

The Heavens 531

Chapter 531: Karma Threads!

As of this moment, the three old men off to the side were shaking, and their faces were filled with dumbstruck despair. Fear inundated their hearts; this shadow of death which lurked over them far exceeded the mission they had been given by Patriarch Huyan.

Without the slightest hesitation, the three Nascent Soul Cultivators turned and used their most powerful escape arts to flee at top speed. They went all out. One of them, of the mid Nascent Soul stage, crushed a violet-colored jade slip between his fingers, causing a violet glow to surround his body and then propel him away with explosive speed.

Another mid Nascent Soul Cultivator, having witnessed the failure of Sir Wu's blood escape art, and how he was even injured by using it, didn't dare to use the same technique. Instead, he drew upon the life power of his own Nascent Soul, ignoring the fact that it began to wither as a result. He shot away at incredible speed off into the distance.

The final Cultivator had the highest Cultivation base of all, the late Nascent Soul stage. As he fled, he produced a crude Feng Shui compass from his bag of holding which he tossed out in front of him. It immediately emanated three glowing bands of light which stabbed into the air up ahead and then... ripped open a fissure!

Without looking back, he dove into the fissure, the only thing on his mind being escape.

He was already completely shaken and filled with ultimate dread by Meng Hao.

As for Huyan Qing, he was completely stunned by everything that had just happened. His body was shaking and his breath came in ragged pants. His scalp was numb, and his heart was filled with intense regret.

Seeing Sir Wu explode caused his face to drain of blood, and cold sweat to break out all over.

Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, sweeping away the gore that was all that remained of Sir Wu. At the same time, he pointed out with his right index finger. Instantly, several drops of blood flew toward

him from the mass of gore that was flying in the opposite direction. It congealed on his fingertip into a glittering drop of blood.

This blood was heart blood produced by the death of a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator. Meng Hao looked at the blood for a moment and then flung his hand, causing it to split into three parts that shot toward the fleeing Cultivator who was surrounded by the Violet Qi.

The drop of blood transformed into a streak of red as it shot through the air.

At the same time, Meng Hao made a grasping motion with his hand. The Devil Spear appeared along with an excited howling sound. Instantly, black mist roiled out, filled with ferocious faces. Strangely, once the faces saw Meng Hao standing there, they began to tremble and suddenly grew very quiet.

Meng Hao hefted the spear and then tossed it out into the air. Instantly, the ferocious faces within the mist once again began to howl as they shot toward the cultivator who was burning his Nascent Soul in order to flee.

Having done these things, Meng Hao looked over at the late Nascent Soul Cultivator who was now already halfway through the fissure in the air. The fissure itself seemed to be on the verge of closing. Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, causing an emerald glow to appear. Suddenly, a very ordinary looking fishing rod appeared in his hands.

As soon as he held the fishing rod, Meng Hao's entire aura changed. It grew blurry, as if his body were somehow merging into the air around him. When Huyan Qing looked at him, he got a cold feeling, as if he were looking at some sort of predator that he was helpless to resist.

Except, this was not a predator. This was a crushing power from a life force that was levels above him, something that could wrest away his life at any moment.

It was impossible to perfectly describe the feeling in Huyan Qing's heart. He was panting, and his body was trembling. The fear he was experiencing now far exceeded any fear he had felt before in his life.

It wasn't just him who was feeling such fear. The two fleeing mid Nascent Soul stage old men were also trembling, and could sense a pressure bearing down on them that far exceeded their own level. It quickly enveloped their entire hearts and minds.

Their bodies trembled, and their souls shook. Their Karma... was suddenly visible!

“What is this...?”

Most frightened of all was the late Nascent Soul Cultivator who had just passed through the fissure. Although he was on the other side of the fissure from nightmarish Meng Hao, in a different world, the trembling of his soul had reached an intense peak. It was as if some incredible, irresistible coldness were blasting across his body.

“What is this...?”

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he gripped the fishing rod. The world suddenly looked different, colorless. However, bright, colorful lights were visible on top of the heads of the people in front of him.

Meng Hao looked at Huyan Qing. On top of the man’s head was a mass of bright, colorful threads, all grouped together. Shockingly, one of the threads was bright red, and incredibly thick. It was clearly different than the other threads.

At the moment, Huyan Qing’s body was trembling violently. Meng Hao’s gaze and aura were thousands of times more terrifying than they had been before. His look earlier had merely been a threat, but this time, Huyan Qing felt as if his soul were growing cold. It was as if his entire life, all his secrets, were clearly visible to Meng Hao.

It seemed to him that all Meng Hao had to do was wish it, and he would instantly die. He could also tell that such a death would not be an ordinary death, which filled him with indescribable fear.

It was as if... death was frightening enough as it was, but dying at Meng Hao’s hands would be infinitely more miserable and horrifying.

When Meng Hao looked at the other two fleeing mid Nascent Soul Cultivators, they experienced the exact same feeling as Huyan Qing.

Meng Hao could clearly see the brightly colorful threads attached to the tops of their heads. They too had an incredibly thick, red thread that was different from the others.

Those thick threads caused Meng Hao's face to flicker almost undetectably.

"So these are Karma threads," murmured Meng Hao. He looked at the trembling old man on the other side of the disappearing fissure.

He had even more threads attached to his head.

"What a pity," said Meng Hao, shaking his head. "Based on my understanding of Karma, I can't do what Ji Nineteen did, and sever the Karma.... However...." His eyes glinting fiercely, he waved the fishing rod out in front of him.

Instantly, a fishing line flew out. It moved so fast that it didn't seem to move at all. It instantly appeared in front of the trembling old late Nascent Soul Cultivator. The old man suddenly felt something infinitely terrifying. Others could not hear the bloodcurdling scream that came out from his mouth, but Meng Hao could.

Meng Hao saw the line wrap around the old man. When he pulled back on the line, the man's soul was ripped out of his body. His Nascent Soul rapidly withered, and his body turned pale white as he died.

As the fishing line returned to Meng Hao, he reached out and grabbed the soul, then crushed it!

As the soul dissipated, Meng Hao's mind filled with a roaring sound. All of a sudden, he realized that he had a much deeper comprehension of Karma now, although he wasn't sure he could explain exactly how.

When Huyan Qing saw everything that was happening, he could only scream with intense terror. The other two mid Nascent Soul Cultivators were shaking as they fled madly.

Chapter 532: The Death of Huyan Qing!

Next, however, the pursuing drops of blood caught up with their target. They stabbed through the Cultivator, then exploded along with the man's body.

As for the other Cultivator, despite the incredible speed with which he moved, he could not move faster than the Devil Spear. It whistled through the air and then stabbed into him. Instantly, black mist enveloped him. Excited, ferocious faces pounced, and a bloodcurdling scream filled the air. When it finally faded away, only a skeleton remained.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually, from the time the three men began to flee until the moment they were all dead only took the space of about ten breaths.

Meng Hao put the fishing rod away, and then turned to look at Huyan Qing.

When Meng Hao's gaze fell onto him, Huyan Qing fell backward, trembling. He quickly bumped up against the back of the sedan chair.

"Early Nascent Soul Cultivation base," said Meng Hao coolly. "What a pity." This was actually the weakest early Nascent Soul Cultivation base that he had ever seen. "Alright, who's your father?" he continued, his expression the same as ever. He had long since matured to the point where he did not act impulsively. Naturally, he could tell that for this man to have such intrepid guards meant that he had a background beyond the ordinary.

Furthermore, the thick, red threads attached to the heads of these people led to a lot of questions. Furthermore, earlier, the man had made a comment indicating that his father had praised the spell formation of that great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator. He had revealed the information inadvertently in the midst of bragging arrogantly. However, Meng Hao easily put the pieces of information together. How could he not understand the underlying meaning?

Huyan Qing stared in shock. Originally, he had planned to roar out the information about his father in an attempt to shock Meng Hao. Who could ever have imagined that Meng Hao would actually ask for the information of his own initiative?

"My...." Huyan Qing was perturbed and trembling. However, he still shouted out anyway: "My father is Huyan Yunming, Spirit Severing Patriarch of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, from the Heavenly Court Alliance in the Black Lands! If you dare to kill me, my father won't let you go! It doesn't matter where you're from, or who you are, if you dare to hurt me, you're dead beyond the shadow of a doubt!!" As he blathered on, the words came more smoothly. This was what he had originally planned to say to Meng Hao. The fact that Meng Hao had asked for the information of his own initiative had thrown his rhythm into a bit of chaos.

“I have no plans to kill you,” said Meng Hao with a chuckle. “You may leave.” Killing a few Nascent Soul Cultivators was a small matter, and as for this man, Meng Hao had no feud with him. It wouldn’t be worth it to kill him.

Besides, he was the heir of a Spirit Severing Patriarch. He would definitely be equipped with life-saving magical items. If Meng Hao really did try to kill him, it would not only be troublesome, but his own identity would also surely be detected. It was not as if Meng Hao had just entered the Cultivation world. He well knew that if Huyan Qing died, then Patriarch Huyan would track him down to kill him. Although he might be able to evade Patriarch Huyan, his identity could not be kept concealed.

When that happened, the whole Golden Crow Clan’s safety would be in danger, and Meng Hao could not allow that to happen.

That was the original reason why he had chosen to allow Sir Wu and the others to leave. Unfortunately, Huyan Qing didn’t know what was best for his own good and took advantage of his powerful bodyguards to attack Meng Hao. Meng Hao quickly slaughtered them, and now that Huyan Qing was left on his own, he would presumably be a bit more cool-headed.

Even he knew that some people were not to be provoked.

Meng Hao came to the conclusion that since he hadn’t killed the man, he wouldn’t harbor further resentment. Huyan Qing had obviously been completely shaken by the scene from earlier.

In addition, Meng Hao left a strand of Divine Sense on Huyan Qing. Once he returned to his father, Patriarch Huyan, the divine sense would be discovered and provide a complete explanation.

Only people of extraordinary intelligence can reach the point of becoming Spirit Severing Patriarchs. Meng Hao was confident that the man would accept the matter silently and not fly into a rage.

“You’re not going to kill me?” asked Huyan Qing, staring in shock. All of a sudden, he got the feeling that the reason this person wasn’t going to kill him had nothing to do with fear of his father, although he had no idea what the real reason was. Without hesitation, he clenched his teeth and shot away at top speed. As he did, he produced a jade slip which he quickly used to send a summons to other Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members in the area.

Meng Hao ignored Huyan Qing's departure. He once again crossed his legs and began to meditate quietly. He had already decided to wait here quietly before meeting up with Zhixiang to go to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

As he meditated and inspected his seven Nascent Souls, a daring idea suddenly began to form in his mind.

"Right now I have seven Nascent Souls, and a Divine Sense with a range of 29,999 meters. 30,000 meters is the range of Spirit Severing.... I wonder if the possibility exists to form an eighth Nascent Soul? What about nine...? If that happened, and I had a breakthrough in Divine Sense, I would be comparable to the Spirit Severing stage.... Could it be possible that doing so would aid in my understanding of Spirit Severing?" Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao began to pant a little. His eyes suddenly began to shine brightly. After a moment, though, he realized that such a possibility wasn't very realistic.

"I really need to think about the matter more closely. After I give it a try, I'll have a much better idea of how feasible it is. The One Color Soul Procurement Pill is quite interesting. Based on my understanding of the legends, it's only supposed to be effective once. However, it clearly worked twice for me." He had thought about this matter earlier, and had thought of a few possible explanations.

Actually, the foundation he had built up would most likely be a rare thing even in ancient times. He had reached the thirteenth level of Qi Condensation, had formed a perfect Foundation with ten Dao Pillars, reached the great circle of the Perfect Gold Core, and had successfully combined the five elements. Although you couldn't say it was completely unprecedented, it wasn't far off.

