

# The Heavens 731

## Chapter 731: Essence of The Divine Flame!

Beneath the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, in that world within a world, at the very top of the altar in the second level, Meng Hao moved forward.

The parrot gave a cold snort as it faded away. The white-colored overseer sighed with relief, then looked over at Meng Hao, clearly displeased, but incapable of doing anything about it.

“You got lucky, but you passed,” the white-colored overseer said slowly. “As of now, you have two options. You may leave, or proceed onward to the third level!”

“Up to now, no one has ever passed through the third level. Therefore, no one has ever been able to inherit the essence of the Divine Flame. Now, make your decision.”

Meng Hao muttered to himself for a moment. He still had his Eternal stratum, which meant that although he wasn't completely indestructible, he was still completely unique in the lands of South Heaven.

That was a trump card, something he could use to rise back up from the clutches of death when in battle.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time right now. If he got stuck in the third level, a hundred years could go by in a flash. Although, he wasn't quite resigned to giving up on trying to pass the level.

He suddenly looked up at the white-colored overseer. “Senior, I remember you saying that a valuable treasure would be given as a reward for passing the second level.”

The white-colored overseer's eyelids twitched as if it didn't want to respond. It waved its right hand, instantly causing a pitchfork to appear.

It was pitch black, and completely unimposing. It did emanate a Dao Seeking aura, but in this world where there were no natural laws, the aura was not very powerful.

Even the white-colored overseer realized that it was being stingy. “A Dao Seeking item, a valuable treasure,” it explained.

According to the ancient treaty, it was actually supposed to produce all of the clan’s valuable treasures and allow anyone who passed through the second level to pick one of their choosing. However, their clan had always been a stingy one. Even the two that had passed from the first wave of people to come here before Meng Hao had only been given an option to take one of three items.

It was a loophole in the agreement, but the overseer did not feel that it was breaking the treaty.

Meng Hao’s face was the same as ever as he looked the pitchfork over. It was obvious to him that the white-colored overseer was displeased with him, and his eyes glittered.

“According to the ancient treaty, it can be assumed that you can offer a better treasure than this, senior. Perhaps you can give me a few options to select from.”

“Forget about it!” was the reply, accompanied by a cold snort.

“In that case, senior, I will pass on the item. However, I have two small requirements....” The white-colored overseer immediately put the pitchfork away. In truth, even giving that away was something it wasn’t quite willing to do.

Meng Hao licked his lips and continued, “I noticed that outside in the first level, there were many mountains. They were all made up of various magical items and treasures, many of which were Spirit Severing treasures. How about this, senior. I’ll just take 100,000 Spirit Severing magical items. What do you think, sir...?”

The white-colored juggernaut stared with wide eyes. The reason it didn’t wish to part with the Dao Seeking treasures was that they contained their own natural law within them, and were extremely valuable. As for Spirit Severing treasures, they were far inferior.

“100,000? Are you trying to rob me? 10 at the most!”

“90,000! It can’t be any less, senior. I just gave up a Dao Seeking treasure, you know....”

“Hey... Spirit Severing magical items are equally valuable! At the most, I can give you 100!”

“Senior, how can you be like that? After all, I just passed through the second level. The lowest I can go is 80,000 magical items. On the outside, Spirit Severing treasures are incredibly common. Furthermore, I want a chance to poke my head into the third level to see what it’s like.”

“Well... you did make it through the second level, but....”

The two bickered for a while, and in the end, the white-colored overseer gave Meng Hao 5,000 Spirit Severing magical items. Furthermore, Meng Hao was to be allowed one chance to step into the third level.

After they finished negotiating, the white-colored overseer grimly waved his arm, causing two vortexes to appear. One was the exit, the other was the entrance to the third level.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a look of resolve appeared in his eyes. He immediately transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the third level’s vortex. Just as he was about to enter, the altar rumbled; Lu Bai had entered the third floor and was beginning to fight himself.

Meng Hao looked back, then paid no further heed as he vanished into the third level.

As soon as he stepped foot inside, he found that he was not in a land of flames. Everything around him was quiet. He saw a blood-colored field that was surrounded by enormous structures. They were pagodas that looked like spikes driven into the earth.

The grass in the world was completely white.

There was no wind, and yet the grass swayed back and forth.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he surveyed his surroundings, and he muttered to himself for a moment before sending his divine sense out.

It quickly covered an enormous area.

“990,000 pagodas!

“Countless bleached bones!

“The 990,000 pagodas seem to form a colossal spell formation!

“There’s a city!”

Meng Hao’s divine sense detected the 99,000 densely packed pagodas, which were arranged around a gigantic city.

The city was pitch black and overrun by white grass. A flame spark hovered in mid-air, seemingly an endlessly burning fire that sent resplendent light out into the entire world.

Almost in the same instant that Meng Hao sent his divine sense out to the limit, he suddenly heard a roar.

“Dao Fang, you must die!!

“You killed me, Dao Fang, and if I’m reincarnated, I’ll definitely kill you!

“The Immortal World is doomed to experience tribulation! The Immortal lands will grow old, and the Immortals will perish! But I refuse to give in!!

“I know the truth! No matter how long you suppress me, I won’t admit defeat!

“Damned monkey! If I can get free, I’ll have your hide!

“If I’m transmigrated, I will slaughter myself out of this place! If my transmigration fails, I will fall into oblivion like all other living things, with virtually no hope of reawakening even after countless cycles of reincarnation. Therefore, I will leave a Dharmic decree for this place!

“My decree contains the essence of my Dao flame, the last vestige of me, Huoyan Zi. I hope that countless years later, that vestige will still exist!”

Meng Hao's mind was reeling; it felt as if a sharp sword was stabbing into his brain, preparing to split apart his body and shred his soul. Blood oozed from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He staggered backward, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

A rumbling filled him, and he felt as if his body might explode. Thankfully, his Eternal stratum immediately pulled everything back together. However, that omnipresent divine sense and resentful will raged as madly as ever. The sensation of grave danger that he felt grew even stronger.

He looked around in shock at the world around him, backing up at top speed all the while. The divine sense filling this world closed in on him again, and he immediately leaped out of the third level.

When he emerged, he was back in the second level coughing up blood, his face pale and breath ragged. From what he had heard, he could tell that what he had encountered was a shred of will.

However, despite the fact that it was only a shred of will, it was still able to injure him instantly. This was terrifying to a degree that thoroughly astonished him.

"Failure," said the white-colored overseer, its voice cool. "No one has ever successfully passed the third level."

"What is that place...?" asked Meng Hao, looking over at the overseer.

"Only those who pass the third level are qualified to know the answer to that question. You may leave now.

"Remember, if you speak to anyone of the things that occurred in this place, you will meet with great calamity." The white-robed overseer gave him a meaningful look.

Meng Hao didn't respond. He looked back down at the altar, and Lu Bai on the third floor. Without another word, he clasped hands and bowed to the white-colored overseer, then stepped into the exit vortex.

In the blink of an eye, he vanished.

The white-colored overseer hovered in mid-air looking at the spot where Meng Hao had left through the vortex, a profound, ancient look in its eyes.

In the lands of South Heaven, not too far way from the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, was a valley in the mountains. A brilliant, glittering light rose up in the valley, a teleportation spell. Suddenly, Meng Hao appeared within the light.

As soon as he appeared, the teleportation spell vanished.

“I snatched the true Immortal’s soul, and a lot of people saw,” he thought. “Word will spread.... I need to get back to the Blood Demon Sect as quickly as possible!” His eyes glittered as he flew into the air, slapping his bag of holding to produce the war chariot.

Once in the war chariot, rumbling could be heard as it sped off into the distance.

Meanwhile, at almost the exact moment that Meng Hao reappeared, an old man sat cross-legged in a restricted area of Mount Solitary Sword in the Solitary Sword Sect. In front of him, nine pearls circulated in the air, apparently rotating in accord with some natural law. Suddenly, one of the pearls began to glow brightly.

The old man’s eyes opened and he looked at the pearl. There were many images within the pearl, but one of them was Meng Hao teleporting out into the region near the Dao Lakes.

“So, he finally reappears!” The old man vanished.

In the Golden Frost Sect was a pool of water, next to which sat the peak Dao Seeking Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect. As he gazed into the water, ripples suddenly spread out over the surface of the pool. The ripples seemed to conceal mysteries of Heaven and Earth, mysteries that others would never be able to comprehend. However, an image of Meng Hao actually materialized in the reflections within the Patriarch’s eyes.

In the Li Clan, in a restricted area, a cold voice suddenly rang out. “The soul of a true Immortal is not something that a tiny Spirit Severing cultivator may possess!”

The voice caused Heaven and Earth to distort, and a shocking energy shot out in all directions.

At the same time, Meng Hao was detected by the withered, half-bodied old man in the Song Clan. He suddenly opened his eyes from meditation.

“True Immortal’s soul.... However, the person who snatched it was Meng Hao....” He hesitated for a moment, then closed his eyes to meditate.

In the Violet Fate Sect, everything was quiet. No aura spread out, nor did any ripples appear. However, a brilliant light appeared in the enormous statue of Reverend Violet East, as it stared off into the distance.

The formerly calm and peaceful Southern Domain was suddenly stirred into commotion by the appearance of Meng Hao. To peak Dao Seeking experts, the soul of a true Immortal was something incredibly precious. So precious, in fact, that they would do anything in their power to get it.

In the Black Sieve Sect, Patriarch Six-Daos let out a miserable shriek. His cultivation base had already degraded to the border of the mid Dao Seeking stage. Soon, it would drop further, and he would be in the early Dao Seeking stage.

“I can’t accept this! Blood Demon Sect, you must be destroyed! Meng Hao... you shall die!”

At some point, dark clouds had appeared above the Southern Domain in many locations. Lightning danced, and thunder crackled. The sun was covered up, casting the lands into darkness. Huge raindrops the size of beans began to plop down....

Chapter 732: The Blood Prince Returns!

The rain appeared not because the clouds layered top of each other, building up to a critical pressure. Rather, it was the passage of people forcibly tunneling through the cloudy sky that caused them to collapse in on themselves and shed rain prematurely.

At the moment, three peak Dao Seeking eccentrics were shooting toward Meng Hao’s location. Their speed was such that they appeared near the Ancient Dao Lakes shortly after Meng Hao stepped foot into the war chariot.

They did not reveal their physical appearances, but their aura was clear. It only took a moment for them to pick up traces of Meng Hao’s passing, after which they shot after him in pursuit.

Of course, they had never imagined that Meng Hao would actually be equipped with something that could achieve the terrifying speed of the war chariot.

Meng Hao pushed as fast as possible. In the blink of an eye, he was far away from the Ancient Dao Lakes, and was nearing the border of Blood Demon Sect territory. At this point, he took a deep breath and went even faster. Behind him, a rumbling like thunder could be heard as a pair of emaciated hands ripped a massive hole in the air. From within emerged a red-haired old man.

He was big and tall, and sparks of electricity arced around his body. Rumbling filled the air as soon as he appeared, as if he were a god.

Off to his right, a sword aura appeared, seemingly capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. A black-robed old man stepped out from within the sword aura.

Further off in the distance, the peak Dao Seeking cultivator from the Li Clan, their 3rd Patriarch, proceeded along, accompanied by booms like thunder. The full power of his cultivation base was on display. As he flew, orbs of ghostly flame twinkled around him, blazing up into the sky.

When these three people appeared, Meng Hao's face fell. Each of them were comparable in power to the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch when they fought years ago. The instant the three appeared, the war chariot rumbled, and countless fierce beasts appeared. Everything trembled, and Meng Hao shot off into the distance.

He moved with such speed that he disappeared in the blink of an eye. The three Dao Seeking cultivators began to pursue him.

Suddenly, from another direction, a deranged old man flew beneath the clouds, laughing maniacally as the rain soaked him.

“Hahaha! Immortal Ascension.... Immortal Ascension....” His foolish laughter seemed to contain a hint of lucidity. His body flickered, and he vanished.

Meng Hao's war chariot moved with incredible speed, but his three pursuers moved as fast as lightning. As they got closer and closer, the sense of danger in Meng Hao's mind grew more intense.

However, killing intent could also be seen in his eyes, along with ruthlessness and fury.



And yet, he did not slow down or stop. His cultivation base was no match for a peak Dao Seeking opponent, and he did not want to risk losing his Eternal Dao foundation! Nevertheless, the distance between him and his pursuers continued to shrink!!

“Faster! Must go faster!” he thought with an internal roar. Behind him, the three Dao Seeking experts raised their hands and pointed in Meng Hao’s direction. All of a sudden, a cold snort echoed out from up above.

