

The Heavens 441

Chapter 441: Execution!

As soon as Meng Hao suppressed the Resurrection Lily, the Exotic Heartdevil Flower suddenly had no effect on him whatsoever. Perhaps this had something to do with the Resurrection Lily itself, although it was impossible to say for sure.

The instant Meng Hao opened his eyes, his neo-demons all let out powerful roars. The eyes of the three Dragoners narrowed, and the hearts of the surrounding three thousand enemy Cultivators trembled. However, they continued to attack as relentlessly as before.

Meng Hao looked around thoughtfully. He saw the thousands of corpses of the Five Tribes members, and also noted that the shield was about to collapse. Of his original group of thirty thousand neo-demons, more than half were dead.

Although he had witnessed the desperate war in Holy Snow City, seeing this scene caused his heart to fill with the same grief as the rest of the Five Tribes.

“Considering that the battle has reached this point, I should really leave,” he murmured softly. “However... I have no desire to do any fleeing today!” He lifted his right hand and pushed down onto the ground.

“Demonic Qi, art of Righteous Bestowal!” Immediately, endless amounts of Demonic Qi erupted up in all directions. He waved his hand, causing the invisible Qi to immediately fuse with the more than ten thousand neo-demons of his that remained.

The neo-demons' bodies all began to tremble. The Demonsquitos swelled to several times their original size and emitted a shocking aura. In addition to emanating Demonic Qi, an aura of transmogrification suddenly appeared.

Under the power of this aura, the Demonsquitos suddenly grew an extra pair of wings. In addition, the tails of the mosquitos sprouted green spikes!

The sight of it was incredibly fearsome!

As for the black crows, they trembled and then emitted fierce cries. They glowed with a black light, and the fierceness of their auras grew exponentially. Not only did their bodies grow larger, but ghost images sprang up around the Demoncrows, forming what looked like mirror images behind each one.

This ghost image was a result of the transmogrification, a sort of evolution. With the ghost image there, it was like each crow had two life forces.

Big Hairy howled into the sky as his body grew to three hundred meters in size. He already had Demonic Qi within him, but this addition didn't just cause him to grow larger; his blood began to pump harder and the image of a floating moon appeared above his head. Beneath the light of this moon, his coat of white fur suddenly turned silver. He was now a Silver Wolf!

As for the spiders, they let out fierce cries as their bodies grew more powerful and their appearances even more savage. On their rear torsos, the images of human faces could suddenly be seen. Their fangs grew even longer until they looked like giant pincers!

The red crocodile's scales grew bigger, and its head began to change shape to look more like a dragon. The flesh on its back began to bulge out and then suddenly, two wings appeared. It flew into the air, no longer a crocodile, but rather, something like a red Flying Rain-Dragon!

Although it didn't form the spitting image of a Flying Rain-Dragon, its aura was extremely similar.

Roaring, the lizard's body grew until it was the size of a small mountain. Black smoke poured out from its mouth, as though fire burned in its belly, just ready to be shot out.

It now looked completely different than it had before; its aura was vastly more powerful.

The Wild Giant let out an intense roar as its body grew even burlier. It lifted its hand into the air, and shockingly, a bolt of lightning descended from the sky. As the Wild Giant grabbed it, it transformed into a lightning whip, shocking to the extreme.

All of the neo-demons experienced transmogrification. Such changes were things that since ancient times had happened only occasionally in the Western Desert. To see all of these transmogrifications occurring simultaneously was unprecedented.

The scene immediately caused the neo-demons of the three Dragoners to be shaken. Looks of fear appeared in their eyes and they didn't dare to move forward.

The three thousand Spider Branch Cultivators' minds were filled with a buzzing sound. To suddenly see more than ten thousand neo-demons experience transmogrifications that turned them into a mutated horde filled them with incredible fear.

Zhao Youlan's eyes were wide and filled with a bright glow. Meng Hao's sudden explosion of power left her shocked.

It wasn't just her. The Spider Branch High Priest and Grand Elders, who were currently attacking the shield, suddenly looked back. When they saw Meng Hao and his neo-demons, their hearts and minds trembled.

The faces of the Spider Branch's three Dragoners filled with disbelief, and they began to pant. Shock completely filled their hearts and they gave out hoarse cries of alarm.

"Grand... Grand Dragoner!"

"He's a Grand Dragoner! Only Grand Dragoners could wield such a fearsome secret Dragoner art!"

Suddenly, Meng Hao's eyes swept over them, and their faces went deathly pale. Scalps numb, they retreated at top speed.

Even as they began to fall back, Meng Hao's neo-demons let out shocking roars and then fell upon the Cultivators and neo-demons who surrounded them.

Amidst the thunderous roaring, Meng Hao also moved forward with incredible speed, using a Bloodburst Flash. His body seemed to disappear. As it did, all of the neo-demons and Cultivators between him and the nearest of the three Dragoners suddenly exploded into a cloud of blood and flesh. Meng Hao reappeared directly in front of the Dragoner.

The speed with which this happened was incredibly shocking. It wasn't a minor teleportation, but rather, an explosive burst of speed over a short distance, leaving behind a path of destruction and death.

“You....” The Dragoner’s face fell, and his mind filled with a buzzing sound. He was just about to shoot back when Meng Hao’s hand snapped out and latched onto his throat. A cracking sound rang out as Meng Hao, his face completely expressionless, crushed the man’s neck.

When he dropped the Dragoner, a thorn-covered vine suddenly snaked out from the Wild Giant. In one giant gulp, it swallowed the body of the Dragoner. The ferocious vine then began to spin around Meng Hao, turning into what looked like a gigantic sphere of thorns that swept about in all directions.

This single kill instantly shook the entire battlefield. The faces of two of the Spider Branch Nascent Soul Elders who were attacking the shield, flickered. Without hesitation, they performed minor teleportations to suddenly reappear near Meng Hao.

The instant they reappeared, a group of Demonsquitos screamed through the air to defend Meng Hao. The two Nascent Soul Elders combined forces to attack, which instantly defeated the Demonsquitos. However, by this time, a bloody glow had appeared around Meng Hao and he once again Bloodburst Flashed. This time, he appeared next to the second fleeing Dragoner. He waved his hand, causing a golden light to surge forward. The man screamed as the golden light completely surrounded his body. After the space of a few breaths passed, the light faded, revealing that the man had been completely turned into gold. He slowly fell down out of the sky.

The last Dragoner was an old man who was currently scared witless by Meng Hao’s unprecedented ferocity. He immediately began to tremble violently.

“Save me!!” he cried, shooting as fast as he could toward Zhao Youlan.

“What incredible guts!” cried one of the two Nascent Soul Cultivators. The fact that Meng Hao had killed another rank 9 Dragoner right in front of them, filled them with fury. Their bodies flickered as they once again shot toward Meng Hao, their killing intent billowing out. Even before they neared him, divine abilities were magically appearing.

“My guts are actually pretty ordinary....” said Meng Hao lightly. As the Nascent Soul Elders neared, he lifted his right hand and pointed toward the two. The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was immediately unleashed. Invisible strands of Demonic Qi shot toward the two men, instantly binding them.

The two Nascent Soul experts' faces fell. Although it wouldn't take long for the explosive power of their Cultivation bases to free them, their brief moment of shock allowed Meng Hao to once again use the Bloodburst Flash. A bloody glow surrounded him as he shot toward the final Dragoner.

"How dare you!" cried another of the Nascent Soul Elders. He immediately teleported away from the shield to appear next to the old Dragoner. Roaring, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing a colorful glow to spread out toward Meng Hao.

"No one can save someone that I want to kill," said Meng Hao calmly. Without a scrap of hesitation, he clenched his right hand into a fist and struck out toward the Nascent Soul expert.

A boom filled the air. Meng Hao's body trembled and he fell back three paces. The Nascent Soul Expert's face fell and blood sprayed from his mouth. He fell back seven or eight paces, disbelief shining in his eyes. He watched in shock as Meng Hao approached the Dragoner. Before the Dragoner could do anything at all, Meng Hao grabbed his neck and crushed it.

Completely surrounded by an army of thousands, Meng Hao slaughtered three Dragoners. Not even three Nascent Soul Elders could do a thing to stop him. In fact, one of the Dragoners had been slain directly in front of one of the Nascent Soul Elders. This scene caused everyone to be filled with shock, not just the Spider Branch Cultivators, but also the members of the Five Tribes within the shield. All of a sudden their blood began to boil as their despair turned into hope!

"Grandmaster Meng!!"

"Grandmaster Meng!!!"

Cries rang out from within the shield, carrying with them the hope and excitement of the surviving members of the Five Tribes.

Zhao Youlan was panting as she looked at Meng Hao. His actions completely exceeded her anticipations, and as of now, he was turning into a critical factor in the battle.

"Grand Dragoner.... One who can directly shake a Nascent Soul Cultivator.... This man has to die!" Even as killing intent sprang into her eyes, her heart trembled and a feeling of grave danger filled her. That was because she had just seen Meng Hao's eyes!

In this moment, Meng Hao's gaze passed over the battlefield, soaring over the vast gulf created between him and her by the three thousand Cultivators.

His gaze was filled with killing intent. And it was directed at her!

"He wants to kill me? Those three Dragoners were too close to him, making them easy targets. He's much too far away from me, plus there are three thousand Cultivators between us. I have more than ten bodyguards, plus the High Priest and the Elders. How exactly... does he plan to kill me!?"

Chapter 442: A Figure Leaping, Sailing Over Three Thousand Cultivators!

"There's no need to even think about it," continued Zhao Youlan. "With a barrier of three thousand Cultivators, he'll get tangled up before he can even get close to me. Unless he can perform minor teleportation, it won't do him any good. Even relying on that Blood Qi art won't get him across such a distance!"

"If he flew, it would require incredible speed to break through three thousand Cultivators. Having seen his speed just now, I can tell it's not sufficient." It was at this point in her train of thought that Zhao Youlan saw Meng Hao lift his head up and let out a long cry.

In response to the cry, the Wild Giant came running. It roared as its muscles swelled and its body grew to the height of three hundred meters. The muscles on its right arm began to writhe, as if all the blood in its entire body was being collected there. The arm continued to grow in a bizarre and exaggerated way; soon it comprised more than half of the Wild Giant's entire body!

The arm was completely out of proportion to the rest of its body. Blue veins popped up all over the surface of the arm, and it looked like it was almost about to explode. There appeared to be terrifying physical power filling the arm. The sight of it was completely shocking. The Wild Giant snatched up Meng Hao with its arm and hurled him into the air in the direction of Zhao Youlan.

All of the fearsome power contained in the body of the Wild Giant was now transferred to Meng Hao, causing him to shoot through the air like a lightning bolt. As he sped through the air, the power of the Wild Giant bolstered his innate speed, causing his figure to rip through the air... like a blazing sun!

At the same time, a cloud of Demonsquitos circled around him, transforming into a vortex. Black crows also approached, turning into a mist. The red crocodile also approached, becoming a giant wing. The enormous lizard transformed into a body, and the Black Bat became another wing. Meng Hao's speed once again increased explosively as the neo-demon horde pushed him forward.

A shocking drone spread out in all directions as Meng Hao shot through the sky surrounded by his vast neo-demon horde. He sailed over the three thousand Cultivators, who stared up, their minds spinning, too shocked to react. It was at this time that...

Meng Hao's neo-demon horde transformed into a long, sharp arrow, with Meng Hao as the arrowhead. They shot forward, filled with the desire to kill and emanating fierce killing intent. It was with explosive speed that they shot through the sky toward Zhao Youlan, seemingly capable of ripping open the Heavens.

In this moment, the members of the Five Tribes within the shield couldn't even breathe. The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, now recovered from his injuries, stared with wide, bloodshot eyes. The other seven Nascent Soul Cultivators next to him were panting.

In this moment, three thousand Spider Branch Cultivators watched on with red eyes that were filled with shock.

In this moment, the expressions of the Nascent Soul Elders outside of the shield, as well as of the High Priest, completely changed!

Zhao Youlan's phoenix like eyes went wide and she began to pant as she stared at Meng Hao. In this moment, Meng Hao's figure could be seen reflected in her eyes as it was burned deeply into her mind and heart.

A figure leaping, sailing over three thousand Cultivators,

A demonic arrow, shooting directly toward Zhao Youlan!

