spirit Stones to produce only a single copy. Now he had two One Color Soul Procurement Pills, one of which he immediately popped into his mouth.

The moment it entered his mouth, a roaring filled his body. The medicinal pill dissolved, instantly transforming into something that seemed like a unique type of Divine Sense. It swept through him as if it were searching for something.

Moments later, the power of the medicinal pill vanished along with that unique Divine Sense. Apparently it hadn't found what it was looking for.

Meng Hao frowned and opened his eyes, lost in thought. The pill's ineffectiveness showed that his five elements really were of the great circle. There was no base for the pill to be able to randomly create a new element.

"The three great ancient miraculous pills couldn't possibly be so useless, could they?" he thought. Disregarding the loss of Spirit Stones, he produced another duplicate and then consumed it. He experienced the same feeling as before, but in the end, nothing happened. However, the power of the bizarre Divine Sense seemed to overlap with the power from before, making it even more powerful.

Meng Hao consumed another One Color Soul Procurement Pill, just to make sure that wasn't passing up an opportunity that he would regret later. He had already decided that he would consume at least ten of the pills. If he didn't succeed at that point, then he would give up and combine the five elements he already had.

It was merely a guess on his part that Divine Sense with a range of 27,000 meters was a different from the Divine Sense of a Perfect Nascent Soul. For all he knew, a Perfect Nascent Soul really did have Divine Sense with a range of only 27,000 meters.

Based on this line of reasoning, he continued to consume One Color Soul Procurement Pills. After consuming the ninth pill, the strange Divine Sense once again appeared. It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly felt a stab of pain on his forehead.

The pain came suddenly, as if it had been hiding within his body all along, undetectable. After consuming the ninth One Color Soul Procurement Pill, the overlapping layers of fearsome Divine sense were finally able to detect it.

When the stab of pain appeared, Meng Hao's mind trembled. As soon as he felt the pain, he immediately duplicated another One Color Soul Procurement Pill. Even in ancient times, few people would ever have been able to possess so many of these kind of medicinal pills.

In fact throughout history down until this day, no one ever had!

Only Meng Hao would be able to consume them in such a manner. Of course, it also indicated that his accumulation of Spirit Stones in his bag of holding was rapidly growing smaller and smaller.

It wouldn't be long before Meng Hao was flat broke.

Although that pained Meng Hao, he didn't care too much. The pain he felt in his forehead gave him hope that the One Color Soul Procurement Pill had found the traces of the sixth element it was looking for.

The instant in which he consumed the tenth One Color Soul Procurement Pill, the combined power all ten pills congealed into a terrifying Divine Sense. It swept throughout Meng Hao's body until finally... it found the power of a sixth element that it needed, right there on his forehead.

Meng Hao's own Divine Sense focused on the same spot where the power of the One Color Soul Procurement Pills was focused. A rumbling sound filled Meng Hao's mind.

What he was looking at was none other than... a roc!!

Perhaps it was more correct to say that it was a strand of wind. A wind shaped like a roc, white in color, clearly visible within Meng Hao's Divine Sense. Suddenly, he thought back to what happened that year outside of the Rebirth Cave in the Southern Domain. A woman in the Rebirth Cave had given Meng Hao the power of a roc.

After that, Meng Hao had never been able to find that bit of roc power, no matter how he checked. But now, under the overlapping power of ten One Color Soul Procurement Pills, the wind of the roc suddenly was revealed.

"This roc wind is my Wind-type totem! It will be my sixth Nascent Soul, the Wind Nascent Soul!" He instantly rotated his Cultivation base. The five Nascent Souls rotating around his head began to perform incantation gestures. Fueled by the power of the five elements, Meng Hao's body became the pill furnace as he suddenly began to concoct a Nascent Soul!

The Qi vortex formed from his Perfect Gold Core swirled rapidly and began to emit a gravitational force. Along with the power of the Soul Procurement Pill and the conjuring power of the five elements Nascent Souls, the power of the roc in Meng Hao's forehead, the power that had been concealed there for years and years, was finally forced out and sucked toward his dantian region.

The moment the roc wind entered his dantian, a rumbling roar filled Meng Hao's body. The Qi vortex there roared as it spun faster and faster.

"Time to concoct my Wind Nascent Soul!" Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. A pounding sound filled his body as the Qi vortex suddenly shrunk down on itself and transformed in a white, seven-inch-tall person!

It looked exactly like Meng Hao. This was Meng Hao's sixth Nascent Soul... Wind Nascent Soul!

As soon as it appeared, Meng Hao's Cultivation base suddenly rocketed up, pushing him from the late Nascent Soul stage higher and higher until he was now at the peak of the stage. His distance from the great circle was...

Only a single step!!

At the same time, Meng Hao's Divine Sense expanded madly. 27,300 meters. 27,900 meters. 28,000 meters....

Finally, when it reached 29,700 meters, it began to slow down. Eventually, it stopped at... 29,999 meters!

Meng Hao lifted his head and stood. As he rose to his feet, the Wind Nascent Soul emerged from the top of his head to join the other Nascent Souls. Light shone out from them to form a star with six points!

Perfect Nascent Soul!

Meng Hao was bursting with excitement from having created his own path of the perfect Nascent Soul, of being the first person from ancient times until now who possessed six Nascent Souls. He

was the first person... to create his own path of the Perfect Nascent Soul, to combine six Nascent Souls together. Even at this very moment, however, Meng Hao's face suddenly flickered.

It was at this point that suddenly, the effects of Time within his body were multiplied by six. Time disappeared, causing his longevity to rapidly disappear. He suddenly realized that his longevity would run out in only one hundred years!

"This...." A bright glow began to shine in his eyes.

"Because I have six Nascent Souls, it's like I have six lives, six animas.... Therefore, my longevity must be divided into six parts.... As such, one year for me is like six years!

"That is the price of the Perfect Nascent Soul!"

It was also at this same moment that the Resurrection Lily inside of Meng Hao seemed to think that now was the perfect opportunity to make a move. It suddenly rose up with unyielding explosiveness.

Chapter 524: Five Colored Resurrection Lily!

In this moment, the clouds in the sky above the Violet Sea were churning. There was no more violet rain, but the sky was still dark and overcast. Suddenly, bolts of lightning could be seen approaching from off in the distance.

As the lighting neared, astonishingly, countless Tribulation clouds began to roil into being. More and more Tribulation clouds could be seen, which caused the Violet Sea to be whipped into a frenzy. A massive aura of death began to emanate off of it.

The aura seemed as if it were preparing to fight back against the Tribulation Lightning. Instantly, an archaic madness seemed to be rising up!

The Cultivators in the ten outposts that had been built up over the past years all looked up into the sky with expressions of astonishment.

"Is that... Tribulation Lightning?"

“Don’t tell me someone is transcending Tribulation? How could that be possible? Only Immortals can transcend Tribulation. How could there be someone in the great Western desert who could transcend Tribulation?!”

“This isn’t someone transcending Tribulation. Obviously a precious treasure is appearing in the world!!”

Such scenes played out in all of the ten outposts. However... the Tribulation Lightning over the Violet Sea was actually only detectable by the people actually in the area of the Violet Sea. Cultivators in the Black Lands seemed to be cut off and unable to detect it, even Spirit Severing Cultivators.

It was at this moment that in the second outpost, inside of a lofty building, a bare-chested, middle-aged man was embracing a beautiful female Cultivator. As they chatted and laughed, he occasionally caressed her body with his hands. Her coy reaction caused his desire to grow stronger and stronger.

Behind the man, seven old men sat cross-legged. Their eyes were closed and they did not speak, as if they didn’t even notice the obscene sounds that could be heard in the room. The seven old men had incredible Cultivation bases. Four were in the mid-Nascent Soul stage, two were in the late Nascent Soul stage, and one was of the great circle!

Cultivators like these were the most powerful you could find under the Spirit Severing stage. This was especially so in an age when it was not a simple thing to reach the Spirit Severing Stage; Cultivators of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage could completely rock the world.

Right now, though, it was clear that these seven men were nothing more than a retinue!

There was only one type of person who could make Cultivators of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage to act as a retinue. That would be... a Spirit Severing Patriarch! The middle-aged man’s Cultivation base was only at the early Nascent Soul stage, not the Spirit Severing stage. That meant that this man’s status was shockingly high!

This man was the son of Spirit Severing Patriarch Huyan Yunming of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, one of the three powers of the Heavenly Court Alliance! Huyan Qing! He had left the Black Lands three months ago to go sightseeing in the ten outposts and chase after women. [1]

Just as Huyan Qing was about to throw himself on the female Cultivator, a bolt of red lightning suddenly shot through the air and then headed off into the distance. Before it disappeared, an enormous, intense pressure could be felt. Instantly, the seven old men all opened their eyes. The red-robed old man of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage slowly lifted his head and looked off into the distance, frowning.

A tremor ran through Huyan Qing and he suddenly looked up.

“Miracle Lightning? Don’t tell me some precious treasure has suddenly appeared? Or maybe some neo-demon is transforming?” Huyan Qing laughed heartily. Suddenly, he leaped up into the air, holding the shocked woman in one arm as he flicked his sleeve with the other. Instantly, four black-robed bodyguards appeared bearing a luxurious sedan chair on their shoulders.

Huyan Qing immediately entered the sedan chair, taking the woman with him.

“Sir Wu, let’s go take a look, alright?” His laughter mixed with the gasp of the female Cultivator as she saw the sumptuous interior of the sedan chair.

The man who Huyan Qing referred to as Sir Wu was the old man of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. He frowned and let out a quiet sigh. Slowly, he stood up and, along with the other six old men, escorted the sedan chair off.

