

## The Heavens 551

Chapter 551: Dead end!

The massacre intensified!

The members of the Golden Crow Tribe emerged with excited roars. This was especially true of the old-timers who had accompanied Meng Hao through the migration. Their veins burned with passion as they recalled the blood and fire they had experienced on that long road years ago. Ah, the glory of life!

As for the new members of the Tribe who had appeared throughout the last hundred years, they too felt their blood boiling. It was almost like the stories that they had heard from the elder generation were suddenly playing out right in front of them. Except, it was all real!

They were no longer the Five Crow Divinity Tribes that needed the protection of Meng Hao's neo-demon horde to survive. Even the great Heavenly Pursuit Tribe needed to exert all their power to destroy them.

Once they charged out in attack, their killing intent soaring up, and that old intrepid madness that existed deep in their bones once again exploded out.

Tens of thousands of Golden Crow Tribe Cultivators charged directly into battle, joined by the neo-demon horde, Big Hairy, the Wild Giant, their Nascent Soul experts, and totemic Sacred Ancients. They instantly slaughtered their way into the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

Booming roars filled the air. It was an awe-inspiring massacre.

Meng Hao hovered in mid air, looking down for a moment at the third black spike as it landed onto his palm. He put it away, and then looked around, his eyes glinting with a cold glow.

The Blood Mastiff roared, and then suddenly vanished. It didn't kill anyone, but rather, transformed into a blinding red light that spread out like a gigantic blanket to cover the entire area.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's path of retreat was now completely sealed off!

The only strange thing was that before the mastiff transformed into the red seal, the parrot suddenly looked at it with gleaming eyes. It stared open-mouthed at the mastiff, its body trembling. A burning excitement suddenly appeared in its eyes.

Meanwhile, the seven Violet Sea Giants continued to crash their way across the battlefield. Reddish glows emanated out from them as, everywhere they went, Cultivators around them were exterminated. The hundreds of thousands of specters flew about, surrounded by icy coldness. Every place they visited on the battlefield, lives were extinguished.

This was a complete and utter bloodbath!

The members of the Golden Crow Tribe became a blade of butchery that savagely attacked with complete determination to secure revenge.

Meng Hao's body flickered and he suddenly reappeared next to a Nascent Soul Cultivator. It was an old woman wearing a long, emerald robe. Her face was pale with shock because of everything that had happened. Meng Hao's sudden arrival to the battle had left her completely shaken. She looked around at the slaughter going on, and her scalp went numb. She had been just about to flee when Meng Hao appeared next to her.

Her pupils constricted and she instantly bit down on her tongue and then spit out some blood. She slapped her bag of holding, causing ten magical items to appear in front of her. In this moment of critical danger, the old woman did not hold anything back. Along with the appearance of her magical items, all the power of her totems magically manifested, transforming into a variety of totems. At the same time, her body grew even more withered as she burned a large portion of her life force.

Rumbling surrounded the two of them. The old woman's face grew fierce, whereas Meng Hao's expression was cold. He did nothing to evade her attack, but simply strode forward and lifted his right hand into the air. The Devil Spear instantly shot forward.

The spear roared through the air, shattering the magical items, destroying the old woman's totems. It stabbed into her forehead, passing completely through to the other side.

The old woman's eyes went wide and she stared blankly at Meng Hao. Suddenly, her body exploded as her weakened Nascent Soul shot away in flight. Meng Hao reached out quickly with his left hand to grab it and crush it to pieces.

The sight of all this caused three totemic Sacred Ancients who had just been planning to launch a sneak attack, to gasp. Then they fell back in astonishment. Meng Hao turned his head, and his eyes flashed as if with electricity.

“Lightning,” he said. Considering the massacre being carried out on the battlefield around him, it seemed at first as if Meng Hao’s voice was not loud enough. However, in response, seven enormous lightning bolts suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

These were seven red-colored lightning bolts which were filled with the will of Heavenly Tribulation. At the same time, they also contained Meng Hao’s will. The lightning bolts shot toward the three totemic Sacred Ancients, filling the three neo-demons with astonishment. Without hesitation, they employed their various divine abilities, causing layers of multicolored lights to appear in the form of a shield. Demonic Qi also swept out.

However... in the blink of an eye, the three neo-demons let out miserable shrieks as the red lightning smashed through all of their magic. It didn’t matter if it was divine abilities or magical techniques; all were crushed like rotten wood. The three totemic Sacred Ancients were not able to avoid the seven bolts of red lightning, and were instantly inundated.

The sound of crashing thunder caused everything to shake. Everyone on the entire battlefield could see what was happening, and all of them gasped, faces filled with astonishment.

This was especially true of the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, most especially the Nascent Soul Cultivators and the totemic Sacred Ancients. Their faces fell and were filled with terror. Some of them even began to flee the battlefield. However, as soon as they slammed into the red barrier, they screamed, and their bodies dissolved.

This place... had long since turned into a complete dead end for them!

The High Priest of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe was an archaic old man with the bearing of a transcendent being. He held an enormous wooden staff in his hand and wore a long, gray gown. Right now, though, he was trembling in his boots, and his eyes overflowed with despair. However, that despair quickly vanished, replaced with determination.

“Members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, hold on just a little longer! The Patriarch will definitely come to save us!”

As his words drifted out across the battlefield, the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe who had been so stricken with fear of Meng Hao, suddenly felt flickers of hope burning within their hearts.

“The Patriarch is currently on his way here!” cried the Greatfather. “He will eradicate this villain and destroy his Tribe. The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe will not fall!” The Greatfather was an ancient man who wore a long violet robe and whose eyes shone with a fierce light. His Cultivation base was similar to a totemic Sacred Ancient, and he was in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.

Zhang Wenzu took a deep breath. The words of the Greatfather and the High Priest caused his heart to calm a bit. His face grim, his eyes suddenly shone with derision as he looked across the battlefield toward Meng Hao.

“The Patriarch will definitely come,” he thought. “Then what will he do? We are one of the three great Tribes of the Heavenly Court Alliance. Meng Hao hasn’t picked a fight with just the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, but the entire alliance!”

“We have three Spirit Severing Patriarchs. This guy... is definitely going to die!”

Meng Hao’s body vanished. When he reappeared, his hand snaked out to latch around the neck of a totemic Sacred Ancient. This was a human-shaped neo-demon, which, after Meng Hao grabbed it, struggled fiercely. However, Meng Hao’s “Fire 火” character glowed faintly, causing the thing to burst into black flames that burned with an indescribable temperature, causing it to emit a blood-curdling scream. In the blink of an eye, the neo-demon was turned into nothing more than ash drifting in the wind.

Meng Hao didn’t even look at it. Having heard the words of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather and High Priest, his mouth twisted into a smile.

“You’re waiting for that cretin Patriarch Huyan...?” he said, looking across the crowded battlefield at the Greatfather, who was several hundred meters away.

The instant his gaze fell upon the violet-robed Greatfather, all the hair on the man’s body stood on end, and his heart filled with a sense of deadly crisis.

As he looked at Meng Hao, his mind trembled and filled with an ominous sense of foreboding. His action of looking over at Meng Hao was actually completely subconscious, but as soon as their gazes locked, the Heavenly Pursuit Greatfather’s brain filled with an intense pain. It was as if Meng

Hao's eyes were sharp knives that stabbed through his eyes into his brain, preparing to eradicate him.

Blood began to ooze out of the Greatfather's eyes, ears, nose and mouth. He started backing up, his eyes widening.

Meng Hao took a step forward and said, "I have no idea whether or not that patsy Huyan will be coming. But you won't be here to find out, of that I'm certain."

"Protect the Greatfather!" cried the surrounding Tribe members. Alarmed, they formed a protective circle around the Greatfather. Many of the group were Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients.

Meng Hao smiled as he moved forward toward the Greatfather.

His path was one of explosions and annihilation. No one who stood in his way was able to impede him for even a moment. His finger reached out to tap on the forehead of a Nascent Soul Cultivator. Blood poured from the man's mouth and he was sent tumbling backward. By the time he exploded, Meng Hao had already moved more than three hundred meters. He flicked his sleeve, and the character "Wind 风" appeared, transforming into a screaming wind that instantly became a cyclone. It raged out around Meng Hao, slamming into seven or eight nearby Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients. Blood sprayed from their mouths and they were sent flying back.

There was not a single person on the battlefield who could do anything to stop Meng Hao. He proceeded forward another three hundred meters. He gestured off into the distance, and immediately, a frosty soil 土 appeared. It spread out rapidly toward the nearby Cultivators. Booming sounds could be heard as their bodies quivered and then completely froze!

Meng Hao moved a third time, another three hundred meters. By this time, he was directly in front of the rapidly retreating Greatfather. Even as the people surrounding him instantly charged in attack, the blank look on the Greatfather's face was replaced with despair. Meng Hao lifted his hand up and pushed forward.

"Metal 金!"

In response to this single word, a golden light exploded up around Meng Hao's right hand. The glow of it filled the battlefield, and, in the blink of an eye, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather was completely transformed into a statue of gold.

A bang rang out as the statue slammed into the ground below, where it came to rest, unmoving. The look of despair was still clear on the man's face.... The sight of it caused all of the remaining Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members to gape. Their bodies trembled and were filled with icy coldness.

The Golden Crow Tribe members, on the other hand, were growing even more excited.

“Sacred Ancient!!”

“Sacred Ancient!!”

Their roars echoed out in all directions, filled with anger and indignation, as well as their determination to eradicate the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

You want to wipe out our Tribe? Allow us to wipe out YOURS!

Such enmity could not be reconciled. It was simply impossible to do so. The only option was for the bloodlines of one of these Tribes to be completely removed from the lands of South Heaven!

Chapter 552: Why Haven't You Come!?

“The Patriarch is on his way!”

“The Patriarch will come to save us!”

“Hold on just a bit longer!”

The death of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Greatfather filled the other Tribe members' hearts with despair. The only thing that kept them from completely collapsing was the hope that Patriarch Huyan would come to save them.

They truly believed that Patriarch Huyan would come to save them!

Huyan Yunming was THEIR Patriarch!

The slaughter intensified yet again. The sound of killing rose up to the Heavens. Meng Hao was the peak power on the battlefield. Not a single Heavenly Pursuit Cultivator dared to get close to him. No totemic Sacred Ancient had the gall to attack him. Wherever he went, enemy Cultivators scattered immediately.

Finally, Meng Hao's gaze came to fall upon Zhang Wenzu. In that instant, Zhang Wenzu began to tremble, and without pausing for a moment, he fled backward. His mind was reeling with shock, and yet, even as he began to flee, Meng Hao turned into a green smoke and then appeared directly next to him.

"I surrender to the Golden Crow Tribe!!" cried Zhang Wenzu, his face flickering. The pressure bearing down on him from Meng Hao was too intense, filling him with a sense of deadly crisis. Fearing that Meng Hao wouldn't believe him, he actually dropped all of his defenses.

"I surrender!" he gushed anxiously. "I'm the Chosen of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. If I join the Golden Crow Tribe then I can give you...." Before he could finish, Meng Hao's hand flashed out like lightning to grab his neck with an iron grip.

"I remember you," said Meng Hao. "You were there that year at Blackgate Fort."

Zhang Wenzu's body trembled, and his face filled with fear. It felt as if an enormous vice were clamped down onto his neck. In response to Meng Hao's words, he instantly nodded.

"Unfortunately," said Meng Hao, "the Golden Crow Tribe doesn't need turncoats." With that, he tightened his grip. Zhang Wenzu was the Chosen of this generation of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. He had practiced cultivation for two hundred years to reach the early Nascent Soul stage. Right now, a tremor ran through his body as his Nascent Soul was crushed and he died in both body and spirit.

Meng Hao loosened his grip and turned. Currently, only ten thousands members remained of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Of the previous force of one hundred Nascent Soul Cultivators, only twenty were left.

As far as totemic Sacred Ancients went, only five remained.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe could already be considered destroyed. However, with Patriarch Huyan still around, they could still count as a great Tribe!

Under the leadership of the High Priest, the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe had all formed together. In fact, they were now in much the same position that the Golden Crow Tribe had been in before. They were surrounded by enemy Tribe members, hundreds of thousands of specters, and seven Violet Sea Giants.

In the very middle of the group from the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe was the High Priest. His face filled with grief, he held his staff aloft and then plunged it down into the ground. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he sat down cross-legged.

His voice shrill, he cried, “Patriarch, why haven’t you come!?!?”

“The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe is about to be destroyed... Of 80,000 Tribe members, only 10,000 are left! Patriarch, why... why haven’t you come!?!?”

Even as he howled up to the Heavens, the staff in front of him began to glow with a white light that then shot up into the sky. As soon as it slammed into the red light of the mastiff, it vanished. However, despite the fact that it vanished, it was still able to use a special bloodline method to pierce out into the outside world. It shot toward the location of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe directly into the mind of Patriarch Huyan, who sat there cross-legged.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao hovered there in mid-air, looking out over the scene. His eyes glittering, he waved his right hand, causing the three Spirit Extermination Spikes to appear. He sent his Divine Sense into the spikes, then, borrowing the power of the Mastiff, wiped the brands off of them and replaced them with his own.

“What you did to the Golden Crow Tribe,” he said coolly. “Meng Hao will do to you. It’s only fair.” With that, he tossed one of the black spikes out into the air, where it rapidly increased in size. Roaring could be heard as Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the spike to be stabbed half-way down into the ground.

Instantly, a black field of light sprang up to envelop the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

Next, a second spike flew out in a different direction to then stab down into the ground. The black field of light grew stronger, and the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe began to tremble and wither.

A third spike stabbed down. The Spirit Extermination Spike spell formation having been fully activated, all of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members were now in the same position the Golden Crow Tribe members had been. Their flesh withered, and their life force drained away at a rapid pace.

