

The Heavens 711

Chapter 711: Ancient Dao Lakes

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One year.

An entire year had passed since Meng Hao had arrived in the Blood Demon Sect. During that time, he didn't even step half a pace outside of his valley, nor did anyone disturb him. In the utopia of his valley, he and Xu Qing watched the sun rise and set. Everything was calm and peaceful, and they spent their time enjoying the warmth and sweetness of each other's company.

During that year, Xu Qing did not practice cultivation. She lived like a mortal woman, accompanying Meng Hao. Occasionally, her laughter would drift out from within the valley, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples standing guard on the outside would smile and look back toward the valley.

This was their Blood Prince and their Blood Prince's beloved.

During that year, Meng Hao's reputation inside the Blood Demon Sect did not lessen. Furthermore, stories of what had occurred in the Black Sieve Sect began to spread out from the Blood Demon Sect into the rest of the Southern Domain. Soon, Meng Hao's name became even more illustrious.

He was a Spirit Severing expert, Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect, and had waged war against the Black Sieve Sect. The stories spread, and soon the name 'Meng Hao' was on the minds of everyone in the Southern Domain.

As for Meng Hao, he learned of the tragic fate of the Wang Clan, and heard about the broken-souled lunatic who raved of Immortal Ascension and wandered around, having lost everything...

During that year, Meng Hao did not give up on cultivating the Blood Demon Grand Magic. However, on repeated occasions he sensed that he was incapable of reaching the third level. He was missing something.

He had reached a bottleneck, that much was obvious. Patriarch Blood Demon did not provide him with any tips or reminders. Actually, during the entire year, he didn't even speak to Meng Hao at all.

It seemed he had delivered the entire Blood Demon Sect into Meng Hao's hands. Meng Hao now had authority over the life and death of everyone in the sect.

Although he experienced no breakthrough in the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he did gain enlightenment regarding the cultivation of the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.

The art was crude and simple, but it could temper the fleshly body to an incredible degree. Unfortunately, it required a vast number of magical items to fuse into the flesh. Essentially... it was a divine ability that could refine one's body into a treasured magical item.

Most people, even if they could gain enlightenment, would find it difficult to cultivate. After all, it required incredible amounts of magical items. Just to cultivate the first level required 10,000 Spirit Severing level magical items.

Thankfully, the requirement wasn't Spirit Severing life-essence treasures; were that the case, Meng Hao would have given up immediately. He simply could not cultivate something like that.

However, if he could successfully cultivate the first level, then his fleshly body would exceed Spirit Severing, and would reach the Dao Seeking stage. When the fleshly body reached Dao Seeking, the qi and blood contained a natural law of Heaven and Earth.

Such a body was like a precious treasure.

If the second level was cultivated successfully, the fleshly body could break through Dao Seeking and then experience Fleshly Body Immortal Tribulation. If transcended... the qi and blood could reach Immortal Ascension.

"There are a total of four levels to this art. If I can cultivate the highest level..." His eyes gleamed with a brilliant light for a moment. It quickly faded. The items required to cultivate the fourth level were things the like of which he had never even heard of.

"And then there's the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!" he thought, his eyes shining with a strange light. During the year, his greatest achievement was not related to the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal, but rather, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

After much pondering, Meng Hao had finally gained a bit of understanding. It was actually an art that could be used to create a clone. Granted, clone magic was not common in the Southern

Domain, but neither was it rare, and most Spirit Severing Cultivators had found a way to create clones.

After all, if a clone died, the true self could continue on living. Likewise, if the true self died, the clone could also continue on living. Creating an additional clone was like creating an additional life.

There were many magics that could be used to cultivate clones, and they all had their various unique aspects. As for the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, it was one of the highest ranked Daoist magics in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Furthermore, it was the life-essence Daoist magic of the Withering Flame Demon, one of the three Archdemons ranked directly beneath Lord Li.

In terms of how powerful it was, it would be hard to find something more illustrious in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“Other clone magics require extracting a strand from one’s own soul, then inserting it into a flesh and blood body, or perhaps a spirit body. Another option is to use some sort of magical item to create a body, then link it to the true self.

“Those are the safest methods, and avoid any problems that can arise from the clone revolting.

“However, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao can create a homologous clone body. The clone body also requires a strand of soul, except not from one’s own soul, but rather, the soul of an outsider.

“The stronger the soul, the stronger the clone! In fact, more than one soul can be fused into it, which would make the clone even more powerful!

“It is not a matter of controlling the body with the soul, but rather, controlling the soul with the body. The soul withers, transforming into a flame that nourishes the clone. This is not a Daoist art, but rather, Demon magic. Once the clone is created, the physical body’s will transforms it into a true self, suppressing the clone’s soul and becoming the True Self Dao.

“The body is like a sheath and the soul is like a blade. The key to it all is controlling that razor-sharp blade!

“This art is incredibly overbearing!

“Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

“What this magic cultivates is not actually a clone, but a second true self! An incredibly powerful true self!”

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Many things happened in the outside world during the year that passed. One of the most shocking events was not the reappearance of Meng Hao, but rather, the fact that one of the three Danger Zones of the Southern Domain, the Ancient Dao Lakes, had begun erupting.

Furthermore, the eruptions were occurring with increasing frequency. At first, they were limited to Dao Geysers on the periphery of the Dao Lakes, but eventually, even the Dao Lakes themselves began to erupt.

“The Ancient Dao Lakes are erupting again!”

“I heard that last month, one of the smaller Dao Lakes erupted, and a Spirit Severing magical item appeared!”

“You don’t even need to mention the Dao Lakes. The Dao Geysers are also erupting. Cultivators are gathering, and I heard that many people are gaining enlightenment.”

Such cries could be heard frequently in the Blood Demon Sect in recent days. More than a few disciples left the Sect and traveled to the Dao Lakes to seek good luck and fortune.

As time passed, more and more of the disciples became interested in the Dao Lakes. Of course, at first, it was only Core Formation up to mid Nascent Soul cultivators who were most interested.

However, a month later, a great circle Nascent Soul cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect received enlightenment and entered the Spirit Severing stage. This shook the entire Southern Domain, and caused virtually all the great circle Nascent Soul stage cultivators who were stuck beneath the Spirit Severing stage to immediately rush to the Ancient Dao Lakes to seek good fortune.

Soon, witnesses began to spread reports of an eruption which had occurred within the Ancient Dao Lakes. Apparently, it gave rise to incredible ripples that could allow Spirit Severing cultivators to experience enlightenment regarding a great Dao.

The news gave rise to a virtual storm that swept across the Southern Domain. Spirit Severing Patriarchs from all sects and clans went wild with eagerness.

The Blood Demon Sect was no exception.

After obtaining permission from Meng Hao, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, Patriarch Darkheaven, and the three Demonfire Patriarchs entered the valley and approached Meng Hao, who sat cross-legged outside of his log cabin, a flagon of alcohol placed in front of him.

“Blood Prince, the Dao Lakes are erupting. The Patriarch is in secluded meditation and has not inquired about any sect affairs. Will the Blood Demon Sect be allowed to participate in this opportunity for good fortune?”

“It’s true, Blood Prince. The other sects and clans are beginning to stir. As a matter of fact, a few days ago the Solitary Sword Sect sent a large group of cultivators to the Ancient Dao Lakes, led by a Spirit Severing Patriarch.”

“The Dao Geysers in the border region of the Ancient Dao Lakes don’t erupt according to any sort of pattern. However, the small lakes in the inner region erupt once every two thousand years. As for the Prime Lake, it erupts once every ten thousand years.

“According to the calculations, now is the time when virtually all of the Ancient Dao Lakes will be erupting!”

Xu Qing stood quietly off to the side. The Spirit Severing Patriarchs treated her very courteously. After all, the fact that Meng Hao had single-handedly fought the entire Black Sieve Sect because of her showed the place she held in his heart.

Meng Hao opened his eyes, and a profound light could be seen therein, as well as a ruthlessness that was difficult to conceal, so intense that it could not be dispelled. The instant his eyes opened, the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs’ hearts shuddered, and they respectfully bowed their heads.

“The Ancient Dao Lakes....” murmured Meng Hao. His cultivation base was now stuck at a bottleneck. Although he had some ideas, he was still not clear regarding his Third Severing. Furthermore, even further secluded meditation would not help him to progress with the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

He turned his head to look at Xu Qing.

“I’ll be fine,” she said with a smile. “I’ll be waiting here for you.... Wouldn’t the best thing be for you to acquire some good fortune?” Her gaze was filled with warmth as she looked at him. During the past year, she had been very happy. She didn’t worry about cultivation, or about the complications of life. She was with Meng Hao, and it almost felt like the simple life back in the Reliance Sect.

The Spirit Severing Patriarchs all looked expectantly at Meng Hao, waiting for his answer.

It was at this point that Yao Ming, the Second Severing expert of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, suddenly seemed to notice something. He looked down toward his bag of holding and then produced a glowing jade slip. He looked at it deeply for a moment, his expression flickering.

