

The Heavens 741

Chapter 741: Clone of the Dawn Immortal!

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The Blood Demon Grand Magic had six levels in total!

The Qi and Blood stratum, the Spirit Meridians stratum, and the Blood Soul stratum!

Three grand strata, designed to strengthen the fleshly body, the cultivation base, and the soul!

The first stratum allowed the cultivator to temper the fleshly body to a virtually limitless level of power that could shake Heaven and Earth. The second stratum was even stronger; cultivation bases of others could be absorbed, providing a temporary increase in one's cultivation base.

Limits could be exceeded, and one could temporarily achieve a pinnacle of power!

As far as the third stratum, the Blood Soul stratum, went, Meng Hao wasn't too clear about the details. According to the description of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the third stratum had something to do with the soul, and divine will.

What he did know was that the 3rd stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic had its own unique name.

It could form divine will into clones, and butcher Immortals with a single thought!

Rumbling filled Meng Hao's body. As he looked out over the chaos of the battlefield, his energy surged, and his eyes radiated an unprecedented glow that caused the Golden Frost Sect puppet's heart to tremble. The Li Clan cultivator's pupils constricted, and as for the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert stuck in the golden vortex, his mind reeled, and a sense of grave danger welled up from his heart.

Meng Hao slowly raised his hand up and pointed at the man.

“Die!” he said.

In response, the vortex began to spin even faster, transforming into a cyclone that seemed to stretch from the land all the way up into the sky. Viewed from a distance, it was shocking to the extreme, and all the cultivators on the battlefield, both the Blood Demon Sect disciples and the forces from the four great powers, were astonished.

The Solitary Sword Sect cultivator was no longer visible inside the tempest. Only a desolate shriek could be heard from within the raging winds. Vast quantities of qi and blood transformed into a bloody haze that flowed out from the tempest toward Meng Hao.

By this point, Meng Hao’s entire fleshly body had already reached the Dao Seeking stage. At the same time, vast amounts of cultivation base power surged into him from the tempest, pushing his own cultivation base up into the third Severing!

Inside the tempest, the Solitary Sword Sect cultivator was experiencing unbelievable pain. His fleshly body withered rapidly, and he was transformed into a living corpse in the blink of an eye!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and a shocking aura suddenly rose up from his body that could be felt by everyone on the battlefield.

The aura was not Spirit Severing, but... Dao Seeking!

Finally, the golden vortex faded away, revealing the Solitary Sword Sect cultivator. He was nothing but skin and bones, and possessed not even a bit of cultivation base. His life force barely flickered; he had lost everything!

He was incredibly weak, virtually a mortal, without even the strength to retrieve any magical items from his bag of holding. Even his Nascent Divinity was completely withered.

Shock filled his eyes; everything had happened so quickly that he could scarcely believe it had actually occurred. As the vortex disappeared, Meng Hao sped forward to appear directly in front of the old man. Then he reached out and pushed down on top of the man’s head.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators all looked on, their faces awash with astonishment, shock, terror and disbelief.

BOOM!

The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect exploded, sending blood and gore showering out in all directions, which then... transformed into ash that dissipated in the wind.

The entire battlefield went silent.

Only a withered Nascent Divinity remained behind, looking confused and terrified. He tried to flee, but before he could put much distance between himself and Meng Hao, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. He raised his right hand, and the flag of three streamers appeared. It swept out, filling the area with rippling blackness that then wrapped around the withered Nascent Soul. Then it jerked him back toward Meng Hao, sealing him up inside the flag.

Deathly silence reigned....

The Golden Frost Sect puppet gasped and fell into retreat. The other Golden Frost Sect cultivators who comprised the other puppets had looks of astonishment and disbelief on their faces. A powerful expert of the early Dao Seeking stage had just been slaughtered in front of their eyes.

The Li Clan cultivator stared with wide eyes.

The deathly silence only lasted for a few moments, after which an explosion of reactions occurred.

“Early Dao Seeking....”

“Dead?!”

“A mighty Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect just perished!!”

None of them dared to believe what they had just witnessed.

Even as they reeled in shock, they stared over at Meng Hao. The image of him standing there was something they would never be able to forget for the rest of their lives.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were quivering in excitement, and began to shout out to Meng Hao.

“Blood Prince!”

“Blood Prince!!”

“BLOOD PRINCE!!!” The sound surged out over the battlefield, transforming into countless echoes which caused everything to shake.

The slaying of the early Dao Seeking cultivator caused the Blood Demon Sect disciples to be more roused than ever. Meng Hao looked up. Now that he could wield the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he was completely confident that he could fight back against the hundreds of thousands of enemies.

He strode forward and then transformed into a savage beam of light that shot toward the Li Clan cultivator.

As rumbling filled the air, the Li Clan cultivator’s face fell. He immediately fell into retreat, not daring to get close to Meng Hao. He was completely terrified of the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex.

Despite his fleeing at top speed, he wasn’t faster than Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic. Meng Hao waved his hand, and three golden vortexes appeared, which descended toward the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators.

Immediately, miserable shrieks rang out as the three vortexes enveloped several hundred enemy cultivators. Immediately, their bodies withered up, and their cultivation bases vanished. Qi and blood and spirit meridians were extracted and shot toward Meng Hao.

His fleshly body grew stronger!

His cultivation base rose to shocking heights!

Meng Hao advanced at top speed and then pointed out toward the fleeing Li Clan cultivator.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Demonic qi swept about, silk-like, entangling the Li Clan cultivator in the blink of an eye. His body stopped in mid-air. He struggled, and seemed just on the verge of breaking free, but the price he paid for that brief pause....

Was that Meng Hao had time to unleash the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex!

Rumble!

As soon as the vortex appeared, the Li Clan cultivator screamed. He threw out numerous magical items, and fully employed all the power of his cultivation base, but if the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect couldn't avoid perishing, how could he, with his slightly lower cultivation base?

As the shrieks rang out, the Golden Frost Sect puppet looked on, eyes wide. The Li Clan cultivator withered up, and his cultivation base was dissolved. The cultivators in the puppet felt their scalps go numb, and they retreated at top speed.

Within the space of a few breaths, the Li Clan cultivator's entire cultivation base, and all of his qi and blood, were absorbed by Meng Hao. Then Meng Hao waved his hand, and what remained of the Li Clan cultivator exploded into bits.

"Kill them!" roared Meng Hao, which further roused the spirits of the surrounding Blood Demon Sect disciples. There were tens of thousands of them, and they were facing hundreds of thousands of enemies.

And yet... the death of the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the fall of the Li Clan Elder, the retreat of the Golden Frost Sect puppet, along with all of the shocked Spirit Severing cultivators attempting to escape, caused the forces of the four great powers to be profoundly shaken and, apparently, lose their will to fight.

Furthermore, Meng Hao's Blood Clone was still pouncing from cultivator to cultivator, draining them dead. All of this sapped the energy of the hundreds of thousands of enemies. For the first time, the Blood Demon Sect... forced the enemy forces into retreat!

If you likened the enemy forces to a fist, then Meng Hao had taken that fist... and pried it open!

Seeing the sudden shift in events down below, the old black-robed Solitary Sword Sect cultivator up in mid-air let out a bellow of rage. “You’re courting death, kid!”

The Li Clan Patriarch also roared in fury. They wanted to charge down to attack Meng Hao, but Patriarch Blood Demon’s clones clearly would not allow them to do any such thing. Echoing booms filled the air, and the air was distorted and warped.

“Dammit!” cried the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. “Dawn Immortal, you promised to help!”

As soon as his voice rang out, a faint sigh could be heard echoing down from up above. It swept across the lands, causing the minds of all the cultivators to reel, both the hundreds of thousands of enemies, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples. Their minds trembled, and then went completely blank.

The Resurrection Lily suddenly appeared behind Meng Hao, looking incredibly vicious, with its tentacles whipping about madly. Meng Hao looked up into the sky, his eyes filled with grim killing intent.

Up above, a woman could be seen. As she strode down from the sky, flowers blossomed beneath her feet, and a shocking energy swirled faintly around her.

She was not beautiful, but had striking, unusual features which would cause anyone who looked at her to feel a breathtaking attraction to her.

Her appearance instantly caused quite a stir on the battlefield. Patriarch Blood Demon’s clones looked up, and their eyes all came to focus on the woman.

“Dawn Immortal,” he said.

“Blood Demon!” she replied.

Patriarch Blood Demon's clones all merged together into a single clone. That single clone emitted a powerful aura, which transformed into an enormous, blood-colored face that hovered in mid-air.

"A measly clone?" said Patriarch Blood Demon. He looked over at the Solitary Sword Sect expert and the others. "This is your trump card?" His gaze shifted back to the woman. "That leaf earlier was your handiwork, too, I presume."

"Under different circumstances," she responded, "I would be incapable of dealing with you, Senior Blood Demon. But now you are bound by an aura of death. You are simply too weak, Senior. If I remember correctly, the Blood Demon Grand Magic can only be utilized by one person in any given age. You haven't used it during the battle, only that child down there has.... Although, that doesn't really matter. All I need to do is delay you for a bit." She suddenly looked down toward the ground, and Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back up at her, and his mind trembled when their eyes met. An incredible pressure suddenly weighed down on his mind, as if an entire mountain were crushing down onto him.

Behind him, the Resurrection Lily was writhing about madly.

"Dawn Immortal!!" he thought, staggering backward. Despite the fact that blood oozed from his mouth, he continued to stare at the woman up above. He would never forget the feeling of that gaze, the same gaze that had fallen upon him when he was in the Milky Way Sea!

This woman was none other than the mysterious Dawn Immortal, although it was not her true self, but merely a clone!

"The good part of me gave you her life force," the woman said coolly. "My son is now your Spirit Severing Treasure.... You and I really are connected by destiny."

Chapter 742: Time To Come Home, Darling

As the words left the mouth of the Dawn Immortal's clone, Meng Hao felt the pressure weighing down on him increase. It was as if a will of extermination was about to thoroughly crush him.

Behind him, the Resurrection Lily was in a frenzy, prismatic colors flickered across it, and its tentacles writhed violently. It even seemed to be emitting voiceless screams.

Meng Hao felt himself shaking, and he gritted his teeth as he continued to stare at the Dawn Immortal. He had heard of her way back in the Reliance Sect, but it wasn't until this moment... that he saw her personally.

The Dawn Immortal lifted her right hand, within which a leaf appeared. She waved it gently, and brilliant light exploded out as it shot down toward Meng Hao.

Everything in Heaven and Earth went still except for the leaf. It transformed into a streak of light that instantly bore down on Meng Hao. But then... an ancient hand stretched out and grabbed hold of the leaf.

The hand clenched into a fist, and the leaf was crushed.

When the hand opened, dust drifted out into the wind.

The hand belonged to none other than the composite clone of Patriarch Blood Demon!

“Facing the likes of you people, so what if I can't use the Blood Demon Grand Magic?” he said coolly. All of a sudden, he was surrounded by the glow of blood, which shot up into the air to encompass even the enormous face up above. Shockingly, a ferocious horn grew out of the face, which suddenly looked exactly like that of the Demonic Incarnation Meng Hao had been in control of earlier.

“Blood Realm, Activate!” said Patriarch Blood Demon. Rumbling filled the sky, and red mist roiled out in all directions. At the same time, the Dawn Immortal clone's eyes flickered and she waved her hand, causing a Resurrection Lily to magically appear behind her. It shone with boundless radiance that spread out to battle against Patriarch Blood Demon.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch, and the Li Clan Patriarch unleashed divine abilities to aid the Dawn Immortal in resisting Patriarch Blood Demon!

As for Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect, he was just about to lend his assistance when the Dawn Immortal suddenly said, “Six-Daos, there's no need for you to participate in this fight. Go wipe out the foundation of the Blood Demon Sect, and destroy Mount Blood Demon. That is where this Blood Demon's true self lies!”

“Kill that kid Meng Hao while you’re at it!” added the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. He waved his hand, causing the Solitary Sword Sect’s legacy precious treasure, the bamboo sword, to fly toward Six-Daos. “Here, I’ll even lend you my sword!”

At first, Six-Daos was about to refuse. Seeing Meng Hao slaughter the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect had shocked him to the core. When he saw the bamboo sword flying toward him, however, he was suddenly enlivened.

He was well aware that the Solitary Sword Sect’s legacy precious treasure was shockingly powerful. As soon as his hand closed around the hilt, he flickered and shot down toward the ground.

Patriarch Blood Demon frowned as the rumbling explosions of magical battle filled the air.

