

The Heavens 701

Chapter 701: Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect

[/expand]

“The black pearl represents death and the white pearl represents life!

“No, wait. The white pearl represents death and the black pearl represents life!

“Hmm, that’s not right either. How many Daos are represented here? The cause and effect of Karma. Truth and falsehood. Life and death. The cycle of reincarnation. Heaven and Earth....” True Patriarch Six-Daos’ face flickered. As the pearls neared him, he waved his right hand out in front of him. Immediately, the incense burner flew out and began to expand. Turbid water suddenly exploded out from within.

“Yellow Springs!” growled true Patriarch Six-Daos, causing the turbid water to emanate a monstrous aura of death. It expanded, transforming into a river that swept toward the two pearls.

However, even as it neared the pearls, the Yellow Springs began to tremble and then fall apart.... Countless souls appeared and began to dissipate out in all directions, looking blank and confused.

Next, the incense burner trembled, and images of burning incense sticks from inside began to float up. True Patriarch Six-Daos’ face flickered, and he quickly flashed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed out.

“Joss Flame!” The incense burner began to shake, and illusory worlds suddenly sprang into being. All of them contained countless living beings who were kowtowing on bended knees.

Along with their obeisance, their auras pulsed up into the air and then merged together. Next, the worlds themselves transformed into statues, each one of which bore the semblance of true Patriarch Six-Daos. They then shot at top speed toward the Black White Pearls.

The two pearls closed in, and a shocking boom rattled out. All of the worlds and statues instantly turned black and white, then began to collapse. The incense burner trembled and then shrank down rapidly. True Patriarch Six-Daos’ face once again flickered. He stretched his right hand out and pushed down toward the ground.

“Yin-Yang Rotation; Heaven and Earth Transformations!” He held his right hand aloft, causing an enormous flag to appear.

As the flag swept out, shockingly, countless souls could be seen inside, howling.

“One Billion Joss Souls.”

Astonishingly, one billion souls were inside the unfurling flag, which flew directly toward the Black White Pearls, emanating the shocking howls of the billion souls.

It only took a moment for the billion souls to be dispersed. However, the Black White Pearls were incapable of maintaining their form, and once more transformed into black and white mist that shot toward Six-Daos.

Six-Daos' eyes filled with a strange light, and he did nothing to evade. In fact, he strode forward as the black and white mists neared, and then opened his mouth to swallow them. At the same time, a three-headed six-armed figure appeared behind him, which also opened its gaping mouth.

Six-Daos directly swallowed the black and white mists, whereupon his body began to tremble. His face paled as he tried to endure the force, but it was clearly too great. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and then cracking sounds could be heard coming from inside his body. Suddenly, the black and white streams of mist burst out from his chest and then faded away into the air.

The surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples were completely shocked. Meng Hao stood there silently, looking at true Patriarch Six-Daos. This was in fact his most powerful technique he could employ.

“Interesting. Very interesting!” said Six-Daos, lifting his head up and laughing loudly. “Great! What an excellent divine ability. Well, you accomplished the task I arranged for you, therefore, it's time to fulfill my end of the bargain!” With that, he tightened his left hand, causing cracking sounds to fill the air as nearly half of the crystal ball Xu Qing's soul was shattered. Her soul did not emerge, however, and the discarnate souls in the area all shot forward with expressions of insatiable greed.

“You!!” roared Meng Hao, his eyes bright red. Right now, he didn't care about life or death. He didn't care about anything in the world except for the soul in that crystal ball!

The soul's eyes suddenly opened and looked at Meng Hao. It was a gaze filled with gentleness and longing....

“In my years of practicing cultivation,” said Six-Daos, his voice hoarse, “I’ve never kept my promises. And since you’ve managed to piss me off, do you really think I would spare you a painful death?” With a ghastly smile, he waved his hand, causing an altar to appear next to him that resembled a pagoda, with nine steps leading to its top.

On top of the altar were countless discarnate souls with bulging eyes, who emitted soundless screams.

Next, Six-Daos sent the crystal ball shooting toward the altar, where it floated in the air, emitting cracking sounds.

BANG!

The crystal ball completely shattered, and Xu Qing's soul emerged. The discarnate souls around her let out excited howls as they pounced.

“If you can save her,” said Six-Daos, looking at Meng Hao, “then I’ll keep my promise this one time.”

Meng Hao, in a frenzy, shot directly toward the altar. Before he could even get near it, though, the discarnate souls' mouths bit into Xu Qing's soul. Trembling, she looked over at Meng Hao, and it seemed as if there were tears in her eyes.

He felt like his heart were being ripped to shreds. His voice filled with misery, he howled, “Eat MY blood and flesh!”

With that he slashed at his chest with his hand, causing blood and gore to splash out in all directions. The aura of a Demon Sealer spread out explosively.

The discarnate souls froze, then turned their heads. The insatiable greed in their eyes surged to an apex, and they charged toward Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye they bored into Meng Hao's chest and began to feed.

PAIN!

Indescribable PAIN!

However, Meng Hao didn't care. He forced himself to continue onward. One by one, he proceeded toward the stairs that led to the top of the altar. More and more discarnate souls latched onto him, and they didn't even bothering to bore into him before beginning to consume his flesh and blood.

However, none of that could prevent Meng Hao from walking onward.

The Black Sieve Sect disciples in the area were completely astonished, even the ones who harbored intense hatred for Meng Hao.

Six-Daos' eyes narrowed.

Black mist billowed around Meng Hao, and his flesh and blood were rapidly disappearing. However, he still had his Eternal stratum, which caused his body to rapidly heal itself. Of course, that only led to more pain.

Step after step led him to the staircase, and finally, Xu Qing. He reached out with trembling hands to take ahold of her.

However, it was in this moment that Six-Daos' eyes glittered with evil. He gave a cold snort and then stretched out a finger causally. Immediately, black mist shot toward Xu Qing's soul.

"This is over," he said.

The black mist shot toward Xu Qing. Meng Hao then let out the most desolate roar he ever had in his life. "NOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Disregarding anything and everything, he stretched his hands out to grab Xu Qing. However, the black beam didn't stop. It slammed into Xu Qing's soul, enveloping her, transforming into what appeared to be black flames.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's hands landed on Xu Qing's soul. They passed through the black flames to take hold of her.

The instant he touched her, the tears in his eyes finally spilled out. He had descended thoroughly into madness now. All he could do was watch as Xu Qing slowly faded away within the black flames.

Xu Qing began to murmur, although no sound came out. Only her lips moved. "You live, I die.... Promise me, that you will keep on living...."

Meng Hao was desolate, helpless. His cultivation base was useless, and the world was useless. "I just want to practice cultivation in happiness! I just want to be with Xu Qing! Cultivation? Just... just what kind of life is cultivation?!"

It was in this moment that suddenly, a voice rang out in Meng Hao's mind.

"Promise me something, and I can help you!" The voice was completely unexpected, but as of this moment, Meng Hao didn't care. As soon as he heard it, he responded, without hesitation, without taking time to think about how strange it was.

"I promise. Anything you want. I promise!"

As soon as he spoke the words, Xu Qing, who seemed just on the verge of fading away completely, was suddenly enveloped by a blood-colored beam of light that shot down from the sky.

Instantly, the black flames were extinguished!

Six-Daos' face fell as suddenly, a seething red cloud appeared up above. The sky turned red, and an enormous face appeared in mid-air.

It was the face of an old man, his eyes crimson, with a blood-red horn protruding from his forehead. As soon as the face appeared, the disciples of the Black Sieve Sect felt the blood in their bodies starting to boil, as if it might burst out from within them.

The entire world, the sky, the land, was now the color of blood.

Everything visible was completely blood-colored!

Six-Daos' pupils constricted, and his energy surged. He waved his right hand, causing the incense burner to circle around his head.

“Blood Demon! Do you really dare to interfere with the matters of the Black Sieve Sect?!?!”

“Why wouldn't I dare?” replied the face in the sky. Six-Daos entire body filled with a roaring sound, as the scant amount of blood that actually existed inside of him suddenly exploded out, showering in all directions.

His face flickered, and he flew up into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot toward the face. “Everybody says Blood Demon is the Top Expert of the Southern Domain! Well I don't believe it!”

“Southern Domain?” The face shook its head. “An uncivilized land at best.” Shockingly, a wrinkled, blood-colored hand appeared that emanated a shocking blood will. It shot toward Six-Daos, grabbed him, and squeezed lightly.

A boom echoed out as the incense burner shattered. The Yellow Springs vanished, and more blood sprayed from his mouth. Six-Daos was astonished to the extreme.

“You... you....”

“I'm not going to kill you,” the face said coolly. “That task will be accomplished in the future, by the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect.” The hand loosened its grip, allowing Six-Daos to drop to the ground, his body oozing blood.

The surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples watched on with pale, astonished faces.

The face in the sky slowly turned to look at Meng Hao, as if he were the only existence in the world it would deign to look upon.

“You made a promise.”

Meng Hao's face was devoid of blood, but his expression was calm as he looked down at Xu Qing's soul, enveloped as she was in the red glow. She was no longer in pain, and was now slowly recovering. He looked back up at the face in the sky.

“Even if it's Demonic Transmigration, Junior is willing.”

“There is no need for Demonic Transmigration. What I want you to do... is experience bedevilment!

“Join the Blood Demon Sect. Turn into a one-of-a-kind Devil. Become the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!

“The League of Demon Sealers will finally become Devilish. How amusing. This is not the desire of the Heavenly Dao. This is my desire!

“Experience bedevilment. From now on, you are a Devil, a position above Demons. Continue on your path. What I want you do... is no longer seal Demons. No, I want to see if you can use your Demon Sealing powers to seal the Heaven of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

Chapter 702: Violet Easts Dao Seeking!

[/expand]

The voice belonging to the face up in mid-air was ancient, and as it echoed about in all directions, an enormous red hand descended. The hand snatched up Meng Hao and Xu Qing's soul, then shot up into the sky.

In the blink of an eye, they vanished....

The only thing left behind was the wreckage of the Black Sieve Sect, and tens of thousand of ashen-faced disciples. True Patriarch Six-Dao's stood there, an unsightly expression on his face.

He glared with clenched jaw at the redness in the sky as it faded away.

“Blood Demon Sect!” His heart dripping with blood. He had been defeated, thoroughly and utterly defeated, leaving him with unmitigated terror that raced through his heart.

“The Southern Domain’s Top Expert!” he thought. Previously, he had despised the thought, but after this day’s battle, he had no choice but to admit that Patriarch Blood Demon absolutely was the Top Expert in the Southern Domain.

“I don’t think even Jian Chenzi from the Solitary Sword Sect is a match for Blood Demon.” His face sank further. Finally, he flicked his sleeve, transforming into a black smoke that shot down into the ground.

The Black Sieve Sect had not been completely destroyed. However, the majority of the Hundred Thousand Mountains had been crushed. Only about 20,000 remained. Whether it be in terms of the Black Yang or the Sieve Yin factions, the Sect had been severely damaged.

Four Spirit Severing experts had died!

Innumerable Nascent Soul and Core Formation cultivators had also lost their lives. Thanks to the Black Sieve Sect’s Dao Reserve, they could still technically be considered a great sect. However, the sect was so badly mangled that it would be difficult to match their previous pinnacle even after ten thousand years passed.

Meanwhile, the blood-colored shield covering the Southern Domain vanished. The blood-colored shields that had been erected over the Violet Fate Sect, Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and the Li and Song Clans also disappeared.

The sects and clans were no longer sealed. Their powerful experts immediately sent divine sense out into the Southern Domain to settle accounts with the Blood Demon Sect. However, when they saw the wreckage of the Black Sieve Sect, they gasped.

Instantly, they concealed any desire they had to settle accounts.

Gradually, word of the ancient title of ‘Top Expert’ once again began to spread throughout the Southern Domain.

A few hours after Meng Hao’s departure, Pill Demon appeared in the air above the Black Sieve Sect. His face looked more ancient than ever as he looked down silently at the wreckage below.

After a long moment passed, he sighed and began to murmur to himself. “I’m the Master, and I couldn’t even save my apprentice. Do I even qualify... to be his Master...?”

“He kowtowed three times, and called me Master....” Finally, Pill Demon raised his head up, determination glowing in his eyes.

“I’ve been living an easy life for far too long now.... I’ve long since reached the point where I’m not willing to search for the Dao of Immortality.... Is it because I’m afraid? Perhaps.

“The time has come for Severing....” Shaking his head, he left and returned to the Violet Fate Sect.

Three days after returning, a great Dao descended. In that moment, the eyes of all the powerful experts in the Southern Domain turned toward the Violet Fate Sect.

In truth, it was not a single great Dao which descended, but rather, a succession of three!

In the Solitary Sword Sect was an old man wearing a white robe, in front of whom floated a sword of moonbeams. “Violet East... is finally performing his Severing!” he said softly.

In the Golden Frost Sect, deep in a restricted area, within a field of blackness, a mysterious glow suddenly appeared that looked like eyes. “He’s been simmering for all these years, did he finally reach a conclusion?”

