

The Heavens 541

Chapter 541: Battle!

After hearing Patriarch Huyan's words, Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. That was his personality. The more he wanted to kill someone, the less he spoke. From the words Patriarch Huyan had spoken just now, it was obvious that he was well aware of what had actually happened.

"What's the point in more talk?" said Meng Hao coolly. "You want to fight? Let's fight." As he spoke, he lifted up his right hand and made a snatching motion. Instantly, the black Devil Spear appeared in his hand. He hurled it out, causing a boom to ring out as the spear shot forward at an incredible speed.

As it screamed through the air, roaring sounds could be heard coming from the spear as boundless black mist appeared. Within the mist were innumerable vicious faces. Their bloodthirsty smiles were filled with greed.

In some indistinct way, the mist actually seemed to be forming into an enormous head. It was the head... of the Devil Construct!

The Devil Spear had now completely unleashed the explosive power of Demon Weapon Lonelytomb's Devil Construct. It shot through the air with a droning sound.

The spear had nothing to do with Meng Hao's Cultivation base. Its mightiness was completely self-contained. However, it was still nothing but a strand of a Devil Construct that couldn't even compare to the real Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

Even still, when the Devil Spear exploded out, it was powerful enough to slay any Nascent Soul Cultivator. As for Spirit Severing... Meng Hao wasn't sure. Therefore, he had decided to test it out.

"Area," said Patriarch Huyan, his voice calm and his expression unchanging. He lifted his right hand and then gestured forward. Instantly, everything within three hundred meters turned into his own Area world!

This divine ability was little different than natural law. It was a magical ability belonging to the Spirit Severing stage. The Area was not large, only three hundred meters. A three hundred meter

Area which was a world only his own. Within that world, Patriarch Huyan had ultimate power. No divine abilities or magical techniques would be capable of breaking open the Area to harm him in any way.

This is what sets Spirit Severing completely above Nascent Soul. In the Spirit Severing stage, divine abilities become natural laws!

Nothing within the three hundred meter Area seemed unusual. However, in that instant, Meng Hao could sense that Patriarch Huyan had turned the space surrounding him into his own world.

A boom could be heard. As soon as the Devil Spear entered the three hundred meter region, it was defeated and transformed into a black mist. The mist spread out as if it were trying to infect the area, but Meng Hao could tell that it was actually fighting back against the world around it.

Such formidableness, such usage of natural law, was the first time that Meng Hao personally experienced the mightiness of Spirit Severing. Patriarch Reliance ran away without fighting. At Holy Snow City, he had been fused with the Agarwood legacy.

Outside of Blackgate Fort, Zhixiang had stepped in.

This was the first time Meng Hao was truly facing up against a Spirit Severing expert.

“Childish,” said Patriarch Huyan. He moved forward, causing the sense of pressure to grow even more intense. He didn’t even attack; he simply advanced. As he did, the three hundred meter Space went along with him. The mist that was the Devil Spear seemed to be completely suppressed by the world around it. Popping sounds could be heard from inside as it shrank down on itself. The countless faces sucked inward, transforming into the head of the Devil Construct.

The expression on its face was one of unprecedented seriousness. Underneath the suppressive pressure, it began to howl. It then started to back up, dissipating the entire time, as if it were on the verge of being destroyed. Patriarch Huyan neared it, and it was at this moment that the Devil Construct exploded into action. Suddenly, Demonic Qi began to shot toward it from all directions, transforming into ripples that fought against the Area world and enabled the Devil Construct to successfully escape.

It fled, surrounded by roaring sounds, to return to Meng Hao. The black mist was now extremely faint, as if it were on the verge of dissipating completely. Meng Hao collected it up grimly. As of this point, Patriarch Huyan was about three hundred meters away from Meng Hao.

Meng Hao backed up. Even at this distance of three hundred meters, he could clearly sense the fearsomeness of a Spirit Severing expert.

“There’s no need to feel resentment,” Patriarch Huyan said calmly as he looked at Meng Hao. “I understand how Karma works. If you want to blame something, blame your own bad fortune.”

At this moment, the mastiff lifted its head up and howled, the sound of which caused everything to shake. Suddenly, power exploded out, revealing its Spirit Severing aura.

As soon as the aura appeared, Patriarch Huyan’s pupils constricted. He looked over at the mastiff with a serious look.

At the same time, a bloody glow began to shine out from the mastiff’s eyes. It suddenly shot forward, entering into Patriarch Huyan’s three hundred meter Area. As soon as it entered, the Area began to distort.

It roared again, causing red-colored ripples to emanate out from its body. They spread out in all directions, coming into contact with Patriarch Huyan’s Area. Patriarch Huyan’s face went pale, as if all the blood in his body were suddenly flowing in reverse.

A fierce glow shone up from his eyes. This entire time, he had been moving forward, but now, he stopped.

He gave the mastiff a closer look and then slowly said, “One moment of contact, and it cost me ten percent of my Essence Blood. This Immortal Beast isn’t bad at all. It clearly has gained enlightenment from a Spirit Severing legacy, but isn’t of Spirit Severing itself. Still... such a will of undeath is truly rare.”

A tremor ran through the mastiff’s body as it was suddenly pushed back several paces. It let out a threatening growl as it stared fixedly at Patriarch Huyan.

The Blood Mastiff’s Domain was exactly as Patriarch Huyan had said. It was acquired via a legacy, and had not been gained from personal enlightenment. However, the legacy Domain of the Blood Immortal was no trivial matter; it was a will of undeath!

The First Severing had been a Severing of blood! All the blood in the body, Severed!

Blood represents life. Therefore, Severing blood is equivalent to severing life! Life without death is... undeath!

Therefore, this Domain of undeath could affect natural laws, and create a world in which blood was prohibited!

Almost in the same moment in which the invisible struggle between the Blood Mastiff and Patriarch Huyan unfolded, Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Having tested out Patriarch Huyan's strength, he was now able to form somewhat of an image in his mind, clarifying the differences between himself and Spirit Severing.

"I... CAN fight it!" He strode forward two paces. With those two steps, roaring filled his body as he entered the Second Anima. The power of two great circle Nascent Souls exploded out in his body.

His aura radiated out like a whirlwind. His body grew taller and more intrepid. He took a third step, and instantly, entered the Third Anima of his Seven Animas Soul Transformations. The combination of three Nascent Souls caused his body to explode with battle prowess equivalent to four great circle Nascent Souls. He grew taller and even more powerful.

"Even if you do possess some temporary way to magically power up," said Patriarch Huyan coolly, "it is still... thinking far too much of yourself!" He waved his sleeve, causing the three hundred meter Area to distort in ripples toward the mastiff. The mastiff let out a growling roar as bloody light exploded up from its body. It also manifested an Area world to fight back, although it was only about 250 meters.

Battles of Spirit Severing were different from those of Nascent Soul Cultivators. All Spirit Severing Cultivators have Area worlds. Without breaking the Area world, the Spirit Severing Cultivator is incapable of being harmed.

Between the Mastiff and Patriarch Huyan, the Area worlds opposed each other. Meng Hao's wind whipped about, and his aura shot up. He took a fourth step forward.

Four Nascent Souls combined. Popping sounds rang out in waves as Meng Hao's body grew even taller and stronger. The aura of a scholar was now gone, replaced instead by the evil sense of an Immortal Devil. The battle prowess of eight full circle Nascent Souls exploded out.

Such battle prowess, such energy, caused the wind in the area to scream into a vortex that swirled around Meng Hao. His clothes danced in the wind, and his eyes shone with a blinding light. At this point, even Patriarch Huyan couldn't help but be visibly affected by such power.

Patriarch Huyan had never encountered another great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator as powerful or shocking as Meng Hao. Such fearsome strength would enable him to sweep across the entire Nascent Soul stage.

“You have an excellent temporary power up magic...” said thoughtfully, his eyes narrowing.

It was at this point that Meng Hao took a fifth step, his eyes fixed dead on Patriarch Huyan. As of this point, he had now entered Patriarch Huyan's three hundred meter Area.

The instant it happened, Meng Hao felt an incredible sense of pressure weighing down on him from the Area world. It felt like a mountain had suddenly been dropped onto his body, to crush it into a pulp. As soon as that incredible pressure weighed down on him, however, Meng Hao's body emitted a roar as five colors united and he entered the Fifth Anima!

With the Fifth Anima came sixteen times the battle prowess of a great circle Nascent Soul. Such explosive power fought back against the enormous pressure exerted by the three hundred meter Area, causing distortions to ripple out.

The sight of it made Patriarch Huyan to feel thorough astonishment.

The three hundred meter Area was something that would make the heads of any Nascent Soul Cultivator bow, even one of the great circle. All Patriarch Huyan would have to do is exercise a thought, and that person would be crushed into pieces.

Meng Hao, however, was using some astonishing technique to make himself terrifyingly powerful and fight back against his three hundred meter Area.

“I can't let him live,” thought Patriarch Huyan. “He's only at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, and already has such terrifying power. If he ever Severs his Spirit...”

It was the first time he seemed to be taking the situation seriously. His killing intent grew, and he let out a cold harrumph. He immediately took a portion of the three hundred meter Area which was resisting the Blood Mastiff, and sent it crushing down onto Meng Hao.

“You’ll be reaching your limit any second now, won’t you!? In front of Spirit Severing... it doesn’t matter how powerful your Nascent Soul, you’re nothing but an insect!”

Even as Patriarch Huyan sent the Area pressure bearing down onto Meng Hao, Meng Hao set his jaw. A tremor ran through his body, and his eyes shone with a cold, fierce light.

“Sixth Anima!”

Boom!

Six colors combined. Meng Hao grew taller, and looked just like an Immortal Devil. An indescribably aura of valiance skyrocketed up. He now possessed a Cultivation base equivalent to thirty-two great circle Nascent Souls. This was a level of Nascent Soul power that had never been seen before in the Cultivation world!

Chapter 542: Clever Mastiff!

As he faced up against the pressure from the three hundred meter Area, Meng Hao focused all the power of his Sixth Anima Cultivation base into his hands. He lifted them up and then made a ripping motion.

In response, the air in front of him distorted, and a snapping sound could be heard. It was as if some shapeless obstacle had suddenly been torn. Meng Hao’s body suddenly grew more relaxed, as if the invisible pressure had suddenly been removed.

“Mastiff!” said Meng Hao, charging forward. The mastiff howled, causing its two hundred fifty meter Area to focus around Meng Hao, following him as he shot toward Patriarch Huyan.

For the second time, Patriarch Huyan’s expression changed because of Meng Hao.

He gave a cold harrumph. As Meng Hao and the Mastiff neared, he lifted his right hand and flicked his sleeve out in front of him. No magical item appeared, nor any divine ability. The sleeve was

flicked casually. However, for a Spirit Severing Patriarch, the simple flick of a sleeve would explode out with incredible power.

The three hundred meter Area shrunk down to only one hundred fifty meters, causing its strength to double in intensity. The Area pushed down on everything with an incredible pressure that could suppress all divine abilities. Roaring filled the air as it slammed into Meng Hao and the mastiff and the one hundred fifty meter mark.

Booming sounds rose up into the sky. Meng Hao's right hand clenched into a fist and punched down. Roaring filled his body, as if this fist was capable of causing mountains to tremble. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, but his eyes glittered with a cold light. Thanks to this battle, he was now forming a much better understanding of Spirit Severing.

The mastiff's entire body trembled as it exploded with increased ferocity. The bloody light emanating from it pierced into the one hundred fifty meter Area. It also surrounded Meng Hao, forming a mighty power, allowing him to push forward with irresistible force.

Meng Hao shot directly toward Patriarch Huyan. He stabbed clean through the one hundred fifty meter Area until he actually made contact with Patriarch Huyan!

BAM!

Blood flowed out from Patriarch Huyan's mouth, and he was forced to retreat several paces. The bright glow in his eyes grew more intense. His one hundred fifty meter Area suddenly shrunk under the power of the attacks against it. It rebounded into a seventy-five meter Area before finally counterbalancing the attacks from Meng Hao and the mastiff.

"This Immortal Beast is incredibly devious! It was actually concealing its true power!!" Patriarch Huyan's eyes glittered with killing intent. His expression gradually became tranquil again. However, despite the calm look, he was shaken inwardly. To encounter a Nascent Soul Cultivator who could shake his Spirit Severing Area in such a way caused his desire to kill Meng Hao to grow even stronger. Before Meng Hao could back up, Patriarch Huyan advanced toward him along with his seventy-five meter Area.

"After I kill you, I'll skin this Immortal Beast and then debone it!" he said, his voice calm. Although his words contained no ripples of power, the killing intent they contained was incredibly obvious.