Six-Daos shot down from the sky, eyes fixed on Meng Hao and flickering with the desire to kill. He raised his hand, and the bamboo sword began to emanate blinding light. The air distorted, and an amorphous aura began to seep out from within it. The sword seemed to be emanating the power of Time, and its might was reminiscent of a gigantic mountain.

Meng Hao’s face was unsightly, but as soon as he sensed the aura of the Bamboo Sword, he stared in shock, and a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

As the sword grew closer, his brow furrowed. Patriarch Six-Daos’ cultivation base was between the early and mid Dao Seeking stages. However, with the added might of the Bamboo Sword, he was beyond Meng Hao’s ability to threaten.

“Get back into the shield!” said Meng Hao. He and the rest of the Blood Demon Sect disciples immediately fell back behind the fourth layer of the shield.

As Six-Daos neared, he laughed coldly and gestured toward the fourth layer of the shield.
“BREAK!”

The wave of his hand caused an enormous incense burner to appear.

The incense burner was none other than the Black Sieve Sect’s legacy precious treasure, although cracks could be seen on its surface, the result of the pressure exuded by Patriarch Blood Demon’s clone back in the Black Sieve Sect.

The incense burner exuded an ancient aura as it smashed down toward the fourth shield layer.

A massive boom echoed out. Although the incense burner was cracked, it was still a legacy precious treasure of a great sect. As it smashed downward, shocking green smoke surged out of it, transforming into countless vicious, evil spirits that joined the smashing attack.

As they neared the shield, cracking sounds could be heard, and the shield began to collapse.

Thankfully, Meng Hao and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples had already retreated behind the third layer of the shield. As the fourth layer exploded, massive power was unleashed, causing intense vibrations to rock the incense burner.

Six-Daos laughed coldly, lifting the Bamboo Sword and rotating his cultivation base. The most powerful sword beam he could summon appeared, fully 30,000 meters long, seemingly capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. It was filled with boundless Time power as it slashed down toward the third layer of the shield.

The bizarreness of the sword was now becoming even more apparent. Gradually, the exterior of the Bamboo Sword was filling with more and more rips and fissures, within which could be seen another sword. It was as if the inner sword were a sapling in springtime, sprouting from a wilted bough!

An even more intense aura of Time emerged from the sword, causing the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect to be even more pleased than before.

Six-Daos was even happier, and he lifted his head up to laugh uproariously. “Meng Hao, you’re DEAD!”

BOOM!

The third layer of the shield only lasted for the space of a few breaths before it shattered. As it did, Meng Hao’s face should have been extremely unsightly, but instead it held an odd expression, and his eyes were glittering.

“Fall back again!” he said, leading the Blood Demon Sect cultivators behind the glow of the second shield layer.

At the same time, the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators felt their spirits lifting. They surged toward the Blood Demon Sect as Six-Daos once again unleashed a massive attack toward the second shield layer.

Night had fallen, and the bright moon hung high in the sky. However, the ground trembled, and the fighting had reached such intensity that no one was paying attention to whether it was day or night.

“Meng Hao, you scamp, the day you stepped foot into the Black Sieve Sect, you must have known that this day would come!” As Six-Dao’s voice echoed out in all directions, the incense burner rotated in the air above him. The bamboo sword swirled around him, emanating a brilliant aura.

Six-Dao’s eyes were filled with venomous rancor. His animosity toward Meng Hao had long since seeped into his very marrow. He wanted to exterminate the Blood Demon Sect and destroy Meng Hao in body and soul. To achieve that goal, he would sacrifice anything and everything.

“DIE!!!” he howled, laughing maniacally as he raised his hand and unleashed the full force of his cultivation base into the bamboo sword, causing it to explode with an incredible sword beam.

The sword beam was shocking to the extreme!

Cracking sounds could be heard as the light beam burst out. More tears spread out across the Bamboo Sword and, finally, a bang could be heard as it exploded.

In the instant in which it was ripped open, shockingly, a wooden sword appeared in its place!

The wooden sword had been hidden inside the bamboo sword all along! Now that the bamboo sword had shattered, the wooden sword was revealed!

As soon as it appeared, boundless Time power radiated out, and an incredibly ancient aura flooded the area. Even the Dawn Immortal’s and Patriarch Blood Demon’s faces flickered when they sensed the aura.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect was going wild with joy. He lifted his head up and laughed heartily. Although he had loaned the sword to Six-Daos, it was still the legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, something that had been handed down from generation to generation. Despite being in the hands of another, it still belonged to the Solitary Sword Sect; no one could ever steal it away!

There was one fact unknown to outsiders that was passed down only to the successive generations of Solitary Sword Sect Patriarchs. The primary master of this sword was the Solitary Sword Sect itself. When it was originally discovered, it was actually nothing more than a stick of bamboo which possessed a naturally-occurring, intrinsic sword qi. The Solitary Sword Sect had taken it to be a supreme treasure, and had refined it into a sword.

“That’s the heart of the bamboo! The heart of the bamboo is transformed into wood, so naturally it would be a sword!!” The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect and Patriarch Six-Daos were both laughing loudly. Six-Daos’ eyes shone brightly as he abruptly pointed toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!” he cried, his voice booming like thunder, and filled with unmatched confidence. He was absolutely certain that even with the shield protecting him, Meng Hao would definitely die beneath the power of this sword!

In response to his words, the wooden sword began to rumble and then shot toward the second layer of the shield.

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators in the area breathlessly watched the dazzling sword and its aura. Shocking pressure emanated from it as it shot magnificently through the air.

“Time became bamboo,” murmured the Dawn Immortal, “and the bamboo concealed time. It transformed into bamboo wood....” Her battle with Patriarch Blood Demon did not slow down, but instead grew even more intense.

As the wooden sword descended, the ground trembled and fissures appeared, as if it couldn’t withstand the incredible pressure of Time.

The grass withered, and time itself seemed to distort. A Time tempest appeared, shocking the surrounding cultivators, who immediately fell back.

The sword was now on the verge of slamming into the second shield layer. Inside, the Blood Demon Sect disciples had looks of despair on their faces. In contrast, the surrounding hundreds of thousands of enemies wore expressions of anticipation.

All eyes were fixed on the sword flying through the air.

Six-Daos' laughter echoed out across the battlefield.

Meng Hao had an odd expression. Earlier, he had sensed something familiar about the aura of the bamboo sword. When the rips appeared on its surface earlier, that familiar sensation grew stronger. When the bamboo shattered and the wooden sword appeared, a connection appeared between him and the sword that only he could sense!

He was connected to the wooden sword!!

At a certain point, a bashful smile appeared on Meng Hao's face, and he cleared his throat. Even as the eyes of all the Blood Demon Sect disciples and enemy cultivators were fixed on the wooden sword, he suddenly stepped out from behind the second shield layer.

This action immediately attracted everyone's attention, and the buzz of conversation rose up into the air.

"What is he doing? Don't tell me he's going to try to fight the legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect!?"

"He really overestimates his ability! He might be strong, but he's going to die for sure!"

"Hahaha! I never thought someone could be so arrogant! He actually dares to step out from behind the shield? That sword is going to destroy him in body and soul!!"

"Looking to die?" laughed Six-Daos. He assumed Meng Hao must have become so frightened that he lost his senses. A normal person would never step out from behind the shield, they would cover behind it.

What attracted even more attention was how Meng Hao not only stepped out from behind the shield, but then stretched his hand out... directly toward the shockingly powerful wooden sword that was slashing toward him... as if he were beckoning toward it.

He cleared his throat and then said, "Time to come home, darling!"

Chapter 743: Call Out To It! Does It Answer?

As soon as Meng Hao's words echoed out, the majority of the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators immediately burst out into raucous laughter.

"What did he say? Darling? Come home?"

"Has Meng Hao gone insane?"

"This is pretty funny. It's the first time I've seen such a powerful expert go crazy!"

Six-Daos was also laughing loudly. "I've lived a long time, but this is the first time I've encountered a lunatic like you!"

Even the black-robed expert from the Solitary Sword Clan split off a strand of divine sense to observe what was happening. After he saw what was happening, he shook his head and laughed.

The voices and laughter rippled out, and all sorts of snide, mocking comments could be heard. When they first spoke, the wooden sword was just on the verge of slashing down. However, even in the middle of deriding Meng Hao, looks of astonishment began to appear on each of their faces.

That was because... the sword did not slash down, but rather, lurched to a stop.

When the sword lurched to a stop, it seemed as if hundreds of thousands of hearts similarly lurched to a stop.

Six-Daos' eyes went wide, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples inside the second shield layer seemingly forgot how to breathe. They stared blankly at their Blood Prince, who standing outside the shield, beckoning toward the astonishing precious treasure that was the wooden sword.

Up in mid-air, the black-robed Patriarch who was fighting Patriarch Blood Demon had originally been extremely pleased. All of a sudden, however, the sword ground to a halt, and his heart began to thump.

The wooden sword came to a stop about thirty meters above Meng Hao. The power of Time emanated out in all directions, causing everything to wither. Even the second shield layer was rippling and distorting. In this condition, it seemed that the slightest tap would cause it to instantly shatter.

And yet Meng Hao... was not affected by the wooden sword, even in the slightest.

The wooden sword seemed to have a spirit of its own, and was apparently hesitating. After stopping in mid-air, glittering light seemed to dance fluidly across the blade.

Six-Daos' face flickered with disbelief. What he was seeing completely exceeded the limits of his imagination. It didn't matter that he used to be at the peak of Dao Seeking, or the Patriarch of a great sect. The events that he was witnessing with his own eyes left him completely shaken.

He was incapable of even comprehending what was happening. Why had the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure... ground to a halt directly in front of Meng Hao? Furthermore, it even seemed to be hesitating.

He could not come up with any explanation, even though he wracked his brains over and over again.

"Impossible!" he thought, gritting his teeth and causing his cultivation base to rumble with power. He used every scrap of strength he had to try to control the wooden sword, but there wasn't the slightest reaction. The sword completely ignored him and, even more shocking, directly severed their connection.

When that happened, Six-Daos' face fell even more.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators stared with wide eyes at a scene they would likely never encounter again in their entire lives. Most incredulous of all were the cultivators from the Solitary Sword Sect.

The wooden sword was a legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, the symbol and foundation of their entire sect!

There was someone even more shocked than the ordinary disciples, however. The black-robed old man up in midair simply couldn't believe what was happening. His mind felt as if lightning were crashing around inside. Unable to defend against the divine ability Patriarch Blood Demon was attacking him with, he was slammed backward, blood spraying from his mouth. The mist of Patriarch Blood Demon's Blood World enveloped him, making it impossible for him to charge in and attack. All he could do was perform a double-handed incantation and then point out toward the wooden sword.

"Solitary Bamboo Sword, return!" he roared, continuing with another incantation gesture.

The wooden sword trembled, apparently in response to the old man, whose heart immediately sank. A very, very bad feeling welled up inside of him. Under normal circumstances, all it took was an incantation gesture and the simple point of a finger to instantly cause the bamboo sword to fly back to him. Now, all it did was tremble.

"Dammit! What's going on?!?!" He performed another incantation gesture, and even went so far as to spit out a mouthful of blood. How could he not be anxious? This was the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure, and if he allowed it to be snatched away, it would be a great sin against the sect.

"You were refined by the Solitary Sword Sect! We acquired you from the Ancient Dao Lakes! You were personally crafted into a sword by the ancestors of the Solitary Sword Sect! You belong to us!!

"Solitary Bamboo Sword, get back here!!" The black-robed man howled in rage, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. Finally, the invisible connection between him and the sword finally seemed to function. The wooden sword began to vibrate, and then moved backward several meters.

Even as the black-robed man let out a sigh of relief, the wooden sword suddenly stopped again, and the man's heart once again began to thump.

"You were born in the Solitary Sword Sect! For years, we Solitary Sword Sect disciples offered sacrifices to enable you to gain sentience! We spent countless resources making you sharper and more powerful! Our entire sect worked to help you!!

“Y-y-you... you get back here right now!!” Despite his anxiety, the black-robed old man was pinned down by the mist of blood. He let out a roar, then spit out more blood, completely ignoring the wastage to his longevity as he once again pointed toward the wooden sword.

This time, however, there was no reaction whatsoever from the sword....

“Finished playing around?” said Meng Hao, his face grave and his tone berating. “If you don’t come over here right now, just wait and see how I punish you after we get home!”

As Meng Hao’s words rang out, the wooden sword shuddered in midair. Then, it severed its connection with the black-robed man and shot directly toward Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, it was circulating around him, its thrumming sound echoing out in all directions. It was almost as if it was clamoring in joy, fawning over him, even exhibiting signs that it had missed him.

Anyone looking on could clearly tell that this sword... belonged to Meng Hao!