“SCREW OFF!!” said a voice that was ancient and yet also filled with boundless aggressiveness. As soon as the voice rang out, the sky turned crimson, and the land transformed into a sea of blood. Patriarch Blood Demon suddenly appeared between Meng Hao and the Dao Seeking experts.

His words caused rumbling to echo throughout the heavens, and groaning creaks to issue forth from the land itself as everything to turn the color of blood. A roar rose up from the ground that transformed into a shockwave which sped toward the incoming three cultivators.

The three men all used various methods. The red-haired old man lifted his hand up then dropped it down in a palm strike. 10,000 bolts of red lightning smashed down, yet the old man was forced to stop in place, his face flickering.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect had a gaze that was like a sword. The air around him rumbled and then shattered as he suddenly stopped in place.

As for the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, who wore a brocaded garment and had flowing white hair, his body emanated a powerful energy, and an illusory sun and moon circulated around him. He fought back against Patriarch Blood Demon’s attack, too, but issued a muffled grunt as he was also stopped in place.

Meng Hao let loose a sigh of relief, then put away the war chariot. He stood next to Patriarch Blood Demon, staring coldly at his three pursuers.

The three old men’s gazes were just as cold as they looked at Patriarch Blood Demon and then began to speak.

“Blood Demon, hand over the soul of the true Immortal!”

“Hand over the true Immortal’s soul! Let the matter drop! You can’t fight back against the entire Southern Domain!”

“Take it out and we’ll decide here and now who it belongs to. In fact, we can even take turns sharing it. Blood Demon, give us your answer, or else....”

Of course, inwardly, all three feared Patriarch Blood Demon, especially after the battle at the Black Sieve Sect.

“Or else what...?” replied Patriarch Blood Demon.

“Or else you’re instigating war with the entire Southern Domain!”

“The Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Li Clan... and especially the Black Sieve Sect will all be happy to join forces to invade you. If that happens, you’d better prepare your Blood Demon Sect to be exterminated!”

“Four great powers of the Southern Domain can easily destroy the very foundation of the Blood Demon Sect. Blood Demon, don’t do anything to bring ruin down on yourself!”

Having heard all of this, Meng Hao’s heart was trembling. Although he had made his own appraisal of the value of the true Immortal’s soul, he had never imagined that it was so valuable that it could instigate a great war in the Southern Domain.

Meng Hao looked at Patriarch Blood Demon. He didn’t want the soul of the true Immortal that he had snatched to draw everyone into a war. “Patriarch,” he began, “I don’t mind....”

“There’s no need to say anything,” said Patriarch Blood Demon, his voice placid. “You took it, so it belongs to you. That true Immortal’s soul will be of great use. How can you even think of giving it away?” His gaze then swept over the three other cultivators, and he laughed coldly.

“As for the rest of you... SCREW OFF!”

“Blood Demon!” they shouted. Their faces flickered with various emotions, and they stared fixedly at Patriarch Blood Demon. Finally, eyes flickering, they turned and vanished.

“Patriarch,” said Meng Hao, “if you need this true Immortal’s soul, it’s yours....” His heart was still trembling a bit. Suddenly he realized that Patriarch Blood Demon seemed somewhat different than he had been before.

“Don’t worry,” said Patriarch Blood Demon, shaking his head. “I’ll handle everything. As for the soul of the true Immortal.... It wouldn’t be of much use to me. I’m afraid it wouldn’t be of much help to your master, Pill Demon, either. In the future, let him study it for a bit, and that will do.”

“My master?” said Meng Hao, gaping. Of course, he was unaware of the matter of Pill Demon’s Spirit Severing and Dao Seeking.

“You’ll understand the details later.” With that, Patriarch Blood Demon flicked his sleeve, sweeping up Meng Hao and vanishing into thin air. When they reappeared, they were back in the Blood Demon Sect.

As soon as the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect saw him, they began to speak excitedly.

“Blood Prince!”

“The Blood Prince is back!”

“Greetings, Blood Prince!”

Patriarch Darkheaven and the five other Patriarchs all flew down from their mountain peaks to greet Meng Hao with excited expressions.

“Congratulations on your return, Blood Prince!”

On the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man smiled and then bowed toward Meng Hao with clasped hands.

Wang Youcai rose to his feet from his place at the mouth of the valley and looked over at Meng Hao. Xu Qing was his Elder Sister, and he had grown up with Meng Hao. Although Wang Youcai

had become grimmer because of his violent surroundings, there were some fundamental aspects to his personality that would never change.

When Meng Hao wasn't present, he would protect the valley with his life. What he was protecting were his memories, and the last vestiges of a once wonderful life that existed inside of him.

Xu Qing walked out from the valley and smiled up at Meng Hao, who hovered overhead.

When her gaze met his, it became a memory that would last for an eternity.

Chapter 733: On the Eve of War in the Southern Domain

Patriarch Blood Demon looked at Meng Hao, smiled, then faded away into thin air. Yet another clone....

Meng Hao turned to look at Mount Blood Demon, and a warm feeling rose in his heart. For the first time, he felt as if the Blood Demon Sect was his home.

Welcoming voices surrounded him as he returned to Blood Prince Gorge. Xu Qing had alcohol warmed and waiting, and she immediately filled a cup for him. They looked into each other's eyes for a long time before speaking.

Ten days passed in the blink of an eye. Now that he was back in Blood Prince Gorge, he felt separate from the world. He had Xu Qing to accompany him, and the days were wonderful. Suns rose, suns set.

Patriarch Blood Demon honored his promise to Meng Hao. Aware that Meng Hao had reached the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he had a cane sent over.

The cane was crafted from bone, and was pitch black. When he held it in his hand, Meng Hao felt icy coldness pulsating out into his body. In addition, the Demon Sealing Jade in his bag of holding began to glow, spontaneously flew out of the bag, and circulated around the bone cane.

After a moment, it actually fused into the cane, and the two apparently become one.

Simultaneously, something like memories flooded into Meng Hao's mind. They were vague, almost as if someone were whispering them to him. Many of the things the voice said were indistinct and unintelligible, but there was one sentence that was crystal clear.

“Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Karmic Hex!”

Use Demonic qi to hex Karma, slaughter anything formed from five elements, and exterminate to the highest Heavens!

Meng Hao's mind trembled. The Demon Sealers had a multitude of magical arts, but the eight Demon Sealing Hexes were considered their primary abilities. Each one was personally crafted by a previous generation of Demon Sealers and were shockingly powerful.

However, the various hexes had not been passed on and had, for the most part, been lost over the years. It was only by coincidence that Meng Hao was able to acquire the Eighth Hex. Now, by means of this bone cane, he had acquired the Seventh Hex!

He quickly immersed himself in gaining enlightenment of the Karma of the Seventh Hex. Thankfully, he already understood a bit about Karma; therefore, he was able to cultivate the Seventh Hex without any obstacles, albeit a bit slowly.

As he practiced his cultivation, the rest of the Southern Domain made quite a contrast to the calm and quiet of the Blood Demon Sect. The Southern Domain was boiling.

The Solitary Sword Sect was fully prepared for war. Countless disciples had been recalled from all corners of the Southern Domain, and the sect was now like a shocking, unsheathed sword, ready for battle.

They even produced precious treasures that could seal the fates of entire sects. After refining the treasures, they floated up in mid-air above the sect, casting about radiant, multicolored light and incredible energy.

Anyone could tell that the Solitary Sword Sect... was about to march to war!

In addition to the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect was also preparing for war. All eighteen of their great spell formations were fully operational. Clearly, they had activated the spell formations in order to protect the sect in preparation for war.

The Golden Frost Sect disciples were nervous. They had heard bits of news here and there that slowly formed together into a more accurate version of recent events. Fatty was getting quite anxious, although he hid it well. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to prevent what was happening.

Of the three great clans, the Wang Clan was no more. The Li Clan was now in the position of prominence. The killing intent of the Li Clan members surged high as they prepared for war.

In the Black Sieve Sect, Patriarch Six-Daos didn't hesitate at all after he received the invitation. He immediately responded in the affirmative.

In recent days, the full power of the Black Sieve Sect was focused on mobilizing discarnate souls, as well as the full power of their Dao Reserve. 193 coffins were brought in, all of which were to be used in battle.

At the same time, the medicinal pills, spell formations, and magical items needed for warfare were purchased in large quantities by all four of the great powers. All of these things caused rumors to spread like wildfire across the Southern Domain.

“There's going to be a war!”

“The sects and clans haven't mobilized like this in ages. I just wonder who they will be going to war against!?”

“The Blood Demon Sect for sure!”

The cultivators of the Southern Domain were alarmed by the developments. However, there were also some rogue cultivators who saw opportunity. When the four great powers began to recruit rogue cultivators, many joined because of the potential benefits.

The Violet Fate Sect maintained silence on the matter. Because of their relationship with Meng Hao, they did not join the group of four powers. The four great powers, of course, understood this, and did not expect to form any alliance with the Violet Fate Sect.

However, what they wanted to prevent was the Violet Fate Sect coming to the aid of the Blood Demon Sect.

As far as the Song Clan was concerned, the four great powers were rather confused to find that they also maintained silence, and would not join the alliance.

When an entire region goes to war, it cannot be done secretly. A properly conducted war requires much preparation, preparation that cannot be completed quickly. The preparations for war often create a stifling pressure that influences everyone, and is even more intense than the actual war itself.

As a result, in the Blood Demon Sect, taciturn silence was becoming more common and frequent.

Based on what was happening in the outside world, it was obvious that the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, Black Sieve Sect, Li Clan, and large numbers of rogue cultivators were preparing to go to war with the Blood Demon Clan!

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators were coming to wipe them out!

Such pressure from the outside world weighed down on the Blood Demon Sect disciples, causing them to grow more and more dour. Even more so, killing intent began to radiate out from the depths of their marrow.

They were Blood Demon Sect disciples, and they behaved like Demons. Furthermore, the name of their sect had the character 'blood 血' in it! How could such a thing not be terrifying!?

Of course, they were getting ready for the coming war too, and the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak was in charge of all the preparations.

In Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao could also sense the pressure. He knew that all of this was happening because of the true Immortal's soul. In fact, he actually attempted to hand the soul over. However, Patriarch Blood Demon once again refused.

“What's yours is yours. I brought you here to be the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect, and I'm responsible for you!

“If I allow some bystander to snatch away something that belongs to you, then what’s to prevent them from taking things from other disciples? How could the Blood Demon Sect stand for such a humiliation?!”

“I might be old, but I still need to maintain face! If they want war, we’ll give them war!”

When Meng Hao heard this, his eyes began to glow with a strange light, which gradually transformed into determination. By this point, he didn’t care how it was that he came to be in the Blood Demon Sect. What he cared about was a concept that existed in his heart: to face others with a clear conscience.

For the Blood Demon Sect to treat him like this meant that he needed to act just as responsibly in return.

Meng Hao chose to go into secluded meditation. For the moment, he ceased his constant study of the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex, and instead spent most of his time on the ‘self’ character from the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

He was already enlightened regarding most of the aspects of the ‘self’ character. What he needed to do now was actually make a second true self!

As for how powerful the second true self would be, even he had no idea. He did know that it was made from his own flesh and blood, and was like a sheath, within which was placed a soul. As for which soul to use, Meng Hao decided to use... the true Immortal’s soul!

His only concern was that if he used it, then his Master Pill Demon would be unable to benefit from it later on. Therefore, he consulted with Patriarch Blood Demon on the matter. After Patriarch Blood Demon reassured him that there was no harm in going forward with his plan, he made up his mind.

Meng Hao was in thorough anticipation of what sort of power would be unleashed when he merged the true Immortal’s soul into his second true self.

“Other people can cultivate clones, but this art produces a true self!” he thought as he sat cross-legged in the log cabin.

“Those who cultivate clones merely separate a portion of their soul and then use that as the essence. Place it into a moulded body, and that is the Dao of cloning.



“To cultivate a true self, you use flesh and blood. After nourishing it, it becomes like an invincible sheath, within which is concealed an unmatched sword.

“Using the soul as the basis is actually very different from using flesh and blood. They seem similar, but in fact are completely different.” After gaining enlightenment of the ‘self’ character, his eyes suddenly opened.

In unison, he splayed the fingers of his right hand, after which five drops of blood flew out. He then did the same with his left hand. Five drops of blood flew out from both hands.

Next were each of his legs, then his feet; five drops of blood each. Finally, a tremor ran through his torso, and ten drops of blood emerged.

In total, there were forty drops of blood floating in front of him, radiating brilliant light. Then, they began to congeal together. As they did, the skin of Meng Hao’s forehead split open, and another drop of blood emerged to join the others. Finally, he bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some qi and blood.