The seventy-five meter Area was like a restricted zone; entering it would result in immediate injury. As it moved forward, the air vibrated. Seeing that it was about to reach Meng Hao, the mastiff howled, and its eyes filled with a fierce glow. It had grown up with Meng Hao, so in terms of conning people, you could say that it had inherited the ability from its master.

Its own Area shrank and then shot forward. Its paws lifted into the air as it charged in a vicious attack.

Its claws were incredibly sharp. They slashed through the air toward Patriarch Huyan's advancing Area. Booms filled the air, and Patriarch Huyan's entire body shook. He suddenly stopped moving. At the same time, the Blood Mastiff trembled and coughed up a mouthful of life Qi. Then, without even the slightest fear of death, it charged again.

This time, it didn't attack with its claws. It did not use its teeth either. Instead, it butted viciously with its head. This was Meng Hao's mastiff, and even if it died, it would protect Meng Hao and kill his enemies!

BANG!

More blood oozed out of Patriarch Huyan's mouth, and he was forced backward again. He looked at the fierce and increasingly vicious mastiff, and his killing intent soared to the Heavens. He now felt an unprecedented jealousy regarding Meng Hao.

"Damnable Immortal Beast!! It... it was hiding even more power than it revealed before!! Immortal Beasts as treacherous as this are hard to come by!"

Even as Patriarch Huyan defended himself yet again, Meng Hao's cold voice suddenly rang out.

"Seventh Anima!"

Boom!

Meng Hao's body grew rapidly once again. A violent, raging tempest sprang up around him. The sky dimmed and everything shook. His fleshly body grew even more powerful, to an astonishing degree. He now had far more power than thirty-two great circle Nascent Souls. Now he had... sixty-four!

A Nascent Soul Cultivator like this was unparalleled in history. Most likely, there would never be someone similar in the future, either. Meng Hao's hair whipped about. He was incredibly tall now, like an Immortal Demon. The strength of his fleshly body, his majestic battle prowess, and his incredible aura could shake the Heavens and Earth.

As of this moment, he was the most powerful of Nascent Soul Cultivators, someone who could fight the Spirit Severing stage!

He was now over half a meter taller than his original height. His shoulders were broad, his posture ramrod straight. He looked like a Devil Divinity, emanating an aura that would cause anyone to pant. His eyes were cold and sharp in such a way that made it seem as if everything in the area would surely freeze.

"Impossible!" Patriarch Huyan's face fell. As of this moment, Meng Hao was emanating an unprecedented pressure, something that Patriarch Huyan would only expect to see when facing up against someone of the same stage as himself!

At the same moment in which Patriarch Huyan's seventy-five meter Area neared Meng Hao, Meng Hao unhesitatingly shot forward. Relying only on the strength of his fleshly body, he charged directly into the seventy-five meter Area.

BANG!

Distorted ripples spread out through the seventy-five meter Area. It shrank down, turning into a thirty meter Area. Meng Hao, the spitting image of a Devil Divinity, immediately appeared thirty meters away from the shocked Patriarch Huyan. He clenched his fist and punched.

This was not a divine ability, or a magical technique. There was no magical item involved. This was just the terrifying power of his fleshly body. The battle prowess of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls, fused together. It formed... a shocking punch that had never before been seen in the Nascent Soul stage of the Cultivation world!

BOOMMMMM!

Meng Hao's punch completely shattered the thirty meter Area, breaking it up into countless pieces that exploded out in all directions. A Spirit Severing Area, shattered!

In the same moment, the mastiff howled and shot forward like lightning. Even as the Spirit Severing Area collapsed, it charged Patriarch Huyan, its sharp, awe-inspiring fangs savagely biting down.

BAM!

Patriarch Huyan waved both hands forward to block. His body shook violently, and he was sent tumbling backward, his face filling with an expression of utter disbelief and shock. He could never have possibly imagined that his Spirit Severing Area would be broken to pieces by a Nascent Soul Cultivator.

Even as it was happening, he could scarcely believe it. As of now, his desire to kill Meng Hao had reached a pinnacle. In fact, deep in his heart, he had begun to regret provoking Meng Hao.

A powerful expert like this, someone from the Nascent Soul stage who could battle against the Spirit Severing stage, was like a nightmare to any Cultivator. If he were not killed, it would likely result in the calamitous extermination of an entire Tribe.

“You WILL die this day!” howled Patriarch Huyan. His eyes narrowed as he looked at Meng Hao, who was currently behind the mastiff. Meng Hao’s intrepid fleshly body caused Patriarch Huyan to pause momentarily as feelings of jealousy rose up within him. He suddenly performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing the image of an enormous wheel to suddenly appear in front of him.

It was in this moment that Meng Hao shot forward through the air with another punch.

In the blink of an eye, he was closing in on Patriarch Huyan....

“Wheel of Time, Universal Death! First Rotation, Time Destruction!” He performed a final incantation and then pushed his hand forward. The illusory image in front of him suddenly became clear. It was a black chariot wheel!

It emanated the archaic feeling of time, and was branded with countless magical symbols. The magical symbols flickered with light as the wheel suddenly began to rotate.

Meng Hao's fist descended, and was just about to slam into the wheel, when suddenly an intense feeling filled his mind. The mastiff sensed it a bit faster; it suddenly grabbed him with his mouth and shot backward with him in retreat.

At the same time, boundless Time power exploded out from the wheel. This type of power was different than the type that Meng Hao wielded. This power was that of reversal. Meng Hao was astonished to see that even as he retreated, the Area which he had shattered was being restored. After having retreated more than sixty meters, Meng Hao's Seventh Anima was beginning to dissolve.

Patriarch Huyan smiled coldly, and his eyes shone with a cold disdain. He suddenly vanished, then shockingly reappeared right behind Meng Hao. He reached out and then gestured forward with his finger. The mastiff howled, and red light expanded as it shot forward to block the finger attack.

Patriarch Huyan frowned and cursed inwardly as he forced the attack to complete. Booms could be heard as the red light shattered. Ignoring the incoming Blood Mastiff and its gaping mouth, Patriarch Huyan continued to stab his finger toward Meng Hao's back.

The finger attack landed, and a roaring could be heard. However, what it hit was layers of Eyeless Larva silk! The silk prevented ninety percent of the force of the blow from hitting Meng Hao.

The remaining ten percent slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray from his mouth. As he tumbled forward, Patriarch Huyan was just about to pursue when the mastiff bit down. Patriarch Huyan trembled violently and blood sprayed from his mouth. He was forced to retreat backward several paces and abandon pursuit of Meng Hao.

"Tough little bastard!" said Patriarch Huyan through gritted teeth. He could only watch as Meng Hao sped away from him, while he was held up by the frenzied, crimson mastiff. Unable to pursue, he could only let out a cold harrumph. He knew that the power of Time was still going to envelop Meng Hao, and that there was nothing he could do to escape it.

"Since that's the case," said Patriarch Huyan, performing an incantation gesture, "I'll just slaughter this little animal of yours!" Booming filled the air and the mastiff howled as its Area was shattered. However, the red glow coming off of its body suddenly transformed into countless red spikes that shot toward Patriarch Huyan. The battle between the two instantly exploded out. At the same time, Patriarch Huyan's eyes flickered as he continuously sought an opportunity to kill Meng Hao.

All of these things happened in the time it takes a spark to fly up off of a piece of flint. The blood that had sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth as he was sent tumbling suddenly seemed as if it was about to return into his mouth.

Chapter 543: Seizing Treasures!

This power of Time gave Meng Hao an intense sense of grave crisis. As the blood moved backward toward him, violet light suddenly flickered in his eyes. The East Pill Division catalysis technique, the Time magic from Han Bei of the Black Sieve Sect, and the technique he had learned from the jade page, all combined into a branding mark that Meng Hao placed onto the mouthful of blood.

This was also a power of Time. However, instead of causing Time to flow backward, it did the opposite. The power exploded out, fighting back at the power from the Wheel of Time. Roaring rose up into the air. At the same time, Patriarch Huyan was incapable of avoiding the mastiff, which teleported in to once again wound him with its slashing claws. Meng Hao's body was currently recovering. He suddenly transformed into a green smoke and a black moon, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Patriarch Huyan made a slight, "Eee?" sound. By this point, Meng Hao had already reappeared in mid-air, blood seeping out of the corners of his mouth. There was no time to wipe it away. He looked over at Patriarch Huyan, his eyes glittered with killing intent.

"Blood Mastiff!" bellowed Meng Hao. He shot up into the air, performing an incantation and then waving his arm. Instantly, an enormous face appeared. Simultaneously, the mastiff began to glow with a bright, bloody light that merged into the blood-colored face.

Combining the Blood Immortal divine ability with the power of the Blood Mastiff resulted in... a true Blood Immortal magic!

Before the mastiff had awakened, what Meng Hao could utilize could be counted as skills lacking true magic. Now, however, he was using true magic, a true divine ability!

The fact that Meng Hao was able to evade the Wheel of Time left Patriarch Huyan amazed yet again. That was especially so because the method he had used to escape the Time reversal technique... was also Time!

"Your name isn't Meng! It's Han!" said Patriarch Huyan. This caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict, and gave birth to a new idea. He did not respond to the words. Instead, he caused the battle prowess of sixty-four Nascent Souls to explode out. Instantly, the blood-colored face

transformed into sixty-four separate faces, which transformed into ghost images that then superimposed over each other. Then they combined and shot toward Patriarch Huyan.

As the blood-colored faces whizzed forward through the air, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce his Wooden Time Swords. He did not employ their power of Time, but rather treated them as ordinary flying swords. They stabbed through the blood-colored face and then shot toward Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan frowned. He had a sneaky suspicion about what was going on. His right hand lifted up as he flashed an incantation gesture then pointed toward the Wheel of Time. Instantly, the ancient, black chariot wheel began to spin again. The power of Time then exploded out.

A massive roaring sound could be heard. Ripples caused the Violet Sea down below to seethe. Meng Hao's Blood Immortal divine ability face suddenly began to wither. In the blink of an eye it transformed into gray ash.

It was at this point that the Time Sword Formation appeared. The formation trembled as it shot out. For some reason, the formation seemed somewhat different than it had in the past.

It was as if encountering this new power of Time had somehow changed the Time Sword Formation.

At the same time, Patriarch Huyan's Wheel of Time suddenly stopped moving and seemed to fade. The Time power inside of it was as boundless as ever, though. Patriarch Huyan performed an incantation and pointed, causing the black wheel to fly screaming through the air toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao continued to shoot backward in retreat. He spit out a mouthful of blood and then produced a medicinal pill which he immediately consumed. He then made a grasping motion with his right hand, causing the Devil Spear to appear. Although it appeared to be much more faint than before, there were still countless vicious, howling faces within its mist.

Without hesitation, Meng Hao shot backward, hurling the Devil Spear out. It buzzed through the air as it headed toward the black chariot wheel.

Next, Meng Hao's eyes began to shine with a strange light. He flicked his right sleeve, and at the same time, sent his Divine Sense into the Blood Immortal mask. Considering that he was currently in the Seventh Anima, as soon as his Divine Sense touched the flag of three streamers, he was able to fully employ the true power of the first streamer of the flag.

The air around him vibrated and distorted as a streamer as red as the color of blood suddenly appeared in Meng Hao's hand. It rippled in the air as Meng Hao waved it, causing a blood-like wind to suddenly rise up!

This was different from the times Meng Hao had wielded the flag of three streamers on previous occasions. This was the true manifestation of the first streamer, and was not illusory like before. The blood-colored tempest that the treasure gave rise to caused Patriarch Huyan's face to fill with astonishment.

"That flag.... Dammit! How could you have an Immortal treasure like that!?" Even as Patriarch Huyan was expressing his disbelief, the flag unfurled, transforming into a red banner that stretched out in front of Meng Hao toward the Wheel of Time.

Although it takes some time to describe, the Devil Spear and the flag of three streamers instantly shot toward the black chariot wheel. There was no hesitation on Patriarch Huyan's part as he performed a double-handed incantation in an attempt to control the wheel treasure.

However, even in the middle of the incantation, the mastiff suddenly pounced toward him. It had reached a frenzied state, as if it didn't fear death at all. As it neared, the bloody light shining off of it flickered in intensity and transformed into countless threads that slashed toward Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan was cursing inwardly. His hatred for the mastiff had already sunk deep into his bones. Yet again, he realized that if it weren't for the damnable Immortal Beast, the battle would have gone much more smoothly.

While Patriarch Huyan was being pinned down by the mastiff, Meng Hao's eyes glittered with a red light. His aura exploded up into the heavens. He was utilizing sixty-four times the battle prowess of a great circle Nascent Soul, and Divine Sense with a range of 29,999 meters. Together, they formed into... a divine ability!

"Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!" His hair whipped about and his Cultivation base rotated rapidly. Demonic Qi in the area seethed as he lifted his hand up and pointed his index finger straight out ahead of him toward Patriarch Huyan.

As he pointed, blood oozed out of Meng Hao's nose, ears and eyes. Popping sounds could be heard within him, and his brain and body filled with a roaring sound.

Meng Hao's eyes were awash with madness. However, beneath that madness was utter calm. He was sealing a powerful Spirit Severing expert, so he would of course have to pay... a heavy price.

But, why did that matter?

A tremor ran through Patriarch Huyan's body. The Demonic Qi in the area was boundless and majestic, and formed into something like a sea. In the blink of an eye, it wrapped around Patriarch Huyan, transforming into a seal. His Cultivation base was suppressed and he suddenly... ceased all movement.

"What divine ability is this!?!?" Patriarch Huyan was completely shocked. The mastiff seized this opportunity to strike out with its paw. Roaring could be heard, and blood sprayed from Patriarch Huyan's mouth. His expression was one of savageness.

However, the brief pause imposed upon him damaged his connection to the Wheel of Time, almost as if his Divine Sense had been severed. Only a tiny connection remained. However, it was at this moment that the Devil Spear bore down onto the wheel. It stabbed directly into it, causing a massive explosion to ring out. Even though the spear was greatly weakened, vast quantities of mist still poured out of it, causing the wheel to tremble violently and then move about a third of a meter to the side.

It was a small movement, but it instantly weakened the final scrap of Divine Sense which connected the Wheel of Time and Patriarch Huyan. This caused Patriarch Huyan's face to flicker once again. It was in this moment that the flag of three streamers hit the wheel. A boom rose up into the air. Meng Hao shouted, and the flag...

Completely wrapped around the wheel, then heaved it to the side. Booms could be heard. The wheel turned into a black, trembling beam of light that moved a full thirty meters off to the side. The movement caused any remaining connection with Patriarch Huyan to be completely destroyed!

All of this took place in the amount of time it takes for a spark to fly up into the air. The effect of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was already vanishing from Patriarch Huyan. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth as he once again used the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, ignoring any injuries he would receive in the process.

Just when Patriarch Huyan recovered use of his Cultivation base, it was once again sealed! At the same time, the Blood Mastiff, in response to Meng Hao's Divine Sense, roared. Bloody light shot up, and the power of its Spirit Severing Cultivation base rocketed out as it charged again toward Patriarch Huyan.

As of now, Meng Hao was completely ignoring Patriarch Huyan. Instead, he shot directly toward the Wheel of Time. The single flag streamer teleported to join him.

A fierce light gleamed in Patriarch Huyan's eyes. In this critical moment of the battle, the power of his Cultivation base suddenly exploded out. He raised his head up and howled as the Demonic Qi seal surrounding him collapsed. He had extricated himself and restored his Cultivation base. But now, the mastiff was upon him, and he was forced to fight.

Temporarily, Patriarch Huyan was incapable of completely freeing himself. His fury burned like raging fires, consuming him as he howled in rage.

As for Meng Hao, he was just now slamming into the Wheel of Time.

He flicked his sleeve, causing the single streamer to wrap up the Wheel of Time, which Patriarch Huyan had lost control of.... Then, he collected up the streamer and... put it into his bag of holding!

He... shockingly captured Patriarch Huyan's precious treasure!

Earlier, when Patriarch Huyan had claimed that his surname was actually Han, it instantly made him think of Han Bei. He also thought about that Patriarch of the Han Clan who could control the power of Time.

All of the various threads of information formed together to give Meng Hao the audacious idea of stealing Patriarch Huyan's treasure!

All of his actions up to this point had been aimed at snatching away the treasure! He even allowed himself to be injured in the process! The benefits of acquiring such an item were indescribable!

"Meng Hao!" roared Patriarch Huyan, his eyes filling with veins of blood along with killing intent. He wanted to pursue Meng Hao, but the howling Blood Mastiff then attacked him once again. Pinned down, Patriarch Huyan could do nothing but be consumed by his indescribable rage. This mastiff, which seemingly didn't fear death in the least, had the power of Spirit Severing. Patriarch Huyan wasn't capable of killing it, nor even sealing it. He could only watch helplessly as his treasure was stolen away by a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator. The shame and rage that he felt were virtually driving him insane.

In all the years he had practiced cultivation, he had almost never been put into such a difficult position. His rage could not grow any more.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent. He had made a lot of preparations with the intent of facing Patriarch Huyan. As of this moment, his preparations had been used by about half. He still had more tricks up his sleeves. His trump card of fusing with the Violet Sea, had not been brought into play yet.

Chapter 544: The Dao of Emotion Severing

Meng Hao's expression was calm. He had no time to personally do anything about the effects of the Wheel of Time. He let the flag of three streamers suppress it, then turned and lifted up his hand. The tip of his finger turned bright red.

It then transformed into a red colored totem tattoo. This was the Ji Clan Blood Clone aspect of his Water-type totem. After absorbing it and gaining enlightenment regarding the Blood-type totem, it hadn't disappeared. Rather, Meng Hao had completely suppressed it inside of his own body.

It was now that, without hesitation, he released the Blood Clone. A bloody light shone out from his finger, flying out into mid-air to transform into the Ji Clan Blood Clone. As soon as it appeared, its body exploded with bloody light that shot up into the sky. It turned its head to look at Meng Hao, as if it planned to attack him. In that moment, Meng Hao gave a cold snort.

The sound of it sent rippling tremors through the body of the Blood Clone, as if it weren't stable. Actually, when Meng Hao suppressed the clone within his body, he had also branded it with vast amounts of restrictive spells.

An expression of struggle appeared on the Blood Clone's face for a moment. Then it turned, howling as it shot toward Patriarch Huyan. It seemed it planned to vent its frustration with Meng Hao onto Patriarch Huyan.

The instant the Blood Clone appeared, Patriarch Huyan once again looked shocked. He could not help but tremble inwardly at Meng Hao's continuous succession of shocking methods. First was his astonishing Seven Animas Soul Transformations, then his Time Sword Formation and the flag of three streamers, and finally this Blood Clone. All of it left Patriarch Huyan thoroughly shaken inwardly.

The Blood Clone shouted as it neared. Together with the Blood Mastiff, it had Patriarch Huyan essentially flanked on both sides. Patriarch Huyan's face fell. He raised up his right hand and pointed out in front of him. Instantly, the Blood Clone exploded, only to reform a moment later.

“Dammit! It also has a will of undeath!!” Patriarch Huyan's face flickered as the Blood Mastiff pounced toward him from behind. He was not in a position to evade; the mastiff's razor sharp fangs sank into his body, ripping open a wound from which blood sprayed out unimpeded.

At the same time, Meng Hao made his move. As he neared, a divine ability suddenly manifested.

“Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify!” More than sixty enormous faces appeared. They superimposed over each other, transforming into a divine ability backed by the power of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls, a power that could rock Spirit Severing.

The face's eyes opened, and its mouth moved. Roaring sounds pulsed out within Patriarch Huyan's mind. Streams of black smoke suddenly rose up from his body, sixty-four in total. They billowed up into the air as Meng Hao's divine ability closed in.

One man, one clone, one dog, battling Spirit Severing!

Booms continued to explode out. Patriarch Huyan's aura expanded out to transform into an enormous vortex which slammed into Meng Hao, the mastiff and the clone.

Roaring filled the area and kicked up huge waves on the surface of the sea. The air itself seemed to be on the verge of splitting open. Patriarch Huyan was infuriated. Never since reaching the Spirit Severing stage, had he ever been in such a bad position. His Spirit Severing Area had been shattered, his Wheel of Time stolen. And to top it all off, his opponent... was only a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator. Even though he had a Spirit Severing Immortal Beast, even though he had a strange Blood Clone, this was all a complete humiliation to Patriarch Huyan!

“My Dao....” said Patriarch Huyan. He took a deep breath, causing all of his emotions to disappear. He became completely calm.

“My Dao of severing emotions...

“When speaking of human emotions, love for one's family is the most powerful. By Severing family love, one can sever the Dao of a lifetime.” A freezing, emotionless cold suddenly rose up

from Patriarch Huyan. This coldness was unfeeling, almost like it was... a funeral for the seven emotions and six pleasures.

“My parents died when I was young,” murmured Patriarch Huyan, “so there was no way to Sever them. My feelings for my beloved are dispensable as far as I am concerned, so that Severing would have been useless.... Only my feelings for my sons would conform to my Dao of severing emotions.

“My First Severing was of that Dao of feelings. It is common knowledge that I have an only son. What is not common knowledge is that I actually had nine sons in total. I killed the first eight with my own hands in order to create my Dao of extinguishing emotions!

“I placed all my hopes in my final son, Huyan Qing, and did everything for him. I concentrated all my fatherly love on him. When that love reached its pinnacle, I would kill him, and the resulting pain would be intense to the extreme. Only by experiencing such pain and grief could I... complete my first Severing and become... totally emotionless!

“By killing my son, you have ruined my Dao! Nothing could possibly compare to the towering hatred which I feel toward you!

“My Dao... is a Severing of emotion!” Patriarch Huyan’s aura suddenly exploded out.

His Spirit Severing Domain, his first Severing, was of emotion!

That emotion was not romantic love, nor friendship. Instead, it was the most powerful of all emotions, the love for blood relatives!

Before Spirit Severing, Patriarch Huyan had been an emotional and loving person. Afterwards... he chose to slaughter his own sons for the sake of his Dao. The only one that remained was Huyan Qing.

His choice for this Spirit Severing Dao was actually very similar to that of Patriarch Hanxue of the Frigid Snow Clan. However, in the end Patriarch Hanxue chose not to continue with the Severing. Patriarch Huyan, on the other hand, was more resolute.

He concentrated all of his fatherly love onto his son, Huyan Qing, holding none in reserve. It was like he took all of the family love that existed within his person and focused it solely on Huyan Qing.

As far as Huyan Qing was concerned, Patriarch Huyan had indulged him in every way, tolerated anything. It had been a boundless fatherly love.

Only in that way could he sever pain, sever his heart, and truly complete his first Severing. By extinguishing family love, he could form... his Dao of extinguishing emotions!

But now, Huyan Qing was dead, killed by another. Because Patriarch Huyan hadn't killed him, it meant that Patriarch Huyan's First Severing could not be completed perfectly unless he spent much time reversing the setback.

The easiest method would be to slay the person who had killed Huyan Qing, to get revenge.

But that wasn't enough. What he needed... was a rain of blood that would allow him to express all of his fatherly love... and release himself from worldly cares.

"Severing emotions," he said, his voice low. Instantly, everything in the area became extremely cold. An emotionless Domain erupted out from him.

This was a unique divine ability of the Spirit Severing stage, the Domain!

Patriarch Huyan's Domain was one in which the only thing that could exist was an extinguishing of emotions. Any scrap of emotion or passion would be extinguished inside, dispersed. As the Domain spread out, the Blood Clone trembled. It recovered a moment later, not having been affected very much. That was because it... was innately an emotionless creature.

As for the mastiff, however, it began to shake violently. The bloody light which surrounded it began to flicker. The will of undeath which filled it fought back fiercely, but was clearly not a match. It began to tremble more and more violently, and emit fierce howls.

The one to be affected the most, though, was Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's mind filled with roaring. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. His eyes shone with confusion. Suddenly, his mind began to fill with images. His childhood and his parents. His friendship with Fatty and the others. The blur that existed between Xu Qing and Chu Yuyan. The emotional connection between apprentice and Master that he felt for Pill Demon.

All of these things completely filled his mind, transforming into a blade that hung there within his mind.

An archaic voice suddenly filled his mind.

“Sever your emotions, and you can exist....

“Emotions are a hindrance, they burn away at your flame of life....

“Sever them....

“Sever them....”

The voice seemed to carry some mysterious power. It caused Meng Hao’s entire body to tremble. He felt as if his soul were about to be shredded into pieces. He couldn’t help but let out a scream of anguish.

At the same time, all the images in his mind, all the people, began to distort. They transformed into black flames that set Meng Hao’s mind on fire. He felt pain.... the kind of pain that comes from watching your parents dying and being helpless to save them!

It was the pain that comes from watching your beloved coldly turn away into the embrace of another!

It was the pain of watching your best friend smile maliciously while plunging a knife into your back!

It was a pain formed from all of those various emotions, rising to the pinnacle!

The pain transformed into black flames which burned at Meng Hao’s very soul.