Six-Daos’ eyes were wide, and he very nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators gasped, having been thoroughly astonished by Meng Hao.

The Solitary Sword Sect disciples gaped as their Sect’s unsurpassed, proud and aloof precious treasure, swirled around Meng Hao like a happy pet. Clearly... it recognized Meng Hao as its master.

“I must be asleep....”

“That’s... that’s our sect’s legacy precious treasure?”

“What’s... what’s going on...?” The minds of the Solitary Sword Sect disciples were spinning, but most disbelieving of all was the black-robed man up in midair.

His eyes filled with an expression of both madness and injustice, which then transformed into a towering rage. He was just about to open his mouth to say something when blood spurted out and he grew visibly older.

He just couldn't understand or comprehend how the sword could possibly recognize Meng Hao as its master!

He just couldn't believe it. His world was turned upside down, as if enormous waves were surging through his psyche.

"How could this be happening!?!?" he roared madly. He wanted to try to break through the blood mist, to grab the sword in his hand and ask its spirit why it was acting this way. Why was it betraying the Solitary Sword Sect, why would it recognize Meng Hao as its master when it had only seen him once?

"That sword belongs to the Solitary Sword Sect!!!"

"It belongs to you?" asked Meng Hao coolly. "Call out to it. Does it answer?" He stretched out his hand, and the sword flew down to land hilt-down on his palm. It even danced back and forth, apparently in complete excitement.

"YOU!!" The Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch almost spit up some more blood because of the flames of rage that burned in his heart. By this point, it didn't matter that he had a cultivation base at the peak of Dao Seeking. Even an Immortal would be unable to accept a blow like this, nor such loss.

That was especially so... considering how the wooden sword was frolicking around happily. The black-robed old man felt as if a blade were stabbing viciously into his heart. That was because he himself had needed to make sacrificial offerings to it, and had never seen it act in such a way.

Meng Hao could also sense that this sword, one of the ones he had buried so long ago, had developed a sword spirit. Despite that, his contingencies from the very beginning were still effective. No matter how many hands the sword had passed through, once it saw him, it knew that he was its original master.

"Alright, stop making a fuss," he said. "Now, go kill him!" Even as he spoke, Meng Hao pointed at Patriarch Six-Daos.

Six Daos' heart was pounding, and his face fell. He immediately retreated at top speed, but before he could get very far at all, the wooden sword shot toward him with indescribable speed. It also emanated a shocking power of Time, which caused everything around it to ripple and distort. Any

cultivators who were too close withered in the blink of an eye, as if countless years had passed in an instant. There were even some who directly passed away.

“Dammit!” thought Patriarch Six-Daos, his face falling. Roaring, he employed the full power of his cultivation base, which unfortunately for him was still stuck between the early and mid Dao Seeking Stages. It wasn’t enough, so he had no other choice but to summon the incense burner to block the wooden sword. A bang rang out, and the wooden sword stabbed directly into the incense burner.

Booms could be heard as cracks spread out over the surface of the incense burner. An ancient will could be sensed, and signs of decay could be seen. Six-Daos’ heart ached, but he didn’t dare to call back the incense burner. That was because he had noticed that the sword’s ripples were causing him to age significantly. If it stabbed him, he could only imagine what would happen to his longevity; it would be thoroughly destroyed.

In his terror, he shot backward at high speed. Considering he was using a special secret art to bolster his cultivation base, what he feared most... was being obliterated by Time power.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators were also astonished and trembling. They didn’t dare to advance, and quite the opposite, retreated. Meng Hao stood alone outside the second shield layer. One man, one sword...caused the enemy forces to retreat three thousand meters.

“Dammit!!” More and more cracks spread out across the surface of the incense burner. Patriarch Six-Daos immediately roared, “Fellow Daoist Sword Paragon, Patriarch Golden Frost, Li Yuanlei, if you don’t help me then I’ll be forced to summon discarnate souls to defend myself!!”

Even as the last words left his mouth, the incense burner exploded into pieces. The wooden sword shot onward, and Six-Daos lifted his head up and roared. All of a sudden, his body exploded, allowing the wooden sword to pass right through it.

However, there was a soul strand that remained, which then transformed into a river of souls that contained 100,000 discarnate souls!

Even as the 100,000 discarnate souls flew out, the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect burst into flames. These were life force flames, and as they burned, his cultivation base exploded with power. He transformed into a long streak of light that burst out from within Patriarch Blood Demon’s blood mist. Ignoring any injuries, he shot toward Meng Hao’s wooden sword, he himself transforming into what looked like a sword as he flew through the air.

“Meng Hao, you twerp! DIE!!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. There was no time to slaughter Six Daos’ 100,000 discarnate souls. The wooden sword flew back to him at breakneck speed. Even as the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch closed in, Meng Hao stepped back behind the second shield layer.

However, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch did not slow down at all. Instead, he increased his speed as he stabbed toward the shield.

“BREAK!!”

Patriarch Blood Demon’s eyes flickered with killing intent. However, the Dawn Immortal’s clone was really causing him quite a headache; it was not merely at the peak of Dao Seeking, but rather, higher than that. It was more comparable to a false Immortal.

Even as his clone frowned, deep in the cave in Mount Blood Demon, his true self’s eyes opened. A drop of blood suddenly floated up from within the Blood Pond, then flew out of the Immortal’s cave and dissipated. Shockingly, the first and second layers of the shield were instantly dyed red.

Boom!

The blood-colored shield easily blocked the furious attack of the Solitary Sword Sect’s black-robed Patriarch.

Chapter 744: Arise, Second True Self!

[/expand]

When the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect saw the blood drop fly out, he loftily said, “Patriarch Blood Demon, you’re fighting all of us at the same time, and still want to split your attention? It seems you really don’t have any regard for us at all.”

At the same time, he performed an incantation, which caused numerous puppets to magically appear around him. Each of the puppets was thirty meters tall, and seemed both real and illusory at the same time. As soon as they appeared, they transformed into beams of colorful light that shot toward Patriarch Blood Demon.

“Patriarch Blood Demon, your destruction is imminent,” said the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch. “You can’t escape our net! Once Mount Blood Demon falls, your true self will face the light of the Heavens and be destroyed in body and spirit!” He snorted coldly and then waved his hand, causing the Feng Shui compass to emit blinding light as well as countless magical symbols. The magical symbols formed together into layer upon layer of spell formations as they shot forward.

Patriarch Blood Demon said nothing, and not even a trace of alarm could be seen on his face. His expression was actually indifferent. No matter what happened, he was confident that he could reverse any setback.

“Senior Blood Demon,” said the Dawn Immortal’s clone, her voice soft. “I know full well that your true self cannot face the glory of the Heavens. You were originally a drop of blood that transformed into a Demon, and the Heavens can turn your true self back into a drop of blood. What I don’t know is, at this point... what tricks do you have left?” Behind her, the ferocious, illusory Resurrection Lily’s tentacles whipped about, and an intense pressure radiated out. Rumbling sounds could be heard as countless tentacle incarnations shot out to surround Patriarch Blood Demon.

The Dawn Immortal was his strongest opponent, so Patriarch Blood Demon focused sixty percent of his attention on her. The other forty percent was divided between the red-haired Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch.

Both parties had each other locked down. Although it looked like they were engaged in magical battle, in reality, both sides were being cautious, waiting for the other to expend enough cultivation base power that, at the critical time, a lightning-like strike could be made.

Down below, a rumbling sound echoed out over the battlefield. Meng Hao stood inside the second shield layer, the wooden sword swirling through the air around him. A droning sound could be heard from the sword, and pulses of Time power caused the air around it to distort. The Blood Demon Sect disciples were all behind the second shield layer, staring at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the other side, as well as the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, who was in a frenzy and burning his own longevity to gain power.

The black-robed old man’s fury and frustration was impossible to describe. He wanted nothing more than to slaughter Meng Hao over and over again and then take back the Solitary Sword Sect’s precious treasure.

As he attacked, although he held no sword in his hand, the sword will which emanated out from his body transformed into an amorphous sword which repeatedly slashed into the second shield layer.

The layers of the Blood Demon Sect's five-layered shield got stronger the closer they got to the sect itself. In addition, the counter-attacks from the shields became even more intense.

Most importantly, the second shield layer was now the color of blood, thanks to the drop of blood from the Blood Pond inside Mount Blood Demon. Its power was not something that could quickly be broken.

Furthermore, the second shield layer had not been punctured by the leaf earlier; only the fifth, fourth and third layers had. The second shield layer was intact.

The shield rumbled and distorted as the black-robed old man vented his fury on it. However, the shield held!

The Blood Demon Sect forces sat there reticently, as did Meng Hao. He looked out coldly as the black-robed old man attacked and attacked. Killing intent flickered in his eyes, which the wooden sword could apparently sense, as it began to emit an intense droning sound.

BOOM!

The shield vibrated, and the black-robed man fell back. He lifted his head up and roared at the top of his lungs: "All cultivators, heed my command! Attack the shield with everything you have! Break it down!!"

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators hesitated for a moment. The first to spring into action were the Solitary Sword Sect disciples. Tens of thousands of flying swords whistled through the air toward the shield. They were followed by the the Golden Frost Sect disciples and the members of the Li Clan. There were also some rogue cultivators. All of them unleashed divine abilities to blast against the blood-colored, second layer shield.

Instantly, a massive roaring filled the air. The land quaked violently, and nearby vegetation was destroyed. Mountains were leveled, and the entire ground seemed to be gouged out by an entire meter by the force of the combined attack.

From a distance, the mountain range in which the Blood Demon Sect was located was now crushed into a flat plain. The vegetation in the area was completely dead, and no life existed at all.

Everything was in ruins, except for the very center of it all, where the blood-colored shield glittered brightly. Although it rippled and distorted violently, it did not fall!

The Blood Demon Sect's five mountain peaks were now the focus of all attention.

Aftershocks from the divine abilities exploded out, and the forces of the allied powers also sustained injuries from the backlash, causing countless cultivators to cough up blood and retreat. However, others immediately surged forward to take their place.

Such a cycle continued on as countless attacks were made.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect was especially focused on attacking. Every time he made a move, boundless sword qi would rumble out against the blood-colored shield. Two days later, the shield was finally starting to show signs of breakage.

When the third day arrived, more and more cracks spread out across the blood-colored shield. The Blood Demon Sect disciples sat there silently. Meng Hao's eyes flashed.

Finally, a snapping sound echoed out. The countless cracks merged together into something that looked like a huge wound. The black-robed Patriarch from the Solitary Sword Sect exploded out with peak Dao Seeking cultivation base power. Natural law descended and swirled about, transforming into an incredible Heavenly sword.

As soon as the sword appeared, lightning crackled up above. The sword suddenly flashed, seemingly filled with the power of lightning as it shot toward the second shield layer.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The second shield layer could not stand up to the blow. The amorphous sword stabbed into it, and it shattered, sending out a huge shockwave in all directions. The Blood Demon Sect disciples and Meng Hao had already retreated behind the final remaining shield layer.

“Do we fight, Blood Prince!?!?”

“The point of death has arrived! It would be better to charge out and slaughter to our heart's content than be stuck in here!”

“If we can’t avoid perishing, then let’s die in battle!” The Blood Demon Sect disciples’ eyes shone bright red, and even the Spirit Severing experts were looking in his direction.

This first shield layer was the final line of defense. Once it broke, the Blood Demon Sect would be powerless to defend itself. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators would charge into it. When that happened... they might be able to hold out for a little bit, but in the end, they would all die.

Wang Youcai looked at Meng Hao, awaiting his decision.

Li Shiqi was also looking at Meng Hao. He was the Blood Prince, and had earned respect through his strength. His lone charge into battle with no thought of personal safety gained him the utmost esteem.

Everyone was watching him.

However, Meng Hao’s gaze... fell upon Xu Qing.

She had been standing outside of Blood Prince Gorge the entire time watching the battle. Now that Meng Hao looked over at her, she turned to look back.

In that moment it was just the two of them in the Blood Demon Sect, behind the blood-colored shield, surrounded by the booms from the outside world. They looked at each other, and Meng Hao could see the encouraging look in her eyes. As well as...

You live, I live. You die, I die!

BOOM!

The shockwave from the destruction of the second shield layer faded away, and the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch took the lead in the charge. Boundless sword light surrounded him as he shot toward the first shield layer to attack.

Explosions echoed about everywhere. Of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from the original force, only around 200,000 were left. All were wounded and tired. The battle had lasted for a long

time, and regardless of whether it was in terms of them or the Blood Demon Sect disciples, it had been a long and fierce fight.

“It’s almost over!”