They stood there shaking, expressions of despair appeared on their faces as they looked toward the High Priest. In turn, the High Priest looked up into the sky. As his body wasted away, his voice once again raised out, filled with hopelessness.

“Patriarch... save your people....”

“Patriarch, why haven’t you come...? Have you forsaken us...?”

Meng Hao looked at the spectacle from up above, but said nothing. He looked off into the distance, a thoughtful expression on his face.

The surrounding Golden Crow Tribe members watched on silently. They were not inherently fond of killing, but when they saw the hopelessness on the faces of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe Cultivators, they couldn’t help but think of their own situation earlier.

If Meng Hao had not returned, then perhaps they would have begun to cry out just like the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

Time passed. Within the black field of light, the life forces of the withering members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe were beginning to wink out. They turned into corpses which toppled to the ground. As they died, their life forces were completely absorbed by the spell formation, causing a white cyclone to gradually appear.

As more Tribe members became shriveled corpses, the High Priest continued to waste away. He now looked like a body just climbed up out of a grave, emanating a strong aura of death. Despite that, he continued to gaze up listlessly into the sky. His voice echoed out continuously.

“Patriarch... Did we make a mistake...?”

“Patriarch, please respond. Did we err? Why haven’t you come...?”

1,000. 3,000. 5,000. Finally, all 10,000 Tribe members became desiccated corpses and toppled to the ground. Soon, only the Nascent Soul Cultivators and the totemic Sacred Ancients were left. They trembled and cried out helplessly, and the High Priest began to laugh bitterly.

The laughter became sadder until it was filled with resentment.

“Patriarch, why haven’t you come for us!?!?” Even as his resentful words rang out, the remaining Nascent Soul Cultivators lifted their heads up to release the last howl they would release in their entire lives.

“Why... haven’t you come?!?!?”

Boom!

The Nascent Soul Cultivators in the field of light were now dried up corpses. The totemic Sacred Ancients were all dead. The only person left was the High Priest. He continued to chuckle hatefully as the flame of his life force was finally extinguished.

After they were all dead, the white cyclone floating within the black field of light transformed into a white pearl. Meng Hao had assumed the pearl would disappear, but it did not. It remained there, floating in the air until members of the Golden Crow Tribe approached to take it away.

The scene caused Meng Hao to frown and look off into the distance.

“Just what are you planning, Patriarch Huyan....” he thought. After a moment, a tremor ran through his body. He looked down into his bag of holding at the Demon Spirit he had acquired all those years ago in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. It was now shining with a brilliant light.

It grew more and more intense, and began to emanate a gravitational force.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. After calculating the days, he realized that the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane would be opening soon.

“Patriarch Huyan, I don’t care what you’re planning. The fight between the two of us cannot be avoided!”

He looked over the Golden Crow Tribe. Big Hairy was there, and the Wild Giant too. Finally, he waved his hand, causing the glowing red shield to shrink back down and transform back into the mastiff.

He stood on the mastiff’s head and looked off into the distance.

Eventually he looked back at the members of the Golden Crow Clan, and they looked back with expressions of fervent ardor. Meng Hao could clearly sense the intense faith power in the area. “I’m going to the Heavenly Pursuit Sect. As for all of you... there’s no need for you to come along.”

Faith power circled around Meng Hao, transforming into ghost images that superimposed with his body. It slowly fused into his Cultivation base in such a way that no magical technique could cause it to diffuse.

Meng Hao looked over at Big Hairy, who floated there in mid-air, and gave him an encouraging look. Big Hairy let out a few yips in response.

The Thorn Rampart vines swayed back and forth in the air, seemingly looking up into the air as Meng Hao prepared to leave.

Meng Hao turned and opened up his bag of the Cosmos to suck in all the bodies of the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Then he and the mastiff flashed and shot up into the air.

Behind him, all the members of the Tribe clasped hands and bowed. Wu Chen and Wu Ling were there. They watched Meng Hao, their hearts filled with dolorousness. It was Wu Chen who finally spoke. The gratefulness in his heart toward Meng Hao was different than the others.

“Sacred Ancient, sir... will you return to us?”

“... Yes!” was the soft reply.

The old-timers who had accompanied Meng Hao during the migration felt deeply melancholy. They knew that it would be years before any of them would have a chance to see him again. They themselves might not even be alive at that time.

As Meng Hao sped off into the distance, the parrot and the meat jelly looked back from their position on his shoulder toward the Outlander Beast, who stood there amongst the Golden Crow Tribe members.

They had the sudden premonition that it would be hundreds of years before they met again, or perhaps even longer.... However, it was at this point that the parrot suddenly looked at the mastiff, and its eyes began to shine with burning passion. When the meat jelly sensed this, it shuddered.

The mastiff seemed to sense it as well, and gave the parrot a look. The parrot suddenly struck a graceful pose and smiled benevolently toward the mastiff. Subconsciously it looked back at the Outlander Beast. The Outlander Beast's emotional expression caused the parrot to let out a sigh.

Meanwhile, far, far away a fissure suddenly opened up in mid-air above the Western Desert Violet Sea. A beautiful woman dressed in a flowing pink gown emerged. She looked irritated..

“The Primordial Demon Immortal Plane is opening and the teleportation power is strong. Everyone with Demon Spirits will be entering.” This was none other than Zhixiang. She ground her teeth as she looked down at the Violet Sea.

“Meng Hao, there is one badass bitch who hasn't forgotten about you! Eee? You stopped the Demonic Transmigration?” She stared in shock for a moment, and then raised her eyebrows happily.

“So you do have some conscience after all. You still owe me, don't forget it.” With a snort, she picked a mountain-island and sat down cross-legged to wait for the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane to completely open.

Back in the Black Lands, there were other forces who noticed the teleportation power, and were similarly waiting.

Chapter 553: Lord Fifth Lives for a Dream of Love!

At the same time that the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe met their grievous end within the field of black light, back in the main temple of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, Patriarch Huyan sat cross-legged, shielded off in a restricted area. When the last Tribe member died, his eyes opened.

A cold, emotionless glow could be seen therein.

Around him, souls formed from grief began to appear. These were discarnate souls; their main souls had already been destroyed. These were only bits of will left behind in the temple.

As the maltreated souls floated around Patriarch Huyan, they let out voiceless cries. Patriarch Huyan's looked calmly at the maltreated souls. His voice was cool as he murmured, "Your deaths are not meaningless. In fact, they were very important to me.

"Don't look at it as me not going to save you. Rather... you needed to die. The more miserable your deaths, the more emotionless I can be. The more grief you felt in dying... the stronger my Dao becomes!

"Qing'er's death made it so that my Dao cannot be completed perfectly. The only thing I can do now is to find someone to replace Qing'er. You 80,000 members of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe... are none other than that replacement.

"I watched you die, capable of saving you, yet choosing not to. I watched you die, watched you clamoring for help, and it filled my heart with stabs of pain. However, the deeper those stabs of pain, the more emotion can be obliterated.

"You will not have died in vain. You will make my Dao... reach the peak of the First Severing!

"As far as the Tribe goes... as long as I am alive, there will always be a Tribe." Patriarch Huyan closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, booms rang out with every step the seven Violet Sea Giants took as they ran through the Black Lands. From off in the distance it almost looked like the churning Violet Sea itself, radiating boundless energy. Meng Hao stood on the mastiff, which shot through the air, surrounded by a crimson glow.

Their destination was none other than the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's temple in the Black Lands!

Meng Hao's face was incredibly grim as they made their way forward. His eyes twitched, and subconsciously, his hands clenched into fists and emanated cracking sounds. The reason for all of this actually had nothing to do with Patriarch Huyan, but rather... the parrot.

"Heyyy. Hi there! You can call me Lord Fifth. Let's get to know each other, okay?" The parrot was flying in front of the mastiff, trying to look very graceful and gentlemanly. However, no matter how you looked at it, it looked perverted. Currently, it was peering tenderheartedly at the mastiff.

The mastiff had a strange expression in its eyes as it looked back at the parrot, puzzled.

When its gaze fell upon the parrot, the parrot suddenly seemed as if it couldn't control itself any more. It clutched its talons to its chest and let out an impassioned cry.

"This is it! This is the true love I've been waiting for my entire life!! Look at the fur! So tempting! Look at that expression! So pure! Look at that figure! So enchanting!

"This is the true love of my life!" Tears appeared in the parrot's eyes as it looked at the Blood Mastiff with an expression of fanatical infatuation.

"Beautiful little darling, please allow me to introduce myself again," it said loudly, its eyes shining brightly. "You can call me Lord Fifth. From now on, you're my little girl. From now on, you..."

It was at this point that Meng Hao's grim voice could be heard through clenched teeth.

"SCREW OFF!!"

The sound caused the parrot to fall back with a squawk. However, it quickly flew back, glaring angrily at Meng Hao. From out of nowhere, a black cloth appeared in its claws, which it quickly tied around one of its eyes. Its aura suddenly exploded up.

"You want to duel with me?!?!" the parrot raved. "Little Haowie, let's do this, right now! Duel with Lord Fifth. This beautiful little darling will belong to whoever wins!" The frenzied parrot's appearance was one of ultimate arrogance. It appeared to have gone crazy for love. It truly believed that by challenging Meng Hao, it could attract the attention of what it referred to as the beautiful little darling.

Meng Hao felt his temples pulsing. The headache he was experiencing was almost too much to take. He had to admit that he had forgotten about the parrot's unique addiction. After looking at the mastiff, he also had to admit that to the parrot, it must be incredibly alluring.

"It's male," he explained with a forced smile.

The parrot looked hurt. "Male, female, it doesn't matter. Lord Fifth lives for true love!" it roared. Its multicolored feathers stood on end, making it look almost like a gamecock. In truth, it was feeling very pleased with itself. In its estimation, it looked extremely handsome and dashing at the moment. It couldn't help but glance at the mastiff out of the corner of its eye to see the expression on its face.

Meng Hao said nothing. The pain in his head only continued to grow. As far as he was concerned, the parrot needed a good spanking. He waved his right hand, causing a gale force wind to sweep out and surround it.

Within the whipping wind, the parrot struggled and then roared, "This is true love! True love is invincible!"

"Screw off!" cried Meng Hao, waving his sleeve again and trying to ignore the pain in his head. The wind screamed, but the parrot's persistent voice once again rang out.

"Meng Hao, you're shameless! You wanna be the third wheel! You wanna break us up!!"

Meng Hao's face grew even darker. Finally, he shrugged and punched out. The response was a frenzied roar from the parrot.

"Lord Fifth's love will never change! Lord Fifth's love will last forever!!" The parrot held nothing back as it roared at the top of its lungs to vindicate itself. Then, it let out a pained cry as it fell back a few paces, after which it looked passionately at the mastiff and yelled, "Little darling, Lord Fifth will travel to the ends of the earth for love! Let's elope! What do you say?" Its eyes burned with passion.

The Blood Mastiff's Cultivation base was at the Spirit Severing stage, and it was quite intelligent. At first, it was confused about what was going on. Now, though, this intrepid Blood Mastiff trembled as it looked at the parrot. Suddenly, its rage exploded up to the Heavens. It appeared to feel provoked, humiliated, as if it had been taken to be a female. Such intense provocation immediately caused the mastiff to fly into a rage.

It roared and shot forward toward the parrot, then batted it with a huge paw.

With a bang, the parrot was sent flying backward. Moments later, it flew back persistently.

“I will go to the ends of the earth for love! I live for my dream of love!! I am the mighty, the passionate, the one and only Lord Fifth!!”

Even as the parrot declared loudly everything it would do for love, the mastiff disappeared. It reappeared directly in front of the parrot. It grabbed the parrot in its paw, forcibly shutting it up, and then opened its gigantic mouth to let out a threatening roar. Compared to the mastiff’s giant head, the tiny parrot was so tiny that it could be considered negligible.

The parrot was about to struggle, but the crushing Spirit Severing pressure instantly caused it to settle down. Its eyes opened wide as the mastiff’s huge face grew close. As for the parrot, it almost looked intoxicated. Seemingly incapable of controlling its passion, it stretched out with its pointed beak and... gently kissed the mastiff.

The mastiff gaped in astonishment. Meng Hao stared in shock. Even the meat jelly was dumbfounded.

Everything was deathly quiet.

The parrot’s eyes glowed with an intense light as it looked at the mastiff. “Lord Fifth loves your power, little darling,” it said loudly. “The more powerful you are, the more you fight back, the more Lord Fifth loves you.”

The mastiff lifted its head up and roared. Its fury had reached a pinnacle. Its eyes radiated fierceness as it bit down, ripping the parrot into pieces. Moments later, though, the parrot reformed and shamelessly began to once again shout out:

“I will go to the ends of the earth for love!” it declared. “I live for my dream of love!! Even if you kill Lord Fifth a thousand times, it’s like tempering steel! My love for you... is eternal!”

The mastiff roared, charging once again to tear parrot into pieces. And then, it all began again....

Meng Hao rubbed the bridge of his nose, and chuckled bitterly. At some point, the meat jelly had taken up a position on his shoulder. Similar to Meng Hao, a hand appeared, and it too rubbed the bridge of its nose. Its expression was exactly the same as Meng Hao's.

"Now do you see why it takes Lord Third an entire lifetime to convert it?" said the meat jelly somberly. It looked at Meng Hao with an enigmatic expression that said, 'you know what I mean...'

"Yes, I get it now," replied Meng Hao, sighing. In that moment, a tremor ran through his body as he suddenly realized that he had just made a massive mistake. He had actually... started a conversation with the meat jelly!

The meat jelly's eyes lit up, its desire to chat suddenly aroused.

"You get it? You really get it? Heavens! You really do get it! You understand me now! Okay, then, let's talk about something that happened 30,000 years ago. It was just too much. Infuriating! Oh, wait. Before that, let's talk about the weather from 70,000 years ago...."

The meat jelly trembled with excitement as it began to chatter. It turned into a droning sound in Meng Hao's ears. He watched the mastiff and the parrot battling, and listened to the garrulous meat jelly.