"Furthermore, the three great miraculous medicines are also rare. Even in ancient times, few people would have the chance to consume even one of them. As far as the One Color Soul Procurement Pill goes, consuming two wouldn't really be very much different than consuming one. Only by consuming a large number would the cumulative effects be seen. Ancient Cultivators would have no way to be so wasteful, so would naturally assume that it would only be effective if consumed once. That would of course be their understanding. Thus, the rise of the legends." Meng Hao continued to sit there, lost in thought.

Huyan Qing fled for several days without stopping. By now, he had received replies from several Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members, who were now speeding toward him. They should arrive within the amount of time it takes an incense stick to burn.

As of this point, Huyan Qing could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Now that he knew Meng Hao really was going to let him go, he thought back to Meng Hao's fearsomeness, and laughed bitterly. The grave terror that he had experienced had enlightened him quite a bit. He felt a touch of resentment, but recalling the terror that was Meng Hao, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Might as well forget about it," he thought. "To tell the truth, it was me who provoked him. He might be willing to let me go, but if I keep acting the way I did before, eventually I will run into someone who WILL kill me. Even if my father gets revenge afterwards, that wouldn't help me at all... This whole experience is going to be a major turning point in the life of Huyan Qing! From now on, I won't be like that ever again. I'm going to rise to prominence!"

His eyes filled with a stubborn glow as he made his decision. After he got back to the Tribe, he would immediately go into secluded meditation. He would change his arrogant personality, and would focus everything on increasing his Cultivation base. He would never allow himself to experience such terror again in the future.

However, even as Huyan Qing was murmuring to himself and making his decision, a cold laugh suddenly rang out from behind him.

His face flickered as he spun around. What he saw behind him was a black-robed youth. The instant Huyan Qing saw his face, and the killing intent in his eyes, he could only hoarsely stammer: "You... you said you were going to let me go!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the black-robe youth grabbed Huayan Qing's neck and then crushed down viciously.

A cracking sound could be heard. Huyan Qing's eyes went wide and filled with an unyielding regret, as well as confusion. He didn't understand why he had been told he would be set free, only to be then tracked down and attacked like this.

He didn't understand why the life-saving treasures his father had given him didn't activate....

As his eyes grew dim, death neared and the lights began to fade. He suddenly realized that this person in front of him was different than the fearsome Cultivator from before.

He looked the same, but in truth, there were differences.

However, he could not give voice to any of those thoughts. A boom rang out as his body exploded into a haze of blood.

The black-robed youth smiled, and his eyes filled with a red glow. Just when he was about to make his way off, the Violet Sea beneath him suddenly surged with massive waves. He heard a distant roar of fury coming from within the seawater.

“Dammit, this far away and he can still sense things!?! So, he was in the midst of Demonic Transmigration earlier!” The youth’s face fell, and his heart began to pound. His body suddenly disappeared. However, in that moment in which he disappeared, three day’s journey away, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on the surface of the sea, his fury burning. He suddenly shot into the air, the power of a roc exploding out within him. He flew forward at incredible speed. Sonic booms split the air as he shot toward the black-robed youth.

“You dare to try to frame me!?!?”

Chapter 533: Chase and Kill!

Meng Hao’s voice seemed to ring out from the Violet Sea itself. It roared like shocking thunder, causing the face of the black-robed youth to instantly fall. He turned and transformed into a streak of black that shot off into the distance.

“If I’d known he could detect me, I would have held off for longer,” said the black-robed youth through gritted teeth. “Dammit... I wasted an opportunity! Now he knows about me earlier than expected!” His face flickered as he pushed forward with all possible speed.

This was none other than the human-form Black Bat Cultivator!

Years ago, he had been astonished by the will of Meng Hao’s Demonic Transmigration and had fled. Later, after sensing that Meng Hao had returned, it cleverly did nothing to attract his attention.

It knew that relying only on its own power to wrest the true spirit sword away from Meng Hao would be difficult. Therefore, it had decided to make use of one person to get rid of another. The result was the death of Huyan Qing.

“Even though he detected me... my plan still worked. Patriarch Huyan will certainly sense his son’s death!” The black-robed youth’s eyes glittered as he pushed forward even faster.

Even as he fled, Meng Hao's face grew incredibly grim. The power of a roc exploded out around him, transforming into incredible speed. Sonic booms continued to echo out as he shot forward toward the location of the black-robed youth.

The reason why he was able to lock down such a specific location had to do with the Violet Sea, as well as... the strand of divine sense that he had left on Huyan Qing. It didn't matter that the black-robed youth was quite a distance away; he was still directly within Meng Hao's line of sight.

"Who is this person?" thought Meng Hao, his face dark. "Why does he look so much like me? It doesn't seem as if he's in disguise. That seems to be his true appearance...." Meng Hao spent some more time to analyze the young man using the power of his locating technique. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, his eyes widened.

"The Black Bat!"

Although the Black Bat had changed a lot from before, there was still a faint branding on it, placed there by Meng Hao years ago, and impossible to wipe away.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered with killing intent. Killing Huyan Qing was obviously a bald-faced attempt to frame him, and would be difficult to explain. It would all come down to how Patriarch Huyan chose to react.

Meng Hao's face darkened, and his eyes filled with determination. He chose not to spend any more effort thinking about the situation with Huyan Qing. Instead, he focused all his killing intent on the black-robed youth.

The distance between the two of them grew shorter. Meng Hao's speed seemed without limit. The black-robed youth was also incredibly fast, although he couldn't possibly compare to Meng Hao.

"I'm going to have to change my plan...." he thought. "I can't stay in the Western Desert any more. In any case, even though he discovered my plan to frame him, he still won't be able to catch up to me for another day, no matter how fast he is. One day from now, I won't be in the Western Desert any more!" In the middle of speeding along, the black-robed youth suddenly stopped in place. He looked around, a cold smile on his face as he calculated something on his right hand.

"It should be near here. I discovered the teleportation rift leading to the Milky Way Sea in this area all those years ago. Even if it moved a bit, it can't be too far away." His body turned into a flash as he began to search the surroundings.

After enough time passed for two incense sticks to burn, his eyes filled with a happy expression. He stopped in mid air to perform a double-handed incantation, then pointed straight out. Instantly, the air in front of him filled with ripples which spread out in layers to reveal a dim, gray rift.

The rift didn't seem to be anything remarkable. It was apparently sealed; despite being visible, it flickered as if it were unstable.

“Dammit, the rift is on the verge of dissipating. I need some time to stabilize it before entering.... If I remember correctly, there are three teleportation rifts like this in the Western Desert. The next closest one is about seven days away. There's not enough time....” The black-robed youth's face flickered and he ground his teeth. According to his calculations, Meng Hao wouldn't be able to catch up to him within a day. To repair this rift would take about ten hours.

His eyes flickering, the black-robed youth immediately sat cross-legged next to the rift. He spit out some blue-colored blood which he used to brand the rift. The blood transformed into magical symbols, which, when they landed on the rift, fused into it and began to repair it.

Meng Hao sped along above the surface of the Violet Sea. As soon as he sensed that his target had stopped moving, he couldn't help but frown.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he realized that the area around the black-robed youth contained the power of teleportation. Unless something happened, a teleportation portal would open up in the area very soon.

“Second Anima!”

Boom!

Two of Meng Hao's Nascent Souls merged together, causing his battle prowess to leap up, and his body to grow stronger. The power of two great circle Nascent Souls caused his speed to double.

Such speed, combined with the wind power of the roc, caused Meng Hao to move with dramatic speed.

“Third Anima!

“Fourth Anima!

“Fifth Anima!” Meng Hao roared through the air with shocking speed. He went faster, his body grew stronger, and his battle prowess neared its peak.

The combination of the five elements made so that the previous distance of three days between him and the black-robed youth was now reduced to only fourteen hours.

That wasn't good enough for Meng Hao, though. Every moment that passed was a moment in which his quarry might flee. Meng Hao's eyes glinted coldly with killing intent as he entered the Sixth Anima.

Roaring could be heard as Meng Hao's body expanded again. The battle prowess of thirty-two great circle Nascent Souls surged through him, and his speed exploded, doubling yet again.

Cracking could be heard as the air around him shattered. The speed with which he was moving was indescribable. In the blink of an eye, he was tens of thousands of meters away. As of now, he was only about six hours away from his target.

“I can still go faster! Seventh Anima!” With the wave of an arm, he entered the Seventh Anima. Instantly, his appearance became that of an Immortal Devil. He now possessed the battle prowess of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. Yet again, his speed increased explosively.

The speed of the Seventh Anima neared that of the Spirit Severing stage. After only two hours passed, Meng Hao seemed to almost teleport across the Western Desert's Violet Sea. Suddenly, he appeared in the region of the black-robed youth.

By the time he arrived, the black-robed youth had only completed about twenty percent of the necessary repairs on the teleportation rift. Suddenly, he sensed something like a screaming wind. The Violet Sea down below roared and began to swirl into a vortex. An intense sense of deadly crisis suddenly filled the young man, and his heart began to race with fear. Not taking the time to even look behind him, he vanished as he shot off into the distance.

“Who's chasing me? Don't tell me it's Patriarch Huyan! Impossible! When I killed Huyan Qing, I used an ancient time restriction technique. Patriarch Huyan won't detect his son's death for another two days.”

The black-robed youth's heart trembled and his face fell. A gale-force wind screamed toward him from behind with shocking speed. Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth. Within the wind was a tall figure that looked like an Immortal Devil. He moved with shocking speed, and was on top of the black-robed youth in the blink of an eye. The hair on the body of the black-robed youth all stood on end as he looked over his shoulder. His eyes widened, and a grim face could be seen reflected in his pupils, along with an incoming fist.

Having seen Meng Hao's face, the black-robed youth screeched: "Impossible!!"

BAM!!

Meng Hao's fist slammed into the young man's belly. It was a punch delivered when in the Seventh Anima, backed by the battle prowess of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. The power exploded out through the body of the black-robed youth.

A massive roar lifted up into the air. Blood sprayed from the young man's mouth, and his body began to fall apart. His stomach completely caved in, transforming into a mass of mangled, bloody flesh. His entire person shot backward, and continuously coughed up multiple mouthfuls of blood. His expression was one of astonishment and utter disbelief, and his face was pale white.

The power he sensed in Meng Hao was one that could annihilate anything. It was an indescribably fearsome aura that caused him to tremble with incredible fear.

"What's impossible, bitch?!" said Meng Hao, his body flickering to appear in front of the black-robed youth. "You dare to frame me?!" His right hand clenched into a fist again.

BANG!

The black-robed youth let out a bloodcurdling shriek as he was once again sent tumbling backward. This time, his abdomen literally exploded, ripping off the bottom half of his body, wiping it away in a haze of blood.

The only thing left was his upper torso. Suddenly, his back ripped open, and two huge bat wings unfurled. They virtually blurred as he shot away at high speed.

“Wanna run?” snorted Meng Hao, his eyes flickering with intense killing intent as he continued to stay within the Seventh Anima. The sound of the snort caused the Black Bat turned black-robed youth to cough up more blood. Suddenly, Meng Hao disappeared, only to directly appear behind him. His heart trembled as Meng Hao reached out to grab onto him.

The black-robed youth let out a miserable shriek. He didn’t turn, but rather contracted his wings in an attempt to block Meng Hao’s hand. Killing intent glittered in Meng Hao’s eyes as he casually grabbed both the wings and then pulled hard.