Huyan Qing’s procession headed off in the direction the lightning had flown, which was of course the location where Meng Hao stood at the bottom of the sea. Currently, Meng Hao’s expression was grim as he looked at the six Nascent Souls flying around the level of his head. He frowned.

“Longevity of one hundred years.... Not even two hundred. Well, I’m already at the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage. I guess I have to reach Spirit Severing within a hundred years!

“Now, as for this Resurrection Lily...” A cold smile suddenly twisted his lips. He had long since predicted that the Resurrection Lily would not let a crucial moment in his cultivation pass without trying to make a move.

He knew that it would appear!

Originally he thought it would attempt to possess him when the Heavenly Tribulation hit. However, apparently it thought right now was the best opportunity.

“For you to appear right now is actually quite convenient! If Heavenly Tribulation really does come, you could cause me quite a bit of frustration.” Smiling coldly, he sat down cross-legged. Ignoring the Resurrection Lily’s explosive rise, he lifted his hand and pointed at one of the Nascent Souls.

Immediately, the Metal Nascent Soul floated down. Its face was covered with a cold smile just like Meng Hao’s as it sank down into the top of his head. It sank down to appear in the empty space in his dantian region that his Gold Core had previously occupied.

“This time, I’ll give you a chance to... have a full on fight!” As Meng Hao closed his eyes, majestic Cultivation base power exploded out from the Metal Nascent Soul to crush down onto the Resurrection Lily.

The Resurrection Lily seemed to go mad and it let out a soundless roar. Shockingly, directly behind Meng Hao appeared the image of a blindingly bright four-colored Resurrection Lily, swaying back and forth ferociously.

It was in this moment that the Resurrection Lily seized control of Meng Hao’s legs. Meng Hao lost all feeling in them as the struggle for control over his body erupted. The feeling quickly spread into his arms.

The four-colored Resurrection Lily swayed back and forth in a very bizarre fashion. It seemed as if it had been preparing for many years to make this counterattack against Meng Hao. When it made its move, it would attack with complete ruthlessness.

“I have to give you some credit,” said Meng Hao coolly. “You’re much better this time than you were before.” After all this time, he was very familiar with the Resurrection Lily, and knew that it was sentient.

Even as he spoke, the Wood Nascent Soul began to emanate a green light as it sank into the top of Meng Hao’s head. It quickly reached his dantian region, whereupon Meng Hao unhesitatingly superimposed it over the Metal Nascent Soul. The two... combined into one!

As soon as the two Nascent Souls combined into one, a roaring sound filled Meng Hao’s mind. He instantly felt his Cultivation base... rising up rapidly!!

He was still in the late Nascent Soul stage. Despite not having made a breakthrough, he could sense that his battle prowess.... had exploded upward by double or more!

At the moment, Meng Hao wasn't surprised. That was because... this was the power of a Perfect Nascent Soul, a power that placed him above anyone else in the same stage!

However, in unison with his sudden increase in battle prowess, Meng Hao could tell that the corrosive effect on his longevity, which previously was limited to a multiple of six, was now even greater.

The Resurrection Lily let out another soundless roar as its struggling increased in intensity. Whereas before, it had occupied a position of incredible superiority, it was now forced to defend relentlessly against Meng Hao. It did not want to allow Meng Hao to retake the parts of his body that it had already possessed.

“This is merely a combination of two Nascent Souls...” said Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. Suddenly, the Water Nascent Soul floated down, emanating a red glow as it sank into the top of his head. Moments later it appeared in his dantian region where it superimposed over the Metal and Wood Nascent Souls. They fused together, three Nascent Souls combining into one.

BOOOMMM!!!

Meng Hao could clearly sense his battle prowess climbing up with incredible intensity from the foundation of the early combination of two Nascent Souls.

Originally, he had possessed the power equivalent to only a single Nascent Soul. As of this moment, though, his power was equivalent to four peak late stage Nascent Souls! In addition, the wasting away of his longevity was also increased.

This was not an increase in Cultivation base, but rather, battle prowess. It was natural strength, arisen from the ability to use spiritual power. This increase could be likened to water in a bottle. The bottle might not get bigger, but more water could be forced inside, creating a pressure that exceeded anything normal!

The Resurrection Lily was emitting a piercing howl. The sound of it could not be heard by any outsider, only Meng Hao, who could hear it quite clearly. The Resurrection Lily was completely incapable of standing up to the power of Meng Hao's three combined elements. It instantly lost

control of Meng Hao's arms, and was forced to retreat back to its position within Meng Hao's possessed legs.

"I don't need to expend much effort to suppress you," said Meng Hao coolly. "After all, this is a direct conflict, and you aren't even close to being a match for me! What makes you think you're qualified to even TRY to possess me!?"

"You are me, but I... am not you!" A sea of flames erupted from the Fire Nascent Soul as it floated down and merged into his body. It then appeared in his dantian region, where it overlapped and then combined with the Metal, Wood, and Water Nascent Souls.

Shocking rumbling sounds caused Meng Hao's entire body to shake. Blue veins popped up all over as blood rushed through them at high speed. His body suddenly began to expand. It appeared as if he were taller. Although he was still slender, it seemed as if every bit of his flesh and blood was virtually bursting with terrifying power.

His battle prowess... doubled once again!!

In this moment, he now possessed the same power as eight Nascent Souls at the peak of the late stage. The power of four combined elements exploded out, causing the Resurrection Lily to writhe and let out a miserable shriek. It was easily pushed back once again by suppressive power, losing control over Meng Hao's legs and being forced into his most remote extremities.

However, even in the moment in which it retreated back as far as it could, an aura rose up from the Resurrection Lily that caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict.

The aura grew more and more powerful, and even seemed to contain some remnants of the One Color Soul Procurement Pill. Suddenly, the four-colored Resurrection Lily which Meng Hao had suppressed to the limit began to glow... and then develop...

A fifth color!!

When the fifth color appeared, Meng Hao's mind and heart trembled. But then, his eyes glowed with pleasant surprise. He knew that this Resurrection Lily was incomplete, and could never grow to the point where it could bloom with seven colors and reach Immortal Ascension. Three colors was its limit. It had acquired four colors by means of a miracle. But now... it actually developed a fifth color.

This fifth color obviously had something to do with Meng Hao's Nascent Soul concocting and the One Color Soul Procurement Pill, as well as his place in the realm of Perfection. Because of all of these different things, the Resurrection Lily was suddenly able to make a meteoric rise.

When the fifth flower petal appeared on the Resurrection Lily, it let out a fierce howl and then erupted out from its position of retreat. It expanded out, clearly wanting to take control of Meng Hao's entire body in possession. It wanted to control Meng Hao and make him a true host that it could control!

Meng Hao could feel the madness of the Resurrection Lily, and it caused him to smile. He wanted it to grow more powerful, because he had long since decided to use this Resurrection Lily at the critical moment when his time came in the future to reach Immortal Ascension!

Even as the Resurrection Lily exploded out with power, Meng Hao lifted his head up. The Earth Nascent Soul suddenly erupted with shocking coldness. It merged in through Meng Hao's forehead, appearing moments later in his dantian region. Five elements overlapped. Five elements... combined!

Chapter 525: Heavenly Tribulation, I Havent Seen You For Ages!

The moment in which the five elements combined, Meng Hao's Cultivation base did not change, but his battle prowess instantly doubled again. At first, he started with power equivalent to one peak late Nascent Soul. Now, he had power equivalent to sixteen!

Such terrifying battle prowess far exceeded the scope of the late Nascent Soul stage. Even someone of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage would crumble like dried weeds before Meng Hao's power of sixteen peak late Nascent Souls.

That was the fearsomeness and incredible power of the realm of Perfection!

However, for Meng Hao, such terrifying power came at the price of longevity. To maintain his grip on such power meant that his longevity was no longer one hundred years, but rather, six!

After all, he was not truly in possession of a Perfect Nascent Soul. He had acquired it by alternative methods.... But actually, not even a true Perfect Nascent Soul could come close to this unbelievably fearsome power.

On this new path of the Nascent Soul that Meng Hao had forged, he possessed Perfect battle prowess that far exceeded even the extraordinary power of the Perfect Nascent Soul. Because he had been operating only on speculation and not research, he hadn't been clear about what the end result would be. But having sensed the battle prowess that existed within him, he now realized that his path was incredibly astonishing.

Battle power erupted out and his aura was swift and fierce as he fought back against the five-petaled Resurrection Lily. His body was the battlefield upon which the two forces slammed into each other.

As soon as they collided, the Resurrection Lily let out a miserable howl. It didn't matter that it had suddenly sprouted a fifth petal. Under the power of Meng Hao's fearsome battle prowess, it was... incapable of withstanding even a single blow.

Intangible explosions rippled out as the Resurrection Lily collapsed under Meng Hao's attack. It had been beaten back repeatedly, and had retreated completely from its former position of superiority. Now, all it could do was hide in Meng Hao's extremities, give up any notions of rising up, and hope Meng Hao did not attack any further.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he looked up at the sixth Nascent Soul hovering near his head, the Wind Nascent Soul.

After a moment, his eyes gleamed with determination.

"Since I decided to be powerful, I might as well acquire the pinnacle of power!" Without hesitation, he lifted his right hand up and pointed at the Wind Nascent Soul. Instantly, it flickered and moved with incredible speed. It wasn't minor teleportation; it actually exceeded that. It immediately appeared inside of Meng Hao where it fused with the other Nascent Souls.

BOOMMMM!!!

The great circle of six elements! Six-Colored Nascent Soul!