Suddenly, a feeling rose up in Meng Hao's heart that gave him the sensation that he was about to go insane. Any normal person who spent a lot of time with the parrot and meat jelly would definitely become abnormal.

All of a sudden, he felt a twinge of sympathy for the Li Clan Patriarch.

Meng Hao sighed and obediently maintained his silence. He said nothing, but rather, allowed the meat jelly to talk endlessly, allowed the parrot to continue to be battered around by the mastiff. Every time the parrot was smacked away, it would return and say all kinds of things that Meng Hao could not help but hear. Soon, he started to go numb.

And that was how time passed by oh so slowly...

Half a day later, even as the parrot continued to pay court to the mastiff, who continued to violently refuse it, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's temple appeared up ahead.

The temple itself was an enormous mountain shaped like a bottle gourd. It looked like a gigantic stone bottle gourd placed directly onto the surface of the land. The mountains that surrounded it were bare and infertile. The only entrance was at the very top of the mountain, at the mouth of the gourd.

Seeing the bottle gourd mountain caused Meng Hao to feel an indescribable sense of release. He shot directly toward the mouth of the gourd, and as he neared, he could sense an incredibly powerful restrictive spell.

The mouth of the gourd was like that of a volcano, and was roughly three hundred meters wide.

An enormous magical symbol could be seen stretching across the opening, floating there in mid-air, preventing anything from entering, be it a person or a stream of Divine Sense. Shockingly, just barely visible beyond the illusory mouth of the gourd, Meng Hao could see another world.

Chapter 554: Huyan's True Self!

He saw a vast number of houses, exquisitely ornamented palace buildings, countless temples, and one Tribal district after another....

There were nearly 10,000 people sitting cross-legged atop the houses. It seemed as if all the power of their Cultivation bases was emanating out. Their bodies were withered, to the point where they seemed fused with the houses. Apparently, these people were sparing no cost, giving up even their life force, to maintain the operation of the restrictive spell.

Meng Hao wasn't able to make out any more concrete details.

Almost the same moment in which Meng Hao arrived at the mouth of the gourd, he was shocked to discover that in the air around him were multiple streams of Divine Sense.

There were even streams of Divine Sense that didn't belong to Spirit Severing, but were valiant nonetheless. Apparently these were the result of magical items that could allow Cultivators from various Tribes to lock onto this position from a distance, and thus observe the proceedings.

Meng Hao ignored them. The fact that no one had interfered during the battle against the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe revealed the attitudes of the others.

Right now, the appearance of these streams of Divine Sense made that attitude even more obvious. These people were here to see... exactly what would happen in the end between him and Patriarch Huyan!

Some people clearly had a vested interest in what was going on, although Meng Hao didn't want to know why.

The mastiff, having just endured the aggravation of the parrot the entire way here, needed no orders from Meng Hao. A bright red glow emanated from its body as its Spirit Severing aura exploded out. It swiped out with its paw, slamming at the magical symbol restrictive spell.

A boom echoed out. Cracking sounds could be heard as the magical symbol collapsed into fragments. However, even as it disintegrated, another restrictive spell became visible. The mastiff's fiendish will expanded out. It roared and swiped out its paw again. And then again. The entire gourd mountain shook for the space of ten breaths as the mastiff destroyed hundreds of layers of restrictive spells. However... by this point, they had only proceeded about a hundred and fifty meters down into the mouth of the gourd.

Shockingly, the entire gourd... was completely filled with restrictive spell formations!

The mastiff was about to continue destroying them, but Meng Hao calmly prevented it. He hovered outside of the mouth of the gourd and looked down inside. Then, his eyes filled with a cold light. He waved his right hand, and instantly, one of the seven Violet Sea Giants moved forward. In the blink of an eye it entered the mouth of the gourd and then transformed into a majestic Violet Sea that began to drain down into the gourd.

"If the people die," Meng Hao said calmly, "the restrictive spells will shatter on their own." In the Southern Domain, Meng Hao had not mastered the art of cruelty. However, his experiences in the Black Lands and the Western Desert, and especially the migration with the Crow Divinity Tribes, had forced him to shed his former naivety. Because of his surroundings and his experiences, he had slowly, almost imperceptibly, changed. He now truly acted like a Cultivator.

When dealing with enemies, any tactic is acceptable! When dealing with benefactors, debts of gratitude must be repaid, regardless of the cost!

Even as the word left his mouth, the Violet Sea poured down into the gourd. The power of extermination exploded out, transforming into what sounded like rumbling voices. The entire gourd mountain began to tremble violently.

Life and death collided, and the power of extermination roared out. Even if the restrictive spells of the gourd bottle were powerful, they would still contain life force. It might not be something that the restrictive spell innately possessed, however, as the Violet Sea sank down into the gourd, the life forces of the 10,000 Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members became explosive linchpins.

Roaring could be heard from within the world of the gourd. The Cultivators sitting cross-legged on top of the houses trembled and began to visibly break into pieces.

Massive explosions echoed about as the successive layers of restrictive spells were destroyed. At the same time, the second of the Violet Sea Giants neared, transformed into seawater and then poured into the gourd's mouth.

After that, it was a third, then a fourth. In the end, five of the Violet Sea Giants became seawater and poured down into the mouth of the gourd. Rumbling sounds completely filled the world inside the gourd.

The restrictive spells were now completely defeated and dispersed. Seawater completely filled the first level of the world of the gourd. Everything, all life, all Cultivators, were submerged within the Violet Sea and wiped out by the power of extermination.

Hundreds of thousands of specters now charged into the Violet Sea to sweep about the world of the gourd.

Gradually, an enormous spell formation began to emerge.

It could be called a spell formation, or perhaps, a door.

It was a door that led to the second level of this world.

It was a simple, unsophisticated door, and it was closed tightly. Outside the mouth of the gourd, Meng Hao waved his hand toward the seawater within. Instantly, it swirled into a whirlpool, which rotated faster and faster. The water, along with the hundreds of thousands of specters, roared as they transformed into a massive cyclonic power that shot toward the door leading to the second level.

The cyclonic power erupted with massive power as it slammed against the door. A boom could be heard as the door was smashed into countless pieces. All the seals and all the restrictive spells were completely destroyed.

When the door collapsed, fierce howls could be heard coming from within the second level of the world. Shockingly, two thousand Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members could be seen within. There were even several Nascent Soul Cultivators and totemic Sacred Ancients. However, as they charged out in attack, the Violet Sea poured in. The power of extermination exploded out, whereupon bloodcurdling screams could be heard.

The cries echoed out for a moment within the gourd, and then faded away. Soon the entire mountain was completely quiet.

The Heavenly Pursuit Tribe had been completely eradicated.

Even still, Patriarch Huyan was nowhere to be seen within the world of the gourd.

Meng Hao frowned, then gave a cold snort. He waved his hand toward the gourd mountain, causing the Violet Sea within to seethe. It rapidly transformed back into the Violet Sea Giants, which then began to strike at the mountain with their fists.

The ground quaked as more restrictive spells were destroyed. After the amount of time it takes half an incense stick to burn, the entire mountain began to fall apart and collapse. A huge roaring sound could be heard as it crumbled into ruin.

As of this moment, the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's temple had been completely destroyed!

The collapse of the mountain caused dust to fly out in all directions. As Meng Hao hovered up above in mid-air, he slapped his bag of holding, causing massive amounts of corpses to appear. Shockingly, they all fell down onto the destroyed temple, collecting together into something like a small mountain.

A mountain of corpses!

The corpses of the members of the Heavenly Pursuit Sect all piled together to form a mountain that rose up over the land.

“Leaves return to the ground to become nourishment for roots. Rest in peace. Although you said you would not rest until the Golden Crow Tribe was dead, as of this moment, your Tribe has been exterminated. All enmity is vanished.

“This place was your temple, now, your corpses will be buried here.” Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing several huge chunks of the gourd mountain to fly up into air. He stacked them up around the corpses, transforming the area into... a tomb!

Heavenly Pursuit Tomb!

This tomb would stand here to time indefinite, a witness to all the Black Lands. For years and years, this place and this tomb would strike terror into the hearts all the inhabitants of the Black Lands.

It also bore witness to the rise of the Golden Crow Tribe.

The instant the tomb came into being, the surrounding streams of Divine Sense became even more serious than before. Meng Hao was fairly certain that the scene playing out here was probably being observed by more than half the Tribes in the Black Lands.

Actually, it was exactly as Meng Hao imagined. In almost all of the Tribes in the Black Lands, all Cultivators of the Core Formation stage or higher were using various precious treasures to watch Meng Hao.

As of this moment, Meng Hao's return to the Black Lands caused him to become thoroughly famous in the hearts of all Cultivators of the Western Desert and the Black Lands. He had long since risen to prominence; to them, he was no longer a mere Nascent Soul Cultivator in terms of seniority. No, he was a Patriarch.

How could the Black Lands not pay extra attention to him?!

Meng Hao looked at the tomb for a long moment before turning to stare off into the sky. There, off in the distance, was a black cloud, approaching with indescribable speed.

As the cloud neared, the previously bright sky instantly began to turn as black as night. Clouds covered the sky, as if the night was consuming the daylight!

“Meng... Hao....” As the night consumed the day, a deep voice rang, filled with a rancor that seemed to be etched upon the very bones of the speaker. It rang out like thunder from within the black night.

Meng Hao looked up calmly at the rapidly approaching darkness. A fierce glow appeared in his eyes, and the desire to battle raged up within him.

“Patriarch Huyan,” he said calmly, directly entering the Seventh Anima.

BOOM!

As the seven Nascent Souls combined, he grew taller by several heads. His body became stronger, his shoulders wider. His frame was slender, his long hair bizarre and Demonic. He radiated the air of an Immortal Devil, shocking and audacious.

The strength of his fleshly body caused the surrounding air to ripple and distort. It was as if the area around him was not compatible with the rest of the world

This intrepid fleshly body contained the battle prowess of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. Since ancient times, there had never been someone like this, and in the future, there likely never would. It was a path Meng Hao had forged, something unique and one of a kind in all the lands of South Heaven.

This was not a Perfect Nascent Soul, but was virtually exactly the same!

By now the sky was completely black. A cloud shot directly toward Meng Hao, who did not flinch back in the slightest. In fact, he stepped forward, performing an incantation with his right hand, and then pointing forward.

“Wind!” he said.

As he spoke, an unspeakable gale-force wind sprung up around him. It raged into spinning winds that seemed to stretch from the ground all the way up to the Heavens. From a distance, it looked like an enormous tornado raging around Meng Hao.

The spinning winds shook everything and caused a huge roaring to rise up. It picked up countless huge boulders and endless amounts of dust which instantly shot toward the incoming cloud.

During his battle with Patriarch Huyan's clone, he had used magical items as well as the Blood Immortal divine abilities. However, he had not used his own creation, the magic of his seven Nascent Soul totems.

In some respects, the power unleashed as Meng Hao used them right now was much more appropriate for him than the Blood Immortal divine abilities.

That was especially so now that he was in the Seventh Anima. His power was thoroughly shocking in all respects.

Massive roaring spread throughout half of the Black Lands, shaking fully seventy percent of the Tribes, filling the hearts of the Cultivators with astonishment.

Chapter 555: Who is HE?

A glowing screen magically appeared on an altar in the great Demon Butterfly Tribe. Visible on the screen was Meng Hao fighting Patriarch Huyan's true self!

Duo Lan sat there, calmly watching everything that was happening. Her eyes glowed with a bright light as she focused especially on Meng Hao.

At the same time, in the great Wild Flame Tribe, a similar screen could be seen. It was the same in the great Cloud Sky Tribe, where Zhou Dekun and others were watching the proceedings.

Throughout the Black Lands, roughly seventy percent of the experts from the various Tribes were all paying close attention to the fight.

Virtually all of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs had sent out Divine Sense to circle around the region of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe to observe the battle. What they were most closely focused on were the various divine abilities and magical techniques being used, especially those of Meng Hao.

The sounds of booms rose up into the air. When Meng Hao's enormous tornado stretched high enough to touch the clouds of Patriarch Huyan's night, a huge explosion rattled out. The black clouds were torn apart, and the tornado collapsed.

In that instant, Patriarch Huyan suddenly appeared in mid-air. His face appeared ancient, filled with a sensation of age that was vastly different from the appearance of his middle-aged clone.

His clothes were white, seemingly spotlessly clean. As he looked at Meng Hao, the aura of a Spirit Severing expert exploded out from him.

Meng Hao glanced back at Patriarch Huyan. During the slaughter of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe earlier, Meng Hao had secretly collected some blood from various Tribe members. The blood was enough to cover five generations, which was enough for Meng Hao to conjure a Blood Clone. Were he able to collect some blood from Patriarch Huyan, then he would have enough to form a six generation Heavenly Pursuit bloodline Blood Clone.

Although the Ji Clan Blood Clone was mighty, the opportunity he had now was not one that he would come by often. Naturally, Meng Hao would take advantage of the situation. His eyes flickered as he exploded out with the power of the Seventh Anima and sixty four great circle Nascent Souls. As he closed in on Patriarch Huyan, he waved his right hand and said:

“Metal!”

As the word left his mouth, a blinding golden light appeared within the night's darkness. The area around Meng Hao was filled with a golden glow that spread out with intense Metal-type power. It instantly honed in on Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan didn't say a single word. His face was grim, and a cold, emotionless glow could be seen in his eyes as he raised his hand and then chopped it out toward the golden glow.

In response to the chopping motion, the air in front of him was filled with intense coldness. It seemed to be a coldness that could extinguish will and sever emotions. This attack was none other than Patriarch Huyan's emotion severing!

Meng Hao's eyes remained calm. However, the seven Violet Sea Giants around him lifted their heads up and roared. Instantly, their bodies collapsed and transformed into a Violet Sea, which then surged toward Meng Hao. It instantly enveloped him, then shrank down and stuck to his skin, forming into compressed water shield that formed a barrier against the emotion severing Domain.