“Sever them.... Sever the emotions, and you can exist. Refuse... and your soul will be destroyed.” The voice echoed out in Meng Hao’s body as he trembled. It seemed as if he were existing in an illusion, but was unable to distinguish the difference between the illusion and reality.

Confusion filled his eyes. Blood oozed out of his mouth. He lost control and fell down, down into the Violet Sea.

This was Patriarch Huyan's emotionless Domain, which severed both emotions and pain. It severed the emotions of the enemy, smashed the soul, crushed the fleshly body. Facing Patriarch Huyan with emotions led only to death.

Giving in to the demands of the Domain led to becoming a puppet. Refusing to give in, led to death in body and spirit.

Meng Hao sank down into the Violet Sea. As he did, his mind's eye was filled with various images from his life. The joys, the sorrows, the partings, the reunions. Pain. Betrayal. They all seemed to swirl into a cycle of pain.

When Meng Hao's body suddenly hit the seafloor, his eyes opened. As of this moment, they were clear. However, it was a clearness filled with exhaustion.

"Emotions... are not a hindrance," he murmured. "Emotions... are what make life complete." He closed his eyes. In the instant that he did, the Violet Sea began to roar, and its surface roiled. The mastiff was trembling in mid-air, its eyes bright red. The Blood Clone was actually not impeded at all. However, as it neared Patriarch Huyan, confusion suddenly filled its eyes.

Patriarch Huyan hovered there in mid-air, his Domain spreading out, filling the entire area. It was at this moment that the Violet Sea began to roar, causing Patriarch Huyan's brow to furrow.

As he frowned, the waters of the Violet Sea began to collect together. An enormous head suddenly began to emerge, then a body, then two legs. In the shocking blink of an eye, an enormous giant made of seawater rose up from within the Violet Sea.

The giant looked like Meng Hao in every way. Its closed eyes suddenly snapped open. They emanated a bright glow as it lifted up its right hand. The gigantic hand, formed of massive quantities of water, formed into a fist and then punched out toward Patriarch Huyan.

A massive boom echoed out across the waters. Patriarch Huyan's face fell and he instantly retreated. He managed to avoid the fist, but his Domain was completely shattered.

“Emotionless? You actually transformed into something emotionless.... No! This isn’t you! This is the Violet Sea!! He actually... actually fused with the Violet Sea. This... this....” Patriarch Huyan’s eyes went wide and filled with disbelief. Only emotionless beings could exist within his domain. This Violet Sea Giant, was just such an emotionless creature. After all, the Violet Sea was fundamentally death.

In death, what dies is not just the body, but also emotion.

Chapter 545: The Most Powerful!

Currently, far up above in the air, three streams of powerful Divine Sense were paying very close attention to battle down below.

These streams of Divine Sense far exceeded the Nascent Soul stage. Each one seemed to contain different natural laws and different Domains. Shockingly, these were... three streams of Divine Sense belonging to Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

All three were from the Black Lands. Two were from the great Wild Flame Tribe and great Demon Butterfly Tribe respectively. The other was a patriarch from the great Cloud Sky Tribe, the Tribe Zhou Dekun was a member of.

The streams of Divine Sense hovered there in mid-air, staring down at the battle with both concentration and shock.

“Patriarch Huyan’s clone is going all out.”

“This kid has really got some extraordinary battle prowess! Patriarch Huyan’s clone is different from our clones. Our clones only possess thirty percent of the battle prowess of our true selves. Patriarch Huyan’s clone, however... possesses its own Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal! It’s a Divine Clone with seventy percent of the battle prowess of his true self! It’s like a second life for Patriarch Huyan. It required years of refinement to create something he can exchange his life with!”

“Seven superimpositions. A Spirit Severing Immortal Beast. The will of the Violet Sea. This kid is incredible!”

As the three streams of Divine Sense discussed the goings on, they only continued to grow more serious.

Down on the surface of the sea, booms echoed out into the air. Meng Hao, in the form of the Violet Sea Giant, clenched his hand into a fist again. He punched out into the air, which kicked up a violent tempest that swept out in all directions, with the power to destroy all Domains in the area.

The mastiff howled, and bloody light exploded up from its body, transforming into eighteen sharp fangs which then shot directly toward Patriarch Huyan, seemingly capable of ripping holes in the air.

A boom could be heard and blood sprayed from the mouth of Patriarch Huyan. He fell back once again. Even as he did, the giant-form Meng Hao slapped his hands together in exactly the same way he had when he killed the Black Bat.

Next, another giant began to rise up from within the Violet Sea. Then a third, followed by a fourth, a fifth and then a sixth....

In total, seven giants towered above the Violet Sea, each one of them thousands of meters tall and shocking to the extreme.

Each of the giants looked exactly like Meng Hao. As soon as they appeared, they charged toward Patriarch Huyan. This was... a divine ability that Meng Hao could employ after fusing with the Violet Sea.

Seven giants roared. The mastiff's Cultivation base exploded out with all its power. The Blood Clone trembled, then exploded with killing intent. All of them charged directly toward Patriarch Huyan.

As they approached, destructive power exploded up. The power of extermination raged. Patriarch Huyan's Domain was no longer effective, having been shattered by Meng Hao using the Violet Sea. Patriarch Huyan's eyes were red and his hair was in disarray. He looked completely out of sorts as he suddenly howled.

Instantly, a divine ability magically manifested. It coalesced into a three thousand meter long Heaven Saber. As the blade chopped down, it caused roaring sounds to fill the air. Of the seven giants, four exploded. Of the fangs shooting toward Patriarch Huyan from the mastiff, five were shattered. All the rest continued on to slam into Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan's entire body shook violently, and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He tumbled backward in astonishment, his hair flying around, his eyes filled with madness.

“You’re good, Meng Hao, I’ll give you that.... To be able to fight back against me to this extent shows that you are truly powerful.

“However... you are not of the Spirit Severing stage! Not yet! You have no Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal. You are doomed.... You cannot slay me. Instead... you have assured your own death!

“Spirit Severing!” Patriarch Huyan lifted his head up and roared. Along with the sound of the roar, his aura exploded up, revealing the power of his Spirit Severing Cultivation base. As this happened, his body began to wither. In the blink of an eye, it withered up and he began to disappear.

Instantly, his body completely turned into ashes and was gone. However, as his fleshly body disappeared, what appeared in its places was a Spirit Body!

It was like a Nascent Soul, but fundamentally different. It was translucent, and possessed Immortal Will!

This was the Spirit Immortal of Patriarch Huyan’s clone!

Spirit Severing can also be referred to as Mortality Severing. Everything beneath Spirit Severing is mortal. However, Spirit Severing and above can be considered Immortal. After severing Mortality, the Nascent Soul disappears, and is transformed into a Nascent Divinity. This can also be referred to as a Spirit Immortal!

This Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal is not something that is easily revealed. Only by casting off the fleshly body would it be able to appear. Actually, a Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal can only truly connect properly with one’s true physical body, not a clone.

Therefore, by casting off the clone’s physical body, the Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal would be able to truly employ Spirit Severing divine abilities!

Bright glows appeared in the eyes of giant-form Meng Hao. He stared at Patriarch Huyan’s Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal. Meng Hao had actually gained quite a bit throughout the course of this battle; his understanding regarding Spirit Severing was now much deeper.

“So, there is no Nascent Soul in Spirit Severing, but rather, a Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal is formed!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as his enlightenment deepened. Thanks to this battle, the path of Spirit Severing was now much clearer in his mind.

Patriarch Huyan’s Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal began to perform an incantation gesture, touching its left thumb with its right forefinger, and vice versa. This formed a rectangle which it used to surround Meng Hao’s image. “Spirit Severing Banishment!” it shouted.

As the words left its mouth, rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and the sky dimmed. Giant-form Meng Hao began to shake, as if explosive power from Heaven and Earth were forming to expel him.

Such an expulsion made it seem as if the entire world, as if all the lands of South Heaven, viewed Meng Hao as an enemy. It was as if in this moment, all living things, even the plants and animals, all existence, were filled with an intense desire to expel Meng Hao.

All of a sudden, a sound like countless murmuring voices suddenly joined together to form an echoing shout.

“Begone!”

The sound was such that it seemed as if the will of the entire world was focused on expelling and banishing Meng Hao!

Meng Hao’s giant-form exploded into countless pieces, as did the other remaining giants in the area. The mastiff whined as roaring also filled its body and its life force rapidly began to drain away. It, however, did not explode. After all... it was of the Spirit Severing stage!

Such a banishment could only be resisted by the Spirit Severing stage!

Anything beneath Spirit Severing would be killed by this banishment. That was the power of a Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal.

The Blood Clone also exploded, although it quickly reformed, only to explode once more. The Violet Sea churned. Deep beneath the surface, blood sprayed from Meng Hao’s mouth. Roaring filled his mind as he heard all living things roaring.

“BEGONE!!”

More blood exploded from his mouth. Popping sounds rang out from his body as he shot up from within the waters. The voices continued to echo in his ears.

“BEEGOONNEEE!!”

“Begone from this place! Begone from these lands! Begone from South Heaven...!” An indescribable power of expulsion caused Meng Hao to retreat at full speed. He coughed up blood continuously. The magic of this divine ability was incredibly powerful, far beyond anything Meng Hao could have imagined.

The power of expulsion continued to grow more intense, causing an enormous vortex to appear in midair. The gravitation force of the vortex latched onto Meng Hao, as if it intended to completely banish him from the lands of South Heaven.

“I live in the lands of South Heaven,” said Meng Hao. “This is my home! You trifling Spirit Severing Cultivator! What gives you the right to banish me!” A look of determination filled his eyes as he slapped his bag of holding to produce the blood-colored mask.

After entering the Seventh Anima, Meng Hao didn’t actually need the mask. However, now that the mastiff had awakened, Meng Hao could actually sense that within the mask... was a shocking divine ability!

Originally, Meng Hao had planned to keep this divine ability as a trump card, but now he had no other options.

Without hesitation, he placed the mask onto his face. When that happened, his green robe instantly turned the color of blood, as did his hair. In the blink of an eye, a glow of blood rose up from him.

“Blood Mastiff, my Blood Immortal Spirit.... My Dao Protector.... Use the primordial Blood Immortal law to merge with this mask. Make your Cultivation base... my Cultivation base!

“Let the Domain change! Let the primordial transform! Let the image of the Blood Immortal... come!” As Meng Hao spoke, his voice seemed to carry an archaic will. The mastiff trembled, and a

strange glow appeared in its eyes. Without hesitation, it shot toward Meng Hao. As it did, its body transformed into a red glow. It shot like lightning toward Meng Hao and then... merged directly into the mask.

As soon as the mastiff merged into the mask a tremor ran through Meng Hao's body. His aura suddenly expanded out, and his hair whipped about him. His robe fluttered madly.

His Divine Sense... suddenly was no longer 29,999 meters, but rather... 30,000!

It was only an increase in one meter, but that meter... made all the difference compared to the previous 29,999 meters. That one meter gap represented the difference between mortality and Immortality!

Meng Hao's Cultivation base suddenly exploded up. Shockingly, a blood-colored figure suddenly appeared behind him. It was a figure seated on a throne of bones, wearing a mask, hair floating in the air. Also, it was a woman!

The woman was none other than... the Blood Immortal of the Doom Clan!!

In this moment, Meng Hao was fused with the Cultivation base of the Blood Mastiff. On top of his great Circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base appeared another Cultivation base that did not belong to him. It fused with his, causing thunderous roars to fill his body. His aura exploded out... with the power of Spirit Severing!

In this moment, it seemed as if Meng Hao suddenly came to a new realization. He looked up into the sky, but then just as quickly retracted his gaze.

At the same time, the three streams of Divine Sense belonging to the Spirit Severing Cultivators emanated powerful ripples, caused by the shock of realizing that they had been spotted by Meng Hao.

“He saw us! I would never have imagined that he could actually borrow the power of Spirit Severing!!”

“It seems Patriarch Huyan's Divine Clone is going to perish!”

“This kid... well, perhaps we shouldn't call him that. This Fellow Daoist Meng Hao might not know us personally, but he is qualified to sit as equals with us at the same table.”

The three were now paying rapt attention to Meng Hao.

Chapter 546: The Patriarch Goes All Out!

Ripples of Spirit Severing Power expanded out in all directions. Meng Hao's hair whipped about as his Cultivation base roared upward.

The Spirit Severing power did not belong to him; he could only possess it temporarily. Even the Domain was not his, but rather, that of the Blood Immortal.

After the Spirit Severing Cultivation base growth, shockingly, an Area world appeared around Meng Hao. Within his mind, he could also faintly sense the Domain of the Blood Immortal.