A bloodcurdling scream could be heard as the two wings were completely ripped off of his body. Blood showered from the young man’s mouth. He suddenly flashed, reappearing off in the distance. The bottom half of his body had been ripped off, along with his wings. He was in a dire situation. However, it was at this point that within his left eye suddenly appeared the image of a corpse.

“How can you be so powerful?” he said, his face pale. “This is impossible!!” Even as he spoke, he performed incantation gestures. Suddenly, a ghost image sprang up around him.

Meng Hao flicked his hand to toss away the two wings, then looked coldly at the black-robed youth.

“You backstabbing bastard,” said Meng Hao. “I helped you unseal yourself that year, giving you the power to recover. Despite all that, you still try to secretly harm me?!” With that, Meng Hao blasted forward. He moved so fast that you couldn’t even see him. The only thing that was visible was the black-robed youth tumbling backward again.

Chapter 534: Who’s the Fisherman Now?!

It didn’t matter that the Black Bat was something from ancient times. In front of Meng Hao’s Seventh Anima, it was completely incapable of making a counterattack. As it retreated, its body suddenly broke up into countless pieces, transforming into thousands of bats.

The bats instantly scattered in all directions in retreat.

Meng Hao was currently consumed with the desire to kill. He gave a cold snort and then waved his right hand. The Devil Spear appeared in front of him. He slapped it, sending power from his Cultivation base exploding inside. The spear instantly exploded.

The resulting black mist expanded out, filled with innumerable vicious faces that shot toward the fleeing bats and began to consume them.

In the blink of an eye, countless miserable shrieks filled the air. After only a few breaths of time, there were only a few hundred bats left from the original group of thousands.

The remaining bats quickly reformed. A pop rang out as they transformed back into a physical form. This time, it did not look like the black-robed youth, but rather, the enormous Black Bat.

The Black Bat's eyes were filled with terror. The instant in which it appeared, it tried to flee, but Meng Hao shot forward, appeared directly in front of it. The Black Bat gave a cry of despair as Meng Hao lifted his hand up and pushed a finger down into its forehead. The power of extermination exploded out. It was like layered ripples of destruction that swept through the body of the Black Bat.

Booms rang out ceaselessly as the Black Bat screamed. Its body directly exploded into a haze of blood which spread out in all direction. Only the head remained, which Meng Hao grabbed and put into his bag of holding.

After the death occurred, the surroundings slowly grew quiet and peaceful.

Meanwhile, nearly a year's travel away in the Western Desert North region, far down at the bottom of the sea, a corpse sat cross-legged.

Half of its body was human, the other half, beastly. This was the creature from which Meng Hao had acquired the third wooden sword in the Crow Divinity Holy Land all those years ago. It was also the same creature that the black-robed youth had absorbed into his left eye and then suppressed.

Now, however, the corpse looked different than before; it had conspicuous bat wings sticking out from its back. It sat there motionless on the seafloor, lifeless, filled with an aura of death that was much like the Violet Sea around it.

Suddenly, the empty eyes of the corpse began to glow with light. The glow grew more and more obvious as an aura of life suddenly rose up within its body. Cracking sounds could be heard as it suddenly moved its neck.

Its rotten lips suddenly curved into a cold smile.

“Petty Cultivator,” said the corpse in a grating voice. “He thinks he’s clever and shrewd, but compared to a spirit like me, he’s nothing. In the moment he was congratulating himself on his victory, I managed to slip out like a cicada shedding its skin.

“He’s definitely powerful, though. Thankfully, I was doubly prepared with an extremely realistic second body. Even the will of that body actually wasn’t aware that my true self was doubly prepared. Too bad it really was killed.

“However, that’s also a good thing. Because he thinks that I’ve perished, I can watch on secretly to see what conflicts develop between him and Patriarch Huyan.

“When the crane and the clam fight, it’s the fisherman who benefits. And I... am the fisherman!” The corpse’s smile grew even colder and grimmer.

This corpse was the true Black Bat. Even as it sat there at the bottom of the sea, Meng Hao was back at the location in which he had killed the black-robed youth, frowning.

Everything had happened too smoothly, almost like water being poured down a gutter. It was like nothing had even happened at all. The profundity of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base made everything incredibly simple.

However, Meng Hao still felt as if something weren’t right.

Muttering to himself, his eyes flickered as he pulled out the Ji Clan fishing rod. The instant he touched the rod, a strange light flickered in his eyes. He watched as the bits of flesh and blood which were scattered around, the remains of the Black Bat, suddenly stopped moving.

On each piece of flesh or blood, Karma threads could be seen. Shockingly, almost all of the Karma threads were heading in the same direction.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed in concentration. His will began to follow the Karma threads through the air until they sank into the Violet Sea. They continued onward north, to the seafloor, where he finally saw the corpse with its grim smile.

As soon as his gaze fell upon the corpse, its face flickered and it looked up in disbelief.

At the same time, Meng Hao's will vanished from the Karma threads. He returned to his normal state and put the fishing rod away, his face extremely dark.

"So, something WAS going on!" he said, looking toward the Western Desert North region, killing intent flickering in his eyes.

Back in north, the Black Bat's eyes shone with a mysterious light, and its expression was one of fear, then suspicious. Finally, it grew even grimmer than before.

"I musn't underestimate this guy. Just what method did he use to find me so easily? It gives me a very strange feeling." It rose to its feet thoughtfully, then shot up out from within the Violet Sea.

"It doesn't matter. I can't stay here any more. I need to go hide in the Milky Way Sea. This Meng Hao... is too bizarre!" Its body flickered as it flew off into the distance.

A year's travel away, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then slowly sank back down into the Violet Sea. He sat down cross-legged on the seafloor, his eyes shining with an intense desire to kill.

"I might be far away, but... I still have ways to kill you!" He closed his eyes. In that instant, he sent his will out to combine with the Violet Sea.

As of now, Meng Hao was being incarnated into the Violet Sea in a way much similar to what had occurred when he was in the midst of Demonic Transmigration. This time, he was fundamentally awake, so he would not lose himself.

Because of that, however, he would be incapable of wielding the complete power of the Violet Sea.

The instant in which Meng Hao's will fused with the Violet Sea, the entire sea instantly churned with enormous waves, and roaring filled the air. In the Western Desert North region, the corpse was speeding along. All of a sudden, streaks of blood appeared on its body. Down below, the Violet Sea roared and transformed into a whirlpool. The corpse's face instantly fell.

At the same time, a powerful roaring voice could be heard coming from within the whirlpool.

“You want to frame Meng Hao and get away scot free? I don’t think so.” The voice became a roar like that of thunder, causing the corpse’s face to fall even further. It took a deep breath. After pausing for a brief moment, it shot off as fast as possible.

As it fled, the water on the surface of the Violet Sea in the Western Desert North region began to congeal together. A gigantic hand suddenly began to stretch up out from the deep waters. The hand shot up toward the fleeing corpse.

The instant that the hand touched the corpse, the corpse opened its mouth to speak strange, complex words. The words transformed into a power that seemed to be of a different world, filled with ancient archaicness.

BOOM!

The explosive power of the words caused ripples to surround the corpse. Within the ripples could be seen reflections of an ancient world that had existed an indefinite amount of years in the past. The view was indistinct, but a roaring sound filled the air nonetheless.

The Violet Sea hand collapsed. However, the corpse’s aura had clearly been weakened.

Without hesitation, it shot away at top speed. However, even as it did, eight more enormous hands suddenly began to rise up out of the sea, stretching out toward the fleeing corpse to reach toward it.

Booms rose up into the sky and echoed out across the sea waters. The corpse, its face filled with astonishment, spit out some life Qi. It performed a double-handed incantation, causing an undulating power to appear, some type of magical technique Meng Hao had never seen before.

It was formed of numerous bizarre magical symbols, each one of which seemed to pulse with a unique power that the Violet Sea was incapable of resisting.

Down in the Violet Sea, Meng Hao gave a cold snort. Even as the Black Bat corpse, grew weaker and weaker, an enormous face suddenly began to bulge out of the surface of the sea.

The face was none other than Meng Hao’s!

Meng Hao might have been submerged on the bottom of the seafloor, but his will was engaged in fierce battle with the Black Bat corpse.

Meanwhile, back in the Black Lands, in a mountain valley filled with peach blossoms, was the enormous temple gate of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

The valley was filled with birdsongs and the lovely fragrance of flowers. It was like a realm of Immortals. In one particular pavilion were two middle-aged men.

One was sitting in meditation, the other was standing. One wore a black robe, the other a white one.

However, their facial features were exactly alike.

The white-robed man sat cross-legged in meditation, unmoving. It seemed as if his will were eternally fused into the world. Unless some shocking event occurred that rocked the entire Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, he would remain there, unwaking.

He was completely immersed in secluded meditation, having spent years stabilizing himself after Severing his first Spirit and recovering the damage to his body.

Generally speaking, daily affairs were handled by his Divine Clone, who was of course the black-robed man who stood there across from him.

The black-robed man's face was extremely grim as he looked down at the shattered jade slip he held in his hand. His eyes radiated grief, and then... a towering viciousness.

“Someone dared to slay my only son.... He was a bit arrogant, and often handled himself poorly. But... he was my only son, the only son of Huyan Yunming! It doesn't matter what he did, no one is qualified to chide him, much less kill him!”

The white-robed man who sat there in meditation was none other than Huyan Qing's father, the only Spirit Severing Cultivator of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, Patriarch Huyan.

The black-robed man, the Divine Clone, was also the translucent figure that Huyan Yunming had sent after Meng Hao that year to rob him of the Demon Spirit.

“If someone cuts off the line of Huyan Yunming, then I will exterminate his entire Clan!” The black-robed man flicked his sleeve and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was in mid-air above the Black Lands. His body flickered, and he was then outside of Blackgate Fort. Shockingly, he used greater teleportation again, and was now in mid-air above the Violet Sea

His Divine Sense shot out, sweeping about the area, looking for the location where Huyan Qing had been killed, as well as the person who killed him.

A few hours later, he found the location. As he floated there thoughtfully in mid-air, his face grew grimmer and grimmer. He waved his hand, causing Huyan Qing’s life slip to transform into ash. As the bits of ash floated out to fill the area, they began to glow.

The softly glowing lights began to interlock, transforming into a screen. Visible on the screen was none other than the black-robed youth!

Chapter 535: Will of a True Spirit!

Patriarch Huyan looked down at the screen which was formed from the dust of the jade slip, and his eyes began to shine brightly. There was something about the person depicted that seemed familiar. He studied the face for a moment, whereupon his aura suddenly grew dark and cold.

“It’s him.... The totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Tribe. He had a second Demon Spirit which I went after, only to be stopped by that strange woman. She left me with no choice but to flee.”

He thought for a moment before his eyes suddenly glittered and he suppressed the grief in his heart. He had suddenly noticed a few odd things.

“Before Qing’er died, none of the lifesaving treasures that I gave him activated. That’s the first strange thing.

“Furthermore, he clearly died a day ago. However, something was deliberately preventing me from detecting the death until now.

“This image is very clear, almost as if this person were deliberately making sure that Qing’er would remember his face.” After thinking for a moment, Patriarch Huyan began to perform an incantation with his right hand. After a long moment passed, he looked up and then vanished.

It wasn't long before he reappeared in the location where Meng Hao had destroyed Sir Wu and the others. He looked around carefully for a while before his eyes began to glow with killing intent.

"Wu Huai died here, as well as the others... Clearly, they were killed by a Cultivator of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. His battle prowess is beyond ordinary.

"However, Qing'er was killed in a different location." Patriarch Huyan had lived for many years, and was as crafty as a fox. Were he not incredibly intelligent, he would never have been able to achieve the illustrious position of Tribal Patriarch. Based on the clues, he was immediately able to piece together what really happened.