Li and Song Clan experts, as well as many others, all gazed toward the Violet Fate Sect to bear witness to the goings on.

“In his previous life, Reverend Violet East refused to become a false Immortal of the Ji Clan. He longed to be a true Immortal. Unfortunately, he passed away in meditation before his Immortal Tribulation arrived. He transmigrated his next life from the cycle of reincarnation into a medical pill, and when the spirit of that pill awakened, it became Grandmaster Pill Demon....”

“Three great Daos, and three Severings in a row. Based on the knowledge he has from from his last life, it seems he’s going from Spirit Severing... directly into Dao Seeking!”

“Considering the latent talent of Reverend Violet East, and the nature of this Severing, it won’t be long before he’s at the peak of Dao Seeking. The only question is... will he be able to reach true Immortal Ascension this time?!”

“True Immortal... true Immortal.... Either reach Immortal Ascension, or experience the soul scattering in death. After that there is no reincarnation, only a complete blotting out of one’s existence.”

In addition, there was one other powerful expert who appeared, someone who sat in a blood-colored mountain, wearing a blood-colored robe. “The path to true Immortality that opens every 10,000 years, has once again opened. The opportunity to become a true Immortal has once again appeared. I wonder... how many will experience the downfall of their Dao, dispersing their bodies and souls? Meng Hao, destiny links both you and me to the League of Demon Sealers.

“Although it was for selfish reasons that I forced you to join the Blood Demon Sect, I have absolutely no ill intentions toward you whatsoever. I’m just not too pleased with the inflexible, pedantic eight generations of your league!

“The League of Demon Sealers. Wardens of the great Nine Mountains and Seas. Is your heart... with the Nine Mountains and Seas, or outside!?”

“If it is outside, then you are not worthy of the Mountain and Sea Realm. If your heart is here, then why haven’t you sealed the Heavens, Demon Sealer!?”

“Starting in ancient times, the League of Demon Sealers has always been heartless. Could it be that the Ninth Generation... is the same...? I refuse to believe it!

“I won’t harm you, and in fact, I will give you great good fortune. I will help you to grow up, and I will be your Dao Protector. When you wish to leave this place, I won’t stop you. I just hope that your experiences and time here in the blood Demon Sect will make you pause for thought when it comes time to make those critical decisions in the future.” The man sighed as he muttered to himself, and it echoed throughout the Southern Domain.

The name of the mountain the man stood on was Mount Blood Demon.

The Blood Demon Sect was one of the five great sects of the Southern Domain. In the past, it was a place of incredible mystery that struck fear into the hearts of anyone who heard its name. In fact, few people knew exactly where it was. They only knew that Blood Demon Sect disciples were all decisive killers.

For example... Li Shiqi!

Another well-known figure among the rising stars of the sect was Wang Youcai, who was surrounded by the glow of blood wherever he went.

Actually, the Blood Demon Sect was not a very large place. It consisted of only five mountains.

The centermost mountain was Mount Blood Demon, which was surrounded by four other mountains that had no true names, but rather, were called by the names of whoever occupied them.

Currently, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on Mount Blood Demon. Behind him was a cave mouth that emanated a glow of blood, and pulsed with a cold, imposing aura.

In front of him was Xu Qing's soul, surrounded by a glowing sphere of red light.

He looked at her, and she at him.

They were as separated as Yin and Yang, but their gazes seemed capable of lasting an eternity.

Also standing there on Mount Blood Demon was a figure surrounded by an aura of blood. It was impossible to see his face, but he was currently staring off into the sky. "Have you thought it through?" he said slowly.

Meng Hao didn't reply. He had been in the Blood Demon Sect for several days now. When he first arrived, the blood-colored figure had spoken a few words to him.

"Do you wish to accompany your beloved for your whole life, or for a single lifetime? A whole life includes a single lifetime, but a single lifetime does not include whole life. A single lifetime is a simple matter, and I can help you with that. As for a whole life... I can't help you."

That was the choice which had been set before him.

Meng Hao didn't respond. He only looked at Xu Qing. She didn't say anything either. She only looked back at him.

That lasted all the way to the moment in which the blood-colored figure spoke again. Finally, Meng Hao responded, his voice soft. “Xu Qing and I have an agreement. She lives, I live. She dies, I die.”

The blood-colored figure was silent for a long moment before his ancient voice once again echoed out in Mount Blood Demon.

“If you choose a single lifetime, then I will fuse her soul into her fleshly body. By nourishing it with a miraculous object of Heaven and Earth, she can be completely recovered in a hundred years.

“However, her soul has been damaged, and her body weakened. The fusion is difficult and if it fails, she won’t last even a hundred years. Even if it does succeed, she will be incapable of Spirit Severing. You will be able to spend a thousand years with each other, until her longevity reaches an end.

“If you choose a whole life, then... she must enter the cycle of reincarnation. Her soul will travel to the underworld of the Fourth Mountain, and she will be born anew. As to which Mountain she is born in, it is impossible to say. Before reaching Immortal Ascension, she will remember nothing from her previous life. However, in the moment she does reach Immortal Ascension, she will remember everything.

“Then, she will be able to accompany you for your whole life.

“You have a choice to make. Take her to the underworld to be reincarnated. Or, live with her here for a thousand years.

“If you take her to the underworld, then I can make you a promise. I’m on good terms with Kṣitigarbha, the Earth Store Bodhisattva. Your beloved will be able to avoid any suffering in the underworld, and upon reincarnation, she will be accompanied by incredible good luck. Afterward, there will be a high likelihood that she can achieve true Immortal Ascension.

“You have a month to decide. I’ll be waiting for you in the Blood Pond.” Gradually, the blood-colored figure transformed into a glow of blood that faded away into the surroundings.

The sun rose and set. Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing, and she gazed tenderly back.

They didn’t speak, they just looked into each other’s eyes. Day, after day, after day....

Half a month went by, although it seemed like an eternity. Finally, she smiled. “Send me into the cycle of reincarnation. I don’t want a thousand wonderful years. I want to spend my whole life with you.”

Meng Hao didn’t respond.

She looked at him for a moment. “We agreed, didn’t we? I want to grow old with you....”

Meng Hao shook his head. He was about to open his mouth to speak when Xu Qing smiled and interrupted him. “You’re scared that you won’t be able to find me, aren’t you?”

“Senior Blood Demon said that if we pick reincarnation, then it’s impossible to tell which Mountain I will end up on.... However, let’s make an agreement. You come looking for me, and I’ll wait for you....”

“There’s no need to fear, Junior Brother. Our agreement in this lifetime, is an agreement for a whole life....”

“In my next lifetime, I’ll definitely dream of you treading through the Heavens to come find me. You’ll hold out your hand to take mine, and then we will live the rest of our lives together.”

“There’s no need to talk any more about what decision to make. We can live together for ninety-nine years. In the final year... I’ll enter the cycle of reincarnation.” Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao earnestly.

Meng Hao looked at her and then nodded, pain stabbing through his heart.

She smiled, a beautiful smile. He reached up toward the glowing red pearl that contained her soul, and it floated down onto his palm. He closed his eyes and clutched it as if he was embracing her.

He would never forget how her beauty had turned into old age.

He would never forget how some of his life force contained hers.

Finally, he opened his eyes and stood up. “It doesn’t matter which Mountain you are reincarnated to, I will find you.”

With that, he carefully took Xu Qing’s soul into the mouth of the cave behind him, which glowed brightly like blood.

Meng Hao walked into the shallow cave, quickly reaching its end. Up ahead was a blood-colored pond, within which was a withered corpse. It emanated invisible ripples that made it look incredibly ferocious, and growing out of its forehead was a blood-colored horn.

He wore a tattered blood-colored robe, and the skin visible through the tears was dark-red flesh covered with blue veins. The entire image was quite terrifying. His lips were shriveled, his eyes sunken in, his entire body dried up. Visible within his mouth, were razor-sharp fangs.

His body was the shape of a human, but this was clearly no cultivator.

This was a Demon! Patriarch Blood Demon!

Chapter 703: Heart of the Blood Demon

This was his true self. Whenever he appeared outside the sect, he used clones. Be it that year in the Reliance Sect, or earlier in the Black Sieve Sect, everything were clone incarnations.

His true self slumbered here eternally. From the beginning until now, he had never stepped even half a foot out of the cave, nor moved out from the pond.

As Meng Hao laid eyes on him, his head slowly raised up and he looked back.

His gaze was archaic, seemingly filled with countless years of time. Anyone who saw him would think that they were watching time move in reverse. It was as if they were looking far into the past, into ancient times, and the stars.

“I’m already aware of your choice,” he said, his hoarse voice echoing about in the cave.

A withered, emaciated hand lifted up and waved through the air gently. Blood rose up from within the pond, moving in accord with the gesture of his finger to congeal into a magical symbol.

As soon as the magical symbol finished forming, its color changed. It was no longer blood-colored, but rather, glowed with a golden light.

An incredibly powerful life force emanated out from it, as if the symbol itself were alive. As soon as the life force appeared, Patriarch Blood Demon visibly became even more ancient and withered. He didn't offer an explanation to Meng Hao, but this gold magical symbol was created from some of the essence of his life force. The power of such life force was developed through ages of cultivation, and was something that could not be restored.

The golden symbol flickered a few times and then flew toward Meng Hao.

“Place this magical symbol on her old fleshly body,” he said, his voice hoarse and his tone casual. “After nine nine-day-cycles of nourishment, a total of eighty-one days, your beloved's soul can re-enter her body, and she can once again walk about in the lands of South Heaven. If she does not enter the cycle of reincarnation within a hundred years, then her longevity of a thousand years will be cut short.

“Once she enters the cycle of reincarnation, this magical symbol will guide her through the void. When she is in the underworld, it will protect her. It will also help her when she reaches Immortal Ascension.”

Meng Hao looked at the symbol. Considering the level of his cultivation base, how could he not see the terrifying life force that existed inside of it, and how Patriarch Blood Demon had grown weaker after it appeared?

Complex emotions suddenly rose up inside of him. It didn't matter that Patriarch Blood Demon had coerced him into accepting the title of Blood Prince, he still felt incredible gratitude in his heart.

Meng Hao carefully accepted the magical symbol and put it away, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Blood Demon.

“My respects, Patriarch!”

Blood Demon's eyes shone with a strange light, and his hoarse laughter echoed out throughout the Blood Demon Sect.

Meng Hao didn't say anything more. He knew that originally, there was little reason for his life to have much of anything to do with the Blood Demon Sect. And yet, Patriarch Blood Demon had already showed him incredible kindness.

It wasn't limited to the events which occurred outside the Reliance Sect that year. If you traced matters back further, Patriarch Blood Demon had actually made an appearance INSIDE the Reliance Sect as well. Obviously, Meng Hao had long standing connections to the Blood Demon Sect.

Of course, Meng Hao was aware that his hand was forced back in the Black Sieve Sect. Despite that, he still chose to walk down this path in front of him.

"I make no requirements of you," said Patriarch Blood Demon. "Even if you want to lead the Blood Demon Sect out into the Southern Domain to wage war on the Black Sieve Sect, to destroy them... I won't stop you.

"You can do anything you want here. My only wish is that you cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Cultivate it all the way to the sixth level, and then you can leave without any hindrance from me."

Meng Hao's head jerked up to look at Patriarch Blood Demon, a shocked expression on his face. He would never have been able to guess that there would only be one requirement laid on him, and that it would be something like this.

"When you cultivate it to the third level," said Patriarch Blood Demon, his gaze fixed upon Meng Hao, "I will bestow upon you some good fortune. After that, each additional level will come with further good fortune!

"I didn't kill Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect, I only crippled his foundation. His cultivation base will quickly fall to the early Dao Seeking stage. When your Blood Demon Grand Magic reaches the fourth level, you will easily be able to slaughter that very stage. At that time, you can personally wipe out the entire Black Sieve Sect."

Meng Hao didn't say anything in response, but his eyes gleamed with a strange light.

"All I am giving to you is a title in the sect. As to whether or not you can stand on your own, can convince everyone to follow you... and to acknowledge your position, well..."

“That depends on your capabilities.” Blood Demon gave Meng Hao a profound look, then waved his right hand. A drop of blood flew out to hover in front of Meng Hao. He took hold of it, and when it touched his palm, it turned into a blood-red crystal, within which flickered magical symbols that seemed to contain a mysterious, great Dao.

After delivering the drop of blood, Patriarch Blood Demon once again grew visibly weaker. The drop was obviously made of lifeblood, which contained some of his will, and was indestructible. It also contained good fortune.

This was a legacy! The legacy of Patriarch Blood Demon!

After watching Meng Hao accept the blood drop, Patriarch Blood Demon looked at him with warmth.

“I’ve lived far too many years,” he murmured in his heart, “and my condition worsens on a daily basis. Eventually, my soul will disperse, and I will die. When that happens, I will finally be able to accompany my long-dead friends in the underworld.... They died, and I live on alone.... Wait for me, my sister. Wait for me, friends. We can reunite soon....”