However, he could not utilize them. All he could do was vaguely sense them.... The Domain actually had nothing to do with blood. Strangely, it contained a sense of waiting, as well as of glorious pursuit. It was like a blooming, blood-colored flower....

In the moment that Meng Hao borrowed the Spirit Severing power, the expulsion power around him instantly grew weaker by more than half. The vortex in mid-air vanished without a trace.

An expression of disbelief appeared on the face of Patriarch Huyan. Never could he possibly have imagined that the battle would go the way it had, or that he would end up being so shaken by Meng Hao.

“How is this possible?! How can he be so terrifying!? Don't tell me that he's... a Dao Seeking reincarnation!? Or maybe... he's an Immortal's Soul in a mortal body!?!?” Even as Patriarch Huyan was reeling in shock, Meng Hao looked up. He could sense the undefinable power that was surging within him. He couldn't sustain such power for long, only about the space of twelve breaths.

Therefore, he didn't hesitate. The glow of blood surged up around him as he lifted his right hand up and performed an incantation gesture, then pointed forward.

“Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that cover the sky!”

Three forms of the Blood Immortal legacy divine ability. The body of the Blood Immortal. A Spirit Severing Cultivation base. In this moment, the power of all of these things exploded out.

The sky was now the color of blood!

Beneath the red glow, the Violet Sea turned black.

From a distance, all that could be seen was a black sea and a red sky, with just a glimmer of violet in between the two. Even an expert artist would have a hard time depicting such a scene.

There were clouds in the sky, sundered clouds.

There was rain as well, a rain of blood!

A sea of blood roared with huge waves that seemed to wish to fly up to the heavens. The sea of blood merged with the Violet Sea, transforming into black blood!

Sundered clouds, a bloody rain, seas that cover the sky. These three things were Blood Immortal divine abilities, majestic and shocking.

The sundered clouds surged into motion, causing vapor to instantly rise up around Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal. From within the thick clouds emerged... sundering!

A boom could be heard as the sundering mist exploded. Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal emitted a shrill cry. It was shocked to discover that it couldn't evade and was powerless to fight back! The natural law in the world seemed to have completely changed.

These rules did not belong to him, but rather, to Meng Hao. Or perhaps... to the woman who sat behind Meng Hao on the throne of bones.

The sundered clouds surged endlessly. That was because they were propelled by a wind of sundering. Roaring filled the air as, within the short space of time of a few breaths, Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal was battered dozens of times. He was forced backward several hundred meters. Explosions and booms echoed out; it seemed as if the Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal was on the verge of being destroyed.

He was shocked, filled with disbelief as well as an intense sense of deadly crisis.

In this moment, a rain of blood appeared in the midst of the sundered clouds. It carried with it a shocking power, seemingly another expulsion power. The raindrops fell down from all directions toward Patriarch Huyan.

A bloodcurdling scream could be heard. Patriarch Huyan was flabbergasted and shaking with fear. Booming could be heard as his body began to fall apart. He quickly pulled it back together, only to have more blood rain whistle toward him. As of this moment, the entire world, everything in the area, was transformed into a world of blood rain.

Within that world, all life would be submerged, buried in the blood rain!

But... this was not the greatest danger. The greatest danger... was within the black sea!

The sea roared up into the sky. The sky roared down into the sea. The blackness of the once violet-colored sea, merged with the blood rain, turning it black!

The black sea rose up into the sky, making it impossible to determine what was the sky and what was the sea. It was as if everything had been turned upside down, as if everything had been twisted about.

Within all the booming and roaring, the sundered clouds, the blood rain, the black sea, became...
Blood Death!

Patriarch Huyan was filled with a sense of grave danger. He had the intense premonition that if he didn't do something immediately, then he... would definitely die!!

If someone had told him before that he would die at Meng Hao's hands, he would have mocked and ridiculed that person to no end. But now... such a scene was playing out in front of his own eyes. As of this moment, though, there was no time for shock and astonishment. Heart pounding, he suddenly looked up into the sky and roared.

“Fellow Daoists, the three of you must help me slay this man! Regardless of whether you succeed or not, I vow to present you with precious treasures as gifts in return!”

Hearing this caused the streams of Divine Sense to instantly reveal intense glows. They immediately began to discuss the matter.

“There’s really no need to continue watching the battle,” said the Spirit Severing Patriarch from the great Cloud Sky Tribe. “The clone is doomed to perish. This Meng Hao has fused his will with the Violet Sea. He’s not someone to be provoked lightly.” His words contained deeper meaning, which was obvious.

“Fellow Daoist Yunlian, don’t worry. True, we’re allies, and therefore can’t go back on our word to help each other. However, the best thing to do would be to leave with the promise of treasure from Patriarch Huyan, and at the same time get Meng Hao to owe us a favor. Sowing some good Karma would be the best outcome!”

“That’s right. It was of his own accord that Patriarch Huyan provoked a powerful foe. He can’t blame anyone else. If the Heavenly Court Alliance loses the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, but then gains the great Cloud Sky Tribe, it will still be a Heavenly Court.”

After discussing the matter, the three streams of Divine Sense began to chuckle. Three forms began to take shape out of nothing. In the blink of an eye, three figures could be seen.

One was a white-haired old man. Another was a middle-aged man with a luxuriant beard. The third was a young boy in a red robe.

As soon as they appeared, they exchanged smiling glances. These were all clones, the likes of which most Spirit Severing Cultivators possessed. They were different from Patriarch Huyan’s clone, which was a type that was rarely seen.

Moments later, the three figures appeared in front of Patriarch Huyan’s Nascent Divinity. Without even a pause, they charged Meng Hao.

Each of these clones possessed roughly thirty percent of the power of the Cultivation base of their true selves. However, even thirty percent should be enough to crush someone of the Nascent Soul stage. They instantly turned into three fierce beams of light that shot toward Meng Hao’s three great Blood Immortal divine abilities.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered in response to the attack. For these three people to make a move wasn't something unforeseen. He waved his sleeve. The sundered clouds roared, the blood rain howled, and the black sea screamed. The three forces slammed into the three clones.

"This guy is incredible! Now that I'm experiencing his power, it's obvious that he's far stronger than I imagined after simply observing him fight!"

"If our clones met him by themselves, and he unleashed his full power, it would only take a few moves for him to completely eradicate us!"

The three exchanged another glance, then performed incantation gesture, causing their own divine abilities to blast into Meng Hao's Blood Immortal divine abilities. During the space of a few breaths, booms filled the air. The three clones exploded, completely destroyed.

Before they completely vanished, all of them cast meaningful glances toward Meng Hao.

Patriarch Huyan stared in shock, and then began to tremble. He lifted his head up and howled. How could he not see through the plan the three crafty old foxes had just carried out?

The three clones weren't as strong as Patriarch Huyan's clone, so if they were fighting solo, they might be destroyed relatively quickly. But how could it be possible for them to be defeated so quickly while fighting together?

The only explanation was that all three had actually been unwilling to attack. Everything they had done was just an excuse to get their hands on the treasure that he had promised.

Patriarch Huyan's expression was one of livid fury.

"If I'm going to die, there's no way I'll die by his hand!" he roared.

"Totems combine...." he cried. Suddenly, five and a half totems appeared within this Nascent Divinity and then suddenly flew out. Within the half totem could be seen several souls that bore an eerie resemblance to Patriarch Huyan. They formed together to... form the eight sons that had been personally slain by Patriarch Huyan.

Unfortunately, because Huyan Qing had died in the way he did, the totem was incomplete.

With the appearance of these totems, Patriarch Huyan's expression was suddenly one of complete resolve.

"Ancestral Awakening, commence!" As Patriarch Huyan roared, the five totems shattered, transforming into countless fragments that instantly fused into the Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal. Patriarch Huyan's roar turned into a wail as the Nascent Divinity began to turn blurry, and then suddenly exploded.

The exploding pieces almost looked like human flesh. They shot out, but then just as quickly began to form back together. In the blink of an eye, an indescribably gruesome aura suddenly spread out to fill the area.

At the same time, Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity was reforming, turning into a body formed out of countless chunks of flesh.

It looked like innumerable patches of flesh were sewn together, as if the body were covered with countless centipedes. It was thoroughly savage in appearance, especially the forehead, where three golden scales could be seen that emanated blinding golden light.

The bizarre, gruesome aura completely matched the bizarre, gruesome body. This was Patriarch Huyan's Ancestral Awakening body, the result of the most powerful divine ability that his clone could employ.

The head had no facial features, only the three golden scales which were almost like eyes. They glowed with golden, flickering light that transformed into an enormous vortex.

The vortex spun, seemingly powerful enough to shatter the air. As it expanded out, everything for thousands of meters around instantly began to shatter.

The sundered clouds shattered, the blood rain dissipated and the black sea was destroyed. Meng Hao's three Blood Immortal divine abilities were completely dispelled.

Patriarch Huyan was burning his life force. His Cultivation base was blurry, and his appearance bizarre in this Ancestral Awakening form, which could explode out with power to destroy anything and everything.

After the Blood Immortal divine abilities were destroyed, Patriarch Huyan's strange body disappeared. When he reappeared, he was directly in front of Meng Hao. He lifted up his hand and pushed out.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. Without hesitation he waved his sleeve, borrowing explosive Spirit Severing power to shoot backward.

"I only have about seven more breaths worth of time before I run out of Spirit Severing power!"

His eyes glowed with coldness. Setting his jaw, he stared at Patriarch Huyan. From the look of it, this version of Patriarch Huyan was not sentient, but rather, was acting on instinct. The strange divine ability would only last for a certain period of time before it ran out of life force power to burn.

"Going all out?" said Meng Hao with a cold laugh. "Unfortunately for you, I still have a lot of tricks up my sleeve."

Chapter 547: Sealing Spirit Severing!

Seeing that Patriarch Huyan was going all out caused killing intent to flicker within Meng Hao's eyes. Patriarch Huyan was in a state of mindless madness, but his battle prowess had leaped up, and was now completely beyond what it had been before!

Considering that Patriarch Huyan had entered such a state, Meng Hao had the option of simply dodging his attacks, then waiting for enough time to go by for this version of Patriarch Huyan to dissipate naturally. However, the desire for battle was thick in Meng Hao's eyes. This was a fight to prove the power of his Cultivation base and achieve mastery of his divine abilities and magical arts through actual use.

To Meng Hao, this battle was a way to gain understanding and control over himself, to grow more perfect. Now that he was facing Patriarch Huyan's most powerful divine ability, Meng Hao... had absolutely no desire whatsoever to flinch away. He would fight!

Even as the desire to engage in battle overflowed from Meng Hao's eyes, Patriarch Huyan's body flashed in yet another charge. Meng Hao's lips turned up in a vicious smile as he did not retreat, but rather, counterattacked!

They slammed into each other, making continuous attacks that sent shocking booms to fill the area. The Violet Sea churned violently, and the air rippled with distortions. As the battle continued, popping sounds rang out from within Meng Hao's body. He was suddenly sent tumbling backward. His borrowed Spirit Severing power was now growing unstable. According to his calculations, he had only three breaths of time left before it was gone.

In the final critical moment, Meng Hao suddenly rocketed up into the air. He looked down toward Patriarch Huyan, who was shooting toward him from the surface of the Violet Sea.

"I've gained a lot from this battle. Therefore, I think I'll use the trump card that I recently mastered... to bury you!" A strange light burned in Meng Hao's eyes as he spoke the words. In the final moment in which his borrowed Spirit Severing power was about to disappear, he took a deep breath. The image of a magical symbol suddenly flickered within his eyes.

It seemed as if his entire person had slipped into some indistinct state. He lifted his right hand, causing an enormous illusory image to appear behind him. That image was... a magical symbol!

It was blurry, but in the instant it appeared, the Violet Sea roared as it was pushed away. It was as if some shapeless pressure was pushing it away, forming a huge crater down below.

The air all around twisted with distortions. It was as if in the entire world, nothing existed except for this magical symbol.

The symbol's origin was Meng Hao's eyes, and his heart. This was none other than the magical symbol that Meng Hao had been trying to gain enlightenment regarding for years and years, the magical symbol from... the Black Lands Celestial soil!

Its true origin was the talisman from the Heavens that was destroyed, falling onto the Black Lands, where it transformed into black magical symbols.

Meng Hao still had not gained complete enlightenment. Therefore, to employ it required forceful use of his Cultivation base. However, with the borrowed power of the mastiff, he was able to do just that.

His expression was blank, as if he had lost use of his faculties. Within Meng Hao's mind's eye, he suddenly saw an image of a boundless starscape. In the middle of it all was an indistinct figure who bore the semblance of a transcendent being.