It was obvious to him that the great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator had only killed the men in this location. Afterward, he had allowed Huyan Qing to leave.

"Let's check the appearance of the person who killed Wu Huai and the others, and everything will be made completely clear." Patriarch Huyan waved his sleeve, causing the air to ripple. Moments later, another screen appeared, upon which was visible the image of Meng Hao killing Wu Huai.

Although the image was not incredibly clear, Patriarch Huyan recognized Meng Hao at a glance. At the same time, he could see some differences between Meng Hao and the black-robed youth.

"So, it wasn't the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Clan who killed Qing'er." Now that he understood this, Patriarch Huyan turned and sent his Divine Sense shooting out in all directions across the Violet Sea.

Unfortunately, he was incapable of sensing Meng Hao down at the bottom of the sea, nor could he detect the fighting that was occurring a year's travel away in the Western Desert North region. After searching the immediate area, Patriarch Huyan gave up. Face grim, he began to fly back to the Black Lands.

"Although this Meng Hao wasn't the actual perpetrator, the fact that he was being framed by that strange person shows that the two of them have some sort of connection.

"If I can't track down the true killer, then I need to find Meng Hao. I'll use Soulsearch on him to discover the identity of the killer. That is how to solve this problem!

“As for Meng Hao, there’s no need to go looking for him. I can force him to be a good boy and come out! Whether or not he lives through the Soulsearch has nothing to do with me. He can only blame... his own bad fortune!” Patriarch Huyan’s eyes flickered with killing intent. His plan to force Meng Hao to show his face was simple; he would simply put some pressure on the Golden Crow Clan.

With a cold harrumph, Patriarch Huyan turned; his body flickered as he shot toward the Black Lands.

Meanwhile, booming roars filled the air in the Western Desert North Region. Meng Hao’s face rose up from the water. His eyes glowed with a bright light as he stared fixedly at the corpse which hovered in mid-air.

Soon, the somewhat indistinct face had completely emerged from the water. Beneath it was an enormous column of water that surged up toward the corpse, which was incapable of avoiding it. The column of water instantly enveloped the corpse.

There was a boom, and then popping sounds could be heard from inside the body. The corpse’s eyes flickered brightly. It suddenly used some unknown technique to cause its body to shockingly be surrounded by eight glittering magical symbols that resisted the manifestation of the Violet Sea.

After the space of four or five breaths, the water cascaded back down into the sea. Trembling, the corpse spit out a large mouthful of life Qi. Its body was beginning to fall apart. One of its legs directly transformed into ash. Its expression was ferocious as it turned and shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao’s will was locked onto the corpse. Were his true self here, then the corpse would have no hope whatsoever of getting away. At the moment, his will was fused with the Violet Sea. However, because he had not completed the Demonic Transmigration which would have resulted in him losing himself in the process, then the battle prowess he could wield was not sufficient to restrain the corpse.

“If you want to get away, you’ll have to pay the price!” Meng Hao’s face once again appeared on the surface of the water. The eyes of the face flickered, then closed, and suddenly the entire face disappeared. At the same time, drops of violet seawater began to rise up into the air.

Meng Hao’s voice then rang out, filled with killing intent: “Blood Rising!”

Massive amounts of water shot up, covering the sky as it shot toward the corpse.

The corpse's eyes widened and it immediately began to perform an incantation gesture. Magical symbols poured out of its body, swirling out to meet the incoming seawater. Incredible booming echoed out. The corpse fell back, spitting out mouthfuls of life Qi. In the end, the seawater dispersed, and the corpse heaved a huge sigh. It was just about to continue fleeing off into the distance when suddenly, a gigantic fist shot out from within the sea. The previous mass of water had concealed its presence, so as it moved with incredible speed, the corpse was instantly overwhelmed.

Cracking sounds could be heard, and the corpse emitted a miserable shriek. As it tumbled backward, its other leg exploded, forcing it to flee with only half of a body.

Unfortunately, even as it made to leave, a huge wave appeared in front of it. The seawater then congealed together into an enormous head. The facial features of this head belonged to none other than Meng Hao. This was not just a face, but a full head, fully three thousand meters wide. It rose up out of the depths of the sea to block the path of the Black Bat corpse.

“Dammit!!” The heart of the Black Bat corpse was completely shaken, and its scalp was numb. It began to tremble as it turned and changed directions. It was now thoroughly in fear of Meng Hao. Back when it had planned to frame him, how could it possibly have imagined that even being doubly prepared, it would still be powerless to prevent Meng Hao from killing it.

In fact, Meng Hao wasn't even here in person. By merely fusing his will into the Violet Sea, he was still able to push the Black Bat into this difficult situation. Because of this, it felt incredible fear of Meng Hao.

Before it could even employ any divine abilities, a roaring sound could be heard as the sea suddenly began to churn. Two gigantic arms composed of vast quantities of seawater rose up from within a boundless whirlpool. The two arms moved with astonishing speed as they suddenly clapped their hands toward the Black Bat corpse.

Each of these speeding hands was several hundred meters long, and kicked up a huge wind, along with mighty waves. It was as if the entire area was sealed. The Black Bat corpse was terror-stricken. The shadow of death seemed to loom up within its heart.

In this moment of grave crisis, the Black Bat corpse suddenly lifted its head back and let out a mournful shriek. “Bat Asura True Spirit!!”

Suddenly, a black beam shot out of its forehead.

As soon as the beam appeared, everything began to tremble. The Violet Sea shook, and something like a ghost image of the entire world suddenly appeared. A power that seemed to stem from an otherworldly aura instantly shot out from the forehead of the Black Bat corpse.

Meanwhile... in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven was an enormous altar. The altar had been circling around South Heaven for innumerable years. This was Planet South Heaven's most mysterious...

Immortality Bestowal Dais!

The vast collection of names carved into the Immortality Bestowal Dais suddenly began to flicker with glowing light. An archaic aura was awakening!

The rumble of an ancient voice, filled with countless years, suddenly could be heard. "The will of a true spirit. An actualized body in South Heaven.... So, a true spirit Immortal Murdering Sword must have appeared in the world! As to whether or not I am a false Immortal, I should be able to find out after receiving a stab from that sword!"

Meanwhile, back in the Western Desert, the Black Bat was letting out a miserable howl. The black beam emanating from its forehead gradually expanded, enveloping its entire head, seemingly growing weaker as it did.

At the same time the two arms of seawater grew closer. Two gigantic hands slapped down onto the Black Bat corpse.

A huge boom could be heard. An intense aftershock spread out, causing the two hands to collapse into pieces, along with the arms. The water cascaded back down into the sea. The head of Meng Hao, which appeared almost to be bleeding from its orifices, also shattered.

Simultaneously, the Black Bat corpse completely exploded, with the exception of its head. Its head continued to emit a black glow as it shot off like a meteor. A shrill, hateful shriek could be heard as it disappeared.

The instant it disappeared, the huge waves on the surface of the sea died down. Everything returned to normal. Meng Hao retracted his will from the Violet Sea. Back in the location where his true self

sat cross-legged in meditation, a tremor suddenly ran through his body. His face was pale white as he retreated from the Seventh Anima to the First. His eyes snapped open.

“It’s too bad I couldn’t completely destroy that Demonic thing. If my true self had been there it would have been a different story.... That having been said, it was seriously injured. It’s going to take it quite a bit of time to recover. Next time we meet, I’ll definitely kill it!” His eyes shone with a bright light, and his jaw was set with determination.

“Just what power was it that it used at the end.... It was very strange.” Lost in thought, he looked down at his bag of holding. As of this moment, he could clearly sense that one of his Immortal Murdering Swords was filled with an intense, trembling yearning.

“Perhaps I can get some answers about these wooden swords from that Black Bat.” Meng Hao shot up and was about to emerge from the sea when suddenly, his eyes widened and he sank back down. Without hesitation, he fused his will into the Violet Sea, concealing himself.

It was at this moment that an ancient Divine Sense from far up in the Heavens suddenly began to sweep across the Western Desert. It seemed to be looking for something, but was thankfully obstructed by the Violet Sea. Because Meng Hao was currently merged with the Violet Sea and also concealed inside of it, the intrepid Divine Sense passed by and didn’t detect him. Instead, it began to move in the direction the Black Bat had fled in.

The power of the Divine Sense reminded Meng Hao of the eight Immortals he had seen outside the Realm of the Bridge Ruins that year!

“What was it looking for?” he thought, his eyes glittering. He did not leave, but rather, sat there for several more days. During that time, the Divine Sense appeared three more times; clearly it was looking for something. However, after several more days passed, it completely vanished.

Meng Hao waited even longer. When he was sure that the Divine Sense was truly gone, he shot up out of the sea to stand on its surface. By this point, he had a vague sense that the Divine Sense from up in the Heavens had been looking for the Immortal Murdering Sword!

Chapter 536: Everything had Changed!

Meng Hao slowly reached up to slap his bag of holding. Instantly, a head appeared in his hand. This was the head of the black-robed youth form of the Black Bat.

Although, at this point it actually didn't look much like a human, but rather, more like a bat. Its eyes were blank, but there was still a bit of terror and despair visible within them. Anyone who looked at it would definitely have an indescribable, violent reaction.

Meng Hao had intentionally kept the head for the purpose of resolving any unnecessary disputes. Huyan Qing's death had been perpetrated by the Black Bat with the specific intention of framing him. Meng Hao had no idea of knowing whether Patriarch Huyan would be able to sort through the clues. Therefore, he kept the head to be able to answer any questions.

His body turned, flickering as he headed toward one of the Western Desert Violet Sea's ten outpost cities that he had become aware of when his consciousness was merged with the sea.

The nearest one was the seventh outpost.

"All of the outposts are guarded by Black Lands Cultivators. Obviously, the only people who would have the resources to build such towering outposts as these would be backed by the Heavenly Court Alliance.

"I'll deliver the head up there. There will certainly be people who can then send it to Patriarch Huyan." Meng Hao moved along at top speed for three days. It was at that point that off in the distance he noticed a collection of what looked like airships floating above the water, roped together to form a crude outpost.

There were quite a few wooden structures built on top of them, and what appeared to be over a thousand Cultivators. The hubbub of voices and conversations echoed out across the waters, making the whole scene very lively.

There were a handful of Cultivators patrolling the perimeter with cold expressions. They wore black robes embroidered with decorations of butterflies flying within layers of clouds. These were of course the city guards.

Cultivators often engaged in trade here. The powers in the Black Lands planned to use these outposts as a foundation to build hundreds more such locations in the coming years.

There were of course spell formations protecting the outpost from Divine Sense. Unless Meng Hao went past the First Anima, he would have difficulty extending his Divine Sense inside.

Meng Hao neared the city at around noontime. His approach instantly attracted the attention of the Cultivators in the outpost, especially the city guards, whose eyes went wide. Meng Hao's great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base instantly put them on guard. They did nothing to block his way, instead allowing him to enter the city unobstructed.

As soon as he entered the city, Meng Hao could feel the power of a spell formation sweep over him, much like Divine Sense. It covered his entire body, then suddenly paused, as if it were preparing to lock him down in place so that he couldn't move.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He had come for the Heavenly Court Alliance. If the people here were looking for him specifically, then it meant that in response to Huyan Qing's death, Patriarch Huyan had made advanced preparations. It would also mean that he knew Meng Hao's identity.

If nobody was specifically seeking him out, then that would provide some additional food for thought.

Even as Meng Hao arrived, two old men sat meditating in a particularly luxurious airship among the numerous airships that made up the outpost.

One of the men wore a long red robe, and was of the late Nascent Soul stage. The other old man next to him wore a black black gown, and had some brightly colored totem tattoos on his face. His eyes were closed, and he emanated the fluctuations of a Nascent Soul Cultivation base that was nearing the great circle, but was still some distance away.