“All we have to do is break this final line of defense, and the Blood Demon Sect... will be exterminated!”

“Four more days! In four days, there will be no Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain!” The 200,000 cultivators’ eyes were bright red. Despite their injuries, they roared and attacked the shield with all the strength they could summon.

RUMMMBLLLLLE!

The shield rippled. However, this first layer shield was even sturdier than the second layer, and had even more counterattack power. It only took a moment for thunderous roars to rise up into the sky. Clearly, the shield would not break in any short period of time.

Unfortunately, even a stronger shield would not be able to stand up for very long under the combined assault of 200,000 cultivators.

“Blood Prince, let’s fight!!” The Blood Demon Sect disciples inside the shield had risen to their feet. Their energy was focused and ready, their killing intent more and more intense than before.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment, then gritted his teeth and said, “Wait four more days!”

His second true self needed exactly that amount of time before it woke up!

These were the final four days!

Meng Hao had no way to assess exactly how powerful his second true self would be upon awakening. Had he used something other than the soul of an Immortal, he would have been able to speculate. But since it was an Immortal’s soul in his second true self, he had no way to guess. He would have to wait until it awakened... to see if it was truly Heaven-defying.

“It HAS to be strong!” he thought, looking out beyond the shield.

One day passed.

The shield trembled violently under the attacks of 200,000 cultivators, pushing it to its limit. The counterattacks sent out into the 200,000 cultivators caused numerous serious injuries.

Two days!

The shield rippled and distorted in virtually every spot, and was even trembling. In fact, cracks were visible in some locations, although they quickly sealed back up.

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch was on the offensive; every time he launched an attack, the shield seemed as if it might collapse.

Three days!

“BREAK!”

Rumbling filled the air as, for the first time, a crack spread out that could not be sealed back up. The death knell had been struck for the shield. The 200,000 cultivators had endured counterattacks for three days, which had sapped many of them of their ability to fight, forcing them to retreat from the battlefield.

The remaining cultivators' numbers exceeded 100,000, but they still crowded the battlefield, making it virtually impossible to see the end of the army. As they continued to attack, more and more cracks appeared!

Finally, the fourth day arrived!

On the fourth day, the blood-colored shield was covered with cracks. Many of them stretched out and then combined to form huge gaps.

The shield trembled, and cracking sounds could be heard. It didn't seem like it would be able to hold on for very much longer.

At the same time, intense killing intent and even madness could be seen in the eyes of the black-robed Patriarch from the Solitary Sword Sect. He suddenly flew high up into the air and then waved his sleeve. Immediately natural law transformed into a sword up above.

This was his Dao Seeking sword!!

“The Blood Demon Sect will be eradicated on this very day!” cried the Patriarch. He pointed out, and the sword rumbled as it shot down toward the shield.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in a frenzy. Their eyes were red, and they were completely ready for the moment when the shield collapsed. Then, they would fight to the death.

However... even as the amorphous sword shot toward the shield, a tremor ran through Meng Hao as he sensed an incredibly familiar aura rising up from within Blood Prince Gorge.

His eyes glittered. The day he had been waiting for had finally arrived.

“Arise, second true self!”

Chapter 745: Peak!

[/expand]

In Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao’s second true self sat cross-legged inside the log cabin. Moments ago, not a scrap of any sort of aura could be detected on him. He almost seemed dead, like a statue.

Now, though, his eyes snapped opened, and a shocking iciness could be seen within them.

Gradually, a feeling like that of an Immortal could be sensed emanating out from him. The look in his eyes was different from that of Meng Hao, but his body was clearly the same.

The soul was like a sword, and the body the sheath. The power hidden within... was the ‘self’ from the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

Cultivation base ripples suddenly exploded out from it.

In the blink of an eye, they filled all of Blood Prince Gorge. As the second true self took a breath, the ripples were once again drawn back, bottled up inside.

The body was the Dao, and the soul was blade. A sharp blade hidden in a great Dao!

In that same moment, all of the vegetation in Blood Prince Gorge withered up and died. A sinister coldness, along with a terrifying aura, circulated around the second true self.

He looked up and then slowly... raised his right hand toward the sky above Blood Prince Gorge.

In that moment, it seemed as if time itself stopped.

Outside the valley, Meng Hao sat with eyes closed, his consciousness spread out in all directions. Next to him, the wooden sword trembled, and then suddenly seemed to sense something. Next, it shot out toward the final remaining layer of the shield.

As it emerged from within the shield, it blossomed with a radiant glow that was... the power of Time!

Time was like a river that suddenly poured out from within the sword!

100 years. 1,000 years. 5,000 years.... 10,000 years!

Ten thousand years of time swept out from the wooden sword, transforming into distortions in the air. Time suddenly stopped, causing the incoming Dao Seeking sword to... come to a halt in midair.

Apparently, in order to pass through the river of Time, it would have to pass through 10,000 years!

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were shocked by what they saw, and the more than 100,000 cultivators outside the shield were equally astonished. All eyes were now focused on the wooden sword.

The eyes of the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch were completely bloodshot. Fury was rekindled, and raged in his heart; this wooden sword was the precious treasure of the Solitary Sword

Sect, and had been worshiped by the sect for countless years. Even still, he could never have possibly guessed that the sword actually concealed such incredible Time power!

Although he had seen signs of it when the bamboo sword split apart earlier, it had quickly changed owners, and he had been disinclined to consider the matter further. By now, his heart was consumed with frustration and rage.

Now that he could sense the power of Time on the wooden sword, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch was incapable of suppressing his fury. He roared and pushed his cultivation base even harder. Peak Dao Seeking energy, bolstered by the burning of his longevity, immediately surged out.

His entire person resembled a shooting star or, perhaps, a razor-sharp sword that flickered through the air to appear next to the wooden sword. Bucking directly against the river of Time power, he stretched his hand out to grab the wooden sword.

“Get back here!” he bellowed.

However, as soon as he stretched out his hand and touched the sword... Meng Hao's second true self stood up in Blood Prince Valley. He took a step forward and then suddenly appeared outside the shield, next to the wooden sword. His hand slowly lifted up to grasp the sword by the hilt.

His robe was black, as was his hair, and he was very thin, but clearly had exactly the same facial features as Meng Hao. However, the feeling people got when they looked at him was not the feeling one got when looking at a person. This second true self was as cold as ice, and as he hovered there, he emanated a supremely haughty air, as if he looked down with contempt at every living thing.

His appearance on the scene immediately caused the Blood Demon disciples to be filled with shock. Panting, they looked back and forth between Meng Hao and his second true self, their expressions blank.

The more than 100,000 cultivators in the outside world were equally as astonished.

“A clone?” Those were the words that immediately appeared in everyone's minds.

“A mere clone?” said the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch, his eyes widening. “Die you trifling....” He was just about to unleash a divine ability when suddenly, he began to tremble, and his eyes went wide with disbelief and shock.

He wasn't the only astonished one; the surrounding enemy cultivators were all dumbstruck.

Even the Blood Demon Sect disciples were thoroughly stunned.

Because....

The instant that Meng Hao's second true self gripped the wooden sword, his cultivation base began to erupt out from within.

First Severing. Second Severing. Third Severing.... Early Dao Seeking!

Intense rumbling filled Heaven and Earth as the cultivation base of Meng Hao's second true self roared up. Mid Dao Seeking. Late Dao Seeking.... It went all the way to the peak of Dao Seeking!!

This development sent the entire battlefield into chaos!

Merely stepping into Dao Seeking put one on the level of a sect Patriarch, and as for peak Dao Seeking... they were the truly powerful experts, the strongest force of even the largest sects!

They would even be considered part of that sect's Dao Reserve!

In the entire Southern Domain, there were not even ten people who were at the peak of Dao Seeking!

In all of Planet South Heaven, less than a hundred peak Dao Seeking experts existed!

Any peak Dao Seeking cultivator could take a step forward and become a false Immortal!

As of this moment, Meng Hao's second true self was firmly in the peak Dao Seeking stage, something that would certainly shock and astonish anyone watching.

The buzz of conversation immediately rose up.

“How is this possible!?!?”

“Peak Dao Seeking! That’s definitely peak Dao Seeking. This is the same feeling I get from our sect’s Patriarch! Except... even stronger!!”

“Meng Hao, Meng Hao.... No matter how this battle ends, there is a new powerful expert in the lands of South Heaven, and that is Meng Hao!”

“How did he create a clone like that? If his clone is at peak Dao Seeking, then his true self is definitely destined to have a peak Dao Seeking cultivation base!”

One change after another on the part of Meng Hao caused their souls to feel shocked. Everything that happened was something they would never be able to forget.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples excitedly began to call out.

“Blood Prince!!”

“Blood Prince!!”

At the same time, Patriarch Blood Demon and the others up in midair were also shocked, especially the red-haired Patriarch from the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch.

“Dammit!! How can that kid have a peak Dao Seeking clone!?!?”

The eyes of the Dawn Immortal’s clone widened. She knew Meng Hao was no ordinary person, but this development left her deeply shocked. In fact, this was the first time he truly astonished her to such an indescribable degree.

Patriarch Blood Demon’s eyes swept over the land, and a profound look flickered within.

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch’s eyes flickered. Suppressing his shock, he gritted his teeth and said, “Peak Dao Seeking? What’s the big deal? I’m also peak Dao Seeking!”

He stretched out his hand in an incantation gesture, immediately causing more than 10,000 streams of sword light to swirl around him.

Heaven and Earth dimmed, and the clouds churned. The streams of sword light swirled about, making it seem as if the entire area were a world of swords.

The black-robed Patriarch pointed at Meng Hao's second true self, causing the sword lights to all shoot directly toward him!

The second true self hovered in midair, his black hair swirling, his expression cold. He held the wooden sword gripped in his right hand, and his eyes flickered. Suddenly, he squeezed his hand down.

Immediately, the wooden sword trembled, and began to drone. In the blink of an eye, it began to emit endless amounts of Time power!

10,000 years. 20,000 years. 30,000 years....

The power of Time exploded out, accompanied by the excited droning of the wooden sword, to echo out in all directions. It was in this moment that, at long last, the true power of the wooden sword could finally be revealed.

What was happening right now was something that even Meng Hao could not do. Only his second true self, with its peak Dao Seeking cultivation base, could unleash the power of the wooden sword in this way.

40,000 years. 50,000 years....

Everything shook above and below. A river of Time swept out around the second true self, a sight completely shocking to the eyes. As for the 10,000 incoming beams of sword light, they suddenly stopped in place, incapable of moving forward even an inch.

What was blocking their way was the passage of time!

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch's face fell, and a sense of danger welled up in his heart. At the same time, the more than 100,000 enemy cultivators were all flabbergasted.

Up in midair, the red-haired Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, were equally shaken.

The second true self hovered in mid-air, black hair and black robes fluttering. The sword in its hand still was not finished!

Boom!

60,000 years!!

The moment the river of Time surged with 60,000 years of Time power, the second true self sprang into action.

He swiped the sword out, and the 10,000 streams of sword light instantly vanished. In the blink of an eye, they passed through 60,000 years, and no longer existed.

“Impossible!!” gasped the black-robed Patriarch. His astonishment had reached a pinnacle, and he finally backed up at top speed. However, the power of Time still brushed against him, and his body withered. In the blink of an eye, he seemed at least 10,000 years older. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his clothes seemed to decay. His face was waxen, his expression had turned from amazement to terror.

He could feel the shadow of death looming over him, as if he might die at any moment.

The second true self gripped the wooden sword, and its power was shocking. It could clearly battle the peak of Dao Seeking with no problem.

“Immortal's soul!” exclaimed the Solitary Sword Sect's Patriarch. “This clone is emanating the ripples of an Immortal's soul!!”

Even as the words left his mouth, the second true self stepped forward, and Time turned into a wind that swept out like a river. Everywhere it passed, living things rotted and decayed.

RUMBLE!!

The sword slashed, and the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body withered significantly, and his eyes shone with terror. He looked at the approaching second true self, and fell back again. He waved his hand and, astonishingly, tens of thousands of beams of sword light shot out in defense.

Rumbling echoed out as the sword lights were crushed like rotten wood in the face of the second true self. He raised his hand, and swung the wooden sword a third time. 60,000 years of Time power surged forth.

Everything shook, and the sense of danger in the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch's mind grew even more intense. He shot back toward the more than 100,000 cultivators, suddenly waving his hands down toward the ground. Immediately numerous cultivators were swept up, completely unable to control their own bodies as they were thrown back to block the wooden sword's Time power.

Chapter 746: False Immortal's Soul

One sword swept out, bones withered and souls perished!