The figure stood there above Planet South Heaven, waving its finger to summon talismanic paper. It began to write on the paper and then, with indescribable hatred, waved its sleeve, causing the talisman to shoot toward South Heaven.

As soon as the talisman began its descent, an aura appeared from some unknown location in South Heaven. The two slammed into each other, causing vibrations to ripple out through space, filling Planet South Heaven with an enormous roaring sound.

Along with the roaring, the talisman began to burn into pieces, which then became ash. The ash fell down, transforming into the Black Lands. Within the remnants of the ash was the will of a Celestial talisman!

As Meng Hao hovered there in mid-air, he waved his right hand down. The magical symbol behind him turned black, then passed through Meng Hao's body as it shot down toward Patriarch Huyan.

In that moment, Meng Hao seemed to have turned into the Immortal from all those years ago. As his hand descended, the magical symbol roared. At the same time, the blood-colored mask fell off of his face. The mastiff flew out, and Meng Hao's Cultivation base fell down from the Spirit Severing stage to return to its previous level.

Patriarch Huyan's body trembled. The three scales on his forehead flickered. It was as if his consciousness had been restored a bit in the face of this imminent crisis.

However, even as he recovered his faculties, the magical symbol closed in on him, emitting shocking roars. It slammed into Patriarch Huyan, causing the sound of an enormous explosion to lift up into the sky. An intense howl of despair could be heard from Patriarch Huyan as the magical symbol shoved him down into the Violet Sea.

The water seethed as it surged out in all directions. The magical symbol descended, shooting through the water until it slammed onto the seafloor.

Everything shook. Patriarch Huyan's aura was nothing but a thread, and his body was virtually completely shattered, sealed tightly onto the bottom of the Violet Sea.

His Ancestral Awakening body was disappearing. As it did, his Nascent Divinity slowly became visible. Struggling, it began to transform into glittering dots of light that slowly dissipated out into the Violet Sea.

However, even as the Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal was about to disappear, Meng Hao made a grasping motion toward the Violet Sea. A power of sealing appeared. It branded down onto Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity before it could die, instantly sealing it within the blood-colored mask.

“Want to die? It's not that easy,” said Meng Hao coolly as he sealed it. “It would be too much of a pity to let a Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal like this disappear. I think I'll turn it into my third Soul of Lightning.”

Next, he produced some medicinal pills which he immediately consumed. He then closed his eyes for a moment and hovered there in mid-air. After some time passed, his eyes snapped open, and they glowed with a brilliant light. He suddenly slapped his hand onto the blood-colored mask.

The flag of three streamers appeared in Meng Hao's hand, as well as a glowing black wheel that resembled a chariot's wheel.

As the surroundings returned to their normal appearance, Meng Hao inspected the wheel with glittering eyes. Then, he sent his Divine Sense inside it, branding it with multiple layers, to make it completely his own.

It was an extraordinary treasure. Despite having its connection to Patriarch Huyan severed, Meng Hao still encountered some resistance when he was trying to brand it. He gave a cold snort, causing the Time Sword Formation to appear and emanate intense pressure. He also entered the Seventh Anima, causing its Divine Sense with a range just a hair away from 30,000 meters to bore into the Wheel of Time.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as the power of the successive brands caused the Wheel of Time to shrink down. It turned into a black glow that Meng Hao then swallowed. It sank down into his dantian region, suppressed by the seven Nascent Souls there.

Meanwhile back in the Black Lands...

The same moment in which Meng Hao sealed Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity Spirit Immortal, Patriarch Huyan's white-robed true self was sitting cross-legged in meditation. Suddenly, a tremor ran through his body.

His face grew red, and although his eyes did not open, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

As he coughed up the blood, his features changed. Before, he looked like a middle-aged man. Now, he seemed older. His hair was gray, and his skin wrinkled. An aura of decay suddenly emanated out from his body.

The aura was intense, and seemed to cause the flame of Patriarch Huyan's life force to darken by quite a bit.

For his clone to be sealed, and its connection to him severed, had caused severe internal injuries to Patriarch Huyan. Were it an ordinary clone, it wouldn't matter. Clones such as that were dispensable. But this Divine Clone was different. It was like a second life for him. As of this moment, his longevity was reduced, and his Cultivation base sank. It was no longer at the peak it had been before, and he could no longer wield the same level of power as earlier.

His face was pale. His body trembled as he took a deep breath. Even as he was about to begin treating his injuries, another tremor ran through him, and his eyes snapped open.

This was the first time he had opened his eyes during his secluded meditation of a hundred years. They did not open to shine with an expression of success. The entire hundred years of secluded meditation had been wasted, causing something that seemed like a tempest to appear in his eyes as soon as he opened them.

He glared at the space in front of him where three figures were materializing. One was an old person, another sported a luxuriant beard, and the third was a young boy in a red robe.

"So, Fellow Daoist Huyan, where are the precious treasures?" asked the red-robed boy, smiling at Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan took a deep breath and suppressed his fury. These three people had obviously joined forces; that was the only way they could have gotten past the Tribe's defenses. If Patriarch Huyan hadn't decisively given up on his secluded meditation by opening his eyes, who knew what other machinations they might have attempted....

After all, despite being fellow Spirit Severing Cultivators who seemed to be on good terms with him, everything in such an arrangement had to do with mutual benefit. His Divine Clone had been destroyed, and his Cultivation base had just slipped from its peak. Although they might not have come here to outright attack him, they would definitely think of some ways to extort him to their benefit.

Patriarch Huyan's face was grim as he waved his right hand. Instantly, three glowing beams of light shot out toward the three. One was a sword, the other a tree branch, and the third, a medicinal pill bottle.

The red-robed boy was the one to receive the pill bottle. It emanated a rippling aura, and was clearly very different from the other two.

As he tossed out the magical items, Patriarch Huyan coolly said, "As of this day, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe secedes from the Heavenly Court Alliance. However... are the three of you really so sure that I will perish by the hand of that Meng Hao?"

The red-robed boy's eyes glittered. The other two exchanged a glance and smiled. No one said anything. The three of them turned and left, vanishing, leaving behind nothing but ripples in the air.

After they disappeared, Patriarch Huyan coughed up a mouthful of blood, the price paid for forcefully ending his secluded meditation. His body suddenly grew blurry for a moment, and he aged even more. His eyes began to shine with a cold hardness.

"Considering how devious they are, they could obviously tell that I was willing to remove myself from the Alliance in order to prevent the Patriarch of the Cloud Sky Tribe from attacking me to get his way in. Furthermore, those three treasures were to ensure that the Wild Flame and Demon Butterfly Tribes don't support that thieving Meng Hao!" Patriarch Huyan was shrewd and astute. During his battle with Meng Hao, he had seen that he might not necessarily be a match if he fought alone. He also could tell that Meng Hao would definitely come to the Black Lands looking for him. His main goal all along had been to come up with a reason to give out the three treasures, and thus ensure that the other three did not side against him.

Of course, everyone realized this. There was no need to point it out directly.

"Meng Hao!" growled Patriarch Huyan, grinding his teeth. He took a deep breath as he closed his eyes once more. He needed to restore his power to its peak so that he could battle with Meng Hao.

As of now, not only did he hate Meng Hao down to his bones. He also felt... unprecedented fear!

Chapter 548: Return to the Black Lands

Naturally, the Li Clan Patriarch was the first to receive the honor of becoming one of Meng Hao's Souls of Lightning. He had long since enjoyed quite a bit of freedom, and was quite comfortable in the Blood Immortal mask. As long as he wasn't being struck by lightning, or tormented by the meat jelly, he was actually quite happy.

He had long since abandoned any expectations of Li Clan members coming to rescue him. He felt numb toward any such hopes. Recently, his greatest enjoyment came from tormenting Ji Nineteen.

Being able to take the pain he had suffered and inflict it exponentially on someone else made the Li Clan Patriarch more happy than he had ever been.

Of course, Ji Nineteen was fated to become Meng Hao's second Soul of Lightning, although not voluntarily. In fact, it had taken quite a bit of pleading on the part of the Li Clan Patriarch to convince Meng Hao to bestow such an honor upon Ji Nineteen....

The third Soul of Lightning was of course Patriarch Huyan, who had just been pulled into the blood-colored mask, completely out of sorts and on the verge of dissipating completely.

As soon as he saw Patriarch Huyan, the Li Clan Patriarch grew extremely excited, and his body started to crackle with lightning.... Once the torment began, it naturally couldn't be minimized in any way.

Meng Hao retracted his Divine Sense from his dantian region, having finished his observations of his seven Nascent Souls refining the glowing Wheel of time. He floated there in mid air, the Blood Mastiff next to him, licking its wounds. A brutal expression filled its eyes. It could sense that Meng Hao's killing intent had not faded, but instead, had grown more powerful as they carried out their slaughter.

Meng Hao's gaze swept across the Violet Sea. Patriarch Huyan's clone had not possessed a bag of holding. At first, Meng Hao did not understand why that was. However, after borrowing the power of Spirit Severing, he suddenly understood.

Some Spirit Severing experts might use bags of holding, but most of them opened up a space in their Nascent Divinity. This was another difference between the mortal and the Immortal.

However, Meng Hao had destroyed ten outposts, and killed many Cultivators. Within the bags of holding he had collected were a host of items, which helped make up for everything he had wasted to acquire his seventh Nascent Soul.

Voices could be heard as the members of the Golden Crow Tribe approached. They looked at Meng Hao with excited expressions. They had stayed off in the distance for the course of the battle, and hadn't been able to see what was happening. However, they could sense the shocking nature of the magical battle.

"I'm not sure what percentage of true Cultivation base was possessed by Patriarch Huyan's clone...." Meng Hao mused to himself. "However, this clone was clearly different from the average clone." He smiled. It didn't really matter what percent power the clone had, or how much Patriarch Huyan's true self possessed. Meng Hao would not shrink back from a fight just because his opponent was powerful.

"Those other three Spirit Severing experts sure were interesting. Patriarch Huyan seemed to have some ulterior motive in asking them to attack. It seems all Spirit Severing experts are filled with schemes and foresights. I definitely cannot look down on them." After a moment's thought, he looked down toward the Golden Crow Clan members down below, and his eyes glittered brightly.

"Let us return... to the Black Lands!" he said. He waved his right hand, causing the entire Violet Sea to fill with a rumbling sound. An enormous Violet Sea Giant suddenly rose up. Water poured off of its surface, crashing down onto the surface of the sea below. Next, a second, then a third Violet Sea Giant appeared.

In the blink of an eye, there were seven. Seven towering Violet Sea Giants, each one three thousand meters tall. Although their facial features were somewhat indistinct, it was obvious that they resembled Meng Hao.

"Let's go!"

Meng Hao sat cross-legged on the mastiff as it flew through the air. The Violet Sea Giants began to run, kicking up huge waves, which swept the members of the Golden Crow Tribe along with them as they headed toward the Black Lands.

From a distance, it was also possible to observe the Violet Sea seethe as Meng Hao sent his will expanding out.

A wave sped out across the Violet Sea, causing countless specters appear on the surface of the waters. By the time the wave reached Blackgate Fort, their numbers had grown into the hundreds of thousands.

Some of the specters began to congregate around the seven Violet Sea Giants as they all charged toward the Black Lands.

They proceeded forward with the power to crush anything. Nothing could possibly obstruct their path. Roaring echoed out constantly, to the point that the Black Lands were now on high alert. All the powers therein were sent into a commotion.

When the seven Violet Sea Giants appeared off in the distance, the tens of thousands of Cultivators gathered atop Blackgate Fort could only watch out as if they were facing an incredible foe. Down below, massive waves surged across the surface of the sea.

It was in this moment that one particular enormous, furious wave smashed into Blackgate Fort. The resulting boom rose up to the sky, and Blackgate Fort itself shook. The surrounding mountains trembled, and massive rockslides occurred. The people gathered atop Blackgate Fort were astonished.

At the same time, the Blood Mastiff screamed through the air, Meng Hao seated cross-legged atop it. A few dozen Cultivators flew out to block the way.

However, in the instant that they appeared, the Blood Mastiff let out a huge roar. A Spirit Severing aura appeared, along with an Area. Booms could be heard as the dozens of Nascent Soul Cultivators were sent tumbling back, blood spraying from their mouths, their faces filled with astonishment. Their disbelief and terror couldn't be greater.

“A Spirit Severing neo-demon!!”

“That's... a Spirit Severing Beast!!”

Even at the same time that the Nascent Soul Cultivators were retreating, the mastiff roared again and shot through the great gate of Blackgate Fort and into the Black Lands. Simultaneously, seven

Violet Sea Giants leaped out from within the waves, also passing through the gate into the Black Lands.