42 drops of blood radiated brilliant light and merged together, gradually forming the shape of a person.

Meng Hao’s face paled, and his body sagged with weakness. However, his eyes were as determined as ever.

“What makes this a true self?” he mused rhetorically.

“The blood that circulates is mine. The skin is mine. The blood vessels are mine. The vital organs are mine. It all comes from me, and is the same as my original true self.

“This, is my second true self!”

A vicious gleam appeared in his eyes as he lifted his hand and stabbed it into his abdomen. A cracking sound could be heard, but he endured the pain as he broke off one of his own ribs. After pulling it out of his body, he crushed it into a powder which he then blew out toward the blood-mass of a person in front of him.

As soon as the bone powder entered the body in front of him, cracking sounds could be heard, as if a skeleton were forming inside.

Meng Hao trembled as his Eternal stratum healed his body at rapid speed. Unfortunately, the drops of blood, and the rib, were lost forever.

“The second true self is formed from what the Self Character Incantation permanently extracts from my body. What is taken away, can not be recovered.... This divine ability basically creates a new person. How extraordinary!” Muttering to himself, Meng Hao severed some of the redundant blood vessels in his body and then fused them into the other body.

Immediately, blood vessels appeared within.

Next came the vital organs and other miscellaneous parts. The only thing lacking now was the soul.

Time passed, although Meng Hao wasn't sure how much. His body was very weak, but in front of him was now a person whose features were the exact same as his own.

He wore a white robe, and sat there cross-legged, as fair as jade. He was handsome, and had a strong scholarly aura. He looked exactly like Meng Hao had when he was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Looking at him, Meng Hao got the sensation that he was looking at an extension of his own body. He almost forget altogether that this was his second true self. It was almost like... a precious treasure in the shape of a person.

“And now it's time to insert the soul of the true Immortal!” His eyes shone with strange light as he slapped his bag of holding. The true Immortal's soul appeared, along with gentle, radiating light and a mysterious aura.

The instant the soul appeared, the entirety of Blood Prince Gorge filled with Immortal qi. In fact, the entire Blood Demon Sect instantly became like an Immortal paradise.

Chapter 734: Second True Self!

Patriarch Blood Demon opened his eyes and stared in the direction of Blood Prince Gorge.

Outside in the Blood Demon Sect, everyone was astonished.

“What aura is that?”

“How refreshing! I feel incredible!”

“I feel like my cultivation base just advanced a little bit....”

Back in Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao took a deep breath. He began to place sealing incantations onto the true Immortal’s soul according to the prescribed method of the Self Character Incantation. It was not done in a forceful manner, but rather oh so gently. This was not a fusing of the soul and the body; rather, what was needed was for the soul to remain inside without struggling or fighting back.

Meng Hao carefully placed the sealing incantations onto the soul and then, filled with anticipation, placed the soul into his second true self with the greatest of care.

In that instant, a tremor ran through his second true self, after which he returned to his previous placid state.

“In eighty-one days, my second true self will awaken!”

“There are three phases to incubating my second true self. The first is eighty-one days, the second is eighty-one months, the third is eighty-one years!”

“At the end of each of those phases, the second true self will become more and more perfect.” Meng Hao took a deep breath. This was the first time he had ever worked with such a bizarre and strange magic. Finally, he closed his eyes and calmed his mind, then rotated his cultivation base.

A few days later, he opened his eyes again. He was no longer weak. Although he had sustained quite a few unrecoverable losses, the overall impact to him was relatively insignificant.

Compared to the gains, such losses were completely worth it.

“Three months!

“In three months, the first version of my second true self will emerge. I wonder... how powerful it will be!” His eyes shone with persistence and anticipation. He was extremely curious to find out how this combination of the true Immortal’s soul and his second true self... would turn out!

“And now, it’s time for the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal!” he thought, his eyes glowing with a bright light. In the underground world beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes, he had acquired thousands of Spirit Severing level magical items. Although he didn’t quite have ten thousand, it was still enough to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.

“Ten thousand Spirit Severing magical items will make my fleshly body incredibly tough, and will enable me to break through from the Spirit Severing level to Dao Seeking!” With that, he opened his bag of holding and took out a sword. He placed it onto his arm, and then the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal appeared in his mind. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, something like flames appeared in his eyes.

The flame consisted of nine layers, which merged together and then flew out shapelessly from his eyes. It was invisible, but when it touched the sword on his arm, the sword melted, then fused into his body in the blink of an eye.

When the sword fused into him, he felt an intense jolt of pain. He began to tremble, although he did his best to control it. By the time the sword was completely absorbed into him, his body was soaked in sweat.

The pain reminded him of the pain he had felt when his Dao foundation was ripped away.

He took a deep breath and clenched his right fist tightly. Popping sounds rang out, and the air around his fist twisted and distorted.

“I really am a bit more powerful....” he thought. Excitement shone in his eyes. It was painful, but the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal truly did make his fleshly body stronger, and that was all he needed.

“One more time!” he thought, his expression one of determination. A great war was on the horizon, and he needed to use every method at his disposal to get even more powerful.

More time passed. Two months later, the four great powers were now completely ready for war. 150,000 cultivators flew out from the Solitary Sword Sect, including ten Spirit Severing cultivators and two Dao Seeking experts.

One of them was none other than the Dao Reserve of the Solitary Sword Sect, the peak Dao Seeking old man who wore a black gown. It was impossible to tell how many countless years he had lived.

The other was an ordinary Dao Seeking eccentric. Although he was only in the early Dao Seeking stage, he was still a Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect.

As they flew out, tens of thousand of swords also appeared. Ten of those swords were roughly 3,000 meters in length. Most shocking of all was a 30,000-meter bronze sword.

In addition, there were various valuable treasures that flew along, circulating around the swords. Their glow seemed infinite as the countless cultivators flew through the air.

“Sword, come!” cried the peak Dao Seeking expert in the black robe. He extended his hand toward the enormous stone sword that rose up into the sky above the Solitary Sword Sect. It began to rumble, and then cracks appeared on its surface to reveal a green sword made of bamboo!

As soon as it appeared, wild colors danced in the sky, the wind howled, and a shocking sword qi could be sensed. When the peak Dao Seeking expert grasped the sword, it continued to vibrate with a humming sound.

“The ancestor acquired this treasure in the Ancient Dao Lakes,” the old man said coolly. “Now, it will be used in battle to acquire the true Immortal’s soul, also from the Ancient Dao Lakes. This is Karma! Clearly, the true Immortal’s soul was meant for the Solitary Sword Sect!” With that, he flicked his sleeve, and the 150,000 Solitary Sword Sect cultivators made their way directly toward the Blood Demon Sect.

At virtually the same time, countless armored figures flew up into the air from the Golden Frost Sect. This was a force of 100,000, soaring through the air on flying shuttles, surrounded by countless valuable treasures. Shockingly, the huge group began to organize into a spell formation, which transformed into a gigantic puppet, tens of thousands of meters tall.

The huge puppet was completely shocking in appearance, and emanated an indescribably terrifying aura. The peak Dao Seeking expert of the Golden Frost Sect, a red-haired old man, appeared on top of the puppet's head. He sat there cross-legged, eyes radiating ferocity.

This red-haired old man was the only Dao Seeking expert from the Golden Frost Sect. Apparently, they couldn't quite match up to the Solitary Sword Sect, which made sense since the Solitary Sword Sect was considered the number one sect in the Southern Domain.

However, that did not mean the Golden Frost Sect was weak. Their offensive techniques, utilizing puppet incarnations which combined the energy of large groups of cultivators, could explode out with multilayered power.

As their puppet strode across the land toward the Blood Demon Sect, it let out a roar, which was actually the combined roar of 100,000 cultivators.

Chen Fan of the Solitary Sword Sect refused to participate in the battle, as did Li Fugui of the Golden Frost Sect. Fatty had a special status, so he had that right. However, Chen Fan was different. Because of his refusal, he was punished by being locked up in the sect dungeon, where he was to be tortured for thirty years.

Even as the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect mobilized their forces, the Black Sieve Sect emerged in full strength. Patriarch Six-Daos had been waiting for this day for a long time. As soon as he received the notice, countless discarnate souls, as well as all the Black Sieve Sect disciples, flew out.

Han Bei, however, was nowhere to be seen. Neither had she been present the day when Meng Hao came to wipe out the Black Sieve Sect the first time. Apparently, she had gone missing after returning from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

As for the Li Clan, they also flew out in formation. Flying up ahead of them was an enormous bronze bell. It emitted a droning sound as well as golden light, which spread out to cover all of the Li Clan members and carry them along through the air.

On top of the bell was the Li Clan's most powerful expert, their 3rd Patriarch. He sat there cross-legged, his eyes shining with bright, flickering light.

The four great powers all sprang into action at the same time, heading directly toward the Blood Demon Sect.

Earlier, the four powers had distributed declarations of war throughout the Southern Domain, calling for rogue cultivators to join them in punishing the Blood Demon Sect. No small quantity of magical items and medicinal pills had been offered up as rewards!

The declarations of war listed nearly a thousand wicked acts committed by the Blood Demon Sect. The cultivators who perused the list were instantly furious, and felt their hair standing up on end in rage.

In truth, though, everyone also knew that much of the list was a mere fabrication. Even so, nobody would attempt to question it too much.

After all, declaring that they were righting wrongs in accordance with the Heavens, wiping out the Blood Demon Sect to cleanse the Southern Domain, was just a pretext.

Few people believed that the Blood Demon Sect would be able to escape this catastrophe. Everyone felt that they were doomed to be destroyed. All Blood Demon Sect disciples would surely be wiped out, and any who somehow managed to escape would be hunted down and killed. Soon, there would be no more Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain.

Therefore, hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators sprang into action. In their minds, the outcome of this war was a certainty, and they could use the destruction of the Blood Demon Sect cultivators to acquire resources they needed for their own cultivation.

The war was like a massive storm that swept across the Southern Domain, made up of the four great powers and the rogue cultivators, a combined force of 600,000-700,000 cultivators.

The clouds blackened, and the lands grew dark. A great war... would break out at any moment.

In the Blood Demon Sect, all the disciples waited in taciturn silence, their killing intent rising to monstrous heights. They were proud to be Blood Demon Sect cultivators, and even if they were facing an apocalyptic calamity, their faith in the sect was not weakened. They... would fight!

“To battle!”

“Live or die with the sect!”

“The Patriarch is the Top Expert of the Southern Domain! The Blood Prince is the number one figure in the Spirit Severing stage! So what if we have to fight all the other sects in the Southern Domain!?”

“If we lose, fine. But if we don’t, then we will sweep across the four powers and make the Blood Demon Sect the only sect in the entire Southern Domain!”

Roaring and shouting filled the air in the Blood Demon Sect. It wasn’t necessarily that they were devoted heart and soul to the Blood Demon Sect. Rather, this war... was unavoidable. They had two choices: fight, or die!

No disciple would betray the sect, not even if the destruction of the sect itself was nigh. The terrifying consequences for betrayal had long since been imprinted into the hearts of the disciples.

Seven days later, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Black Sieve Sect, and the Li Clan blasted through the air to appear in the region of the Blood Demon Sect, surrounding it on all sides.

These four powers could be seen advancing from all four directions. The sword qi of the Solitary Sword Sect surged. The Golden Frost Sect’s puppet was astonishing. The Black Sieve Sect was sinister to the extreme. The Li Clan was surrounded by golden light.

In actuality, they could have come earlier had they wished. However, they had spent a bit more time en route in order to make sure that they all arrived at the same time. That way they could assure victory in one fell swoop.

They didn’t attack immediately, but instead, began to set up spell formations to block and surround the Blood Demon Sect.

They also began to set up teleportation portals right under the Blood Demon Sect’s noses, which enabled vast crowds of rogue cultivators to teleport to the area from all over the Southern Domain.

The sealing and blockade spell formations thoroughly pinned the Blood Demon Sect down. No one would be able to escape.



The sky above the Southern Domain filled with dark clouds, as did the hearts of the Blood Demon Sect disciples.

All of their own spell formations had long since been activated. The glow of blood circulated through the air in all directions around the sect. From a distance, it looked like an enormous Demon.

The Demonic Incarnation was illusory, but its body was tens of thousands of meters tall; it was bigger than a mountain. It sat cross-legged on the land, clad in black armor. Its green hair floated in the wind, and a golden mask covered its face.

The mask was incomplete, as if it were composed of many parts. On the head of the Demonic Incarnation was a long, curved horn, around which lightning crackled.

The parts of the Demonic Incarnation's skin that were not covered by armor were crimson, like the color of blood. Anyone who laid eyes on it would be filled with a sense of awe and terror.