“When I die, my death will have the greatest value of them all. My death will change the League of Demon Sealers!

“In fact, that is the reason I chose to descend here into the lands of the Southern Domain.... This is the homeland of the Demon Sealers. Wait for me, all of you. The day is coming soon....”

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply, then turned to leave the cave.

Just as he was about to step out of the cave mouth, he suddenly stopped in place.

“Patriarch,” he said, “as the Blood Prince, I have a license to kill, right? How many disciples’ lives are covered by it?”

As soon as Patriarch Blood Demon heard the words, his eyes flickered, and he lifted his head up once again from within the Blood Pond.

“One hundred per year.”

“Regardless of status?”

“Regardless of status,” was the calm reply. To him, none of the other disciples in the Blood Demon Sect were as important as Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't say anything further. He left the Immortal's cave, and as he did, Patriarch Blood Demon's voice echoed out to fill the entire sect.

“From this day forward, Meng Hao... is the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!”

The words rumbled like thunder throughout the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect. Instantly, streams of divine sense appeared from within the four outer mountain peaks, all of which focused on Meng Hao as he stood there on Mount Blood Demon.

His expression was the same as ever as he strode down the steps. His calm face seemed reticent and taciturn; after dying, his personality had changed dramatically. That was especially so after the massacre at the Black Sieve Sect. After that, he was more ruthless and vicious, and it showed.

Even more influential was everything that had occurred with Xu Qing. As far as Meng Hao was concerned, his entire life was different now.

He walked silently, doing nothing to stop the countless streams of divine sense that began focusing on him. Each and every stream was filled with hostility. After all, to the Blood Demon Sect, Meng Hao... was a stranger!

For a stranger to suddenly come to the Blood Demon Sect and then immediately be promoted to Blood Prince was something that affected the interests of more than a few people. Clearly, many people were resentful.

Their resentment could not be displayed in Patriarch Blood Demon's presence, but when it came to Meng Hao, they didn't care about him one bit. Even if he had been appointed the Blood Prince, in the Blood Demon Sect... words need to be backed up by strength.

As for what had occurred in the Black Sieve Sect, only Meng Hao knew about it. The other experts in the Blood Demon Sect only knew that their Patriarch had set up a spell formation and then returned from the Black Sieve Sect with Meng Hao.

Regarding the particulars of what had occurred, the Black Sieve Sect obviously wouldn't be spreading the news. For the rest of the Blood Demon Sect to learn the details wouldn't likely happen in a short period of time.

There were powerful experts who occupied all four of the outer mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect. They built their own organizations within the sect that eventually caused the Blood Demon Sect to be divided into four major powers or sections.

Generally speaking, the four sections did not get along, and it was difficult to determine who was in the superior position. On the surface, things were harmonious, but in reality, there were ceaseless secret struggles that occurred.

Whether it be outside of the sect or inside, it had always been that way.

As for the position of Blood Prince, that was something that each of the powers wished for their own. If they could acquire the position of Blood Prince, it would change everything and would give them the qualifications to take control of all of the mountain peaks.

The first mountain peak was referred to as Mount Ironblood. 50,000 cultivators called it home, and all of them were Demonic cultivators and cold-blooded killers. Currently, all of their cold gazes were fixed on Mount Blood Demon.

They didn't care a whit about the new Blood Prince nor his extraordinary cultivation base. Even were it more extraordinary, he was still nothing more than a stranger. How could he possibly stand up to all of Mount Ironblood?!

In an Immortal's cave at the highest point on the mountain were the two Ironblood Patriarchs. They were not cultivators, but rather, Demonic Incarnations; as for their true selves, few people knew what they looked like.

Normally, they didn't venture out very often, and currently, they sat there cross-legged, eyes open as they looked at Meng Hao.

“Nothing more than some member of the junior generation,” said one of them.

There was also a middle-aged man who stood outside of the two Patriarchs’ Immortal’s cave. His eyes flashed with killing intent as he stared toward Mount Blood Demon.

“The title of Blood Prince was intended for me, Chang Yi! This Meng Hao dares to snatch food out of the tiger’s mouth? He’s looking to die!” His body began to glow with a bloody light, and seas of blood surged inside his eyes. The man was clearly in a rage, and countless bloody souls appeared around him, all of them emitting miserable shrieks.

Gritting his teeth, he dropped to his knees and kowtowed toward the Immortal’s cave. “Masters, please allow disciple to take action!”

“He might be the Blood Prince,” said one of the two Ironblood Patriarchs, “but the only difference between his position and yours is that he has unique access to the Blood Demon Grand Magic. If you’re skilled enough to make him bow his head, then he can become your puppet!”

“That’s right,” said the other, his voice cold. “If you’re skilled enough to make him capitulate, then as the operators of the torture chamber, your Masters will be within their rights to crush him. Of course, he was appointed by the Patriarch, so you can’t be the first one to make a move!”

The middle-aged man looked up, and his eyes flickered with viciousness. Without hesitation, he left the peak of the mountain.

At the same time, on the second mountain peak of the Blood Demon Sect, which was known as Mount Darkheaven, a cultivator rose up from meditation to look at Mount Blood Demon. This was respected Patriarch Darkheaven, who was referred to as a Demon, but was in fact a cultivator.

Behind him were his seven apprentices, none of whom seemed to be people of goodwill. Their eyes flickered with red light and killing intent.

The tens of thousands of disciples on Mount Darkheaven, all of whom were commanded by Patriarch Darkheaven, silently stared with cold eyes toward Mount Blood Demon.

Chapter 704: Blood Demon Grand Magic

“Interesting,” murmured Patriarch Darkheaven. “The Patriarch did not assign him a mountain peak, nor any followers, huh...? What does that mean?” He appeared in the form of a boy wearing scholar’s garment, and he stood there with his arms clasped behind his back.

“Master,” said one of the apprentices standing behind him, “why the hell does a stranger get to be the Blood Prince? I can’t accept this!”

“Yeah, allow us to go fight this Meng Hao guy, Master! Let’s see whether or not he has the skill to act as the Blood Prince!”

“What’s your rush?” the boy said with a ghastly chuckle. “There will most certainly be others who are in much more of a hurry than you.” Without another word, he turned to head back into his Immortal’s cave.

The seven apprentices’ killing intent filled the air. They exchanged glances and then stared back at Meng Hao as he descended the stone steps of Mount Blood Demon.

A similar scene played out on the fourth mountain peak of the Blood Demon Sect, albeit with much more intensity. The three Demonfire Patriarchs

did nothing to restrain themselves, and their fury and arrogance exploded up.

Only the fifth mountain peak was silent. At the very peak of the mountain was a white-haired, hunchbacked old man who supported himself with a walking stick as he looked off toward Mount Blood Demon.

Next to him stood a girl who was quite pretty, yet also radiated killing intent.

“Master,” said the girl, “why prevent the disciples of Mount Ghostcrutch from expressing their discontent with the Patriarch’s arrangement? It’s inherently unfair! I could accept it if Chang Yi from Mount Ironblood became the Blood Prince. But I’ve never even heard of this Meng Hao before.”

The old man smiled. His voice hoarse, he said, “Your Master has lived for a long time. Although I used to be a bit of a fool, I’ve become much more sensible over the years.

“You know, I was there on Mount Blood Demon the year the Patriarch descended.

“Throughout the years, the position of Blood Prince has been filled seven times. I was there every single time.

“I’ve lived a long time and seen many things. These eyes of mine can pierce through the ancient and archaic.... I can tell that this Meng Hao carries something very unusual.”

The girl beside him frowned.

“Don’t provoke him,” continued the old man. “Don’t even get near him. Master needs to observe him a bit more before making a decision.” His eyes glittering, the old man returned to his Immortal’s cave.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he walked down the steps. When he was about halfway down the mountain, he suddenly paused as he caught sight of a white-robed woman up ahead. She stood on a boulder off to the side, in front of which was a cliff that stretched down into swirling fog.

The woman’s robes swayed in the wind, making her look quite otherworldly. She was beautiful, and in this moment, looked like a graceful Immortal.

Meng Hao glanced at her for a moment and then looked away as he continued down the mountain.

The woman turned and stared at Meng Hao. “Elder Brother Meng,” she said, “we last ran into each other in the Demon Immortal Sect. Could it be that you’ve forgotten about humble little me?”

This woman was none other than Blood Demon Sect Dao Child Li Shiqi, who had been dressed like a man the first time Meng Hao met her.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything in response. He merely looked at her and nodded, then continued on his way down the stairs.

“Elder Brother Meng,” she continued, “the only people who live on Mount Blood Demon are myself and the Patriarch. I’ve been waiting in this spot because I need to give you a warning. The other four mountains won’t approve of you being appointed as the Blood Prince.” She waved her graceful hand, sending a jade slip flying out.

“This is a bit of information about the other four mountain peaks,” she went on. “Take a look, it should be helpful.”

Meng Hao accepted it and was silent for a moment. Finally, he said, “Thank you,” and proceeded on his way.

“How... how is Fellow Daoist Xu Qing?”

“Thank you,” he repeated, his voice drifting up from further down the mountain.

After leaving Mount Blood Demon, Meng Hao found himself in a bleak and desolate forest. The Blood Demon Sect was not like other Sects, where grand temples existed at the bottoms of the mountains, filled with Outer Sect disciples.

Although there were Outer Sect disciples, they also resided on the mountains. As for the region beneath the mountains, there existed only forests.

They weren't completely uninhabited, though. Log cabins could be seen throughout them, belonging to disciples who had descended from the mountains to practice cultivation in isolation. There were quite a few visible, although some were in states of disrepair.

Occasionally, disciples could be seen and, without exception, they looked at him coldly and without an ounce of respect.

Meng Hao's expression remained calm in the face of the coldness. He had sensed that he was the subject of many, many such gazes when he made his way down the mountain. Therefore, he proceeded until he found remote corner of the sect where he then sat down cross-legged. He closed his eyes and retrieved the soul orb of the exhausted and slumbering Xu Qing, who he examined for a long moment before stowing away.

At the same time, quite a few streams of divine sense from the surrounding mountain peaks were retracted by their owners, not a few of which were filled with disdain.

“What kind of Blood Prince is this Meng Hao? I thought he was supposed to be super skilled! He can't even fight with somebody for a log cabin at the bottom of the mountains!”

“He’s not even willing to provoke anyone over a log cabin? In the Blood Demon Sect, everything depends on your strength and viciousness! Immortal’s caves, mountain peaks, one’s beloved, techniques, cultivation resources, everything goes to the strongest! And that includes the position he holds!”

“Hmph. He wants peace and quiet, huh? Well, considering he acquired a position that wasn’t his to begin with, he better give up that idea!”

“Although, there’s no reason to act too quickly. We only know a little bit about him, so let’s just observe for a bit longer....”

Meng Hao closed his eyes and ignored all of the gazes and streams of divine sense, which he couldn’t care less about. Instead, he sent his own divine sense into his bag of holding. There, he found the Blood Mastiff, who had been seriously injured defending him against the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. It had now regrown a physical body, although it was still weak and small.

And then there was the matter of the parrot and the meat jelly.... When Meng thought of them, he frowned. He hadn’t seen any traces of them since he awoke on the Underworld Ship.

However, he had the strange sense that the two ninnies were definitely in the Southern Domain.

Silently, he rotated his cultivation base until night fell. Finally, he opened his eyes and produced Xu Qing’s desiccated corpse. He slowly fused the golden magical symbol into it, whereupon she instantly began to show signs of life. Gradually, she began to recover.

Her skin slowly changed, and her entire body began to look more limber and charming as she showed signs of awakening. It was a process that would take nine nine-day-cycles, a total of eighty-one days, to complete.

Meng Hao suppressed the excitement he felt, looked her over for a long moment, then carefully put her body away.

“Elder Sister Xu, your eyes will open in eighty-one days,” he murmured. After a long moment, he finally took out the blood crystal given to him by Blood Demon.

He looked at it for only a moment before unhesitatingly pinching it between his fingers. Immediately, all the blood in his body began to seethe as if it were boiling, and emanate an indescribable, bloody aura.

Simultaneously, magical symbols appeared in his head. They emanated a crude, ancient aura that transformed into a legacy.

At the same time, the blood-colored mask inside of his bag of holding suddenly began to emit intense ripples. The Blood Mastiff inside trembled, seemingly instinctively responding to the aura coming out of Meng Hao, which it in turn absorbed.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!” murmured Meng Hao.

The Blood Demon Grand Magic was actually a taboo art in the Blood Demon Sect. Only Patriarch Blood Demon himself possessed it. Even previous Blood Princes of the sect had only been introduced to the art orally. Meng Hao was the only one to acquire the true lifeblood legacy.

The magic was organized into six levels, which were organized two to a stratum, meaning there were three strata in total.

“Qi and Blood, Spirit Meridians, Blood Soul....” he murmured, and a red glow appeared in his eyes. He suddenly discovered that he was possessed of incredible latent talent in regards to the cultivation of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

After only a moment, he reached the first level, and was halfway through the Qi and Blood stratum.