Incredible battle prowess rocketed up, once again double. A fearsome aura equivalent to thirty-two peak late Nascent Souls emanated out, causing the Violet Sea to tremble. Everything shook. This was... Six-Colored Paragon!

Meng Hao could sweep across all Nascent Soul Cultivators. He was only a short way away from the Spirit Severing stage, and yet in all the lands of South Heaven, he was definitely... the number one person under the Spirit Severing stage!

If his Cultivation base could break through the late Nascent Soul stage to the great circle, then with his battle prowess of thirty-two times normal, then facing up against Spirit Severing Cultivators... he would not be so weak. He could be considered powerful enough to defend himself.

That might seem of little note, but Spirit Severing... was a stage of Cultivation that could be considered a major area of demarcation. Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation, Nascent Soul. These stages were actually still called the stages of... mortals!

By using incredible power, momentum was built up... all for the purpose of breaking through to a new type of life. Spirit Severing!

Spirit Severing, Dao Seeking, and Immortal Ascension were three stages that were called the stages of... Immortals!

The difference between mortals and Immortals was such that for someone in the mortal realm to actually be able to fight back against an almighty member of the Immortal realm would cause an incredible commotion in the entirety of South Heaven if word of it were to spread.

Normally something like that would only be possible with the aid of precious treasures. Only relying on one's body would make it impossible!

As of this moment, it was possible for Meng Hao.

When he reached the Six-Colored great circle, the Resurrection Lily inside of him began to tremble. Before it could tremble for too long, though, Meng Hao battered at it with all of the battle prowess of his Cultivation base.

Indescribable, shocking booming filled Meng Hao, like towers of thunder. The Resurrection Lily let out an unprecedented scream. All its defenses crumbled, incapable of standing up against Meng Hao's battle prowess and Divine Sense, which bore down into its very core.

It screamed and trembled, terrified. It possessed consciousness of its own, and in its memory, it couldn't recall ever feeling this hopeless. Originally, it should have been in a position above all

other living things. Meng Hao was nothing but a host body for it. As of now, though, it was actually being possessed. It... was becoming a part of Meng Hao.

There was nothing it could do. Meng Hao's battle prowess of thirty-two peak late Nascent Souls made it so that the Resurrection Lily could only watch in shock as Divine Sense was driven into its core. At this moment, its life or death was completely in Meng Hao's hands.

Meng Hao did not exterminate the Resurrection Lily, though. Instead, he branded its consciousness with a seal of his own.

"This seal is not indelible. A hundred years from now, if I can't figure out a way to make a sixth petal appear, then I'll exterminate you.

"If a sixth petal does appear, the seal will dissipate, and then you'll have another chance to try to possess me. Then, you will be qualified... to try to fight me again!" Meng Hao's cold words echoed out within the seal that he had placed on the Resurrection Lily's consciousness. It trembled, in awe of Meng Hao but also filled with fierceness and lack of reconciliation. Suppressing its wild heart, it slowly calmed down.

Actually, what Meng Hao wanted was just that: the Resurrection Lily's wild heart.

Having suppressed the Resurrection Lily, Meng Hao sat down cross-legged to study his expanding Cultivation base. As of now, he could clearly sense that his longevity, if it remained as it was now, would only last for three more years, perhaps a bit more.

"It's too bad I don't have a seventh Nascent Soul. It would leave me with only one year of longevity, but with a seventh Nascent Soul, I wonder... if I would be able to battle the Spirit Severing stage?" A bright gleam appeared in his eyes.

Suddenly, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a wooden box.

Looking at the box made him think of his Master, Pill Demon. The box had been given to him by Pill Demon, and it contained a medicinal pill which could not only suppress the Resurrection Lily, but also help him achieve Cultivation base breakthroughs. It could also add to his longevity.

Throughout all the years, Meng Hao had never consumed even one. Now, however, he unhesitatingly took the pill out, made some copies, and put one in his mouth. He sat there cross-

legged, meditating as the medicinal pill dissolved. His Cultivation base grew more stable, and his life force more vigorous. The power of growth appeared, fusing into his Six-Colored Nascent Soul, causing his longevity to instantly be replenished.

Moments later, after the pill had been fully absorbed, he made some more copies and then began to consume them. Several days passed, after which, he opened his eyes from meditation. They glowed with a shocking brightness; his life force was now restored to what appeared to be roughly half of a sixty-year cycle.

His bag of holding was now devoid of Spirit Stones, and he had consumed many medicinal pills. However, he had actually managed to add almost one thousand years to his longevity. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of the medicinal pills was growing continuously weaker. In the end, they stopped working at all. That was generally how such longevity-increasing medicinal pills worked.

After all, life could not go past one thousand years. That rule could never be changed, and mortal power could never fight against it!

“It might seem like thirty years, but if I keep the six Nascent Souls dispersed under normal situations and only combine them under special circumstances, then my problem with the longevity will be resolved.” Now that Meng Hao didn’t have to worry about the longevity, he gave a long sigh. If only he had a seventh Nascent Soul... that would be far better.

Meng Hao stood up. As he did, popping sounds could be heard coming from within his body. He was now a full three heads taller than before. His shoulders were wider, but his body was even more slender.

His muscles hadn’t grown, but he was now clearly stronger and tougher. All of his blood and flesh was filled with shocking power. Blue veins bulged out, and every beat of his heart sent hot blood pumping throughout his body.

His physical body had also experienced an unprecedented increase in its toughness.

At the moment, he looked strange and bizarre, radiating an indescribably imposing bearing and force of attraction. He looked like something beyond the mortal world, something unprecedentedly mighty.

Suddenly, cracking sounds could be heard coming from his right hand. Meng Hao looked down to see the diaphanous Fang Clan glove exploding into tiny pieces.

The power of Meng Hao's own fist now exceeded that of the glove.

He quickly gathered up the pieces of the glove and put them into his bag of holding.

“Well then, this will now count as one my Divine Abilities. Six Animas Soul Transformations! Under normal circumstances, I will only reveal the power of the First Anima!” His eyes glittered, and the Six-Colored Nascent Soul within him trembled. Ghost images appeared; within the space of a few breaths, they broke apart, transforming once again into six different Nascent Souls. They sat cross-legged in Meng Hao's dantian region, meditating and cultivating.

Meng Hao's aura suddenly dropped down. His Cultivation base was once again at the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage. His body also changed. He was no longer so tall and mighty. He returned to his previous height, and the power in his flesh and blood returned to normal. His entire person now emanated the scholarly aura that it usually did.

After studying his Cultivation base for a moment to ensure that his method was correct and that the problem with the longevity had been solved, he looked up at the Violet Sea. There was no need for him to send out Divine Sense; the entire Violet Sea was his eyes. He could see the tempest growing in the sky above the Violet Sea. Lightning danced and Tribulation clouds surged.

His body flickered. Sounds like explosions could be heard in all directions as the Violet Sea around him turned into a huge vortex around. His body transformed into a beam of light that shot up from the depths of the Violet Sea toward the surface.

As he moved up, the vortex grew larger, causing the surface of the sea to roll with massive waves. It was as if the entire Violet Sea were letting out a cry that rose to the Heavens, welcoming Meng Hao as he rose up!

This was the first time in the more than one hundred years since Meng Hao descended to the depths of the seafloor... that he finally emerged in the outside world!

BOOM!

The Violet Sea roared as massive waves rolled out in all directions. Meng Hao stood there on the surface of the water, looking up at the Tribulation clouds up in the sky.

Boundless lightning crackled and boomed. It was as if upon finding Meng Hao, the Heavenly Tribulation was roaring at him.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he coolly said, "Heavenly Tribulation... I haven't seen you for ages!"

Chapter 526: The Sixth Anima Rocks Heavenly Tribulation

"Up to this point, my life consisted of two parts," Meng Hao murmured.

"The first part was beneath Mount Daqing, along the path of the Imperial examinations.... When I stood on top of Mount Daqing, wrote down my dream and stuffed it into that gourd bottle, then tossed it into the river below, I had no idea...

"That that very moment represented the beginning of the second part of my life.

"That second part was cultivation!" Meng Hao stood on the surface of the Violet Sea, wearing a spotless green robe. He did not sink down even a bit into the seawater. Instead, he looked up at the boundless lightning dancing about up above like red serpents. They interlocked, forming Tribulation Clouds.

"This past hundred years or more of cultivation allowed me to experience death and escape. I have experienced things that the old me would never have been able to experience, walked paths that before, I could never have walked to the end of.

"As for Heavenly Tribulation... I've experienced that too, more than once.

"This time, I will not be nervous like I was when I experienced the Heavenly Tribulation of the Perfect Foundation. I won't take it as seriously as the year I faced the Perfect Gold Core Heavenly Tribulation. I've been waiting for today's Heavenly Tribulation... for a long time." A slight smile suddenly broke out on his face. Even as he murmured the words, a massive rumbling sound roared out from within the Tribulation clouds. At the same time, a red lightning bolt shot down toward Meng Hao.

As it neared, even more lightning bolts fused into it. By the time it was about thirty or so meters from Meng Hao's head, it was as wide as a person's arm. As it roared toward him, it carried with it the awe-inspiring power of Heavenly Tribulation, a detached desire to destroy.

Meng Hao looked up at the incoming Tribulation Lightning. Then, he lifted his right arm and waved it toward the sky. Instantly, life force collided with death will, transforming into a power of extermination that shot toward the lightning bolt.

A shocking boom filled the Heaven and the sea. The arm's-width sized lightning bolt instantly collapsed into countless arcs of electricity that scattered about into the air above Meng Hao.