“Blood Prince, we can’t hesitate for too long. Now that the Solitary Sword Sect has taken action, the Golden Frost Sect, Violet Fate Sect, Black Sieve Sect, Song Clan, and Li Clan have followed suit. All have sent forces led by Spirit Severing experts to the Ancient Dao Lakes.” With that, he handed the jade slip over to Meng Hao.

When Meng Hao heard the words ‘Black Sieve Sect,’ he saw Xu Qing’s expression darken. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he accepted the jade slip. After examining it, he looked up, and his eyes shone with determination.

“Let’s go!” he said, rising to his feet and striding forward. The six Blood Demon Sect Spirit Severing Patriarchs’ expressions brightened. Considering the level of Meng Hao’s cultivation base, with him as their leader, the Blood Demon Sect would definitely reap an abundant harvest.

Meng Hao walked out of the valley followed by the six. There were already tens of thousands of disciples gathered outside, looks of anticipation on their faces.

Meng Hao glanced over them.

“Each mountain peak shall select 10,000 disciples to come with me to the Ancient Dao Lakes!”

“Yes, Blood Prince!”

“Yes, Blood Prince!” The excited cries instantly rang out through the Blood Demon Sect. Under the direction of the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs, arrangements were made, and soon a crowd of tens of thousands of beams of light shot up into the air to follow Meng Hao.

Li Shiqi was among them, but as for Wang Youcai, he remained behind to maintain guard cross-legged outside of Meng Hao’s valley.

In the same moment that Meng Hao led the disciples flying away, Patriarch Blood Demon sat in the Blood Pond in Mount Blood Demon. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

“To Sever the Devil, one must first accept bedevilment. His Devilishness is not profound enough yet...”

Chapter 712: Gathering at the Dao Lakes!

The three Danger Zones of the Southern Domain!

The Rebirth Cave, the Ancient Dao Lakes, and the Ancient Temple of Doom.

The most mysterious of them all was the Rebirth Cave. The most ferocious was the Ancient Temple of Doom. However, to cultivators, the site that offered the most benefits in terms of cultivation... were the Ancient Dao Lakes!

However, it was still considered a Danger Zone. After entering, it would be difficult to predict whether you could come out alive or not. Only when the Dao Lakes region was in a state of eruption would the danger be slightly reduced, and the opportunities for good fortune increased.

Within the Dao Lakes region, invisible rifts often appeared that could cut through anything except perhaps certain precious treasures. In addition, there were many restrictive spells which had existed for countless years. If you stumbled into one there was a ninety percent chance that you would end up dead.

In addition, there were many teleportation traps. They would appear without any warning whatsoever, and would randomly teleport you to certain areas in the region of the Dao Lakes. If you got lucky, then you might walk away completely unharmed. If you were unlucky, however, you might get teleported into one of the rifts or even into one of the Dao Lakes. Even Dao seeking experts would either be killed or wounded in such a situation; no one could escape unscathed.

There was an even more terrifying possibility... it was possible to enter into a cycle of teleportation in which you entered a teleportation trap that constantly teleported you in and out to various locations, without letting you leave.

It was an endless cycle, and cultivators who entered one would be tormented by continuous teleportation until they died in body and spirit.

Such a tragic outcome was something not unheard of in the Ancient Dao Lakes. In fact, sometimes it was even possible to see corpses passing in and out of various teleportation traps.

Few people were aware of exactly how the Ancient Dao Lakes were formed. In the very center of the entire region was the largest Dao Lake, which was surrounded by numerous smaller lakes. These lakes had mirror-like surfaces, which to onlookers seemed to reflect the entirety of the Heavens.

Further out were the Dao Geysers. Normally they were dry and empty, but when they erupted it was possible to see Dao Projections.

In addition to the Dao Projections that would become visible in the Dao Geysers and Lakes, they would sometimes spit out precious treasures, ancient records, or even bizarre and terrifying beasts. Occasionally, precious materials would appear, or jade slips with special techniques. Some were worthless, whereas others were priceless. In summary, it was possible for just about any type of item to erupt out.

Over time, some people came to suspect that beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes were the ruins of some ancient structure or city that had fallen ages ago.

Many people wished to make their way into those ruins, but even peak Dao Seeking cultivators were incapable of doing so. Even the cultivators of the Ji Clan of South Heaven were incapable, much to their chagrin.

Currently, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were gathered outside of the Ancient Dao Lakes. The vast majority were rogue cultivators who didn't dare to enter into the inner region of the Dao Lakes. They couldn't do anything more than squabble with each other over control of the Dao Geysers.

Those who had enough strength could occupy a Dao Geyser, which would allow them to establish a foundation for their future. However, there were less than three thousand Dao Geysers, which led to bitter fighting on virtually a daily basis.

Of course, even with all the violence, one cultivator after another would gain enlightenment and rise to prominence in the area. That in turn led to even further excitement among the crowds of cultivators, who would go mad at the chance to acquire good fortune.

As time passed, more and more cultivators arrived. Of course, some attempted to venture into the inner region where there weren't just Dao Geysers, but 30-meter Dao Lakes!

As far as the Dao Geysers were concerned, ninety-nine percent of the time, they spit out Dao Projections. Only occasionally would they erupt with other items.

When it came to Dao Lakes, it was an entirely different matter, which tended to depend on the size of the lake. For example, the 30-meter Dao Lakes had a ten percent chance of spitting out items other than Dao Projections. The 300-meter Dao Lakes further in had a thirty-percent chance.

Then there were the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes that had a sixty-percent chance.

Finally, there was the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, which had a ninety-percent chance of erupting with precious treasures!

As for the Dao Geysers, once they erupted, a Dao Projection would appear. Afterwards, that particular Dao Geyser would be locked with that one single Dao Projection, which would appear in every subsequent eruption. The Dao Lakes were different. Even if a Dao Projection did appear, it would eventually vanish. Then, you could wait at the edge of a lake for a certain period of time for another eruption.

Within the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, there were roughly a thousand 30-meter lakes, each one of which was occupied by small-scale sects, making it difficult for any outsider to get near. There were a few hundred of the 300-meter lakes, the majority of which were occupied by mid-scale sects or clans.

As for the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, there were ten in total, which great sects or clans like the Solitary Sword Sect were qualified to occupy.

By this point, the number of Southern Domain cultivators that had gathered did not exceed 1,000,000, but rather, was more in the range of 700,000 to 800,000. As more arrived, there was more fighting and killing.

Boom!

A group of cultivators suddenly appeared up in the sky. Each and every one shone with a golden light, the reason being that they were all wearing golden suits of armor. Altogether, they looked completely wild and rough.

As they shot through the air, the sky and land grew dim, and ripples spread out in all directions. They didn't look down, but instead, fixed their gazes on the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes. When they entered, they didn't fly, but rather, proceeded carefully under the leadership of sect experts.

"The Golden Frost Sect has arrived!"

"Those are cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect! The one in the front is Golden Frost Sect Patriarch Ling Dong! Don't tell me that the guy behind him is Grandmaster Eternal Mountain!?!?"

"See that fat guy off to the side? That's the guy who swore to take a hundred beloved, the shameless Li Fugui, right?"

Cries of alarm began to ring out from the interior region of the Dao Lakes as the small-scale and even mid-scale sects began to grow anxious. That was especially true of the female disciples, whose countenances flushed with trepidation at the mention of the name Li Fugui.

Soon, more voices rose up from the region outside.

"The Li Clan is here!!"

“That’s... the 19th Li Clan Patriarch! They say he’s a Second Severing expert! Look at the people behind him! They seem to have an equal status, don’t tell me they’re also Spirit Severing Patriarchs?!”

“The Song Clan’s here too! I can see the Song Clan’s Inkstone Puppets!!”

“The Black Sieve Sect! The Black Sieve Sect people are here!”

“Just about all the sects and clans in the whole Southern Domain have arrived!”

Voices echoed about in all directions throughout the Ancient Dao Lakes. The person in the lead position of the Black Sieve Sect was none other than the Third Severing Patriarch who had survived Meng Hao’s attack. Clearly, his cultivation base had recovered quite a bit, but his face was grim as he glanced around and led his people into the Dao Lakes.

Within the group from the Song Clan was Song Jia. Her expression was placid, and she was followed closely by a middle-aged man. Somehow, he looked threatening despite the lack of any sort of anger on his face. Also in the group was Eccentric Song, whose cultivation base was slightly higher than before. He was now in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, just half a step from Spirit Severing.

Behind them were over ten thousand junior members of the Song Clan, as well as more than ten thousand puppets. The puppets were black, emanated an intense coldness, and were completely shocking in appearance.

Almost in the same instant in which the Song Clan entered the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, a violet-colored auspicious cloud appeared in the sky off in the distance. As it neared, a sallow-faced old man became visible within. He was surrounded by several other old men who all bore similar auras. Their faces were grim and they did not speak. Behind them within the cloud were tens of thousands of disciples, as well as an enormous pill furnace, around which circulated a sword.