This was the Blood Demon Sect's most powerful spell formation, the Blood Demon Grand Spell Formation!

Chapter 735: War!

This spell formation resulted in a Demonic Incarnation that could merge the cultivation bases of all of the Blood Demon Sect disciples. It had protected the Blood Demon Sect for countless years, and had ensured its long-lasting survival.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect glowed with brilliant light that transformed into five layers of ripples. Each layer was a different color, and as they spread out, they transformed into a five-layered restrictive spell shield.

Each layer of the shield was maintained by Spirit Severing experts, and was filled with the power of the entire mountain peak. The entire defense was incredibly tough and resilient.

Suddenly, Patriarch Blood Demon's voice echoed out through the Blood Demon Sect. "The first formation, the Demonic Incarnation, will have Meng Hao as the nucleus. He will lead 100,000 disciples, and will control the formation!"

Meng Hao currently stood in Blood Prince Gorge. When he heard Patriarch Blood Demon's voice, he looked up.

Next to him was Xu Qing. She didn't speak, but instead silently straightened his robe, and then wrapped her arms around him. After a moment passed, she released him and stepped back. Meng Hao looked at her.

"Wait for me. I'll be back."

Xu Qing nodded. Inside, she was getting incredibly nervous, but she didn't let Meng Hao see it for fear that it might distract him.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then walked out of Blood Prince Gorge. The moment he emerged, the mad, burning eyes of the Blood Demon Sect disciples all came to focus on him.

When he saw their impassioned gazes, Meng Hao felt a deep guilt. All of this was because he had taken the true Immortal's soul. If he hadn't, this great catastrophe would not have descended on the Blood Demon Sect.

It was at this point that he suddenly heard Patriarch Blood Demon's calm voice speaking in his ear. "There's no need to feel guilty. Do you really think that the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, and the Li Clan are willing to start a war just because of the soul of a true Immortal?"

"The true Immortal's soul was just an instigating factor. The true reason for their actions... is their fear of me. They believe me to be an existential threat, and have been looking for an opportunity to get rid of me.

"Even if the true Immortal's soul didn't come along, this war still would have happened. The Southern Domain has been at peace for too long."

Meng Hao didn't respond, but his eyes gleamed with decisiveness and the desire to slaughter. In this war, he would definitely be doing some killing!

In fact, he would do everything within his might to kill as many enemies as possible.

His body flashed as he flew up toward the first spell formation. Behind him, 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples soared through the air. All of them entered the spell formation and then sat down cross-legged.

There were 20,000 in the torso. The four limbs had 15,000 each. The head had 20,000. In total, there were 100,000 disciples. As for Meng Hao, his position was in the forehead of the Demonic Incarnation.

As soon as the 100,000 disciples entered the spell formation and sat down cross-legged, they unleashed their cultivation bases. As the power merged into the Demonic Incarnation, rumbling sounds filled their minds. The enormous Demonic Incarnation suddenly seemed to revert from a state of deathlike inactivity, to life. Flourishing life force exploded out inside of it.

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the forehead position, monstrous killing intent visible in his eyes. He would protect this place, both for the Blood Demon Sect, and... for Xu Qing.

As long as he was alive, he would not permit anyone to harm even a hair on Xu Qing's head.

Even as he sat there cross-legged, he continuously produced Spirit Severing magical items, which he absorbed into his body. Even as the pain threatened to cross the threshold that he could tolerate, he clenched his jaw tightly and pressed on. With the absorption of each treasure, his fleshly body continued to grow stronger, bit by bit.

The strongest of all... was his right arm. That was the first location into which he had absorbed the Spirit Severing treasures. After melding exactly a thousand such treasures into his right arm, he could sense a breakthrough in that specific area; it now radiated ripples similar to Dao Seeking.

"Almost there...." he thought. His expression was calm as he continued to fuse more items into his body.

Time passed. Several days later, the Blood Demon Sect was deathly silent. The atmosphere was one of suppression, suppression of the incredible energy that had built up to a peak and was just waiting to explode out.

Outside of the sect, the four great powers had finished setting up their spell formations. Hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain rogue cultivators had arrived.

From a distance, 700,000 cultivators could be seen surrounding the Blood Demon Sect, spread across the horizon as far as the eye could see. It was an incredible force, and looking at it would cause one's heart to tremble.

“Blood Demon Sect!”

“This war will end with the extermination of the Blood Demon Sect!”

“FIGHT!!”

It was noontime, but the sun was completely covered by the dark clouds. Lightning crackled through the sky as the vast crowds of the four great powers roared. 700,000 voices combined together, roaring with such intensity that the clouds were split open and rain began to pour down.

Rain. Thunder. Slaughter....

Battle!

The war was beginning!

The Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Black Sieve Sect, and the Li Clan were not the first ones to make a move. The first to attack were naturally the rogue cultivators who had come hoping to earn rewards.

Hundreds of thousands of them surged forth with earthshaking power. The sky shook, and the rain was incapable of even falling to the ground, and was instead scattered about in all directions.

A great variety of cultivation bases could be seen among the rogue cultivators. The highest were in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage; however, there were no Spirit Severing experts present. As they attacked, the spell formations around them burst out with blinding light. Lightning from above was pulled down, entering into the spell formations, which then produced numerous silver snakes composed of lightning bolts.

There were eight silver snakes in total, 300 meters wide and 30,000 meters long, that sucked the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators inside of them as they emerged. From a distance, tens of thousands of rogue cultivators could be seen inside each of the silver snakes, lending their power to

the lightning. The snakes immediately shot directly toward the enormous Demonic Incarnation surrounding the Blood Demon Sect.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples began to call out.

“Blood Prince, do we fight?!”

“Blood Prince, we’re waiting for your command!!”

Their voices echoed about inside of the Demonic Incarnation, but could not be heard in the outside world.

“The time has not come yet,” replied Meng Hao calmly. He slowly raised his right hand, and in response, the enormous, cross-legged Demonic Incarnation also raised its hand, then pounded the ground violently with a palm strike.

Boom!

A deafening sound could be heard as a blood-colored shield of light shot out from the palm of the Demonic Incarnation to sweep out in all directions.

As the eight incoming lightning snakes closed in on the Demonic Incarnation, they were blocked by the blood-colored shield at a distance of 3,000 meters. The shield twisted and distorted under the power of the repeated attacks levied against it, but did not collapse.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, killing intent flashed brightly in the eyes of the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples. Their bodies emanated bloody glows as they waited, fused completely with the Demonic Incarnation. As for Meng Hao, he sat in the forehead position, continuously feeding Spirit Severing treasures into the flesh of his right arm.

1,451. 1,452.... As the items continued to fuse into his arm, it grew more and more powerful. The Dao Seeking aura became more prominent, and Meng Hao knew that he was just a little bit away... from making his hand the first part of his fleshly body that was truly in Dao Seeking.

Eight silver lightning snakes attacked constantly, but the blood-colored shield continued to hold strong, despite the distortions that marred its surface. It even managed to make counterattacks, such that two of the silver snakes were beginning to show signs of breaking apart.

“Trash! Even with the help of our Li Clan spell formations, those good-for-nothing fools still can’t break the Blood Demon Sect’s first spell formation!” The Li Clan’s 3rd Patriarch gave a cold snort.

“Fellow Daoist Six-Daos,” said the red-haired Golden Frost Sect cultivator, his eyes coming to rest on Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect. “It’s about time for you to make your move.”

The black-robed cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect also looked over at him.

Six-Daos’ face flickered and he snorted coldly. There was no way for him to refuse, so he raised his hand and pointed forward. The Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators behind him gritted their teeth and charged forward. There was even one discarnate soul who emanated a Spirit Severing aura; including it, the Black Sieve Sect looked like an enormous sword, slicing through the air to stab toward the blood-colored shield that the eight lightning snakes were contending with.

A huge boom rattled out, and the blood-colored shield shuddered, seemingly growing weaker. The eight lightning snakes merged their power together. That, combined with the cultivation bases of the Black Sieve Sect, smashed into the weakest parts of the shield.

Cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out. The fissures quickly sealed back up, though, and even sent counterattacks back out. The two silver lightning snakes that had been weakened before suddenly exploded.

There were no miserable screams. The instant that the snake exploded, the tens of thousands of cultivators inside were instantly wiped out, dead in spirit and body.

The cultivators in the remaining six lightning snakes looked shocked. However, they had come here to seek good fortune and had been promised by the four great powers that they would get what they sought. It didn’t matter that the battle was fierce; would they really give up so easily?

“Meng Hao!” the Spirit Severing discarnate soul cried out. “Are you going to keep hiding in the Blood Demon Sect the whole time? I dare you to come out and fight!” He assumed Meng Hao was somewhere in the Blood Demon Sect, not inside the Demonic Incarnation.

His voice reverberated as it passed through the blood-colored shield, all the way to the Demonic Incarnation, and into Meng Hao's ears.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent, but he did nothing. Instead, he continued to feed Spirit Severing treasures into his right hand.

1,479. 1,480!

Meng Hao could clearly sense that his right arm was now almost completely beyond Spirit Severing, and had truly entered into Dao Seeking.

Booms echoed out from the outside as six lightning snakes, joined by the Black Sieve Sect cultivators under the leadership of the Spirit Severing discarnate soul, continued to attack the blood-colored shield. The shield began to distort and shrink, and portions even began to shatter.

"Meng Hao!" called the Spirit Severing discarnate soul. "I was the one who personally extracted Xu Qing's soul! The process of separating her body and soul wracked her with intense pain! The look on her face... I still remember it as if it were yesterday." He waved his hand, and the shield shook. He was obviously trying to bait Meng Hao into fighting.

The instant his voice rang out, Meng Hao looked up. Intense viciousness could be seen in his eyes, as well as explosive killing intent.

The 1,500th Spirit Severing treasure fused into his right arm, and it broke completely out of Spirit Severing and reached the Dao Seeking level.

An incomplete, fragmented natural law spread out, although it didn't affect Meng Hao. His right hand was now the most powerful part of his fleshly body!

"Blood Prince, let's fight!!"

"Blood Prince, we want to do battle!!"

"Yes," said Meng Hao. "FIGHT!" Even as the words left his mouth, he raised his right hand and made a violent grasping gesture. What everyone on the outside saw was the Demonic Incarnation

raising its enormous right hand, which then shot out of the shield with indescribable speed to grab ahold of the Spirit Severing discarnate soul.

The hand clenched viciously, and a boom could be heard, as the discarnate soul was crushed into pieces. A lingering scream echoed out over the battlefield.

The Demonic Incarnation suddenly stood up. It was tens of thousands of meters tall, completely shocking in appearance.

Chapter 736: Devastating!

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the forehead position of the Demonic Incarnation. The life forces and cultivation bases of 100,000 cultivators poured into the Demonic Incarnation, all of which Meng Hao could sense.

“Early Dao Seeking!” said Meng Hao, sensing the power of the Demonic Incarnation. He waved his hand, and in response, the shrinking, blood-colored shield returned to cover the entire Demonic Incarnation. Without the blood-colored obstructing the way, the six lightning snakes instantly shot toward Meng Hao. So did the Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators, who were ashen faced.

“Offend the Blood Demon Sect? You shall die!” The combined voices of 100,000 people boomed out from the Demonic Incarnation. Heaven and Earth shook, and Meng Hao raised his hand and clenched it into a fist.

The fist slammed into one of the lightning snakes, which instantly collapsed into pieces. In the blink of an eye, the entire snake fell apart in a huge explosion.

Meng Hao sent the Demonic Incarnation forward. It performed an incantation with its right hand, then gestured forward. Immediately, the air was rent open as a huge fissure appeared. It slashed out and hit another lightning snake, which then exploded.

All of these things happened with incredible speed. Next, Meng Hao turned the body of the Demonic Incarnation and sent it directly toward the enormous sword formed by the discarnate souls and cultivators of the Black Sieve Sect.



“DIE!!” Meng Hao’s voice joined with the 100,000 cultivators to let out an incredible roar. Their cultivation bases surged, and the power of early Dao Seeking bolstered the noise to transform the roar into a terrifying sound wave.

The sound wave transformed into visible ripples which then slammed into the Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators. One by one, the discarnate souls vanished, as if they were being erased. As for the cultivators with fleshly bodies, they were ripped into pieces by the passing ripple. Tens of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples... all died in body and soul.

“Your Blood Demon Demonic Incarnation is pretty good!” said the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect, his voice cool. He advanced forward, and was soon directly in front of Meng Hao. Although his hand was clearly empty, a shocking sword qi suddenly materialized and slashed toward Meng Hao.