"Before, Heavenly Tribulation like this would have destroyed me in both body and soul. Now, however... it doesn't even qualify to make me enter my Second Anima." Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he stood there motionless. He then... looked back up at the Heavenly Tribulation.

Meng Hao's behavior seemed to infuriate the Heavenly Tribulation. The lightning and thunder crashed about in the sky. One red lightning bolt after another began to form together and then fall down. This time, there were four bolts that descended. An earsplitting roar filled the air as the area for thirty meters around Meng Hao was transformed into a lake of lightning.

Each of the four red beams of lightning contained enough power to eradicate some of the late Nascent Soul stage. As they fell down, Meng Hao simply stood there and waved his sleeve, allowing the four lightning bolts to strike.

Red lightning danced around Meng Hao, spreading out across the Violet Sea, filling everything for several hundred meters in each direction.

As for Meng Hao, he simply stood there in the middle of the lightning, his entire body glowing with electrical light. The light quickly faded. In the space of only a few breaths it was completely gone. Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, without even the slightest bit of change.

Currently, he was in the First Anima of the Six Animas Soul Transformations, with the full power of a peak late Nascent soul. Meng Hao had long since decided that this would be his normal state.

Although the lightning surrounding him was incredibly powerful and out of the ordinary, it still was incapable of hurting him, despite the fact that he was only in the First Anima.

Meng Hao gently shook his arms and legs, feeling the power of lightning that had fused into his physical body. He had experienced this feeling in previous encounters with Heavenly Tribulation, so he wasn't surprised. He looked up, his eyes shining with a bright light.

Simultaneously, an enormous sound like an enraged roar filled the sky. Eight lightning bolts merged together in the air up above. The Tribulation Clouds seethed and then began to pull back. Thunder boomed as the eight lightning bolts began to fall.

These eight lightning bolts were bright red, almost like blood. Then fell down with intense destructive power, causing enormous pressure to bear down on Meng Hao. The pressure didn't cause Meng Hao to fall back, though. Instead, he began to laugh. A Demonic-looking glow radiated from his eyes.

“Now it's getting interesting. Second Anima!”

Of the six Nascent Souls inside Meng Hao, two overlapped and fused together. In the same moment, popping sounds could be heard from within Meng Hao as it swelled out. He grew half a head taller, and in the blink of an eye, he looked bigger than before.

His majestic aura exploded out, doubling. Now he possessed the battle prowess of two peak late Nascent Souls. Waves kicked up in the Violet Sea around him, sweeping out in all directions. It was as if a whirlwind had erupted out because of Meng Hao entering his Second Anima.

Laughing, Meng Hao did not retreat, but actually shot up into the air to attack the eight lightning bolts!

This was not passively reacting to the enemy, but taking the initiative to attack head on!

A huge boom echoed out as the eight lightning bolts slammed into him. An explosion of lightning burst out for hundreds of meters in every direction. Meng Hao was the center of it all, meeting the full force of the Tribulation lightning head on. He rocketed forward, completely unharmed by the eight lightning bolts. They didn't even qualify to cause blood to ooze out from his mouth.

The Heavenly Tribulation seemed as if it possessed intelligence, and was currently furious. The sound of thunder filled the air. This time, eighteen red lightning bolts appeared. They looked like eighteen ferocious red dragons as they crackled through the air toward Meng Hao.

“Third Anima!” Meng Hao’s eyes were now surging with an intense desire to fight.

His body grew again. He was now more than a full head taller and his body more cut and rough. Only a scrap of the aura of a scholar was left, and now, his aura was much more Demonic .

He flew up, performing an incantation gesture with his right hand as the eighteen lightning bolts fell. Suddenly, a multicolored light spread out, distorting the air as it slammed into the eighteen lightning bolts.

A huge boom caused everything to shake. Meng Hao laughed as the area for nearly three thousand meters became a maelstrom of lightning. However, it was powerless to obstruct his path. He continued to shoot upwards, his voice echoing out: “Fourth Anima!”

Instantly, roaring filled his body as it expanded again. He was now even more brutally powerful, two heads taller than before, his shoulders wide, his frame slender. The scholar’s aura was completely gone, and the Demonic air was growing more intense.

He gave off the feeling of a Demonic monster; even though he was currently smiling, Meng Hao now looked evil.

Four Nascent Souls were overlapped and combined, equipping Meng Hao with the power of eight peak late Nascent Souls. He continued to shoot through mid-air toward the Tribulation clouds in the sky.

Even as Meng Hao increased his speed, the Tribulation clouds roiled. More than twenty bolts of lightning shot down, causing everything to shake, even the sea below. They continuously slammed into Meng Hao, but were incapable of affecting him in any way. His right hand suddenly made a grasping motion in front of him, and an azure Immortal’s Sword appeared there. His left hand slapped his bag of holding, and an alcohol flagon appeared.

He took a drink, then waved the sword, causing an azure beam of light to flicker out. Bolts of Tribulation Lightning exploded as they hit Meng Hao, causing countless sparks of electricity to fly about flickering into the air. More than a few fused into Meng Hao’s body. Gradually, a will of lightning was building up inside of him.

Suddenly, the Tribulation Lightning being formed was no longer just red. More colors were added, a total of seven. They formed into a Seven-Colored Tribulation Lightning. It was one single bolt that seemed capable of ripping the air into pieces, a fierce Seven-Colored Dragon that pounced toward Meng Hao.

“Fifth Anima!”

Shocking popping sounds rang out from his body. He was now two and a half heads taller. His body was far more powerful, and the aura of his battle prowess exploded up. He now possessed power equivalent to sixteen peak late Nascent Souls. The sky and land dimmed, and the clouds seethed.

Meng Hao’s body brimmed with incredible power. His hair whipped about and his eyes shone with a strange glow. As the Seven-Colored Heavenly lightning neared, the azure Immortal’s Sword in his hand suddenly shot forward into it.

The Devil Spear magically appeared in his hand like a fierce dragon. Majestic black mist burst out, along with countless ferocious faces. It followed the azure Immortal’s Sword toward the seven-colored Tribulation Lightning.

When the two forces slammed into each other, a huge boom could be heard. The seven-colored Tribulation Lightning exploded. The azure Immortal’s Sword was sent spinning. The Devil Spear in Meng Hao’s hand trembled and then exploded with a bang, transforming into a mist that surged out. The mist seethed, then formed back again into the Devil Spear.

The shattered remnants of the seven colored Tribulation lightning became a seven-colored rain of lightning. It fell down in all directions, many of which fused into Meng Hao’s body. The lightning that was building up inside of him was growing thicker and thicker.

A tremor ran through him, and blood oozed out of his mouth. He hovered there in mid-air, looking up. Suddenly, the Tribulation clouds began to shrink in on themselves. Seven-colored light spread out as the clouds rapidly began to transform into seven-colored clouds. Furthermore, from within the Tribulation clouds suddenly emerged a...

Gigantic finger formed from seven-colored lightning!!

The enormous finger was fully three thousand meters long and completely composed of flickering, seven-colored lightning. Anyone who saw it would be completely astonished. As soon as it

appeared, the enormous finger emitted a destructive pressure that bore down on Meng Hao as if it wished to squash him like an insect.

Even as the finger neared, Meng Hao's eyes narrowed and he cried, "Sixth Anima!"

All six Nascent Souls within him were now overlapped and combined. Six colors combined!

Boom!

He instantly grew taller, and his body more valiant. His shoulders were wide, his frame slender. There was now no scholar's aura whatsoever. The only thing he possessed... was breathtaking Demonic evil!

Beneath him, the Violet Sea roared. The vortex spun, sending crashing waves out. In his Sixth Anima, Meng Hao possessed more over thirty times the power of a peak late Nascent Soul. He now fully deserved to be referred to as the most powerful person under Spirit Severing in the lands of South Heaven!

Meng Hao kicked down violently into the air. A bang rang out as ripples appeared, and he shot up straight toward the seven-colored finger.

His right hand clenched violently into a fist. As the finger neared, a fierce glow appeared in his eyes. Then, he...

Punched!

Chapter 527: Seventh Anima!!

It wasn't even worth describing how Meng Hao compared to the enormous finger if you looked at them from off in the distance. He really did look like a bug.

But who would care about that!?

When Meng Hao's fist struck the finger, an enormous boom shook the Heavens and the Violet Sea. Giant waves rolled out across the surface of the waters. Of course, only Meng Hao was there to see it; if anyone else did, it would probably be the most shocking thing they would ever see in their life.

As the explosive bang rang out, blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. Although he was sent shooting backward, his laughter continued to echo in the area.

As he laughed, he looked up at the seven-colored finger and watched as it collapsed into countless pieces. A seven-colored lake of lightning was formed, composed of endless seven-colored arcs of electricity. Many of them bored into Meng Hao's body. Even as Meng Hao laughed, the Tribulation lightning...

Was completely destroyed!

Amidst the lingering echo, the Tribulation clouds up above were thinning, and seemed to be on the verge of dissipating. Apparently, this Heavenly Tribulation was quite simple for Meng Hao to overcome.

In truth, it was not. It was actually much more intense than the previous Tribulations. However, Meng Hao's feeling regarding it... was influenced by the fact that his more than one hundred years of secluded meditation ended with him rising to what was virtually the peak of the mortal realm in South Heaven!

Meng Hao wiped the blood from his mouth. In the Sixth Anima, he was at his strongest. He hovered for a moment in mid-air and then once again kicked down with his foot. A bang could be heard as he flew up toward the dissipating Tribulation clouds.

Meng Hao knew that when the Tribulation clouds were spreading out like this, their destructive power was actually growing stronger. They seemed to be dissipating but actually.... if he wasn't careful, he would surely perish.