Their energy was bright and colorful, and as they neared, the cultivators outside the Dao Lakes immediately realized who they were.

“The Violet Fate Sect!”

“That’s Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect! He’s a Spirit Severing Expert!”

“Look behind him! It’s the two beauties of the Violet Fate Sect... Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan!”

Within the crowd of Violet Fate Sect disciples, Chu Yuyan’s gaze swept over the scene down below. Her delicate brow was furrowed, as if she was looking for someone in particular, only to find that person not present. Next to her was a charming young woman with skin like snow, incredibly attractive. She was none other than the Holy Daughter of Holy Snow City in the Black Lands, Hanxue Shan.

She also seemed to search through the crowds, after which her expression grew somewhat gloomy. Next to her was a taciturn, middle-aged man with handsome features. Occasionally, he would look over at Hanxue Shan with a tender look in his eye that he kept well-hidden.

He was none other than Ye Feimu, the same person who vied with Meng Hao that year for the title of Violet Furnace Lord.... He was a Chosen of the Dao of alchemy, and after the hundreds of years that had passed he was now in the late Nascent Soul stage.

There was another person within the group who seemed somewhat nondescript, and yet had an early Nascent Soul cultivation base. He also looked down below as if he were searching for a figure that existed somewhere in his memories.

“He didn’t come...?” the old man sighed. “Oh well, I bet he wouldn’t even remember who I am....” Within the old man’s mind flickered countless memories of past times in the Violet Fate Sect.

“Elder Brother Fang Mu, do you still remember Bai Yunlai...?”

Surprisingly, among the forces of the Violet Fate Sect could also be seen An Zaihai and Lin Hailong, the two Violet Furnace Lords. Their gazes swept about, and complex expressions could be seen on their faces.

The auspicious cloud carried the group from the Violet Fate Sect into the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, and then vanished. Finally, the region outside the lakes returned to its previous state.

Three days later, far off on the horizon, a blood-colored light shone out. The bloody glow spread out in all directions as something that bore the semblance of a blood-colored Demonic beast appeared. It shot forward at incredible speed, whereupon a gigantic face could be seen.

The vicious, blood-red sported a spiraling horn, which emanated an astonishing energy!

If you looked closely, you would be able to tell that, shockingly, the face was actually made up of tens of thousands of cultivators. As for the horn, at its tip was a young man wearing a blood-colored robe. His long hair whipped about his dispassionate face. Within his eyes could be seen a streak of ruthlessness.

He was handsome, but there was nothing scholarly about him. Instead, he seemed cruel and cold. This was... Meng Hao, who after experiencing death, had the ruthlessness of a Devil.

Behind him were six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect, as well as 40,000 disciples.

“The Blood Demon Sect!”

“That young man... could he be Meng Hao? He used to be called Fang Mu, Grandmaster Pill Cauldron. Now... he’s the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!!”

“To save his beloved, Xu Qing, he single-handedly battled the entire Black Sieve Sect! It’s Meng Hao!” Instantly, the region outside the Dao Lakes was thrown into a huge commotion. By now, more than a year had passed since the incident at the Black Sieve Sect, and the news had long since spread out through the masses.

Within the crowds, more than a few female cultivators gazed at Meng Hao with shining eyes and thought, “I want a beloved just like Meng Hao!”

As the buzz of conversation rose up from all the Cultivators, Meng Hao and the group from the Blood Demon Sect entered the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

In that moment, the entire region suddenly began to tremble. Along with the quaking, one Dao Geyser after another, along with a succession of Dao Lakes, all began to erupt. Innumerable Dao Projections appeared, and a riot of colors flashed in Heaven and Earth.

The Blood Demon Sect had arrived just in time for a Dao Lake eruption!

Chapter 713: Dao Lake Eruption

The rumbling of the sky echoed out in all directions, and the land quaked violently. It seemed almost like a giant was buried under the ground, roaring, the power of its voice exploding out through the Dao Geysers and Lakes.

From a distance, it almost looked like volcanos erupting, except what was exploding out was not lava, but numerous colorful Dao Projections. These Dao Projections were images of cultivators wearing ancient attire. Some were engaged in magical combat, others were practicing cultivation or gaining enlightenment regarding Heaven and Earth.

A variety of cultivation bases could be seen, the lowest being Foundation Establishment and the highest being Nascent Soul.

Looking at the scene as a whole, there were quite a few Dao Projections.

It was in this moment of eruption that Meng Hao and the force from the Blood Demon Sect entered the region of the Dao Lakes. At the same time, cries of shock spread out.

“That’s....”

“A Spirit Severing Dao Projection!”

“It’s actually a Spirit Severing Dao Proj... wait, no! That’s a Dao Projection of a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator in the moment of his First Severing!”

Great numbers of cultivators swarmed at top speed toward the Spirit Severing Dao Projection.

Meng Hao stopped for a moment and looked back. Off in the distance, he saw a Dao Geyser erupting with shocking blue light. Inside the light was a Dao Projection of a tall, slender cultivator performing Spirit Severing.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators in the area were spurred into action. Many among the tens of thousands who were with Meng Hao were also visibly moved.

Meng Hao did nothing to stop them. “Why don’t you try to gain enlightenment here?” he said. Immediately, 20,000 cultivators clasped hands and bowed to him, then flew off. Not all were of the Nascent Soul stage; there were other items in the area that were of interest to other stages as well.

Rumbling, as well as intense ripples, echoed out from the area up ahead of Meng Hao. Numerous 30-meter Dao Lakes, as well as countless Dao Geysers, were erupting with intense booms.

“Dao Treasure! It’s a Dao Treasure!”

“Look at that sword! It’s fragmented, but the sword aura is still incredibly sharp!!”

A black sword flew up out of one of the 30-meter Dao Lakes at incredible speed, and the sword qi it emanated was monstrous. Further off, other Dao Treasures erupted up into the air.

All of the 30-meter Dao Lakes were being defended by various small sects. When the eruption began, everyone became incredibly excited and began to fight. In the blink of an eye, the entire area dissolved into chaos.

The remaining 20,000 disciples of the Blood Demon Sect wore expressions of hope on their face as they looked at Meng Hao.

“Do as you wish among these Dao Lakes,” he said. “If you run into danger, remember to call for help from fellow sect members.” In response to his words, the majority of the 20,000 or so cultivators sped off, some rushing towards the inner regions, and others toward the various 30-meter Dao Lakes to join the fighting.

Still following Meng Hao were the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs as well as several thousand disciples. These were people who couldn’t care less about the 30-meter Dao Lakes, and they joined Meng Hao as he sped onward. All of them transformed into streaks of colorful light that shot forward.

Although they appeared to be moving quickly, Meng Hao had plenty of time to send his divine sense up ahead. What he saw was cultivators flying back and forth, some of them letting out bloodcurdling screams as their bodies were slashed by the rifts. The lucky ones lost arms or legs, and unlucky ones were completely ripped apart.

Everything was in chaos, and without exception, deadly battles were taking place next to the Dao Lakes and Geysers.

RUMBLE!

Up ahead, the air started to rumble. Seven or eight cultivators neared the area, and suddenly seemed to be swallowed up into nothing. They vanished, leaving behind only the echoes of miserable shrieks.

Rivers of blood flowed down below, especially in the areas where Dao Treasures appeared. Massacres were being carried out in all directions.

“Kill them!” Cries such as this echoed out constantly.

Meng Hao ignored all of that and proceeded forward. After advancing about 3,000 meters, he suddenly stopped in place and raised his right hand to signal those behind him to do the same.

As they ground to a halt, they saw a 30-meter Dao Lake up ahead, above which floated a Dao Treasure that looked like a bottle-gourd. Several hundred cultivators could be seen near it, locked in heavy combat. However, it was at this point that the ground in the area suddenly began to glitter with light. Magical symbols appeared, which flickered for a moment and then caused a shocking power of teleportation to surge out.

At the same time, a dozen or so corpses suddenly appeared out of thin air.

There was no time for anyone to react. The moment in which the corpses appeared, the power of teleportation rumbled out. The several hundred cultivators who were fighting next to the Dao Lake, as well as the corpses that had just appeared, all vanished in the blink of an eye.

Even Meng Hao couldn't prevent his eyes from going wide. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs behind him had serious expressions on their faces, and the other disciples gasped.

“Was that a teleportation trap?”

“That sort of thing happens all the time in the Ancient Dao Lakes. The fearsome teleportation traps can appear randomly, without any warning....”

“When the teleportation trap appeared just now, I could swear I saw more than ten desiccated corpses inside!”

After the teleportation trap disappeared along with the cultivators that it snagged, the bottle gourd floating above the Dao Lake glittered as resplendently as ever, attracting even more attention. More cultivators surged toward it. However, Meng Hao was already on the move. In the blink of an eye, he was above the 30-meter Dao Lake, where he flicked his right sleeve to collect up the bottle gourd.