The incredible speed made the over one thousand meter distance between the two of them suddenly less than three hundred! The Cultivators with the green tattoos who surrounded Zhao Youlan braced themselves to contend with this formidable foe. Killing intent could be seen in their eyes.

Zhao Youlan held the Exotic Heartdevil Flower up above her head. As she stared at Meng Hao, her expression grew calm, and her eyes filled with coldness. At the moment, she couldn't move. If she did, it would cause the power of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower to dissipate. Once that happened, the remaining Five Tribes Cultivators within the shield would charge out. Including the Crow Soldier

Tribe Greatfather, that would be eight Nascent Soul Cultivators, more than enough to entangle the Spider Branch Elders.

Such a circumstance would put them in truly grave danger.

“I bet... he won’t make it!” thought Zhao Youlan, her heart filling with decisiveness.

The rest of the Spider Branch Elders now abandoned their attempts to destroy the shield and exterminate the Five Tribes. More important to them was their Branch’s Holy Daughter.

Three of the nine Elders immediately teleported toward Meng Hao, their bodies exploding with power. The other six began to fly forward without hesitation.

The three Elders suddenly appeared next to Meng Hao’s shocking figure. They immediately began to perform incantation gestures, causing totemic light to spring out from their bodies. It transformed into a massive, illusive figure which shot toward Meng Hao.

“Back off, you!” The growling roar of the three Nascent Soul Cultivators was like thunder.

“Screw off!” replied Meng Hao, accompanied by a howl that sounded like the combination of the howling of all the neo-demons that surrounded him. The sound of it shook Heaven and Earth, and pressed down onto the three Nascent Soul Cultivators. Suddenly, the flock of black crows, the cloud of Demonsquitos, as well as the red crocodile all changed direction and shot toward the three.

Amidst the thunderous roaring, Meng Hao continued onward, not pausing even a tiny bit. The neo-demon horde obstructed the path of the three Nascent Soul Cultivators, allowing Meng Hao to pass by them unhindered.

He was now only about two hundred meters from Zhao Youlan!

Furious roars could now be heard as the other six Nascent Soul Elders appeared near Meng Hao. They employed the full power of their Cultivation bases, causing totemic divine abilities to manifest. Roaring filled the air as the power of these six men combined to create an enormous golden bell that shot toward Meng Hao, preparing to crush him.

As the golden bell flew forward, massive pressure filled the air, along with an ear-splitting rumble. Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he suddenly waved out with both hands. Big Hairy and the gigantic lizard, as well as all of the other neo-demons, shot through the air toward the incoming golden bell.

From a distance, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde appeared to transform into something like a black wind that swept out from his body. Now Meng Hao was completely visible there in mid-air.

Without hesitation, he lifted his right hand up, within which appeared a blood-colored mask. He slipped it onto his face, and a rumbling sound could be heard as a shapeless Blood Qi exploded out from his body. It shot out in all directions, completely shocking all the onlookers.

The Blood Qi billowed out, transforming into an enormous red vortex with Meng Hao in the middle, flashing an incantation gesture. Suddenly, the rapidly spinning vortex changed into the image of a face.

The face shot out from behind the neo-demon horde, directly toward the golden bell and the six Nascent Soul Cultivators.

A massive, shocking boom shook everything. The neo-demon horde scattered and the golden bell shattered. The faces of six men immediately turned pale with astonishment as they retreated backward.

Meng Hao spat some blood out of his mouth; his speed now increased as he Bloodburst Flashed away from the six Nascent Soul Cultivators to appear only a hundred meters away from Zhao Youlan. The two of them could see each other very clearly, even down to the threads in their clothing.

Zhao Youlan's expression was the same as ever, and her eyes were filled with coldness. Even Meng Hao had to admire such a mental state. However, his killing intent grew even thicker as he flickered toward her through the air.

The more than ten Cultivators with green totem tattoos immediately shot forward, transforming into a green light that charged toward Meng Hao.

Zhao Youlan's expression didn't change in the least as she looked at Meng Hao approaching her. She saw his mask, his green robe rippling in the wind, and his white hair whipping in the wind. But her eyes were like deep, still waters, filled with coldness.

Surrounded by an army of thousands, he had come alone. Nine Nascent Soul Elders were incapable of hindering him in the slightest. The image of a person like this would forever be imprinted in Zhao Youlan's heart.

You could say that in terms of this great battle between Tribes, Zhao Youlan had calculated all possibilities. The only thing she hadn't calculated... was Meng Hao.

Meng Hao raised a fist and slammed it into the chest of one of the green-faced Cultivators. The man's Cultivation base was immediately suppressed. His body didn't explode immediately. Instead he was thrown backward, where he slammed into the person behind him and they both exploded into a cloud of blood and gore.

Meng Hao's body flickered, and he reappeared behind another of the Cultivators. He didn't strike out. Instead, he flashed an incantation gesture, and sounds rang out like the crunching of bones. A golden light appeared, and three of the people were instantly transformed into statues of gold.

Efficient, clean extermination, without any messiness. Having accomplished this, Meng Hao took a deep breath and increased his speed, passing through the surviving five Cultivators as he closed in on Zhao Youlan.

The surviving green-faced Cultivators let out successive roars, their eyes filling with determination as they opted to... self-detonate!

Booms filled the air as five Cultivators of the great circle of Core Formation exploded. Such power would cause even Meng Hao to be shocked if it hit him. However, his expression didn't change in the least bit. Even as the power of the self-detonation swept toward him, layers of silk threads appeared around him. This was... Eyeless Larva silk!

The silk whistled through the air as it surrounded Meng Hao. The silk was indestructible, therefore, Meng Hao sustained no injuries. He shot onward like lightning, bursting out from within the self-detonation explosions. He was now only thirty meters away from Zhao Youlan.

By this point, everyone in the area was completely astonished!

It was at this moment that a tall figure suddenly appeared in front of him. Something like a green boulder and a black wooden branch seemed to step out from the void. A wand pointed toward Meng Hao.

“Begone!” The voice was archaic and booming, and belonged to none other than the High Priest of the Spider Branch. He glared at Meng Hao, gripping a wand in his hand that contained power seemingly sufficient to crush mountains. Meng Hao was incapable of dodging, and the power of the wand slammed into the silk of the Eyeless Larva.

His eyes flickered as the nine Nascent Soul Elders behind him managed to shake off the neo-demon hordes and close in on him with murder in their eyes.

When Zhao Youlan saw the High Priest appear, she heaved a sigh of relief. The fact that Meng Hao had made it within thirty meters of her had filled her with an unprecedented sense of crisis.

A boom filled the air and Meng Hao’s body trembled as the silk of the Eyeless Larva continuously fought back against the explosive power of the mid Nascent Soul Cultivation base power from the High Priest. Blood seeped out of the corners of Meng Hao’s mouth and he was forced to retreat several paces.

However, that was the extent of it; a bit of blood seeping out, and a retreat of a few steps. This was all that happened in the face of an onslaught from the full power of a mid Nascent Soul stage attack.

The Spider Branch High Priest’s pupils constricted.

“Just what magical item is that!? Well, it doesn’t matter how powerful your magical item is, if you think you can get past me, you’re dreaming!”

Chapter 443: Soul-stirring!

“Mid Nascent Soul stage!” thought Meng Hao, his eyes narrowing. Of the Cultivators he had personally battled with, the highest Cultivation base he had faced was that of Eccentric Li Tian. Even Li Tian had only been at the peak of the early Nascent Soul stage. There was a vast difference between that and the mid Nascent Soul stage.

The difference between the various levels of the Nascent Soul stage was far greater than the difference of the various levels of the Foundation Establishment or Core Formation stage. Meng Hao possessed two totems and was wearing the blood-colored mask, which enabled him to slay

early Nascent Soul stage Cultivators; however, battling the mid Nascent Soul stage would be very difficult.

However, considering that he had chosen to attack Zhao Youlan, how could he not have been on guard against the Spider Branch's High Priest? At the same time that he backed up, both hands flickered in an incantation gesture, and then he pointed forward.

"Eyeless Larva!" he said coldly. Immediately, the Eyeless Larva silk surrounding him opened up, and the Eyeless Larva itself appeared in front of Meng Hao. It flickered, then shot toward the High Priest. As it did, massive amounts of silk appeared, wrapping around the High Priest, entangling him.

"You're right, I can't beat the mid Nascent Soul Stage," said Meng Hao coolly. "But that doesn't mean I can't tie you up!" The High Priest frowned, and he prepared to perform a minor teleportation. But then, Meng Hao waved his hand.

"Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!" he cried. Immediately, Demonic Qi covered over everything, rumbling as it shot toward the High Priest. The High Priest's face fell; although he could shake off the effects of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex rather quickly, the slight delay was all the time the Eyeless Larva needed to wrap him up in layer after layer of silk. Soon, he was almost completely covered.

Booming sounds could be heard as the High Priest employed divine abilities. However, the Eyeless Larva was incredibly powerful, and its silk was indestructible. The silk whipped around faster and faster, completely covering the High Priest.

Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood; this was the power of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex backfiring on him because of exceeding the limits of his Cultivation base. However, Meng Hao ignored it, shooting past the High Priest even as the nine other Nascent Soul Elders closed in on him from behind. He was now directly approaching Zhao Youlan.

Zhao Youlan's face finally flickered, and she began to breath heavily. Now that Meng Hao was almost upon her, she finally moved, shooting backward. She continued to hold the Exotic Heartdevil Flower above her head so that it could emit the power of its blooming.

She was well aware that she could not allow the glow of the flower to fade; if that happened, she would truly be on the path to death. Her current situation seemed dangerous, but she knew that all she had to do was hold out for the space of a few breaths. Once the nine Nascent Soul Elders caught up, the situation would be resolved.

As she retreated, she began to speak the words of some bizarre spell.

The spell caused the air in front of her to distort and turn into ripples that spread out in all directions. These ripples suddenly caused a dozen or so different images of her to appear in front of Meng Hao. It was almost impossible to tell the difference between any of them.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. Not pausing for even a moment, he lifted his right hand. At the same time, golden light erupted out from the Metal-type tattoo on his chest, which caused his entire right hand to turn into the color of gold. He pointed toward the ripples, sending out a will of gold which infected the ripples, dyeing them the color of gold.

The golden color rapidly spread out to the dozen or so retreating images of Zhao Youlan. Each time the gold completely covered a figure, it would shatter.

In the blink of an eye, the figures disappeared. Then, the distorted ripples popped like a bubble, revealing a shocked Zhao Youlan. She coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Meng Hao's body flickered as he shot forward. He was now about ten meters away from Zhao Youlan. The incredible pressure and feeling of imminent death felt by Zhao Youlan was greater than any she had experienced in her life. Her face was pale and her lips quivered. Suddenly, a white glow emanated out from her, transforming into a protective shield that began to surround her...

Meng Hao snorted coldly, pulled his right arm back, and then unleashed a punch. A massive boom filled the air as the white shield collapsed into fragments. Some of the pieces shot backward, slashing across Zhao Youlan's body and leaving behind bloody cuts.

When the shield shattered, more blood sprayed out of Zhao Youlan's mouth. However, she continued to hold up the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. As Meng Hao closed in, she flickered an incantation with her right hand. Then, her phoenix-like eyes flickered with killing intent as the white spider totem tattoo on her forehead began to emit a white glow.

As the glow emanated out, a spider magically appeared. It imitated a shrill call which transformed into a raging wind that swept across everything. Meng Hao's body trembled, and it felt like his soul was about to be ripped out of his body by the wind.

However, it only took a moment for Meng Hao to suppress the feeling. He was capable of suppressing the Resurrection Lily, so some trifling Soul Extermination wind was like nothing. Had Meng Hao not dealt with suppressing the Resurrection Lily in the past, or if the wind was created by someone with a higher Cultivation base, it might have been a different story. His soul would immediately have been absorbed, and he would have been left in a trance.

However, because of the various factors in play, this totemic divine ability, which only a Holy Daughter of the Spider Branch could gain enlightenment of, was incapable of shaking Meng Hao in the least.

He flicked his wide sleeve, causing Wood-type totemic power to manifest. A green glow shot toward the white spider, slamming into it. The white spider let out a miserable shriek and then turned into a white beam of light that returned to Zhao Youlan's forehead. Once again, Zhao Youlan coughed up some blood. For the first time, despair appeared in her eyes.