The Qi and Blood stratum was terrifying; it was capable of absorbing the power of someone else’s Qi and Blood.

Immediately, Meng Hao’s eyes turned as red as fire. He slowly lifted up his hand, which had now turned bright red.

It was almost like his hand was covered with innumerable black holes, all of which were ready... to consume Qi and Blood.

“I can’t believe I was able to cultivate this art so quickly....” thought Meng Hao. “It must have something to do with my cultivating the Blood Immortal divines abilities.... Blood Immortal. Blood Demon.... There must be some relationship between the two.” After a moment of thought, he realized there might be another explanation. He reached inside of him and realized that his Demon Sealing magics were now slightly different than before.

It was as if some intangible change had occurred, although he was unsure of the exact details.

“Patriarch Blood Demon cares about my status as a Demon Sealer. In that case, perhaps that is why the Blood Demon Grand Magic was so easy for me to cultivate.”

He contemplated the matter a bit further, and after a moment, decided that he might as well make another attempt at cultivating the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Following the prescribed method, he continued on. Two hours later, his eyes snapped open, and the bloody glow in his eyes seemed to have completely filled the pupils; he looked terrifying to an astonishing degree.

“The great circle of the Qi and Blood stratum!” Meng Hao took a deep breath. By now, he could see just how tyrannically frightful the Blood Demon Grand Magic was. By consuming the Qi and Blood of others, it could strengthen the fleshly body!

As for how strong, there seemed to be no limits!

“Unfortunately, it’s not permanent and is only a borrowed power.” His eyes glittered as he suddenly was filled with the strong desire to enter halfway into the Spirit Meridians stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

“All Cultivators build up vast quantities of spiritual energy in their bodies. Because of that, spirit meridians exist. The Spirit Meridians level allows me to consume the spirit meridians of others, which I can use to add to my cultivation base.”

He closed his eyes and sank into cultivation. The sun was high in the sky before he finally opened his eyes and frowned.

“I can’t cultivate it. I’m missing something.” He was in the middle of considering the matter when suddenly the archaic voice of Patriarch Blood Demon echoed in his ears.

“Very good. You reached the second level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. When you reach the third level, I will give you something that is sure to leave you astonished.

“It has something to do with your League of Demon Sealers. With that item, you will be able to acquire... a Demon Sealing magic!”

Meng Hao looked up toward Mount Blood Demon. He didn't speak, but his heart trembled. As of this moment, he was now absolutely certain that Patriarch Blood Demon... placed importance upon his identity as a Demon Sealer.

“Just what secrets have I yet to uncover about the Demon Sealers?” he thought. Despite being a Demon Sealer for many years, he still could use only the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex and Righteous Bestowal.

Chapter 705: A Test!

The sky was clear, and cultivators bustled about the Blood Demon Sect. It actually did have the air of a sect, although many of the people were actually engaged in deadly combat. The sound of mutual slaughter was intense, and the glow of blood glittered up radiantly.

If disciples from other great sects in the Southern Domain came here, they would be quite out of sorts. However, as far as Meng Hao was concerned, it was just like the Reliance Sect, so it actually felt quite familiar.

He stuck to his remote corner of the sect, ignoring everyone else. No one else cared to come to him, either. It was as if they didn't even notice his existence. Because of Meng Hao's experiences, a single glance was all it took for him to perceive the deep-seated feelings behind the cold expressions on their faces and the scorn in their eyes.

“That's fine,” he thought, his face calm. He wasn't the type of person who enjoyed rowdiness. He didn't care about mountain peaks and fighting over resources. He was happy to be left alone to practice cultivation in peace and quiet.

At noon, Meng Hao rose to his feet. He casually felled some of the trees in the area and built a log cabin. Naturally, people noticed this, and everyone stared in shock, especially the people who harbored strong hostility toward him.

“He's actually building a log cabin?”

“It looks like he’s really made up his mind to immerse himself in cultivation. But, does he really think that this will allow him to remain separate from sect affairs?!”

Up on Mount Ironblood, middle-aged Chang Yi saw what was going on, and frowned.

It was at this point that Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked out of his log cabin. Approaching slowly on foot was a somewhat emaciated looking middle-aged man. His body emanated the ancientness of time, and he was very thin. There was a ruthlessness to him, which presently seemed to have been replaced by complex emotions.

The ripples of a Nascent Soul cultivation base spread out from him, and when Meng Hao saw him, many different feelings filled him, along with a sense of reminiscence.

As he walked up slowly, his appearance caused many of the surrounding disciples to be shocked.

“That’s Elder Brother Wang Youcai!”

“What is Elder Brother Wang doing here?”

“Wait, look at his expression. Something strange is going on.”

People watched as Wang Youcai walked up to Meng Hao and looked at him silently. Clearly, he was recalling past times.

He didn’t say anything, and neither did Meng Hao. As they looked at each other, both of them seemed to be recalling Mount Daqing.

That was the place where they both began to walk their path of cultivation, and also the place... where Meng Hao and Xu Qing met.

After a long moment passed, Wang Youcai clenched his jaw as if to some inner pain.

“Do you drink?” he asked. With that, he sat down cross-legged and tossed a flagon of alcohol over to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao caught it, and immediately took a long drink. The alcohol burned as it slid down his throat. It felt almost like a knife stabbing into his guts.

“Li Fugui told me about what happened with Elder Sister Xu,” Wang Youcai said, keeping his voice low.

Meng Hao nodded and took another drink. His earliest memories of the cultivation world contained the group from Mount Daqing: Wang Youcai, Fatty, and Dong Hu.

The four of them, including Meng Hao, were taken by Xu Qing to the Reliance Sect. Later, Dong Hu and Wang Youcai apparently had a falling out, and Wang Youcai disappeared. Regarding Dong Hu, his disposition changed completely, and as for Fatty.... Well, out of all four of them, he seemed to have ended up far, far happier than the rest.

Wang Youcai and Meng Hao sat together drinking silently, each one wrapped up in various memories. Of course, there was one thing that existed in both of their memories, and that was Mount Daqing.

“Did you ever run into Dong Hu again?” Wang Youcai suddenly asked.

“Not after I left the State of Zhao,” replied Meng Hao. He looked at Wang Youcai, hesitated for a moment, and then asked, “Back then, the two of you...?”

“His body was physically weak, so I ended up caring for him like a younger brother,” replied Wang Youcai, his voice cool. “I would help him when it came time to haul water, and if people picked on him, I would handle it. In the end... he shoved me off a cliff because of a pearl.”

Meng Hao didn't respond. He picked up the alcohol flagon and took a big mouthful.

“Be careful of Chang Yi,” continued Wang Youcai. “In fact, be careful of everyone in the Blood Demon Sect.... There is no such thing as camaraderie here. The only thing that matters is who is more vicious!” With a sigh, he rose to his feet and prepared to leave.

“You shouldn't have come,” said Meng Hao, looking up at him.

Wang Youcai didn't reply. He knew that what Meng Hao said was true; he shouldn't have come. The entire sect currently viewed Meng Hao with hostility, which meant that after leaving, he would most certainly face some difficulties. And yet, he came anyway.

In fact, in almost the same instant that Wang Youcai rose to leave, Chang Yi stood there on the first mountain peak, a cruel smile on his lips.

"So, they know each other!" He flicked his sleeve and flew up into the air. "Follow me, Junior Brothers!" Immediately, nineteen beams of light rose into the air from Mount Ironblood and teleported down toward the bottom of the mountain. "You don't have to make a move, Meng Hao," he thought. "You can sit there and refuse to provoke anyone. But now, the time has come to see exactly what amazing abilities you have, and why the hell you deserve to be the Blood Prince.

"I'll test you out and see exactly how profound you are. If you don't fight back hard, then I'll just keep pushing until you reach the boiling point. After all, I have plenty of methods to deal with you. If you fight back hard... well, that's what I'm waiting for.

"Hopefully, you'll end up killing someone, and then my Masters will have every right to throw you into the torture chamber!"

As Wang Youcai emerged from Meng Hao's log cabin, twenty beams of light, including Chang Yi, shot down toward the very same area.

Their appearance on the scene instantly caught the attention of the Blood Demon Sect disciples in the surrounding forest. Their expressions turned lively; they knew that an entertaining drama was about to unfold.

Meanwhile, back on the second mountain peak, the seven apprentices of the Spirit Severing Patriarch were all paying very close attention. Merciless gleams glittered brightly in their eyes.

"Now we'll see exactly how profound this Meng Hao actually is!"

"That Chang Yi has an irascible personality. A whole day hasn't even passed and he already reached the limits of his patience!"

"No wonder he's behaving like that, this is a good opportunity to test out Meng Hao. We'll be able to learn a bit about him by observing how things turn out."

On the fourth mountain peak, three figures wreathed in flames watched on coldly from outside their Immortal's caves. The disciples of the fourth mountain peak were also watching on, expressions of derision clear on their faces.

One among their number was a young man, who held a magical fan in his hand. He exuded an air of coldness as his lips twisted into a smile.

"Chang Yi really couldn't hold on very long," he said. "That's good, though. This is only a test; presumably, there won't be too much of a ruckus. It does have to be said, though, that Chang Yi is quite the fool.

"It's only been a single day, and Meng Hao was appointed directly by the Patriarch. If someone really tries to subdue him, the Patriarch will intervene. It's too bad a good opportunity will have been lost."

On the fifth mountain peak, the pretty young woman's eyes were fixed on the scene that was playing out, and she was starting to get excited. As for the hunchbacked old man, he casually looked over to watch.

"Master, do you think this Meng Hao will really be subdued if the matter turns serious?" Her eyes flickered with viciousness.

"Serious?" said the old man, his tone one of pride in his own wisdom. "Oh no, it won't get serious. It's a small matter. At worst, the harmony will be broken temporarily. You have only practiced cultivation for a short time, but Master has lived for far too long, and has seen many things. I've watched things like this play out too many times.

"You just watch, the dispute regarding Meng Hao being the Blood Prince is just starting. It will take quite some time before it gets resolved..."

On Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon rested in the Blood Pond. His eyes opened, and he looked over at what was happening.

"So... what will he do?"

Li Shiqi was also paying close attention, and a profound glint could be seen in her eyes.

Everyone in the whole Blood Demon Sect was looking in Meng Hao's direction. They all knew that this was his first time making a true public appearance in the sect. They all wanted to see exactly how he would respond to the test.

Of course, it was only a test....

Meng Hao's face was calm as he looked at the twenty beams of light approaching from Mount Ironblood. It didn't matter if it was Chang Yi up in front, or the other nineteen of his followers. They were all the same to Meng Hao.

Of the nineteen, eight were Nascent Soul cultivators, and eleven were at the great circle of Core Formation. As for Chang Yi, he had the highest cultivation base, the peak of the Nascent Soul stage.

"Wang Youcai!" cried out someone from the group. The sound of the voice was like springtime thunder echoing out in all directions.

They didn't even bother with any pretenses; as soon as the voice rang out, its speaker turned into a red beam of light that shot out from the group toward Wang Youcai, filled with killing intent. Blood-colored magical items also flew out, whistling through the air. Three of the Nascent Soul Cultivators directly shot toward Wang Youcai.

As for everyone else, they surrounded the air, their eyes filled with coldness and derision as they eyed Meng Hao.

That was especially true of Chang Yi, whose eyes were sinister and cold as he hovered in mid air, his hands clasped behind his back. He looked at Meng Hao, waiting to see what he would decide to do. If Meng Hao didn't make a move, then it meant allowing Wang Youcai to be seriously injured. If Meng Hao did make a move, well... that was exactly what Chang Yi was waiting for!

He firmly believed that in that moment, his Masters would appear and subdue Meng Hao.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, causing Wang Youcai's face to turn grim. He immediately teleported forward to escape, and at the same time transmitted an urgent message to Meng Hao.

“Don’t do anything! This is Chang Yi. His Masters control the torture chamber, and you can’t give them any reason to subdue you down. Don’t worry about me.” Even as Wang Youcai teleported forward, Chang Yi laugh coldly and waved his right hand. Seven tiny flags flew out, which rapidly expanded in mid-air to form seals that forced Wang Youcai back to the ground. Wang Youcai’s face flickered as the three Nascent Soul Cultivators closed in, their faces filled with vicious killing intent.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. Booms echoed out, and blood poured out of the corners of Wang Youcai’s mouth. He retreated, performing an incantation gesture that caused a divine ability to appear. At the same time, he shouted, “Elder Brother Chang Yi, I’m a disciple of the second mountain peak, do you really dare to attack me?!”

“The second mountain peak?” replied Chang Yi, laughing. An arrogant expression appeared on his face as he glanced in the direction of that very mountain.

Immediately, a voice echoed out from the second mountain peak. “As is customary, we won’t interfere with the matters of the torture chamber. Elder Brother Chang, if Wang Youcai violated any rules, then you can do anything you wish. However, if he didn’t violate any rules, then you’ll be held responsible.”