His actions immediately caused all of the cultivators who had been rushing over to stop and turn to fly off towards other areas.

“Let’s go!” he said. He and his followers transformed into beams of light that shot onward.

As they proceeded onward, they saw more than ten teleportation traps and more than a hundred instances in which the rifts appeared. On one occasion, a single rift slashed through over one hundred people at once.

At one point, Meng Hao noticed that the teleportation traps contained living people inside of them, and he grew even more cautious. The people stuck inside were madly trying to break free, but as they only materialized for a split second, they were powerless to escape and were helpless to do anything but be continuously teleported around.

For the lucky ones, the power of the teleportation traps might dissipate after three or four activations. The unlucky ones... ended up being stuck in the cycle until they died.

As they proceeded deeper into the Dao Lakes region, there were fewer people, but the fighting was far more intense. Soon, 300-meter Dao Lakes appeared, all of which were forcibly occupied by mid-scale sects and clans.

For the most part, it was great circle Nascent Soul cultivators who stood guard.

Such cultivators were locked in combat as Meng Hao and the Blood Demon Sect forces approached. These cultivators were instantly shaken, and at the same time, there were thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples whose eyes began to shine with a strange light. After asking for permission from Meng Hao, they shot forward to join the fray.

The sounds of intense fighting caused everything to shake, and as Meng Hao looked over the chaotic scene, the ruthlessness in his eyes grew even stronger. He continued onward, refraining from joining the fighting. After all, the Dao Projections and Treasures here were of no interest to him.

They proceeded onward, and soon, only 300-meter Dao Lakes were visible. Suddenly, Meng Hao turned his head to look at one such lake not too far off, above which was a Dao Projection of a cross-legged figure in meditation.

It appeared to be a Nascent Soul cultivator in the midst of gaining enlightenment regarding Heaven and Earth. A Dao Projection like that was actually a common sight both outside, and in this area.

Surrounding the Dao Projection were seven or eight early Nascent Soul stage cultivators, all fighting over the chance to gain enlightenment. Any time one of them got close to the Dao Projection, the others would join forces to prevent that person from seizing the opportunity.

The methods being used were ruthless, the attacks deadly. Furthermore, the surrounding area was littered with corpses.

Meng Hao looked the scene over, and his eyes glittered slightly. He moved forward toward the Dao Projection, which caused the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples to stare in shock.

Seeing Meng Hao nearing at high speed caused the seven or eight early Nascent Soul stage cultivators' faces to fall.

“The Blood Demon Sect!”

“He’s... don’t tell me that’s the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!”

It appeared as if their hearts were trembling in fear, and they were just about to approach as if to cover something up, when Meng Hao stretched his hand out and made a grasping motion. He then jerked his hand up.

RIIIPPP!

It was like the surface of a painting had just been peeled away. Ripples spread out, revealing another world. There was still a Dao Lake, but instead of a Dao Projection, floating above it was a 30-meter tall mountain peak. Also visible were three old cultivators fighting each other.

The air around the mountains twisted and distorted, as pulsating ripples were sent out. The mountain seemed to contain some sort of magnetic force that caused the magical items of the three old men to be gradually sucked toward it.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, the faces of the three old men flickered.

“Who’s there?!” said one of them. All three looked toward Meng Hao, and when they saw his clothing, as well as the six experts behind him, they gasped.

Earlier, they had used a deception spell to prevent outsiders from seeing what was really happening in the area. That way the three of them could focus on their own fight. Of course, they had never imagined that someone like Meng Hao would appear.

“Hmm,” thought Meng Hao, looking over the mountain peak with glittering eyes. It was obvious that the mountains were not ordinary items, and he could even sense a bit of Spirit Severing aura on them.

“Spirit Severing level magical item!” he murmured. With that, he stretched his arm out toward the mountain and made a grasping motion. The three old cultivators were simply too slow to react and were incapable of doing anything to block him. The mountain peak rumbled, then transformed into a huge hand that flew down into Meng Hao’s palm.

After putting it away, his entire person flickered as he proceeded onward.

The forces of the Blood Demon Sect followed. As for the three old men, they stamped their feet, but were not truly angry. After all, the items that appeared in the Ancient Dao Lakes had no owner; they belonged to anyone who had the power to take them.

“Dammit, what a waste of time! Fine, let’s stick with the old plan and go rob some things from somebody else!”

“Hurry up! If we wait any longer this eruption is going to end!”

Just as the three old men were about to head to another Dao Lake, an unprecedentedly loud rumbling sound could be heard coming from deeper within the region. At the same time, a 3,000 meter pillar of light shot up into the air off in the distance. Shockingly, a black hammer could be seen floating inside of it, surrounded by crackling lightning. The incredible sound echoing out caught the attention of quite a few onlookers.

“3,000.... Is that a 3,000-meter Dao Lake erupting!?!?”

“A 3,000-meter Dao Lake! They don’t erupt very often, usually it’s only the 300-meter Dao Lakes. But look, it’s erupting now!”

“This is the first time a 3,000-meter Dao Lake has erupted during this flare-up of the Ancient Dao Lakes!”

“It’s too bad only the great sects and clans can survive over there. We can’t win against them!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked in the direction of the 3,000 meter beam of light. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs behind him also had looks of fervor in their eyes. Along with the few thousand disciples who remained in the group, they sped forward at top speed.

Chapter 714: Teleportation Cycle

From their current position, the 3,000-meter Dao Lake didn’t seem to be very far away from Meng Hao and his group. However, considering the dangers that lurked in the Ancient Dao Lakes, it was not a distance that they could traverse rapidly.

Furthermore, the other sects and clans had arrived earlier than the Blood Demon Sect, and had already reached the innermost ring of the Ancient Dao Lakes. There, the ten 3,000-meter Dao Lakes had already been divided up, as had the 300-meter Dao Lakes in that area.

One might think that the fighting in the area would be intense, but in reality this was not the case.

Once a great sect or clan occupied a Dao Lake, others would not take the initiative to try to fight with them over it - unless, of course, the item spit out by the lake was incredibly valuable.

Otherwise, all parties would abide by customs and rules; a Dao Lake belonged to... whoever occupied it!

In reality, the battles over the treasured items were really battles for the Dao Lakes themselves.

In fact, what the sects and clans really came to this area to fight over was... something located in the central-most position of the recesses of the Ancient Dao Lakes. That was... the 30,000-meter Dao Lake!

The eruption of the Dao Lakes was shocking in the extreme. As Meng Hao and the others sped onward, the air in front of them suddenly began to distort. Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and he waved his right hand behind him. The group immediately dodged to the side as a huge rift suddenly slashed through the air.

It was in such a fashion that they slowly made their way forward. More and more rifts appeared, and many of the Blood Demon Disciples eventually gave up on going onward, deciding instead to stay behind and search for good fortune on their own.

Eventually, only the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs and less than a hundred of the most powerful Blood Demon Sect disciples were able to keep up with Meng Hao as he continued further into the inner ring of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

Soon, it was possible to see that there were less than 3,000 meters between them and the Dao Lakes. By this point, the other sects and clans had caught sight of their group.

There were many familiar faces there. However, as soon as their gazes fell upon Meng Hao... all of a sudden, countless magical teleportation symbols appeared all around him.

The moment the magical symbols appeared, the faces of Meng Hao and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples flickered. As for Meng Hao, although he was at the edge of the teleportation trap, he was still fully inside its borders. As for the other Blood Demon Sect disciples, there were only a few that were trapped inside with him, including Patriarch Darkheaven, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, as well as the most senior member of the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

Off in the distance, there were quite a few members of the Violet Fate Sect who suddenly shot to their feet. The faces of Fatty of the Golden Frost Sect and Chen Fan of the Solitary Sword Sect fell as the power of teleportation rose up around Meng Hao.

The teleportation happened too quickly. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao and the other Patriarchs began to vanish.

Before disappearing, Meng Hao had only enough time to bark out: “Go to the central zone and wait for me there!”

When he vanished, a look of wild joy appeared on the face of the Black Sieve Sect Third Severing Patriarch, who was occupying one of the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes. “Die!! I hope that jinx dies in there!”

For the most part, the members of the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect, as well as the Li Clan, were all gloating at Meng Hao’s misfortune. Only Chen Fan, Fatty, and many of the Violet Fate Sect cultivators looked worried. That was especially true of Chu Yuyan, whose face was deathly pale.

The members of the Song Clan were silent and pensive, and as for Song Jia, a complex expression could be seen on her face. The middle-aged man next to her watched as Meng Hao vanished, then closed his eyes mutely.

When the teleportation trap vanished, it took only a few moments for the remaining two Demonfire Patriarchs to conceal their anxiety and lead the rest of the disciples to the central zone of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

Without Meng Hao there to protect them, the journey was even more fraught with danger, and they ended up losing several dozen disciples in the process. By this point, there were only about thirty survivors.