In the moment in which Meng Hao charged in attack, a roaring sound suddenly could be heard from the thin Tribulation clouds. Suddenly, all the clouds rapidly contracted to form... a shocking, enormous fist!

The fist was formed completely of Tribulation clouds, within which swirled innumerable lightning bolts. Seven colors swirled about. This was no longer just lightning... it was the direct power of Tribulation clouds!!

All the Tribulation clouds had formed together into a Heavenly Tribulation, here to exterminate everything in existence.

Meng Hao rocketed through mid air, looking at the seething Tribulation clouds that had formed into an enormous fist. He could clearly sense the complete will of destruction therein.

His eyes glowed brightly as his left hand suddenly gestured down toward the sea beneath him.

“Violet Sea!”

The Violet Sea was him, and he was the Violet Sea!

Even as the words left his mouth, the entirety of the Violet Sea that was the Western Desert Apocalypse suddenly began to move. A huge vortex spun, causing massive waves to surge across the surface of the waters.

In the center of the vortex, which was directly beneath Meng Hao, a gigantic column of water suddenly rose up. It was thousands of meters wide and surrounded Meng Hao, making him its center as it shot into the air.

As the column of water shot into the air, the rest of the surface of the Violet Sea sank down. At the same time, the index finger of Meng Hao’s right hand pointed down.

“Specters!”

The specters of all the neo-demons and Cultivators who had died in the Apocalypse now existed parasitically within the Violet Sea. Right now, they responded to Meng Hao’s summons, instantly surging in from all directions. They shot into the column of seawater, filling it, forming a soul of the column!

Except, that soul was fragmented. The true soul... was Meng Hao!

Boom!

The column of seawater, thousands of meters wide, shot out past Meng Hao, magically transforming into a gigantic arm!

Further up in the direction of the sky, the arm ended in a fist.

A violet fist and a violet arm. This was like... the arm of the Violet Sea!

If there had been any eyewitnesses observing from a distance, they would have felt an unprecedented level of shock, and would have had the image forever engraved in their minds.

What they would have seen was Tribulation clouds transformed into a fist, representing the Will of Heaven. Another fist stretched out from within the sea, representing the heart of the Apocalypse. One of these two enormous fists was descending from up above. The other rose up from the middle of the sea. There in mid-air... they slammed into each other.

The boom rang out in all directions, shaking Heaven and Earth, causing the Violet Sea to vibrate. This scene was indescribably shocking, so monstrous it was impossible to describe.

Transcending Tribulation in this fashion was unprecedented!

Before Meng Hao, no one had ever done anything like this, and after this day there would not likely be someone else who did!

The will of the Violet Sea had transformed into an arm that exterminated Heavenly Tribulation. The arm contained the pinnacle of the power of extermination, a power like that belonging to an enormous Greater Demon. If Meng Hao had not engaged in Demonic Transmigration before, he would never have been able to do this.

Suddenly, the Tribulation Clouds emitted shocking, explosive claps of thunder. The lightning inside of the clouds exploded out, transforming into a roar that could be heard clearly even in the ten outpost cities on the surface of the sea.

Countless lightning bolts slammed into the power of extermination, and were then transformed into innumerable sparks of electricity. The electricity merged into the Violet Sea, causing large numbers of specters to vanish. Some of the electricity also merged into Meng Hao's body and spread out to fill it.

Finally, after the last bit of lightning dissipated, no more fist was visible. The lightning vanished. Since it was incapable of destroying Meng Hao, it seemed the Heavenly Tribulation chose to retreat.

As for the Violet Sea arm that Meng Hao was in, it lost its spirit, lost its will, and collapsed back down into the sea. A huge boom could be heard as the water spread back out into the sea, causing it to rise up once again.

Meng Hao hovered in mid-air, lightning sparking constantly through his body. He coughed up a big mouthful of blood and then shot back down toward the sea. Just when he was about to splash directly into the waters, he stopped to stand on its surface. Lightning danced about on his body. His face was pale as he looked up into the sky; the disappearing Tribulation clouds suddenly stopped in place.

It seemed that the Heavenly Tribulation had a bit of power left after all, and wanted to make one final strike of lightning!

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed and his Cultivation base began to rotate. Sharp pains stabbed out in his body and he coughed up some more blood. However, when he coughed up the blood, his mind suddenly trembled.

The reason was that within the blood he had just coughed up could be seen vast quantities of electric sparks. He could only imagine that right now he must look almost like a... human-shaped lightning bolt.

“Thunder. Lightning....” Meng Hao's mind shook, ignoring the Tribulation clouds overhead, and everything else. His mind suddenly seemed to be filled with primordial chaos as an incredible, even astonishing, idea took form.

“Lightning is a manifestation of power, something that could form a totem tattoo.... In that case... it could also make... a Nascent Soul!! My seventh Nascent Soul.... Lightning Nascent Soul!

“If I can really form a seventh Nascent Soul, then when I entered the Seventh Anima, I would be able to wield battle prowess equivalent to sixty-four peak late Nascent Souls!

“No, that's not right. It wouldn't be a peak late Nascent Soul, it would be of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!” Meng Hao was panting. Without hesitation, he produced all his remaining One Color Soul Procurement Pills from his bag of holding. Leaving only one as a backup, he placed the remainder into his mouth.

The instant the medicinal pills entered his mouth, he felt that special Divine Sense sweeping through his body. Suddenly, he experienced pain everywhere in his body.

As the pain appeared, strands of lightning were forced out of him. This lightning contained the power of Heavenly Tribulation both from the current Tribulation, as well as remnants left behind from the Perfect Gold Core and Perfect Foundation Tribulations. All of the lightning was forced out and then sucked into his dantian region.

In the blink of an eye, all of the sparks of electricity began to merge together. Meng Hao immediately sat down cross-legged on the surface of the sea. He ignored the Tribulation clouds up above and focused completely on meditation. More and more lightning sparks began to coalesce in his dantian.

All of the lightning in the entire area stopped moving and then was sucked toward Meng Hao. Lightning in both the air and the sea writhed and glowed as it bore into Meng Hao's body and came to his dantian.

Using his body as the pill furnace, his will as the pill formula, and his life as the flame, he began to concoct!

The process was quick. In the blink of an eye, a roaring sound filled Meng Hao's mind as the lightning in his dantian region coalesced into a gigantic ball. The ball began to writhe and then shattered into pieces. A small, seven-inch tall person appeared!

The person looked exactly like Meng Hao in all respects. This was Meng Hao's seventh Nascent Soul, that by a random chance he had been able to concoct.... Lightning Nascent Soul!

As soon as the tiny person appeared, Meng Hao's Cultivation base exploded upward. This was no longer the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage. He had now broken through into... the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!

His hair whipped about him as he rose up to the pinnacle of Nascent Soul power!

At the same time, the thin Tribulation Clouds up in the sky seemed to have been thoroughly provoked. No one ever dared to have a Cultivation base breakthrough in the middle of Heavenly Tribulation! On top of that, who had ever dared to absorb the power of the Tribulation itself!?

All of this caused the Tribulation clouds to disperse and then transform... into a human-shaped lightning bolt!

The lightning bolt wasn't complete, and was in fact a bit blurry, its features unclear. However, it still emanated a terrifying and shocking pressure. Instantly, it shot toward Meng Hao.

“Seventh Anima!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a destructive light as the Lightning Nascent Soul overlapped and then combined with the other Nascent Souls to push Meng Hao into the Seventh Anima.

Boom!!

Meng Hao’s body was already incredibly powerful. But now, it changed again. He was again taller, even more valiant. He was now not Demonically evil, but rather, more like an Immortal Devil!

His long hair whipped about and his body radiated a fearsome aura of destruction. Now that he had entered the Seventh Anima, he exploded with... the power of sixty four great circle Nascent Souls.

As of this moment, Meng Hao... was not just the number one figure under the Spirit Severing stage. Right now, if he ran into a Spirit Severing Cultivator... he might lose in the end, but he could still offer up a fight!

Chapter 528: I Saw the Nightmare

In the Seventh Anima, Meng Hao’s power was completely unprecedented. His body was mighty, fearsome, and shocking. With wide shoulders and slender frame, he was almost three meters tall. It made him look completely like an Immortal Devil.

A fearsome aura erupted out from him, transforming into an invisible whirlpool that swept about, shaking everything. The Violet Sea churned and the sky dimmed.

The Tribulation clouds disappeared, having given birth to the human-shaped lightning bolt, which shot through mid-air toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao looked up at it, his hair whipping about. His appearance seemed to contain a force of attraction that no living thing could resist. He suddenly stamped his foot.

Boom!

The entire Violet Sea jumped up as a huge crater appeared in the water beneath Meng Hao, nearly three thousand meters wide. Seawater surged out in all directions as Meng Hao shot up.

His expression was cold, his eyes icy. In this moment, he was experiencing a completely unheard type of power as the battle prowess of sixty four great circle Nascent Souls coursed through him.

Such power could not even be compared to sixty four peak late Nascent Souls. As of now, he was thoroughly up above everything else... definitely rated as... the number one person under the Spirit Severing stage, among all Sects, all Clans, and all Chosen in the great lands of South Heaven.

In fact... you could say that he was halfway to Spirit Severing!

“Seven Animas combined. Seven Nascent Souls combined...” His expression was cold as he shot forward in attack. As he closed in on the human-shaped lightning bolt, he did not employ any Divine Abilities nor any magical techniques. It seemed as if every movement he made was with a deliberate and calculated. As they neared each other, Meng Hao lifted his hand and pointed a finger.