Wang Youcai’s face grew grimmer as he looked at the incoming vicious Nascent Soul cultivators. He gritted his teeth, and was just about to employ one of the sect’s restricted techniques to stimulate his Qi and Blood, when suddenly Meng Hao stood up. His expression was calm as he arrived next to Wang Youcai with a single step and gripped his shoulder.

In the moment that he appeared, all eyes instantly fixated on him. Everyone from all of the five mountain peaks were watching.

That was especially true of Chang Yi, who was inwardly going wild with joy.

“Blood Prince,” he said coolly. “What is the meaning of this? Don’t tell me you’re really going to interfere with torture chamber matters?” He suddenly glared angrily at the other Mount Ironblood cultivators, who looked a bit hesitant. “Why haven’t you apprehended him yet?!”

The cultivators gritted their teeth. Ignored Meng Hao, they advanced on Wang Youcai, their killing intent radiating about intensely.

It was at this point that a shocking coldness suddenly appeared in Meng Hao’s placid eyes.

Chapter 706: Kill!

A whistling sound filled the air as the three Mount Ironblood Nascent Soul cultivators gritted their teeth, ignored Meng Hao, and shot past him toward Wang Youcai, radiating killing intent.

They wouldn't kill him, of course. However, they would seriously wound him, especially considering that they represented the torture chamber, and their Elder Brother Chang Yi had personally given the orders. In their opinion, they clearly occupied the superior position, especially considering that they were essentially backed by the two Ironblood Patriarchs. A trifling Blood Prince, even if he did have a cultivation base exceeding their own, couldn't possibly fight back against the two Ironblood Patriarchs.

Because of this line of reasoning, their killing intent grew even more intense than before. Magical items appeared as they shot forward, and the blood-colored glow rose to the Heavens. Under the eyes of everyone in all of the mountain peaks of the sect, they shot forward.

A cold smile could be seen on the face of Chang Yi as he glared icily at Meng Hao, waiting to see how he would respond to this test.

"There is ruthlessness in my heart," murmured Meng Hao. "It's been there since I perished in the Milky Way Sea...." He lifted his right hand and casually waved a finger.

Although it appeared that the finger didn't actually point down onto anything but air, in the blink of an eye, the fastest of the three Mount Ironblood cultivators immediately began to tremble. An expression of confusion flashed across his face, and then he coughed up blood. A moment later, he literally exploded.

It was as if an enormous, invisible pair of hands had crushed him into a pulp!

The speed with which it happened was incomparable. It was so sudden that everyone who was observing was flabbergasted.

Behind Meng Hao, Wang Youcai's face fell, and his heart began to pound. "Not good," he thought. "Meng Hao is far too impulsive! What should I do?"

Anxiety welled up in his heart. He could tell that Chang Yi was just testing Meng Hao, and could never have imagined that Meng Hao would act so rashly.

Chang Yi's eyes went wide. Previously, he had never thought that the Blood Prince would attack... with lethal force. However, this twist caused joy to surge up inside of him. He couldn't help but muse that the Blood Prince was clearly far too inexperienced. Coldness gleamed in Chang Yi's eyes as he strode forward.

"Blood Prince!" he bellowed. "How dare you violate sect rules!!"

At the same time, the seven shady-looking apprentices on the second mountain peak watched on with glittering eyes, clearly interested in what was happening.

On the fourth mountain peak, the young man with the fan smiled faintly, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

As for the hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak, his eyes flickered. Next to him, the pretty young woman stared in shock. She could never have guessed that Meng Hao would actually kill anyone.

"So, this Blood Prince turns out to be quite a vicious person," said the hunchbacked old man, sighing emotionally. "However, he is a bit reckless, and also a tad young. He's not like me, a person who has lived far, far too long."

Meng Hao completely ignored the reactions of everyone around him. He seemed to be immersed within a world of regrets.

"The ruthlessness grew stronger in the Rebirth Cave..." he sighed. He waved his finger again, and the second incoming Nascent Soul Cultivator's face fell. He suddenly stopped in place. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and then he exploded, completely dead in body and soul.

Another person slain!

The sight of it caused Chang Yi's face to flicker, not with happiness, but with shock. Moments ago, he had assumed Meng Hao would stop after killing one person, but unexpectedly, he killed again.

Simultaneously, the surrounding cultivators' eyes began to shine with a strange light. The disciples on the mountains felt their hearts filling with shock.

“In the Black Sieve Sect... the ruthlessness exploded out,” murmured Meng Hao. “And yet, it was not sated. Instead, it festered at the bottom of my heart and became even more intense, transforming into... what Patriarch Blood Demon mentioned. Devilishness.”

The third Nascent Soul cultivator, seeing his two companions killed right in front of him, was completely dumbstruck. His eyes went wide, and he began to retreat, but it was in that moment that Meng Hao raised his hand and gestured a third time with his finger.

“Eldest Brother, save me...” the man screamed. But then, his body exploded with a bang that echoed out in all directions. Everyone trembled violently, as they were shaken out of their reveries from the events of moments ago.

“He... actually killed three people in a row!”

“How moronic! This guy is a real idiot! He just arrived in the Blood Demon Sect, but won’t bow his head in submission, and even dares to act with unbridled aggression!”

“He’s in big trouble now. Not only did he dare to kill fellow sect members IN the sect, but he chose to kill torture chamber disciples!”

As the buzz of conversation echoed out, Chang Yi flew up into the air, glaring at Meng Hao the entire time. At first, he had been shocked, but that shock was replaced with boundless elation. Inwardly, he was roaring with laughter.

“My Masters said not to take the initiative in provoking him,” he thought, “but as it turns out, the dolt decided to start killing. Considering his position, killing one could be tolerated, but he killed three.... In that case, if I could get him to kill some more, he would definitely be flirting with death!”

Having reached this point in his train of thought, Chang Yi smiled.

“I offered respect to you as the Blood Prince,” he called out, “and in response you dared to make deadly attacks in the sect, and even offended the torture chamber! It doesn’t matter how high your cultivation base is, you will be put down! Men... take him into custody!”

The faces of all the Mount Ironblood disciples flickered in hesitation. However, it was at this moment that two shocking pulses of Spirit Severing energy erupted from Mount Ironblood.

“When the Blood Prince commits a crime, he will be treated as anyone else!” rumbled an ancient, somber voice. “Take him into custody and bring him to Mount Ironblood. If he resists, subdue him immediately!” As the words echoed out throughout the entire sect, Chang Yi’s expression flickered, and he almost started to laugh out loud with self-righteous laughter.

“He’s dead!” he thought.

At the same time, the other disciples with Chang Yi started to look excited. Now that they knew they had the support of the two Ironblood Patriarchs, they were completely confident. They instantly surged forward toward Meng Hao, completely sure that the Blood Prince would never dare to attack them. If he did, then the two Ironblood Patriarchs would instantly reveal themselves.

Meanwhile on the second mountain peak, Mount Darkheaven, in a temple on the peak, Patriarch Darkheaven sat cross-legged in the form of a young boy. He wore a scholar’s garment, and his expression was grim as he cast his gaze down the mountain.

Outside of the temple were the seven apprentices, all of whom sneered coldly as they watched the scene play out. Their contempt for Meng Hao was even greater than before; they believed his ability to think and plan was clearly lacking.

In response to a simple test, he instantly revealed his weaknesses.

On the fourth mountain peak, the young man with the fan laughed to himself. “This Blood Prince is far too inexperienced,” he thought. “His cultivation base is incredible, but he doesn’t know how to conduct himself. Well, let this be a lesson to him. In the end, he isn’t worthy of his title. He will bow his head in submission soon enough.”

The hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak sighed. “Too young.”

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes were frigid. In fact, his entire person was like a block of ice, and the ruthless aura within him radiated out explosively.

“My ruthlessness turned into Devilishness,” he murmured, “and I can’t suppress it. It does not conform with my Dao, but... it is what it is.... I might as well let it out!”

He stepped forward, and in the blink of an eye, his killing intent erupted out. At the same time, he swished his sleeve.

It was a simple wave of an arm, but it caused an astonishing gale-force wind to rage up. It was like a wind of Heavenly destruction that swept out in all directions, slamming into more than a dozen incoming cultivators.

As soon as it touched them, their faces fell, and blood sprayed out of their mouths. Regardless of the various levels of their cultivation bases, they were incapable of standing up to the mightiness of the wind, and their bodies were ripped into shreds. Blood and gore sprayed out in all directions.

As for Chang Yi, his face instantly went as pale as death, and his pupils constricted. His cultivation base was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, so it was with great astonishment that he was barely able to stand up to the wind. However, the wind then wrapped around him, transforming into an enormous hand that grabbed him violently.

It squeezed down, and cracking sounds could be heard. Chang Yi screamed miserably. “Masters! Save me!!”

When the onlookers saw this, their faces flickered with astonishment. Up on the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven shot to his feet. The hearts of the seven apprentices outside of the temple filled with shock.

On the fourth mountain peak and the fifth mountain peak, similar scenes played out.

“What is he doing!?”

“I can’t believe he actually killed so many people!!”

“Is he challenging the torture chamber to battle?”

“This... this was just a test, but he responded in this way!?”

At this point, a cold snort echoed out from Mount Ironblood, and two streams of divine sense shot down toward the land below to rescue Chang Yi.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as the huge hand in mid-air suddenly began to squeeze shut.

"Stay your hand!" roared the two streams of divine sense.

Even as the sound rang out, Chang Yi's screaming reached a fever pitch.

"No..." he cried. "This... was just... a test..." Before he could finish speaking, a boom echoed out as his body was crushed into a pulp of mutilated flesh. His Nascent Soul was also completely destroyed. He was dead in flesh and soul.

To him, it was just a test, but to Meng Hao... when it came to attacking, there was no such thing as any so-called testing.

Deathly silence filled the air. No one could ever have predicted that a simple test would unexpectedly end this way. Moments later, the two streams of divine sense descended toward Meng Hao.

"Are you looking to die?!" roared one.

"How dare you kill my Mount Ironblood disciples! I'm going to crush you!" The two Ironblood Patriarchs were furious. At the moment, it didn't matter that Meng Hao was the Blood Prince, or that they could sense something strange about his cultivation base. Those things didn't matter.

Truth be told, there was something strange about Meng Hao's cultivation base. The life force of a Resurrection Lily obscured the traces of his Second Severing, making it seem that he was only in the First Severing level.

He looked up, and not a trace of hesitation could be seen in his eyes as he sent his divine sense shooting out with intense ferocity.

BAM!

His divine sense was simply too powerful. The fact that the two Ironblood Patriarchs were Spirit Severing cultivators didn't matter. Their streams of divine sense were completely incapable of standing up to Meng Hao's, and were immediately shattered.

Massive ripples raged through the Blood Demon Sect, whipping the trees and vegetation into a fury. All of the surrounding cultivators gasped in astonishment.

"There's no need to come down here to try to subdue me," said Meng Hao coldly. "I'll head up there to subdue the two of you!" With that, he flew directly toward the first mountain peak.

As of this moment, the entire Blood Demon Sect was in a complete uproar!

Chapter 707: Subduing!

It took Meng Hao only a single step forward to reach the first mountain peak. The instant he stepped foot onto it, all of Mount Ironblood shook. Inside their temple at the peak of the mountain, the faces of the two Ironblood Patriarchs flickered, and they erupted with shocking First Severing energy.

Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and the clouds and mist in all directions seethed. At the same time, an enormous face appeared in mid-air up above Mount Ironblood. It was completely the color of blood, and two horns protruded from its forehead.

It looked matchlessly vicious. As for the two Ironblood Patriarchs, their robes whipped madly in the wind, and in their hands they held enormous battle-axes.

The battle-axes were Demon Weapons; the two Patriarchs were facing a mortal enemy, and their hearts were trembling with great waves of shock.

"I can't believe... he's so powerful!!"

"What level is his cultivation base?! I can't see any traces of a Second Severing, but even at the great circle of the First Severing, he shouldn't have such powerful divine sense!"

"Could it be that he cultivates some technique to specifically enhance his divine sense!?"

The moment the two Patriarchs appeared was the same moment that Meng Hao stepped foot onto the stairs leading up to the peak of the first mountain. Slowly, he began to make his way toward the top.

All eyes were fixed on him, and everyone was thinking that as of this moment, Meng Hao really was worthy of his title after all.

On the second mountain peak, the scholarly looking child, Patriarch Darkheaven, could sense the result of the confrontation between the divine sense of Meng Hao and the two Ironblood Patriarchs. His face was covered with shock as he hastily stood, then instantly teleported out of his temple.

Outside, his seven apprentices gasped, and their faces filled with disbelief.

“He resisted the divine sense of the two Ironblood Patriarchs all by himself!!”

“Just... just what type of cultivation base does he have!?”

“What is he doing? Wasn’t this just a test?”

“QUIET!” barked Patriarch Darkheaven. Shocked, his seven apprentices instantly went as silent as cicadas during winter.