The power of Time flowed out like a bright, dancing beam. In the blink of an eye, the cultivators who had been swept up by the fleeing black-robed Patriarch, were completely withered into nothing more than dust and smoke. Their bodies, their magical items, everything was rotted into nothing.

All of the onlookers couldn't help but be shaken deeply by the deaths.

People wanted to flee, but considering the level of the black-robed Patriarch's cultivation base, they were nothing more than ants. No matter how quickly they scattered, he still threw them back as obstacles. As the power of Time consumed them, the black-robed Patriarch fled. Finally he had just a bit of breathing room.

"Dammit! DAMMIT!" His face was ashen, and the shadow of death loomed heavily over him. It had been many, many years since he had experienced the feeling of a deadly chase like this.

Inside, he was terrified, and was on full alert. Behind him, Meng Hao's second true self continued to close in.

It was a solitary sword that rumbled through the heavens. The power of Time fell like rain, enveloping everything. The black-robed Patriarch's face paled even further, and his pupils constricted. He suddenly slapped his bag of holding to produce a black horn. He bit the tip of his tongue and spit some blood onto it, causing it to writhe and wriggle. It shattered with a bang as two centipedes suddenly flew out from inside!

The centipedes were pitch black, except for a white line that ran down their abdomens. As soon as they appeared, the aroma of deadly venom wafted out, along with an indescribable aura.

“Attack!” The black-robed man's face was pale. This was his trump card, something he had acquired years ago, and had even enabled him to launch a successful sneak attack against an injured false Immortal.

As soon as the centipedes appeared, they shot through the air like Immortal creatures. Their speed was incredible as they closed in on the second true self. However, as soon as they entered the power of Time, they instantly stopped in place.

The black-robed Patriarch became even more nervous, and he quickly produced even more magical items.

At the same time, the two many-legged centipedes continued to move forward, albeit much more slowly than before. They even looked excited.

The white lines on their abdomens began to expand until they covered more than half their bodies. Now, the centipedes appeared to be half white and half black.

At the same time, an incredible aura began to emanate out from them, and they grew even more excited. Gradually, their speed increased. Apparently, they were consuming the power of Time!

The sight of it caused Meng Hao's eyes to narrow as he stood within the shield.

The black-robed Patriarch was inwardly delighted, and he continued to flee at top speed. As he did, he waved his sleeve, causing the numerous glowing, magical items to shoot toward Meng Hao's second true self.

At the same time, the black-robed Patriarch's eyes flickered, and he performed an incantation gesture then pointed up into the sky. A lightning bolt crackled downward, and a lightning sword coalesced in the sky which then slashed down toward the second true self.

The second true self gave a cold snort and loosened his grip on the wooden sword, allowing it freedom to orbit around him. It immediately transformed into a vortex, which became a tempest. Sword qi raged, and the power of Time screamed through the air.

As for the second true self, he lifted his right hand up, during which time a confused expression appeared in his eyes.

Suddenly, his right hand became transparent, and thousands of magical sealing marks appeared. Shockingly, they shot forward to form the shape that looked like a closed parasol!

The parasol was formed from numerous magical symbols, and as soon as it appeared in full, it opened.

A shocking aura exploded out, along with a brightness that rivaled the sun. In fact, anyone who glanced at it would think that this parasol really was a sun.

This was not one of Meng Hao's divine abilities, but rather, a Daoist magic that existed in the memory of the Immortal's soul inside the second true self!

"Solitary Yang Sky!" said an ancient, icy voice that came from the mouth of the second true self. As the words echoed out, the black-robed Patriarch's magical items all shattered into pieces. As for the Patriarch himself, he was caught up by the glowing light and the tempest. Blood sprayed from his mouth as his body withered significantly.

Shock covered his face. "What divine ability is that!?!?"

What caused him even more despair was that the two centipedes, caught up in the river of Time, had been sated on Time power. Now, they shrank down and balled themselves up, leaving them unable to move and floating there in midair. Even when the black-robed Patriarch called for them to return, they completely ignored him.

“Dammit!!” he thought, his heart filled with frustration. Suddenly, back inside the shield, Meng Hao waved his right hand. The war chariot appeared directly in front of him, which he entered without hesitation, at the same circulating the qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

RUMBLE!

The chariot vanished, to reappear moments later in front of his second true self. He waved his hand, and the two sphere-like centipedes were instantly sucked into his bag of holding.

“YOU!!” roared the black-robed Patriarch, nearly coughing up blood. What he saw in front of him was two people who looked the same, and yet felt completely different. Immediately, he began to flee at top speed.

Even as he fled, Meng Hao’s second true self took a step forward and then raised his hand, pointing out toward the Patriarch. Immediately, the wooden sword began to emit a droning sound. At the same time, Meng Hao also performed an incantation and then pointed forward.

Meng Hao’s second true self was completely under his control, and in this moment he coordinated with it to jointly control the wooden sword. Droning, the wooden sword exploded with the power of Time.

70,000 years!!

Under the power of 70,000 years of time, the river of Time transformed into a sword!

Boundless sword qi caused everything to tremble and shake as the sword itself slashed toward the black-robed Patriarch.

The black-robed Patriarch’s eyes widened, and he was about to dodge out of the way when suddenly, the golden vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, as well as the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

Enveloped, the man couldn’t move an inch. He could only remain there in place as a sword containing 70,000 years of Time power descended upon him.

“NO!!” he howled. He performed a double-handed incantation, causing an ancient aura to suddenly appear, along with two sealing marks on both of his hands. His body was withering rapidly, not because of the vortex, or because of the decay of Time, but because of something he was doing to himself.

All of the flesh and blood in his body, even the bones and qi passageways, all of his fleshly body was condensing into a divine ability.

“Fleshly Sword Body!” he roared. His body collapsed, although his Nascent Divinity wasn’t harmed at all. His bag of holding tumbled off to the side as the various parts of his fleshly body were shattered and then formed back together... into a sword! Its blade was made of bone, and its hilt, flesh and blood! Qi and blood swirled around it in all directions.

The sword shot directly toward the Wooden Time Sword.

BOOOOMMMMMMM!

A massive explosion could be heard that shook the entire battlefield, astonishing everyone.

The white bone sword shattered, and the hilt fell to pieces. Qi and blood transformed into ripples that spread out in all directions. Meng Hao’s wooden sword trembled and emitted a droning sound as it spun backward. However, the second true self easily reached out his hand and grabbed it.

The second true self’s face was pale white as he staggered backward a few measures. As for Meng Hao, he was completely protected by his second true self, and yet still coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“So, peak Dao Seeking experts really can’t be killed easily,” he thought, his eyes glittering.

Rumbling rolled out across the lands below; the force of the explosion just now was too powerful, and the Blood Demon Sect’s final shield layer couldn’t take the impact. It trembled, and then directly shattered into pieces. The Blood Demon Sect was now completely exposed in the middle of the battlefield.

The black-robed Patriarch’s Nascent Divinity grew very dim under the power of the explosion, but fled at top speed nonetheless, an expression of madness and hatred on his face. Since becoming Patriarch of the sect, he had never been so seriously injured, especially not to the point of being

forced to use the Fleshly Sword Body. All of his failures had to do with the wooden sword. The most powerful magical arts he could utilize were all designed to be used in coordination with the sect's precious treasure.

"You're all dead!" the black-robed Patriarch roared. "Meng Hao, I'm going to possess your body!! Golden Frost, Li Yuanlei, no more delays! I'm making my move now!" Gritting his teeth, he grabbed his bag of holding and then slapped it to produce an enormous statue!

The statue was fully three thousand meters tall, and completely black. An intense energy surged up into the air as soon as it appeared. Gradually, a seemingly infinite murderous aura began to swirl around it. Its presence caused strange colors to flash in the sky, and the clouds roiled. At the same time, a huge vortex appeared around the statue.

An aura suddenly exploded out that belonged to an Immortal.

It was an Immortal's treasure!

The Dawn Immortal had been their trump card, but this statue was their last resort.

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch exchanged determined glances.

The Golden Frost Sect Patriarch took a deep breath and then waved his hand. Immediately 1,000 fist-sized rocks flew out from within his sleeves. Shockingly, Immortal qi immediately began to emanate out. These were not magical items, nor spirit stones. These were... pieces of Immortal jade!!

Even Immortals would rarely see so many pieces of Immortal jade!!

As soon as the pieces of Immortal jade flew out, the vortex around the statue sucked them up. The statue's energy shot upward, and the murderous air to its aura increased by tenfold.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch had a very serious look on his face as he opened his mouth and spit out a mouthful of blood. His entire body suddenly sagged, and he backed up anxiously. Within the blood were countless dots of golden light, which formed together into countless strands that resembled a root formed of countless veins.

This was... a root of Immortality!

The Immortal root flew into the statue, and the instant it did, the statue seemed to come to life. Its limbs trembled, and the entire statue turned into a puppet!

At the same time, the black-robed Patriarch waved his sleeve to collect up Patriarch Six-Daos' discarnate soul, then threw it off to the side.

The river of 100,000 discarnate souls was no longer under the control of Patriarch Six-Daos, but rather, the black-robed Patriarch. He led the river of souls directly into the statue-puppet, which caused its eyes to open and radiate brilliant light.

The aura of an Immortal exploded out with full intensity.

This was an Immortal!

Although it was not a true Immortal, even a false Immortal could still be called Immortal.

A false Immortal puppet!

“Meng Hao, it's time to die!!” said the puppet, its voice that of the black-robed Patriarch.

The puppet's eyes shone with boundless light as it slowly stood up. Its energy rumbled boundlessly, and the ground quaked. An Immortal aura exploded out.

“Everyone, attack! Eradicate everyone in the Blood Demon Sect! Leave no one alive!!”

In response to the puppet's voice, the more than 100,000 cultivators' hearts surged. It was almost as if their bodies weren't even under their own control. Without the slightest hesitation, they shot directly toward the shieldless Blood Demon Sect.

Chapter 747: Decisive Battle!

The final, decisive battle had finally begun!

Booming filled the sky and the land, the Heavens dimmed, and the wind screamed. The Blood Demon Sect was the center, and surrounding it was a vast sea of cultivators unleashing magical techniques that gave rise to enormous ripples. The earth was smashed and the air shattered. It was as if doomsday had arrived.

More than 100,000 cultivators charged across the battlefield madly toward the Blood Demon Sect disciples that they had besieged this entire time. The Blood Demon Sect disciples had repressed themselves to the limit, and now their savagery exploded out.

“KILL THEM!!” There were tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples and more than 100,000 enemy cultivators. Despite the fact that they were significantly outnumbered, they did not hesitate to wade into the bloody battle.

This was their sect, and this war was being waged to exterminate them. Not a single one of them would be left alive. Since that was the case, they would take some of the enemy with them!

Or perhaps... they would be able to slaughter their way to a chance for survival.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he retreated back to Blood Prince Gorge. Xu Qing was shivering slightly when he landed in front of her, but when she saw him she took a deep breath and gazed at him with gentle eyes.

He embraced her, then looked up at the vast array of enemy forces charging toward them. He watched as the Blood Demon Sect disciples charged madly into the fray, and the final, decisive battle began.

“Are you afraid?” he asked Xu Qing softly.

“No,” she replied with a chuckle.

Meng Hao's second true self hovered in midair, eyes glittering. He raised his hand, causing the wooden sword to circulate around him as his peak Dao Seeking cultivation base surged. Then, he turned into a prismatic streak of light that shot toward the false Immortal puppet.

The puppet immediately met him in combat and explosions rang out, sending boundless ripples out in all directions. This became a third battlefield, the second being where Patriarch Blood Demon was fighting.

On the ground below, the slaughter commenced. Shouting rang out, along with the sounds of killing. The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in a frenzy, holding nothing back, even sustaining injury and burning longevity. When they were too severely injured, they would smile bitterly and then choose to self-detonate.

Rumbling filled the battlefield as the Blood Demon Sect disciples massacred the enemy with savagery and madness.

One particular Blood Demon Sect disciple with a Nascent Soul cultivation base, received a fatal blow. Using the last bit of his energy, he lunged forward and buried his teeth into his opponent's throat and ripped out a huge chunk of bloody flesh. As his opponent screamed miserably, the Blood Demon Sect disciple laughed maniacally and then self-detonated.

Another Blood Demon Sect disciple unleashed a forbidden art. His entire cultivation base and fleshly body, even his soul, transformed into a drop of blood which stabbed through the foreheads of multiple opponents. After slaying eight people in a row, he exploded.

Ruthlessly savage!

Due to the berserk fighting of the Blood Demon Sect, the more than 100,000 enemies were kept outside of the mountain peaks, and were incapable of stepping half a pace into the interior of the sect. The vicious slaughter being carried out by the Blood Demon Sect completely shook their opponents.