“What... what are those? They’re giants made from the Violet Sea?!?!”

“He... he can actually control the Violet Sea!!”

“That’s impossible! How could someone control the Violet Sea! Hey, I recognize him! That’s the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Tribe...”

When the seven Violet Sea Giants stepped foot onto the Black Lands, everything quaked. Even as the Black Lands Cultivators atop Blackgate Fort were sent into an astonished commotion, Meng Hao’s voice could be heard echoing out.

“I am the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Golden Crow Tribe. The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe wants to eradicate my Golden Crow Tribe. That is the only reason I have come to the Black Lands this day. I will wipe out the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe!

“I’ve already exterminated Patriarch Huyan’s clone. If any Tribes here stand in my way, I will see to it that the ruthless Violet Sea spreads throughout all the Black Lands!” In response to his words, enormous waves rose up on the Violet Sea outside Blackgate Fort. At the same time, hundreds of thousands of specters whistled through the air to enter the Black Lands.

Even as Meng Hao’s words rang out, the seven Violet Sea Giants took booming strides forward. Hundreds of thousands of specters screamed through the air, obscuring the sky above. All of this caused the tens of thousands of Cultivators to gasp. Not a single one of them made any move to stop Meng Hao.

They were simply... incapable of doing so. Whether it was in terms of the seven Violet Sea Giants, the hundreds of thousands of specters, the Spirit Severing Beast or the roaring Violet Sea outside of Blackgate Fort, all of it... was far beyond anything that they could do anything to resist.

That was especially true considering what Meng Hao had just said. The fact that he had slaughtered Patriarch Huyan’s clone transformed into a roaring that filled their minds and hearts. In fact, many of them... simply couldn’t believe it.

Regardless, none of them could block Meng Hao's way. It was without hesitation that tens of thousands of Cultivators immediately began to send news of what was happening back to their respective organizations. As to how each individual Tribe would respond, that would be up to the leadership of the Tribe.

What happened next astonished everyone. Without exception, all of the Tribes immediately responded to the messages with strict orders not to participate in any way in the conflict between the Golden Crow Tribe and the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

As he moved on, Meng Hao did not meet any interference. All the Black Lands Tribes made way for him. Booming echoed out as the seven Violet Sea Giants stomped through the land.

Hundreds of thousands of specters obfuscated the sky as they flew along. As for Meng Hao's Blood Mastiff, wherever it passed, a matchless aura would spread about. On this day... Meng Hao's name thoroughly shook the entirety of the Black Lands.

With Wu Ling providing directions, Meng Hao headed directly toward the area of the Golden Crow Tribe, where the war was still underway.

The Black Dragon Tribe had left, reducing by thirty percent the force that had once been the Golden Crow Black Dragon Clan. The Golden Crow Tribe's battle power had been significantly reduced. Furthermore, they had already been fighting for more than half a month.

It left the Golden Crow Tribe with roughly 50,000 members, almost all of whom had been mobilized. Vast amounts of neo-demons fought viciously. Big Hairy and the other totemic Sacred Ancients fought like mad, seemingly unaware of their own exhaustion.

As for the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, they had mobilized nearly all of their forces. There were more than 100,000 Cultivators, along with massive hordes of neo-demons, along with totemic Sacred Ancients. As the two sides battled back and forth over the days, heavy casualties had been inflicted on both sides.

Originally, the Golden Crow Tribe would not have been a match. However, the Thorn Rampart vine had continued to follow the mission it had been entrusted with by Meng Hao all those years ago. It surrounded the Golden Crow Tribe, causing thorns to spread out. Over and over again it had blocked the deadly attacks of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

Blood soaked the ground as the war between the two parties slowly raged into a fever pitch. Booming echoed about as people died left and right.

The spell formation of the Church of the Golden Light was another reason that the Golden Crow Tribe had been able to hold their ground for so long. The attacks of the parrot, meat jelly and Outlander Beast also turned the battlefield with the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe into a sea of blood.

Both sides fought with bloodshot eyes. Neo-demons flew about in mid-air massacring each other.

However, as time had passed, the situation for the Golden Crow Tribe continued to grow more critical.

Currently, more than a hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe flew about in mid-air, emitting truly crushing pressure. There were also more than twenty totemic Sacred Ancients, who, although were not of the Spirit Severing stage, only the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, were still astonishingly powerful.

When you added in the ordinary Cultivators and the roaring neo-demons, it caused the sky to dim.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe was a great Tribe after all, with deep, powerful resources. Considering that the entire Tribe had been mobilized, the Golden Crow Tribe fundamentally weren't a match for them. They had no choice but to slowly fall back into the perimeter of the Thorn Rampart. All the neo-demons and Cultivators were deeply exhausted, but not in despair.

Within the confines of the Tribe, the Tribe members gathered around Meng Hao's statue and called out the name of their Sacred Ancient. It was at this point that they began to feel their blood burn with righteousness. They felt just the way they imagined the old-timers, who were now the leadership of the Tribe, must have felt during the days of the migration.

However, the situation continued to decline. The protective Thorn Rampart began to show signs of collapse, although... it continued to hold on.

Big Hairy and the Wild Giant continued to fight on, absolutely no fear of death within their hearts. They fought with madness, with determination, also incapable of forgetting the mission Meng Hao had entrusted them with. Even if they died, they would continue to protect the Golden Crow Tribe.

Big Hairy, covered in blood, howled as he fought. The Wild Giant lost an eye, but was still as fierce as ever.

Meanwhile, within the forces of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, Zhang Wenzu looked coldly out across the battlefield.

He then waved his right hand, snatching up a member of the Golden Crow Tribe by the neck. He squeezed down violently. Cracking sounds could be heard as the neck was crushed.

He suddenly cried out: “Tower Toppling Tribe, Cloud Mountain Tribe, Nine Crystals Tribe. The three of you, attack the right flank!

“Flying Cloud Tribe, Vast Mountain Tribe, Peng Lai Tribe, attack the left flank!

“This battle is about to end! Members of the main Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, attack the center.... Crush the Golden Crow Tribe. Men, women, elderly, children... don’t leave a single one alive!” Killing intent flickered in Zhang Wenzu’s eyes. He, of course, was the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Chosen who was taking the lead in the battle.

Chapter 549: I've Returned!

Up in mid-air, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe’s Greatfather and High Priest looked down coldly at the battlefield. They were exhausted, but their killing intent filled the air. They very much approved of Zhang Wenzu’s plans....

“This battle will be over soon,” said the Greatfather.

In accord with the orders issued by Zhang Wenzu, the Tribe slashed into the Golden Crow Tribe from three directions. The sounds of slaughter immediately intensified.

War chariots constructed from magical treasures pulsed with prismatic light as they crushed anything in their path, instantly putting the Golden Crow Tribe in grave danger.

The peak level battle prowess of the more than one hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators and twenty totemic Sacred Ancients emitted crushing pressure that weighed down on everything. It was a force that would be equivalent even to a great Sect from the Southern Domain.

As the brutal battle raged, the Golden Crow Tribe was forced to shrink back. The Thorn Rampart vines were in a frenzy, and the brilliant glow of magical techniques and divine abilities rose up into the sky.

The parrot soared through midair, its eyes red. As more and more members of the Golden Crow Tribe perished, the parrot felt worse and worse. Everything that was happening made it think of a painful memory from the past.

The meat jelly trembled as it looked around. Although its body was indestructible, when it saw the Cultivators dying all around, it felt grief similar to the parrot's.

“Hey old bird, why the hell haven't you opened the seal and gotten rid of these enemies?!”

“I can't open it, bitch! It won't open!” shouted the parrot, charging in attack.

The Golden Crow Tribe fell back again. Booming roars rose up into the sky. They had long since given up on the thought of advancing. Everything was focused on defense. They were completely surrounded by the forces of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. The combined power of more than twenty totemic Sacred Ancients and over one hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators caused the Thorn Rampart vines to begin to collapse. From the look of things it wouldn't be long before they died completely.

It was at this moment that suddenly, a roaring sound could be heard from off in the distance. Thirteen Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivators came into view, carrying with them a black-colored pillar that even five people couldn't encircle with their arms.

The pillar was carved with countless ferocious beasts, and emanated a primitive, archaic aura that made it seem as if it had existed for countless years. The thirteen Cultivators slowly proceeded forward with the pillar, their faces red and dripping with sweat. Apparently the pillar was incredibly heavy, and even with their combined strength, it was difficult to bear it on their shoulders for very long.

As it turned out, there wasn't just one column heading toward the battlefield. There were three!

They slowly approached the Golden Crow Tribe from three directions, each one roughly three hundred meters in length.

From up above, the three black pillars looked like three gigantic spikes, pulsing with a black aura. They seemed to be filled with the rancor of countless ferocious beasts.

Up in mid-air, Zhang Wenzu's eyes glittered and he suddenly cried out, "Crush them!"

In response, all of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members instantly began to cry out strange incantations. The sounds of their voices shook everything, creating a roar that turned into a sound wave.

As it echoed out, the three gigantic black spikes responded to the power of the incantation. They suddenly flew up of their own accord to drift in mid-air.

The Greatfather and High Priest of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe lifted their hands to press down hard on their foreheads. Their bodies trembled and blood sprayed from their mouths. Their faces twisted bizarrely as they uttered the final, awkward-sounding words of the incantation: "Hongmosan!"

The incantation sucked in some of their life forces. The sound of it filled the entire battlefield, causing anyone who heard it to suddenly feel bedazzled, as if their souls were being tugged at.

Next, the three enormous black spikes suddenly shot downward. A rumbling bang could be heard as they stabbed into the ground.

Instantly, a black field of light sprang up between the black spikes, connecting them and completely enveloping the Golden Crow Tribe.

In that instant, all of the members of the Golden Crow Tribe, men and women, the elderly and children, even the neo-demons, all felt signs of withering within their bodies.

Meanwhile, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients split into three groups, each one of which moved into the direction of one of the black spikes. After arriving, they unleashed the full power of their Cultivation bases to slam into the spikes.

Each successive blast sent the three spikes further into the ground by several meters. The black field of light grew stronger, and countless bolts of lightning appeared. The Golden Crow Tribe was completely enveloped, and the signs of withering grew stronger. The Tribe members' faces filled with despair. It seemed as if what the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe said was true; they really were going to eradicate the entire Tribe and leave not a single person alive.

“Three Lives Spirit Extermination Spikes....” said the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe’s Greatfather. “They are precious treasures of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Were it not for the fact that the Golden Crow Tribe has fought back the entire time and not given in a bit, we would never have used them.”

“Hopefully the life forces of this Tribe will be of some use to the Patriarch,” said the High Priest.

The two of them let out soft sighs. The war had gone on for roughly half a month, but now it was finally going to conclude.

They weren’t the only ones who heaved sighs of relief. Most of the surrounding Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members were the same, with the exception of Zhang Wenzu, whose expression was cold. The desire to kill still flickered in his eyes.

“They really are tenacious. However, the more they struggle, the more quickly their life forces will be drained, and the sooner they will die.”

Roaring filled the air as the spikes were driven deeper into the ground. The Golden Crow Tribe members were wasting away, even the Outlander Beast and Big Hairy. There were no exceptions.

There was despair, but as they struggled, their eyes were filled enmity and frenzy. They fused together to form a hatred that could only be washed away with the blood of their enemies. All their enemies.

“There’s no need to struggle,” said the High Priest coolly.

“If you want to blame someone,” said the Greatfather, “blame that totemic Sacred Ancient of yours. He killed someone he shouldn’t have killed, and provoked someone he shouldn’t have provoked, the Patriarch of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. In fact, he’s most likely already dead at the hands of Patriarch Huyan’s clone.” He smiled, his expression one of arrogance and scorn as he looked down at the Golden Crow Tribe.

The parrot flew in mid-air beneath within the field of light. “Who’s dead, bitch? If anyone died, he wouldn’t... uh... eee?” In the middle of its cursing, the parrot suddenly stared in shock. It immediately stopped speaking and looked off into the distance.

Even as the Golden Crow Tribe was struggling on the verge of collapse, even as the parrot stared in shock, suddenly, the ground began to shake. The shaking was not caused by the spikes being driven down. No, this shaking was much more intense, much more large in scale. It was as if the entire world was being turned upside down!

Off in the distance, huge forms could be seen, running with enormous strides that caused the entire land to quake.

Soon, the aroma of saltwater blasted against the faces of everyone present. A wild wind sprang up that caused dust to fly up all over the place. A towering killing intent spread out in all directions.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivators sensed the shaking almost immediately. One after another, the more than one hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators and twenty totemic Sacred Ancients in mid-air looked up.