The pointing of the finger caused a huge roaring sound to be heard. The human-shaped lightning bolt looked as if it were being slammed by an incredible force. It was sent tumbling backward twenty or twenty-five meters, where it then exploded. Moments later, it reformed about thirty meters away, even more blurry than before.

At the same time, countless lightning bolts exploded on Meng Hao’s body, writhing about on his skin. Meng Hao suddenly laughed.

“That’s all you’ve got?” he said, killing intent glittering in his eyes. In the Seventh Anima, he had the power of sixty four great circle Nascent Souls; he was so powerful that this type of electricity couldn’t possibly hurt him.

Even as he spoke, the human-shaped lightning bolt reappeared off in the distance. Meng Hao began to move forward, and a rumbling sound could be heard as his body disappeared. When it reappeared, it was directly in front of the human-shaped lightning bolt. The speed with which he moved was incredible; it happened literally in the blink of an eye.

Meng Hao’s eyes were cold as he clenched his right hand into a fist and then slammed into into the chest of the human-shaped figure.

BAM!

The human-shaped lightning bolt's body began to explode. Before it completely shattered into pieces, however, its hand shot out claw-like to scrape viciously at Meng Hao's chest.

The sound that was emitted sounded like metal crashing against metal. Meng Hao's clothing was torn to shreds, and the claw ripped his skin. However, it couldn't penetrate any further than that. All it could do was scratch him.

The human-shaped lightning bolt stared in shock. A booming could be heard as it completely exploded. Innumerable flashes of lightning roiled out. Thirty meters away, they once again congealed together.

Meng Hao didn't even glance at this injury. To him, such a flesh wound was inconsequential. His body flickered and then disappeared. Moments later, he reappeared in the air above the human-shaped lightning bolt.

"Time to end this!" he said coolly as he hovered there in mid-air. He raised his hand up and then chopped it down.

Violet Qi Guillotine!

This was a simple magical technique which coalesced Violet Qi into an enormous curved blade, hundreds of meters long. As it chopped down, the human-shaped lightning bolt felt a sense of deadly crisis. Instantly, its body exploded out with the glow of lightning. The light then coalesced into an enormous lightning globe.

The instant the lightning globe appeared, the Violet Qi Guillotine sliced into it. In that moment, popping sounds could be heard from the lightning sphere, seemingly the roar of countless bolts of lightning. However... it was incapable of preventing itself from being chopped apart.

During the space of a few breaths, rumbling booms filled the air as the gigantic lightning sphere collapsed into pieces. Within was revealed the human-shaped lightning bolt, which was now so blurry it was almost transparent. Before it could even move, the Violet Qi Guillotine was upon it, slashing onto its body. A boom could be heard as the figure was cut directly in half!

Rumbling sounds echoed about as the human-shaped lightning bolt, having been cut in half, collapsed into pieces, transforming into a lightning-like glow that spread out in all directions and then faded.

By the time the human-shaped lightning bolt vanished, the Tribulation clouds up had long since dissipated, and the sky was now back to normal.

Meng Hao now returned from the Seventh Anima back to the First Anima. His face was a bit pale, and he looked extremely tired.

“The Seventh Anima really does a number on my body and longevity. I can’t stay in it for too long without injuring myself.” He descended down to the surface of the Violet Sea where he sat cross-legged to breathe deeply and restore his body.

“Compared to the Seventh Anima, the Sixth Anima is a bit less draining. The less Nascent Souls I combine, the less waste there is, and the more I can ignore it.

“So, these are my Seven Animas Soul Transformations!” His eyes shined with a bright light. Everything that had happened, the struggle with the Resurrection Lily, the battle against the Heavenly Tribulation, the creation of the Seven Animas Soul Transformations, were all testimony to the fact that he had stepped foot onto the path of a truly powerful expert.

“From now on, my travels in the great lands of South Heaven will be as boundless as the sea and sky. Meng Hao can go... anywhere he wants!” He looked up and toward the East, the direction of the Eastern Lands and the Great Tang.

His dream in the past had always been to travel to the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, and he had never forgotten that.

At the moment, he was finally qualified to cross the Milky Way Sea and visit that very place.

Meng Hao’s heart suddenly quivered. His Divine Sense sank into the blood-colored mask and coalesced near the mastiff. He was pleasantly surprised to find that along with his own rise in Cultivation base, the mastiff was almost awake.

In fact, Meng Hao could tell that it wouldn’t be long before it would be able to leave the world of the blood-colored mask, and exist in the lands of South Heaven.

Meng Hao retracted his Divine Sense. Smiling, he took a deep breath and then closed his eyes to continue adjusting his Cultivation base. During the process of pacifying the Heavenly Tribulation, he actually had sustained some internal injuries.

For the past hundred years or more, the skies above the Western Desert had been dark and overcast. Now, perhaps because of the Heavenly Tribulation, they were now sunny and bright, for the first time in a very long time.

Light pierced through the clouds to fall onto the Violet Sea and down into its waters. The result was a scene of indescribable beauty. Meng Hao sat in the middle of all of it on the surface of the sea. His body was no longer fearsomely powerful. Instead, the air of a scholar once again emanated out from him. He sat there peacefully, his eyes closed.

In this moment, the entire world seemed beautiful and calm. Only the gently undulating waves could be seen moving....

Unfortunately, a few days later, some uninvited guests disturbed the tranquility.

There was a sedan chair carried by four black-robed men who looked somewhat distorted, as if they existed halfway between being illusory and real. The sedan chair's curtains had long since been opened, and within could be seen a middle-aged man dressed in expensive clothing.

He was currently drinking some fine alcohol. Laying next to him was a withered corpse. The corpse was naked and looked old, as if it had just been dug out of a grave. If you looked closely, though, you could see that the desiccated corpse had once been a beautiful woman.

As of now, her life force had long since vanished. A fatal wound could be seen, a dark bruise on her neck. Her neck itself was twisted at an odd angle, making the entire picture a ghastly sight.

The person who had killed her was currently leaning up against her corpse, drinking fine alcohol and gently caressing her.

"How strange," said the man. "The Miracle Lightning was obviously gathering in this area. It's gone now, though, as of a few days ago. How come there doesn't seem to be anything at all in the area?" This middle-aged man was none other than the man who had left the second outpost city that

day, Huyan Qing. He was the only son of Spirit Severing Patriarch Huyan Yunming of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, one of the three major powers of the Heavenly Court Alliance!

Surrounding the sedan chair were seven old men, who followed along silently. Among the seven, the strongest was an old man named Wu, who was shockingly of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. A Cultivation base like that would make him an incredible power in any area. Even Spirit Severing Patriarchs would pay close attention to such a figure, and spare no effort to enlist their services.

Having heard the Huyan Qing's words, the old men instantly began to chuckle and offer up words of encouragement.

“Young Master, there's no need to be anxious. There are no living people in this part of the sea. If a precious treasure really did appear in the area, then it will belong to nobody except you.”

“That's right. Besides, when we arrived, we checked the area and even set up spell formations. We could tell from a distance that the undulations of the Tribulation Lightning had vanished, and that was when we entered. We are certainly the first people to enter the area to investigate.”

The only person who didn't speak was Sir Wu. He frowned as he looked around. He wasn't sure why, but after entering this area, he seemed to have the jitters. It was as if this was an area of grave danger, as if some terrifying presence were lurking about.

The feeling was indistinct and mysterious. However, Sir Wu couldn't stop thinking about it. Even as the group was proceeding along as normal, they all suddenly stopped.

All eyes came to fall on a young man off in the distance. He wore a green robe, and was sitting cross-legged on the surface of the water, meditating.

He looked like the type of person who would bring harm to neither humans nor animals. He seemed clean and peaceful, and exuded the air of a scholar as he sat there cross-legged and unmoving.

It was impossible to clearly see the level of his Cultivation base. At first glance it was of the early Nascent Soul stage, but upon closer inspection it seemed to be of the mid Nascent Soul stage. After that, it jumped to the late Nascent Soul stage; for a moment it even seemed as if it might be at the great circle!

The sight of it instantly caused Sir Wu to be on guard. In fact, looking at Meng Hao caused him to feel as if a needle were pricking the back of his neck. The feeling caused his eyes to glow.

For some reason, he had the feeling that there was something not quite right about this person.

The other six Nascent Soul Cultivators were all surprised and wore serious expressions. For a strange Cultivator to suddenly appear in a bizarre place like this was something that would obviously cause them to be cautious.

Chapter 529: Seeking Death Repeatedly

Despite their caution, their end judgement was that even if this person had a high Cultivation base, they were seven in number, one of whom was of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, two were of the late Nascent Soul stage, and four were of the mid stage. Such a force could be referred to as ultimately powerful.

If that weren't the case, why else would Huyan Yunming send them to escort his only son in the outside world?

Even still, all of them felt as if something were off, although they couldn't place the reason.

“Hey hey, so there's someone out here meditating!” said Huyan Qing with a scornful laugh. He leaned up against the corpse of the woman as he looked out at Meng Hao. “Look up at me and tell me your name. Also, take out your bag of holding. Presumably, whatever precious treasure caused the Miracle Lightning will be on your person!”

He couldn't see Meng Hao's Cultivation base, but in his entire life, he never actually looked at anyone's Cultivation base. That was because he didn't need to. It wasn't necessary. His father was a Spirit Severing Patriarch. That was enough in and of itself.

Throughout his life, it didn't matter who he was dealing with, he never cared about that person's Cultivation base. Because of the stage his father was in, anyone who dared to provoke him would end up dead in body and spirit.

That point had been proven countless times. It also caused Huyan Qing to grow quite comfortable with such lofty arrogance.