These two men were the most powerful experts dispatched to this location by the Heavenly Court Alliance.

As soon as Meng Hao stepped foot into the outpost, a flickering, glowing screen suddenly appeared in front of the two old men.

They both opened their eyes to look at the screen, whereupon they saw Meng Hao.

On the screen, Meng Hao was surrounded by pulsing red lights. The lights were not coming from Meng Hao, but rather, the outpost's spell formation. They were marking out his location!

“Level red on the wanted list.... This person....”

“It’s him! That’s the guy that Patriarch Huyan personally put onto the wanted list a few days ago.” The eyes of the two old men widened as they looked at each other. Both of them had expressions of concentration and thoughtfulness.

“I remember that according to the information on the wanted list, if you notify Patriarch Huyan, you can acquire a magical item personally created by him! And if you capture this man alive, then Patriarch Huyan will owe a personal debt!”

The fires of anticipation burned within the eyes of the two men. They were clearly both thinking the same thing.

They looked at each other for a moment, and their faces filled with determination. As Cultivators, they did not fear danger. What they feared was lacking the courage to face danger. After all, great rewards... come only from facing great danger!

Earning a personal debt from a Spirit Severing Patriarch was definitely worth facing danger in this situation. Even though this Cultivator seemed to have a strange Cultivation base that was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, they had the cooperation of other Nascent Soul Cultivators, plus the spell formation. It was not an impossible task.

“Activate the spell formation!”

“All Nascent Soul Cultivators, the time has come to make our move!”

Almost at the same moment in which all the Nascent Soul Cultivators in the seventh outpost were receiving the message of the two old men, Meng Hao was walking through the crowds in the middle of the outpost. He looked around at all the hustle and bustle, somewhat in a trance. Now that he thought about it, he had just emerged from more than a hundred years of secluded meditation.

“More than a hundred years....” He sighed softly. Memories slowly flooded up like the tide. Suddenly, he recalled all the familiar faces he had seen when he was fused with the Violet Sea.

He thought about that teardrop.

Filled with melancholy, he walked through the outpost until he was nearing its far edge. It was at this point that he suddenly stopped in place and looked up. For the first time in more than a hundred years... a tremor of anger ran through his body.

Up ahead of him, hanging from a rack... were more than fifty people.

More than fifty people. Many were gasping and on the verge of death. Half, though, were actually dead. Their corpses hung there, exposed to the elements, surrounded by an aura of death.

Their bodies were covered with scars and bruises. It was impossible to say how much torment they had endured. Those who hadn't died wore vacant expressions, as if they were looking at something far, far away.

None of them emitted any wails or screams. All of them maintained silence.

One of the people was an old woman. Her face was wrinkled, her body withered and covered with lash marks, her hair pure white. She was clearly in very sore straits. However, if you looked closely, you could tell that when this woman had been young, she had been beautiful.

She gazed off into the distance, her eyes filled with despair. It was hard to tell what she was thinking. However, her heart clearly burned with an ever burning life force. It was as if her heart raged with incredible hatred.

A roaring sound filled Meng Hao's mind, and an intense, unprecedented coldness filled his face, the likes of which hadn't appeared for more than a hundred years. Even when facing the Black Bat, Meng Hao's fury was nothing compared to the feeling he was experiencing now.

His body trembled as his rage began to reach a pinnacle, a place where he could not control it. Coldness began to radiate off him in pulses. Ice appeared on the wooden planks beneath his feet, and enormous waves began to roll across the surface of the Violet Sea outside the outpost.

His brain suddenly filled with memories of the past.

"Senior, this is my older sister, Wu Ling."

"If you dare to deceive my little brother, then I won't rest until you're dead!"

“Senior, I, Wu Ling, am willing to do anything for my younger brother, anything! I can even be your...” The echoing voice in his mind seemed to transform into the old woman in front of him.

She had once been nothing but a young girl. The passage of time, however, had transformed her beauty into ancientness.

Meng Hao was just barely able to recognize this old woman as none other than... Wu Ling!

As for the other people who were hanging on the racks, Meng Hao recognized four or five of them. They were none other than... members of the Golden Crow Tribe!

As Meng Hao looked at the members of the Golden Crow Tribe, some of the surrounding Cultivators watched on and sighed. They glanced at the hanging Golden Crow Tribe members and talked about them in low voices.

“There are members of the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan hanging in all of the ten outposts. They shouldn’t have provoked the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe and Patriarch Huyan.”

“The real one to blame is their former totemic Sacred Ancient. He actually killed Patriarch Huyan’s only son. That’s simply too much of a provocation. All of the powers in the Black Lands were completely astonished when it happened.”

“Heh heh. This collection of corpses and half-dead Cultivators is all to force the old Golden Crow Tribe totemic Sacred Ancient to show his face. If I remember correctly, his name is Meng Hao, right?”

“I even heard that the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe made an announcement that for every day Meng Hao doesn’t show up, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe will kill one hundred members of the Golden Crow Tribe.”

The words stabbed into Meng Hao’s heart like sharp knives. His heart felt as if it were being ripped open. His face was pale white, and the ice beneath his feet grew even thicker.

His breath came in sharp stabs, and his eyes filled with veins of blood and a glow of red.

He had never imagined that Patriarch Huyan would actually... do something so heartless. Such deeds showed that he completely disregarded Meng Hao. This was the action of someone who felt himself to be in a position of vast superiority. Even though he knew that the crime had not been committed by Meng Hao, he still dragged him into the issue.

“Golden Crow Tribe....” The roaring of the Violet Sea grew even more intense. Quite a few of the Cultivators were looking out in astonishment. There were also some who had noticed that something seemed a little bit off about Meng Hao.

Among the group of fifty hanging on the racks, Wu Ling suddenly seemed to sense something. With great effort, she turned her head and... looked at Meng Hao.

The instant she saw him, an expression of shock filled her face.

Slowly, a smile spread out. Meng Hao looked at her, his expression one of guilt, but mostly, of unsurpassable fury.

As of this moment, the hushed conversations in the area had been interrupted by the churning of the Violet Sea. There were two sentences, however, which rung out into Meng Hao’s ears.

“The Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan actually split because of this matter. The Black Dragon Tribe took the opportunity to once again stand on their own. The Golden Crow Tribe barely managed to escape complete calamity. I heard that the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe actually went to war with them, and that the war is still raging even as we speak. There is no clear winner right now, but recently, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe managed to capture about five hundred members of the Golden Crow Tribe.”

“The Golden Crow Tribe is still amazing, though. They are even more powerful than the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe anticipated. The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe has suffered quite a few casualties, and finally mobilized their entire Tribe to go to war.”

After hearing these words, the roaring Violet Sea outside the outpost suddenly exploded up. The coldness beneath Meng Hao’s feet swept out in all directions, covering the entire outpost.

Everything had changed!

Chapter 537: Awaken, Mastiff!

Meng Hao's body trembled and his mind filled with roaring. Intense fury exploded out from within his heart.

“Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!!

“Huyan Yunming, you cretin!!”

The Violet Sea roared and coldness spread out in all directions, causing something that appeared like snowflakes to appear in the air. Within the outpost, all of the Cultivators were incapable of preventing a shudder from passing through their bodies. As for the ones near Meng Hao, they started to shake as they looked over at Meng Hao.

Figures appeared, surrounding Meng Hao, nine Nascent Soul Cultivators. The two old experts who were in charge of the outpost also appeared, floating in mid-air.

Next, the spell formation in the outpost activated completely. Roaring sounds echoed about as the entire area was enveloped with an enormous pressure that constantly pushed down on Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao,” said the black-robed old man, “you ruthlessly slaughtered Conclave members of the Heavenly Court Alliance. Now you dare to show your face in this outpost? We have come here today to take your head!” Even as his voice echoed about the city, dozens of Alliance members appeared in the area. They sat there cross-legged, maintaining the rotation of the spell formation.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red, and his heart dripped with blood. He did not kill Huyan Qing; in fact, in an attempt to prevent any misunderstandings, he annihilated the Black Bat and brought its head to offer explanation.

He simply didn't believe that Patriarch Huyan, with his level of Cultivation base and powers of insight, would not be able to read the clues surrounding Huyan Qing's death. Now he could see clearly that the damnable Huyan had no intention of discussing matters rationally.

“Patriarch Huyan, since you're so dead set on dragging me into the matter, then... go ahead and consider Huyan Qing to have been killed by Meng Hao!” Setting his jaw with determination, he slapped his bag of holding to produce the head of the Black Bat. Before, he had viewed the head as all the proof needed to explain things clearly. Now, he simply waved his hand, causing it to explode into ash.

As the head transformed into ash, the killing intent in Meng Hao's eyes exploded to incredible heights. His aura suddenly became icy to a shocking extent.

"Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, as long as I, Meng Hao, am alive on this earth, I will wipe out your Tribe and all your bloodlines!" With that, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing a powerful wind to kick up. It swept the dozens of Golden Crow Tribe members up off the racks and then deposited them on the ground.

After that, the wind transformed into life force, which nourished Wu Ling and the others, restoring them to health. As for the dead Tribe members, there was nothing that could be done for them now.

Including Wu Ling, there were four or five original Crow Divinity Tribe members who had traveled the long campaign trail with Meng Hao. When they saw Meng Hao, their bodies trembled and their eyes filled with intense excitement and determination. They immediately knelt and kowtowed to Meng Hao.

In the loudest voices they could possibly muster, they shouted out, releasing all the pressure and hope that existed within their hearts.

"Greetings, Sacred Ancient!!"

The other Tribe members were people who had been born in the past hundred years. They had never seen Meng Hao before, but they had seen his statue. Now that they were able to personally lay eyes on this most senior member of the Tribe, they began to tremble. Their faces pale, they ignored the weakened state of their body to drop to their knees and kowtow. They too shouted:

"Greetings, Sacred Ancient!!"

Their voices echoed out in all directions. When you added the words spoken by the black-robed old man, whose tone made it sound as if he were facing a mortal enemy, the rest of the Cultivators in the seventh outpost felt their hearts shaking. Their eyes went wide as they looked at Meng Hao. Now that they thought about it, all of them had heard legends about Meng Hao during the past hundred years.

Without a single exception, the legends spoke of how Meng Hao had single-handedly led his Tribe out from the Western Desert North region.

“That really is Meng Hao!!”

“The totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Tribe! So, that’s him!”

As Meng Hao’s aura billowed up, and the surrounding Cultivators recognized who he was, cries of alarm could be heard. The faces of the nine Nascent Soul Cultivators from the Heavenly Court Alliance, as well as the two old men, instantly changed. They clenched their teeth and attacked, shooting directly toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, the roaring power of the spell formation descended onto Meng Hao. It was like some sort of intense pressure that caused his Cultivation base to weaken, limiting him to the mid Nascent Soul stage.

This was the full power of a spell formation that had been constructed by a Spirit Severing Patriarch of the Heavenly Court Alliance. Its power was extraordinary. Were it not, it wouldn’t have been set up as the ultimate weapon of the great outpost.

Even someone of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage would be severely weakened by the intense pressure from the spell formation. It was also this incredible power that caused the two old men stationed here to be so confident in being able to fight Meng Hao!

At the same time that the power of the spell formation descended, eleven Nascent Soul Cultivators appeared near Meng Hao, filled with killing intent. A blast of brilliant color could be seen as magical items, divine abilities, magical techniques, and totems were all unleashed in attack.

“You might be a totemic Sacred Ancient, but once you enter our outpost’s spell formation, your fate is sealed.... You’re dead for sure!” Cold laughter rang out, only to be interrupted by a shocking roar that exploded out from none other than Meng Hao.