At the same time, the black night consumed Meng Hao's golden light, which vanished without a trace. Meng Hao raised his right hand and pointed again.

“Water!”

As the word left his mouth, blood and seawater, life and death, the will of extermination circulated around him. Patriarch Huyan snorted, then lifted his hand and performed an incantation. He touched the forefinger of each hand to the thumb of the other forming a rectangle, then gestured forward.

Immediately, an intense power of expulsion shot out.

“BEGONE!”

The power of worldly expulsion echoed out, transforming into an attack that headed directly toward Meng Hao. It slammed into him, forcing him backward. Booms filled the air and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. When he finally looked up, his eyes were shining with a bright light.

He could tell that Patriarch Huyan's true self was quite a bit more powerful than his clone. Divine abilities and magical techniques that the clone needed time to prepare, could be casually employed by his true self.

“However, I have power that I didn't use in the fight with your clone!” thought Meng Hao as he retreated, his eyes shining with a strange light. He quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then pushed his hands out forward.

“Metal. Wood. Water. Fire. Earth. Five elements totems! Wind. Lightning. Activate! Seven totems!” As he spoke, a huge green-colored tree appeared in the air, along with a reddish-violet sea, a myriad of golden weapons, a raging sea of flames, and a stretch of frozen Frost soil!

Next, a roc magically appeared, surrounded by raging winds. Up in the darkness above, countless snake-like bolts of silver lightning could be seen. The lightning bolts instantly transformed from silver into red as they congregated in mid-air.

This was the divine ability most suited to Meng Hao, what he himself had created, the Seven Souls Totem Transformations!

They were perfectly suited to his Seventh Anima. Having fully unleashed all of them, Meng Hao waved his hand forward, causing them to transform into seven bright beams of light that shot toward Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan's face flickered, and he suddenly stopped in his tracks. His eyes flickered as he performed an incantation in which he drew a large circle in the air in front of him.

“Seven emotions and six pleasures. Dao of Thirteen Transmigrations!

“Happiness. Anger. Sorrow. Consideration. Sadness. Fear. Shock. Dao of Seven Emotions Transmigrations!” When the circle was completely traced in front of Patriarch Huyan, it shattered, becoming seven parts.

Each part was a different color, and radiated bright light as it floated through the air. Patriarch Huyan pointed forward, causing the Seven Emotions Circle to shoot directly toward Meng Hao's Seven Souls Totems.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted. This was a divine ability that Patriarch Huyan's clone hadn't used. However, Meng Hao wasn't surprised. Patriarch Huyan was a cunning fox, and had held back moves in much the same way Meng Hao had. He was obviously well-prepared.

Seven Souls Totem Transformations. Dao of Seven Emotions Transmigrations. These two very different divine abilities shot toward each other in mid-air. Fundamentally speaking, the Seven Souls Totem Transformation could be considered the most ultimate powerful art of the Nascent Soul stage. That was especially so considering that the transformations were fueled by the power of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. Because of that, Spirit Severing power could even be sensed within it.

As for the Seven Emotions Transmigrations Dao, it was a Spirit Severing divine ability. It goes without saying that when the two slammed into each other, roaring filled the air and the ground shook. The black night was ripped apart and Meng Hao coughed up blood. Next, Meng Hao looked up and performed a double-handed incantation, then pointed forward.

“Seven totems combine!”

The seven totems merged together, magically transforming into one, a totem that was a mass of primordial chaos. It had no pattern, but if you looked closely, it almost looked as if it were formed from countless other patterns.

Meng Hao knew that the seven fused totems was most suitable for his use in his Seventh Anima, when he combined seven Nascent Souls!

Inside of him were seven fused Nascent Souls. Outside were seven combined totems. As a result, a state could be achieved in which the interior and the exterior were in unison. As of now, the true battle prowess of his sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls could thoroughly explode out.

Other than his final use of the Agarwood or Dancing Sword Qi, this was Meng Hao's most powerful trump card.

This was also his first time unleashing the magic. He had rehearsed mentally in the past, but now that it was truly being employed, a roaring sound rose up into the Heavens. One totem, seven characteristics!

It was at this point that Meng Hao's eyes suddenly went wide as he noticed that the seven totem combination was somewhat unstable.

“Although this is my first time utilizing this art, I've employed it mentally on several occasions. Furthermore, considering that my seven Nascent Souls are merged, there's no reason for the totem combination to be unstable.” His eyes flickered as he realized that although his five elements were at the great circle level, when he added in the wind and lightning, the combination was not at the great circle. That was the source of the instability and incompatibility.

When Meng Hao mentally practice with the Seventh Anima, he hadn't noticed this point. Now that the totem combination had truly appeared, though, it was immediately obvious.

Next, contrary to expectations, the wind and lightning suddenly changed. They stabilized, which caused Meng Hao's mind to fill with shock. Apparently the transformations in the five elements totems had been provoked by the wind and lightning.

This made it so that the combination of seven totems produced a completely unexpected transformation, a transformation that would shock the entire world!

Meng Hao's mind suddenly filled with sharp stabs of pain that instantly inundated him. His mind reeled and, even in the middle of this battle with Patriarch Huyan, a blank look suddenly appeared in his eyes.

All of a sudden, he saw a battlefield in front of him, littered with countless corpses, the ground soaked with blood. It was impossible to tell how many years of battle had been fought in this place, but the corpses seemed endless.

Dead bodies filled the ground for as far as the eye could see.

The only thing that was different was directly in front of him; a gigantic coffin. It was fully thirty thousand or more meters long, and pitch black. Meng Hao was familiar with this coffin; it was exactly the same one that he had seen in the sky above the Tower of Tang in the State of Zhao!

Most shocking of all, he could now see that carved onto the surface of the coffin... were nine butterflies!

Nine butterfly carvings which were indescribably beautiful.

The instant in which Meng Hao saw the butterflies, a roaring sound filled his mind, and the vision disappeared.

At the same time, the black sky above seemed to be ripped apart. Throughout all the lands of South Heaven, including the Eastern Lands, the Southern Domain, the Western Desert, and the Northern Reaches, a bizarre power seemed to be stirred into action by Meng Hao's Seven Souls Totems.

Outside of Planet South Heaven, the carved names on the Immortality Bestowal Dais began to flicker with shining light. Murmuring voices pulsed out and echoed around the Immortality Bestowal Dais.

"The five elements are fundamental. There is no sixth element in the world. Regardless of wind or lightning, both will turn the five elements upside down.... Except, this wind.... What is this wind? This is not a wind of the five elements, this is wind from the outside world!

"And what lightning is this? It is not lightning of the Nine Mountains and Seas. It comes from outside the Mountains and Seas!

“How could this be? What is happening...? Could it be that a life form from outside the Nine Mountains and Seas has descended, bringing this wind and lightning with it!?!?”

The trembling of the Immortality Bestowal Dais affected all the regions of South Heaven.

A woman walked out of the Rebirth Cave in the Southern Domain and looked off into the distance.

In the Milky Way Sea was an ancient boat that had been floating there for tens of thousands of years. On the prow of the boat was a corpse wearing a set of decaying armor. Suddenly, its eyes opened.

In the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, in the ancestral mansion of the Ji Clan was a young man with skin like jade, the same young man who had blocked the path of Meng Hao’s mother all those years ago, sitting on an altar made from a cauldron. His eyes opened slowly, and within could be seen hesitation and confusion as he looked off into the distance.

Throughout all the lands, as everything shook mysteriously. Back in the Southern Domain, deep within the Rebirth Cave, was an area that even the woman-form roc would not be able to reach. Laying there in the pitch-black darkness was a corpse.

This corpse... was none other than he who had gifted Meng Hao with Immortal Shows the Way. Choumen Tai!

He had been dead, but in this moment, his eyes suddenly opened. Within them was a sharp, glowing light that seemed capable of causing the starry sky to shake, and even crush the lands of South Heaven.

As of this moment, there seemed to be no weakness about him whatsoever; clearly he was at the peak of power.

“Well, I woke up quickly,” he said. “I came to this world to spread the Dao. I sent out millions of seeds of the Dao, and in two hundred years, only this person awoke!”

“Perhaps, this kid really is the one I’ve been waiting for all these years... to bring HIM back to life!” The instant in which Choumen Tai said the word ‘him,’ his expression filled with a look of recollection, as he recalled the image of a man looking at him and smiling.

#### Chapter 556: Shaking Huyan!

When it came to the incredible changes happening throughout the lands of South Heaven because of Meng Hao’s Seven Souls Totem combination, Meng Hao noticed, but Patriarch Huyan didn’t.

However, in the moment that Meng Hao regained consciousness, he looked at the combination of seven totems, the solitary primordial chaos totem, and a strange light appeared in his eyes. He could tell that some undetectable transformation had occurred to his seven Nascent Souls and seven totems.

As to whether the transformation was good or bad, it was impossible for him to tell. However, he had the faint sensation that it had caused him to take a first step down the true path of seven Nascent Souls.

Actually, up to now, whenever he entered the Seventh Anima, the seven Nascent Souls in his body appeared to be unhampered by anything. Obviously, he could enter the Seventh Anima and explode out with the power of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls.

In truth, though, he had to force them to fuse together, which he could accomplish only because of his profound foundation. The instability of the combination of the seven totems caused Meng Hao to become aware of his oversight. However, a strange, unfamiliar aura had emerged from his seven Nascent Soul totems, causing them to bind together. Now the solitary totem was stable.

Somehow, Meng Hao was able to solve this problem that, in the future, would surely have led to great danger.

Right now, though, he was in the middle of fighting Patriarch Huyan, and had little time to think about the matter. He put the matter to rest in his heart and then performed a double-handed incantation. Instantly, the solitary totem in front of him began to pulsate with a shocking aura.

The totem had no shape, and was constantly changing. Sometimes it was big, sometimes small. The primordial chaos inside of it looked almost like droplets of water, but also like a sea of flames. It was blurry, and impossible to see clearly.

However, the aura spreading out from within the blurriness only continued to grow more powerful.

Patriarch Huyan was astonished, as were the streams of Divine Sense from the Patriarchs of the other Tribes.

The instant the seven Nascent Soul totems combined, Patriarch Huyan's eyes flickered with shock. He once again drew circles in front of him, and then gestured forward sharply.

“The seven emotions are needed by the heart. But within the soul, there are only three types of emotion. Family love, friendship and romantic love. I severed family love, extinguished friendship, and cut off romantic love. From then on I was... emotionless!” With that, the seven circles of emotion shattered, transforming into a blade.

The blade was illusory, but was capable of extinguishing all types of life. Suddenly, the blade lifted high up into the air, and then descended down onto the solitary combination totem.

The chopping blow was imbued with an aura that could conquer mountains and rivers. This blade... was a blade of emotionlessness! All of the cultivation that Patriarch Huyan had practiced in his entire life transformed into a Spirit Severing blade that could shake Heaven and Earth. The entire world seemed to disappear in the face of the resplendently glowing blade that shot toward Meng Hao's combination totem.

The blade hit the totem. In the instant that they struck each other, an indistinct, unclear aura erupted out from the solitary totem. The aura caused all the wind and clouds in the area to stop moving. Everything up above and down below grew still.

A strange, otherworldly feeling spread out with incredible intensity.

When Patriarch Huyan sensed it, his heart filled with shock. This aura made him feel as if an incredible pressure was weighing down on him. His heart began to pound.

The feeling came so quickly that he had no time to do anything. Nor was he prepared for it; his mind filled with roaring, and blood oozed out of his mouth.

At the same time, cracks began to spread out across the blade that had chopped down onto the solitary totem. The cracks eventually joined together, and then a popping sound could be heard as the blade shattered into seven pieces that shot out in all directions.

The seven pieces represented the seven emotions, and their shattering caused a tremor to run through Patriarch Huyan's body. He coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and his face went pale. He staggered backward more than thirty meters, whereupon he looked up with a face full of shock and disbelief.

He had long since ceased to look down upon Meng Hao. However, it was only at this moment that he suddenly realized that he himself... still didn't fully understand Meng Hao. The sight of Meng Hao combining seven totems into one, and the resulting aura that erupted out, left Patriarch Huyan profoundly shocked.

“What totem is that?! What is that aura?!”

It wasn't just Patriarch Huyan who felt his heart trembling. Equally shaken were the other Spirit Severing Patriarchs who had gathered to watch the battle.

One of those patriarchs was the red-robed boy from the great Cloud Sky Sect. His eyes shone with a strange light, and his stream of Divine Sense quivered. “Where did this guy come from?” he thought. “Even I would be shaken by that aura.”

The Spirit Severing Patriarchs from the great Wild Flame Tribe and the great Demon Butterfly Tribe made an undetectable mutual communication. As of now, they dispelled any notion of joining forces to make a sneak attack.

The aura of Meng Hao's solitary totem was shocking, and they were unable to see through it.

At the moment, Patriarch Huyan was in full retreat. Meng Hao's solitary totem gradually faded away. It wasn't destroyed by Patriarch Huyan; in fact, his blade hadn't hurt it even in the least.

The reason it was fading was because, even in the Seventh Anima, Meng Hao was incapable of sustaining it for very long. At the most, it could last for the space of a handful of breaths. That was, in fact, a bit different from what he had estimated before actually combining the totems during this battle.

“Only three breaths of time!” he sighed, his eyes shining.

“Internally, seven Nascent Souls combine, allowing me to enter the Seventh Anima. Externally, seven totems combine to form primordial chaos, my solitary totem!

“Alone, either the internal or the external change can be sustained for a long period of time. However... when both the internal and the external reach a peak simultaneously, it can only last for three breaths of time!