Even as they hurried along, the two Demonfire Patriarchs noticed that all of the ten 3,000-meter Dao Lakes were occupied. Many of the people among those forces glared at them as they passed, which caused the Demonfire Patriarchs to frown.

Furthermore, the surrounding sects and clans suddenly erupted with Spirit Severing auras. There were multiple Spirit Severing auras near each and every lake. The sect with the fewest Spirit Severing cultivators was the Black Sieve Sect, although their Patriarch was in the Third Severing.

“Blood Demon Sect, you came late! There’s no place for you here now!”

“Your luck is bad, you only have two Spirit Severing experts! Do you really think we’re going to share with you!?”

“Why don’t you just scram!”

“There aren’t any extra Dao Lakes here! However, considering your strength, you could always go occupy some of the 300-meter lakes. There are more than enough to spare.”

“Your fellow Blood Demon Sect disciples who fell into the teleportation trap just got unlucky. About half of the Spirit Severing cultivators who fall into them never make it out alive.”

Of the ten 3,000-meter lakes, the Solitary Sword Sect had occupied three, the Golden Frost Sect two, the Black Sieve Sect one, and the Violet Fate Sect two. As for the Li and Song Clans, they each had one.

Surrounding each of the 3,000-meter lakes were ten 300-meter lakes, all of which were also occupied by the sects and clans.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs’ eyes filled with anger. The words of ridicule from the other sects and clans caused their pupils to glow with the color of blood. They exchanged a frustrated glance. If Meng Hao were here, they wouldn’t be afraid at all. But he wasn’t. If the other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs were there, they would be a force that could contend with anyone. But they weren’t.

Unfortunately... they simply weren’t capable of contending for any of the 3,000 meter Dao Lakes.

“Why don’t you hurry up and beat it?” said an old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. He wore a gray Daoist robe, and sat cross-legged with a wooden sword resting on his legs. His words echoed out like thunder.

The sound rumbled in all directions, causing the two Demonfire Patriarchs’ faces to flicker.

“Sir Jian!”

There had always been serious grievances between Blood Demon Sect and the Solitary Sword Sect, and it seemed that now, they were on the verge of exploding out.

It was at this point that the emaciated old man from the Violet Fate Sect suddenly rose up from his cross-legged position.

“Fellow Daoists from the Blood Demon Sect,” he said coolly, “this Dao Lake is yours!” Instantly, the Violet Fate Sect disciples backed away from the 3,000-meter Dao Lake that he pointed to.

The eyes of the cultivators from the other sects flickered. As for Sir Jian from the Solitary Sword Sect, he turned his head to look coldly in the direction of the Violet Fate Sect. “Reverend Withered-Dao!”

Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect calmly looked back at him.

Their gazes met, and then Sir Jian looked away and gave a cold snort. He did nothing to interfere with what was happening.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs were shocked, but then seemed to remember something. Clasp ing hands, they bowed politely and then led their group over to the Dao Lake.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples thanked the Violet Fate Sect, but their inward frustration didn’t lessen. They had arrived late, losing any advantage, and then their most powerful experts had been teleported away. The once domineering Blood Demon Sect was suddenly in an incredibly weak position in the Ancient Dao Lakes.

They were in such a bad position that they couldn’t even compare to the severely weakened Black Sieve Sect.

Furthermore, the Solitary Sword Sect was clearly in the position of greatest power; they had three 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, and would obviously be difficult to contend with.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs exchanged a glance. Enduring the frustration, and ignoring the words of ridicule from the other sects, they closed their eyes and began to meditate.

As for the other Blood Demon Sect disciples, they couldn’t hold back from commenting.

“Blood Prince, when are you going to return?!”

“Wait until the Blood Prince returns, he’ll take care of them!”

“That teleportation trap might be strong, but considering the Blood Prince’s cultivation base, he’ll definitely get out of it soon!”

Meanwhile, in another location in the Ancient Dao Lakes, Meng Hao was frowning. Next to him were Patriarch Darkheaven, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, and the First Demonfire Patriarch, their faces flickering with various emotions. There were also seven or eight other Blood Demon Sect disciples, all of whom were sitting cross-legged in meditation, although it seemed like they wouldn’t be able to hold out for much longer.

The teleportation continued on without stop. Just now, it had paused, but before anyone could do anything, another teleportation commenced.

Plop!

One of the disciples coughed up blood, and then his entire body withered up into a desiccated corpse. More sounds rang out as others suffered the same fate.

In a relatively short period of time, they had already teleported thirteen times.

The world in front of Meng Hao changed over and over. Every time they teleported, an intense force would slam into their bodies, causing their souls to shudder. Apparently there was some sort of power inside the teleportation trap that was consuming their energy.

“Blood Prince, we can’t keep going on like this!!” said the First Demonfire Patriarch, his voice gloomy. “Blood Prince, what do we do?!”

RUMBLE!

The teleportation ceased, and they found themselves in a grassy area. Then they vanished again.

Meng Hao stood there the entire time. Finally, he raised his hand, and the Black White Pearls appeared, swirling around the Ninth Mountain. His eyes were fixed ahead of him, and he waited for a few more teleportation cycles, until they reached the thirtieth teleportation. Up ahead, he saw some Dao Lakes. It was at this point that his eyes glittered.

Without hesitation, he sent the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain out ahead. Rumbling filled the air, and the teleportation trap once again began the teleportation process.

“Expand!” said Meng Hao, his voice echoing out. Inside the teleportation trap, the Ninth Mountain suddenly began to grow. It expanded to a thousand meters in height, ten thousand, until it appeared as if an enormous mountain peak were growing up out of the land.

As soon as the mountain appeared within the Ancient Dao Lakes, it was noticed by quite a few other cultivators. As for the Blood Demon Sect disciples by the 3,000-meter Dao Lake, as soon as they saw it, their expressions brightened.

There were even cultivators in the region with the 30-meter Dao Lakes who saw it and stared with gaping mouths.

“It’s... it’s someone trying to break out of a teleportation trap!”

“Once you get into one of the teleportation traps, it’s impossible to get out!”

RUMBLE!

In order to attempt to move the enormous mountain, the teleportation trap had to condense huge amounts of power, and it began to shudder.

In that instant of pause, Meng Hao shouted, “Go!”

Immediately, Patriarch Darkheaven flew out, taking advantage of the pause to break out of the teleportation trap.

Meng Hao was right behind him.

However, even as they neared the border, the teleportation trap surged with more power in its attempt to block their way.

“Suppress!” said Meng Hao, his brow furrowed.

Intense rumbling filled the air as the Ninth Mountain began to expand once again. The teleportation trap was forced to a standstill. In that moment, Patriarch Darkheaven and the other Spirit Severing Patriarchs burst out. However, at the same time, the teleportation trap began a shocking teleportation, the likes of which were rarely seen in the Ancient Dao Lakes. A pillar of light rose up into the air that closely resembled the eruption of a 3,000-meter Dao Lake. Amidst the rumbling, Meng Hao and the Ninth Mountain vanished.

“Blood Prince!”

“Considering the Blood Prince’s strength, he should be able to free himself within a few teleportation cycles. We should head to the central zone and seize a Dao Lake as soon as possible!”

“That’s right, let’s go!”

The four Patriarchs had the utmost faith in Meng Hao. After exchanging glances, their eyes filled with determination, and they transformed into colorful beams that shot toward the central zone.

Chapter 715: Crushing Spirit Severing!

[/expand]

In a valley in a particular area of the Ancient Dao Lakes, the glow of teleportation rose up into the sky. Rumbling sounds echoed out as a figure emerged at high speed from within the valley.

As soon as the figure emerged, the light of teleportation faded away.

Flying through the air was none other than Meng Hao.

His face was pale white, and as soon as he flew out from the valley, he landed on the ground and looked behind him, a trace of fear on his face.

“After getting Darkheaven and the others out, I was teleported seventy more times! The cycle of teleportation is astonishing. Toward the end, it started going faster and faster, and my qi and blood was being sucked out, weakening me.”

He took a deep breath and then produced some medicinal pills, which he quickly consumed. Then he flew up into the air and looked around to gain his bearings. The eruption of the Dao Lakes had ceased, as had most of the fighting.

“The disciples from the Blood Demon Sect most likely followed my instructions and went to the central zone.”

Having determined the general direction of the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, Meng Hao started flying.

The entire way, he sent out his divine sense out to avoid the rifts, and also employed teleportation techniques.

Meanwhile, near the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes in the central region, the Solitary Sword Sect and the Blood Demon Sect were faced off with proverbial daggers drawn.

“The Blood Demon Sect are cultivators of a Demonic Dao! If they only occupied one lake that’s one thing, but they even dare to covet more!”

“Are you looking to die!?”

The Solitary Sword Sect was the most powerful force in the area. They had seized the initiative and taken control of three Dao Lakes. They had eight Spirit Severing cultivators, all of whom had cold expressions and iridescent auras.

In addition to the eight, the old man called Sir Jian, who sat cross-legged off in the distance, glared at the Blood Demon Sect.