It quickly vanished, though. She bit the tip of her tongue to spit out a glob of blood. The blood instantly began to emanate a thick odor of gore. Zhao Youlan suddenly looked older than before. She watched listlessly as a bloody aura rose up into the sky.

Meng Hao suddenly felt an intense feeling of crisis. Behind him, the nine Nascent Soul Elders were howling as they began to teleport toward him. Then, they stopped all of a sudden, shocking Meng Hao. However, it was at this time that, up in the sky, a huge roar could be heard from the area where the totemic Sacred Ancients of the Five Tribes were locked in battle with the Holy Spider.

In concurrence with the roar, an enormous black shadow suddenly appeared as something began to descend from the sky toward the area Meng Hao was in. If you looked closely, you could see that it was nothing other than a spider leg!

It moved with incredible speed as it approached. Meng Hao sensed grave danger, and could feel everything shaking. An aura of death filled the area fifteen hundred meters in every direction.

It was at this same moment that Zhao Youlan took her chance. Utilizing the power of the blood she had spit out, she rapidly increased her speed as she retreated. Considering how fast she was moving, she would be able to escape the danger zone in the blink of an eye.

Her body began to grow blurry, as if she were being stretched out. Meng Hao now had two choices. The first choice was to abandon his pursuit and dodge the attack of the fearsome Holy Spider. The other choice... was to continue to try to kill her.

The situation was urgent, and there was no time to sit around thinking. Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with coldness and he suddenly shot forward. He lifted his hand and grabbed onto Zhao Youlan's slender arm, the one that held aloft the Exotic Heartdevil Flower.

Her arm was as graceful and smooth, but also so ice-cold that touching her was shocking. Nonetheless, killing intent glittered in Meng Hao's eyes.

"Get back here!" he said, wrenching her arm violently and at the same time flooding it with power so strong it could crush Cultivation bases.

Up above, the sky seemed to fill with dark clouds as the leg of the Holy Spider descended like a gigantic sickle. It moved with incredible speed, and seemed as if it were cutting open the very air.

Zhao Youlan's face flickered in surprise. However, this was a critical moment, and her eyes filled with vicious determination. She suddenly lifted her left hand, within which appeared a flying sword. She knew that she was no match for Meng Hao, so when she chopped down, she did not target him, but rather, her own arm, which he was holding. It was already numb, and filled with terrifying power that threatened her entire being.

The sword fell and blood sprayed everywhere. The instant the exterminating power from Meng Hao appeared, Zhao Youlan had made the difficult decision to sever her own right arm. Her body suddenly shot away at incredible speed. Soon, she was fifteen hundred meters away, where she coughed up eight mouthfuls of blood. Her face was pale, and the flesh and blood contracted around the stump of her severed arm. Her aura was weak and her Cultivation base in decline. This was the most severe injury she had ever received in her entire life; she had narrowly escaped death!

Her hair was in disarray; her entire person in extremely poor straits. Her beauty was now twisted because of the pain of having her arm severed; it was almost enough to render her unconscious. She lifted her head and glared at Meng Hao, her entire body shaking.

"I will pay you back ten times over for this!"

The nine Nascent Soul Elders teleported into being next to her to protect her as she retreated. All of them were staring at Meng Hao with intense killing intent in their eyes.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He knew that as of this moment, it was highly unlikely that he would be able to kill her. Her determination made an intense impression on him; from the time he had begun to practice Cultivation until now, he had not run into many people who could show such decisiveness at a key moment.

If she had hesitated for even a moment longer, or reacted slightly slower, then the only thing she would have found was death.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed as he gestured with his right arm, causing Zhao Youlan's severed arm to fly over. She obviously had a very high position in the Five Poisons Tribe; perhaps he would be able to benefit from studying the totemic power contained within the arm.

Now that enmity existed between the two of them, he would no doubt need to figure out how to kill not just her, but her entire Tribe. In the Cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevails. When fighting against Heaven and Earth, when forcing one's will upon the masses, soft-heartedness gets you nowhere.

It was without hesitation that, in addition to the severed arm, Meng Hao also collected up the box containing the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. He immediately closed it, causing the glow of the flower to cease. This instantly affected the entire battlefield. Without hesitation, he put the destructive precious treasure into his bag of holding.

Precious treasures like that were not frequently seen in the world. As a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy, Meng Hao would no doubt make significant progress by studying it. Perhaps he could even concoct medicinal pills with similar properties. There was no way he would pass up such an opportunity.

Meng Hao looked up at the gigantic black shadow descending toward him and at the same time pointed toward the bound up High Priest.

The Eyeless Larva silk suddenly dissipated, revealing the shocked High Priest. He had used virtually every method he could think of but had been astonished to find that he wasn't able to even make a mark on the silk.

The silk rapidly shot back toward Meng Hao and began to wrap around him. He stood there, his hands clasped behind his back as the black shadow loomed over him. He flicked his sleeve, and his eyes filled with coldness.

“My Eyeless Larva can stand up to Tribulation Lightning. I don’t care how profound your Demonspider’s Cultivation base is, do you really think it can measure up to Tribulation Lightning?”

Chapter 444: Funeral Dirge

Up above, the sky looked like it was filled with black clouds as an enormous spider leg descended upon this fifteen hundred meter area.

The ground trembled as massive pressure bore down in all directions. All life forms within the fifteen hundred meter area were completely incapable of evasion. Everything was crushed into nothing more than ash beneath the shocking power.

“He’ll die for sure!” thought Zhao Youlan. She was surrounded by the nine Nascent Soul Elders, but her face was completely white. Suddenly, she frowned.

Her frown was because of the pain of her severed arm. The pain not only caused her face to pale, but affected her mentally. It took all the effort she could muster to ignore the pain of her lost arm and focus on analyzing Meng Hao.

“That silk of his can bind up even the High Priest, which shows how powerful it is. All of his hope rests on that silk, and he probably knows exactly how powerful it is. Therefore, he’s actually most likely NOT going to die!

“His Cultivation base is profound, he’s as clever as a fox, and is extremely decisive too. He’s the type of person who is calculating and vicious. As a Grand Dragoner, any Tribe should be wary of provoking him....” Zhao Youlan sighed lightly. Had she known that the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity had the backing of someone as powerful as Grandmaster Meng, then she would have adjusted her plans.

“Actually, it doesn’t really matter if he lives or dies. The blood I spat out just now will notify the Tribe that my trial by fire has failed. The main forces from the Tribe will be arriving soon.”

Even as she mused regarding these things, the spider leg arrived at Meng Hao, slamming into the tightly sealed silk cocoon surrounding him. From a distance, the leg looked like an enormous black sickle.

However, when it was about ten meters away from Meng Hao, it was suddenly obstructed by the Eyeless Larva silk. A massive boom echoed out, transforming into a shockwave which swept out

across everything. A massive wind kicked up, battering into the surrounding Cultivators and forcing them backward.

Meng Hao's body trembled and he coughed up blood. The black sickle pushed down from the ten meter position, slowly nearing Meng Hao. Despite its slowness, it still emanated intense, destructive pressure that pushed down onto Meng Hao.

His body trembled as the sickle reached the five meter mark.

Four meters, three meters, two meters, one meter, half a meter....

Meng Hao looked up at the sickle as it approached, his eyes radiating coldness. Although his body shook as he gazed up, when you compared this pressure with that of Heavenly Tribulation, it was simply...

"Too weak!" said Meng Hao coolly. The sickle was now only three inches away from the top of his head.

That three inch gap was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. It was an unbridgeable gap! The Eyeless Larva silk was wrapped too tightly. Nothing in Heaven or Earth could destroy it!

No matter how the sickle tried to break it, it couldn't. Soon the sickle began to tremble. In the blink of an eye, all of its power was gone, and it transformed into ash, right there, three inches away from Meng Hao.

A howl drifted down from up above in the sky. Everything grew dim and the clouds seethed as a gigantic spider with legs like sickles magically appeared up above. It seemed to rip itself out from the void, followed by the roaring totemic Sacred Ancients of the Five Tribes, who were pestering it in a way that made it impossible for the thing to descend any further.

The instant that the black sickle disappeared, the members of the Five Tribes within the shield let out powerful roars. There were seven Nascent Soul Cultivators, as well as all the other surviving Tribe members.

The archaic Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, who had the combined desire for revenge of more than ten fellow Nascent Soul Tribe members imprinted on his heart lifted his head up, his eyes bloodshot, and roared:

“Revenge!”

All of the members of the Five Tribes who charged into battle screamed with rage and sadness.

“Revenge!!”

“REVENGE!!!”

Led by the Greatfather, the rest of the Tribe members charged out of from behind the shield.

Their world was now a world ruled by revenge as they charged toward the three thousand Spider Branch Cultivators. Their bodies exploded with a madness that made it clear they would bring the Spider Branch to ruin even if it meant they died in the process.

A moment later, the close-quarter fighting began. Unfortunately, the deaths of the three Dragoners had been quite a blow to the morale of the Spider Branch.

Meng Hao’s intrepidity had also left a deep impression on their hearts. He had slaughtered his way through thousands, then soared overhead above the crowds to pursue the Holy Daughter. Nine Nascent Soul Cultivators were incapable of stopping him, and even the High Priest had been captured. People could only watch on wide-eyed, as their lofty, sacred Holy Daughter’s face filled with despair and her arm was severed, after which she fled in a panic.

All of it had been a huge blow to the Spider Branch Cultivators. Meng Hao was now not simply burned into their mind, but indelibly fused there!

If that was all there was to it, it wouldn’t be a very big deal. However, even the fearsome attack of the Holy Spider, which they assumed would surely destroy Meng Hao, did nothing. They had seen with their own eyes that the Holy Spider was incapable of exterminating him.

As of now, Meng Hao was like a nightmare to them. An unbeatable, invincible nightmare!

Now, just when their confidence and morale was lowest, the members of the Five Tribes fought back with full force. Their hatred and killing intent boiled up to the sky. Earlier, they had watched

with wide eyes as their fellow Tribe members were slaughtered. The dead included children, parents, and other relatives. Right now, the eyes of the surviving Tribe members were bloodshot, and they seemed on the verge of weeping. Within the redness of their eyes, living fury could be seen. That was because... the time for revenge had arrived!

When the two sides slammed into each other, there was no leadership, nor any tricks. It was mutual slaughter.

A boom suddenly filled the air. One of the Five Tribes members slaughtered one of the enemy, but was mortally wounded in the process. Laughing madly, he chose to self-detonate. Even as his body exploded, a vicious smile twisted his face as he saw that his self-detonation would kill three of the enemy in front of him.

Booms continued to sound out in the air as one member of the Five Tribes after another, after having reached their final moment in battle, chose to use self-detonation. This was their way of sending a message to the Spider Branch: observe the staunch vengeance of the Five Tribes of the Crow Divinity!

One of the Five Tribes members lost his legs, and an arm. Even his dantian region was damaged beyond repair, making it impossible for him to self-detonate. But he still had teeth. Soon, his entire body was destroyed, and yet, his teeth were still clenched viciously into the throat of the enemy. Regardless of anything, mutual destruction would be achieved!

In a very short period of time, the Spider Branch had already lost over a hundred members. The viciousness of the scene, the explosive madness of the members of the Five Tribes to get revenge even in defiance of death, thoroughly shook the hearts of the Spider Branch Cultivators.

They were scared witless, and began panting. Facing the savagery of the Five Tribes suddenly filled them with feelings of cowardice!

They began to retreat. Off in the distance, the nine Elders watched on with wide eyes. They too were moved, but before they could even think about the situation, the seven Nascent Soul Cultivators from the Five Tribes were shooting toward them.

The High Priests, the Greatfather of the Crow Soldier Tribe, and the others, all had eyes filled with blood as they whistled through the air. This... was truly a war between two Tribes. It was different than the killing before. This... was a deadly massacre.

Meng Hao looked around at everything that was happening. He saw the Five Tribes rise up, and saw their determination to exact vengeance. It was at this time that an undulating sound could be heard. This was not the sound of war bugles, but rather, the voices of all members of the Five Tribes who had stayed behind within the protection of the shield. There were less than a thousand of them, but their voices joined together and drifted out onto the battlefield.