“During those three breaths, my battle prowess...” Meng Hao was panting as he thought back to what he had experienced moments ago. However, just as quickly, he looked back at Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan was breathing deeply. As he shot backward, he tapped his right foot down into the air. A boom rattled out as he stopped in place, finally diffusing some of the recoil power in his body. He looked at Meng Hao and smiled.

“A Nascent Soul Cultivation base that can shake the Spirit Severing stage. If you had enough time, who knows, you might actually be able to achieve Immortal Ascension in South Heaven.

“But I will use all the power I possess to smash you to death. Regardless of whether or not I succeed, the process will give birth to Dao Fruit. I can enjoy that flavor even in the yellow springs.” Patriarch Huyan laughed and slapped his chest.

Boom!

The slap caused Patriarch Huyan’s aura to explode out, growing more and more intense. His hair was no longer white, but black. His skin were no longer old, but rather sleek and smooth.

He was now not an old man any more, but middle-aged, his countenance dignified. Then, his aura continued to become even more shocking. Now, he looked like a young man.

His robe was black, his eyebrows sharp and slanted, and his eyes shone as brightly as the stars. As of this moment, Patriarch Huyan seemed to have recovered his youth. His aura was intense, capable of shaking the Heavens, causing everything to dim and a huge wind to kick up.

Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed as this indescribable, formless aura exploded out from Patriarch Huyan.

The handful streams of Spirit Severing Divine Sense were now all looking at Patriarch Huyan.

“The great circle of the First Severing!” said the Spirit Severing Patriarch from the Wild Flame Tribe. He was a tall, stalwart old man, within whose eyes could be seen an expression of intense concentration.

“Patriarch Huyan never reached the great circle before...” said the red-robed boy from the great Cloud Sky Tribe. “Oh, I understand. He used the eradication of his Tribe to complete the great circle. How cold-blooded, this Huyan Yunming!” Shocked, the boy looked at Patriarch Huyan with a frown.

Meanwhile, in the other Tribes in the Black Lands who were observing the goings-on, most of the Cultivators weren’t able to tell the exact extent to which Patriarch Huyan’s aura had grown. However, it was shocking to them nonetheless.

In the great Cloud Sky Tribe, Zhou Dekun’s eyes went wide and his heart began to beat nervously. After learning that Meng Hao had returned, he had felt happiness, but even more so, worry.

In the great Demon Butterfly Tribe, Duo Lan sat quietly off to the side, gazing at Meng Hao. A stubborn gleam could be seen in her eyes. During the past more than one hundred years, she had learned a lot about Meng Hao. She was a Chosen, and although she hated to admit it, the distance between the two of them was vast.

The moment in which Patriarch Huyan’s Cultivation base exploded up to the great circle of the First Severing, everyone who was watching, be they Spirit Severing Patriarchs or Cultivators from other Tribes in the Black Lands, were thoroughly shaken.

Within Meng Hao’s eyes, a strong desire to battle was suddenly ignited.

A moment later, though, he frowned.

Deep within his bag of holding, he could sense the Demon Spirit emanating an intense teleportation power. It seemed that it could teleport him away at any moment.

Meng Hao couldn’t do anything about, but neither could he ignore it. He slapped his bag of holding, producing the blood-colored mask, which he slipped on his face. At the same time, the mastiff lifted its head up and howled. It transformed into a red beam of light which shot toward Meng Hao.

The red light fused into the mask, causing Meng Hao's robes to whip about and his hair to float up. His aura instantly burst out violently.

Such eruption instantly caught the attention of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs, as well as all the observers from the other Tribes in the Black Lands.

Amidst the roaring sound, Meng Hao's robes became blood red, as did his hair. A glow of blood surrounded him, and behind him, a red throne appeared. Seated there was a woman wearing a mask identical to Meng Hao's. As she became visible, she sat down coldly onto the throne.

The Blood Immortal!

In this moment the entire world was crimson. Even people who were merely watching the scene on a screen suddenly felt as if all the blood in their bodies wished to burst out.

Meng Hao looked up, and an oppressive glow could be seen in his eyes.

Chapter 557: Seizing More Spirit Severing Treasures

When Meng Hao looked up, the eyes of this youthful version of Patriarch Huyan glinted with killing intent. However, at the same time, hesitation could be seen.

That was because Patriarch Huyan had a Demon Spirit in his bag of holding as well. As of this moment, he also could sense the power of teleportation pulsing out. It instantly caused him to hesitate as to whether or not to continue fighting.

After all, now that he had reached the great circle of the First Severing of Spirit Severing, it meant that there were some incredibly important things for him to do in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

There was little time to consider the matter, though. Meng Hao's aura was incredibly shocking. Their gazes locked and they both began to move.

Rumbling filled the air as they unhesitatingly slammed into each other.

Area fought Area.

Domain fought Domain!

Divine abilities fought divine abilities!

This was nothing like the fighting from before. This was Spirit Severing carnage! That was especially true of Meng Hao's Blood Immortal divine abilities. He had almost been able to slaughter Patriarch Huyan's clone with them. As of now, he instantly employed them. Deadly sundered clouds roiled out in all directions, filling the sky with rumbling sounds.

A blood rain fell, and a Violet Sea raged.

Even more shocking to Patriarch Huyan was that Meng Hao's battle prowess was actually greater than when he had fought his clone.

Furthermore, in the middle of all his mightiness, Patriarch Huyan could, for the first time sense... faith power!

It was at this point that he recalled that the person in front of him was a Cultivator, but at the same time... a totemic Sacred Ancient who could absorb faith power!

This faith power made Meng Hao's battle prowess even more explosive, absurdly powerful. It was powerful enough that it could fight back against the First Severing.

"Dammit, I forgot that he's a totemic Sacred Ancient who can absorb faith power," thought Patriarch Huyan. "This time, he's much closer to his Tribe, not far, far away like last time. That means the faith power is much stronger!"

"Before, in the Violet Sea, the great distance made the faith power incredibly weak!!"

"The best place to kill him would be a place where he can't absorb faith power..." Even as he mused in shock over these matters, they continued to fight back and forth. Patriarch Huyan relentlessly employed divine abilities, used emotion severing, his Spirit Immortal, and various magical techniques.

At the same time, the Spirit Severing spectators could also sense the faith power in Meng Hao, which caused them to gasp. Their minds could not help but be shaken.

“Even I overlooked Meng Hao’s other identity,” said the red-robed boy, a strange look gleaming in his eyes. “He’s a totemic Sacred Ancient!” He suddenly had an idea. A person like Meng Hao was someone he should make friends with. The best thing to do would be to send charcoal during snowy weather, so to speak, and provide some timely help. That would be the best way to forge deeper ties.

All of the Spirit Severing experts in the area were having similar thoughts. In fact, all of the Cultivators in the seventy percent of the Black Lands Tribes who were watching were nervously thinking the same thing.

Xu Bai of the Black Dragon Tribe was now an old man. After the Black Dragon Tribe broke away from the Golden Crow Tribe, they joined the great Demon Talisman Tribe. As of this moment, the majority of the Demon Talisman Tribe was gathered in their public square, watching the proceedings on a large screen. Xu Bai sighed inwardly.

Standing next to him was an effeminate man, a male Cultivator who was gentle and soft, but also cold. This was none other than that Chen Mo of the great Demon Talisman Tribe, who was one of the ones who fought over the Demon Spirit that year in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.

“Having second thoughts?” he asked. “This Meng Hao.... He truly supersedes all of us.”

Xu Bai was silent for a moment. Finally, he nodded his head and said, “Perhaps. As I look back, I don’t think I made the right decision.”

In the great Demon Butterfly Tribe, Duo Lan’s wide eyes were fixed on Meng Hao.

In the great Cloud Sky Tribe, Zhou Dekun was panting. Next to him was Zhao Fang, another member of the great Cloud Sky Tribe. He had a similar expression to Zhou Dekun.

Roaring filled the air as the raging fight continued.

Even as the two of them fought back and forth fiercely, each of them could sense the other’s Demon Spirit. In fact, whenever they got closer to each other, the power of teleportation grew stronger.

Patriarch Huyan's eyes flashed with killing intent. The power of teleportation was pulsating out of his Demon Spirit with increased frequency, almost as if it were urging him to finish the fight more quickly. The desire in his heart to kill Meng Hao had reached its pinnacle. He suddenly raised his right hand up into the air and pointed to the sky.

"Heavenly Pursuit!" he roared. As the words echoed out, a crackling like that of thunder could be heard in the sky.

"Heavenly Pursuit!!" he roared a second time. Shocking claps of thunder could be heard, and his body grew slightly indistinct. A savage and unmatched brutal aura roared out of him.

"HEAVENLY PURSUIT!!!" he shouted a third time. The sky up above suddenly seemed to rip apart as a colossal three-headed anaconda bored out from within the void.

The anaconda was fully thirty thousand meters long and was violet in color. The three heads radiated cruelty and had forked tongues that flicked in and out. Furthermore, each head sported a long horn.

The instant it appeared, intense pressure bore down onto the Black Lands.

This was not a Spirit Severing aura. Nor was it the aura of Dao Seeking. This was... the aura of an Immortal!!

This violet-colored, three-headed beast was shockingly equipped with Immortal will!!

Its appearance instantly filled the land with thunderous roaring.

Conversations instantly broke out.

"Heavenly Pursuit Dragonsnake!"

"That's the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's bloodline ancestor, the Heavenly Pursuit Dragonsnake!"

“According to the legends, every Western Desert Tribe has a bloodline that traces back to an Immortal. As the legacies get passed down through the generations, there is always a small chance to set off the bloodline and be able to summon the ancestor!”

The surrounding Spirit Severing experts were not shocked by this development, but when the Cultivators from the other cities in the Black Lands saw, most were completely astonished.

As roaring filled the Black Lands, Patriarch Huyan began to bleed from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. The summoning he had just performed had put quite a strain on him.

It was as if this world did not consent to the appearance of such a beast as this. As the three-headed anaconda approached, an enormous illusory net appeared around it. This net appeared to be some sort of natural law, something seemingly unbreakable and unblockable!

The Heavenly Pursuit Dragonsnake roared and struggled, and blood sprayed from Patriarch Huyan’s mouth. Finally, for a fourth time, he shouted:

“Heavenly Pursuit!”

BOOM!

The six eyes of the Heavenly Pursuit Dragonsnake glittered. With a mere glance, they sent Meng Hao’s mind completely reeling. At the same time, the centermost head suddenly bit down on its own tail and then ripped it off.

The severed tail suddenly began to blaze with fire. In the blink of an eye, the burning power broke through the enormous illusory net. Even as the giant net tightened around the Heavenly Pursuit Dragonsnake, it flung its tail directly toward Patriarch Huyan.

It burned as it flew through the air, scorching away the flesh and blood, purifying the tail until it was only bones. By the time it reached Patriarch Huyan, shockingly, it had transformed into... a violet-colored bone whip!!

It floated there in mid-air, just waiting for Patriarch Huyan to take control of it. It undulated slowly, sending out ripples into the air along with cracking sounds. The air around the whip continuously shattered in successive layers. A terrifying, almost infinitely powerful aura instantly exploded out from the snake tail.

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but actually only five breaths of time had passed during the fight between Meng Hao and Patriarch Huyan.

Patriarch Huyan reached out excitedly toward the floating whip to grab it.

The whip was obviously a precious treasure. Meng Hao and the surrounding Spirit Severing experts in Divine Sense form could all sense this. The streams of Divine Sense undulated greedily.

However, their greed quickly vanished, to be replaced with pity. This particular precious treasure might be mighty, but it was a bloodline treasure. Objects such as that could only be used by members of the Heavenly Pursuit bloodline.

Furthermore, even ordinary bloodline members would be unable to use it. Only people in whose veins the blood ran thick and pure would be able to, and that was only after reaching the Spirit Severing stage. Anyone else who attempted to do so would receive grievous injury.

With so many restrictions on the snake bone whip, the precious treasure became an object of little value to spectators, as valuable as chicken ribs.

However.... When Meng Hao saw it, his eyes shone with a strange light. While others might view it as nothing more valuable than chicken ribs, that was not the case with him. Meng Hao had not just eradicated the entire Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. During the slaughter, he had retrieved some blood samples.

That blood contained five successive generations of Heavenly Pursuit Tribe members. If he could get some blood from Patriarch Huyan, then he would have six generations of blood, and could create a six generation Blood Clone. Furthermore, it wouldn't be an ordinary Blood Clone but, rather, a Blood Spirit. If he could get nine generations of blood, it would be a Blood Divinity with the potential for Ancestral Awakening.

Whatever happened, if he made such a Blood Clone, then it would be able to wield the snake bone whip!

After all these thoughts passed through his head, he finally said, "I have to risk it!"

As Patriarch Huyan reached out to grab the snake bone whip, Meng Hao's eyes began to glow with a light that would make anyone who saw it feel a sense of danger. He took a step forward and raised his hand. Filled with determination, he pointed at Patriarch Huyan.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

When the divine ability appeared, it caused Patriarch Huyan to be entwined with invisible Demonic Qi. Instantly, a tremor ran through him.

“This move again!” said Patriarch Huyan, his face growing dark. He had considered many methods for dealing with the strange divine ability, but none were truly capable of standing up against it. The only thing he could do was to be on the lookout for it. At the moment, he was sealed, but it would only last for half a breath. Then, the strands of Demonic Qi would begin to fall apart.

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. In half a breath's worth of time, he was only able to get within a few dozen meters of the snake bone whip. Patriarch Huyan, on the other hand, was only about seven inches away, well within reach!

The surrounding Spirit Severing experts as well as the other observing Cultivators were watching closely as Patriarch Huyan seemed about to lay his hand onto the snake bone whip. There were many who had already guessed what Meng Hao was trying to do. Some still hadn't figured it out, and were slightly confused.

It was in this exact moment that Meng Hao suddenly opened his mouth. A black light flew out at incredible speed, kicking up a powerful wind. The black light immediately transformed into a black colored wheel.

This was... the Wheel of Time.