In a very short period of time, the Blood Demon Sect lost more than 10,000 cultivators. However, the enemy forces paid a heavy price; more than 20,000 of their number were killed!

Meng Hao did not participate in the fighting, but rather stood outside Blood Prince Gorge, surrounded by Blood Demon Sect disciples, silently observing the battle. To the other disciples, their Blood Prince had already paid a heavy enough price. Now... it was time for them to do their part.

Up in midair, the Dawn Immortal's clone began to shine with a brilliant light. The illusory Resurrection Lily behind her almost seemed corporeal. She was now relying purely on her own strength to keep Patriarch Blood Demon's clone in check.

Rumbling filled the air as they attacked each other. As for the red-haired Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, they circled around the area, occasionally attempting to interfere with the battle, but mostly just setting up spell formations in an attempt to prevent Patriarch Blood Demon from breaking free.

In a different location, Meng Hao's second true self was fighting the false Immortal puppet. The black-robed Patriarch's Nascent Divinity was now driving the puppet, and thanks to his towering killing intent and the puppet's incredible strength, Meng Hao's second true self was slowly being pushed back.

The gap between the peak of Dao Seeking and a false Immortal was too vast!

Thankfully, Meng Hao's second true self had the Wooden Time Sword, and the Immortal's soul inside of him made him just capable of holding his own in the battle.

However, anyone could see that eventually, the Blood Demon Sect... would be defeated.

"DIE!" roared the more than 100,000 enemy cultivators as they surged onto the offensive once more. In the middle of all the fighting could be seen the Golden Frost Sect puppet with the Dao Seeking aura. Its eyes flashed as it advanced cautiously through the crowds.

The cultivators who made up this Golden Frost Sect puppet were already thoroughly frightened by Meng Hao. They had looked on helplessly as the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert was killed, and the Li Clan Patriarch severely injured. Then there was the black-robed Patriarch, who they didn't even come close to matching up to.

They would have long since fled, but this was war, and they could not.

Even as the Golden Frost Sect puppet started to advance, Meng Hao's eyes began to flicker with icy coldness. He looked at the puppet, and as he did, it stopped in its tracks.

Meng Hao looked down at Xu Qing and began to speak, his voice soft. "I'm going to kill a lot of people today. If you don't want to see so much bloodshed, you can always close your eyes."

Xu Qing looked up at him with a tender expression, then closed her eyes.

Holding Xu Qing tight with one arm, he flicked his sleeve, causing the war chariot to appear. He stepped inside, and the war chariot began to shine with a blinding light. Numerous beasts magically appeared, and they roared as they began to pull the chariot forward.

He stood there in the war chariot, Xu Qing at his side. Now that he had reappeared on the battlefield, he once again became the focus of attention. Everything he said and did would be noticed, and would affect the overall situation on the battlefield.

Boom!

The war chariot charged into the crowds, and instantly people were killed. In the blink of an eye, a bloody path was carved out across the battlefield.

Bloodcurdling screams filled the air constantly. Anyone who was struck by Meng Hao's war chariot died in a spray of blood. Soon, the chariot itself was the color of blood.

Meng Hao's face, hair, and clothing were also soaked in blood, but he didn't care. His eyes were cold and grim as he waved his hand, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear as well as the fourth level vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

He was no longer the scholar he had been. Nor was he the same Meng Hao of the Southern Domain. After joining the Blood Demon Sect, his heart had begun to fill with an insatiable desire to kill.

That desire to kill was the Devil in his heart!

Be a Devil in heart. Bedevilment! As a Devil, carry out mass slaughter!

Meng Hao lifted his head and roared as the war chariot shot forward, this time toward the Golden Frost Sect puppet. The Golden Frost Sect puppet's face fell, and it fell back at top speed. It performed an incantation gesture, causing the glint of blades and swords to spin toward Meng Hao.

Boom!

Meng Hao made no attempt to dodge. The war chariot smashed forward, crushing the incoming blades and swords like dried weeds as it barreled toward the puppet.

Another explosion rattled out, and popping sounds could be heard from the puppet as cracks spread out across its body. It retreated again, waving its hand to produce a golden greatsword which then slashed down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, clenched his right hand into a fist, and punched out.

The instant his punch connected with the greatsword, cracks spread out across the sword, and it exploded into pieces. Having lost the greatsword, the Golden Frost Sect puppet appeared to be in a state of despair. It was incapable of dodging the war chariot, which slammed directly into its body.

A boom could be heard as the Golden Frost Sect puppet fell to pieces. It transformed into four Spirit Severing cultivators, all of whom were coughing up blood. Faces aghast, they were about to flee, only to find that the fourth level vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic was waiting for them.

The vortex rumbled into motion, and not a single one of the four were able to escape. They were enveloped by the vortex, and their bodies began to wither. Their cultivation bases were sucked away; even genuine early Dao Seeking cultivators would be incapable of getting out of this vortex. As for these four... how could they possibly escape death!?

BOOM!

Their bodies exploded, and their cultivation bases were gone. Their Nascent Divinities flew out, whereupon the flag of three streamers appeared to sweep them up.

Unfortunately, this small victory did nothing to change the tide of the battle as a whole. In the same moment that Meng Hao vanquished the Golden Frost Sect puppet, booming sounds could be heard from up in mid-air as his second true self coughed up blood and retreated at top speed.

The false Immortal puppet, under the control of the black-robed Patriarch, was emanating an incredible energy. Immortal qi surged about, and the air around it shattered. Natural law bowed before him, as if it were the ultimate sovereign.

“Blood Demon Sect! Today, you will be exterminated!” cried the black-robed man from within the false Immortal puppet, his voice laced with killing intent. “Meng Hao, you twerp, you will not escape death today!”

The enormous puppet flickered, suddenly changing directions to attack, not the second true self, but Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s killing intent filled the air, but he was well aware of the gap in power between him and the puppet. The war chariot thrummed as he retreated. Unfortunately, the false Immortal puppet only continued to pursue him, and even increased its speed. It got closer and closer!

It didn’t seem as if there were any place Meng Hao could flee to. The false Immortal puppet would catch him no matter where he went!

His second true self flickered and shot toward him. However, Meng Hao knew that there was nowhere to flee to. He suddenly grinned hideously, and then stopped in place. He raised his right hand, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, along with the Ninth Mountain, the Black White Pearls and the Blood Immortal divine abilities!

He also summoned the ‘withering’ character, and called the Ji Clan Blood Clone from down on the battlefield. In addition, the Resurrection Lily blossomed behind him, writhing viciously.

And finally... he clenched his right fist!

As for the second true self, he utilized his peak Dao Seeking cultivation base to unleash the Solitary Yang Sky!

It combined with the Wooden Time Sword, a river of 70,000 years of Time power, and everything else, to form the most powerful attack that Meng Hao could currently unleash.

He was battling a false Immortal!

The entire battlefield shook violently!

A shocking boom rang out that turned the heads of countless people on the battlefield. The air was shattered, and the false Immortal puppet not only stopped in place, it retreated three measures!

Meng Hao's second true self spat up a huge mouthful of blood and stumbled backward. As for Meng Hao himself, blood also sprayed from his mouth. However, his body did not collapse due to the protection of the chariot. The war chariot tumbled end-over-end, and the qi of Immortal Shows the Way vanished, causing the war chariot to also disappear.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing tight as he fled. When he looked back, he saw the false Immortal Puppet laughing maniacally and proceeding forward with killing intent swirling.

"Time to die!" roared the puppet, raising its right hand. Shockingly, a multi-colored glow appeared, swirling Immortal qi which transformed into an Immortal lotus. The lotus pulsed, and a massive pressure rumbled out.

It was at this point that....

Up in midair, Patriarch Blood Demon's clone, the one that was fighting the Dawn Immortal, suddenly sighed. Then, it turned and vanished.

Meanwhile, in the cave in Mount Blood Demon, the armored Patriarch Blood Demon sat cross-legged in the Blood Pool. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open, and they radiated a glow the color of blood.

Chapter 748: Blood Demons True Self!

[/expand]

An ancient voice echoed out from Mount Blood Demon.

"It's time to end this war."

Apart from the Blood Demon Sect disciples, everyone on the battlefield was immediately rooted in place.

Even the false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch, which had been bearing down on Meng Hao, was stopped in midair.

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, even the Dawn Immortal's clone, all were frozen in place. They could not move, but they could still think, and their minds... were filled with astonishment!

“The fact that you were able to push me this far shows that I truly did underestimate you Southern Domain cultivators,” said the ancient voice. It sounded incredibly tired, yet at the same time, filled with a mighty and wild pride.

“Dawn Immortal, earlier you asked me why I was so confident. Well now I'm going to show you... exactly why I am so confident.

“You all believe that what sits in the Immortal's cave in Mount Blood Demon is actually my true self?” Even as the voice boomed out, Patriarch Blood Demon slowly rose from his cross-legged position in the Blood Pond. He stepped forward and then... walked out of the Immortal's cave on Mount Blood Demon.

As he stepped foot onto the mountain peak, a sea of blood burst out from behind him. It truly was a sea, vast quantities of blood that surged up into the sky. In the blink of an eye, it covered everything, so that everything up above... was the color of blood.

The previous sky was no longer visible, making the entire world seem to be one of blood. Within this world of blood, atop Mount Blood Demon, stood Patriarch Blood Demon, clad in armor, looking out at the world with ancient eyes.

The red-haired Patriarch from the Golden Frost Sect trembled, and an intense apprehension welled up inside of him.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch was equally astonished, and an unprecedented feeling of crisis filled him.

The Dawn Immortal's clone wore an expression of astonishment as she suddenly realized that her understanding of Patriarch Blood Demon... was far from complete.

The false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch was also shaking. The massive pressure which weighed down on him was such that he knew a mere thought could kill him!

“Impossible! How could he be so powerful!?!?”

Down below on the battlefield, the more than 100,000 cultivators of the allied powers were also dumbfounded.

“There are many stories about me in the lands of the Southern Domain,” said Patriarch Blood Demon coolly. “According to some of those stories, I am the incarnation of a drop of blood from a Demon. That is why... I am called Patriarch Blood Demon.

“That story is true.” He stood there atop Mount Blood Demon, not even the tiniest ripple emanating from his cultivation base. He seemed, for all intents and purposes, to be a mortal.

“And yet, it is also false!” When he said this, the land began to quake. Fissures spread out, as if some enormous creature were waking beneath the surface of the land and was about to emerge.

“I say it’s true because I am indeed incarnated from a drop of blood. I say it’s false because this body formed by the drop of blood... is not my true self!”

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the rifts in the land grew larger. However, the cultivators were completely stuck in their original positions. Even if the land fell away beneath them, they would remain floating there in place.

As for the Blood Demon Sect disciples, they had already retreated back to the region of the five mountain peaks. Meng Hao was among their number, his mind reeling as he held Xu Qing tight at his side.

Xu Qing’s eyes had opened and she was also looking on with shock.

“My confidence lies in my true self. I don’t have much life left in me, so I didn’t want to move.... However, this battle has earned you the right to see me.” Even as the words began to leave his mouth, an intense rumbling could be heard from the ground.

Everything shook as, shockingly, a gargantuan hand burst out from the ground. It was followed by an arm that was thousands of meters long. It looked like a mountain as it rose up, causing everything to tremble.

The surface of the ground collapsed as a head appeared. He had blood-colored skin, and a horn protruded from his forehead. He wore an ancient, dilapidated suit of armor. It only took a moment... for him to completely rise up from the ground!

He was nearly thirty thousand meters tall, completely crimson, and covered with innumerable complex magical symbols.

He looked almost exactly like the Demonic Incarnation of the Blood Demon Grand Spell Formation that Meng Hao had controlled before, only more ancient and more real!

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect felt his mind buzzing. His face fell, and he began to pant. Next to him, the Li Clan Patriarch gasped, and his eyes went wide with disbelief.

The Dawn Immortal's clone was also trembling, and the Resurrection Lily behind her was struggling. As for the false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch, it was also trembling.

The instant the enormous figure appeared, the Patriarch Blood Demon that stood on Mount Blood Demon stepped out into the air and then flew up to sit cross-legged on top of the enormous head. Then, he slowly merged down into the enormous Demon.

It was at this point that the Demon's eyes suddenly opened.

“This is my true self!

“I was seriously injured, and chose this place to recuperate. I incarnated a clone with a drop of blood, and founded the Blood Demon Sect.” His voice rumbled across the lands like thunder. Up above, the blood-colored sky glittered brightly. The more than 100,000 cultivators were trembling in shock, even the most powerful experts.