On the fourth mountain peak, the three old men wreathed in flames also rushed out of their temple. Their expression were that of astonishment as they looked toward the first mountain peak.

Off to the side, the young man with the fan who had previously been observing the events with a look of disdain on his face, now stood there slack-jawed, seemingly incapable of even breathing.

He suddenly realized that this was not a situation in which the Blood Prince was being immature. Quite the opposite, his cultivation base was so high that he didn’t need to bother with any sort of strategy or planning. He took out all of his opponents in one blow!

As soon as Meng Hao started up the staircase, the first, second, and fourth mountain peaks were sent into complete, reeling shock. In that same moment, the wind and clouds surged. A black fog appeared, within which could also be seen a white fog.

In the blink of an eye, black and white began to swirl around each other and form into the shape of two enormous pearls. Furthermore, beneath the two pearls was a mountain wreathed in mist and clouds!

The Ninth Mountain!

The Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain!

Together!

This was something that Meng Hao had come up with after his battle with Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect. Although it was not complete, he was still able to use them to shocking effect.

Rumbling echoed out as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain crushed down onto the two Patriarchs of Mount Ironblood.

RUMBLE!

The ground trembled, and rumbling filled the air. The two Ironblood Patriarchs' faces quivered.

Meanwhile, back on the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man's eyes widened, and he took a deep breath.

The pretty young woman who stood next to him was utterly shocked.

“What... what is he doing? Could he really be trying to fight back against Mount Ironblood? Master, didn't you say things wouldn't get serious?”

The hunchbacked old man blinked and cleared his throat. “Calm down, alright? Based on my experience, I can tell you that the matter definitely won't get extremely serious. At the most, the first mountain peak will be involved. Hahaha! It seems this Blood Prince is going to take it as a show of force!”

In the central mountain peak, Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon's face was tranquil, but a smile of contentment could be seen on his face.

"The ruthlessness in your heart is too intense, and can't be dispelled. You might as well let it condense into Devilishness. This has been a long time coming. It wasn't that I wanted to coerce you; rather, this was the only method that would count as being helpful to you.

"You don't understand now, but when you reach your Third Severing, you will be enlightened."

Li Shiqi was also on Mount Blood Demon, and her eyes shone with a strange light as she watched the scene play out. After all, she knew Meng Hao much, much better than anyone else in the Blood Demon Sect.

The events in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect were imprinted indelibly in her heart, and she hadn't forgotten about anything that happened there. Furthermore, after returning, she told no one in the sect about what had happened, with the exception of Patriarch Blood Demon.

Most shocked of all was Wang Youcai. He stared blankly as everything happened, then began to breathe deeply. Determination began to glow in his eyes. "Meng Hao... is so strong! I... can't let myself fall behind!"

RUMBLE!!

A massive clamor filled the air as Meng Hao took his third step up the stairs. Up in mid-air, the pearls in the black and white mist, as well as the Ninth Mountain they orbited, shot toward the peak of the mountain. Under the force of the incredible pressure, the two Ironblood Patriarch's gigantic, ferocious face suddenly revealed an expression of pain.

Meng Hao's face was cold as he took his fourth step.

Shocking rumbling caused everything to shake. The face formed by the energy of the two Ironblood Patriarchs struggled and howled. However, it did no good. Under the crushing pressure, it shattered into countless fragments.

To the observers, it almost looked like half of the sky had been ripped apart, superseded by the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain. Having seen their vicious face destroyed, the two

Ironblood Patriarchs trembled and coughed up blood. In the blink of an eye, they seemed to age, and their faces filled with astonishment.

“Just how powerful is he?!” they thought, their minds reeling. In their wildest imaginations, they could never have guessed that Meng Hao, using only his own aura, could suppress them to this extent.

On the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven’s face flickered as he stared at the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain. “What divine ability is that?!”

The apprentices next to him were trembling, and so were rest of the 50,000 cultivators of the first mountain peak. They looked up at the sky, and at Meng Hao, and were terrified.

The three flame-cloaked figures on the fourth mountain peak watched on in shock.

“Crushing! Now, that is crushing!”

“He didn’t even attack them directly, he just used energy to pound the two Ironblood Patriarchs into such a tattered state!”

“Blood Prince! He really is the Blood Prince!”

Everyone was panting. In the Blood Demon Sect, respect was shown to the strong. Other than some of the Elite Apprentices who earned their place because of their bloodline, everyone else was now completely astonished by Meng Hao’s show of force.

He took a fifth step.

Everything shook as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain continued to emit crushing pressure. The two Ironblood Patriarch’s faces flickered, and with growling roars, they shot up into the air. However, even as they flew up, rumbling echoed out and they were swatted back down. They slammed into the top of the mountain, causing it to tremble violently as it sank down into the ground by a full three meters!

All observers were dumbfounded.

The two Ironblood Patriarchs coughed up blood. Their bodies were covered with wounds, and their astonishment regarding the Ninth Mountain and the Black White Pearls could not grow any further.

“If we can’t fight the divine ability, then we’ll battle with his true self!”

“His magical techniques are monstrous. We can’t fight from a distance, we need to get closer to attack!”

The two Patriarchs roared, and their bodies emitted thumping sounds as they began to grow. They rapidly turned into thirty-meter tall, four-armed giants that looked like devilish fiends.

Their foreheads sported double horns, and they looked nothing at all like humans, but rather, Demons. Their energy exploded out violently as they hefted their battle-axes and then transforming into streaks of light that shot down toward Meng Hao with monstrous killing intent.

“DIE!”

“KILL!”

Meng Hao was taking his sixth step as they bore down on him. He glanced at the two Demons coldly, then lifted his right hand and slapped out violently.

His fleshly body had experienced sanctification and was essentially at the great circle of Spirit Severing. It was second only to Dao Seeking!

His cultivation base was at the Second Severing, but his true power... placed him as the number one person under Dao Seeking in all the lands of South Heaven.

His palm roared through the air to land directly onto the two Demons.

A huge boom echoed out as the battle-axes shattered into pieces. The faces of the two Demons filled with astonishment, and blood sprayed out of their mouths. Miserable shrieks could be heard, and they appeared to be on the verge of exploding. Blood spurted out everywhere as they were sent tumbling backward.

Meng Hao's palm slammed them back up toward the peak of the mountain. At the same time, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain began to descend.

“NOOO!!”

“Patriarch, save us!!”

“Darkheaven! Demonfire! Help us!”

When the two Ironblood Patriarchs called out, bloody glows rose up from the second and fourth mountains. As they shot forward, a voice echoed out.

“Enough!”

“Your power has been established! Why haven't you stayed your hand!?”

The ruthlessness in Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he took his eighth step.

“SCREW OFF!” he said, sending his divine sense exploding out. It transformed into a monstrous blood-colored beam that shot toward the incoming bloody glows. Its explosive intensity instantly shattered the two opposing beams, and they vanished.

“Still want test me? Well then, take a good long look. I've taken a liking to this Mount Ironblood.” As his voice rumbled out, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain slammed down onto the peak of Mount Ironblood.

CRUSH!

Everything quaked, and a riot of colors flashed across the sky. The 50,000 disciples of the first mountain peak trembled as the two Ironblood Patriarchs screamed miserably. Their bodies were instantly smashed by the Ninth Mountain.

As their bodies were destroyed, their Nascent Divinities flew out, but were unable to escape. The Black White Pearls immediately absorbed them, and they were sealed inside.

In that moment, Meng Hao finished taking his eighth step, and reached the peak of the mountain. As he stood there alone, all of the disciples of the first mountain peak dropped trembling to their knees and began to kowtow.

“We offer our respects, Blood Prince!”

“We offer our respects, Blood Prince!”

The voices echoed out from the first mountain peak, rising into the air and spreading out like massive waves.

The entire Blood Demon Sect was filled with the sound of it.

However, even as the sound rolled out, a grim, penetrating voice could be heard.

“Meng Hao, you might have a high cultivation base, but this is the Blood Demon Sect! Killing the torture chamber Patriarchs to usurp their position is against sect rules! You WILL provide compensation!”

“Crushing the two Ironblood Fellow Daoists requires that you provide compensation!”

The voices came from the second and fourth mountain peaks. Patriarch Darkheaven and the three Demonfire Patriarchs refused to give in, and in their minds, Meng Hao had already established his power. In their opinion, Patriarch Blood Demon would certainly appear soon. Since that was the case, they spoke up to maintain their own face, and make sure everyone knew that they did not fear the Blood Prince.

Chapter 708: Sever the Devilish, Seek the Dao!

In their opinions, there was no way that Meng Hao would be willing to make enemies of the entire Blood Demon Sect. The price had already been paid for the test, so they would naturally speak up to preserve their dignity.

Therefore, they made up their minds to worry later about how to deal with Meng Hao. In their reckoning, the next that would happen was that Patriarch Blood Demon would appear and smooth things over.

On the fifth mountain peak, the pretty young woman raised her hand to her chest. Everything that had occurred so far had left a deep impression upon her. As for the hunchbacked old man, he took a deep breath, cleared his throat, and then coolly said, "Patriarch Blood Demon will appear now, and the matter will be concluded. Ah, this Blood Prince.... Too young. Too impulsive. I've lived for too long and...."

However, before he could finish speaking....

Meng Hao completely ignored the mangled corpses at his feet and turned his head to look at the second mountain peak. The icy ruthlessness in his eyes grew even stronger.

"How about I give you your compensation right now!" he said. To the disbelief of all onlookers, he began to move straight toward the second mountain peak!

The Blood Demon Sect instantly went as quiet as a graveyard.

On the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven's face fell.

"Lunatic!" he thought. "This damned bastard is a lunatic!"

Face flickering, he backed up. "I... I was just babbling," he thought. "But he's actually... dammit!"

The three Demonfire Patriarchs on the fourth mountain peak were also shocked. Gritting their teeth, they flew in succession toward the second mountain peak.

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, so it only took a moment for him to close in. He raised his right hand, and the Black White Pearls appeared, circulating around the Ninth Mountain. As they hovered above the second mountain peak, the sky shook and the land quaked.

The disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were flabbergasted to the extreme. Gasps could be heard as they looked up at their matchlessly domineering Blood Prince!

"There's no need to come down here to try to crush me, I'll head up there to crush all of you!"

“How about I give you your compensation right now!”

“That’s what the Blood Prince said! Domineering to the max! He’s definitely the Blood Prince of our Blood Demon Sect!”

The bloodline disciples of various other Patriarchs in the sect were now all panting as they realized that their Blood Prince was completely domineering. Their eyes were filled with fanaticism as they stared at Meng Hao.

To have a Blood Prince like this was something incredibly impressive.

In contrast, Patriarch Darkheaven of the second mountain, as well as his seven apprentices, were all pale-faced and trembling. Previously, they had sneered at Meng Hao and looked down with scorn at his youth. By now, they had come to their senses, and could do nothing but stare at him in astonishment.

As for the young man with the fan on the fourth mountain peak, his face was pale white with shock. He suddenly realized that the Blood Prince... might look harmless, but was in fact completely overbearing when provoked.

He did not give second chances, and when he decided to establish his might, he did so completely and thoroughly.

Meng Hao sped toward the second mountain peak, and when he stepped foot onto it, the entire mountain rocked back and forth. Meng Hao raised his hand toward the retreating Patriarch Darkheaven and extended his finger.

“You want compensation? Here’s my compensation. Compensation to the second mountain peak, delivered by me for Wang Youcai.” The reason Meng Hao chose to make a move against the second mountain peak really was Wang Youcai.

Meng Hao had noticed how they treated him earlier, and was not pleased. As he extended his finger, wind blasted out that seemed to split the Heavens. The Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain transformed into a blur that shot toward the boy in the scholar’s garments, who was none other than Patriarch Darkheaven.

Patriarch Darkheaven's face fell, and he immediately performed an incantation. A bloody glow erupted around him, transforming into a blood-colored blade that slashed toward the blast of wind from Meng Hao's finger.

The slashing blade was filled with the energy of the great circle of the First Severing, an explosive power that appeared to be almost on the verge of Second Severing.

Meng Hao snorted and waved his finger again.

"How dare you!!" howled one of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, an old man who emanated the aura of Second Severing. "Meng Hao, you've gone too far! You think you're tough because you're in the Second Severing? So what if you are!?"

Meng Hao didn't even turn to look at them. He simply waved his sleeve.

An enormous boom echoed out as the finger attack slammed into the blood-colored blade. The blade immediately fell to pieces, and blood sprayed out of the mouth of Patriarch Darkheaven. Even as he tumbled back like a kite with its string cut, Meng Hao's second finger attack slammed into him.

Another boom rattled out, and Patriarch Darkheaven let out a bloodcurdling scream as over half of his body directly exploded. His Nascent Divinity flew out, which was the exact moment in which the three Demonfire Patriarchs from the fourth mountain peak arrived.

"Well," said Meng Hao calmly, "since you're here, I guess I might as well provide some compensation to you as well." He stepped toward them.

The three were shocked. However, the Second Severing Patriarch, who was the eldest of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, waved his hand, causing a sea of blood to appear.