Most of this group of nearly a thousand people were children. The rest were the elderly. The majority of them did not have Cultivation bases; they were simple, ordinary Tribe members. However... considering all the sacrifices that had been made by the five Crow Divinity Tribes, they were hope. They were the hope of the Tribe.

Nearly a thousand people began to weep. As they wept, their feet stamped the ground and they began to sing. This song was the Tribe's funeral dirge, the song sung to accompany the soul of any Tribe member into death.

A thousand voices joined together, filled with the sound of youth, filled with tears.

“Perhaps you are still here. Perhaps you are watching your family. Perhaps you will return....”

“We hope that the Heavens will not obstruct your path. Let the land guide your way. The living, golden light of the Crow Divinity will cause your glorious bloodlines to remain in the world....”

“We hope to prevent you from being buried by the sands of Time, to prevent the devils from snatching you away, to prevent the Demons from frightening you, to prevent any living thing from disturbing your rest....”

“You are the warriors of the Crow Divinity! You are the pride of the Crow Divinity! You will exist forever in the lands of the Crow Divinity... we... will await your return!”

The song echoed out across the battlefield, and as it did, Meng Hao could almost make out the image of countless souls appearing. They seemed to be slowly looking back at their home, their Tribe.

As the sound of the funeral dirge rose into the air, the members of the Five Tribes who were locked in battle found that tears were flowing down their faces. They began to laugh madly and slaughter with even more savagery. Their laughter and their tears caused the faces of their enemies, the Cultivators of the Spider Branch, to fill with dread. In the past, they had slaughtered Tribes, but never before had they seen the type of explosive insanity that they were seeing now.

Now, they were scared.

Chapter 445: A Drop of Violet Rain!

“For the Crow Divinity!” This was the end of the funeral dirge sung by the nearly one thousand Tribe members within the shield. Outside the shield, their fellow Tribe members roared as they fought on, laughing madly.

“For the Crow Divinity!” murmured Meng Hao. He lifted his right hand, and a cold glow appeared in his eyes. He suddenly looked at Zhao Youlan, who was still fleeing under the protection of the Nascent Soul Elders.

Her face was extremely pale, and the Nascent Soul Elders around her had looks of extreme vigilance.

Meng Hao looked at her coolly, then looked away. It seemed she would be able to escape calamity this day. He did not have the same advantages from earlier; therefore, it would be too difficult to slay her right now.

Meng Hao’s body flickered as he shot into the force of nearly three thousand enemy Cultivators. The Lotus Sword Formation rotated next to him, sending out the power of Time. Everywhere he went, time seemed to flow by, and all Spider Branch Cultivators caught within the range of the formation suddenly grew older. Their faces instantly filled with astonishment.

This time, Meng Hao truly did cause a massacre. He donned the blood-colored mask, then waved his hand, sending the Time Sword Formation toward a group of seven or eight Core Formation Cultivators. They instantly grew old, and their eyes faded. It was like a wind had blown over to extinguish the flame of their life.

Meng Hao waved his hand again, and the shocking light of the Blood Finger could be seen. Anyone who touched it felt their blood decaying, and then they exploded into death.

Meng Hao took a few more steps forward, then pointed out with his left finger, stabbing it into the forehead of a rampaging Spider Branch Cultivator.

He killed neatly and efficiently. With the wave of a sleeve, he summoned what remained of his neo-demon horde. Ten thousand neo-demons roared out to join the chaotic battle. They fought side by

side with the members of the Five Tribes. As the sound of the funeral dirge continued to echo out, they fought to the death with the Spider Branch!

The Black Bat did not exhibit any of the strangeness it had in the previous battle. Its eyes glowed coldly as it disappeared in a flicker, to reappear behind a Spider Branch Cultivator. It wrapped its wings around the man, who struggled with astonishment. Two sharp fangs plunged into the Cultivator's neck, and the man's flesh instantly withered up.

Every time it did this, a bloody glow would appear in the eyes of the Black Bat, and its strange aura would grow a bit stronger. In the beginning it sought out the weakest Cultivators, but gradually, its gaze began to fall on early Core Formation Cultivators.

When Meng Hao occasionally looked over at it, it would suddenly restrain itself, and not reveal any hints about what it was doing. However, it didn't take long before Meng Hao caught onto the vigilance being shown by the Black Bat in this regard.

"There's definitely some big mystery regarding this creature!" thought Meng Hao. Now was not the time to think about such matters though. After confirming that the brand connecting him to the bat was still intact, he continued on with his extermination of the Spider Branch Cultivators.

Within this chaotic battle, it wasn't just the Black Bat who fought dazzlingly. Big Hairy, his fur shining like silver, descended into the fighting like a silver moon. The cloud of Demonsquitos spread out, their vicious mouthparts guzzling fresh blood.

The red crocodile who was now the shape of a Flying Rain-Dragon, as well as the gigantic lizard, and all of Meng Hao's neo-demons experienced a sort of baptism by means of the fighting. Every one who survived only continued to grow stronger.

Fueled by the madness and ferocity of the Five Tribes members, a stunning massacre was underway. The Spider Branch Cultivators' morale plummeted. Once Meng Hao joined the battle, the tide clearly turned in the favor of the Five Tribes.

When the neo-demons appeared, the Spider Branch experienced an unprecedented feeling of devastation. It didn't take long before only one thousand were left from the original force of three thousand. Blood soaked the ground, and the reek of gore filled the air.

It was then that a miserable shriek could be heard from up above. Except for the two Nascent Soul Cultivators protecting Zhao Youlan, the rest of the Spider Branch's Elders were now locked in

deadly combat with the Five Tribe's seven Nascent Soul Cultivators. Just now, the cry had come from one of the Spider Branch Elders.

He was a middle aged man whose face was currently ashen. His pupils constricted as he retreated backward, a massive wound on his chest, within which his beating heart was actually visible. Directly in front of him was the Crow Gloom Grand Elder, his hair disheveled, his body covered with serious injuries. His shocking expression was one of madness, like that of a wild beast.

A boom filled the air as the Crow Gloom Grand Elder's body suddenly exploded as another of the Spider Branch Elders took advantage of the situation to exterminate him. However, before he died, he lifted up his right hand, within which was the severed head of the middle-aged Nascent Soul Cultivator.

This was the first of the Spider Branch Nascent Soul Cultivators to die in the battle. His death immediately caught the attention of the remaining thousand Cultivators down below. As of this moment, it seemed that any remaining will to fight was now completely gone. All of them began to do everything in their power to flee.

It was like tide waters. Their faces filled with panic as they gave up attacking and focused completely on defense and full-speed flight. Even the remaining Nascent Soul Cultivators up above seemed to have lost their will to do battle, and were about to flee.

Although the Five Tribes now had the upper hand in the battle, the price they had paid was an incredibly heavy one, far more than what could be made up for by capturing the Spider Branch.

Therefore... how could they possibly allow the Spider Branch to flee?!

“Kill them!”

“Kill them!!”

Their eyes red and filled with both frenzy and the comfort of revenge, the Five Tribes shot in pursuit. Many of the Tribe members still had tears streaming down their faces.

All the Tribe members, both the ordinary Cultivators and the Nascent Soul experts, joined in the chase. Meng Hao had no way to understand the pain they felt from the loss of their friends and

family. However, what he could feel, was the desire for revenge. For some reason, this also made him think of the Ji Clan!

Suddenly, another of the Spider Branch's Nascent Soul Cultivators died. Hundreds of other Cultivators were being slaughtered by Meng Hao's neo-demons and the other Five Tribes Cultivators.

They were like an avalanche, completely unstoppable!

It was at this moment that all of a sudden, a raindrop fell onto Meng Hao with a light plopping sound. The color of this raindrop was somewhat strange. It was violet, and as soon as it landed on him, it stained his garment, soaking through to touch his skin.

As soon as the raindrop hit him, he stopped in his tracks. The place where the raindrop had hit him felt cold. The cold aura seemed as if it had the power to exterminate life force. However, it was only one drop, so as far as Meng Hao was concerned, it was harmless.

"Violet rain?" he thought, frowning. He looked up into the sky to see some random raindrops falling down from up above.

"Don't tell me that because so many people have died here that the aura of blood and hatred has merged together and transformed into clouds? Is that where this violet rain is coming from?" After a moment of thought, he suppressed his doubts. Looking around, he saw that scattered raindrops were falling, not just on him, but on the bodies of others. Even some of the Spider Branch Cultivators were getting hit.

It didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary, but for some reason, Meng Hao couldn't shake the feeling that the rain had the power to exterminate life force. The thought of it swirled in the back of his mind.

Zhao Youlan also noticed the rain.

Earlier, she had been biting her lip as she watched her fellow Tribe members dying. There was nothing she could do, unfortunately. No order from her could secure victory in this battle.

The fighting had descended into chaos. Then the funeral dirge began, and Zhao Youlan understood. The Spider Branch... was suffering a complete defeat.

She felt as if her heart were tearing apart. What stuck out most in her mind though, the figure which had shocked her more than anything in her life, which had caused her trial by fire to become a complete failure, and had almost killed her... was of course Meng Hao.

However, it was then that a drop of violet rain landed on her face and then slowly flowed down her cheek. It felt cold, and caused a tremor to run through her body. Without thinking, she reached up to wipe away the raindrop. When she looked down at the water on her hand, she frowned and suddenly looked even more anxious.

“Violet rain?” She gaped in shock.

The violet rain was very light, and was quickly forgotten by everyone except for Zhao Youlan and Meng Hao. Zhao Youlan had the same feeling that he did. Something about this rain... seemed strange. All of a sudden, their gazes met across the vast battlefield, and they could see the vigilance in each other’s eyes.

“It’s not him.”

“It’s not her.” Meng Hao and Zhao Youlan could both sense each other hesitating. Their gazes separated, and it was in that instant that....

Suddenly, sharp sounds could be heard coming from off in the distance. This was not the sound of a funeral dirge, but rather, war bugles. The sound instantly lifted the spirits of the Spider Branch Cultivators. Their will to fight suddenly surged up again, and they lifted their heads to the sky and roared.

Even the Spider Branch Nascent Soul Elders up above could not conceal their excitement. The two Elders next to Zhao Youlan heaved sighs of relief. Only Zhao Youlan seemed taciturn as she looked up at the sky.

Off in the distance could be seen a black streak that looked like seawaters as it whistled through the sky toward them. Up above, seemingly standing within the black seawaters, was an enormous red scorpion, emitting a shocking cry.

“The Scorpion Branch!” cried the High Priest, who was currently locked in battle with the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather. When the Greatfather saw what was happening, his pupils constricted and

he gasped. His expression was now filled with profound grief. If it weren't for the Exotic Heartdevil Flower, the Five Tribes might have been powerful enough to hold out through this war. But, now...

In mid-air, the members of the Five Tribes ceased their pursuit and began to group together. Their faces filled with madness as they look off into the distance at the approaching scorpion!

Chapter 446: Totem Perishing!

As the black streak beneath the scorpion neared, it became clear that it was not a black sea. Instead, it was a group of roughly five thousand Cultivators, all of them wearing long black robes, organized in formation. An army of blackness.

They blotted out the sky as they arrived, accompanied by the sound of war bugles, which drifted out in all directions. In addition, the Cultivators shouted out intense roars, the sound of which caused the gigantic illusory scorpion above them to suddenly let out an incredible shriek.

As it shrieked, it suddenly shot through the air with incredible speed toward where the Holy Spider and totemic Sacred Ancients were battling it out, the area that was distorted and impossible for anyone to see into.

Booms filled Heaven and Earth. The scorpion was of the same level as the Holy Spider, which meant that the battle with the Sacred Ancients was instantly thrown out of balance.

In years past, the totems of the Five Tribes had also been of the same level as the scorpion and the Holy Spider. But after the passage of time, the Crow Divinity began to fade and the Tribes grew smaller. Thus, they were now much weaker, which was why it took five of them just to fight the Holy Spider.

And now, things were even more different than before!

No one could see them battling. The only thing outsiders could see was the scorpion charging into the area of distortion up in the air. After the space of about ten breaths passed, before the Cultivators of the Scorpion Branch could even arrive, a deep sigh could be heard from up above. Then, an enormous Stone Golem suddenly shot out from within the distortion.