As the sound roared out, Meng Hao’s voice could be heard, filled with sinister coldness and killing intent: “Third Anima!”

His voice could be heard almost at the same time that the attacks of the incoming eleven Nascent Soul Cultivators appeared. These men were clearly going all out against Meng Hao. It was also then that all of their faces instantly flickered, and their hearts filled with an unprecedented feeling of terror. The feeling was such that they had no choice but to instantly retreat.

As they retreated, the light caused by the various divine abilities and magical items dissipated to reveal, right there in the middle of the spell formation, a man who looked like somewhat like an Immortal Devil. Meng Hao!

His hair whipped about his head. Now that he was in the Third Anima, he was filled with the power of four great circle Nascent Soul Cultivators. The spell formation which enveloped him, while previously invisible, could now be seen in the form of a large net.

The net glittered brightly and emitted groaning sounds as if it were under great strain. Popping sounds rang out, and fissures appeared. As the fissures spread out, Meng Hao's aura exploded out fearsomely. The aura caused all of the Cultivators in the city to be completely astonished.

That was especially true of the eleven Nascent Soul Cultivators. Their faces immediately filled with looks of disbelief, and they gasped. They couldn't imagine how a Nascent Soul Cultivator could possibly fight back so strongly against the spell formation. From the look of it... the spell formation would be able to pin him down for only a very short period of time.

Unfortunately for them... their guesses were incorrect. Even as their faces fell and they speculated that Meng Hao wouldn't be held in the spell formation for very long, the gigantic web suddenly collapsed into pieces and vanished.

As the spell formation vanished, the entire outpost suddenly shook. Blood sprayed from the mouths of the ten Alliance Tribe members who had been maintaining the spell formation. A moment later, their bodies directly exploded, transforming into hazes of blood and gore.

The spell formation was simply not qualified to hold out against Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, it was completely destroyed.

The moment the spell formation was wiped out, Meng Hao strode forward and waved his arm toward the astonished eleven Nascent Soul Cultivators.

The waving of his arm caused four times the battle prowess of a great circle Nascent Soul to explode out. It fused into the raging wind and exploded out. Bloodcurdling screams drifted out as nine of the eleven Nascent Soul Cultivators... were incapable of avoiding a force like that of crushing mountain. They could not dodge, nor could they resist. The wind cleaved the flesh from their bones and wiped away their screaming Nascent Souls.

Nine people... dead in an instant!!

Blood sprayed from the mouths of the most powerful Cultivators, the two old men, as they tumbled backward.

“Just what kind of Cultivator is he!?!?”

“That’s not an ordinary great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base.... That’s halfway to Spirit Severing!”

As they tumbled backward, their physical bodies were shredded into pieces, leaving behind only their Nascent Souls. Letting out unprecedented shrieks of regret, they spared nothing in their attempts to flee at top speed, their hearts filled with ultimate terror.

The scene caused the rest of the Cultivators in the city to be filled with shock. They began trembling, their gazes filled with intense alarm and astonishment as they looked at Meng Hao.

He stood there, tall, hair flying about, his aura shocking to the extreme. The berserk aura of an Immortal Demon rose up, filled with killing intent. All of his fury had transformed into the desire to kill. All of that killing intent was focused on one thing...

Wiping out the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!

If you kill one of my people, I’ll kill a hundred of yours. You kill a hundred of mine, I will wipe out all of yours!

I didn’t want to fight. I wanted to resolve the issue. I even came to this place with the head of the Black Bat for that very purpose. But, you place yourself on a pedestal. You believe yourself to be invincible. You saw no reason to talk reasonably with me. Well then, I might as well go to war!

Meng Hao’s body suddenly flew up into the air. His eyes were red as he looked toward the two fleeing old men. He did not pursue them. Instead, he closed his eyes. His fury, his desire to kill, his determination, all transformed into an intense stimulation. It was a stimulation like tidewaters which poured into the blood-colored mask that rested inside his bag of holding. It reached inside and touched... the Blood Mastiff which had been asleep for nearly two hundred years!

It had now slept until the point that it was ready to awaken. The sensation had continued to grow stronger to Meng Hao after the Heavenly Tribulation. At that time, he felt that even without outside stimulation, the Mastiff would awaken within a few months.

“I need you, my mastiff....

“Awaken, my Blood Mastiff.... Together, we will bring war to the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!

“Mastiff... AWAKEN!”

In that moment, the blood-colored mask inside his bag of holding began to shudder. The mastiff could sense Meng Hao’s wrath. It could feel how much he desired to slaughter the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. It could tell that Meng Hao needed it.

In that moment, a tremor ran through the mastiff’s body. The blood-colored eyes which it had not opened for nearly two hundred years, suddenly... completely opened!

The mastiff had awakened!

As soon as it opened its eyes, a boundless bloody glow erupted out from Meng Hao. It filled the sky in all directions, rapidly covering the entire area.

Before the two fleeing Nascent Souls could get very far, they were covered over by the bloody light. Piercing screams could be heard as the Nascent Souls melted into nothingness.

There is a phrase that goes like this: “rewards come only with risk.” However, there is a second line to the phrase: “Risk can also bring death!”

Chapter 538: Blood Mastiff Dao Protector!

Even as the two Nascent Souls died, the red glow, which filled the surrounding tens of thousands of meters, transformed into a red mist. The mist churned and seethed, rising up into the air in shocking fashion.

It changed; no longer was it wide and flat, but rather, spherical. In fact, from a distance, it looked like... an enormous red eyeball!

Anyone who looked at the eye would feel extreme fear and shock, and would even lose the ability to think clearly. The sight would cause the brain to fill with roaring, as if one were in the middle of a sea of blood, incapable of freeing oneself.

It seemed as if in this instant, all lives became the color of blood.

The eye was incredibly realistic, and was filled with a strange, demonic air. Red mist seethed, as if the eye were blinking. It was frightening to the extreme. In the very center of the gigantic eyeball appeared a vortex. It spun rapidly, transforming into a black hole.

The black hole seemed capable of consuming anything and everything. As soon as it appeared, the air in the area distorted, as if all the light in the area were being sucked in. Anyone who could see the scene would be horrified.

As the vortex spun, the black hole grew larger. 30 meters. 150 meters. 300 meters... 900 meters. In the end, it expanded outward until it was no less than 3,000 meters.

A red eye 30,000 meters wide. A black hole 3,000 wide, like a pupil. The vortex was the border between the pupil and the eye.

All of this completely shocked everyone who was in the outpost. The local Cultivators were trembling, their expressions that of utter astonishment and disbelief.

“What is that?!?!”

“The Nascent Soul Cultivators are all dead, and it only took a moment! This Meng Hao... he’s... just what level Cultivation base does he have?!”

“Just what horrifying thing is he summoning?!”

Cold sweat began to drip down the foreheads of everyone present, and their breath came in ragged pants. A profound sense of deadly crisis filled their hearts. As of this moment, they were filled with an indescribable dread of Meng Hao. It was like they were in a nightmare from which they couldn’t awaken, something that would be forever branded in their souls.

The surrounding Violet Sea was covered with huge waves. From within the black hole in the enormous eye, a roar could suddenly be heard.

AAAooooo!

The roar sounded like the howl of some type of beast. Everything shook and the air vibrated. The pupil within the gigantic red eye seemed to contract and then rapidly expand. Everything distorted, and the crowds of people in the outpost felt their hearts shaken.

It was a single roar, but it was as shocking as thunder. As it echoed out in the world, half of the people within the outpost began to bleed from their eyes, nose, mouth and ears, and then passed out, unconscious.

They were simply incapable of resisting the roar, which contained a Cultivation base power capable of filling the heart and mind with shock. One sound was filled with such intense pressure that it rendered people unconscious.

Cracking sounds could be heard coming from the airships and wooden planks that made up the outpost. The entire structure began to sink down. The surrounding Violet Sea churned violently, as if it, too, were roaring in response to the howl coming from the red eye.

The remaining Cultivators who had not been rendered unconscious all had extraordinary Cultivation bases. However, their faces were pale as they expended incredible effort to endure. Their Cultivation bases rotated and they panted as they stared at the scene up above.

The instant the roar could be heard, a gigantic paw began to stretch out from the black hole. It had razor-sharp claws and luxuriant, long fur. The paw continued to stretch out revealing an entire limb.

The long hair flowed loosely and was filled with a barbaric, wild air, and the claws seemed capable of ripping the air open. Another ear-splitting roar could suddenly be heard from within the black hole.

A second paw appeared from within the black hole, and then a gigantic head. The roar shook everything.

The head was... incredibly large!

Red fur, ferocious fangs, and a savage, barbaric aura that exploded out.

The head was clearly that of a dog!

It waved back and forth, as if it were using all the power it could muster to emerge from the black hole. It surged forward, emerging in full, accompanied by a Heaven-shaking roar.

All that could be seen was a beam of red light that shot out violently from within the black hole. A vast, red mist rose up, and then just as quickly, disappeared. When it did, an enormous red figure could be seen standing there, straight and mighty.

It was huge, covered with loose, red fur. Bone spurs stuck out all over its body, making its appearance even more ferocious. Its gaze was filled with bloodthirstiness, like a Qilin or a Bloodlion. The level of incredible fierceness that it emanated was difficult to describe!

This was... the Blood Mastiff!

As soon as it appeared, an aura similar to the Spirit Severing stage exploded out from its body, and even emanated the feeling of a Domain. Meng Hao knew that this Domain was not inherently the mastiff's, but rather, branded to it by the Blood Immortal as part of its bloodline, and the Blood Immortal legacy.

Such a brand existed in all Blood Spirits. However, because of the unprecedented fusion it had experienced, it was able to completely manifest it. It was for the same reason that the mastiff had fallen asleep for nearly two hundred years. Now, though, it was fully awakened.

The mastiff lifted its head and roared, a sound which shook Heaven and Earth. The sky dimmed and everything trembled. The Violet Sea seethed. All of the Cultivators who remained conscious in the outpost passed out.

Meng Hao looked at the mastiff, at its enormous frame, its fierce appearance, and its intrepid Cultivation base. However, even if the mastiff grew more fierce in appearance, to Meng Hao, it was the same, fluffy little puppy that had run along at his side all those years ago.

It was still his partner, the partner who had fought with him in the Blood Immortal legacy tournament, and had refused to leave his side.

It was the same mastiff who had stood guard over him atop that lonely mountain in the Blood Immortal legacy tournament. No matter how exhausted or injured it grew, even when it was on the verge of death, it refused to leave. It put its own life on the line to protect Meng Hao. Even when exhausted and nearing the point of death, all it wanted was for Meng Hao to lift his hand and pet its head.

Meng Hao would never forget all of that. He had watched as the mastiff, its body broken and nearly destroyed, crawled over to him and then exerted all the effort it could muster just to lick his hand.

Then he thought about how it had saved him during the encounter with the Li Clan Patriarch, using all its power to fling him out of the portal. Innumerable hands had stretched out to grab it, and it was pulled down into the sludge. Just before it disappeared, it had stuck its tongue out, as if in a final attempt to lick its master.

How could Meng Hao... possibly forget such things?!

“Blood Mastiff,” he said softly, looking at the gigantic, ferocious mastiff. He saw the shocking spurs, and the astonishing aura it emanated.

His voice was soft, but the instant it left his mouth, the mastiff suddenly trembled. It turned its head and looked in confusion toward Meng Hao. But then, its expression turned gentle, even happy. It slowly lowered its head, allowing Meng Hao to rub its nose. It carefully extended its tongue to lick Meng Hao’s hand.

As Meng Hao rubbed its nose, it emitted a contented growl, just like it had when it was tiny.