However, before the sword qi could fully descend, a cold snort echoed out from within the Blood Demon Sect. A blood-colored figure flickered into being in front of Meng Hao. It was none other than Patriarch Blood Demon.

“How meaningless to bully the junior generation!” he said. “You want to fight? Let’s fight!”

BOOOMMM!

Patriarch Blood Demon and the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect immediately rose high up into the air as they began to fight. At the same time, the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and Patriarch Six-Daos flew up. Six-Daos cast a murderous glare at the Demonic Incarnation under Meng Hao’s control, gave a cold snort, then proceeded to completely ignore it as he flew toward Patriarch Blood Demon.

It was at this moment, though, that three more blood-colored figures shot out from the Blood Demon Sect. Each and every one looked exactly like Patriarch Blood Demon, and each one shot toward one of the three who had just flown out.

There were now four clones of Patriarch Blood Demon present. Four incredible clones, battling four of the most powerful Patriarchs of the Southern Domain.

Booms filled the air, and the battle above caused the air to warp and distort. It was difficult for anyone looking on to see clearly, but they could tell that the sky itself seemed on the verge of falling. The intense battle being carried out could clearly shake even the Heavens.

“KILL THEM!!” Almost in the same moment that the Patriarchs were locked in the decisive battle up above, the rest of the forces of the four great powers charged into battle. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators sped directly toward the Demonic Incarnation controlled by Meng Hao.

Among them was an early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, as well as a puppet from the Golden Frost Sect formed by Spirit Severing experts, which also emanated a Dao Seeking aura. The Li Clan had even more spell formations circulating around them. Unfortunately for the Black Sieve Sect, they had sustained severe casualties.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes as he brazenly sent the Demonic Incarnation forward to battle directly with the four powers!

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples’ eyes were bright red. They formed the Blood Demon Sect’s first spell formation, which was not easily destroyed. Were it to be broken, the Blood Demon Sect would then be vulnerable to the outside world.

“To the death!”

The Demonic Incarnation emanated early Dao Seeking energy as it roared into battle against the hundreds of thousands of cultivators which surrounded it.

There were only four lightning snakes left, filled with rogue cultivators with bloodshot eyes. They flew through the air, occasionally attacking. As for the Black Sieve Sect, they were in disarray and no longer had enough forces to do battle.

However, such was not the case with the Solitary Sword Sect. Under the leadership of the early Dao Seeking expert, 100,000 flying swords exploded out, transforming into a shocking power that continuously pelted Meng Hao.

The early Dao Seeking expert was actually capable of fighting directly with Meng Hao and the Demonic Incarnation. He became the primary force in the battle, backed by the power of ten Solitary Sword Sect Spirit Severing cultivators.

The Spirit Severing experts of the Golden Frost sect combined to form a puppet, which also emanated a Dao Seeking aura that caused the clouds to seethe when it attacked. They joined forces

with the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect and successfully pinned down Meng Hao and the Demonic Incarnation.

As for the Li Clan, they were attempting to harm Meng Hao more covertly. They flew around the perimeter, surrounding the area with countless spell formations. Some were used to bind the Demonic Incarnation, others self detonated. Incredible pressure weighed down on Meng Hao.

Every time Meng Hao attacked, every time the two sides clashed, many of the cultivators inside the Demonic Incarnation would spit up blood. On one occasion, the Solitary Sect's early Dao Seeking expert and the Golden Frost Sect Puppet combined their attacks and struck the Demonic Incarnation with an earth-shaking force. 20,000 of the cultivators inside were unable to withstand the force and their bodies immediately exploded.

Blood oozed out from the Demonic Incarnation, forming a bloody rain that splattered down onto the ground.

However, the forces of the four great powers were also paying a heavy price.

Over a three day period, a third of the Golden Frost Sect cultivators died. Twenty percent of the Solitary Sword Sect perished. The Black Sieve Sect was thoroughly crippled, and twenty percent of the Li Clan were dead.

As for the rogue cultivators, Meng Hao had no time to pay them any heed. Despite that, of the four lightning snakes, one more was destroyed.

As of this point, the four great powers had suffered over 200,000 casualties!

Meng Hao persisted with gritted teeth. Were it not for the fact that his right arm possessed Dao Seeking strength, he would not have been able to hold out for this long. He lifted his right hand and punched out, connecting with the Golden Frost Sect puppet up ahead. It tumbled back, seemingly on the verge of complete collapse. However, the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect suddenly appeared and blocked Meng Hao with a flick of his sleeve.

Countless spell formations around him detonated, and amidst the booming explosions, 100,000 greatswords stabbed into Meng Hao's Demonic Incarnation.

“Piss off!” roared Meng Hao, his voice hoarse. The Demonic Incarnation collided with the Golden Frost Sect. Everywhere he passed, he left in his wake the shattered remains of countless puppets formed from the Golden Frost Sect cultivators.

“Solitary Sword Formation!” Bright gleams appeared in the eyes of the Solitary Sword Sect disciples. All of them began to perform incantations, then gripped their swords tightly as their bodies began to shine intensely, as if they were swords glinting in the light. Each and every person seemed to transform into a sword that flew up into the air. Shockingly, the swords began to interweave into an enormous sword formation!

The sword formation swirled in mid-air, forming into the shape of a gigantic greatsword that slashed down toward Meng Hao.

“Black White Pearls! Ninth Mountain!” Meng Hao waved his left hand, and the Ninth Mountain smashed into the greatsword. The mountain trembled and then collapsed, but so did the Solitary Sword Formation!

Meng Hao sent the Demonic Incarnation into retreat. Of the remaining 80,000 cultivators inside, 10,000 were once again unable to withstand the force of the blow, and exploded. At the same time, the Solitary Sword Sect’s early Dao Seeking expert suddenly appeared. His hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and an amorphous green fog appeared, within which was a poisonous thorn. He pointed out, causing the green fog to envelop the Demonic Incarnation.

Simultaneously, the poisonous thorn shot forward to stab directly into the Demonic Incarnation. As it passed through, bloodcurdling screams rang out in Meng Hao’s ears.

Meng Hao clenched his right hand into a fist and instantly punched out. The early Dao Seeking expert frowned, then gave a cold snort and performed another incantation. Rumbling could be heard as his body vanished, then reappeared three thousand meters away. His face was a bit pale; clearly, despite have avoided the fist, he had still suffered injuries.

“Everyone, attack!” he cried. As his voice rang out, he pointed up into the sky. “Bamboo sword!”

A green streak of light shot out of his finger, which then transformed into a tiny, bamboo shoot. It rapidly grew larger, transforming into a bamboo stalk. The stalk then shed its leaves and became a bamboo sword!

There were some experienced cultivators in the surrounding groups who began to cry out in shock.

“The Solitary Sword Sect’s precious treasure!!”

“I’ve heard of this precious treasure!”

The most powerful of the Golden Frost Sect’s puppets let out a cold snort, then made an incantation gesture with its right hand. It stretched its right hand out and made a grasping motion, whereupon a hand-sized piece of rock flew out. It grew rapidly, transforming into a 3,000-meter tall mountain.

It was pitch black, except for one golden character on the side.

Termination!

Mount Termination!

This was the precious treasure of the Golden Frost Sect, as famous in name as the bamboo sword of the Solitary Sword Sect!

The 5th Li Clan Patriarch, who had a cultivation base at the great circle of the Third Severing, had been flitting about activating spell formations. When he saw the latest developments, he produced a pink Feng Shui compass and then pushed down onto its surface.

Immediately, the ground began to rumble, and multiple columns of pink light shot up into the air.

“DIE!!”

The Solitary Sword Sect’s bamboo sword seemed to split the heavens, transforming into a green beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao. The Golden Frost Sect’s Mount Termination began to rotate, emitting crushing pressure as it joined the green beam of light to attack Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face fell, and the Black White Pearls and Ninth Mountain appeared again. He waved his right hand, and summoned the full power of his cultivation base to strike out with the most powerful blow he could muster.

BOOM!

The Demonic Incarnation fell back. Green light flashed as a huge wound was opened up. The Demonic Incarnation's right arm was lopped off; it transformed into 10,000 cultivators in mid-air, and as soon as they appeared, a massive power swept over them and ripped them into pieces.

BOOM!

Mount Termination crushed down, and Meng Hao coughed up blood. A multitude of cracks appeared on the Demonic Incarnation, which then rapidly began to spread out. Soon, numerous cross-legged Blood Demon Sect disciples became visible, expressions of hopelessness covering their faces.

BOOM!

The final salvo came from the spell formation formed from the pink beams of light. Everything rumbled as the light transformed the land into a world of pink. The light beams then shrank down into the form of an enormous pink talon, which slashed out at Meng Hao's Demonic Incarnation.

The Demonic Incarnation was incapable of holding out any longer. It appeared to be on the verge of collapse, and many of the cultivators inside died. Currently, only 30,000 remained alive.

"Retreat!" Meng Hao shouted. "Back to the sect!" A tremor ran through the Demonic Incarnation as the 30,000 cultivators were ejected from its back.

Meng Hao was the last to retreat. As soon as he left, his right hand flickered in an incantation gesture and then pointed at the almost-shattered Demonic Incarnation.

"Detonate!!"

Chapter 737: A Leaf!

A shocking boom rumbled out. Even Patriarch Blood Demon and his opponents couldn't help but notice the detonation of the Demonic Incarnation.

The force of the explosion actually helped the 30,000 Blood Demon Sect in their retreat. However, to others in the immediate vicinity of the blast, it was like a devastating attack.

The shocked Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect shot forward, determined to block the force of the explosion, as did the puppet from the Golden Frost Sect. Even the 5th Li Clan Patriarch did the same.

If they did not do so, then the losses their various sects and clans would experience would be far too critical.

Even so, there were still many cultivators who simply couldn't avoid the blast, and were incinerated.

In the blink of an eye, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan, as well as the rogue cultivators, all sustained heavy losses. Thanks to the Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Seeking expert, the Golden Frost Sect's puppet, and the 5th Li Clan patriarch, the losses were reduced by about half. Were it not for them, even more would have died.

Unfortunately for the nearby rogue cultivators, no one was around to assist them. The ripples from the explosion completely wiped them out, along with the remaining silver snakes. Afterwards, not a trace remained of them.

Fundamentally speaking, this battle was not something they were qualified to participate in. They had believed that, with the assistance of the four great powers, exterminating the Blood Demon Sect would be a simple task. They had never imagined that the Blood Demon Sect would be so fearsome.

And this... was only the first spell formation!

When the Demonic Incarnation collapsed, the air distorted, and the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect suddenly became visible!

The five mountain peaks were actually located in an enormous basin in the ground. They were surrounded by a five-layered shield which emanated brilliant, blinding light. It was something that could not be bypassed save by battering it into nonexistence, one layer at a time.

That was actually exactly what the Blood Demon Sect wanted. The four great powers would have to smash against the shields and withstand counterattacks. That meant that in order to break the shield, they would have to pay a price.

Borrowing momentum from the explosion of the Demonic Incarnation, Meng Hao led the 30,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples back into the sect. As soon as they passed the second layer of the shield, other Blood Demon Sect disciples arrived to give aid to them, helping them along and also giving them medicinal pills to consume.

As for Meng Hao, his face was pale white. He had significantly depleted himself in the course of the battle, but now was not the time for rest. He stood there, surveying the scene outside of the spell formation shield.

The two Ironblood Patriarchs sat cross-legged off to the side, surrounded by more than 20,000 disciples. The forces of Mount Ironblood were the ones responsible for maintaining the first layer of the shield created by the second formation.

Behind Meng Hao, the cultivators on the other various mountain peaks were all in the process of maintaining the other four shield layers of the second spell formation.

Outside the shield, the cultivators of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan were all shaken by the events of moments ago. However, after they saw the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect, their killing intent soared.

Immediately, a clamor arose as the cultivators of the four great powers began to call out.

“Kill them! Don’t leave a single one alive!”

“The time has come to eradicate the Blood Demon Sect!”

“From now on, there will be no Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain!”

Even as their voices echoed out, the remaining several hundred thousand cultivators charged toward the Blood Demon Sect.

There were so many enemy cultivators that it was essentially impossible to see the end of their ranks. They seemed infinite. Earlier, when Meng Hao had been fused with the enormous Demonic Incarnation, he had been able to see the extent of their forces clearly. Now that the Demonic



Incarnation had been destroyed and he had retreated to this position, all he could see was cultivators, stretching out in all directions.

The sheer numbers involved caused his scalp to go numb.

The cultivators whistled through the air toward the enormous five-layered shield formed by the Blood Demon Sect's second spell formation.

Even though the shield was in place, the Blood Demon Sect disciples had not lost their fighting spirit, and were just waiting for the enemy forces to slam into the shield.