Its body began to collapse, and black strands could be seen emanating off of it. There was a gigantic hole in the middle of its chest. This was the Crow Fighter Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancient. And as of this moment... its body was surrounded by an intense aura of death.

With a sigh, it shot out from within the distortion. Before it could get very far, the shocked members of the Five Tribes watched as a black shadow emerged after it from within the distortion. It transformed into a scorpion tail which then slammed into the Stone Golem. Poison shot into the Stone Golem's body, and an explosion could be heard as cracks spread out over its entire body, from within which an earthy yellow glow could be seen. The glow transformed into an earth-colored totem, which then filled with cracks and then exploded with a bang.

“The Crow Fighter Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancient!”

“It... perished...” The blow this dealt to the members of the Five Tribes was no less than what they had experienced when forced to watch their fellow Tribe Members slaughtered beneath the power of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. This was because the totems of the Tribe were legacies from the totemic Sacred Ancient. The connection between the two was deep and profound!!

Right now, the members of the Crow Fighter Tribe were all trembling. They felt as if their faith was crumbling. Blood sprayed from their mouths as their Stone Golem totem tattoos from the Sacred Ancient began to fade away.

As the totem tattoos faded, their Cultivation bases immediately dropped an entire stage. Nascent Soul became Core Formation. Core Formation became Foundation Establishment. Foundation Establishment... dropped directly to Qi Condensation.

The entire Crow Fighter Tribe dropped, which of course immediately affected the entire battle!

It was at this moment that disconsolate howl could be heard. At the same time, clouds of vapor suddenly could be seen expanding out from the area of distortion up above, which then dissipated into the surroundings.

At the same time, every member of the Crow Gloom Tribe began to cough up blood. Their bodies sagged as their Water-type totem tattoos faded. All of them experienced an immediate Cultivation base drop of a full level.

The Crow Gloom Priest's face was pale as he coughed up blood and staggered backward. A sad smile could be seen on his face as he felt his Nascent Soul power rapidly vanishing and weakness spread throughout his body.

All of the members of the Five Tribes knew what this meant as soon as they saw it.... The Crow Gloom totemic Sacred Ancient... had perished!

All of this takes quite a bit of time to explain, but actually happened in the space of a few dozen breaths. As the events occurred, the Scorpion Branch Cultivators whistled through the air, growing closer and closer. Meng Hao looked toward the five thousand incoming Cultivators and noticed that one of their number was a young man wearing a red robe.

The young man's clothes and bearing made him seem completely different from the other Cultivators. Meng Hao suddenly sensed something about him that seemed very much like Zhao Youlan.

“He's the Holy Son of the Five Poison Tribe's Scorpion Branch?” Meng Hao's eyes glittered. He knew that Zhao Youlan was a Holy Daughter, so it was easy for him to come to the determination who this handsome, extraordinary, and somewhat sinister-looking young man must be.

As the Scorpion Branch neared, the Holy Son waved his right hand, immediately causing four thousand of the Cultivators to shoot toward the battlefield. Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and in response to his will, the neo-demon horde began to roar.

As the roaring shook Heaven and Earth, the Scorpion Branch Holy Son ignored the bitter fighting and approached Zhao Youlan, a slight smile on his face.

As he neared her, he said, “The Tribe gave the honor of this trial by fire to the most talented Holy Daughter, Zhao Youlan. In the end, all you got was a lost arm. Soon everyone in the Tribe will know about it. Zhao Youlan, I actually feel sorry for you. I'm afraid that even after we take this trifling five Crow Divinity Tribe's spot in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, there still won't be space for you.”

Zhao Youlan's expression was cold as she looked over the Holy Son.

“Who was it that cut your arm off?” he continued with a smile. “You even requested the use of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower, and yet still failed. Such a pity, such a pity.”

“Are you done, Zhao Chunmu?” said Zhao Youlan coolly. “My victory or defeat is no concern of yours. If you can subjugate these five Crow Divinity Tribes, then I will offer you my congratulations.” [1]

“The two of us look at things very differently,” said Holy Son Zhao Chunmu. “If this battle had been led by me and the Scorpion Branch, then we would have long since secured victory. I wouldn’t even have to use a precious Exotic Heartdevil Flower. Just destroy their totems, and everything will be over! Why go to the trouble of doing anything else? Zhao Youlan, your soft-heartedness is your biggest weakness!” He gave a sinister laugh.

The sound of bitter fighting rose up into the air as the four thousand Scorpion Branch Cultivators dove into battle. They had hideous grins and sinister looks in their eyes. Totemic light shone out from their bodies, and they attacked with even more viciousness and cruelty than the Spider Branch.

Were it not for the resistance provided by Meng Hao’s neo-demons, the members of the Five Tribes would have instantly sustained heavy casualties. Meng Hao looked around to see that despite the fact that only two Sacred Ancients had died, causing two Tribes to be weakened, the members of the other three Tribes had ashen faces filled with despair. If things went on the way they were, their defeat was inevitable.

Suddenly, Meng Hao spoke, his voice as powerful as thunder.

“You don’t need to fight for the Crow Divinity!” As soon as they heard his words, the members of the Five Tribes looked over at Meng Hao.

“Look down at the blood and corpses that litter the land. Those are your friends and your fellow Tribe members. Fight for them!

“Look back at the elderly and the young behind that shield! They are your family and blood. Fight for them!

“Hold your heads high as you look at those Five Poisons Cultivators. Fight for your friends! Fight for your family! You are the last line of defense. If you give up, then your families will be completely exterminated!

“The time has come to go all out! We might not win, but if you don’t take the risk, then your defeat is assured. Fight for them.... All of you, will you really hold back now!?!?” Meng Hao lifted his head up and roared, a roar that entered into the ears of the Five Tribes and shook their hearts and minds.

Madness once again burned in their eyes. Their exhaustion, their hopelessness, and all of their negative emotions did not disappear. Instead it transformed into an explosive, mortiferous despair!

“TO BATTLE!!”

“KILL THEM!!”

The remaining two thousand members of the Five Tribes roared. Their madness blazing to the point that they no longer feared death, they charged toward the Scorpion Branch.

Meng Hao led the charge, surrounded by his neo-demons. Roaring filled the air and the intent to slaughter spread out everywhere. You could definitely say that without Meng Hao, the Five Tribes would have long since been defeated!

Without Meng Hao, they would have been ruthlessly slaughtered on a mass scale. The only ones who would have survived would have been the ones enslaved by the Five Poisons Tribe.

By this point, Zhao Chunmu had taken notice of Meng Hao. He looked at him for a moment and then began to chuckle.

“Ah, so he’s a Dragoneer,” said Zhao Chunmu. “You, of course, would hesitate about whether or not to kill him. That’s why he’s still alive. As for me, there is only one course of action that I would take. Strike like lightning and exterminate him immediately!” Killing intent glittered in Zhao Chunmu’s eyes as he lifted his right hand and pointed toward Meng Hao out on the battlefield.

“18 Stealth Guards, you have the space of ten breaths to kill that man!”

Zhao Youlan’s face was the same as ever, but she backed up a bit nonetheless, seemingly wanting to put some space between herself and Zhao Chunmu. The two Nascent Soul Elders standing next to her hesitated for a moment. However, after looking at her, they didn’t say anything.

When Zhao Chunmu pointed his finger out, Meng Hao sensed something, and looked over with cold eyes. He waved his right hand, and a Blood Qi emanated out, enveloping two Scorpion Branch Cultivators. Immediately, they began to scream as their bodies withered up.

“I let Zhao Youlan scurry away, but I can’t believe that this newly arrived Holy Son will be able to do the same!” Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes as he came up with a plan for how to kill Zhao Chunmu. Suddenly, his pupils constricted, and his body disappeared as he used the Bloodburst Flash. When he reappeared, he was about ten meters away.

The moment he appeared, the place he had just been standing was suddenly filled with sixteen glowing bands of light that looked like needles. If he had been standing there just now, the sixteen black needles would definitely have pierced through him.

Meng Hao’s eyes glowed coldly as he lifted his right hand to punch out into the air. Surprisingly, the air in front of him seemed to sink inward as the figure of one of the assassins was forced to appear. It was at this point that Meng Hao’s fist landed. The figure was actually that of a woman, her appearance sweet and charming. Surprise filled her eyes as his fist slammed into her and her body exploded into pieces.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as always. After making the kill, he shot backward to avoid another black needle which whistled through the air. He gave a cold snort and lifted his left hand, which was surrounded by a bloody glow. He shoved his hand out in front of him, whereupon another miserable shriek could be heard. Another woman appeared, whose head Meng Hao now held in his hand. Suddenly, Meng Hao moved forward, rapidly lifting his leg to slam his knee into her head.

There was a bang, and another person was dead.

“Here to assassinate me, eh?” said Meng Hao, a cold smile twisting his lips.

Chapter 447: New Totem!!

Two people had been killed quickly and efficiently, causing Zhao Chunmu’s eyes to flicker slightly. However, his expression was the same as before.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao released the head he held in his hand. Eyes flickering, he lifted his right hand up and then gestured toward the ground. Immediately, a blinding bloody light shone out from Meng Hao’s body, rotating to cover the area for dozens of meters in each direction. Within this Blood Death World, fifteen figures were instantly made visible.

As soon as they appeared, Meng Hao stepped forward. With two fingers of his left hand emanating a will of blood, he tapped onto the forehead of one of the figures. A boom could be heard as, at the same time, he punched another of the figures with his right hand.

Blood showered out everywhere, accompanied by one bloodcurdling scream after another. Meng Hao's entire figure had turned the color of blood. He flicked his right sleeve as he reached out to grab another of the women. His left hand slapped his bag of holding to produce a medicinal pill, which he shoved into the mouth of the terrified woman.

After the space of a few breaths, the woman's body began to swell until it exploded, sending blood out for a dozen or so meters in every direction. Blood landed on four or five nearby assassins, causing the women to emit miserable shrieks as their bodies dissolved into pools of blood.

"Poison Cultivator!!" cried the remaining four women. They were tall, slender and beautiful. As of this moment, though, their faces were completely filled with astonishment at seeing Meng Hao's ruthless slaughter.

Their faces were pale, and they immediately began to retreat. No longer were they attempting any sort of assassination, but instead were trying to flee what they now viewed as the most terrifying figure in existence.

"Want to run?" said Meng Hao, his face expressionless. These women had bizarre forms; if it wasn't for the Blood Death World and Meng Hao's faint Demonic Qi, he might not have been able to prevent them from getting close to him.

Even as his words rang out, Meng Hao moved forward. As he neared them, the faces of the four women filled with despair. However, the hopelessness quickly changed into viciousness. Just when they were about to attack, Meng Hao smiled. Suddenly, the Blood Death World began to shrink. In the blink of an eye, it was as if a gigantic hand were clenching down viciously on the four women.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the fist crushed them to death. Meng Hao floated in mid-air; the area for dozens of meters surrounding him was completely empty. No other person could be seen. The Scorpion Branch Cultivators off in the distance looked over at him, fear written across their faces.

As for the members of the Five Tribes, they were starting to get excited, and continued on with their slaughter.

Zhao Chunmu chuckled and coolly said, "It's not over y..."

Before he could finish speaking, his face suddenly filled with astonishment.

Just now, a dark figure had appeared directly behind Meng Hao. It made no noise and let off no ripples, and was completely bizarre in appearance, like a ghost. It shot toward Meng Hao at incredible speed that almost looked like minor teleportation. However, just as the figure was almost upon Meng Hao, it let out a bloodcurdling scream. Its right hand, with which it had just been preparing to stab into Meng Hao's back, was suddenly shredded to pieces as if by some massive rotating blade.

Meng Hao's right hand shot back and grabbed hold of the throat of this final, wounded assassin. Dragging her in front of him, he clenched his fist, and then looked over at Zhao Chunmu, his eyes filled with killing intent.

When Zhao Chunmu saw the killing intent his heart was filled with coldness. Meng Hao had just killed eighteen Stealth Guards, which left Zhao Chunmu completely shaken. What he didn't notice was that off to the side, on Zhao Youlan's face, a sneer could be seen.

He also didn't notice that Zhao Youlan had quickly backed up even more, putting more distance between the two of them.

“9 Grand Elders! Supreme Priest! Spare nothing. Kill that man!”