At the same time, Meng Hao's Wooden Time Swords appeared and began to rotate around the wheel. Rumbling sounds could be heard as the Wheel of Time began to spin.

Instantly the power of Time reversal erupted out. A tremor ran through Patriarch Huyan's mind. His face twisted, and he was about to struggle against it when suddenly his body, completely beyond his own control, began to move backward.

It was as if time were reversing. Even as Patriarch Huyan fought back against the power, Meng Hao once again used his Demon Sealing powers, injuring himself in the process.

BANG!

Patriarch Huyan's body trembled as he suddenly lost his Cultivation base. It was only for a moment, but that, combined with the time reversal, pushed him half a meter away from the snake bone whip.

As for Meng Hao, he transformed into a green smoke. Coughing up blood the whole time, he appeared in front of the snake bone whip. Eyes filled with determination, he reached out and grabbed it!

Chapter 558: In One Thousand Years, One Person Can Reach Immortal Ascension

"How dare you!!" roared Patriarch Huyan. His body flickered as he shook off the power of the time reversal and then shattered Meng Hao's Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

Patriarch Huyan's eyes were filled with scorn. He actually wasn't worried about the snake bone whip being taken away. It had been refined from a bloodline ancestor of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Other than people of that particular bloodline, no one could use it.

Even back in the time before the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe had been eradicated, Patriarch Huyan would still have been the only one qualified to activate the bloodline power to use the precious treasure.

There was no need to even mention the current circumstances.

Therefore, Patriarch Huyan wasn't anxious at all. In fact, he acted a bit playfully, ignoring the snake bone whip and instead raising his right hand to summon a divine ability which then shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Backlash from the Wheel of Time and the Eighth Hex slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray from his mouth. His face was pale as his Blood Immortal Spirit Severing state vanished. The blood-colored mask fell off of his face, and the weakened mastiff appeared. Meng Hao's Cultivation base dropped from Spirit Severing back into the Seventh Anima.

However, the expression of determination and resolve on his face did not lessen, but rather, grew more intense. He closed in on the snake bone whip and then grabbed it, the first person to have ever done so.

The instant he touched it, his heart trembled. An intense tremor ran through his body, the source being the snake bone whip. Having examined him and found that he didn't possess the requisite bloodline to control it, it seemed to feel as if it were tainted. The entire whip filled with a shocking, explosive power of destruction.

"Looking to kill yourself, huh?" said Patriarch Huyan, his scorn deepening. His divine ability spread out, clearly on the verge of slamming into Meng Hao.

The surrounding Spirit Severing experts were all confused. When the Cultivators observing throughout the Black Lands saw what was happening, expressions of disbelief appeared on their faces.

"What is he doing?" thought Duo Lan. "Why would he possibly decide to do that?!"

Zhou Dekun was growing increasingly nervous, and was almost unable to restrain himself from shouting out. "Junior Brother, what's wrong with you? Aiiiiii, how could you be so insensible! Of what use is that whip to you?"

Xu Bai's eyes were wide and Chen Mo's pupils constricted. They exchanged a glance, and could instantly see the confusion in each other's eyes.

"From what I know of him," said Xu Bai in a resolute voice that could sever nails and chop iron, "he never takes action unless he's confident of success!"

A tremor ran through Chen Mo's heart. "Don't tell me... he actually has a way to use the Heavenly Pursuit snake bone whip!?" Such a possibility seemed inconceivable. "Even if he does, how could he possibly evade Patriarch Huyan's current deadly counterattack?"

Even as everyone was shocked, even as the backlash from the snake bone whip surged, even as Patriarch Huyan's divine ability closed in... Meng Hao suddenly slapped his bag of holding to produce his Demon Spirit.

He violently crushed it, causing the Demon Spirit to explode into innumerable dots of glittering light that spread out to cover his body. As for the parrot and meat jelly, they had disappeared into the copper mirror as soon as the fight began, so the light also covered them as well.

It spread out to the mastiff too, and they all began to turn transparent.

The backlash from the snake bone whip pierced through the air, passing completely through Meng Hao. Patriarch Huyan's divine ability actually reached him, but by that time, he was illusory, so it passed directly through.

The surrounding streams of Spirit Severing Divine Sense were thoroughly shaken. They watched as Meng Hao rapidly vanished, along with the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe's precious treasure.

The experts from the other Black Lands Tribes who were watching on various screens all gasped. Strange light shone from their eyes. All of a sudden, they were struck even more deeply than before by Meng Hao's methods.

"So, that was his plan!" said Chen Mo, his eyes narrowing. Inwardly, he had to admit that Meng Hao's tactics were excellently planned.

Xu Bai said nothing, but inwardly, he mused, "Maybe he simply wanted the whip. Or, more likely, since he knew the battle was about to end, he took it as a means of ensuring the safety of the Golden Crow Tribe."

Zhou Dekun breathed a sigh of relief. As for Zhao Fang of the great Cloud Sky Tribe, he was mentally shaken and his expression flickered. He looked down at his bag of holding as his own Demon Spirit flew out. It transformed into dots of flickering light which began to surround his body.

A Demon Spirit also flew out in front of Duo Lan. The glittering lights slowly spread out over her body, causing her to fade away. The power of teleportation emanated out all around her.

Meanwhile, back where Meng Hao and Patriarch Huyan were fighting....

As Meng Hao slowly disappeared, he looked at Patriarch Huyan and calmly said, "Patriarch Huyan, it would be impolite of me to refuse your gift. You also have a Demon Spirit. I'll be waiting for you in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane to continue our battle!"

Patriarch Huyan glared at him with bloodshot eyes. His desire to kill grew even more intense. The Heavenly Pursuit snake bone whip was a precious treasure of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, and had been intended as a trump card for use in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

In fact, one of his main goals in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane had been to find a similar article that could be used alongside the whip. Together, those two items would help him to begin looking for clues regarding his Second Severing.

By now, Patriarch Huyan's fury was at a pinnacle, and his hatred had seeped into his bones. Not only had Meng Hao stolen the Wheel of Time from his clone, but had also stolen this precious treasure from his true self.

For these things to happen to a Spirit Severing Cultivator, and in front of all those other Cultivators from the Black Lands, was a galling shame and a deep humiliation.

He suppressed his rage and coldly said, "Taking my treasure? I'll eradicate your Golden Crow Tribe!"

"Too late," replied Meng Hao coolly. Patriarch Huyan's face flickered as, of its own volition, his Demon Spirit flew out of his bag of holding, radiating rapid pulses of light. It transformed into countless dots of glittering light which enveloped Patriarch Huyan and caused him to begin to fade away.

"By the way," continued Meng Hao, "contact with the Demon Spirit makes the teleportation power activate faster."

Patriarch Huyan breathed in deeply, his expression calm as he stared deeply at Meng Hao. Without another word, his body flickered as more power of teleportation surged. Then, in the blink of an eye, he activated the teleportation, transforming into a beam of light that shot upward and then disappeared amidst a surge of teleportation ripples that spread out in all directions.

The look he gave Meng Hao before disappearing caused Meng Hao's brow to furrow.

It was at this point that a voice transmitted by Divine Will could be heard in Meng Hao's mind. It came from the direction of the streams of Spirit Severing Divine Sense, and belonged to none other than the red-robed boy from the great Cloud Sky Tribe.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, please proceed without worry. I will watch over the Golden Crow Tribe for the time being.”

By this point, Meng Hao’s body was more than half faded. He was unable to control the speed with which he moved upward, so he was forced to look down toward the collection of Spirit Severing Divine Sense streams.

“I’ve grown old,” said the voice, “and I’ve long since given up on the thought of performing my Second Severing. I just hope that the great Cloud Sky Tribe will continue on as long as I live, and that I will have the chance to see someone else reach the Second Severing.

“I’ll help you by taking care of the Golden Crow Tribe. With me around, no one will dare to provoke them. However, you must promise me that while you are in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, you will take care of my... Holy Son Zhao Fang!

Meng Hao was silent for a moment. Then, just before rocketing up into the Heavens, he responded via Divine Will: “I will take no responsibility for his death if the situation exceeds my capabilities!”

“Just take care of him as best you can,” responded the red-robed boy, his tone casual. “I trust that you will keep your word.”

Meng Hao didn’t respond. He would by no means refuse such an offer. A rumbling sound could be heard as he was propelled up at high speed into the boundless sky. In the last moment before he disappeared, he looked back down at the lands beneath.

He could see the Black Lands, including the area occupied by the Golden Crow Tribe. At the same time, he could also see four bright beams of light shooting up into the air at high speed.

One of those beams of light contained Zhao Fang of the great Cloud Sky Tribe. Another was Duo Lan of the Demon Butterfly Tribe, with whom Meng Hao was somewhat familiar. The third was an old man.

There didn’t seem to be anything special about the old man, but, shockingly, he was of the Spirit Severing stage. Strangest of all, he was not flying up from the Black Lands, but rather, a position in the Southern Domain where it bordered the Black Lands!

The fourth beam of light came up from some distance away in the Western Desert Violet Sea. Meng Hao couldn't see who was inside, but in his estimation, it was most likely Zhixiang.

He looked away. It was at this moment, just before he disappeared, that a tremor ran through his mind as he looked toward the Southern Domain.

From that direction, Meng Hao could see a fifth beam of light. However, it was so far away, that he was unable to see clearly who was inside.

However, he had the faint sense that there was not just one beam of teleportation light rising up from the Southern Domain. There were more.

"I wonder who from the Southern Domain will be going to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane...." Meng Hao was curious, even excited at the prospect of encountering some of his old friends. It was at this moment that he completely vanished.

Although Meng Hao couldn't sense it, people were teleporting from more regions than just the Southern Domain and the Black Lands. In the vast Eastern Lands, beams of light were also visible, shooting up into the sky.

Three came from... the Fang Clan!

In the beams of light shooting up from the Fang Clan were two men and one woman. The woman was none other than the one who had left a deep impression on Meng Hao. It was violent-tempered, overbearing... Fang Yu!

In the Ji Clan ancestral mansion, an illusory youth stood atop the highest point of the main temple, looking down at a group of nine people, five men and four women, all of whom wore expressions of deep respect. A sparkling Demon Spirit glow was currently beginning to surround them. The power of teleportation rumbled loudly, but the gaze of the illusory youth prevented them from moving upward even a bit.

"The Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens once every thousand years," he said. "Because of the Western Desert Violet Sea, only Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven can participate, not anyone from the other three planets. The opening of this ancient plane also indicates that the millennial struggle for Immortality has begun.

“According to the rules of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, on each planet, every one thousand years, one person is permitted to achieve Immortal Ascension!

“When the struggle for Immortality begins, the Immortality Bestowal Dais will slowly awaken. It will automatically suppress the various Dao Seeking experts, using the threat of death to prevent them from engaging in battle for the path to Immortality. Of course, there are always bound to be fish who slip through the net, people who risk their lives to fight for their goal.

“Although the path to Immortality exists in front of all of you, you will face opponents. Those opponents are not just fellow Cultivators of your own generation. There will also be members of the older generation, Spirit Severing and Dao Seeking experts. All of them wished to tread the path of Immortal Ascension during these thousand years.

“The coming millennium will be very interesting. Many people will fight. All will fail except for one. That one person will achieve Immortal Ascension!

“Those who gain fortune in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane will be a step ahead of the others on the path to Immortality. It is my hope that during this thousand years, the person to achieve Immortal Ascension will be from the Ji Clan!” With that, the youth waved his hands. The bodies of the nine others trembled as power of teleportation exploded out, and they surged up into the sky.

All of the members of the Ji Clan who were on their way to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane were Chosen. However, these were not Clan members like the one Meng Hao had killed that year, of the Quasi-Array. Rather, these were full Array Chosen.

Teleportation beams could also be seen above the Northern Reaches.

Obviously, the opening of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane was not exclusive to the Western Desert. It was a matter of extreme importance to all the lands of South Heaven. It was a grand gathering of Chosen from the Southern Domain, Western Desert, Eastern Lands, and Northern Reaches!

This indicated that as of this moment, the path to Immortality had opened!

Chapter 558: Heads!

“How dare you!!” roared Patriarch Huyan. His body flickered as he shook off the power of the Time reversal and then shattered Meng Hao’s Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

Patriarch Huyan's eyes filled with scorn. He actually wasn't worried about the snake bone whip being taken away. It had been refined from a bloodline ancestor of the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe. Other than people of that bloodline, no one could use it.

Even back before the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe had been eradicated, Patriarch Huyan would still have been the only one qualified to activate the bloodline power to use the precious treasure.

There was no need to even mention the current circumstances.

Besides, the backlash power that would be levied against any outsider who touched the whip made him completely confident. With a cold chuckle, he backed up, allowing Meng Hao to near the whip and, at the same time, preparing a divine ability to unleash against him.

The instant Meng Hao's hand fell onto the snake bone whip, a feeling like sparks of electricity began to race up his hand and into his arm. He instantly frowned, and his face grew pale.

The tingling feeling quickly turned into pain, like that of hundreds of knives stabbing into his hand and forearm. He tried to release his grip, but was shocked to find that he was unable. It was as if his hand were stuck onto the snake bone whip, unable to release it.

Meng Hao gritted his teeth once again tried to shake away the snake bone whip. The pain was now becoming intolerable. His face was pale white and blood seeped out of the corners of his mouth.

Suddenly, an incredible power surged out, starting from the tip of the whip and then growing like a tidal of wave of force as it shot toward his arm.

Meng Hao felt a sense of deadly crisis sweep over him. The power of the snake bone whip was beyond anything he had ever faced up against before. After all, this was the power of an Immortal!

Although he had fought Patriarch Huyan's clone, as well as Patriarch Huyan's true self, he had never even crossed paths with a Dao Seeking expert, let alone a true Immortal.

He knew that such power could instantly shatter him, body and soul, and even destroy his Nascent Souls.