What they saw... was a gale force wind sweeping through the air!

The wind was dark and sinister as it screamed toward them, and within it could be seen hundreds of thousands of specters!

When they saw the specters, the Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients gasped. The rest of the surrounding Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members were also shocked.

At the same time... the shaking grew more intense. Finally, the crowds could clearly see the seven giants leaping through the air. Every step they took slammed into the ground and caused it to quake. These were the three thousand meter tall Violet Sea Giants!

The aroma of saltwater grew stronger. The appearance of these seven Violet Sea Giants caused all of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members to gasp.

“What are they...?” Zheng Wenzu was dumbstruck, his eyes wide and filled with astonishment. Then his mind began to fill with a roaring sound as he realized what the giants were made from.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe High Priest, his voice hoarse and filled with disbelief, said, “The Violet Sea.... They’re giants made from the waters of the Violet Sea!”

“Violet Sea Giants.... And the one in the lead position is holding something in its hand. It’s....” The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather’s eyes narrowed as he looked off into the distance.

It was at this point that the High Priest and all the Nascent Soul Cultivators also looked closely in the same direction. In that instant, they suddenly stopped breathing for a moment.

“Golden Crow Tribe members!!”

“Those are the ones we captured and sent to the ten outposts!!”

Even as the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members felt complete and utter astonishment, an enormous red shape appeared in the approaching wind. It moved with incredible speed and emitted intense killing intent. The sky dimmed and the clouds were thrown into upheaval. An intense, hair-raising pressure radiated out toward the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

The intensity of the pressure felt to them like the strength of the Heavens.

It was an enormous, blood-colored mastiff. Standing on its head was a man in a green robe. His hair whipped about in the wind, and his eyes were as cold as ice. His expression was grim, and he suddenly exploded with seemingly infinite killing intent.

“Meng Hao!” Zhang Wenzu’s breath came in ragged pants. He recognized Meng Hao from that day outside Blackgate Fort. Meng Hao had left a deep impression on him at that time.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather and High Priest also recognized Meng Hao, as well as some of the Nascent Soul Cultivators. As soon as they saw Meng Hao, their minds filled with roaring.

They were well aware that the Patriarch’s Clone had gone to kill Meng Hao. However... here was Meng Hao now. There was only one thing that meant, and everyone knew it.

It was in this moment that among the trembling Golden Crow Tribe members caught in the black field of light, older members of the Tribe finally caught sight of Meng Hao, standing there atop the mastiff. These were old-timers who had accompanied Meng Hao during the long migration years ago.

He looked almost completely the same as he had a hundred years ago. Immediately, the old-timers began to tremble with excitement.

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, we welcome you back with deep respect!”

The other Golden Crow Tribe members who had been born in the past hundred years, or perhaps had joined the Tribe, all gaped in astonishment. The instant they saw Meng Hao, they connected his visage to that of the statue in the middle of the Tribe. They too were filled with excitement.

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, we welcome you back with deep respect!!”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, we welcome you back with deep respect!!” Their voices roared out in all directions, filled with hope and frenzy. As the sound echoed about, Meng Hao’s voice could be heard.

“I’ve returned.”

Chapter 550: Breaking the Formation!

The two simple words rang out from Meng Hao’s mouth to fill the entire battlefield. When the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe heard the words, the sound of countless gasps could be heard. As for the Golden Crow Tribe members, their hearts filled with wild excitement.

The two words contained guilt as well as killing intent directed toward the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Even as his words continued to echo about, Meng Hao’s eyes fell upon the bedraggled, listless Big Hairy.

Then he saw the trembling Wild Giant, and many other faces within the crowd that he recognized from the migration.

He saw Wu Chen. He saw the remnants of his neo-demon horde. He saw the members of the Church of the Golden Light. Many images shone brightly inside his mind. More than a hundred years of separation hadn’t seemed like a long time to Meng Hao, but for the Golden Crow Tribe, it had been like an eternity.

“I’ve... returned,” he murmured. The Karma that existed between him and the Golden Crow Tribe could not be broken. When he saw their sorry state, the killing intent visible on his face grew even more intense.

At the same time, among the panting members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, the Greatfather’s eyes glimmered with the desire to kill.

“So, you were able to evade the Patriarch,” said the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe High Priest. “You’ve clearly got some skill! However, since you’ve delivered yourself up, today will be the day you die!

“Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivators, kill this man! Eradicate the Golden Crow Tribe!” As soon as they heard his words, the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe roared.

Zhang Wenzu’s eyes gleamed with the desire to do battle.

“So, you appear again! This time... we will fight!” Zhang Wenzu had been left with a deep impression of Meng Hao that year. Right now, his will to fight exploded out.

Killing intent roared up from the more than one hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators and twenty totemic Sacred Ancients. They were just about to charge into battle when suddenly, the mastiff gave them a look of disdain and then let out a roar.

The roar was backed by the mastiff’s Spirit Severing aura. As it exploded out, an invisible tempest sprung up with the mastiff at its center. All the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members that the aura touched, including the Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients, were filled with astonishment. Their faces fell; they almost couldn’t believe that it was true!

“Spirit Severing!!”

“That’s... that’s a Spirit Severing neo-demon!!”

At the same time, the seven huge Violet Sea Giants finally reached the battlefield, striding forward at top speed, the ground quaking beneath them.

The hundreds of thousands of specters also neared, emanating grimness. The entire battlefield was suddenly filled with extreme coldness.

As the mastiff sped forward, it turned into a beam of crimson light that shot toward the black field of light that was enveloping the Golden Crow Tribe.

Meng Hao's body flickered as he transformed into a green smoke and a black moon. Moments later, he appeared directly next to one of the black spikes. At the same time, he entered the Third Anima.

The parrot and the meat jelly instantly flew out at top speed to perch on Meng Hao's shoulder. They seemed as if they had suddenly found their backbones. They looked around the battlefield, their expressions triumphant and arrogant.

“Come on, bitches! Well, what are you doing?!?! Who's the tough one now? You dare to provoke Lord Fifth, bitches? Little Haowie, get out there and screw them!”

“Humph! Lord Third isn't going to convert you! Lord Third is gonna beat you to death! Little Haowie, get out there and screw them!”

Meng Hao's face was grim as he ignored the parrot and meat jelly. Now that he had entered the Third Anima, the power of four great circle Nascent Souls rose up within him, causing ripples to emanate out in all directions.

BANG!

As his Cultivation base exploded out, he waved his index finger through the air. It looked like an ordinary movement, but suddenly, violet Qi boiled up. This was none other than Meng Hao's Violet Qi Guillotine.

The blade descended onto the body of one of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Nascent Soul Cultivators. His eyes went wide and a booming sound rang out as his body was cleaved entirely in half.

“Screw 'em!! SCREW THEM!!” squawked the parrot excitedly, finally able to vent a bit after all this time.

Meng Hao shot forward with a boom. At the same time, within the red glow surrounding the mastiff, countless bright red hairs suddenly appeared in the air. They began to rotate around the mastiff, shockingly transforming into a red tornado. It moved forward unimpeded, crushing

anything that got in its way as easily as if it were dried weeds. It didn't matter if it was a Sacred Ancient or a Nascent Soul Cultivator, anything that it touched screamed and then exploded, destroyed in both body and soul.

This was not a battle. This was a massacre!

As for the hundreds of thousands of specters, they were grim and emotionless as they pounced on the ordinary Cultivators of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. They could do nothing but tremble as their life force was exterminated.

Most shocking of all were the seven Violet Sea Giants. After arriving on the battlefield, they sprang into motion. When their fists descended onto the surface of the ground, enormous craters appeared. Even more astonishing was the power of extermination that existed within them. Any living thing they touched was exterminated.

The battlefield was instantly thrown into complete chaos!

The sudden change caused the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather and High Priest to gasp with disbelief. Zhang Wenzu's eyes were wide as he stared, his mind a complete blank. Originally, he wanted to duel with Meng Hao, but now he could only watch as Meng Hao faced up against the Nascent Soul Cultivators. Not one could last for more than a single breath against him. At the moment, he watched as one of the illustrious Tribe Elders, who was in the late Nascent Soul stage, was so weak that he exploded under a single finger attack. As the man's bloodcurdling shriek echoed in Zhang Wenzu's ears, he began to tremble, and abandoned all thoughts of fighting a duel with Meng Hao.

"Stop them from pulling up the Spirit Extermination Spikes!!" he cried.

Despite their shock and widened eyes, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivators howled and charged toward Meng Hao. Currently, Meng Hao was surrounded by thirty Nascent Soul Cultivators and seven or eight totemic Sacred Ancients, all of whom were attempting to prevent him from nearing the black spike.

"Screw off!" he cried. The killing intent in his eyes boiled as he waved his hand, causing a wild wind to spring up that was filled with the power of four great circle Nascent Souls. It shot out, causing eight or so Nascent Soul Cultivators in front of him to tumble backward, blood spraying out of their mouths. Two of them even screamed and then directly exploded.

At the same time, Meng Hao made a grasping motion. The Devil Spear appeared in his hand, and he tossed it backward. It instantly became a black mist filled with vicious faces which began to consume eight or so incoming opponents.

Meng Hao didn't pause for even a moment. He next appeared in front of one of the totemic Sacred Ancients, which bore the semblance of a rhinoceros. The killing intent in his eyes sparkled as his right fist descended.

BAM!

The totemic Sacred Ancient's face was filled with disbelief in the moment before it exploded into a haze of blood and gore that Meng Hao passed directly through. Gasps could be heard from the other eight or so Nascent Soul Cultivators who had been attempting to block Meng Hao. They were filled with intense shock and their minds reeled. They suddenly stopped in their tracks, not daring to get in Meng Hao's way.

Meng Hao proceeded forward as if he were walking through a field of dry weeds. In the blink of an eye, he was directly above the black Spirit Extermination Spike. He reached down and grabbed ahold of it, then wrenched up.

The spike let out an intense rumbling sound as it slowly moved upward. However, it was at this point that the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather approached. Intense killing intent filled his eyes. He knew that he must under no circumstance let the Spirit Extermination Spike be pulled up. If he did, then the Golden Crow Tribe would be able to charge out, which would be like adding snow onto frost, disaster upon disaster.

"Do not hold anything back! Stop him!" roared the Greatfather. The surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators gritted their teeth, and, joined by eight or so totemic Sacred Ancients, charged toward Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, they were bearing down on him. However, Meng Hao's mouth curved in a cold smile.

"Fourth Anima!"

Roaring filled the air as he entered the Fourth Anima. Battle power equivalent to eight great circle Nascent Souls exploded out within Meng Hao. As his enemies neared, they were blasted by the explosive aura.

Blood sprayed out of the mouths of all of the surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients. Even the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's Greatfather coughed up blood and was sent tumbling backward, his face written with shock.

He watched with wide eyes as Meng Hao heaved up again. A booming sound reverberated through the air as the spike was wrenched completely up out of the ground. As it emerged, it began to shrink rapidly, until it fit completely in Meng Hao's palm.

Now that one of the three spikes was gone, the black field of light which enveloped the Golden Crow Tribe rippled and distorted. Some of the life force that the black field had stolen now began to descend back down toward the excited members of the Golden Crow Tribe.

The sight of it caused the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe to be filled with shock.

"This man... just what level is his Cultivation base?!?!"

"This isn't the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, this is... halfway to Spirit Severing!!"

Even as everyone expressed their shock, another booming sound could be heard from the direction of the second of the Spirit Extermination Spikes. The ground quaked as the mastiff completely destroyed all the Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients who defended it. Then, the mastiff smacked the spike violently with its paw. The blow was filled with such power that the spike was torn out the ground and sent flying, leaving behind a massive fissure.

Having lost two of the spikes, the black field of light was now covered in distortions. It was no longer sucking away life force, but restoring it!! It took only moments for all of the life force it had stolen to be returned.

As the black spike whizzed through the air, Meng Hao's body flashed and he waved his right index finger into the air. Immediately, the enormous black spike trembled and began to shrink. In the blink of an eye, it landed on Meng Hao's palm.

Without pausing for a second, Meng Hao continued toward the third black spike. Anyone who tried to block his way would suddenly notice a red glow speeding toward them. The mastiff would appear and bat them away with its paw.

Of course, anyone who received a blow from the paw of the mastiff ended up being transformed completely into a haze of blood and gore!

BOOM!

Meng Hao's hand slammed down onto the surface of the third black spike. Rumbling filled the air, along with a popping sound, as he heaved it out of the ground.

The black field of light completely shattered, and the Golden Crow Tribe members, their bodies fully recovered, charged out, killing intent rising to the Heavens.

“KILL THEM!!”