As for the Blood Demon Sect, Patriarch Darkheaven and the others had arrived a bit earlier. Killing intent swirled around the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs as they faced off against the Solitary Sword Sect.

“The Blood Demon Sect is simply borrowing the Violet Fate Sect’s lake, and it must be returned to them. Your Solitary Sword Sect is occupying three lakes! You need to give one up!

“Look, Solitary Sword Sect. You can fight, or share. You decide!”

Both parties’ killing intent radiated out. The Blood Demon Sect and the Solitary Sword Sect were already mortal foes, which meant that fights between the two could break out easily at any time. That was not even to mention the current situation in the Ancient Dao Lakes, where so much potential benefit was on the line.

Suddenly, the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect rose to his feet and started laughing uproariously. His eyes glittered with coldness as he looked over at the Blood Demon Sect.

“Blood Demon Sect, I couldn’t care less that your Dao is Demonic. However, the Dao Lakes represent good fortune for all cultivators of South Heaven. If you keep causing problems, I’ll personally have to step in to do something about it!”

Hearing this, the cultivators of the Solitary Sword Sect began to chuckle. Sir Jian looked over at the Third Severing Patriarch and nodded cordially.

The faces of the six Patriarchs from the Blood Demon Sect flickered.

Next, booming laughter rang out from a middle-aged man who strode out from the the Golden Frost Sect. He was tall and well-built, with skin that seemed as hard as a diamond, and a full suit armor. “Fellow Daoists from the Solitary Sword Sect and Black Sieve Sect,” he said, “your words couldn’t be more appropriate.”

Further back were five old men who sat cross-legged. When their eyes opened, they glowed brightly with the aura of Spirit Severing.

His appearance made clear that an agreement had been reached between the Golden Frost Sect, the Solitary Sword, and Black Sieve Sects. The combined might of three sects was now bearing down oppressively onto the Blood Demon Sect.

In the worst position of everyone were Chen Fan and Fatty. They could do nothing about the situation, so they backed up silently.

As for the Violet Fate Sect and the Song Clan, they were silent.

Only the Li Clan was left. The 19th Li Clan Patriarch flicked his sleeve, and a gleam of killing intent could be seen in his eyes as he stepped forward.

“Well, is your Blood Prince dead, or not? If he’s not, then why isn’t he here?” The death of the Li Clan Dao Child all those years ago was something they had brooded about ever since.

Now that the Li Clan had joined in, there were four sects in the alliance. The faces of the Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs fell, and they backed up. There was no way they could stand up to the combined might of four sects.

“Why waste your breath on them?” said the Black Sieve Sect Third Severing Patriarch, his eyes glittering. “Just drive them away, and if they won’t leave, exterminate them!” With that, he leaped forward and waved his right hand. Immediately, eight white tigers appeared, roaring as they charged toward the Blood Demon Sect cultivators.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch also attacked, as did the Solitary Sword Sect cultivators. There were more than ten Spirit Severing experts who all flew out and attacked at the same time. In the blink of an eye, a chaotic Spirit Severing battle had begun.

BOOM!

The two sides slammed into each other, and the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs were instantly sent into retreat. Facing up against the more than ten attacking Spirit Severing experts on all sides, they were simply incapable of fighting back.

Attack after attack met with success against the Blood Demon Sect cultivators. Shocking magical items and divine abilities were employed, and the dozens of the Blood Demon Sect disciples present were forced back bit by bit. Even as they retreated, cultivators from the other four sects flew out to join the fray.

Of the four allied powers, the Black Sieve Sect had the largest grudge with the Blood Demon Sect. The Li Clan was targeting them because of Meng Hao, and as for the Solitary Sword Sect, they had a long-standing feud. Only the Golden Frost Sect had no apparent reason to attack.

Booms echoed out, and blood sprayed out of the mouth of Patriarch Darkheaven as he tumbled backward. With the exception of the First Demonfire Patriarch, all the others also coughed up blood and fell back. As the fighting played out, a bloody glow rose up, and miserable shrieks sounded out.

Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect frowned, hesitated for a moment, then closed his eyes. As for the Song Clan, they did not come to the aid of the Blood Demon Sect, but neither did they join with the alliance of four.

“Retreat!” The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs’ hearts burned as with fire, but facing up against this force, they had no choice but to flee. They would have to surrender the Dao Lake, which had been given to them by the Violet Fate Sect.

“Screw off to wherever you came from!” said the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect. “The Blood Demon Sect isn’t allowed to be in a place like this!” He swished his sleeve, causing the eight tigers to send out roars that transformed into terrifying ripples. They slammed into the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs, sending them spinning backward, blood spraying from their mouths. Some of the other ordinary disciples directly exploded because of the intensity of the ripples.

Their desire to slaughter could not be any higher.

“Where is the Blood Prince?”

“If he doesn’t come, then we’ll have to give up and leave!” The six Patriarchs’ faces flickered with their suppressed grievances as they continued to retreat.

“It doesn’t matter who shows up,” came a voice from the Solitary Sword Sect, along with a cold snort. “The Blood Demon Sect is not allowed to be here. Screw off!”

It was at this point that a beam of light appeared off in the distance. It neared at incredible speed, like a shooting star, carrying with it a shocking murderous air, as well as a will of ruthlessness that towered into the heavens.

As soon as the beam appeared, the cultivators from the Violet Fate Sect looked over, especially Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan, whose faces bore intent gazes.

Song Jia couldn’t stop from looking up.

The beam of light moved so fast that in the blink of an eye, it had arrived. It shot past the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs and came to a stop directly in front of them.

A booming sound exploded out, along with a shocking ripple that slammed into the force of cultivators from the alliance of four powers. The more than ten Spirit Severing cultivators' faces flickered, and they immediately stopped in place. As for the cultivator in the vanguard position, a Spirit Severing expert from the Golden Frost Sect, he let out a bloodcurdling scream as he was thrown backward, then immediately exploded. The blood and gore that spattered about in all directions was incapable of obscuring the young, crimson-robed man who stood there in front of the group.

The young man's face was calm, but his eyes were so cold that they seemed capable of freezing the highest heavens. His right hand was clenched into a fist, a fist that had just burst into pieces the Spirit Severing expert from the Golden Frost Sect.

The fact that one punch had just destroyed a First Severing expert caused everyone present to be shaken.

Meng Hao's long hair floated around him, and his robes swayed gently. His Second Severing cultivation base emanated shocking energy out in all directions.

All color in the land and sky dimmed and the wind howled. It was as if a tempest had arrived, causing all the dust in the area to fly up into the air.

As of this moment, all eyes were completely fixed upon Meng Hao.

"Who said that the Blood Demon Sect isn't allowed to be here?" he said, looking around. His gaze flickered with killing intent and ruthlessness as he looked at the Spirit Severing cultivators who made up the force of four allied sects.

From behind Meng Hao, the cultivators from the Blood Demon Sect immediately grew excited and began to bow and offer greetings.

"Blood Prince!"

“Greetings, Blood Prince!”

The face of the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect flickered. “Meng Hao!” he shouted.

The cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect also looked shocked, and the eyes of the Li Clan Patriarch widened. As for the people from the Solitary Sword Sect, their faces all filled with astonishment.

In the group from the Violet Fate Sect, An Zaihai and Li Hailong stared blankly at Meng Hao in his blood-colored robe. It was as if memories were flitting through their mind of a young man with a very different face whose features now seemed to merge with the person in front of them.

Chu Yuyan was trembling. There were thousands of things she wanted to say to Meng Hao, but right now, she couldn’t say a single thing.

Hanxue Shan was a bit more innocent and immature than Chu Yuyan. As she gazed at Meng Hao, she kept thinking about everything that had happened in Holy Snow City in the Black Lands.

Ye Feimu stood there, taciturn. His expression was a complicated one as he looked at Meng Hao, who was now a Spirit Severing expert of high standing. He was illustrious and famous. Ye Feimu couldn’t help but think back to the time the two of them had wrangled over the title of Violet Furnace Lord.

Although he didn’t want to admit it, it was obvious that he himself... had fallen even further behind.

Another person stood within the group from the Violet Fate Sect, an old man within whose eyes flickered many memories of Meng Hao. He also stood there quietly, wondering if Meng Hao would remember a nobody like himself.

Everything was quiet. Meng Hao looked over the group standing in front of him, and then his eyes came to rest on the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect.

“Was it you who said it?” he asked.

When the Third Severing Patriarch heard the words, his face filled with dread, and his mind roared. He thought back to how terrifying Meng Hao was last time he saw him, and he backed up, his body trembling.

When the others in the area saw this, it caused them to be even more shaken.

To be able to strike dread into the heart of a Third Severing expert with a single sentence was incredible. Granted, what the man had Severed was only a simple and ordinary Dao, making him unlike those terrifying, inhuman, and almighty Third Severing experts who severed great Daos. But it still served to show... how powerful Meng Hao was.