Meng Hao smiled as he gently pet the mastiff. He thought about that time outside the Rebirth Cave when the mastiff, despite being asleep, had exerted all the power it could to extend a single paw.

“Hey buddy, I haven’t seen you for more than a hundred years...” he said softly. “Let’s go wipe out that damned Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!” His killing intent suddenly boiled up. At the same time, the mastiff’s killing intent exploded to the sky. It roared, the sound of which was like thunder. Meng Hao leaped up into the air, flying up to stand on the mastiff’s head. He waved his right hand, causing a massive wave to sweep out and pick up the Golden Crow Tribe members, as well as the bodies of their dead.

Under Meng Hao's control, the Violet Sea's power of extermination was restricted, ensuring that the Golden Crow Tribe members would not be harmed in any way.

Meng Hao looked at Wu Ling and the others. "We're going together. There's a debt of blood that can only be paid back... with blood!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the mastiff roared again and then shot up into the sky, taking Meng Hao with it. Wu Ling and the other old-timers felt their blood beginning to grow hot, just like it had in the old days. They and the other Tribe members shot forward within the wave.

They did not leave for the Black Lands. Instead, they went to the nearest outpost, the ninth.

Under the orders of Patriarch Huyan, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe had gone to war with the Golden Crow Tribe in order to force Meng Hao out. It had cost them quite a bit, but in the first battle, they had managed to capture five hundred prisoners. Those captives had been subjected to endless forms of torture. Their Cultivation bases had been ruined, and they were then sent to the ten outposts in the Western Desert Sea to be strung up!

They were hung out in the open, exposed to the elements. The entire purpose... was so that Meng Hao would see it. In Patriarch Huyan's estimation, once Meng Hao saw, he would be forced to appear.

If he didn't, then his totems would be severely weakened and he would lose his faith power. In actuality, Meng Hao had long since reached the point where he didn't need either of those. He had successfully formed his Nascent Soul. As such, he was both a totemic Sacred Ancient, and... wasn't.

In any case, Patriarch Huyan had severely miscalculated. Meng Hao... would definitely appear.

However, the reason was because of sentiment, and because of the Golden Crow Tribe!

"Our slaughter... will begin with the ten outposts on the Violet Sea!"

The mastiff roared as it shot forward with the incredible speed of Spirit Severing. Meng Hao stood on top of its head, the wind whipping his clothes about. The killing intent in his eyes only continued

to grow thicker, and his determination to exterminate the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe grew even stronger.

BOOM!

The second outpost soon became visible. After consulting with the former members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, he now knew that although the tenth outpost belonged to the Heavenly Court Alliance, it was mostly controlled by the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

The second, fifth, and ninth outposts were all the same. As for the seventh outpost which Meng Hao had already destroyed, the blame for that could be placed squarely on the shoulders of the two old men who had tried to kill him.

“I don’t care what Tribe they belong to,” said Meng Hao, his eyes glowing coldly, “anyone who dares to string up my Golden Crow Tribe members... deserves to die!”

There was no need for an order from Meng Hao. The Blood Mastiff’s eyes glowed with red light as it neared the second outpost.

AAAAOOOOOOOOO!!

The sound of the roar created a sonic boom which sent mad, invisible power sweeping out. As it slammed into the outpost, a spell formation activated. However, it could only stand up to the roar for the space of a single breath before it collapsed into pieces.

At the same time, the Cultivators of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe within the outpost began to fly into the air, looks of shock on their faces. Before they could even react, a gale force wind swept toward them. Each and every Cultivator was instantly shredded into pieces, completely destroyed in body and soul.

An off-kilter roar of despair rose up from within the outpost. It belonged to a Cultivator who was at the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage. His body was trembling, and he was surrounded by the reek of blood. To see so many people slaughtered in front of his eyes was like something from a nightmare.

He knew that for a single roar to do that could only mean that he was facing... Spirit Severing!

“Your Excellency, who are you? We are Cultivators from the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe of the Heavenly Court Alliance!”

“I am the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Tribe, Meng Hao. I’m here to save my people and to eradicate the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!”

Chapter 539: Slaughtering the Outposts!

Meng Hao’s voice was like a cold wind that blasted out in all directions. He pointed with the index finger of his right hand, causing a massive collection of Violet Qi to amass up ahead and form into the shape of a blade. It shot forward directly toward the peak late Nascent Soul Cultivator who had just spoken.

The Cultivator’s face fell as he heard Meng Hao’s cold, echoing words. His scalp went numb and he shot backward in astonishment, both hands performing an incantation gesture. Vast quantities of magical items appeared as he attempted to fight back.

When all of his defenses met Meng Hao’s Violet Qi Guillotine, it was clear that they were so weak they couldn’t stand up to a single attack. One after another, they shattered into pieces. Booms could be heard as the Violet Qi Guillotine sliced through the body of the Cultivator.

Blood exploded out into the air. The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivator trembled and looked down to see that his body had been completely cut in two. Even his Nascent Soul was destroyed.

The corpse splashed down into the Violet Sea and the mastiff let out another astonishing roar. The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe city guards in the outpost began to bleed from their eyes, ear, nose and mouth. One by one, regardless of the level of their Cultivation base, they dropped dead.

Regarding the other Cultivators in the city, Meng Hao didn’t kill them.

He strode down from off of the mastiff until he stood in front of the fifty Golden Crow Tribe members strung up within the outpost.

More than twenty of them were already dead. The rest slowly opened their listless, sallow eyes. When they saw Meng Hao in front of them, they gaped.

Among the group were two old ones whose bodies began to tremble. Their eyes filled with unprecedented emotion.

“Exalted... exalted Sacred Ancient!!”

“Senior, it’s you....”

These two old ones had accompanied Meng Hao during the long migration and campaign of war of the Crow Divinity Tribe. They almost didn’t dare to believe what they were seeing. They had never imagined that it might be possible see their Sacred Ancient once again during their lives.

Meng Hao looked back at them, and his expression softened. “It’s me. I’ve... returned.”

He waved his right hand, sweeping up all the Golden Crow Tribe members into a wind that gently placed them onto the ground. The wind carried life force which nourished them. Wu Ling and the others who were being carried along by the wave instantly rushed over.

Excited shouts instantly could be heard from the members of the Golden Crow Tribe. Many of these people had never seen Meng Hao before, only his statue. However, as soon as they heard his words, indescribable emotions filled the hearts of everyone present. “Exalted Sacred Ancient... we offer our sincerest greetings!”

As for the old people, it suddenly caused them to recall all the struggles of the past years.

Meng Hao looked at them with similar thoughts. However, when he saw the corpses of the Tribe Members who had not survived, his heart filled with stabs of pain. His rage toward the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe grew only more intense.

“I’ve returned to take you with me... to collect a blood debt!” He turned and flew back up into the air. The Violet Sea roared as it swept up the Tribe members. Together, they moved onward.

Shortly thereafter...

The Blood Mastiff roared toward the first outpost. Massive paws rose up to attack the spell formation. A boom could be heard as it shattered into pieces. The Heavenly Court Alliance Cultivators who were maintaining it instantly exploded, destroyed in body and spirit.

As soon as Meng Hao arrived, the slaughter began. It didn't matter the Cultivation base involved. Core Formation. Nascent Soul. Any member of the Heavenly Court Alliance in the ten outposts who had dared to string up the Golden Crow Tribe members... were swept over by Meng Hao and exterminated.

The Tribe in control of the first outpost was the Wild Flame Tribe of the Heavenly Court Alliance. They watched the slaughter in shock. Two middle-aged men with the highest Cultivation bases recognized who Meng Hao was, and knew of his hatred and desire for revenge against the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. It was without hesitation that they instantly turned and fled.

However, before they could get very far, two enormous arms suddenly stretched up from within the Violet Sea. The men were grabbed and then violently crushed. Bloodcurdling screams rang out, but were quickly cut off.

The wooden planks of the outpost ran with blood, which then flowed down into the Violet Sea.

After rescuing the Golden Crow Tribe members, Meng Hao led them all to the third outpost. Then the fourth, and the fifth....

Everywhere he went, the slaughter rose up to the sky. However... no amount of killing appeared capable of lessening Meng Hao's fury. Instead, he began to grow even more berserk.

The reason was because each outpost he went to, he found more and more corpses of the Golden Crow Tribe, and fewer survivors. In fact, at the eighth outpost, of the group of fifty, all had passed away. The corpses had even begun to rot.

The sight of it caused Meng Hao's body to tremble. He felt as if his entire person were on fire. Among the dead Tribe members were five whose faces he recognized. They had died with their eyes open, and within those eyes could be seen an enmity and desire for revenge that could not be wiped away even by death.

They would not close their eyes, nor would Meng Hao force them to. He would allow these dead Golden Crow Tribe members to watch with their own eyes as the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe was eradicated.

Only then... could they close their eyes in death and be content.

Meng Hao flicked his sleeve and then headed toward the ninth outpost.

By now, several days had passed. Meng Hao was sure that his appearance had been noticed by certain parties. If his suppositions were correct, Patriarch Huyan would be arriving soon.

And that was exactly what Meng Hao was waiting for! Patriarch Huyan was of the Spirit Severing stage, but.... So what!?

With the mastiff here, and Meng Hao being the master of the Violet Sea, he could battle with the Spirit Severing stage. Not fighting was something he couldn't comprehend. Not fighting would leave his heart unsettled. Not fighting... was something he refused to do!

You want to drag me into the matter? Well, since there is no way to avoid a fight, then all of my explanations are useless. Fine, then... let's fight!

Patriarch Huyan, I am in the Violet Sea, waiting for you!

To Meng Hao, the Violet Sea was the most advantageous location to do battle. That was why he had exterminated the members of the Heavenly Court Alliance in the outposts. He wanted the battle to be fought in the Violet Sea, not the Black Lands.

"You've forced me to fight, Patriarch Huyan. Well then, I will force you to fight on my home ground!" Despite the fact that his fury boiled up into the Heavens, Meng Hao was as calm as ever. He knew that his current actions would quickly be relayed to Patriarch Huyan, who would personally come, and soon.

The Devil Spear appeared in Meng Hao's hand. He hurled it out, causing a towering mist to appear as it shot toward the ninth outpost. By this point, Meng Hao had possessed the Devil Spear for more than a hundred years. Despite the fact that he had been in secluded meditation most of that time, the spear had continued to fade away.

Even still, after a hundred years had passed, it had not faded away completely.

The power of the spear slammed into the spell formation, inside of which were the Heavenly Court Alliance Cultivators of the ninth outpost, all ready to do battle.

It was impossible to tell exactly how the Heavenly Court Alliance had pulled it off, but there were even Cultivators inside who were not of the alliance, staring out at Meng Hao with intense killing intent. Within their eyes was also greed. There were seven hundred people in total, all of them brimming with the desire to slay Meng Hao.

Obviously, they had been promised of an enticing reward by the Heavenly Court Alliance if Meng Hao were to be killed.

As the Devil Spear neared, an arrogant voice rang out from within the outpost.

“Pour full power into the spell formation! Patriarch Huyan knows that this villain is here, and is on his way!!”

BANG!!

Even as the voice echoed out within the spell formation, the sound of an explosion rang out, interrupting the words. The spell formation shook violently; at the same time, vast quantities of black mist spread out, causing the spell formation to erode. Countless vicious faces could be seen consuming everything.

In only the space of a few breaths, the spell formation grew incredibly weak because of the corrosion of the Devil Spear. The faces, filled with excitement and persistence, suddenly burst through and shot toward the seven hundred Cultivators. Miserable screams suddenly lifted up into the air.