In the blink of an eye, the power reached his hand, causing it to explode into a haze of blood and gore. As the power continued up his arm, bursting flesh, crushing bone, Meng Hao knew that he was moments away from being exterminated.

He quickly slapped his bag of holding to produce an ordinary flying sword. Without hesitation, he slashed at his right shoulder, severing his right arm completely. Shooting backward at top speed, he watched as the power of the snake bone whip turned what remained of his right arm into nothing more than a haze of blood which quickly faded away.

It was at this point that Patriarch Huyan pushed down hard onto his forehead, spitting up a mouthful of soul blood. He quickly performed a double-handed incantation which caused the blood to turn black. It then spread out to form an enormous beaded net. The net moved with incredible speed as it expanded, threatening to envelop Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, his path of escape was completely cut off.

Patriarch Huyan chuckled. “My Blood Time Net is faster than a Second Severing Cultivator. I don’t care what power-up magic you have, you could never evade it!”

Meng Hao’s mind raced as he tried to think of what few options he had left. There simply wasn’t enough time to consider, though.

The net was now on the verge of completely covering him up.

It was in this moment that, shockingly... a huge fissure appeared in mid-air directly between Patriarch Huyan and Meng Hao. The fissure spread out with shocking speed and emanated a blinding, glittering light. A fearsome aura exploded out of it that caused even Patriarch Huyan’s face to go pale. It seemed something beyond comprehension, almost like the might of the Heavens themselves.

The light spread out to slash into the black-colored blood net, instantly shredding it into countless pieces which then became nothing more than ash on the wind.

Blood sprayed from Patriarch Huyan’s mouth as his connection to the net was severed, and he instantly backed up, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

Meng Hao also stared in shock, having no clue whatsoever regarding the origin of this strange fissure.

Deathly silence filled the area. The only thing that could be heard was a faint pulsing sound coming from within the fissure.

A long moment passed, in which everyone observing felt their hearts pounding.

It was at this point that the cold voice of a woman echoed out from within the fissure, filled with incredible power. “You dare to harm my son!?!?”

The voice contained such power that Patriarch Huyan was instantly sent tumbling backward, his face filled with astonishment.

Suddenly, a hand could be seen emerging from the fissure. It was as smooth as jade, completely beautiful to the extreme. The hand was followed by an arm, and then a face. A woman emerged from the fissure, her eyes blazing with fury, and her right hand clenched tightly into a fist. Her hair whipped about her and her robes flapped violently.

As soon as she emerged, the fissure closed up behind her, letting out a sound like a thunderclap, as well as a violent, rushing wind that sent Patriarch Huyan tumbling backward yet again.

The woman stared around coldly. This was none other than... Meng Li!

The day Ji Nineteen attempted to sever Meng Hao’s Karma, she flew into a rage and directly attacked the Ji Clan.

As of this moment, her killing intent soared to the Heavens. “You paltry Western Desert cretin!” she said. “You just poked a bear cub, but what you failed to realized is that the bear cub is actually the adopted child of a fire-breathing dragon! Right now, that dragon has the thirst for blood!”

“Fellow Daoist, I...” Patriarch Huyan tried to gush an explanation, but before he could, Meng Li’s body flickered, and she was directly in front of him.

“You dare to speak to me?” she said. She slowly reached out and flicked her finger.

The flicking finger slammed into Patriarch Huyan's face, causing his head to instantly explode. The force of the explosion rippled out, destroying his body and shattering his Nascent Divinity. The shockwave created by his death caused ripples to spread out in all directions. Many nearby beasts were instantly destroyed by the intense power. Meng Hao, however, seemed to be strangely shielded.

In the blink of an eye, this Spirit Severing Patriarch, someone who could inspire fear into the hearts of everyone watching, was destroyed in body and soul.

The observing streams of Divine Sense were completely shocked.

“That aura... That's not Spirit Severing. It's not even Dao Seeking....”

“Just who is this person...?”

Zhou Dekun's face drained of blood. “Junior Brother...”

Duo Lan was trembling visibly.

The rest of the Cultivators in the other cities in the Black Lands all had similar reactions. Even through the screens upon which they were watching the battle, it was possible to tell that this woman was no ordinary Cultivator.

Meng Li slowly turned to look at Meng Hao. “Well... hello,” she said.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding. “Who are you?” he asked.

She chuckled. “I've finally come for you. The time has come for something... to happen, my son.”

“Son?” replied Meng Hao. His mind reeled. This woman couldn't possibly be... his mother?

Meng Li lifted up her hand, within which appeared a bag of holding. “I have something for you,” she said, tossing the bag over to him.

Meng Hao frowned as he snatched the bag of holding out of the air. When he looked inside, his mind filled with a roaring sound, and waves of shock rippled out through his body. The bag was filled with... severed heads!

He turned it over numbly, watching in horror as the head of a woman tumbled out. He recognized this woman. It was none other than... the woman who was for all intents and purposes his beloved. Song Jia of the Song Clan!

Even as the head fell downward, another head rolled out of the bag. It was... Hanxue Shan of the Frigid Snow Clan, who had professed her feelings toward him underneath the moonlight.

After that was... Han Bei, the only woman who could possibly match wits with him.

And then...

Chu Yuyan!!! Chu Yuyan who had such complicated feelings for him.

Meng Hao's heart seized, and the blood completely drained from his face.

However, the worst was yet to come. The final head to tumble out of the bag was none other than...

Xu Qing!!! Xu Qing, whose single tear had pulled him back from the midst of Demonic Transmigration.

Xu Qing, who had saved him from being slain at the hands of the Ji Clan Quasi-Array member.

Xu Qing, who had taken him from Mount Daqing, which led to his new life as a Cultivator.

Xu Qing....

Xu Qing...!

XU QING!!!

Meng Hao was completely at a loss for words. Roaring filled his mind, and his remaining hand began to tremble violently.

His entire person filled with a sense of absolute coldness and emptiness.

“Surprised?” said Meng Li. “Don’t worry, they died peacefully. I’m not a torturer. However, I couldn’t let inferior quality woman have contact with... my son.”

Meng Hao slowly looked over at Meng Li, his face filled with astonishment and disbelief. Currently, he felt as if his entire world had become a nightmare. Was it even real?

Before he could say anything, Meng Li held up her hand. “There’s no need for questions. Watch.” Meng Li started to chuckle, and then laugh uproariously. Suddenly, a rumbling sound filled Heaven and Earth. Everything began to shake, and Meng Li’s body trembled violently. Shockingly, vines exploded from her eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Her fleshly body appeared to be shredded in the blink of an eye as an enormous, seven-colored flower roared into existence.

Maniacal laughter rang out in all directions as Meng Li then shouted, “The time has come. Awaken, my son!”

It was in this very moment that the Resurrection Lily exploded in attack. Meng Hao’s mind was reeling and his heart virtually torn into pieces. He was completely caught off guard, thoroughly incapable of fighting back against the Resurrection Lily.

It quickly seized control of his legs and arm, then his torso. By the time he realized what was happening and thought to fight back, the only thing left under his control was his head.

But it was too late. In the blink of an eye, his entire body and self was possessed by the Resurrection Lily.

Meng Hao was powerless to do anything except watch what was happening as his body looked at the flower-form Meng Li and then spoke the words, “Hello, mother.”

Meng Hao wanted to scream, to rage, to fight back, but he was completely powerless. All he could do was let out a soundless howl that echoed out for him alone to hear.

The enormous, seven-colored flower approached Meng Hao's body. Her voice was like a soft purr as she said, "At long last, you're here."

"I failed so many times in the past," Meng Hao heard his own voice saying.

"It doesn't matter," she replied. Why don't you assume your true form?"

A roaring sound echoed up into the sky. Vines exploded out of the eyes, ears, nose and mouth of Meng Hao's body. They stretched out, seemingly destroying his fleshly body in the blink of an eye. Moments later, a five-colored Resurrection Lily hovered there, swaying back and forth bizarrely.

"That's better," said Meng Li. "We'll soon figure out what to do about the two other colors. And now, to take care of this pesky Meng Hao."

Suddenly, a tentacle-like vine snaked out to stab directly into the middle of the five-colored Resurrection Lily. The vine wrapped around Meng Hao's Nascent Soul and wrenched it out violently. Meng Hao felt incredible pain surrounding him. He realized that, at this moment, the only thing that remained of his true self, was nothing more than this Nascent Soul!

The vine pulled the struggling Nascent Soul until it hovered directly in front of the face of the seven-colored Resurrection Lily.

"Your days of causing problems for my true son are over. I know exactly how to deal with an insect like you." Another tentacle flashed an incantation symbol, and suddenly, Meng Hao felt stabs of pain all over him.

It felt like thousands of needles, not poking into, but piercing out from within!

He looked down in shock to see what appeared to be a sea of needles emerging from the surface of his Nascent Soul!

Chapter 559: So We Meet Again.... Ah, Karma!

Multiple beams of teleportation light shot up from the great lands of South Heaven, causing ripples to spread about in all directions. The sky trembled. Light of teleportation spread out, filling the firmament with brightness and causing the clouds to churn.

For three full days in South Heaven... there was no night!

For three days in the Southern Domain, Black Lands, Northern Reaches, and Eastern Lands, even in the Milky Way Sea, Patriarchs in various Sects and Clans all looked up into the sky.

All of them knew full well that as of this moment, the path of the struggle for Immortality... had fully opened.

After the three bright days passed with no night, many people could sense that the spiritual energy in the lands of South Heaven was suddenly stronger. With the exception of the Western Desert, the spiritual energy in almost all locations increased by triple!

There were even some places which experienced an explosive tenfold increase in spiritual energy, and other extremely special locations where the increase approached the level of being terrifying. The lands of South Heaven were now vastly different than they had been before. The strength of the spiritual energy made cultivation easier. In fact, throughout the land, more than a hundred Spirit Springs were restored from states of being dried up to that of explosive abundance.

The strengthening of spiritual energy wasn't the only thing that happened. The natural law of Heaven and Earth seemed to have been diluted to the point where it almost seemed as if it could be rewritten. Although reaching such enlightenment would be very difficult for Cultivators, the change made it so that it was easier to personally brand such shapeless laws.

Most shocking of all was that when the night returned, the starry sky up above had changed slightly. Stars were in different positions, almost as if the starfield up above was a different one than before. When people looked up at it, they had the feeling they were back in ancient times.

This was the true starry sky, and its appearance seemed to indicate that some sort of seal had been removed. As of now... Immortals could appear in the lands of South Heaven!

All of these various changes caused a huge stir among the Cultivators of South Heaven. Most of them were either confused or pleasantly surprised. It was only in the eyes of some of the most powerful of experts that intense stubbornness suddenly shone forth.

It was important to them too, that this path to the struggle for Immortality had opened. All of them had lived longer than a thousand years, and had experienced the previous struggle for Immortality a thousand years ago. After failing, they had no choice but to continue to wait until this day.

There were even some among them who had lived, not for a thousand years, but for thousands!

Those people weren't anxious. Having lived for so long, they knew that after the path to the struggle for Immortality opened, the natural laws of Heaven and Earth would only continue to grow weaker as the end neared. Immortals would appear, and chances of success would grow greater.

Therefore, although they were filled with expectation, they were not anxious!

The great lands of South Heaven were thoroughly shaken!

While all those things were happening down below, up in the boundless starry sky was a great river. The river was composed of innumerable, resplendent stars that surged through the sky.

The stars that made up this great river were actually made up of uncountable motes and fragments. Within those motes and fragments were an assortment of a few dozen who were... Cultivators being teleported from the lands of South Heaven.

Meng Hao was one of them. However, his eyes were closed, and he wasn't moving. All of the other people in the river of stars were in exactly the same state.

None of them could see each other, and therefore didn't know... who exactly made up the group that would enter the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

An unknown period of time passed. The starry sky was calm and quiet. There was no aura, only the flowing river of stars. The group of people left Planet South Heaven and gradually grew near to a place where Meng Hao had been before, the Bridge of Immortal Treading.

This collapsed Bridge of Immortality hung there among the stars just as it always had. It did nothing as the river of stars neared it, then began to pass it by.

However, as the river of stars passed, suddenly... countless dots of light appeared on the surface of the Bridge of Immortality. They spread out throughout all the areas of the bridge, growing thick and

dense, seemingly without end. However, their flickering seemed to be in accord with some pattern. Somewhere deep within the Bridge of Immortality, on a chunk of broken rock that no one could see, were two particular shining lights among the masses of others that bore the semblance of eyes.

Imagine that you could solidify all of this into a physical picture, and then zoom in on the Bridge of Immortality. What you would notice is that the vast chunks of rock were actually something like continents or land masses. If you zoomed in again, then you would see that in the very center of it all was a mountain. On top of that mountain were two dots of light that looked almost like electricity. Shockingly... they were two people!

A man and a woman!

The man was scholarly and refined. He wore a green robe, and his expression was, for the most part, indifferent and blank, although it would occasionally shine with clarity of mind. The woman stood with her arms wrapped around the man. The blankness in her eyes was occasionally dispelled by a faint smile.

This man was none other than Han Shan!

Reborn Demon Emperor Han Shan!

In this moment, his eyes suddenly became clear. He looked up into the sky, and apparently, could see that within the river of stars drifting past, among all the countless fragments of light that it contained, was a familiar face.

“So we meet again,” he said, his voice both light and hoarse. “Ah, Karma!” Although there was no loneliness to him any more, he was just as bleak and desolate as before. Yet, when he looked down at the woman next to him, the bleakness would transform into tenderness and... a lack of regret.

Han Shan lifted up his right hand and waved it toward the sky above. Instantly, all of the Bridge Slaves in the entire Bridge of Immortality lifted their heads up and roared a soundless roar.

No outsider could hear the sound of their roars. Nonetheless, the sound shaped together into something completely shocking. It shot out from the Realm of the Bridge ruins, out of the Bridge of Immortality, and up toward the river of stars.