"Why do you keep attacking us?! What are you, a spy from another sect? Did you trick Patriarch Blood Demon!?"

"My license to kill will cover seventy-eight more deaths this year," replied Meng Hao calmly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the entire Blood Demon Sect uttered a collective gasp, even the three Demonfire Patriarchs, whose eyes went wide. As for the Nascent Divinity of Patriarch Darkheaven, his face was a picture of shock.

The surrounding disciples immediately broke into an uproar in response to Meng Hao's shocking words.

"License to kill?!?!?"

"The Blood Prince has... don't tell me he has a license to kill!?"

"Heavens, does the license to kill cover all cultivation bases?"

"He has so much power! The lives of all disciples are in his hands!"

On the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man stood there blankly. Next to him, the pretty young woman's eyes were wide and she was panting.

"Master, what's this license to kill all about?"

Without even thinking about it, the old man started to talk. "Ahem, there's no need to worry. I've lived for too long, and this is just a test, it won't..."

He was only about half way through his speech when he noticed his apprentice staring at him with a strange look in her eye. He cleared his throat again.

"Master, you said the same thing in the very beginning, except that Chang Yi got killed. You repeated yourself, and afterward the first mountain peak was crushed.... You said the same thing, after which, the second mountain peak and the fourth mountain peak took action.

"Now, you're saying the same thing yet again...." The young woman trailed off and didn't continue speaking.

In the same moment that her voice trailed off, Meng Hao waved his arm, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear and shoot toward the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

As it bore down on them, the three Demonfire Patriarchs' expressions were extremely serious. They immediately unleashed divine abilities. As for the Second Severing cultivator, he spit out a fireball that set the sea of blood aflame. Bloody fire roared up around him, rapidly transforming into the shape of a gigantic deer's head.

The deer's head was formed completely of fire, and it had two enormous antlers. It shot toward the incoming Ninth Mountain. As it flew through the air, the other two Demonfire Patriarchs combined their power to cause the body of a deer to form around them, which then connected to the deer head.

The massive, fully formed deer then hurdled toward the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain, emanating incredible ripples of Second Spirit Severing power that were only a hair away from the power of Third Severing!

Meng Hao's eyes glinted with coldness. Without hesitation, he waved his right hand, causing the power of his cultivation base to explode out. Fissures appeared in the air all around him, the wind surged and the clouds seethed. Rumbling sounds echoed about in all directions as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain suddenly expanded, doubling in size and might.

The increase caused an incredible pressure to radiate out. Inside the deer, the three Demonfire Patriarchs' faces filled with disbelief.

BOOM!

The Ninth Mountain slammed into the giant deer, sending a huge explosion blasting out in all directions. The deer was torn into pieces, and the three old men inside coughed up blood as they were sent spinning backward through the air. Their cultivation bases were in chaos, their faces pale, and their hearts surged with waves of shock.

"This is impossible!"

"He's so strong!! He wasn't even fazed by the combined power of all three of us!"

They weren't the only incredulous ones. All of the disciples in the Blood Demon Sect had similar reactions. Even Li Shiqi, who knew a bit about Meng Hao's cultivation base, was shocked.

She never expected Meng Hao to be powerful to such a terrifying level. After all, she only knew a bit about what had happened in the Black Sieve Sect.

Nobody knew the true level of Meng Hao's strength. Were it not for Patriarch Six-Daos, the Black Sieve Sect would have been completely annihilated.

The hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak had an incredibly serious look on his face, and his eyes shone with a strange light.

"I'm old," he muttered. "Really and truly old. I finally ran into one of those legendary inhumans, and yet didn't recognize it.... He's clearly a Dao Severing inhuman!"

"There is a rare type of cultivator whose lives are filled with such twists and turns that they either perish, or shock the Heavens! When they mature, they can slay the Dao Seeking stage, even when in the Spirit Severing stage!"

"People like that, are called... Dao Severing!"

"His ruthlessness has already turned into a Devilish will.... However, the Devilish and the Dao are linked. Both contain a will of persistence. Both are ultimate achievements!"

"The path of Dao Severing is a difficult one. Sever the Dao, become a Devil!"

"Of course, Devil Severing is another path, an even more difficult one. Sever the Devil, achieve the Dao!! Patriarch, is that why you made him the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect?"

"Dao Severing requires a Dao heart. Devil Severing requires a Devilish will!"

"I suddenly have a very strong desire... to be there the day he performs Devil Severing!"

"Sever the Devilish. Seek the Dao!" Even as the old man muttered to himself on the Fifth Mountain, his eyes grew bright, and he turned to look at Mount Blood Demon.

In Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon sat cross-legged in the Blood Pond. His eyes gleamed with abstruseness, within which infinite ancientness seemed to flow.

“Sever the Devilish,” he murmured. “Seek the Dao!

“Meng Hao, you can’t blame me. I planted the devilish seed within you, but the reason is that the path of the League of Demon Sealers is incorrect.... I will use my remaining years to help you mould your Devilish will, and then wait for you... to Sever the Devil....

“That is Dao Seeking!

“Sever the Devilish. Seek the Dao, then Sever the Immortal. What’s so difficult about that?!”

“When that time comes, you will have sown great Karma with the Demonic. When the day arrives in which you reach the true pinnacle... don’t forget your Demonic destiny.

“Wait for me, my sister, my friends. We will be meeting again soon.... Soon, I will be able to accompany you once more....” The aura of death which surrounded him continued to grow stronger.

Chapter 709: Blood Demon Grand Magic!

The enormous deer collapsed, and the three Demonfire Patriarchs were sent tumbling backward. Trembling, Patriarch Darkheaven’s Nascent Divinity attempted to flee with all the speed he could muster. His heart was currently filled with infinite regret, regret at the words he had spoken earlier.

He also felt incredible hatred toward the two Ironblood Patriarchs, and especially the now-dead Chang Yi. Were it not for them, he and the others wouldn’t be in such a tough situation now.

“Dammit, if I had known earlier that it would end up like this, I would never have provoked that jinx!”

“Why hasn’t the Patriarch appeared? Don’t tell me this Meng Hao is really going to kill all of us?!”

As they rushed to escape, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with coldness. He sped forward with unspeakable speed that caused the four cultivators’ scalps to go numb. As he neared, he began to unleash the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

As soon as the magic began to stir, a blood qi exploded up around him, and his right hand turned completely crimson, as if it were made of blood.

“The first stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

“The Qi and Blood stratum!”

Meng Hao stretched his hand out toward the three Demonfire Patriarchs and Patriarch Darkheaven’s Nascent Divinity. Although they were separated by dozens of meters, as soon as he reached his hand out, their bodies were surrounded by an enormous blood-colored vortex.

The shocking vortex began to rumble, and from a distance it actually didn’t look like a vortex at all, but rather, a gigantic hand!

The four cultivators were now stuck in the middle of the palm, and were unable to extricate themselves.

The faces of the four filled with even more intense shock than they had been. They could sense that because of the vortex, the qi and blood in their bodies was boiling. Furthermore, they couldn’t even control their cultivation bases; the more they tried, the more they found themselves unable to suppress the boiling.

Immediately, countless cries rang out through the Blood Demon Sect.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!!”

“This is the Blood Demon Grand Magic!!”

Countless disciples’ eyes gleamed with covetousness as they looked at Meng Hao.

“Only the Blood Prince is qualified to cultivate... the Blood Demon Grand magic!!”

“I can’t believe that the Blood Prince actually acquired the first stratum in only a single day!”

The disciples looked up at Meng Hao and the blood-colored vortex spinning in mid-air, and were filled with both shock as well as unprecedented levels of fanaticism.

There was no other magical technique that could inspire such a craze among the Blood Demon Sect's disciples like the Blood Demon Grand Magic did. After all, the Blood Demon Grand Magic was the number one magic in the entire Blood Demon Sect!

Once the Blood Demon Grand Magic was unleashed, the three Patriarchs began to struggle violently. Rumbling sounds could be heard as the power of their cultivation bases exploded out. However, it doesn't matter what they did; they were completely incapable of freeing themselves.

Their fleshly bodies began to wither as blood and Qi pulsed out from inside of them to be absorbed by the vortex and then fused into Meng Hao. His mind trembled as he sensed the power of his fleshly body shooting up at high speed!

As the qi fused into him, an intense sensation of strength rose up from deep within.

"So this is the Blood Demon Grand Magic!" he thought, his eyes shining with a strange light.

The three Demonfire Patriarchs howled.

"Nooo!! The power of my qi and blood! Dammit!"

"Stop! Meng Hao, if you slaughter members of your own sect, you'll meet a horrific end!"

"Patriarch Blood Demon, save me!!"

They were unable to prevent the qi and blood from flowing out of them, only to be replaced by a sensation of incredible weakness. The only one who wasn't affected was Patriarch Darkheaven, who had already been reduced to his Nascent Divinity; nevertheless, he was still frightened and astonished.

The entire scene was incredibly shocking to all the onlookers. Hovering in mid-air, Meng Hao lifted up his right arm and made a grasping motion toward the blood-colored hand, causing more pulses of qi and blood to emerge from the men in front of him, which he then absorbed.

“Do you submit, or not!?” he asked coolly.

“Never!!” cried one of the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

“We three Demonfire Patriarchs serve Patriarch Blood Demon! Do you really think we would submit to a trifling brat like you!?” In their rage, the three Demonfire Patriarchs continued to struggle to free themselves from the vortex, and yet were completely incapable.

Their bodies were visibly withering, their skin was smeared with blood. And yet, that did not leave them in despair. What truly left them without hope was... Patriarch Blood Demon still had not appeared.

That cleared up any doubts about one matter. The license to kill that Meng Hao mentioned truly did exist!

And even the lives of Spirit Severing Patriarchs were covered by it. That also made it obvious that... to Patriarch Blood Demon, no one in the entire Blood Demon Sect could compare to Meng Hao!

Because of that, the heart of the Demonfire Patriarch with the weakest cultivation base began to quiver. Blood was oozing out of him, and he could feel the shadow of death looming over him.

“I submit!!” he cried through gritted teeth. “I submit!! Blood Prince, I give you my allegiance!”

The other two Demonfire Patriarchs were furious.

“Third Brother, what are you doing!”

“How could you possibly give your allegiance to a brat like that!?!?”

His voice cool, Meng Hao said, “Swear a Dao oath.”

“You...” The Third Demonfire smiled bitterly, then looked over apologetically at the other two Demonfire Patriarchs. He had no choice but to submit to Meng Hao. The terror he felt because of

Meng Hao caused coldness to rise up from within the depths of his heart. That was especially true after he realized that Meng Hao... really could kill him.

It didn't matter that he was a Spirit Severing Patriarch of the Blood Demon Sect!

He really had no other option. He dared not rebel against the sect, and was already terrified of Patriarch Blood Demon. Adding one more terrifying person into the mix, especially since it was the Blood Prince, was something he could accept.

He quickly swore a Dao oath, after which the gravitational power of the vortex surrounding him ceased to affect him.

Because the Qi and Blood stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic now had one less person to split its power amongst, the other two Demonfire Patriarchs felt even more pressure than before. qi and blood flowed madly into Meng Hao. At the same time, he suddenly seemed to slip into a strange, indescribable state.

He suddenly sensed... a sort of boundless awareness that existed outside of the lands of South Heaven. It seemed to be faintly connected to the universe in myriad, uncountable ways.

"Is that Dao Seeking...?" thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering.

"I submit! I'll swear allegiance!!" roared the Second Demonfire Patriarch. He gritted his teeth and swore a Dao oath. His body was already extremely withered, and his energy almost completely depleted. If he tried to hold on any longer, his fleshly body would be crushed into dust.

Now that he swore allegiance, the most powerful of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, the Second Severing cultivator, was alone. His body was stained red from blood, and rips could even be seen in his skin. Clearly, he was on the verge of collapsing.

"I submit!!" he said, letting out a long sigh. Under the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he had no other choice but to submit. He too was incredibly intimidated by Meng Hao, whom he was simply unable to contend against whether it was in terms of cultivation or combat skills.

As soon as the Demonfire Patriarch submitted and offered up his Dao oath, Meng Hao's eyes flashed over to Patriarch Darkheaven, who had been sucked into the vortex. Though the vortex had

no effect on him due to his lack of a physical body, his whole body shuddered when Meng Hao's gaze landed on his body and he hastily squeaked, "I submit too!!"

When the leadership of the second and fourth mountain peaks submitted, the hunchbacked old man on the fifth peak raised his voice and called out, "I am Yuan Daozi! I offer my respects, Blood Prince!"

Behind him, the pretty young woman was looking at Meng Hao with ardor burning in her eyes. She immediately dropped to her knees and kowtowed, as did all of the disciples on the fifth mountain peak.

"Respects, Blood Prince!"

Up in mid-air, the three Demonfire Patriarchs as well as Patriarch Darkheaven unhesitatingly clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Respects, Blood Prince!"