Meng Hao was equally shaken.

“Unfortunately, I can only wield a fraction of the power that I could when I was at my peak. It would be difficult for me to harm a true Immortal. However, to kill a false Immortal... is child's play.” With that, his huge hand stretched out and grabbed the Dawn Immortal's clone.

Rumbling filled the air, and the Dawn Immortal's clone screamed miserably. The Resurrection Lily behind her writhed as she struggled to fight back. She could only hold on for a moment, though, before her body was crushed. She, along with the Resurrection Lily, began to fade away.

Before vanishing completely, the Dawn Immortal's cold, merciless voice rang out: "Blood Demon, I refuse to believe that you will be able to keep ahold of that Demon body for much longer! Since you're dying, your Demon body will soon belong to me!"

"Ah, so it's true.... You came here for my Demon body." It was then that Blood Demon's eyes came to rest on the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect. He stretched his finger out.

The old man trembled, but could do nothing to fight back. Blood Demon's finger touched him, and it was a boundless mountain smashing down onto him. He immediately was smashed into pieces, leaving behind only his Nascent Divinity. His expression was one of terror and despair, incapable as he was of fleeing.

Just when he thought he was going to disappear forever, Blood Demon calmly said, "I'll leave you alive."

With that, a blood-red light descended from the blood-colored sky, enveloping the red-haired Patriarch, instantly transforming him into something that looked like a Blood Clone.

Along with the new body came a blank expression, as if all his previous memories had been wiped away.

"From now on, you will be a Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect," said Patriarch Blood Demon, his voice cool. Next, his gaze shifted to the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and his finger moved again.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch trembled, and his body exploded. As the blood and gore dissipated, his Nascent Divinity flew out, and was encased in a similar body of blood. His memories were erased, and he became another Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect.

Patriarch Blood Demon seemed exhausted, and he closed his eyes, as if he didn't even have enough energy to keep them open. It seemed that his actions just now put quite a strain on him.

After a moment, he forced his eyes open again and looked at the puppet being controlled by the black-robed Patriarch. “And then there’s you.... I think you, too, will be a Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect.”

“That one must die!” said Meng Hao suddenly.

Blood Demon’s eyes flickered. Without another word, he reached out and grabbed the false Immortal puppet and squeezed down violently. What was being crushed was in fact the Nascent Divinity of the black-robed old man.

A miserable scream could be heard as the Nascent Divinity was completely obliterated.

Having accomplished these things, the enormous Blood Demon closed his eyes. Apparently, he was now completely out of energy. He once again sat down cross-legged and then sank down into the ground. The image of Patriarch Blood Demon once again appeared at the top of his head, looking completely exhausted, and surrounded by an even stronger aura of death than before. As the enormous Demon disappeared into the earth, Patriarch Blood Demon stepped foot onto Mount Blood Demon. As he entered the Immortal’s cave there, the sea of blood that covered the sky rushed back into the cave to reform the Blood Pond. Patriarch Blood Demon sluggishly sat down cross-legged to meditate.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly heard Patriarch Blood Demon’s exhausted voice in his ear.

“I didn’t want to use my real body, as it is an incredible drain on the scant bit of power I have left....

“But you... represent a hope that I cannot ignore....

“I need to sleep now, and I won’t be able to awaken again for another hundred years. Perhaps I will never awaken. As for the Blood Demon Sect... I give it to you.... Be careful of the Dawn Immortal. She is both a Resurrection Lily, and not a Resurrection Lily.... Also, the great territorial war is coming soon.”

The rift in the ground closed up, and the restrictive spell formation surrounding the area vanished. The more than 100,000 cultivators on the battlefield could now move again. Trembling, they looked with terror at Mount Blood Demon. It was hard to say who was first, but they began to retreat, scattering like a flock of birds, fighting amongst themselves to be the first to flee.

As for the 70,000 remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples, their killing intent was even more intense than ever. Their sect had narrowly escaped complete eradication in this war, and they would never rest easy unless they exacted their revenge.

“Blood Prince!!”

“Blood Prince!!”

All of the Blood Demon disciples turned to look at Meng Hao as they awaited his decision about what to do next.

Meng Hao looked at the exhausted Blood Demon Sect disciples and then after a moment of contemplation said, “Debts of blood can only be paid in full WITH blood! We rest for one month. After that, I will take you... to unify the Southern Domain!”

Their intense killing intent, along with the thirst to unify the Southern Domain, transformed their morale into one of excitement and frenzy. The mood completely enveloped the battered Blood Demon Sect!

Meanwhile, outside of the Blood Demon Sect, an old man sat cross-legged up in the sky. Beneath him was a pill furnace. He had a complex expression on his face as look down at the Blood Demon Sect.

It was Pill Demon, also known as Reverend Violet East of the Violet Fate Sect.

“Patriarch Blood Demon, you have paid too heavy a price in order to prepare him to Sever the Devil and enter Dao Seeking. He is my apprentice, so this kindness is something that he should not have to pay for. I will take the responsibility to repay you.” After a long, deep look at the Blood Demon Sect, he turned and vanished.

Chapter 749: Emperor Black Sieve!

[/expand]

One month later....

There was no hotter topic in the Southern Domain than the war between the four allied powers and the Blood Demon Sect. After a month, stories about the battle had already spread far and wide.

The peak Dao Seeking Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect had fallen in battle, as well as an early Dao Seeking elder!

Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect had been killed!

A Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch were wiped of their memories and transformed into Dharmic Protectors of the Blood Demon Sect!

The Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince, Meng Hao, had a peak Dao Seeking clone and an undying body. No matter how many times he was killed, his body reformed!

Patriarch Blood Demon's true self was actually beneath the Blood Demon Sect, and was shockingly powerful to the extreme!

All the details were spread throughout the Southern Domain. Soon, all cultivators were shocked by the might of the Blood Demon Sect.

“The Patriarchs of four sects were either killed or enslaved! I can't believe the Blood Demon Sect is actually that powerful!”

“That's nothing. I heard that the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure was actually taken away by the Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince! How bizarre is that!?”

“The number one sect in the Southern Domain is definitely the Blood Demon Sect!”

“Four great powers were defeated, do you really think the Blood Demon Sect will stop now? It won't be long now before another great war unfolds!”

“It's too bad about all those rogue cultivators who enlisted. I heard almost all of them died....”

During the month, discussions raged regarding the battles between the Blood Demon Sect and the four great powers. Soon, people began to realize that... there were suddenly far fewer cultivators in the Southern Domain than there used to be.

Heavy casualties had been sustained by four great powers, as well as a vast quantity of rogue cultivators. Such losses significantly reduced the overall military might of the Southern Domain as a whole.

As the rest of the Southern Domain was marveling about the Blood Demon Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect was awash with misery. They had once been the most powerful sect, with two Dao Seeking Patriarchs. Now, however, both of those patriarchs were dead.

Furthermore, their sect's precious treasure now belonged to someone else. The forces that returned to the sect were less than half of the number who had left to wage war. Virtually all of their Spirit Severing experts had died. Only three returned.

As soon as the Solitary Sword Sect's forces returned, they immediately sealed down the entire sect, activated their grand spell formation and cut themselves off from the outside world.

All of the sect members' hearts were filled with fear and even terror at the thought of reprisals from the Blood Demon Sect.

The Golden Frost Sect was in much the same position as the Solitary Sword Sect. Their Patriarch had died, their Dao Seeking puppet had been destroyed, and virtually all of their Spirit Severing experts had been slain. The only Spirit Severing expert who remained was an Elder of the Second Severing, who was now the most powerful person in the Sect.

Their eighteen grand spell formations were activated one by one. The Golden Frost Sect... also chose to seal their entire sect off from the outside world!

As for the Li Clan, both their 3rd and 5th Patriarchs were dead, and significant injuries and deaths had been inflicted on their forces. It was an incredibly heavy blow to the Clan. Thankfully for the Li Clan, they had existed for many years, and were able to awaken a Third Severing Patriarch. However, he was only one person. Therefore, the Li Clan also sealed itself, its mountain ranges, and all the surrounding areas.

And then there was the Black Sieve Sect.... There was no need for the Black Sieve Sect to seal anything. There were only a handful of disciples left alive. As for the ones who survived the war with the Blood Demon Sect, they didn't return to the sect.

The disciples who had been left behind to guard the sect quickly learned of the death of Six-Daos, and the great victory of the Blood Demon Sect. Filled with terror, they all left. The once flourishing mountains of the enormous Black Sieve Sect were now empty.

Of course, there were some rogue cultivators and small-scale sects who cast their eyes on the spiritual energy and resources within the sect. They snuck in to search for the sect's ancient records, legacies and magical items.

However, something happened that instantly turned the entire Black Sieve Sect into a forbidden zone that no one dared to enter.

About half a month previous, a group of several hundred rogue cultivators were wandering through the Black Sieve Sect when suddenly, a sinister roar could be heard coming from underground, deep beneath the Black Sieve Sect. Then, a voice could be heard.

"I, the Emperor, have been sleeping for so long, and when I finally wake up... well, look at what has happened to this place! Well then, you people will be staying behind!" As the voice echoed out, black fog roiled up from the ground beneath the Black Sieve Sect. It quickly enveloped the entire area, whereupon bloodcurdling shrieks could be heard coming from the rogue cultivators inside. Not a single one was able to escape.

The people who were outside of the fog fled in shock, and then spread word of what had happened.

As the Southern Domain slipped into chaos, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan were all sealed. There was little change in the Song Clan and the Violet Fate Sect. For them, things continued on as normal. They had not participated in the war with the Blood Demon Sect, and therefore sustained no losses whatsoever, and maintained their previous levels of power.

As time passed, more and more Southern Domain cultivators were trying to figure out what the Blood Demon Sect would do next. Would they strike back? If they sought revenge, which sect would they move against first?

In fact, quite a few cultivators lingered near the outskirts of the Blood Demon Sect, awaiting the day they took action.

Finally, one bright and beautiful day, beneath a cloudless sky, a beam of colorful light shot up from within the Blood Demon Sect. It was not just one beam, but hundreds, then thousands, until finally... tens of thousands of beams of light caused Heaven and Earth to tremble.

Instantly, the cultivators lingering outside of the Blood Demon Sect began to get excited.

“The Blood Demon Sect is on the march!!”

“Tens of thousands of cultivators have been dispatched! There’s definitely going to be a war!”

“They’re absolutely going to strike back, otherwise why would they marshal such an incredible force!?”

The rogue cultivators quickly spread the news. At a sensitive time like this in the Southern Domain, this news about the Blood Demon Sect swept across the entire land like a stormwind.

The Blood Demon Sect was on the move!

Tens of thousands of beams of light shot through the air, with Meng Hao in the lead. His expression was grim as he whistled through the air. Shockingly, he was flanked by two figures wearing blood-colored robes, with blank expressions on their faces. They seemed barely aware of what was going on around them, but their auras were intense, that of peak Dao Seeking.

Behind them were the Spirit Severing experts, then tens of thousands of ordinary disciples, all of them bent on revenge.

They traveled in silence, and with utmost speed. Quite a few Southern Domain cultivators caught sight of them flying through the sky and were shocked, but then began to follow along. Gradually, more and more cultivators were following behind the Blood Demon Sect.

Soon, the buzz of conversation could be heard from the cultivators trailing the Blood Demon Sect.

“The Black Sieve Sect! That’s their target! It’s the Black Sieve Sect!”

“You’re right. Based on the direction, the only target could be the Black Sieve Sect!”

“The Black Sieve Sect has already fallen to pieces. Its disciples are either dead or scattered! The whole sect is in ruins!”

“Did you forget what happened half a month ago, though? There’s a fog covering the entire sect, with some mysterious danger lurking inside.”

Meng Hao was in the vanguard position, his expression calm, but his eyes flickering with killing intent. Many people had been wounded or killed in the fighting, and his hatred had reached such heights that retribution was absolutely necessary.

As far as the Black Sieve Sect went, Meng Hao had long since planned to destroy it. He didn’t just want to kill the disciples of the sect, he wanted to completely rip it up by the roots and erase its name from the Southern Domain for all time.

“After joining the Blood Demon Sect, I have slaughtered countless enemies. Therefore... I might as well be thorough about it!” A bloody glow could be seen in his eyes, and a monstrous desire to kill filled him as he pushed forward at top speed.

RUMBLE!

Several days later, the Blood Demon Sect appeared as beams of light in the sky above the Black Sieve Sect. Shockingly, more than 100,000 additional beams of light were behind them. They... were disciples from other Southern Domain sects, as well as rogue cultivators. They had followed the Blood Demon Sect here to bear witness to the great war.