However, even as the words left his mouth, Sir Wu's face flickered and his body quivered. He suddenly realized why he had such an odd feeling.

“This young man... is sitting cross-legged on the Violet Sea itself!!”

Sir Wu gasped, and his mind trembled. Earlier, he had felt something was off, but had overlooked the Violet Sea. Now, all of a sudden, he realized that this man was sitting directly on top of a thick aura of death. Even he himself feared touching the sea and would not continue to do so for any length of time.

At the same time, the faces of the other six Nascent Soul Cultivators also fell. Their eyes went wide as they realized how fearsome and bizarre Meng Hao was.

In the same moment in which the seven of them came to the same realization, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open. He looked over the group of people, his gaze eventually coming to fall upon Huyan Qing.

With the exception of Sir Wu, the seven Nascent Soul Cultivators all felt their minds shaking. Meng Hao's gaze was like a stabbing sword that pierced into their minds and transformed into roaring.

Even Sir Wu had a look of intense concentration.

“The great circle of the Nascent Soul Stage!”

“He's of the great circle!” All of the other six Nascent Soul Cultivators had the same reaction when they realized the level of Meng Hao's Cultivation base. Deep in their hearts they all breathed sighs of relief.

The intrepidity of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage... was something that they didn't fear. Sir Wu was also of the great circle. Furthermore, they were backed by the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe and Patriarch Huyan.

As soon as Meng Hao's gaze fell onto Huyan Qing, a roaring filled the man's brain, and his body began to tremble. The wine cup in his hand dropped to the floor, spilling alcohol all over him in the process. The hand that had been stroking the corpse suddenly began to shake.

Meng Hao retracted his gaze, ignoring the group. He coolly said one sentence: “What you’re looking for isn’t here. Go away.”

Meng Hao had sensed this group long before they had arrived. Their goal in coming was clear, and the piercing gaze he had given them moments ago was merely a threat and a warning. Having finished speaking, Meng Hao closed his eyes again.

Now that Meng Hao had retracted his gaze, Huyan Qing came to his senses. He took a deep breath, and after a final quiver, his eyes went wide and he glared hatefully at Meng Hao. “Such gall!!” he cried.

Facing an intimidating threat like Meng Hao, some people would retreat to avoid any difficulties. Others, however, due to their background, would be unable to accept such a threat being levied against them. People like that, with low Cultivation bases but incredible arrogance and haughtiness, would only have their pride wounded.

Huyan Qing was just such a person. The shame just now was fueling his anger. He could not accept being threatened to the extent that he actually felt fear. He was the only son of Patriarch Huyan. He was a noble Chosen of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Virtually no one in the entire Black Lands would dare to provoke him. No matter where he went, he was a blazing sun that everyone respected.

And yet here today, in this place, he had been threatened by the gaze of a Cultivator. Huyan Qing’s dignity had been threatened!

From the time he was small until now, there had never been even one Cultivator who dared to act aggressively toward him. Meng Hao’s actions might seem normal to any other person, but to Huyan Qing, it was wild arrogance!

For years, he had existed in a position far above others. No one had ever dared to level such a gaze against him, nor to cause his mind to tremble. In his mind, he had just been humiliated in a way that he couldn’t accept.

“Kill him! Kill him for me this instant!” he roared, rising to his feet, his face twisted with rage as he glared at Meng Hao. “No one has ever dared to act in such a way in front of me. You’re DEAD!”

Sir Wu’s face sank, and inwardly, he was cursing. He had known all along that Huyan Qing never thought things through, and on top of that, was arrogant and despotic. However, he had never imagined that he could possibly be this idiotic.

There was really no good reason for Huyan Qing to make such a demand. Just now, this man had merely looked at them and then spoken some non-threatening words. Considering he was of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, his vague words were not out of the ordinary.

Sir Wu was just about to speak up when, suddenly, the eyes of the four black-robed men near Huyan Qing suddenly filled with killing intent. Instantly, the men vanished. When they reappeared, they had Meng Hao surrounded. Within the hand of each black-robed man was a gleaming flying sword. Filled with killing intent, the men charged at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao sighed softly. He hadn't desired to do any killing today. He was like a tree who wanted peace, except the wind wouldn't stop blowing.

"Well in that case, I guess you won't be leaving," said Meng Hao coolly. His eyes opened, although he completely ignoring the incoming flying swords.

The moment his eyes opened, and indescribable killing intent rose up to the Heavens. It exploded out with shocking intensity, causing the clouds to churn and everything to dim. He was like some sort of primordial beast, climbing up out from the depths.

The killing intent was thick, and invisible, but as it emanated out, the faces of the four black-robed instantly fell. They were vicious Cultivators who would kill without batting an eyelid. Over the years, they had killed many, many people. Normally speaking, they were cold and detached. However, facing such indescribable killing intent such as Meng Hao's caused their faces to fall.

Compared to Meng Hao, their tiny collections of killing intent were like fireflies, whereas Meng Hao... was the bright moon!

What they didn't know was that this was actually only ten percent of Meng Hao's killing intent.

Bang!

Four flying swords exploded into fragments that then transformed into ash. The bodies of the black-robed men began to shake, and then blood sprayed from their mouths. Their minds felt like paste, as if some massive power were crushing down onto them. They tumbled backward, but before they could fall back more than thirty meters, their heads suddenly exploded.

Their mangled bodies fell down into the Violet Sea, sinking down beneath the waves, never to be seen again.

A deathly silence filled the air. Huyan Qing's eyes went wide and filled with disbelief. The seven Nascent Soul Cultivators' faces were filled with unprecedentedly serious looks. Swishing sounds could be heard as six of them instantly moved to surround Huyan Qing. Sir Wu appeared in front of all of them, his face grim as he looked at Meng Hao.

"Fellow Daoist," said Sir Wu, clasping his hands, "we are from the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe of the Heavenly Court Alliance in the Black Lands. Everything before was a misunderstanding, Fellow Daoist. Please forgive us."

Meng Hao looked at him coldly, then looked at the people behind him. Having heard that they were from the Heavenly Court Alliance in the Black Lands, he suddenly thought of the Golden Crow Clan. He then slowly nodded his head. "Since it was just a misunderstanding, we can let the matter drop. Please take your leave posthaste."

Sir Wu heaved an inward sigh of relief. Even though he was of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, the pressure he felt pressing down from Meng Hao was incredible. He had no desire whatsoever to fight him.

However, even as Sir Wu was about to clasp hands and fall back, Huyan Qing's eyes suddenly filled with a savage light.

"So, it turns out this guy puts on a strong front but is actually a weakling!" Huyan Qing had been incredibly shocked and even filled with fear when Meng Hao killed his four black-robed guards. However, seeing that he was willing to compromise after hearing that they were from the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, his heart filled with evil thoughts.

"I said before to kill him!" he said, his voice grim. "All of you, get out there and kill him!" He laughed coldly. "Sir Wu, you promised my father that you would keep me safe during our journeys. You even promised to help me with my cultivation. This guy's Cultivation base is obviously incredible, and I've taken a liking to it. Kill him for me, and before he dies, I'll consume it!"

His eyes radiated an intense light as he lifted his hand and held out a command medallion. "I order all of you. Kill him!"

Meng Hao's expression never changed. He watched calmly as the scene unfolded. After the medallion appeared, the faces of Sir Wu and the six other old men instantly fell. Moments later, four of the group performed minor teleportations as they approached him. They figured that it didn't matter that they weren't a match for Meng Hao. All they had to do was pin him down. The person to do the actual killing would naturally be Sir Wu.

"Oh well," sighed Sir Wu. "I guess this guy is just unlucky!" Clenching his teeth, he turned toward Meng Hao. Suddenly, his great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base exploded with power.

"You're dead!!" Huyan Qing began to laugh maniacally.

As the four mid Nascent Soul Cultivators neared, Meng Hao's eyes glittered with the desire to kill. The killing intent that exploded out from him this time was thirty percent! His voice cool, he said, "Looking to die?"

The killing intent roared out, causing the faces of the four mid Nascent Soul stage old men to fill with astonishment. Suddenly, Meng Hao vanished like a ghost. When he reappeared, he was behind one of the mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivators. His expression was cool, and his hair whipped about as he lifted up his right hand and tapped the man.

Death aura and life force mingled, transforming into a fearsome power of extermination. The Nascent Soul Cultivator was absolutely powerless to resist, and instantly exploded.

Chapter 530: Slaughter!

From the very beginning, Meng Hao had kept his Cultivation base in the First Anima, which possessed the battle prowess of one great circle Nascent Soul. However, because of his incredible foundation, his battle prowess actually far exceeded anyone in the same stage as him.

His attack exploded with the power of extermination.

The exterminating power stemmed from Meng Hao's Violet Sea and blood totems. They combined to form a powerful Water-type totem that contained both life and death. In Meng Hao's hands, it formed an essence that could send a life back to the dust.

The mid Nascent Soul Cultivator's death happened incredibly quickly, literally in the blink of an eye. Everyone watching was instantly shaken mentally. Even Huyan Qing just stood there with that wicked smile of his plastered on his face.

Sir Wu took a deep breath. As he thought about, he realized that although he could kill a mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivator, it wouldn't be possible for him to do so as casually as Meng Hao just had.

“Now that we've attacked, we have to kill him!” thought Sir Wu, sighing inwardly. His eyes glittered with killing intent as he went on the attack, shooting toward Meng Hao. As he neared, his right hand lifted up in a clawing gesture. Instantly, the air around him transformed into a yellow river filled with roaring waters and yellow sand. It looked like a yellow dragon as it swept out in all directions. In the blink of an eye, it had enveloped the entire area. Shockingly, it then became a spell formation.