The area of the spell formation that the Devil Spear had struck corroded away until there was a huge hole. The black mist suddenly congealed together into the form of a face, exactly the same face that had belonged to the Devil Construct from years ago.

The face, filled with a greedy thirst for blood, transformed into a devilish mist that spread out to cover the entire ninth outpost. The only safe place was the location where the Golden Crow Tribe members were.

Meng Hao floated in mid-air. This was the first time he had completely wiped out the population of an entire outpost. In this case, these Cultivators had made their own choice to deliver themselves up to death.

The black Devil Spear mist roiled and churned. Intense, bloodcurdling screams could be heard for a few moments. Suddenly, seven or eight figures shot out from inside. Even as they did, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing them to scream and then explode into pieces.

The surrounding Violet Sea surged up with huge waves that submerged the outpost. The black mist shrank down to surround the Golden Crow Tribe members and bring them to Meng Hao.

There were only eight Tribe members who were still alive. As Meng Hao treated their injuries, his killing intent grew even more intense.

He turned, returning to stand on the mastiff's head. A great wave rose up in the Violet Sea to take the Golden Crow Tribe members as they headed toward the last of the outposts.

Almost in the same moment in which Meng Hao headed off, a black beam suddenly appeared near the Black Lands. It employed speed that far exceeded the Nascent Soul stage, even employed greater teleportation as it moved.

Within the black beam was a man wearing a black robe. This was apparently nothing more than Patriarch Huyan's clone!

His face was grim, and he did not speak. His body flickered as he teleported, growing ever nearer to the tenth outpost.

"Qing'er," he murmured, "today, father will achieve only half of the vengeance you deserve. Soon, I will find the person who actually killed you, and that person will die the most cruel death imaginable.

"Qing'er, no one in the world is qualified to kill you. Only me... Only I have that right." His eyes were filled with kindness. For some reason, however, the kindness was bizarre. Anyone who saw it would feel cold, and their hair would stand on end in terror.

Chapter 540: Patriarch Huyan!

The tenth outpost was waiting, its spell formation fully activated in preparation to meet this deadly foe.

It was night now, and the light of the spell formation was not soft, but rather, resplendent. It shone out onto the waters of the sea with brilliant colors. The radiance of the light emanated a mighty aura which made it clear that this spell formation was far more powerful than the formations from the other outposts.

In fact, there was no way to compare them. The spell formation of the tenth outpost seemed so incredibly powerful that it would surely make it very difficult for Meng Hao to break through it.

In the middle of the spell formation, the Cultivators waited vigilantly, their Qi settled and their minds calm.

There were sixteen Nascent Soul Cultivators present who sat cross-legged, meditating. Three were at the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage. Those three sat in three different directions, each sharing a portion of the recoil caused by the spell formation.

There were even more Cultivators maintaining the general operation of the spell formation. The entire outpost was completely silent.

They knew of the destruction of the other nine outposts, and of the slaughter carried out by Meng Hao. They knew that they were about to face up against something completely terrifying.

However, they weren't very afraid. They knew that Patriarch Huyan was coming, and so had made up their minds to not leave the spell formation. They had quite a bit of trust in its strength, and believed that as long as they stuck together, Meng Hao would not be able to quickly break through.

As long as they could hold out until Patriarch Huyan arrived, then the sky would become clear after the storm, so to speak, and everything would return to normal. Meng Hao would assuredly be killed!

Virtually everyone in the tenth outpost felt the same way. Also within the spell formation was a tall rack, upon which hung the corpses of fifty members of the Golden Crow Tribe. Not a single one remained alive. They were all dead....

They had died days before, actually. Especially noteworthy was that one of the dead tribe members had no body, only the head, that of an old man. His Cultivation base had clearly been destroyed before he died, rendering him nothing but a mortal.

Also within the spell formation were two enormous war chariots shaped like crossbows. They glowed with a black radiance, and had an indistinct, fierce aura. Cultivators were mounted on the chariots, ready to use them at a moment's notice.

Time passed. Soon, the deepest hour of night approached. The sky was pitch black. The only sound that could be heard was the gentle rise and fall of the waves. All of a sudden, a beam of bright light appeared in the sky. It instantly caught the attention of all the Cultivators.

“He’s here!”

“This Meng Hao has really got some guts. However, it doesn’t matter that he dares to attack us. He’ll never be able to break through the spell formation!” Quite a few people were looking up with cold smiles on their faces. However, even as they looked up at the red glow....

The Violet Sea around the tenth outpost suddenly surged into a huge whirlpool. The whirlpool spun faster and faster, causing the faces of everyone in the outpost to flicker. The water seethed and the airships bobbed up and down. Booming filled the air.

Next, the bright beam of light in the air neared, and the mastiff’s enormous frame became visible. The crowds could also see Meng Hao standing on its head. He wore a long green robe, and his face was extremely grim and dark. An astonishing killing aura rose up around him.

Meng Hao’s eyes swept across the tenth outpost, then suddenly came to a stop. His pupils constricted as he stared at the corpses of the Golden Crow Tribe members hanging from the rack, and the head.

When he saw the head, his heart filled with stabs of pain.

It was Gu La!

“Patriarch Huyan....” he murmured. “Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.” The killing aura in his eyes changed, becoming ruthlessly dense. He looked down at the tenth outpost and pointed his finger.

Instantly, the Violet Sea roared as the whirlpool that surrounded the tenth outpost suddenly rose up into the air.

A massive pillar of seawater, three thousand meters in area, completely enveloped the outpost. Roaring filled the air. It was like the eruption of a geyser. The outpost's spell formation was utterly incapable of standing up to such power. It immediately exploded.

At the same time, the vast collection of airships began to shatter into pieces. The crowds of Cultivators in the outpost were screaming miserably. They couldn't even control their own bodies as they were swept into the seawater. As soon as they touched it, the death will in the seawater collided with their life forces, causing the power of extermination to erupt.

In the blink of an eye, before any of the Cultivators could even use a divine ability, their bodies burst. They could not fight back, or block, or evade!

All of their power had been focused in defending against attacks from above. All their plans had been based on the reports regarding Meng Hao's Cultivation base and the fearsomeness of the mastiff. They hadn't prepared for... an explosive attack by the Violet Sea!

How could they ever have imagined that someone could actually control... the Western Desert's Apocalyptic Violet Sea!?

It was impossible to believe that someone could even enter into the Violet Sea. Therefore, the outpost's seemingly fierce and powerful spell formation had a fatal flaw: it had no bottom!

Roaring filled the air as the entire tenth outpost was completely scattered and smashed. All the advanced preparations that had been made were crushed like dry weeds under the power of the Apocalyptic Violet Sea. The two war chariots weren't even able to make a single attack before they were crushed by the seawater and destroyed.

Crowds of people died without Meng Hao having to make a single attack of his own. A mere thought on his part caused the Violet Sea to explode out, completely burying the tenth outpost.

This was his home ground!

The Western Desert Violet Sea!

The corpses sank down, and the wreckage floated about. Not a single person in the tenth outpost was capable of existing within the exterminating power of the Violet Sea. All of them... were dead!

Death is oftentimes quite simple.

Life is oftentimes quite fragile.

People who have never witnessed death might not understand these two statements. Sometimes, only after witnessing many deaths can one truly understand life.

Meng Hao hovered in mid-air looking down at the death below him. He said nothing. The waters of the Violet Sea that had shot up into the air now transformed into a violet rain that slowly fell back down onto the wreckage below.

Meng Hao slowly lifted his head to gaze off into the distant sky.

In the gigantic wave on the Violet Sea, there were now more than a hundred living members of the Golden Crow Tribe. The rest... were all corpses.

The living members were only there because Meng Hao had saved them. Had only a few more days passed, all of them would have been dead.

This number of deaths was actually somewhat trivial when compared to how many people had died during the migration. However, these deaths were fundamentally avoidable. Furthermore, the entire matter actually had nothing to do with the Golden Crow Tribe.

Even Meng Hao was a victim in this case. By now, Meng Hao was certain that Patriarch Huyan knew the truth of what had happened.

He stood there silently atop the mastiff, glancing around coldly.

He was waiting. Waiting for Patriarch Huyan to arrive!

Before too much time passed, a black beam appeared in the sky that was even blacker than the night. As it approached it kicked up a shocking windstorm.

Within the windstorm was a middle-aged man dressed in a black robe. His hands were clasped behind his back as he strode through the air.

His long hair whipped about in the wind, and his eyes were piercingly bright. The aura that he emitted made him seem as if he were fused with Heaven and Earth. It seemed to contain its own law of nature that, in the blink of an eye, made the man suddenly translucent.

Suddenly, a Domain which exterminated emotion began to interfere with Heaven and Earth, enveloping everything. Around Meng Hao, black snowflakes suddenly began to flutter down.

This was Patriarch Huyan!

“Meng Hao!” he said coldly as he strode through the air. Cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from the Violet Sea beneath him as layers of ice formed.

Even the surrounding air began to freeze as a black snowstorm surrounded Patriarch Huyan. Another sound rang out, something that was like tens of thousands of voices all calling out Meng Hao’s name.

A power Meng Hao had never encountered before suddenly descended. It was like a natural law within the area. It appeared in Meng Hao’s mind and then transformed into an unprecedentedly loud noise that exceeded that of thunder and lightning.

It was as if it were calling out to deceased souls, trying to collect together the broken spirits. Actually, Patriarch Huyan’s divine ability could better be described as...

A shocking call of broken souls!

The coldness in the area seemed to be filled with emotionlessness [1. What I’m translating as “emotionless” could also be translated as merciless, ruthless, apathetic and cold]. The coldness of the voices seemed to contain a heavenly might based on the lack of emotion. The sounds fused together, transforming into something like a rule of law... that could not be ignored!

This was the Spirit Severing stage. A simple sound was enough to exterminate all Nascent Soul Cultivators. Even someone of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage was puny to the extreme in front of a Spirit Severing Cultivator.

Boom!

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and his soul felt as if it were going to shatter and explode out of his body. The flame of his life flickered, as if it were about to be snuffed out. However... he was not an ordinary Nascent Soul Cultivator. He had a Perfect Nascent Soul Cultivation base with Divine Sense that had a range of 29,999 meters.

His seven Nascent Souls sat cross-legged in his dantian region, eyes closed, almost as if sleeping. Suddenly, all of their eyes snapped open.

In that instant, the power of Meng Hao's Divine Sense exploded up within him, fighting back against the power of law that was being levied against him.

Roaring filled the air as Meng Hao retreated backward. He lifted his head up, and his eyes were bright and clear.

"So, you're Patriarch Huyan!" he said slowly, looking at the approaching middle-aged man. Meng Hao's eyes shone with a fierce glow. He had seen this man before, of course. It was the same person who had tried to kill him when he left the Black Lands.

Even as he spoke, Meng Hao's expression began to radiate killing intent. He remembered hearing Zhixiang say that this man... was merely a clone!

Patriarch Huyan's eyes glittered, as if he found it very strange that Meng Hao was able to recover from his power of law. He continued forward nonetheless, not stopping for a moment as he approached Meng Hao.

Such action had a lot to do with his personality, and Huyan Yunming's special fighting style. Any time he fought someone, he would push down on them with an intense pressure.

As he neared Meng Hao, it seemed as if his aura grew even stronger, fusing together with the surroundings, becoming inseparable.

The might of Spirit Severing was impossible to overlook. The surroundings seemed to be changing only because of him.

Patriarch Huyan didn't even look at the wreckage floating on the surface of the Violet Sea, as if he didn't care about it at all. "Answer me. Who killed my only son, Huyan Qing?"

He suddenly stopped in mid-air. His voice echoed out, and his expression was calm, even cool. He glanced over Meng Hao, and then the mastiff. At that point, his pupils constricted.