It pierced into the river, shooting through the countless fragments of light and motes of dust until it found... Meng Hao!

“Wake up!”

“Wake up!!”

“WAKE UP!!!”

The roaring of the innumerable Bridge Slaves echoed about in Meng Hao’s mind, transforming into thunderous roar capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. It filled his mind, his heart, to the point of explosion.

The explosion originated in the sound created by the countless Bridge slaves. It transformed into vast amounts of sharp thorns that pierced all of Meng Hao’s body. The provocation filled his brain and caused tremors to run through his body. After eight such tremors, Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly snapped open.

At first, his eyes were lit with confusion. The voices of the Bridge Slaves had been cut off without a trace.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was the only person who was awake within the river of stars. He looked around in confusion for the space of three breaths before his gaze shone with clarity.

In the moment he gained clarity, Meng Hao realized that he couldn’t move. It was as if he had been awakened with only enough power to open his eyes. His Divine Sense was being suppressed intensely, and was restricted to a space about thirty meters.

Even paralyzed, he could still see the stars, and the countless fragments of light and dust speeding along. Then he noticed someone off in the distance, floating there with his eyes closed. It was none other than Zhao Fang, who the Spirit Severing Patriarch of the great Cloud Sky Tribe had entrusted him with protecting.

“Am I the only one awake? But... why...?” Meng Hao suddenly caught sight of the Bridge of Immortality. When that happened, the image of Han Shan suddenly flashed through his mind.

Meanwhile, back on the Bridge of Immortality, the countless dots of light were beginning to fade away. The lights that represented Han Shan and his wife gradually disappeared.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with understanding as he realized that the reason he had awoken was most likely... because of Han Shan.

Although he couldn't be absolutely certain what had led to this state of clarity, Meng Hao couldn't help but ponder how it might be useful to him in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane. In any case... there couldn't be a downside. In fact, now that he was clear-headed, he was sure that there must be a way to use this opportunity to get an advantage.

"If I can seize some unique opportunity, I might be able to get ahead. Perhaps this simple awakening of mind will have a big influence on other matters." Meng Hao's eyes gleamed as the river of stars passed the Bridge of Immortality and then shot out into the star-studded sky behind it.

As it passed into this region of the starry sky, an intense roaring sound echoed out. Meng Hao's body shook, completely beyond his control, and the entire river of stars trembled. He slammed into countless motes of dust, although none of them harmed him in the slightest.

Ignoring the fact that he couldn't control his own body, Meng Hao fixed his eyes up ahead.

He could just barely make out what was happening. Apparently, as it entered this particular area, the river of stars had slammed into an invisible barrier, causing everything to shake as if it were sustaining an attack.

At the same time, Meng Hao could sense that the river of stars... had actually slammed through the barrier, almost as if it had entered into another world.

When that happened, Meng Hao noticed that all of the dust motes around him suddenly stopped moving. Even he was suddenly motionless. Outside of the river of stars, a variety of bright colors could be seen shining.

What was strangest of all to him, while he was stuck in this state of motionlessness, a woman had appeared off to the right, although he had no idea when exactly it had happened.

She wore a long, blue gown, and was quite pretty. Her eyes were closed, and her features were so delicate it seemed as if a gentle breeze could shatter her. In addition, she seemed to be filled with a certain coldness.

This woman was unfamiliar. Meng Hao looked at her for a moment, then glanced away toward the colorful lights outside. Time passed. The river of stars was motionless, and yet somehow, Meng Hao felt the sensation of movement.

He pondered this point for a while as he looked around at this world of silence. After a bit of time passed, he suddenly came to an understanding. The river of stars wasn't moving. What was moving... was Time!

Time was moving. Not forward, but rather, in reverse! Time... was moving backward!

This discovery caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble. As he looked at the brightly colored lights, he suddenly had the intense premonition that if he could gain enlightenment regarding this strange place, he would have a much more profound understanding of Time, as well as matters relating to the usage and branding of Time treasures.

He also knew that such an opportunity... was exceedingly rare.

After much time passed, Meng Hao's mind grew blank as he immersed himself in enlightenment regarding the reversal of Time. By combining this new information with what he had observed regarding the changes to Time in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, his understanding grew deeper.

Suddenly, the river of stars shook again. Again it felt as if it had struck up against some invisible obstacle. After passing through, Meng Hao suddenly caught sight of a shocking world!

In the same instant in which he caught sight of the world, all the dust motes and fragments of light within the river of stars trembled. The movement suddenly caused the closed-eyed woman off to the right to bump into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's head, his face, was suddenly touching something very soft.... A delicate aroma washed over his face.

Chapter 560: Ancient Demon Immortal Sect!

Meng Hao felt a bit awkward.

However, the matter was completely out of his control. The woman had floated over and bumped into him, and there was nothing he could do about it. Most vile of all was that she was blocking his view.

Now, he couldn't see even a bit of the world outside.

She smelled wonderful, and her body was supple and lithe. Meng Hao's face slowly pressed down into softness, which almost completely buried him.

His eyes went wide as he realized that, just barely visible when he looked down, was an exquisite sight that he rarely had a chance to gaze upon. And yet, the only thing that existed in Meng Hao's mind was fury.

What he wanted to look at was not this woman, but the world behind her. Being able to observe that world ahead of time was the entire source of his advantage. However as of this moment, his advantage... was being ruined.

"This is ridiculous!" Meng Hao grumbled to himself. Then, he took a deep breath of the wonderful fragrance surrounding his face.

"Extremely ridiculous!" He wanted to lift his head up, but was incapable of moving his body at all. All he could do was breathe in that fragrant aroma. Meng Hao now existed in a world, not of a starry sky, but of this delicate fragrance that, regardless of whether he wanted it to or not, was permeating deep into his soul.

Meng Hao had no other option than to do his best to commit to memory the image of the outside world that he had seen briefly. Gradually, a picture appeared within his mind.

The picture was all based on his memories. It depicted a mountain range that stretched farther than the eye could see. Mountains rose and fell, actually growing taller in height as they stretched off into the distance.

It seemed as if this mountain range was actually an entire world. If he remembered correctly, there were actually seven mountain peaks. The last of them seemed high enough to connect Heaven and Earth.

The tallest mountains Meng Hao had ever seen in the lands of South Heaven were tens of thousands of meters high. However, even the smallest of these seven mountain peaks were so much grander that the two things could not be compared.

Cultivators could be seen on the mountains; they looked as small as ants.

Between each of the seven mountain peaks stretched staircases that connected the countless luxuriously decorated buildings. Innumerable pagodas and temples could be seen. All of it was filled with a deeply archaic atmosphere. It was completely silent, deathly still, as if it was a tomb.

There was no life.

This was the image that floated in Meng Hao's mind, based on his single glance. This was his opportunity.

Even as he grumbled, the river of stars once again trembled. The trembling caused Meng Hao to suddenly regain some control over his body. His heart filling with joy, Meng Hao used his head to push against the softness in front of him.

What ended up happening was that his face merely sank further into the softness. However, the softness seemed to have a shocking bounciness, causing the woman to finally move away from him. It was hard to tell whether it was because of the force of Meng Hao's action, or the shocking bounciness, but... the woman seemed to frown as if in pain.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and then quickly looked out at the outside world. Ancient mountains rose and fell. Mountain peaks stretched up loftily. The image of the seven mountains was not very much different than what had existed in his memory. Meng Hao looked out again, and this time, he noticed that there was not a scrap of vegetation in the entire mountain range. They were completely bare, and emanated a strong aura of death that pervaded all of the mountains....

Everything was in ruins. Buildings were collapsed. The elegant structures were decrepit. There were no weeds present; clearly, the passage of time ensured that they turned into nothing more than dust, along with all other life.

The entire place was in complete ruins. The ruins of a Sect!

The sight of it caused Meng Hao to take a deep breath. It took some effort, but he managed to lift his head, whereupon he noticed that, carved onto the first mountain were three characters!

These three characters were red, as if they had literally been painted with blood.

Demon Immortal Sect!

The moment Meng Hao saw those characters, his heart and mind trembled. Although he had long since speculated regarding the final destination, he could now be certain.... This place was the Demon Immortal Sect. Or, more accurately speaking... the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

And this place was naturally the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane!

A whole Sect. An entire world!

Unfortunately, the Sect had been completely destroyed. This once majestic Sect of the Ninth Mountain and Sea had long since disappeared into the river of history, a Sect that at one time had been occupied by more than a million disciples!

Meng Hao began to pant as he noticed that atop the first mountain peak could be seen the corpse of a Flying Rain-Dragon. However, this dragon was far, far bigger than the one he had seen back in the Reliance Sect. It was nearly ten thousand meters in length, and was incomparably shocking in appearance.

Meng Hao had a special affinity for Flying Rain-Dragons. As he looked at this one, he felt somewhat at a loss for a moment before recovering and looking at the second mountain peak.

When he looked at the second peak, his mind trembled, and he once again began to breathe heavily. Earlier when he had glanced over the mountain peaks, he hadn't studied them carefully. Now, he noticed that there was an enormous corpse on this mountain as well.

This corpse was human-shaped. However, its frame was enormous, and on its back... were wings!!

It was impossible to see what color the wings were, because the corpse was directly facing Meng Hao. The facial features of the corpse were not clear. However, in that instant, the image of the Black Bat suddenly rose up in Meng Hao's mind!

On the third mountain peak were three corpses, which for some reason seemed familiar to Meng Hao. Suddenly, his mind reeled. These corpses were half human and half beast, and looked exactly like the creature he had taken the third wooden sword from in the Golden Crow Holy Land!

On the fourth mountain peak was... an enormous dragon, fully thirty thousand meters long!

The dragon was nothing more than a corpse, but it was still thoroughly shocking.

Dragons were legendary creatures, even in the Cultivation world. Meng Hao had seen them in the form of magical techniques or divine abilities. However, as for an actual dragon, he had never seen one with his own eyes.

The fifth mountain peak was quite a distance away from Meng Hao, so he couldn't clearly see the corpse which lay atop it. However, the shock he felt even from just seeing the first four mountains was completely and utterly unprecedented.

He suddenly had the feeling that he had some very strong connections to this Primordial Demon Immortal Plane!

"Three wooden swords. Don't tell me... they all came from here?" Having seen this enormous Demon Immortal Sect, Meng Hao could only imagine how intrepid it must have been in ancient times.

Even as his heart and mind trembled, his pupils suddenly constricted. That was because... he had just caught sight of a person on the fourth mountain!

It was a middle-aged man whose back was turned to Meng Hao. He seemed to be filled with infinite ancientness, as well as deep loneliness. Meng Hao was sure that the man was standing there on the peak of the fourth mountain, but when he blinked, the man was gone. This caused Meng Hao's eyes to glow brightly.

Suddenly, this once intrepid Demon Immortal Sect, which was now nothing more than ruins, began to grow blurry. It was as if a vast mist had begun to cover over the entire world.

Even Meng Hao and the river of stars also began to grow blurry. Meng Hao's heart began to pound.

He now had the feeling that the most critical point in the journey to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane had arrived.

His eyes were fixed on the world up ahead as he rotated his Cultivation base. However, everything was just as blurry as before. Meng Hao clenched his jaw as he then employed the Celestial Vision technique that the parrot had taught him.

Suddenly, he could see!

What he saw caused his mind to be filled with shock. What existed beyond the blurriness was still the Demon Immortal Sect. However... it was no longer in ruins, but rather... bustling with activity!

Countless figures could be seen flying back and forth within the mountains. There were innumerable Cultivators practicing cultivation on the mountains, and the glow of magical techniques spread out in all directions. In the azure sky, countless elegant Immortal Beasts could be seen flying about.

The Flying Rain-Dragon on the first peak lifted its head up and roared. It suddenly moved, causing a huge gale-force wind to spring up. However, to this Flying Rain-Dragon, all it had done was stretch its neck.

When he saw the second mountain peak, Meng Hao had thought of the Black Bat. Sure enough, there was an enormous black-colored bat there now. It was shocking in appearance, and emanated an intense aura. As soon as Meng Hao saw it, he was shaken to the core.

The entire world, the entire Sect, contained not even a scrap of an aura of death. Everything was bursting with life. Off on the fifth mountain, voices rose and fell, as if sermons were being given regarding scriptures.

A bridge-like rainbow spanned the sky, glowing radiantly. People sat cross-legged in all locations, listening to scriptures being recited or gaining enlightenment of the Dao.

These Cultivators all had different appearances. Some were people, but others... were Demons!

Even as Meng Hao reeled with shock, he suddenly looked over at the fourth mountain peak. Yet again, he saw the same man, standing with his back toward him. He radiated ancientness, and caused Meng Hao to begin to breathe heavily.

It seemed almost as if the man could sense Meng Hao looking at him. He slowly turned to look at Meng Hao.

He couldn't clearly see what the man looked like, but Meng Hao's brain filled with roaring nonetheless. Suddenly, the world he was looking at began to shatter, layer by layer. It quickly vanished, like smoke into thin air. Instead of the flourishing Sect of ancient times, everything was now wreckage and ruins.

At the same time, the river of stars flowed toward the ruins of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. As it swept across the ruins, all of the dust motes spread out and then began to descend down onto the enormous Sect.

Meng Hao was among the falling dots, as were the several dozen Cultivators from the great lands of South Heaven. All of them were scattered into different locations.

Meng Hao, of course, was the only one among their number who was awake. His mind spun as his body, completely out of his own control, shot down toward the ruins at incredible speed. The mountains in front of him grew larger and larger. An aura of death and rot blasted against his face, and then, he was shooting toward the second mountain peak. A roaring sound could then be heard, and it was in this instant that Meng Hao suddenly regained control of this body. The power of his Cultivation base exploded out, and he lifted up his right hand.

He landed onto the ground on one knee. Dust shot away from him in all directions, and his hair whipped about. When he looked up, his eyes were gleaming.