Within the spell formation, yellow sand roared up into the air. A raging wind screamed, transforming into a vortex. It was like a Wind Dragon and a Yellow Dragon, interlocked, pinning Meng Hao down inside.

At the same time, killing intent radiated out of Sir Wu's eyes. His body flickered as he entered the spell formation, his right hand flashing an incantation gesture. Countless green leaves magically appeared, each one of which contained destructive power. They swirled around, congealing together rapidly to form one sharp sword after another.

Almost in the same moment that the spell formation finished forming, Sir Wu was closing in on Meng Hao. At this point, Meng Hao suddenly disappeared again. When he reappeared, he was next to another of the mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivators. He reached out in a seemingly leisurely fashion toward the shocked man, then tapped on his forehead.

BAM!

The power of extermination once again appeared. The old mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivator's body instantly exploded.

As he died, another Nascent Soul Cultivator suddenly appeared behind Meng Hao. Around his body rotated nine spinning awls which send out pulsing whimpers and were surrounded by a pulsating green aura that seemed to be filled with extremely toxic poison. The green aura blasted against Meng Hao's face.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he completely ignored the poison weapons. He simply raised his hand and pointed.

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex.

The single finger cast a powerful hex which caused the late Nascent Soul Cultivator's body to shake. He suddenly stopped moving, and was stuck there in midair. Having lost his connection to his magical items, they then fell down into the Violet Sea. The man's body hovered in the air motionless. Shock filled his face as he realized that even his Cultivation base was completely sealed.

"This...." He couldn't feel shocked for long, because Meng Hao passed him and flicked his sleeve. Roaring waves suddenly surged up from the Violet Sea below, completely submerging the old man.

Meanwhile, Sir Wu was closing in. Meng Hao turned, completely ignoring him. He waved his arm, causing a bloody glow to rise up into the sky. Shockingly, an enormous blood-colored face suddenly appeared.

This was the Blood Immortal divine ability. As of now, Meng Hao didn't need to wear the mask to unleash it. As of this point, the mask... could be done without.

The battle power of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage gathered within the blood-colored mask. Sir Wu's face filled with shock as the face slammed into him with an enormous boom. The leaves surrounding him shattered into pieces, and he was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. Before he could emerge from within the sandstorm spell formation, Meng Hao teleported behind him, then lifted up his right hand and pointed.

Boom!

A jade slip appeared in front of Sir Wu. It emanated a soft glow which resisted Meng Hao's finger. However, it only lasted for the space of three breaths before it collapsed.

Sir Wu coughed up more blood. However, he used the three breaths worth of time to employ a blood escape technique to speed away. Even as the blood escape technique was unleashed, Meng Hao's cold voice could be heard in his ear.

"Blood?"

It was only a single word, but it caused a roaring to fill Sir Wu's body. Even in the midst of using his magical escape technique, he was injured again. His face fell. Disregarding the pain, he quickly retrieved a second jade slip from his bag of holding which he violently crushed between his fingers. Another protective shield spread out to surround him and defend against Meng Hao's second finger attack.

A popping sound rang out as the second shield shattered. Sir Wu was finally able to flee outside of the sandstorm spell formation. In that instant, he lifted his head up and roared. Hair disheveled, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the spell formation's sandstorm to whip about and block the area between him and Meng Hao.

As soon as the sandstorm touched Meng Hao, he stopped moving, unable to continue forward. He looked up and saw Sir Wu on the other side, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth and staring back tenaciously at him.

Sir Wu was filled with shock. Just now, their brief encounter in the spell formation caused him to realize just how valiant and fearsome Meng Hao was. If it weren't for the two life-saving jade slips bestowed upon him by Patriarch Huyan, he would certainly have perished just now.

"Guard the spell formation with all your power," he said through clenched teeth. "This man must die!"

The faces of the remaining three Nascent Soul Cultivators were pale. The scene they had just witnessed had left them completely shaken. Huyan Qing's eyes were wide with disbelief.

The sandstorm was filled with shocking killing intent as it closed in around Meng Hao. On the outside, Sir Wu's eyes filled with a strange glow. He flashed a double-handed incantation, causing the sandstorm to tighten around Meng Hao. The other three Nascent Soul Cultivators went all out with the power of their Cultivation bases to assist.

Meng Hao began to move forward. Booming sounds filled the air as the Wind Dragon and the Yellow Dragon inside of the spell formation roared and interlocked. Meng Hao's body trembled and he was forced backwards a few paces, his eyes shining with a strange light.

"Interesting," he said coolly. "It has some impressive sealing power." Outside the spell formation, Sir Wu smiled coldly. He performed an incantation with his right hand and then pointed forward.

“Eight Dragons Defense Expulsion!” Suddenly, a second Wind Dragon appeared within the spell formation, then a third, then a fourth. Three more Yellow Dragons also appeared.

In total, there were eight dragons cycling about. Their appearance caused the spell formation to be even more shocking than before. Each grain of sand in the storm was equipped with the power of an early Nascent Soul stage Cultivation base. The dense masses of sand suddenly began to congeal together, rapidly transforming into more than ten figures. More sand began to congeal, and more figures appeared.

This spell formation was Sir Wu’s trump card. Considering how seriously he took Meng Hao, he didn’t hesitate to use the spell formation’s true power.

This aspect was not actually a formation, but rather, the magical manifestation of a divine ability. In the past, he had relied on its intense power to kill three powerful experts of the same level as himself.

Seeing that Meng Hao was incapable of escaping from within the spell formation, Huyan Qing breathed a sigh of relief. He stood there in the sedan chair, laughing.

“Let’s see how you charge out now! Sir Wu’s Sandstorm Noose has been praised even by my father. You’re dead! No one has ever dared to provoke me. Since you did, since you dared to threaten me, you’re going to die!”

Meng Hao smiled a cold smile. As the spell formation rotated around him, four of the dragons emitted roars of shocking power. There were now over twenty congealed sand figures as well. Each of the figures possessed a Cultivation base of the mid Nascent Soul stage. Harboring no fear of death whatsoever, they immediately charged directly toward Meng Hao. They did not unleash divine abilities, but rather...

“BURST!” howled Sir Wu. This was the deadly function of the spell formation, the self-detonation of the divine ability!

Every detonation was completely equivalent to the self-detonation of a mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivator. The power of twenty mid Nascent Soul stage self-detonations was something that would strike fear into the heart of even someone of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.

By relying on the power of this spell formation’s divine ability, Sir Wu had earned a high reputation in the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Throughout all the Black Lands, he was ranked as one of the most

powerful experts under the Spirit Severing stage. Were that not the case, Patriarch Huyan would not have assigned him the job of protecting his only son.

Right now, his expression was calm and his heart proud as he looked coldly at Meng Hao within the spell formation.

“It doesn’t matter how shocking your Cultivation base is. Within my eight dragons spell formation, you can only curse your own bad fortune. There is no one else to blame.”

The other three old men outside the spell formation wore expressions of pleasant surprise, along with vicious, murderous intent. They smiled coldly as they looked at Meng Hao, who seemed to be trapped like a cornered beast within the spell formation.

Huyan Qing’s laughter became ear-splitting.

Within the spell formation, Meng Hao watched on as the twenty mid Nascent Soul figures began to self-detonate, then coolly said, “Interesting. I never imagined that after coming out of secluded meditation that I would run into someone so strong. It looks like you have the qualifications to make me enter my...

“Second Anima!”

Boom!

Meng Hao’s body instantly grew more powerful. He grew half a head taller, and his shoulders widened. His physical body grew stronger as he was filled with the battle prowess of two great circle Nascent Souls. When he looked up, his eyes shone brightly. Popping sounds could be heard coming from within his body as his aura climbed up. Instantly, the faces of the Cultivators outside of the spell formation filled with intense shock.

It was at this moment that the more than twenty mid Nascent Soul self-detonations exploded out. The power unleashed was shocking, but Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever. He moved forward through the explosions, which didn’t even cause him to tremble in the slightest. The sight caused Sir Wu to gasp. His pupils constricted; he was stupefied.

As for the three other old men, they were even more astonished and filled with disbelief.

“Just... just what level Cultivation base does he have?!?!”

Even as shock caused the four men’s hearts to tremble, Meng Hao shot up into the air. He flew with incredible speed toward Sir Wu. A boom could be heard as he burst out from within the spell formation. The eight dragons roared and tried to encircle him, but Meng Hao waved his hand toward them. Instantly... eight enormous blood-red faces appeared. As soon as they appeared, they exploded, transforming into an attack that swept out in all directions.

Eight bloodcurdling howls could be heard as the dragons were shredded into pieces. The sandstorm spell formation shuddered three times, and then collapsed into fragments. Everyone on the outside of the spell formation was filled with shock. Meng Hao suddenly disappeared, then reappeared directly in front of shocked Sir Wu.

The collapse of the spell formation caused Sir Wu to cough up a mouthful of blood. However, he was an old hand at close-quarters combat. Without hesitation, he fell back, both hands flashing in an incantation gesture. Instantly, wind and sand surrounded him, forming a shield, along with a third jade slip, adding even more protective power.

Unfortunately... as soon as Meng Hao appeared, he pointed with his finger. The shield of wind and sand was ripped apart. The light from the jade slip lasted only for the space of a single breath before collapsing. Sir Wu let out a miserable, despairing cry as Meng Hao’s finger tapped onto his forehead.

All it took was one tap.

Bam!

The power of extermination exploded out within Sir Wu. His body exploded out in all directions. It didn’t matter that he was of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. Meng Hao was currently equipped with twice that level of power. As for Sir Wu... how could he possibly fight back?!