In response to Zhao Chunmu's words, ten figures immediately teleported toward Meng Hao. Nine of them were of the early Nascent Soul stage, one was of the mid Nascent Soul stage. The combined attack of this ten people was enough to shake Heaven and Earth.

However, it was at this moment that suddenly, a bitter sigh could be heard echoing out from up above.

“Tribe, I have protected you for many years, but unfortunately, I can accompany you no more.... Before I return to the dust, I will give you a final chance to live....” A rumbling sound echoed out that caused Meng Hao's entire body to shake. He looked up to see that now, just like the Earth and Water totems of the Five Tribes, the Crow Scout Tribe's Treant was breaking apart into death.

As it died, vast quantities of life force turned into an aura which shot down toward the Five Tribes, fusing into their bodies and transforming into healing power.

What was unavoidable, however, was that because of the death of the Treant, the totem tattoos on the members of the Crow Scout Tribe began to fade away. As they did, the Cultivation bases of the Crow Scout Tribe members began to show signs of dropping.

Before that could happen, though, the Wood character totem tattoo on Meng Hao's forehead began to emanate a mighty, glowing light. Suddenly, the illusory image of a massive tree magically appeared above his head.

Close up, it looked like a great tree. But from a distance, it actually looked like the character 'Wood.'

Now, the Crow Scout Tribe members' totem tattoos were no longer disappearing, but rather, transforming. In the space of a few breaths, the entire force of Crow Scout Tribe members felt their totems becoming stable. However, what they had were no longer Greenwood totems, but... the Wood totem that belonged to Meng Hao!

This strange scene was something that even Meng Hao would never have imagined could happen. As soon as the Wood character totems appeared, a tremor ran through him as he suddenly realized he could sense all of the Crow Scout Tribe members. He could feel their zeal and passion. Furthermore, it seemed as if there was a continuous flow of life force being transmitted into his own body. At this moment, his aura suddenly expanded rapidly.

His Wood-type totem tattoo emitted boundless, shocking light. Not only were the Five Tribes stunned, the Cultivators of the Scorpion Branch were shocked and in disbelief.

Zhao Youlan's eyes went wide, and she began to pant. Zhao Chunmu stared blankly, his eyes filled with incredulity.

As Western Desert Cultivators, they all knew that totems... could only arise from neo-demons. Cultivators... practice Cultivation, and could never produce totemic power!

What was happening exceeded anything they could ever imagine. What they were seeing could only indicate one thing: Meng Hao had become the Crow Scout Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancient!

His totem was now the Crow Scout Tribe's totem! The explosive growth of his aura meant that... just like the magical totemic neo-demons, he could absorb the power of worship directed toward him by the Tribe members!

It was mainly because of this incredible power that such neo-demons could bestow totems.

Up above in the sky, where the battle of totems was taking place, a sigh could be heard. Down below, people began to express their shock.

“Since he has become a totem, his totem is now the Sacred Ancient of the Tribe. He... can absorb our power!!”

“Could it be that he’s not a Cultivator but actually a neo-demon?!?!”

This shocking scene sent the entire battlefield into a completely commotion. One moment ago, the Crow Scout Tribe members were losing their Cultivation bases because of the death of their Sacred Ancient, the Treant. Now, their Cultivation bases were no longer disappearing. They were a bit weaker than before, but had not slipped down an entire stage.

As of now, there was an indescribable connection between them and Meng Hao. They looked at him, their hearts filling with incredible zeal and reverence.

“Sacred Ancient!”

“We members of the Crow Scout Tribe offer our respect, Sacred Ancient!!”

One by one, the members of the Crow Scout Tribe began to shout out, roaring. Instantly, they began to fight with increased ferocity.

Meng Hao was panting, and his mind reeled. But then, everything became clear. His eyes flickered as he took advantage in the sudden increase in his aura to point his hand up into the air.

“Without a face!”

An enormous face suddenly appeared, its eyes closed. A bloody glow rose up and spread out in all directions, transforming into attacking power that slammed into the nine Nascent Soul Cultivators who were charging toward him.

Their faces flickered, and they immediately backed up in retreat.

“A single word!” Meng Hao suddenly felt an unimaginable power welling up within him. He could sense that this power did not come from him, nor was it something he could store up or fuse with his Cultivation base.

It was as if doing that would break some sort of rule, making it impossible to accomplish. This power was something he could only use, or perhaps borrow. It came from the members of the Crow Scout Tribe. There weren't very many of them, only a few hundred, but their zeal made the power potent to a shocking degree.

This borrowed power could sustain him and enable him to unleash the second form of the Blood Immortal divine ability that previously had sucked away at his life force!

Meng Hao's Spiritual Sense was also increased dramatically. He caused it to spread out, pointing out in front of him. Suddenly, the giant face that was currently beginning to break up, became clear. The eyes that had been closed before, opened, along with the mouth.

It was like a sound came out, a strange sound that entered the ears of the people in the area. Each person heard exactly the same thing as Meng Hao pointed down toward the ground. The air there began to ripple. The face of the Scorpion Branch mid Nascent Soul stage Supreme Priest filled with disbelief.

He suddenly began to tremble, as if he were being injured by some invisible force. He immediately began to back up, but before he could get farther than a few paces, blood sprayed from his mouth. Panting, his eyes filled with fear, and he hoarsely said, “Joss Flame! He can actually wield the power of Joss Flame! Only totem neo-demons can do that!!”

The Supreme Priest wasn't the only one to cough up blood. The faces of the other nine Nascent Soul Elders from the Scorpion Branch filled with shock and terror as they coughed up three successive mouthfuls.

Meng Hao floated there, his hair whipping about, his clothes flapping. A strange glow shone in his eyes. With every breath he took, he could sense the power from the zealous Crow Scout Tribe members pouring into him.

“Joss Flame, huh....” murmured Meng Hao. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them. They were filled with a fierce glow.

“Flames of war unify....”

Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify! These were three Blood Immortal divine ability forms. Thanks to the power of the Joss Flame, Meng Hao... was now able to truly unleash the third form. Flames of war unify!

Chapter 448: East Pill Everburning Flame!

These three Blood Immortal divine ability forms immediately caused black smoke to appear on the bodies of the nine Nascent Soul Elders. It rolled off of them up into the sky, seemingly completely beyond their control. Seeing this caused their faces to fall immediately.

It took only a moment for them to realize that this smoke was caused by an invisible burning of their own life force. Their life force was the fuel and this black smoke was the result!

The sight of it caused the nine men to be filled with shock. They immediately began to utilize various techniques and divine abilities, but to their horror... they were completely incapable of preventing their life forces from being burned up. The black smoke continued to billow off them.

Within the black smoke was vast quantities of thick aura of death, making the smoke a mass of inky blackness. From a distance, it really did look like the flames of war were burning in the area. The sight was shocking to the extreme.

As for the Supreme Priest, even he had black smoke coming off of him. The ten Nascent Soul Cultivators' faces were filled with shock at this strange divine ability which apparently couldn't be evaded. Then their faces filled with hatred, and they once again used minor teleportation to charge toward Meng Hao.

Ten people closed in on Meng Hao from ten different directions.

Meng Hao closed his eyes. He had noticed something familiar within the black smoke from the burning life forces. He had seen something just like that after his glimpse at the world above the Tower of Tang in the State of Zhao, when he had been infected by the death aura from the fallen Immortal whom he later encountered outside the Rebirth Cave.

“There must be some similarity between the two....” A cold glint appeared in his eyes as he performed an incantation gesture with both hands and then waved his hands out. Flames of war shot up into the sky. The power he had absorbed from the hundreds of Crow Scout Tribe members

poured through the mask, causing rumbling sounds to fill the air as the flames exploded up to shocking effect.

The ten Nascent Soul Cultivators immediately coughed up blood. The closer they approached in their charge toward Meng Hao, the more life force they wasted.

It was as if Meng Hao had turned into some destructive force that could consume all life forces.

Unfortunately, they had no choice but to continue to charge toward him. Retreat was not an option. The only chance they had was to kill Meng Hao.

Even as they roared and charged forward, Meng Hao closed his eyes and sensed the boundless, so-called Joss Flame power within him. Suddenly, the enormous face once again magically appeared. This time... the face was different. This time, it bore the semblance of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes suddenly opened, and so did the face's eyes. Its lips quivered, and just as it seems more flames of war would rise up, a single word was uttered.

“Collapse!”

The instant Meng Hao's voice could be heard, rumbling sounds filled the air. In that instant, the black smoke coming off of the ten Nascent Soul Cultivators roared with an earth shaking sound as it exploded with intensity. This was an explosion of their life forces, as if they were being harmed by their own power!

Surrounded by roaring sounds, nine of the Nascent Soul Cultivators coughed up blood as their bodies tumbled backward violently like kites whose strings had been cut. They were thrown three hundred meters away, and their bodies were listless, older. Their life forces were now dim; they had lost nearly half of their longevity.

When they finally came to a stop, their faces were unsightly. Their hearts trembled; fear for Meng Hao had already taken root inside of them. It seemed to them that they weren't fighting a Cultivator, but rather... a totemic Sacred Ancient!

Furthermore, the power of Joss Flame was incongruous with their own Cultivation base power, which came from the totems of their Tribe. This, combined with Meng Hao's Blood Immortal divine abilities, allowed him to thoroughly shake these ten Nascent Soul Cultivators.

As for the Supreme Priest, blood sprayed from his mouth. He was obviously stronger than the other nine, but he too had been severely injured.

All of them were thoroughly shaken inwardly.

Meng Hao gave an inward sigh of disappointment. Just now, he had attacked with the full force of the Joss Flame power. Even that was only enough to injure his opponents. After all, these were ten Nascent Soul Cultivators. If he were only fighting one or two, Meng Hao was confident that with his borrowed power, he would be able to slay them.

However, as soon as all of them came to a stop, the killing intent in their eyes grew even stronger. Their bodies flickered as they approached him once more!

It was at this point that suddenly, a massive sea of flame exploded out from within the distorted ripples that blocked the view of the battle of totemic Sacred Ancients up above. It spread out to cover half of the sky. The massive flames lit up the faces of everyone down below on the battlefield, astonishing everyone.

Astonishingly, within the massive spread of flames a figure could be seen, reclining there in mid-air. A golden light rose up, and it was impossible to see what was inside, but it was clear that the golden light was melting and dissipating.

That golden light was the Metal-type totemic Sacred Ancient of the Crow Soldier Tribe. The Flame Sea was the Crow Flame Tribe's Fire-type Sacred Ancient. It was impossible for everyone down below on the battlefield to not look at the scene up above.

An archaic voice suddenly echoed out from up above. "I cannot continue to protect you of the five Crow Divinity Tribes. However the Flame Totem and I... will fight to put you in a good position. As such, our ten thousand years of Karma must be dispersed.... We wish you... peace and safety."

The sea of flames rapidly began to contract. It shot toward the golden light at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, it completely surrounded the golden light, wrapping it up, transforming into... a gigantic sun!

A death aura swirled within the sun. Down below on the ground, the members of the Crow Soldier Tribe were trembling, as were the members of the Crow Flame Tribe. Their totems were rapidly beginning to dissipate. Intense feelings of grief and sorrow welled up in their hearts.

“Sacred Ancient!”

“Sacred Ancient!!”

Wails of grief rose up into the sky. Unfortunately, neither the Metal-type nor the Fire-type totems could hear them.

Even as the members of the Five Tribes cried out in grief, golden light and the glow of flames combined within the burning sun up above. Soon, everything was illuminated by its billowing light. Shockingly, just barely visible within the enormous sun was... a Golden Crow!

The instant the Golden Crow appeared, Meng Hao’s eyes went wide. He was able to sense a somewhat familiar aura on it, and yet, most of it was unfamiliar.

“It’s not her,” he murmured with a soft sigh. “It’s only a tiny sliver of consciousness left behind in the world. Gold and Fire ended their own lives to transform.”

The Golden Crow lifted its head to the sky and roared as it shot out from within the sun. It closed in on the spider and the scorpion, which in turn shot toward it, intent on destroying it.

Such a totemic battle was something that Cultivators couldn’t interfere with. The instant the three of them slammed into each other, the Golden Crow’s body burst into flames. Golden light and the glow of flames spread out. The Golden Crow began to expand. In the blink of an eye, it was three hundred meters, three thousand, thirty thousand meters!!