The Black Sieve Sect no longer looked like the place Meng Hao remembered. What he saw was a vast churning fog, completely black, that covered the Ninety Nine Mountains and exuded an intense aura of death. Its coldness was palpable. Furthermore, the surroundings were caked in layer after layer of bluish ice, as if the area was experiencing a glacial winter.

Meng Hao quickly blinked his right eye several times in succession, and the qi of Immortal Shows the Way spread out into his eye. Now when he looked at the fog, he was able to make out some more vague details.

He could see the ruins of the Ninety Nine Mountains, as well as a group of a few hundred people milling about in the center of them all. Their bodies were stiff, as if they existed in a state somewhere between living and dying.

A black thread was attached to the head of each one of the group of several hundred. The black threads stretched down into the ground into a mass of fog deep below the surface of earth. It was roughly thirty meters wide, and even Meng Hao's gaze couldn't pierce into it.

However, Meng Hao could sense that the ball of fog emanated a Dao Seeking aura.

He gave a cold snort as he rotated his cultivation base. He lifted his right hand and then pushed it down over his right eye. The full power of Immortal Shows the Way poured into his eye, and his pupil began to glow with a golden light. All of a sudden, it was as if a veil had been lifted from the world.

He could now see clearly into the thirty meter ball of fog. He saw a platform in the shape of a lotus, upon which a man was seated cross-legged.

The man wore the robe of an emperor, as well as a crown. His body was shriveled and emaciated, almost like a withered corpse. Hundreds of black threads could be seen on the ground, all of them connected to his head. Bizarrely, the threads were squirming and writhing.

Behind the withered corpse was a door.

The instant Meng Hao laid eyes on the corpse, its eyes opened. A green light appeared there which shot out through the mist to meet Meng Hao's gaze.

"Meng... Hao...." said the corpse, its voice ancient and strange as it echoed back and forth.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He did not find it strange at all that this person knew who he was. As for the hundreds of threads, Meng Hao could sense that they were being used by the withered corpse to control the hundreds of people up above. It was something similar to Soulsearch.

"I... don't want... to be... your enem... wait, your aura...?!" The withered corpse didn't even get halfway through its sentence before it seemed to sense something. It looked closely at Meng Hao, and then the flickering green glow in its eyes grew even more intense.

“You’re... that Demon Sealer... from that time years ago! Demon Sealer! If I kill you... I can confirm the path to true Immortality!” The withered corpse suddenly shot to its feet. In that instant, the fog covering the Black Sieve Sect suddenly exploded out, shooting directly toward Meng Hao.

Inside of the fog were hundreds of figures, all of them roaring as black mist bored into their bodies. Their cultivation bases surged, and although their eyes were blank, their faces twisted with rage. Their bodies grew severalfold, and black fur appeared on their skin. Their teeth turned into fangs, and dual horns sprung out of their heads.

They no longer resembled people, but rather Demons, roaring as they charged into battle.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with coldness, and he said, “Looking to die?!”

Chapter 750: Severing Karma

[/expand]

Several hundred figures with inhuman, demonic bodies charged forward. Their speed increased dramatically, and their cultivation bases climbed higher by a whole stage.

Among their number were four Nascent Soul stage cultivators who grew to an incredible and powerful level. They were now thirty meters tall, with cultivation bases similar to Spirit Severing!

After the transformation, the weakest of the cultivators was at Core Formation, with most being in the Nascent Soul stage.

The power to do such a thing could be considered top rate for any sect or clan. It was something that no power would look down upon during a fight. In fact, an ability like this could easily change the balance of power in a battle.

That was especially true for the four Spirit Severing cultivators. Currently, the remaining Dao Seeking cultivators in the Southern Domain refused to show themselves, so if a Spirit Severing cultivator so much as stomped his feet, it would cause a huge commotion.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and behind him, the killing intent of the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples surged. They had come here for revenge. When it came to the people who had besieged and battled them, they faced either destruction or assimilation.

There were only these two choices.

Meng Hao's face was calm as he looked at the hundreds of people charging forward. He did not attack them personally. Instead, he waved his sleeve and coolly said, "Exterminate them."

Immediately, roars filled the air behind him.

"DIE!" howled the Blood Demon Sect disciples. Instantly, tens of thousands of cultivators unleashed divine abilities and magical techniques. In the blink of an eye, colorful ripples exploded out in all directions. Their magic was like floodwaters that swept through the air.

The fog rumbled and cracked, and the hundreds of people inside were instantly shredded into a haze of blood and gore, with the exception of the four Spirit Severing cultivators.

That was the result of the combined power of tens of thousands of cultivators. The hundreds of strange, mutated cultivators that belonged to the Black Sieve Sect, despite being powerful enough to constitute the backbone of any Sect's fighting forces, were simply incapable of withstanding even one of their attacks.

Rumbling echoed out, and blood sprayed from the mouths of the four Spirit Severing enemies who had just been raised from the Nascent Soul stage. However, they did not fear death, nor did they do anything to evade. Instead, they charged forward in a frenzy and then... chose to self detonate.

Flames burst out on their skin, and a shocking pressure emanated out from them. Countless beams of brilliant light shone out as they prepared to blow themselves up.

Meng Hao's expression remained completely the same as these four seemingly Demonic Spirit Severing cultivators detonated. It was in this moment that his second true self appeared. He raised his right hand, splayed his fingers and pushed forward.

A huge boom could be heard as the four Demons exploded, the power of which transformed into an attack that made the fog seethe and the air split open. A multicolored mushroom cloud began to rise up, within which was flesh and blood, as well as incredible destructive power. However, the power of the mushroom cloud attack was met by Meng Hao's second true self.

As he faced the expanding mushroom cloud, the second true self slowly began to close his hand into a fist. As he did, the mushroom cloud stopped expanding, and then began to shrink down.

By the time the second true self's hand was fully closed into a fist, the destructive power of the self-detonation, the mushroom cloud, was completely suppressed.

The second true self clenched his fist violently, and a boom could be heard. The destructive mushroom cloud suddenly... faded away into nothing.

The sight of this instantly roused the spirits of the Blood Demon Sect cultivators. As for the hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators further back, their faces filled with astonishment, and they gasped.

“This clone of the Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince... is so... is so... completely terrifying!”

“The power of four Spirit Severing cultivators' self-detonation was crushed by a single palm!”

“No wonder the joint attack of the four great powers was incapable of defeating the Blood Demon Sect. Not only that, they sealed themselves away from the world after the war was over! The Blood Demon Sect... is too powerful!”

In the moment that the hundreds of cultivators were defeated, the fog churned, then began to rise up. Up in midair, it transformed into an enormous beast that stood on two legs and resembled a black bear.

It was completely ferocious in appearance. Although it had no horns, its enormous fangs were shocking. Mist swirled around it as it roared and then charged toward the Blood Demon Sect, its eyes bright red.

Shocking pressure emanated out from the mist beast, and although it did not emanate any sort of natural law, the feeling Meng Hao got from it was that of Dao Seeking.

As the mist condensed and formed this beast, the Ninety Nine Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect were revealed, and at their center, a huge rift in the ground could be seen, from within which black fog emanated out.

Deep within that rift was the figure that Meng Hao had seen earlier.

“Left Dharma Protector, slay this mist beast,” said Meng Hao coolly. To the left of him was what had once been the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch. His eyes were the color of blood as he unhesitatingly strode forward toward the mist beast and lifted his hand. A tiny mountain appeared, which was the Golden Frost Sect’s legacy precious treasure.

A boom could be heard as the two clashed in battle.

“Right Dharma Protector, go kill the bastard hiding in that rift.” The Blood Clone that was formed from the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch shot forward, a bloodthirsty gleam in his eyes. The Li Clan’s legacy precious treasure, a Feng Shui compass, rotated around him as he headed toward the rift in the ground.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao floated in midair, declining to participate in the battle. His two peak Dao Seeking Dharma Protectors were enough to sweep across the Southern Domain and slaughter everything.

To the Blood Demon Sect, unifying the Southern Domain would be an extremely simple task, and that was exactly what Meng Hao intended to do. Exert incredible pressure on all the sects and clans of the Southern Domain, and unite the entire land.

Rumbling filled the sky as the mist beast, incapable of standing up to the divine abilities of the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch, was defeated in the space of only seven or eight breaths. In the end, it exploded, transforming into countless streams of fog that dissipated in all directions.

Underground, booming explosions rang out, followed by bellows of rage. The corpse wearing the imperial robes was now battling the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch. Currently, ripples of the peak Dao Seeking stage were now emanating off of the corpse.

As the two of them fought back and forth, the ground quaked, and the rift was torn open even wider. The corpse’s enraged shouts grew louder, and then Meng Hao waved a finger, sending the Golden Frost Sect patriarch into the rift to join the fight. Now, it was two against one!

There was little to be suspenseful about. After enough time had passed for half an incense stick to burn, the withered corpse suffered defeat after defeat. Howling with rage and frustration, it called out, “Meng Hao.... Just leave! I don’t care that you’re a Demon Sealer any more! How about we just leave each other alone!?”

“If we keep fighting this way, you might win, but one of your men will be seriously injured, maybe even killed! Let’s call it quits, how about it?”

“You don’t care that I’m a Demon Sealer?” said Meng Hao coolly. “Well I do!” His second true self’s eyes glittered as he took a step forward, then suddenly teleported into the rift. In the blink of an eye, more thunderous explosions could be heard from inside.

The withered corpse let out an exclamation of shock. The ground quaked, and more rifts snaked out across the land. Even some of the mountains began to crumble.

The entire Black Sieve Sect was in a horrible state. Mountains were toppling, and the land was being torn apart. Grand palaces and other buildings that had just recently been rebuilt were now falling to pieces.

A huge crater then appeared, which began to swallow up the Ninety Nine Mountains. Four beams of light shot up from within it, one up ahead, three following. The withered corpse was in the lead, blood streaming from his mouth, his entire body in tattered and wounded. His expression was one of astonishment as he fled. Behind him were Meng Hao’s second true self and two Dharma Protectors.

The three combined their attacks to shocking effect, making it impossible for the withered corpse to flee. He was sent tumbling through the air, whereupon the second true self appeared off to the side, Wooden Time Sword shining brightly. The withered corpse was terrified in the extreme.

As the three closed in, the withered corpse’s eyes suddenly filled with madness. He lifted his right hand up and then tore open a hole in his chest, revealing his withered innards. In the same location as his heart, shockingly, there was a tiny black imp.

The pitch-black imp had three eyes, no nose and a wide mouth, and it appeared to have grown up along with the heart itself. Its three eyes opened to reveal a bizarre glow. It immediately flew out into the air, after which the withered corpse trembled. All of the life force seemed to have been sucked out of it, and it died.

As the withered corpse died, the imp shot up into the sky. It hovered there, looking down coldly at Meng Hao, its eyes filled with grimness and hatred. Apparently, it was committing Meng Hao’s image to memory.

This development caused Meng Hao to gape in shock. The surrounding cultivators were also astonished. Who would ever have thought that hidden inside of the withered corpse was something as bizarre as this imp?

“Demon Sealer....” said the imp, its voice high-pitched. “As emperor, I will never forget this. Sooner or later, I’ll make you pay! For now... I’m leaving, and nobody can stop me!” With that, it looked up, apparently preparing to shoot up into the starry sky.

The Left and Right Dharma Protectors unleashed divine abilities to obstruct its way. However, the pitch-black imp smiled mockingly, and did nothing to evade the divine abilities. Instead, he shot directly through them, and sustained no damage in the process.

Meng Hao’s second true self gave a cold snort and then attacked. Magical symbols formed into the shape of a parasol, which emanated brilliant light. The imp’s pupils constricted, and it let out a piercing shriek. Suddenly, massive quantities of black fog poured out from it and shot toward the parasol.

A boom rang out as the parasol of magical symbols collapsed into pieces. The imp’s fog was melted, leaving it visibly weakened. However, it was now high in the sky. It glanced back at Meng Hao and then turned to fly away.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he experienced a menacing sensation. He wasn’t sure where this pitch-black imp came from, but there was something about it that filled him with a feeling of grave crisis.

“I can’t let him escape!” he thought. His right hand shot up into the air, and he waved his finger toward the imp.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Boom!

The imp suddenly shuddered to a stop. However, it took only a moment of struggling to free itself. Its piercing voice rang out again, “You want to hex me? Your cultivation base isn’t strong enough!”

Seeing that his opponent was about to disappear, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then calmed himself. He stretched out his right hand toward the sky, and then made a chopping motion.

His mind was now devoid of everything except for Karma.

Seventh Demon Sealing Hex!

Hex of Karma!