However, it was at this point that a bright beam of light suddenly streaked toward the battlefield from high in the sky. It sliced through the air, moving at an incredible, indescribable speed. It almost looked like the Heavens were being split apart in shocking fashion.

What was now visible was a leaf!

It was a flying, burning leaf, emitting an astonishing aura!

Its target was no single person, but rather, the Blood Demon Sect's second spell formation!

"What gall!" roared Patriarch Blood Demon furiously, who was still in the midst of battling with the other Patriarchs. Immediately, he waved his hand, and a glittering, bloody light shot toward the incoming leaf.

Rumbling could be heard as the leaf decayed by more than half. However, there was still a streak of green that made it through the blood-colored light. The streak continued on, slamming into the shield of the second spell formation, piercing through the fifth layer, the fourth, and the third, before finally stopping at the second.

The fifth, fourth, and third layers all shook and trembled. Although they did not collapse, they now had holes punched in them!

Patriarch Blood Demon let out a furious shout, but the other Patriarchs went all out to prevent him from doing anything.

When the gaps in the shield appeared, the faces of the Blood Demon Sect disciples fell.

At the same time, killing intent could be seen in the eyes of the hundreds of thousand of cultivators on the outside. They immediately changed directions and headed toward the places where the gaps had been opened.

The holes were not large, but were something that the spell formation was incapable of closing up.

Facing such a situation, and such enemies, looks of dour hopelessness appeared on the faces of the Blood Demon Sect disciples.

“Dammit.... how do we fight back now?!?!”

“They punched holes in the shields! Those are biggest areas of weakness now! How do we fight?!”

“Our Blood Prince killed so many of them, yet there’s still more of them, as far as the eye can see... do we have any hope left at all?” Facing hordes of attacking enemies and holes punched through to the second shield, the Blood Demon Sect disciples fell into a mute despair.

Xu Qing had long since emerged from Blood Prince Gorge, where she had stood the entire time, nervously watching Meng Hao. When he finally returned safely, she had breathed a sigh of relief. The new developments, however, caused her face to go pale.

Meng Hao looked up into the sky, and began to pant nervously for a moment before calming himself down. He looked around at the despairing Blood Demon Sect disciples and did nothing to try to rouse their spirits. He wasn’t willing to do so. He already felt guilty because of the war; how could he directly ask them to go put their lives on the line?

He couldn’t.

Suddenly, a sigh could be heard echoing amongst the crowds. The hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak slowly walked out. Clearly, he intended to head toward the gap in the fifth shield layer.

Behind him was the pretty girl, his apprentice. “Master....” she said, her eyes filled with anxiety; clearly she had guessed her master’s plan.

“I’ve lived for too long and seen too many things,” he said with a smile. “Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.” He was just about to step out when suddenly Meng Hao strode forward.

He couldn’t ask the Blood Demon Sect to fight, but there was one thing he could do. He walked out, and as he did, he looked back toward Xu Qing and gave her a slight smile. Then, coldness filled his eyes and he advanced onward.

Next, he appeared outside of the shield, directly in front of the only weak space, that one gaping hole.

“Blood Prince!” said the hunchbacked old man, gaping.

“I will hold this gap!” said Meng Hao coolly. He obviously planned to use himself as the stopper to prevent anything from entering.

“My right arm already has Dao Seeking power,” he thought, “and the Blood Demon Grand Magic is perfect for fighting against groups! If I can hold out for only ten more days, then my second true self will awaken! It’s time to fight!”

When Meng Hao appeared on the outside of the shield, the Blood Demon Sect disciples behind him were shocked.

“Blood Prince!”

“Blood Prince, you....”

Meng Hao did not look back. He took a deep breath and rotated his cultivation base. He was tired, but he ignored the feeling, and pushed himself to the peak of his power.

His Spirit Severing aura exploded out, and his right arm gradually began to exude the pressure of Dao Seeking. He waved his hand through the air, and the Ninth Mountain magically appeared around him, as well as the Black White Pearls.

Next, he retrieved the Blood Immortal Mask from his bag of holding and slipped it onto his face.

Rumbling filled the air as hundreds of thousands of cultivators closed in on him.

It was at this point that a roar suddenly echoed out from within the mask. A beam of red light shot out to appear next to Meng Hao. It was none other than... the fully reformed Blood Mastiff!

It had died before, but now that it had reappeared, it was even more ferocious than before. Its Spirit Severing aura roiled out, and its energy surged.

Meng Hao waved his hand again, and Time Sword tips appeared. They were objects that were useless against the peak Dao Seeking powers. However, they were still incisive to the extreme. Shockingly, ten Time Sword tips flew out!

Meng Hao had specially prepared them just for this battle, using the copper mirror.

The ten Time Sword tips swirled about in the air, transforming into a sword formation. As it rotated, a bloody glow appeared in Meng Hao's eyes.

“My Eternal stratum makes my stamina... almost limitless!

“My Resurrection Lily, my Spirit Severing Treasure, has been hibernating for too long... the time has come for it to appear!” Meng Hao's life force surged up, and at the same time, a shocking, illusory Resurrection Lily suddenly appeared.

It had five colors, but shockingly, a sixth color could just barely be made out on one of the petals.

The sixth color faded in and out. Meng Hao was convinced that it wouldn't take long before the sixth color would appear in full. When that sixth color became stable, it would only need to bloom with one more color to achieve Immortal Ascension!

The sight of the ferocious Resurrection Lily caused the faces of many of the incoming hundreds of thousands of cultivators to flicker.

However, they did not cease their approach. The scene from the inside of the shield was that of Meng Hao, alone, facing hundreds of thousands of enemies. It was an image that would be indelibly burned into the minds of each and every Blood Demon Sect disciple, a memory that would remain for an eternity.

“DIE!” shouted Meng Hao. Killing intent blazed in his eyes as he performed a double handed incantation, then suddenly pointed out. The Blood Mastiff charged, and the the Time Sword Formation shot out. The Resurrection Lily behind him writhed as its tentacles shot out like whips toward the incoming waves of enemies.

The slaughter... had begun.

The power of Meng Hao’s right arm was incredible. A single punch could cause Heaven and Earth to shake.

A glow of blood emanated out from the Blood Immortal Mask; this was the Blood Immortal divine ability. Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify!

Ceaseless rumbling filled the air as the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared.

Despite all of this, he was still facing hundreds of thousands of cultivators. It was like a single praying mantis standing up to an army. The initial onslaught sent blood spraying from his mouth, and his fleshly body instantly began to explode.

However, in the very instant that the signs of collapse appeared, his fleshly body fused back together under the power of the Eternal stratum. Meng Hao could almost be considered unkillable. He remained there in front of the gap, carrying out slaughter just as before.

Chapter 738: A Silhouette Like a Mountain

When the Blood Demon Grand Magic was unfurled, the golden vortex sent endless quantities of blood and qi into Meng Hao, along with spirit meridians and cultivation bases.

RUUMMMBLLLLLEEE!

Only ten breaths of time had passed since the initial onslaught, yet Meng Hao’s body had fallen apart three times. The third time was because of a combined attack from the early Dao Seeking

expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and tens of thousands of cultivators.

Despite all of this, he refused to budge, nor did he allow anyone to enter through the gap.

When the Blood Demon Sect disciples behind the shield saw his body on the verge of collapse, blood smeared on his skin and soaking his clothes, their eyes went red. There were even some from the group of 30,000 survivors from the first spell formation who leaped up and began to charge toward the battlefield.

“Blood Prince!!”

“Blood Prince, we will fight with you!!”

However, even as they charged forward, Meng Hao waved his sleeve behind him, causing a powerful wind to rise up and carry them back behind the safety of the shield.

“All of you, stay back!”

He looked back, and determination could be seen in his eyes. It was a look that said, This is my fight. To Meng Hao, this was the only option that could leave him with a clear conscience. Besides, his body was difficult to destroy, which could not be said of the others.

BOOOOMMMMM!

Meng Hao fell back, a ferocious expression on his face. By this time, multiple Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes had appeared in the area, nine in total. Each and every one was gold in color, and unleashed boundless gravitational force.

The cultivators who found themselves trapped in the vortexes could only watch in shock as their bodies withered rapidly, and their cultivation bases were sucked out.

Massive quantities of qi and blood flowed toward Meng Hao, which he absorbed, causing his fleshly body to grow powerful to an incredible degree. His cultivation base also climbed higher, making him... even harder to destroy.

A strange glow appeared in his eyes. He would not let anyone into the gap in the shield behind him, not even... over his dead body!

BOOM!!

Even with the vast quantity of qi, blood, and cultivation base power that were replenishing him, he was facing up against assaults from hundreds of thousands of enemies. There were also many powerful experts amongst them. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his body once again exploded into a cloud of blood and gore.

In the blink of an eye, however, it seemed that the cloud underwent a reversal of time and coalesced back into the form of Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot as he roared and yet again unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The Ninth Mountain appeared up ahead, and descended with massive rumblings. Along with the Time Sword Formation, it swept across the battlefield madly. The Blood Mastiff was not faring well, and didn't seem capable of holding out much longer. However, with Meng Hao there, it would continue to fight.

But would Meng Hao really allow the Blood Mastiff to face such danger? He waved his right hand, causing the Blood Mastiff to return to the blood-colored mask. Then, he performed an incantation gesture, and a tenth Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex appeared.

"If I can hold on with the Blood Demon Grand Magic, then there's the possibility that the vortex will reach a certain point that it can sustain my defense of this position indefinitely!" As he gritted his teeth, Resurrection Lily tentacles shot out from behind him, creating a dense barrier in front of him.

"Looking to die?!" someone said, along with a cold snort. Three old Spirit Severing cultivators appeared, standing on glowing halos that appeared to be a spell formation. They immediately shot toward Meng Hao.

Behind them were tens of thousands of cultivators wielding countless varieties of divine abilities. If Meng Hao had faced any of these magics by themselves, he could just ignore them. However, their overwhelming numbers caused the sky to dim and the land to quake.

It was like a massive flood filled of murderous hate, surging down onto Meng Hao.

The three Spirit Severing cultivators closed in, and Meng Hao's killing intent flickered as he realized that these three were experts from the Li Clan. He performed an incantation with his left hand, and Blood Immortal divine abilities appeared. Rumbling filled the air as they fused with the Resurrection Lily. A blood-red flower shot out to defend against the incoming flood.

Massive explosions boomed out as Meng Hao unleashed all his magic against the torrent of enemies. Unfortunately, he could only hold them back temporarily. Soon, they burst through, and the three Spirit Severing cultivators bore down on Meng Hao, roaring. As they neared, the halos beneath their feet shot out ghost images that closed in on Meng Hao.

“Seal!”

“Seal!”

“Seal!”

Immediately, the ghost images of the three halos began to emanate brilliant glows, as well as shocking, explosive sealing power. They descended onto Meng Hao, preparing to seal him away.

It was at this exact same moment that six more people flew out from the crowds.

Of the six, three were from the Solitary Sword Sect and three were from the Golden Frost Sect. The air around them distorted as they unleashed their most powerful, shocking magical techniques.

“DIE!!”

Nine incredible Spirit Severing cultivators all attacked with full force. Furthermore, not far behind them was the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert, and the Golden Frost Sect's puppet. They glared at Meng Hao like tigers eyeing a prey. They didn't need to personally attack right now; once Meng Hao was either dead or sealed in place, they could enter the gap in the shield and then begin to carry out their slaughter.

It wasn't even necessary to keep Meng Hao sealed for a long period of time. A few short breaths of time was all they needed.



The Blood Demon Sect disciples in the shield could see that a perilous situation was developing, and their anxiety grew. Li Shiqi looked at Meng Hao's silhouette in the outside world and bit her lip, her expression one of worry.

Wang Youcai sat quietly, but killing intent burned hotter and hotter in his eyes. He hated the fact that his cultivation base was insufficient, and that he did not possess enough latent talent to be Chosen.

Xu Qing gazed at Meng Hao in silence, her eyes filled with an affection that seemed like it might be able to melt the world away. Meng Hao's current state caused her heart to ache with distress.

The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect, as well as the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak, stared blankly at what was happening, at the Blood Prince that they had initially refused to acknowledge.

A rumbling suddenly echoed out from the three Li Clan Patriarchs. Meng Hao's eyes began to glow with a bright light, and he struck out violently with his right hand.

The blow caused everything to tremble and shake; this was a Dao Seeking blow!

The three incoming halos trembled and seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. However, they were able to continue on, causing Meng Hao to take a deep breath. The surrounding golden vortexes suddenly shattered. The force of the shattering sucked away any remaining qi and blood from the people trapped inside, all of which then merged into Meng Hao. Finally, he punched out again.