It filled the sky and covered over the land, completely enveloping the spider and the scorpion!

“Totems, I call upon the vestiges of the power of the Crow Divinity to seal you and the root of your totemic power! Totemic Demons of the Five Poisons Tribe, be sealed!!” The archaic voice was filled with weakness as it used the last of its power to speak. The gigantic Golden Crow was now completely enveloping the spider and the scorpion. It transformed into an enormous golden shield almost like a bubble. The frantic spider and the scorpion were trapped inside, and were madly attacking in all directions as they tried to escape.

“SEAL!” The enormous golden bubble glittered as if with flames as it shot away with the spider and the scorpion. All the onlookers were breathing heavily as it flew out of the mountains, carrying the Sacred Ancients of two branches with it!

Its destination? The plains which housed the Five Poisons Tribe, where it would use the last bits of its power to interfere with the other three totemic Sacred Ancients.

This was the final price paid by the great totems of the Crow Divinity, a final protection for the members of the Five Tribes!

This seal would last for half of a sixty-year cycle. They had burned their own life forces to create this seal. However, their deaths, and the burning of their life force which had unleashed such incredible power, had caught the attention of the Golden Crow’s sliver of will, which would exist for half of a sixty-year cycle.

As for the Sacred Ancients from the other three branches of the Five Poisons Tribe, they would meet similar fates as the other two. Even if the Five Poisons Tribe made another move, they would not be able to employ the strength of their Sacred Ancients.

Zhao Youlan coughed up a mouthful of blood. It wasn’t just her; all of the surviving Cultivators from the Spider Branch did the same as their Cultivation bases instantly dropped an entire stage.

When the Sacred Ancients were sealed, their auras were also sealed as if in death, and were incapable of bestowing any of their power. This was the cause of this instant Cultivation base drop.

Zhao Chunmu also coughed up a mouthful of blood, along with the rest of the Scorpion Branch Cultivators. Their expressions were that of shock as their Cultivation bases also fell.

The faces of the ten Nascent Soul Cultivators who Meng Hao was facing up against instantly fell. They began to pant as their Cultivation bases began to weaken and fall. It wouldn’t be long before they were no longer of the Nascent Soul stage!

That was a unique feature of Western Desert Cultivators. They could borrow the power of totems, but if a Sacred Ancient died, then they would lose a totem tattoo, which would result in Cultivation base loss. In contrast, the Cultivation base of Southern Domain Cultivators belonged only to them. That was why practicing Cultivation was much more difficult there than in the Western Desert.

Of course, the Crow Divinity Tribe was in the exact same situation because of the deaths of the Metal-type and Fire-type totems. The Crow Soldier Tribe members' totem tattoos began to vanish; however, at this exact moment, when their Cultivation bases were beginning to fall, a golden light suddenly sprang out from Meng Hao.

It was as if a previous generation had died, so a new one arrived to replace it. Golden light radiated out of Meng Hao from his Metal-type totem tattoo, the ancient character 'metal' which existed on his chest!

The instant the light appeared, the Crow Soldier Tribe members' bodies began to tremble. Although their previous Metal-type totem tattoos were disappearing, a new one appeared. It looked different than the previous totems; it resembled Meng Hao's in every aspect. This was the ancient character for metal!

Immediately, boundless and intense Joss Flame power erupted from the members of the Crow Soldier Tribe to shoot toward Meng Hao. It covered his golden body, causing his aura to rise up even higher.

His hair whipped about wildly, and brilliant beams of green and gold light swirled around him. In front of him, two massive characters appeared, wood and metal. They emanated shocking power.

Filled with excitement, the Crow Soldier Tribe members clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao. The roar of their voices filled the air.

“Sacred Ancient!”

“Greetings, Sacred Ancient!!”

It was at this moment when Meng Hao's Wood- and Metal-type power was displayed in spectacular fashion that... the power of the Joss Flame around him grew thicker and suddenly... a flame appeared within him!

This was not Joss Flame, but rather something that had been inside of him this entire time... the East Pill Everburning Flame!

Chapter 449: Nascent Soul Slaying!

The East Pill Everburning Flame had been inside of Meng Hao all along. It was a flame gifted to him by his Master Pill Demon, for use in pill concocting. He had observed the flame for quite some time that year, and had eventually fused the seed of the flame with his Core. After igniting it fully, it became an everburning fire inside of him.

When he finally became convinced to tread the path of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul, it didn't seem to have anything to do with the Everburning Flame. Meng Hao hadn't thought much about it. Meng Hao had assumed that in his pursuit of the five elements, he would need to find different types of totems. However... in the blink of an eye, this flame suddenly exploded out, causing Meng Hao to be completely shaken mentally.

He suddenly realized that he had made a mistake. The Five-Colored path, and the attributes of the five elements, weren't necessarily limited to totems. Any blessing in Heaven and Earth had the possibility of becoming part of his Five-Colored path.

The Everburning Flame, drawn out by the power of the Joss Flame, and because of his two great totems of Metal and Wood, burned out in all directions. It melted the air itself as it raged around Meng Hao.

Suddenly, the character for fire appeared near his dantian region. The instant it appeared, the flames around him rose up into the sky. Suddenly, the Fire-type totem seed given to him by the five Crow Divinity Tribes flew out from within his bag of holding. The tiny tongue of flame had already dissipated by more than half by now. Meng Hao instantly began to rotate the Everburning Flame, causing it to envelop the tiny seed and then assimilate it.

The moment Meng Hao absorbed the Fire-type totem seed, the Crow Flame Tribe members all looked at him, trembling.

The Fire-type totem tattoos that had been disappearing from their bodies moments ago, were suddenly changed! Now, they looked exactly like Meng Hao's Fire character!

Immediately, Joss Flame power shot out from their bodies toward Meng Hao.

The Crow Flame Tribe members were shaking with excitement. Their voices came out in loud shouts as they dropped to their knees to kowtow to Meng Hao.

“Sacred Ancient!”

“Greetings, Sacred Ancient!!”

Meng Hao’s entire body was filled with roaring sound. His aura was shocking as his body floated there in mid-air. The Joss Flame power from the more than 1,000 members of the Crow Scout, Crow Soldier and Crow Flame Tribes coalesced together and shot toward Meng Hao’s Flame-type totem tattoo.

The ancient fire character suddenly grew even clearer. Within the space of a few breaths, it was sharp and bright and sent out a sea of flames that surrounded Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s aura once again climbed upward. Three characters floated around him. Metal. Wood. Fire. Three totems that emanated blinding light. The moment the Fire-type totem began to emit light, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base rose up explosively.

As this happened, the view in front of Meng Hao began to grow blurry. It only took a moment for the blurriness to pass, though. Meng Hao suddenly noticed that the world around him was filled with what looked like countless streaks, as well as nodes like sparks of electricity. It seemed that, if he wished, he could... make himself appear at any of these glowing nodes!

“Minor teleportation....” Meng Hao’s mind spun as he looked around with intensely glowing eyes. Excitement filled his heart, and he took a deep breath. He didn’t test it out right away, but he was sure that if he wished, he could merge himself into the air. He knew that he... now possessed a divine ability that only the Nascent Soul stage could employ. Minor teleportation!

With this divine ability, he effectively increased his life force. If he faced up against a powerful enemy, he could rely on this ability to evade.

“My decision to pick the path of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul was the correct one. This path will let me forge my own Dao!” He took a deep breath, and his eyes filled with a bright glow of confidence!

What Cultivators cultivate is... confidence!

Meng Hao breathed deeply as he sensed the power of the three great totems circling around him. He lifted his right hand and waved it forward, causing the sea of flames to spread out. He merged

Wood-type power into it, causing it... to rage even higher. Any Scorpion Branch Cultivator that it touched let out a bloodcurdling scream and then shot backward in astonishment.

As for the ten Nascent Soul Cultivators, they had long since fled. Their Cultivation bases were unstable, and they didn't dare to fight Meng Hao at the peak of his power.

Meng Hao's left hand flickered an incantation and he pointed out, fueling the flames with Metal-type power. They congealed together, filled with golden liquid that suddenly shot out like a golden rain. Everywhere it went, the will of Metal followed.

The appearance of these divine abilities instantly changed the circumstances of the battle. Although there were more than three thousand Scorpion Branch Cultivators, their hearts were filled with fear. Much the same as the Spider Branch Cultivators before them, they suddenly lost their will to fight.

By this point, it wasn't just the Crow Scout, Crow Soldier, and Crow Flame Tribe members who were bowing deeply to Meng Hao. The other two of the five Crow Divinity Tribes saw what was happening and felt deep approval for Meng Hao. They also turned toward him and bowed.

The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather and the remaining five Nascent Soul Cultivators all looked at Meng Hao with deep respect. They didn't want to put too much thought into the matter; at the moment, they were able to force their Cultivation bases to remain at the Nascent Soul stage, but in reality, once the battle was over, only three of them would be able to continue to do so. The Cultivation bases of the Crow Gloom and Crow Fighter Nascent Soul Cultivators would soon fall down, and they would no longer be of the Nascent Soul stage.

"Sacred Ancient...." Zhao Youlan watched on silently with her phoenix-like eyes. Next to her, Zhao Chunmu's face was pale, and the other Five Poisons Tribe members around him were starting to back up in retreat.

Meanwhile, some distance away, an old man was watching the scene that was playing out on something that looked like a giant mirror. This old man stood at the lead of an army of nearly twenty thousand Cultivators.

"A change in Sacred Ancients. A Dragoneer turning into an Ancestor. If... if we could research this matter and figure out how this person accomplished such a feat, it would be an unprecedented windfall for the Five Poisons Tribe!

“Pass the order down,” the old man continued coolly, a strange light gleaming in his eyes. “Spare no cost! Employ teleportation! I WILL lay eyes on this man in the time it takes an incense stick to burn!” As his voice echoed out, the Tribe members at his side immediately began to spread the word throughout the Tribe. Roaring sounds filled the air along with the glow of teleportation. Even as all of them began to disappear, a violet raindrop landed on the old man’s body.

“Violet rain?” said the old man. He looked at it in shock for a moment, then frowned as his body vanished.

Violet rain once again began to fall. It wasn’t just in a small area this time. All of the mountains and even the plains that were home to the Five Poisons Tribe, experienced the rainfall.

It contained an exterminating coldness, the will of extinction, although it wasn’t very intense, but rather, scattered in fragments.

The rain splashed down onto the ground in front of Meng Hao, mixing with the blood there. Currently, few people noticed it. It was only Meng Hao and a few others who, after seeing it, suddenly hesitated. However, considering that a battle was going on, Meng Hao didn’t have much time to think. Floating there in mid-air, his gaze slowly turned cold as he looked across the battlefield toward Zhao Chunmu.

When this happened, Zhao Youlan’s pupils constricted. She had been slowly and unobtrusively edging away from Zhao Chunmu this entire time. However, when she saw Meng Hao look at him, her face flickered. Not caring if her actions were obvious, she immediately shot backward, putting a greater distance between her and Zhao Chunmu.

Zhao Chunmu also noticed Meng Hao’s gaze, and his heart trembled. When he saw Zhao Youlan falling back, his heart and mind filled with a roaring sound, as he suddenly realized that the person who cut off Zhao Youlan’s arm... was probably this new Sacred Ancient of the five Crow Divinity Tribes.

“He wants to kill me!!” he thought, his scalp growing numb. Everything that had just happened with Meng Hao caused his heart to tremble. Meng Hao had slaughtered his eighteen Stealth Guards. Even nine Nascent Soul Elders along with the Supreme Priest hadn’t been able to shake him. All of this caused Zhao Chunmu to begin to pant, and he immediately backed up.

“Nine Grand Elders, Supreme Priest, save me!”

However, almost in the exact same instant that Meng Hao looked at Zhao Chunmu, he began to move forward. He shot through the air like an arrow. The nine Elders and the Supreme Priest from the Scorpion Branch hesitated. It only lasted for a moment, however. Gritting their teeth, they shot once again toward Meng Hao.

A cold smile twisted the corners of Meng Hao's lips. The main reason he had not employed minor teleportation right away was to attract these people over. Zhao Chunmu was nothing more than bait. Unlike Zhao Youlan, he wasn't important enough at the moment that Meng Hao needed to kill him. The people Meng Hao wanted to kill were none other than... the nine early Nascent Soul stage Cultivators and the one that was of the mid stage.