The man from the Golden Frost Sect immediately fell back, his eyes flashing. He took the other Golden Frost experts with him. The person who had just been killed was from their sect, so of course they could retreat. Naturally, the Li Clan also retreated, unwilling to even touch the razor-sharp blade that was Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had burst onto the scene and destroyed a potent Spirit Severing expert with a single blow. Such an act deeply shocked everyone who saw it, and the results were apparent.

Chapter 716: Overbearing!

“You want to leave?” said Meng Hao, killing intent radiating out of his eyes. The instant he laid eyes on the cultivators from the Black Sieve Sect, that desire to kill had become insuppressible! Nor did he want to suppress it!

He wanted catharsis! He wanted... to kill!

Others could leave, but as for the cultivators from the Black Sieve Sect, well, if he hadn't seen them, it wouldn't matter. But now that he had... they had to die!

They absolutely, positively had to die!

Even as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao was moving forward at an incredible speed. He shot toward the Third Severing Patriarch, whose face instantly fell. Of course, he had long since prepared himself, and immediately shot backward in retreat.

“Meng Hao, you can have our Dao Lake, we're leaving this place!!”

“Not happening!” was Meng Hao’s cold reply. It was with incredible speed that he shot forward to appear directly in front of the Patriarch. He waved his hand, giving rise to an intense rumbling sound that caused everyone in the area to begin to pant and look over.

That was especially true of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs, whose eyes glittered. They assumed that this was going to be a fierce battle, like a fight between a dragon and a tiger. However, even as the thought occurred to them....

Meng Hao lifted up his hand and made a gesture toward the Black Sieve Sect’s Third Severing Patriarch. Instantly, an enormous blood-colored vortex appeared around him. At the same time, a gigantic blood-colored hand magically appeared, which grabbed down onto him mercilessly.

RUMBLE!

“NO!!” shrieked the old man from the Black Sieve Sect. He went all-out as he tried to struggle free, but was completely incapable. His fleshly body withered away with incredible speed as his qi and blood was absorbed by Meng Hao.

The sight of it caused the onlookers to gasp with shock. Amazed exclamations could be heard from all directions.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

“That’s the true magic of the Blood Demon Sect, the Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Sir Jian from the Solitary Sword Sect stared at what was happening, his expression one of unprecedented seriousness. His eyes shone with an intense, bright light, and he was breathing heavily.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch’s pupils constricted, and his heart skipped a beat.

In the Song Clan was a cultivator who appeared to be an ordinary old man. Suddenly, he lifted his head up, and his eyes shone with a bizarre glow.

In the Violet Fate Sect, Reverend Withered-Dao's face was covered with a strange expression. He looked at Meng Hao and let out a long sigh in his heart.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the space of only a few breaths. The Black Sieve Sect Patriarch's miserable screams rang out in all directions. However, he was a decisive individual. He saw his body withering rapidly, and realized that he couldn't break free. When the decisive moment arrived, he gritted his teeth and chose to self-detonate.

His fleshly body exploded, causing the power of qi and blood to surge out; Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic trembled. At the same time, the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch's Nascent Divinity shot out at top speed from within the blood-colored vortex.

"Damn you, Meng Hao!" howled the Nascent Divinity. "I should have tortured that slut Xu Qing even more when I had the chance!" He shot through the air toward a rip that had just appeared, and was about to enter it, when....

When Meng Hao heard the old man's words, his killing intent skyrocketed to the pinnacle. He lifted his right hand and then pushed it out in front of him.

In response, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain appeared in mid-air. They were almost like Meng Hao's hands, smashing down onto the fleeing Nascent Divinity.

BOOOOMMMMMM!!

The ground quaked and the air vibrated. The Ninth Mountain crushed down, drowning out the miserable scream that rang out. When the mountain vanished, the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch's Nascent Divinity was in fragments; he was completely and utterly dead.

The entire process lasted only for about ten breaths of time. To Meng Hao, slaughtering a Third Severing expert was like turning over his hand. The sight caused all onlookers to be thrown into deathly silence.

Of course, the Blood Demon Sect members were all quite excited, and looked at Meng Hao with more fanaticism than ever.

"Fall back!" said Sir Jian. The words echoed in the hearts of the Solitary Sword Sect cultivators as they returned to their places in the three Dao Lakes.

The Golden Frost Sect cultivators also retreated without the slightest bit of hesitation, as did the Li Clan members. All returned to their various Dao Lakes, keeping a vigilant eye on Meng Hao the entire time.

“Do not leave any Black Sieve Sect cultivators alive,” said Meng Hao calmly. Immediately, the several dozen remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples shot toward the Black Sieve Sect cultivators next to the Dao Lake.

This was not Meng Hao engaged in random killing. No, these Black Sieve Sect disciples had all been part of the spell formation used to dissolve Xu Qing. Sad and shrill screams filled the air for about ten breaths worth of time as the Black Sieve Sect’s force was completely slaughtered. Although everyone in the vicinity saw what was happening, no one tried to interfere.

There were also quite a few 300-meter Dao Lakes in the area surrounding the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes. Meng Hao immediately flew toward one of them and waved his hand, causing a blood-colored flag to stab into the dirt next to the lake.

“This lake is mine!” he declared.

The blood-colored flag was of course the standard of the Blood Demon Sect, and its surface was embroidered with the character ‘Meng 孟.’ This was actually Meng Hao’s Blood Prince standard, of which quite a few had been specially crafted by the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect during the past year.

A standard like this was an item that, as Blood Prince, he had to possess as a token of his authority.

When he stabbed the flag into the ground, and his voice echoed out, the faces of the people in the area flickered, especially those of the cultivators who were standing guard next to that particular lake.

Meng Hao approached another nearby lake, then waved his hand to send another flag flying down.

“This lake is mine.

“This lake is mine, too!

“And this one!

“This one also!” Meng Hao flashed back and forth. Shockingly, in the blink of an eye, more than half of the 300-meter Dao Lakes were marked with Meng Hao’s Blood Prince standard.

It took only a moment for blood-colored flags to fill the area. Meng Hao was like a surging flood, domineering to the extreme.

It didn’t matter which sect or clan the Dao Lakes originally belonged to, as long as the people guarding a particular lake weren’t from the Violet Fate Sect, Meng Hao would occupy it.

The other sects and clans were shaken by Meng Hao’s slaughter of the Black Sieve Sect disciples, and didn’t dare to do anything to stop him. He whistled through the air, much to the excitement of the Blood Demon Sect disciples, who flew after him to occupy the various lakes.

As for the cultivators who were originally occupying those lakes, they unhesitatingly retreated one by one.

While Meng Hao was in the middle of seizing one Dao Lake after another, there was suddenly a minor eruption. Not many items emerged from the Dao Lakes, especially in the center zone that Meng Hao was in. However, there was one 300-meter Dao Lake up ahead of him that did spit something out.

In this case, it wasn’t a Dao Shadow, nor a magical item, but rather... a violet-colored humanoid beast. It was completely ferocious in appearance, with bat-like wings and a horn sticking out of its forehead. As it shot out of the Dao Lake, it transformed into a violet beam of blinding light.

It roared as it shot forward to try to break through the shield that surrounded the lake.

Immediately, excited cries rang out.

“It’s a beast! A violet beast!!”

“That’s a violet beast! Its body is like a treasure! You can refine countless items from it! Violet beasts like that are virtually extinct!!”

Some people were so shocked they were speechless.

The instant the beast appeared, the cultivators guarding the lake shot forward toward it. Before they could get near, a boom echoed out. The beast roared, its sound transforming into ripples that surged toward the cultivators.

The cultivators retreated, but Meng Hao moved forward. He slapped his hand down, causing the image of a gigantic hand to appear, which then shot toward the violet beast.

The violet beast let out a shrill cry and was about to fight back when the huge hand smashed onto it. Its body began to crumble, and then it was smashed into the surface of the lake, a mess of flesh and bones. Meng Hao quickly collected it up.

“This lake is also mine,” he said calmly, throwing down a flag.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao had occupied nearly seventy percent of the 300-meter Dao Lakes. When he finally finished, everyone watched with complex expressions as he returned to the area with the 3,000 meter Dao Lakes.

Along with other Blood Demon Sect members, he occupied the Dao Lake formerly held by the Black Sieve Sect. After that, the Blood Demon Sect members explained everything that had happened before, including the matter of the Violet Fate Sect offering them a Dao Lake.

After hearing the explanation, Meng Hao looked over toward the Violet Fate Sect. There were many people looking back at him, and their gazes met.

Meng Hao saw Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan. He saw An Zaihai, Lin Hailong, and Ye Feimu, as well as that other old man.

“Bai Yunlai....” he thought, instantly recognizing the man who had been a fellow apprentice alchemist with him when he joined the Violet Fate Sect.

In his former days, Bai Yunlai had been known as the young man who knew everything about the East Pill Division. Now, he was an old man in his declining years.