The fourth mountain peak, the second, the first, all of the 200,000 disciples of the Blood Demon Sect joined their voices together. It far exceeded the sound of the combined voices of the 50,000 disciples of the first mountain peak. The massive sound waves exploded out, shaking everything.

As he hovered in mid-air, Meng Hao waved a hand, causing the blood-colored vortex to vanish. At the same time, the absorption of any qi and blood ceased.

"I can't waste any of it," he thought. "I need to see exactly how powerful this Blood Demon Grand Magic is." A strange light appeared in his eyes, and he clenched his fist. Then, he focused all of the power of the qi and blood he had absorbed into a single blow aimed at the sky.

Bright colors flashed, and a huge roaring sound filled the air as Meng Hao's fist shot out. The sky shook, and the air was rent by rifts. An enormous black hole appeared in mid-air, which then transformed into a twisting beam of light that shot off into the void.

From a distance, it almost looked like a black dragon, incomparably vicious, with a desire to cause the fall of the Heavens.

The rip in the Heavens emanated an aura that left even the Spirit Severing cultivators trembling. These were the vibrations of Dao Seeking!

Everyone was shocked to the core, even the Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

“That attack... contained the will of Dao Seeking!”

“That was comparable to the early Dao Seeking stage!” As of this moment, everyone was completely convinced of Meng Hao’s qualifications, and no one dared to show him even the slightest scrap of disrespect.

As for the ordinary disciples, they were in awe to the point of fanaticism, and cries to the Blood Prince echoed out with increasing intensity.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He had viewed the Blood Demon Grand Magic as incredible before, but as of now, he realized that it was actually far more powerful than he had ever imagined!

“This art far exceeds the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal. It’s probably on the same level as the mysterious Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“And this is only the first stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic! If I can cultivate it all the way through the third level and the fourth, thus unleashing the great circle of the second stratum, then I can summon ten vortexes!

“The hand formed by those ten vortexes would have the power to absorb cultivation bases!

“If I can complete the fifth and sixth levels, which is the third stratum, the Blood Soul stratum... according to the description of the technique, the sky will turn the color of blood, and the Heavens will transform into an enormous hand that can wrest away souls!

“No wonder Patriarch Blood Demon said that if I can reach the fourth level, I can slay Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect!

“When I reach the fourth level, the great circle of the Spirit Meridians second stratum, then I can definitely strike down the early Dao Seeking stage!

“This art, is a Demon magic!” He looked up in the direction of the Black Sieve Sect, and the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger. Deep in his heart, even more ruthlessness took hold, and his devilish will grew stronger.

“Of the magic that I cultivate, the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal can strengthen my fleshly body, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic along with the Blood Immortal divine abilities can act as my trump cards.

“Furthermore, by fusing the Black White Pearls with the Ninth Mountain, I have created my own divine ability!

“Now... all I have to do is cultivate the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, and I can form a true self clone!

“When all of them have reached the great circle, then I will definitely be able to find enlightenment regarding my Third Severing!”

Chapter 710: Xu Qing Awakens

[/expand]

Meng Hao hovered in mid-air. Up above was the massive rift ripped in the sky, the sight of which was incredibly shocking.

The surrounding Blood Demon Sect disciples, regardless of who they were, looked at Meng Hao with trembling minds and hearts. As of this moment, he had everyone’s complete attention.

Even the sect’s Spirit Severing cultivators felt awe in their hearts, an awe that was now permanently branded there.

The complete and utter silence that filled the Blood Demon Sect was suddenly broken by an archaic voice that echoed out from the centrally-located Mount Blood Demon.

The voice, hoarse and filled with the feeling of countless ages of time, filled the entire Blood Demon Sect, and was heard by all disciples.

“Meng Hao was originally a scholar, born three hundred years ago in the State of Zhao in the Southern Domain...”

“By chance, he began to walk the path of cultivation. He had a Perfect Foundation with ten Dao Pillars, and slew Core Formation cultivators!”

The voice, of course, belonged to Patriarch Blood Demon. As it echoed about, all of the cultivators of the Blood Demon Sect listened intently. When the State of Zhao was mentioned, Wang Youcai’s expression was one of reminiscence. After all, the State of Zhao was his hometown, too.

“Later, he made his way to the Southern Domain. In the Song Clan’s search for a son-in-law, he clinched victory in the competition, but then abandoned his status as a son-in-law of the Song Clan to join the Violet Fate Sect!

“In the Violet Fate Sect, his skill in pill concocting reached the highest of levels. He was promoted to Violet Furnace Lord, and became known as... Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!”

By the time these words rang out in the Blood Demon Sect, the silence was impossible to maintain. Gasps could be heard, and a massive commotion erupted. Once again, all eyes came to focus on Meng Hao, who hovered there calmly in mid-air.

“Meng Hao... I remember now! Meng Hao was Grandmaster Pill Cauldron back in the Violet Fate Sect!”

“Heavens! Last year I went to an auction where a pill marked with Grandmaster Pill Cauldron’s emblem was sold at an astronomical price!”

“It’s him!! Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!!”

“I remember! Meng Hao caused a huge disaster that year, and then just disappeared!”

People were now staring at him with even more fervor than before. Earlier, they had submitted to Meng Hao’s cultivation base, but now, his experiences were shaking them, filling them with incredible admiration.

Li Shiqi gazed silently at Meng Hao as images of all the past events flitted through her mind.

“In Foundation Establishment, he could vanquish Core Formation. In Core Formation, he could slay Nascent Soul. All of you have heard stories about Meng Hao over the years. He left the Southern Domain and went to the Black Lands, where he quickly rose to prominence. He entered the Western Desert, where he single-handedly led his tribe out of the Violet Rain Apocalypse. He slaughtered countless enemies and his name rocked the Western Desert!

“Later, he sank to the bottom of the Violet Sea, the waters of which have the power to decay all living things. It was on the seafloor that he gained enlightenment of a great Dao and entered the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!”

Patriarch Blood Demon’s voice was as ancient as ever. When all the disciples heard his words, it gave rise to massive waves of shock. They stared in disbelief at Meng Hao; to them, his experiences were the stuff of legend.

Even the previously hostile Legacy Apprentices of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs were now staring at Meng Hao with awe and fanaticism.

“He’s done so many things!”

“Compared to him, our lives are soft and easy! Sure, we might kill a few people here and there, but compared to him... our experiences aren’t even worth mentioning!”

Meng Hao said nothing. Hearing Patriarch Blood Demon recount his experiences was almost like listening to the stories of a stranger. However, he wasn’t surprised that Patriarch Blood Demon knew so much about him.

“When Meng Hao was in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, he battled with a First Severing cultivator. In a war that rocked the Black Lands and shocked the Western Desert, he exterminated the man’s entire tribe.

“The war didn’t last long, nor did word of it spread very far, before he left for the ancient Demon Immortal Sect!

“As for the details of what happened there, I’m not entirely clear. One thing I do know... the events that occurred there because of him were nothing short of incredible!

“After leaving the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, Meng Hao encountered the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, a peak Dao Seeking expert. Meng Hao slew his clone, and was then forced to go to the Milky Way Sea. After multiple encounters, his cultivation base was stolen away, and he became mortal!!”

At this point in the tale, gasps rang out. The listening disciples could scarcely believe what they were hearing. What they had heard before already left them with the sensation that Meng Hao’s experiences were a legend, but then the story encountered an even more shocking twist.

“He... became mortal?!”

“He lost his cultivation base? He made an enemy of a Dao Seeking expert? The Blood Prince... he’s incredible!”

“He lost his cultivation base? But look at him now! He’s obviously incredibly fierce and valiant. What happened in the meantime?”

The buzz of conversation filled the air. The three Demonfire Patriarchs were gobsmacked, and Patriarch Darkheaven was staring at Meng Hao with an expression of intense astonishment. As for the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak, his eyes radiated a strange glow.

The pretty young woman next to him, as well as the other Legacy Apprentices, were hearing the story of Meng Hao for the first time. All of them were panting as they looked up at him floating there calmly in mid-air. Gradually, they began to realize that there was something about him that seemed... lonesome.

Wang Youcai was staring at Meng Hao in a daze. He was aware of the rest of the story, although he wasn’t sure of all the details.

Meng Hao continued his silence. He wasn’t surprised that Patriarch Blood Demon even knew about his encounters with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch in the Milky Way Sea. What happened in the Black Sieve Sect showed that.

Clearly, Patriarch Blood Demon was not holding back anything about Meng Hao. He revealed everything he knew.

“After becoming mortal, Meng Hao chose to go to the Rebirth Cave!

“There, his beloved chose to give up everything for him. In the end, he was reborn. He performed his Second Severing, becoming the number one figure under Dao Seeking. As for his beloved, she was captured by the Black Sieve Sect!

“Meng Hao, acting alone, slaughtered his way into the sect. He killed tens of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples, including several Spirit Severing Cultivators. In the end, he fought with the Black Sieve Sect’s number one Patriarch, Six-Daos!

“I intervened in that battle, which is how the Blood Demon Sect came to have a new Blood Prince, Meng Hao!

“This is his story. Who among you... choose not to submit?” As the echoes of Patriarch Blood Demon’s archaic voice faded away, the heart of each and every disciple surged with waves of shock.

They were completely shaken by hearing of Meng Hao’s experiences. The shocking path which he had walked, as well as his cultivation base, filled them with intense zealotry.

In their astonishment, the three Demonfire Patriarchs and Patriarch Darkheaven now understood everything.

As for the seven Legacy Apprentices of Patriarch Darkheaven on the second mountain peak, the fan-wielding young man on the fourth mountain peak, and the pretty girl on the fifth mountain peak, they gazed at Meng Hao with minds and hearts reeling.

They now clearly understood how powerful Meng Hao was, and it filled them with a terror that far exceeded that which any other Chosen could impart.

To them, this was not just a matter of Meng Hao being worthy of becoming Blood Prince. In fact, few sects could ever have a Sect Prince like this.

A person like him could actually found his own Sect!

One by one, everyone began to clasp hands and bow to Meng Hao.

“Blood Prince, we offer our respects!”

Meng Hao’s cultivation base had crushed anyone who refused to bow their head in submission. The recounting of his experiences had shocked the hearts of anyone who inwardly refused to acknowledge him. Patriarch Blood Demon’s words ensured that Meng Hao was now truly worthy to be... Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!

Meng Hao said nothing. He waved his right hand, causing the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain to vanish. At the same time, the Nascent Divinities of the two Ironblood Patriarchs were released. Meng Hao had not truly wiped them out of existence.

Their Nascent Divinities trembled; from their position within the Black White Pearls, they had seen everything that had happened, and had also heard Patriarch Blood Demon’s words. Currently, they didn’t even have the tiniest intention of provoking Meng Hao. Quite the opposite. They were filled with deep awe, and went along with everyone else to bow to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s gaze swept across the crowds. Then, he turned silently and made his way off into the distance. He did not choose to occupy one of the mountains within the area of the five mountain peaks. Instead, he chose to occupy a beautiful valley on the outside.

The valley had no name, but after Meng Hao occupied it, the blood Demon Sect disciples came to view it as a Holy Land second only to Patriarch Blood Demon’s mountain peak.

There were plenty of disciples who were more than happy to stand guard outside, transforming the valley into one of the most important locations in the Blood Demon Sect.

Because of Meng Hao, Wang Youcai became even more famous in the Blood Demon Sect. In fact, the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak personally appeared to take him as an apprentice.

As a result, Wang Youcai became a Legacy Apprentice of the fifth mountain peak, a position far higher than what he had occupied before.

As for the valley Meng Hao occupied, the Blood Demon Sect disciples secretly began to refer to it as... Blood Prince Gorge.

The Blood Prince liked peace and quiet, and therefore no one dared to enter Blood Prince Gorge unless they were summoned.

Time passed. Nine nine-day-cycles later, on the eighty-first day, Meng Hao sat in his log cabin in the valley. The fragrance of flowers drifted through the air, and green grass carpeted the entire area. It was like a utopia hidden away from the turmoil of the world.

A woman lay in front of Meng Hao, her eyes closed. She was beautiful, and she radiated the aura of an Immortal spirit. Her skin was as pure as flawless white jade.

Meng Hao looked down at her and continued to wait patiently.

Around dusk, the woman's eyelashes trembled, as if she were gathering the strength to awaken. A moment later, she slowly... opened her eyes.

At first, her eyes were filled with a confused look, as if countless memories were streaming into her mind. The process continued for a long moment before finally, the blankness vanished and transformed into lucidity. It was then that she realized that someone was sitting next to her, looking at her with warmth in his eyes.... Meng Hao.

Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao, and smiled a warm, beautiful smile.

She slowly sat up, and then reached out to stroke the side of Meng Hao's face.

"It feels wonderful to wake up...."

Meng Hao looked back at her and also smiled. However, it was a smile that, deep down, contained sadness. He knew that what he was experiencing now could last no more than ninety-nine years.

"I won't leave this valley for the next ninety-nine years," Xu Qing said. "I'll accompany you... until the time for reincarnation comes."