As they neared him, killing intent flickered in his eyes. All of a sudden, he teleported. When he vanished, the faces of everyone who was watching instantly filled with shock. This was especially true of the ten Nascent Soul Cultivators, as they realized that what Meng Hao had just done was not the Bloodburst Flash but rather... true minor teleportation.

"Not good!" said the Supreme Priest, his face flickering. He looked over at the nine Elders to see Meng Hao suddenly appearing directly behind one of them. His right hand lifted up and then smashed out with the power to destroy a Nascent Soul Cultivator.

That Nascent Soul Cultivator's face fell. His body immediately began to grow blurry as he attempted to flee via minor teleportation. At the same time, he spit out a colorful beam of light which transformed into talisman paper that shot toward Meng Hao. However, at the same time, Meng Hao's fist, filled with exterminating power, landed.

A boom filled the air along with a miserable cry. The talisman paper collapsed, giving the Nascent Soul Cultivator just enough time to finish his teleportation. As he disappeared, Meng Hao let out a cold snort. He moved forward and then performed his own teleportation. The two figures grew blurry, and in the blink of an eye Meng Hao had caught up. Once again, his fist descended.

Another boom could be heard. The Nascent Soul Cultivator spit out a mouthful of Nascent Soul aura. Within were eight magical items, all of which began to explode. Even his body exploded, as he used self-detonation to attempt to kill Meng Hao. A flying sword swept up his Nascent Soul, which borrowed the momentum of the self-detonation to flee away at top speed, clearly weakened.

Chapter 450: Downpour of Violet Rain!

The power of self-detonation was useless against Meng Hao because of the Eyeless Larva. After the explosion dissipated, Meng Hao looked at the panic-stricken, fleeing Nascent Soul, and then waved his right hand. Eyeless Larva silk whistled out through the air to surround it. The Nascent Soul's

face filled with despair, and its hands flashed an incantation. Immediately, brilliant light surrounded it as it tried to fight back. However, the instant it touched the Eyeless Larva silk, the light shattered. The Eyeless Larva silk wrapped crushingly around the Nascent Soul, strangling it into death.

A miserable shriek could be heard as this Scorpion Branch Elder first lost his physical body, and then experienced complete death as his Nascent Soul was crushed into tiny pieces.

His death caused the minds of all onlookers to reel. The viciousness of Meng Hao's tactics, and his cold-blooded attacks, made it clear that he desired to exterminate them all. When you added in the fact that he could teleport, that meant that he was firmly in the position to be able to battle with Nascent Soul Cultivators.

The surrounding Nascent Soul Cultivators had already sustained injuries. Furthermore, the sealing of their scorpion, cutting it off from the outside world, made their Nascent Souls unstable. The Supreme Priest's face flickered with hatred, but he retreated unhesitatingly, no longer willing to be entangled with Meng Hao.

The other eight Nascent Soul Cultivators were scared witless. Were their Cultivation bases at the peak of their power, they could join hands to fight Meng Hao. But now, they had sustained severe internal injuries, and were no longer willing to fight. They began to back up, vigilantly putting as much distance as possible between themselves and Meng Hao.

Seeing this, Meng Hao inwardly gave a sigh of relief. Just now, he had known that he must either kill with extreme speed or kill more than one person. These were Nascent Soul Cultivators, each of whom had risen up to supersede countless contemporaries. They were crafty and scheming, and difficult to kill.

He had pulled a fast one just now to quickly exterminate one of their number. As a result, they didn't wish to continue to fight. If they did, it would be difficult to continue killing them.

"So they don't want to keep fighting? Fine," thought Meng Hao. "The seed has been planted in their minds. If I ever face them again, it will be even easier to kill them!" He took a deep breath, confidence shining in his eyes. This was the first time that he alone had killed a Nascent Soul Cultivator. As of this moment, his feet were truly planted firmly in the Cultivation world.

Before acquiring the Metal-type totem, Meng Hao could have killed a single early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator. However, he would not have been able to do so very easily. With the addition of the Fire-type totem, he now had three totems. Even though he was still of the great circle of Core

Formation, in terms of battle prowess, he had already bridged the gap between Core Formation and Nascent Soul, that supposedly uncrossable divide!

Meng Hao once again disappeared. When he reappeared, he was standing next to Zhao Chunmu. Zhao Chunmu screamed, and his pale face was filled with terror.

“Well, since I can’t catch any of the big fish, then I guess there’s no need for the bait anymore,” said Meng Hao coolly. He slowly raised his right hand. Zhao Chunmu could do nothing to resist him as he tapped his forehead.

The slight tap turned into a roar as Zhao Chunmu’s head exploded. His body fell to the ground, twitching.

Meanwhile, back on the battlefield, the fighting was growing more intense between the five Crow Divinity Tribes and the Scorpion Branch. After successfully killing a Nascent Soul Cultivator, none of the other Nascent Soul Elders were willing to get near him. Then, he slew the Scorpion Branch Holy Son. The Scorpion Branch’s will to fight was now completely shattered. As they slowly began to retreat, the five Crow Divinity Tribes began to gain the upper hand. The sound of slaughter rose up as they seemed to forget their exhaustion. As of this moment, there were less than a thousand of them left, but they continued to attack with wild abandon.

Meng Hao’s neo-demon horde was a critical factor in the battle. Without his remaining seven thousand or so neo-demons, the five Crow Divinity Tribes would not be able to continue on with the fight.

Meng Hao stood on the battlefield, looking around until his gaze came to fall on Zhao Youlan. Instantly, her face paled. The two Nascent Soul Elders who stood next to her, as well as the High Priest, who had long since approached to protect her, started looking nervous.

Meng Hao’s valiance had shaken them to the core.

Suddenly, thunder could be heard from up above. The sound of it was very unique; it almost seemed to be like the sound of countless people wailing. It was so shocking that it even caused the soul to begin to tremble.

After the thunder rumbled out, rain began to fall. The rain was violet in color, and this time it didn’t fall in just scattered bits like before. This time the rain began to pour down heavily, splashing all over the ground.

The rain contained a cold, destructive will, as if it wished for all life to become extinct. The rainwater fell down and spread out on the ground, and suddenly, it turned into an omen.

Meng Hao suddenly felt a sense of crisis. He looked up at the falling violet rain, and frowned.

“This rain... there’s something not right about it.”

Almost at the same time that the rain began to fall, a blinding light appeared up in the sky not far away. Countless figures began to emerge at top speed. These people were none other than members of the Five Poisons Tribe.

Their appearance instantly caused the looks of despair on the faces of the Scorpion Branch Cultivators to vanish.

Meng Hao’s pupil’s constricted, and he shot backward with the flick of a sleeve.

“Members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes, fall back to the area behind the shield!” His voice caught the attention of the all the five Crow Divinity Tribes on the battlefield. One by one, they silently looked up into the sky, and then began to retreat. Suddenly, a huge gap appeared on the battlefield between the two forces.

The twenty thousand Five Poisons Tribe Cultivators whistled through the air toward the battlefied, smiling coldly, eyes filled with the desire to kill. Their numbers seemed to blot out the sky.

The group included quite a few Dragoners, each one of whom possessed thousands of neo-demons, and in the case of a few, even tens of thousands. The neo-demons flew behind the Cultivators like a gigantic sea.

Among the group were more than thirty Nascent Soul Cultivators, including six Priests. Even more impressive, one of their number was an old man in a white robe. His skin was dark brown, and his eyes shone with a threatening light. Shockingly, this man was of the late Nascent Soul stage!

This man was the leader of all the Priests in the Five Poisons Tribe. He was the High Priest of the entire Five Poisons Tribe, a position similar to Greatfather.

“Greetings, High Priest!”

“We offer you our respects, High Priest!”

It didn't matter if they were from the Spider Branch or the Scorpion Branch, all of the remaining Cultivators on the battlefield dropped to their knees and kowtowed to the old man.

So did Zhao Youlan.

The Crow Divinity Tribes were clearly not capable of fighting back against someone so powerful. Furthermore, the source of their shield was already gone, and the shield itself was growing thin. From the look of it, it would only last another four hours.

Meng Hao stood there outside of the shield. Next to him were the remaining Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Five Tribes, including the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather. All of them had extremely unsightly faces.

Under Meng Hao's command, the remaining seven thousand or so neo-demons in his horde were positioned protectively around the shield. Everything was very quiet, making the battlefield seem almost like a graveyard. The violet rain began to fall even harder.

Amidst this deathly silence, the Five Poisons Tribe's High Priest, the brown-skinned old man, coolly said, “Leave none alive!”

All of the Five Poisons Tribe's twenty thousand Cultivators and their neo-demons roared. As they did, they surged forward like seawaters toward Meng Hao and the others.

As the enemy neared, Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes filled with coldness. He did not summon the Agarwood. That was something he could only use to protect himself, and was not a tool for a battle like this.

From beginning to end, Meng Hao had been filled with confidence regarding this battle. That was because, the entire time, he had kept one card up his sleeve. One trump card, yet to be played.

Suddenly, Meng Hao's voice echoed out:

“Vines! Thorn Rampart!” As soon as the words filled the air, a howling noise could be heard coming from the body of the Wild Giant. There was a blood-colored vine wrapped around it that suddenly shot out. Instantly, thorns sprang out from its body as it burrowed into the ground.

The moment the vine burrowed into the ground, the earth in front of the attacking Five Poisons Tribe army exploded up as countless thorns exploded out. The shortest of the thorns were roughly twenty five meters long. The largest were over three hundred. They shot out in waves to protectively surround the Crow Divinity Tribes!

Even more bizarre, each of these thorns quickly began to bristle with even smaller thorns. Even as the Five Poisons Tribe charged, these vines formed a protective barrier, completely covering over the Crow Divinity Tribes!

These thorns were a sacred relic of the Frigid Snow Clan. Upon leaving Holy Snow City, the Patriarch of the Frigid Snow Clan granted them to Meng Hao as a reward. Later, Meng Hao fed them to his vine. After the passage of much time, the vines absorbed the thorns, and then mutated.

The appearance of the Thorn Rampart caused the face of the Five Poisons Tribe High Priest to fill with shock. “That’s the Annihilation Thorn Rampart of the Frigid Snow Clan! Supposedly, nothing under the Spirit Severing stage can break through it... Well, let’s see if that legend is true or false!” With a cold snort, he waved his right hand. Immediately, the surrounding Cultivators and neo-demon hordes proceeded to attack the Thorn Rampart.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then sat down cross-legged. He coagulated a drop of life blood which he then fused into the Thorn Rampart. Once his Spiritual Sense merged with it, he used this method to fight against the Five Poisons Tribe.

Roaring filled the air outside as the neo-demon horde slammed into the Thorn Rampart Shield. Rumbling rose up, along with the miserable cries of the neo-demons.

With the Thorn Rampart in place, nothing under the Spirit Severing stage could step even half a pace beyond it.

Outside, booms filled the air, along with the light of magical treasures and the glows of totems. Everything shook violently, and even the mountains seemed on the verge of collapse. The Thorn Rampart vibrated, and some cracks even appeared, but it did not fall!

At the same time, thorn shot out from the vines. In a relatively short period of time, a vast number of neo-demons had been killed. Of the twenty thousand Cultivators, more than three thousand had been stabbed through with thorns. They could only let out bloodcurdling shrieks as their life force was sucked away and they were transformed into desiccated corpses.

It seemed the battle would not stop until one side had been exterminated. However, it was at this time that suddenly more thunder filled the sky. It sounded like countless people weeping. The violet rain grew even harder. A bit of the rain was absorbed into the earth, but most began to pool up on the ground. Now, puddles were forming in some of the lower areas.

This caught the attention of Meng Hao as well as Zhao Youlan. The Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Five Poisons Tribe also noticed, as did the High Priest. He stared in shock for a long moment at the rainwater, and then suddenly... his face fell!

Thoroughly and completely fell!

“This... this is....” The High Priest’s body began to tremble. Considering his intelligence and the level of his Cultivation base, even something that could lead to the destruction of his Tribe would not cause him to lose control of his facial expression in such a way. The only thing that could... would be something shocking that far exceeded the destruction of a Tribe!