**BANG!**

The three glowing halos were crushed as easily as dry weeds!

The three Li Clan Patriarchs' faces fell, and they employed divine abilities to defend themselves. However, blood still sprayed from their mouths, and one of them let out a miserable shriek as his body exploded. Looks of astonishment appeared on the faces of the two that remained, who then clenched their jaws and charged toward Meng Hao.

**"DIE!!"**

By now, the six cultivators from the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect were closing in on Meng Hao.

At the same time, vast quantities of cultivation base power surged into Meng Hao. He raised his right hand and pointed up to the sky, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear. It immediately spread out to fight back against all eight of the incoming enemies.

Booms rattled out, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. A ferocious expression filled his face as the illusory Ninth Mountain shook.

"Now's our chance!" said the early Dao Seeking cultivator. He and the Golden Frost Sect puppet flew up into the air. At the same time, Meng Hao pointed toward the two of them.

"Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!"

Demonic qi roiled out like strands of silk to entangle the two of them. Although they were able to slough it off in the space of only a single breath, that was all the time Meng Hao needed to unleash a divine ability.

"Ninth Mountain Destruction!" Instantly, the Ninth Mountain that surrounded him exploded. The eight Spirit Severing experts were sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from their mouths. The Solitary Sword Sect early Dao Seeking expert and the Golden Frost Sect puppet were forced to stop in their tracks.

"Kill him!" roared the eight Spirit Severing cultivators. In response, hundreds of thousands of cultivators roared and then began to unleash divine abilities. Shocking booms could be heard as a rain of magic descended onto Meng Hao.

The air distorted around Meng Hao as he stood in place, panting heavily, his cold eyes flickering across the crowds. Currently, he was silhouetted against the brilliant glow of the magical techniques and divine abilities of hundreds of thousands of cultivators. His Eternal stratum once again surged into operation, and he held his ground.

None shall pass!

Behind him, the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect looked on with trembling hearts. For the rest of their lives, they would never be able to forget the image of the Blood Prince's silhouette.

It was a silhouette like a mountain!

Unfortunately, the war was not concluded, and the fighting raged on.

Time continued to pass in much the same manner. In the blink of an eye, three days had gone by. Now, only seven days remained until Meng Hao's second true self awakened!

Meng Hao couldn't remember exactly how many times his body had fallen to pieces. Were it not for his Eternal stratum, he would long since be dead.

By now, he could unleash more than fifty golden vortices.

Terrifying amounts of qi and blood poured into him, as well as cultivation base power. And yet... it was not enough.

He trembled, and his eyes were shot with blood. His world was now a world completely the color of blood.

During those three days, Meng Hao finally came to understand that there was nothing truly Eternal in the world. Even though his body was restored over and over again, the speed with which it occurred was slowing, and he was even beginning to show signs of withering.

Behind him, the Blood Demon Sect disciples watched with red eyes as their Blood Prince used his own body to block the single gap in the shield. Their hearts felt as if they were being stabbed through with blades. Even someone completely apathetic would be shaken by Meng Hao's figure.

Even the Patriarchs engaged in battle with Patriarch Blood Demon were moved by the scene unfolding below.

Finally, after three days of slaughter, silence broke out down below. Of the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators, many had died. But their numbers were vast, so the group as a whole didn't really care. The only thing they cared about was that Meng Hao was blocking the gap. He was like a god; with him holding the pass, the entire army was blocked on the other side.

Meng Hao's clothes were soaked in blood, and his expression was one of exhaustion. His eyes were completely shot with blood. To his hundreds of thousands of opponents, he had become like an unforgettable nightmare.

Meng Hao stared out at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, and they stared back. In truth, by this point, many of them had begun to secretly admire him.

He was one man, defending one gap. He might have extraordinary divine abilities, and he might have a bizarre fleshly body that could revive itself, but even with that, what he was doing still required courage.

He was doing something that few other people could do.

Furthermore, they could see that despite the fact that his fleshly body could heal itself, he was showing signs of withering. He was obviously reaching his limit.

The early Dao Seeking old man from the Solitary Sword Sect looked at him coldly, and killing intent flickered in his eyes. "I haven't admired very many people in my life," he said. "From today on, you are one of those few!"

"Since you have some mysterious magic that prevents you from dying, then let's see how many strikes from our legacy precious treasure you can withstand!"

"Release the legacy precious treasure!"

Chapter 739: Patriarch Fifth Peak!

Legacy precious treasure!

In the Dao Reserve of every sect was some sort of precious item that would ensure the continued existence and development of the sect, and could also be used as a threat to protect it from its neighbors.

The Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Reserve was multitudinous. However, it was the bamboo sword that truly intimidated the rest of the Southern Domain!

The sword came from the Ancient Dao Lakes, and was almost infinitely powerful. It could unleash different amounts of power depending on who wielded it, and after extensive research, the Solitary Sword Sect came to the conclusion that its true powers... could only be unleashed by an Immortal.

Unfortunately, although Immortals had appeared in the Solitary Sword Sect before, they were only false Immortals. As far as true Immortals went... from ancient times until the present, not a single one had ever appeared in the entire Southern Domain!

There was no need to even mention the Western Desert. True Immortals had only ever appeared in the Eastern Lands!

The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect took a deep breath and lifted his right hand. Shockingly, a leaf appeared again, which quickly began to grow. In the blink of an eye, a stalk of bamboo could be seen, which then peeled away to reveal... the bamboo sword!

“This sword is only a subcomponent of the main treasure,” the old man said coolly. “However, considering the level of my cultivation base, even if I had the full sword, I would only be able to wield a portion of its power.” With that, he raised the sword up, and abundant life force surged in the area. It was as if everything had turned green, and innumerable motes of light began to swirl around. The entire scene was extremely magnificent.

The Dao Seeking puppet from the Golden Frost Sect gave a cold snort. It lifted its right hand, and the tiny, hand-sized rock in its hand rose up into the air and began to expand. In the blink of an eye, it was a 3,000-meter-tall mountain.

It exuded an overbearing will, which exploded out to cover the area around the puppet. Ripples appeared, which transformed into a river that swept across the area. There was also a pulsating aura that emerged from the rock mountain.

This rock was also a precious legacy treasure, and was even more domineering than the Solitary Sword Sect’s bamboo sword. Everything beneath the mountain seemed about to crack and shatter.

The 5th Li Clan Patriarch was watching from off in the distance, his expression the same as ever, but his eyes cold and grim. He swished his sleeve, and the Feng Shui compass flew out. The countless magical symbols on the Feng Shui compass sank down and then began to glitter with shining light, giving off the feeling that there was some sort of enigmatic, undeterminable natural law at work.

All three of these people were not using their main treasures, but subcomponents. The true treasures were up in the air, wielded by the three Patriarchs who were battling with Patriarch Blood Demon.

When the three precious treasures appeared, the surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators slowly began to back up, yielding the battlefield to them and denying Meng Hao any opportunity to utilize the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and an intense sensation of crisis welled up inside of him. However, his expression remained as calm as ever. He had experienced such feelings of danger at virtually every moment during this battle.

"Cleave!" the Solitary Sword Sect Dao Seeking expert said coolly. His hand descended, and the Bamboo Sword sucked in all the green light that it had previously emitted and then transformed it into brilliant sword of light. It flew up into the air and then transformed into half of a green greatsword.

The greatsword, filled with indescribable power, slashed down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked up.

"Ninth Mountain!" he said, and the Ninth Mountain appeared, only to immediately collapse.

Wooden Time Sword tips appeared, combining into a sword formation that instantly began to spin rapidly. And yet, this formation also fell apart almost immediately.

The Bamboo Sword continued relentlessly toward Meng Hao, who lifted his head up and roared, simultaneously stretching both hands out in front of him. In his left hand, a white fog appeared, and in his right hand, a black fog. They transformed into the Black White Pearls, which then flew up to resist the greatsword.

A huge boom echoed out. The greatsword shuddered and the Black White Pearls trembled. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, and the pearls vanished.

The greatsword seemed just on the verge of slashing into Meng Hao when a bloody glow suddenly appeared in his eyes. Cultivation base power exploded out, which he focused into his right hand and then punched out toward the descending sword.

Everything shook. The sword stopped in place, and Meng Hao's hand looked as though it might be ripped to shreds. An indescribable pressure crushed down onto him, and cracking sounds could be heard from inside of him. It almost seemed like he couldn't stand up to the power weighing down on him.

Countless rips appeared all over his body. Although they healed almost as soon as they appeared, the matchless speed with which more appeared made it so that Meng Hao was quickly covered in blood. It looked like he was about to be torn to pieces at any moment.

At the same time, the Golden Frost Sect puppet raised its hand, causing the 3,000-meter-tall mountain to teleport to a position directly above Meng Hao. It instantly began to crush downward.

BOOM!

Meng Hao's body fell apart again, to be held together only by the Eternal stratum. The greatsword continued its slashing descent, sword qi swirling, causing Meng Hao's body to fall apart again. The stony mountain continued its descent, emitting massive amounts of crushing pressure.

It was at this point that the 5th Li Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and waved his hand, causing the Feng Shui compass to fly out.

“Black flames and hellfire, killing intent refined into a soul!” A vicious gleam appeared in the man's eyes as he spoke. Black-colored fire suddenly spewed out of the Feng Shui compass, which then transformed into numerous black flame birds. Fully a thousand appeared, which then shot toward Meng Hao's collapsing figure.

They were clearly aiming to strike a fatal blow!

Even with the Eternal stratum, Meng Hao would surely perish when facing an onslaught from precious treasures like these!

By this point, the Blood Demon Sect disciples were all going mad.

“Blood Prince!!” Not a single one held back. All of the Blood Demon Sect disciples transformed into beams of light as they utilized the top speed they could muster to shoot forward.

However, in the moment that they began to charge, the hunchbacked old man let out a sigh. His hunched back suddenly straightened a bit, and his features changed. He looked different than the old man from before.

“Shield, collapse!” He pushed his hands forcefully out in front of him, and an indescribable power spread out. As soon as it touched the fifth layer of the shield, it rippled and then, in the blink of an eye, shattered into pieces.

The shattering released an incredible, surging force that spread out in all directions. The intensity of it instantly caused the three precious treasures to stop in place. Then, they started to emanate ripples that caused the ground to quake and the air to rip.

Borrowing the force of the shattering, the hunchbacked old man dashed forward, reaching the location of the three precious treasures in only a moment. He raised up both hands, then jerked them down.

**BOOM!**

His cultivation base exploded out, creating a huge shield that covered over Meng Hao and his collapsing body. It seemed the old man was using all the power he could muster to protect Meng Hao and give him time to recover. As for him, he fought back alone against the three precious treasures.

The greatsword descended, and the hunchbacked old man’s body trembled. Blood spewed from his mouth, and a vicious gleam appeared in his eyes. Once again, his hunched back straightened, and his features changed to that of a middle-aged man. As he stood his ground, his cultivation base suddenly changed to that of the Second Severing.

Given the brief respite, Meng Hao’s body fused together once more, and it seemed that in a moment, it would be completely whole again.



That was when the mountain completely crushed down. The hunchbacked old man's face went pale, and blood sprayed out from his entire body, forming something like a mist. His hunched back straightened even further, and he now looked like a young man.

By this point, Meng Hao's body was more than half materialized.

Unfortunately, that was when the black flame birds arrived. Under their onslaught, the hunchbacked old man lifted his head up and roared. His back was now completely straightened, and he looked like a teenager. His cultivation base surged again, and he was in the Third Severing.

He now appeared to be fourteen or fifteen years old. His features were handsome, and his energy surged. At the same time, his body burst into flames. Not flames of darkness, but flames of life force.

As he burned his life force, his cultivation base once again climbed up until it was at the early Dao Seeking stage, where it now contained natural law.

He was using his own life force to fight back against the three precious treasures.

The scene was moving even to the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators.

"Master!!" cried his apprentice, the pretty young woman. Tears were streaming down her face as she realized what he had chosen to do.

"Patriarch Fifth Peak!!"

"Patriarch!"

As the Blood Demon Sect disciples watched what was happening, their hearts quivered, and their eyes filled with tears.

Burning one's life force in such a way would result in certain death!

Finally, Meng Hao's body completely restored itself, and he opened his eyes to look at the teenager burning his life force to give him time to recover.

Although his fleshly body had been on the point of shattering, his soul and divine sense had remained, so he was aware of everything happening around him.

“You....” he said, his eyes filled with grief.

“Blood Prince,” said the teenager, his voice ancient and archaic, “you’ve done too much for the Blood Demon Sect already. This time, no arguing with me over who does what. This time, allow me to protect you!” He laughed happily, but his body quivered as he fought back against the three precious treasures. Even by burning his life force, he would not be able to hold out for very long.

“Get out of here!” he suddenly said, glancing back at Meng Hao. “I’m going to die, but before I do, I’ll sully these three precious treasures, making it impossible for them to be used against you, at least temporarily. The Patriarch is fighting, and so am I... but soon, everything will be up to you! Go!”

Meng Hao trembled as he realized that Patriarch Fifth Peak was already mentally prepared to die, and that there would be no changing his mind. Meng Hao’s heart felt like it was about to be ripped to shreds, but decisiveness appeared in his bloodshot eyes and he immediately retreated.

When he passed into the fourth layer of the shield, the teenager who had once been an old man smiled and continued to burn his life force.

“I’ve lived for too long, and seen too many things....” He turned back to look at his apprentice back in the Blood Demon Sect. He gave her a kind smile, then closed his eyes. The flames of his burning life force turned a bright, majestic red. Suddenly, his body exploded, releasing shocking, blood-colored undulations that slammed into the precious treasures, staining them red.

The precious treasures immediately grew dark and drab, as if their spirits had been sullied. They instantly began to fall toward the ground.

“MASTER!!” cried the heartbroken disciples of the fifth mountain peak. Tears ran like blood down the face of the pretty young woman.

All of the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were trembling. Their previous hopelessness was now gone, replaced by frenzied hatred.

They needed no rousing speeches now. The Blood Demon Sect was like a sword, ready to kill!

Meng Hao looked up, and a shocking red glow could be seen in his eyes.

Chapter 740: Fourth Level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

[/expand]

The subcomponents of the precious legacy treasures of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and Li Clan were sullied and fell to the ground. However, because of the heroism displayed by Patriarch Fifth Peak, there was something that occurred which no one noticed, not even Meng Hao. A unique halo suddenly flickered into being around the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure.

Apparently, the halo had always been there, but had been sealed and suppressed. Now that the item was sullied, the seal weakened a bit, allowing the halo to become visible for the first time.

Although this sword not the main treasure, only a subcomponent, the reaction that had begun was like a spark thrown onto a bale of hay. That spark, although tiny, it was impossible to extinguish. Furthermore, it even affected the main treasure in the hand of the black-robed old man up in mid-air, who was currently locked in combat with Patriarch Blood Demon's clone.

"What's going on?!" he cried, even in the midst of performing an incantation. Next to him was the true legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, the bamboo sword. Before, it had been matchlessly sharp, and could emanate astonishing pressure. Even Patriarch Blood Demon had to be careful of its potency.

Now, though, the sword was emanating a unique aura. In fact, it was an aura... that seemed like Time power!

When the aura appeared, the bamboo sword became even more astonishing, causing joy to rise in the heart of the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect.

Patriarch Blood Demon frowned. He could spread his power among many clones, or concentrate it in just one. A single clone could easily defeat any peak Dao Seeking cultivator, just as he had done with Patriarch Six-Daos.

Now, however, he was facing three peak Dao Seeking experts, all of whom wielded legacy precious treasures. It was only by increasing the number of clones he was using that he could deal with the sheer number of foes.

Furthermore, deep in his heart, Patriarch Blood Demon had the feeling that someone was watching him, as if a gaze from some unknown place had suddenly come to be fixed on him.

“It’s too bad I can’t let my soul leave the Blood Pond...” he thought with a sigh. However, not even a scrap of fear could be seen in his expression. He was completely confident that no matter what violent upheavals occurred, he could resolve all crises that arose.

That confidence had always existed in his heart, and had not faded in the least, no matter how bad the situation seemed.

The battle in mid-air continued as he used clones to fight three peak Dao Seeking experts, as well as Patriarch Six-Daos, who had used some secret art to burn his longevity and temporarily restore his cultivation base to the point where he could battle Patriarch Blood Demon.

The hatred in his heart for Patriarch Blood Demon had turned into a festering obsession.

RUMBLE!

The fighting on the ground below was also changing.

With the fifth shield layer having collapsed, Patriarch Fifth Peak having fallen, and the three subcomponent treasures sullied, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were left shaken. At the same time, crowds of Blood Demon Sect disciples were waiting behind the fourth shield layer, looking like monstrous, blood-colored swords.

“Storm the breach!” roared the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect, his eyes sparkling with coldness. He was in the vanguard position, flanked by the Golden Frost Sect puppet and the Li Clan cultivator, as well as numerous Spirit Severing experts. All of them shot toward the fourth shield layer.

“Die!” hundreds of thousands of cultivators joined the charge, their energy surging. Once again, they looked like floodwaters ready to completely submerge and shatter the Blood Demon Sect.

Inside the fourth shield layer, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then strode forward. This time, he was followed by the two Ironblood Patriarchs as well as more than ten thousand Blood Demon Sect disciples, who radiated killing intent.

Their eyes were filled with such decisiveness and determination that Meng Hao knew he could do nothing to prevent them from fighting.

“Since that’s the case, today, we will fight to the bitter end!” He looked up, and his eyes shone with sparkling redness. Time Sword tips swirled through the air around him, transforming into the shape of a lotus that emanated an astonishing power of Time. Even the air seemed to be affected by that power.

At the same time, a faint bloody glow became visible around Meng Hao. It started out as what appeared to be a ghost image, but when it moved forward, it became clear that it was a Blood Clone!

The Ji Clan Blood Clone!

“FIGHT!” Meng Hao’s right hand flashed in an incantation and the Time Sword Formation shot forward. The Blood Clone’s eyes glittered, and a blood-colored glow shot up into the sky, along with an evil will. Then it transformed into a streak of red that pounced onto one cultivator after another.

Every time it pounced, its victim would tremble and then let out a miserable shriek. It would only take a moment for that person’s blood to be completely drained. After they became a desiccated husk, the Blood Clone would fly out looking like it had just enjoyed a grand meal. It would then shoot gluttonously toward its next victim.

Gradually, a bit of consciousness seemed to be awakening within the Blood Clone, which was one reason that Meng Hao was hesitant to use it in battle.

On previous occasions, he had dealt with resistance from the Blood Clone, and he was certain that the more blood it absorbed, the harder it would be to control. In fact, there was also the possibility of direct rebellion.

Right now, though, in this battle, Meng Hao did not have the luxury to worry about the future. Therefore, the Blood Clone appeared in the battle, and the glow of blood it cast rose up into the sky. The Blood Clone... could be considered undying, and was bizarre in appearance. Although it did not kill vast numbers of enemies, the sight of it caused quite a few people on the battlefield to be alarmed and bewildered.

“What’s that!?!?”

“Don’t let that blood-colored thing touch you! It’s evil!”

“The Blood Demon Sect only cultivates Demon magic. Malicious magical arts like that are why the Blood Demon Sect deserves to be exterminated!”

Bloodcurdling screams, shouts of anger, cries of madness, and the sounds of explosions fused together into sound waves that shook the entire battlefield.

Amidst the cacophony of sound, the two Ironblood Patriarchs and the ten thousand Blood Demon Sect disciples met the enemy head on.

As for Meng Hao, he single-handedly pinned down the Solitary Sword Sect early Dao Seeking Patriarch, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator, as well as several Spirit Severing experts. Golden vortexes of the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic spun in all directions. By use of his various magical techniques, he ensured that these powerful opponents could not break out of the area.

The task was a strenuous one for Meng Hao, especially against the old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, who snorted coldly and unleashed natural law. Then he strode forward, and appeared near the two Ironblood Patriarchs, toward whom he leveled a deadly attack.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with killing intent.

“Detonate!” he growled, causing one of the Time Sword tips in the Lotus Sword Formation to explode. The power of Time burst out, transforming into a tempest that swept out in all directions.

Peak Dao Seeking experts could disregard such a Time tempest, but not an early Dao Seeking cultivator. The old man’s face flickered, and he forced himself to a stop, then retreated.

“Spirit Severing cultivators!” he cried. “New orders. Pin him down immediately!”

The Solitary Sword Sect’s Spirit Severing cultivators immediately shot forward. The Golden Frost Sect Puppet and the Li Clan cultivator also issued similar orders. It only took a moment for numerous Spirit Severing cultivators to charge toward Meng Hao, unleashing divine abilities and magical techniques to obstruct him.

At the same time, the Golden Frost Sect puppet’s eyes flickered as it attempted to fly past Meng Hao’s position. The Li Clan cultivator was also trying to do the same thing.

It was at this point that a cold glow appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“Detonate. Detonate! DETONATE!”

Three Time Sword tips exploded in quick succession. The Golden Frost Sect puppet and the Li Clan cultivator were forced to halt in place as Time tempests raged out in all directions.

Meng Hao was sparing no cost in this battle. He strode forward, and a vicious expression appeared on his face as he waved his hand.

“DETONATE!” Of the remaining Wooden Time Sword tips, five exploded, leaving only one remaining behind. An enormous tempest of Time power surged out in all directions, causing the entire battlefield to rumble and shake.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the Spirit Severing experts’ bodies rapidly aged. Several actually ran out of longevity and then directly died, and the others retreated at full speed. However, even as they fell back, Meng Hao transformed into a green smoke that vanished and then reappeared behind one of the men. His right hand shot out, and a crunching sound could be heard as a neck was smashed. Another flicker, and punch. Another enemy killed.

Meng Hao’s shadow flashed back and forth, and in only the space of a few breaths of time, he had killed seven Spirit Severing cultivators.

By this time, the Time tempest had faded away. The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator all joined forces, releasing

their most powerful divine abilities in an earth-shattering attack that threatened to inundate Meng Hao.

BANG!

Meng Hao's body collapsed, then reformed. His face was pale, and he had the intense premonition that if his body continued to collapse in this way, then it wouldn't be long... before he actually died.

By now, many of the Blood Demon Sect disciples on the battlefield had been killed, their bodies dead and their Nascent Souls destroyed. Before dying, most chose to self-detonate, causing blood to spatter throughout the battlefield like red flowers.

The bravery shown was grand and spectacular! Inside the fourth layer of the shield, the rest of the Blood Demon Sect disciples' eyes were bloodshot. Tens of thousands of disciples flew out, along with the three Demonfire Patriarchs. However, considering that they were up against hundreds of thousands of enemies, the best they could do was delay them for a bit. Even then, they couldn't hold on for very long.

Even Meng Hao was slowly forced to fall back under the repeated onslaught of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and Li Clan experts.

The Ninth Mountain had collapsed.

He was no longer capable of wielding the Black White Pearls.

He had detonated his entire Time Sword formation.

The tentacles of his Spirit Severing treasure, the Resurrection Lily, had been severed, and it was in a sorry state.

His own body was weak to the extreme!

He utilized the Blood Demon Grand Magic over and over again, but by now, whenever the multicolored lights of the magic appeared, people in the area were prepared and quickly evaded.



As for the early Dao Seeking expert of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator, the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic wasn't strong enough to thoroughly pin them down.

"The Patriarch said that the Blood Demon Grand Magic's fourth level was enough to slay early Dao Seeking," he thought. "Fourth level... I need to achieve the fourth level!" His eyes were bright red as he retreated, once again unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and once again experiencing the collapse and recovery of his fleshly body.

"I need the vortex to spin faster! If it goes fast enough, it will reach the fourth level! There shouldn't be a bottleneck before the fourth level; I'm already in the Spirit Meridians stratum. I just need the golden vortex... to rotate faster! Much faster!" His cultivation base exploded with power as he unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic and pushed hard toward the fourth level. At the same time, the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator were aggressively advancing toward him....

Suddenly, Meng Hao's mind became clear, and everything around him seemed to slow down. He lifted his hand up and pointed forward.

A golden vortex suddenly appeared that was ten times larger than any of the previous vortexes. It appeared right on top of the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, as well as a few dozen other surrounding cultivators.

The golden vortex instantly exploded out with a frenzied gravitational force. Both cultivation base as well as qi and blood were rapidly absorbed, and all the cultivators inside the vortex were instantly turned into corpses, with the exception of the Solitary Sword Sect expert!

As for him, he gave a cold snort and was about to collapse the vortex when suddenly, his eyes went wide. He suddenly realized that this vortex was different than the ones before.

The intense gravitational force had already sucked away at least a third of his cultivation base!

Most importantly, he realized that he... was incapable of freeing himself! He was locked down tight!

"Impossible!" he said, his voice hoarse.

The speed with which objects were pulled by the gravitational force far exceeded the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Meng Hao had been retreating, but now, he stopped in place and looked up at the Dao Seeking expert stuck in the vortex. Killing intent flickered in his eyes.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic. Fourth level!”

His breakthrough was successful!