Meng Hao avoided Chu Yuyan's gaze. In his heart, there was only Xu Qing.

Chu Yuyan seemed to be able to sense his state of mind, and a tremor ran through her. She lowered her head.

Meng Hao sighed inwardly, then glanced over at Fatty and Chen Fan. Finally, he closed his eyes for a moment. When they opened, his pupils were once again as cold as ice.

He turned his gaze to the Li Clan, then began to walk over to them. Blood Demon Sect cultivators followed him excitedly.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch's face flickered. Four other old men from the Li Clan walked out to stand with him, as if they were about to face a mortal enemy. The other members of the Li Clan nervously produced magical items.

"Meng Hao, what are you doing?!" bellowed the 19th Li Clan Patriarch.

"Screw off!" replied Meng Hao. It was a single command, but it rang out like claps of thunder. Everyone in the Li Clan who was under the Spirit Severing stage coughed up blood. As for the 19th Li Clan Patriarch and the other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs, their faces went pale, and two of them even staggered backward.

"You're going too far!" cried the 19th Li Clan Patriarch. "Fellow Daoists Sir Jian and Han Yun, don't tell me you're just going to ignore this matter?!" Clearly, the 19th Li Clan Patriarch was terrified of Meng Hao because of the slaughter that had just occurred with the Black Sieve Sect.

"SCREW OFF!" repeated Meng Hao, his eyes flashing with murderous intent. Again, it was only a single command, but it caused Heaven and Earth to tremble. With the exception of the 19th Patriarch, all the Spirit Severing Patriarchs coughed up blood. As for the ordinary cultivators, some couldn't endure, and their bodies exploded.

Chapter 717: Old Friends Meet by the Dao Lake

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch's face fell. Gritting his teeth, he ceased hesitating and backed up. The other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs looked at Meng Hao in shock as they, too, retreated. Along with their fellow clan members, they left the Dao Lake.

"Everything within 30,000 meters of this spot is a restricted zone," said Meng Hao slowly. "Any of you who dares to enter will be killed. By me." The Li Clan members sullenly moved to a position 30,000 meters away.

A buzz of conversation immediately rose up among the bystanders.

"Just what cultivation base does this Meng Hao have?!?!"

"He single-handedly fought the entire Black Sieve Sect before. Granted, he was defeated by Six-Daos, but according to the rumors, he's the number one figure under Dao Seeking!"

"He just killed a Third Severing expert. Calling him the number one person under Dao Seeking is definitely appropriate!"

As the sound of conversation filled the air, the Blood Demon Sect disciples took possession of the Dao Lake. Forgetting about the Dao Lake that the Violet Fate Sect had given them, they now controlled two Dao Lakes.

The Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs' killing intent was boiling as they waited for Meng Hao to accomplish his next goal.

Meng Hao stood there, ignoring the Violet Fate Sect, allowing his gaze to pass over the Song Clan to fall onto the Golden Frost Sect.

The middle-aged Golden Frost Sect cultivator's face darkened. Moments ago, he had wanted to come to aid of the Li Clan, but the feeling he got from Meng Hao was too terrifying. It was in his brief moment of hesitation that the Li Clan dispersed.

Now that Meng Hao was staring at them, everyone from the Golden Frost Sect began to tremble inwardly. As for Fatty, he hesitated for a moment, then looked up at Meng Hao. Their gazes met for a moment, and then Meng Hao looked away toward the Solitary Sword Sect.

In that moment, the Golden Frost Sect let out a collective inward sigh of relief. As for the middle-aged man, he looked thoughtful for a moment before his eyes turned cold.

When Meng Hao looked at the Solitary Sword Sect, he saw Chen Fan, who was standing toward the back. His cultivation base was at the great circle of Core Formation. His face was sallow, and he looked thin. When Meng Hao looked over, he returned the gaze.

After a long moment, Meng Hao began to look away from the Solitary Sword Sect. However, it was in that instant that he suddenly sensed a feeling of danger, coming from a person located behind Sir Jian.

As for Sir Jian, his eyes were ice cold as he stared at Meng Hao. When Meng Hao stared back in the same direction, it almost seemed as if an intangible rumbling resulted.

Sir Jian gave a muffled groan, and his body quivered. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, and a nervous expression appeared on his face as he suddenly realized that he couldn't withstand the pressure weighing down on him. And then he realized... Meng Hao wasn't even looking at him.

Rather, Meng Hao was looking at the teenager behind him, an unremarkable boy who was rather frail-looking.

As soon as Meng Hao looked at him, he lifted his chin slightly and looked back, a calm expression on his face.

Their simple act of looking at each other actually caused Sir Jian to be injured.

When he realized that Meng Hao was looking at the teenager behind him, Sir Jian's heart began to thump.

Suddenly, as everyone watched on, Meng Hao walked forward toward the Solitary Sword Sect. The atmosphere in the area couldn't be any heavier.

Every step he took seemed to ring out like thunder.

He headed toward the third of the Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Lakes, causing the cultivators gathered there to brace themselves as if they were about to face a deadly foe. The Spirit Severing cultivators' faces grew anxious, and they started breathing heavily.

Meng Hao looked back at the teenager behind Sir Jian, and coolly said, "I want this Dao Lake too."

"Impossible!" blurted Sir Jian, instantly rising to his feet. The Solitary Sword Sect disciples drew their swords, and the eight Spirit Severing experts' cultivation bases exploded with intensity. In one short moment, the sword qi of the Solitary Sword Sect burst out, causing the wind to scream and a riot of colors to flash in the sky.

However, it was at this moment that the teenager behind Sir Jian suddenly spoke. His voice was hoarse and ancient, and didn't match his youthful appearance at all.

"Take it."

Sir Jian's expression immediately changed as he turned and bowed his head respectfully. The other Spirit Severing Cultivators stared in shock, then looked at the teenager and seemed to suddenly realize something important. One by one, their expressions began to fill with incredible respect, as well as fanaticism and inspiration.

"Since you like this particular Dao Lake," continued the teenager, "I'll give it to you." He spoke with a smile, but his eyes were as cold as ice, something he did nothing to conceal.

When Meng Hao looked at the teenager, it felt like he was looking at a sword!

A shocking, astonishing sword!

Even as the words left the teenager's mouth, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples surrounding their Third Dao Lake all fell back, leaving it open for Meng Hao.

Meng Hao nodded, and Blood Demon Sect disciples moved forward to take control of the Dao Lake.

As of now, the situation regarding the 3,000-meter lakes in the central zone of the Ancient Dao Lakes was as such: Blood Demon Sect, three. Solitary Sword Sect, two. Golden Frost Sect, two.

Violet Fate Sect, two. Song Clan, one. Black Sieve Sect, exterminated. Li Clan, driven 30,000 meters away.

As for the 300-meter Dao Lakes, including the ten that surrounded each of the 3,000-meter Lakes, there were more than 700 in total.

Of those, more than four hundred bore the standard of the Blood Demon Sect's Junior Leader. Of course, there were only a few dozen Blood Demon Sect cultivators in this area. Even if one disciple occupied each lake, there were still hundreds of lakes with only a flag to watch over them.

Meng Hao sat down next to the 3,000-meter lake that formerly belonged to the Black Sieve Sect, closed his eyes, and rotated his cultivation base as he waited for the next Dao Lake eruption. The people in the surrounding sects and clans who knew him all sighed inwardly.

This version of Meng Hao, and his coldness, made him seem like a stranger.

In the Song Clan, Eccentric Song looked over at Meng Hao and sighed emotionally in his heart. He couldn't help but think back to the time in the State of Zhao when he saw Meng Hao for the first time.

It was the same with Wu Dingqiu in the Violet Fate Sect. He was in the same mood as Eccentric Song. In fact, he was actually thinking about a certain spear, which still existed to this day in the Violet Fate Sect....

Time passed by. The 3,000-meter lake region was completely silent. As for the 30,000-meter lake which all of those lakes surrounded, not even a ripple could be seen on its surface. It looked almost exactly like a huge mirror.

Chu Yuyan sat quietly for a long time before finally rising to her feet and walking out from the crowd of Violet Fate Sect disciples. Reverend Withered-Dao looked over, but did nothing to prevent her from approaching the Blood Demon Sect.

Her actions immediately drew the attention of quite a few people.

As she neared the area where Meng Hao sat cross-legged, she was blocked by a Blood Demon Sect disciple.

“I want to see Meng Hao,” she said softly, looking over at him sitting cross-legged not too far off.

The Blood Demon Sect disciple hesitated for a moment, aware that the Blood Prince had ties to the Violet Fate Sect.

Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked over at Chu Yuyan. “Let her pass,” he said.

The Blood Demon Sect disciple immediately stepped aside. Chu Yuyan said nothing as she walked up to Meng Hao and then sat down next to him, a complex expression in her eyes.

At first, she didn’t say anything, and neither did Meng Hao.

After what seemed like a very, very long time had passed, she finally spoke. “It’s been a few hundred years. Did you ever go back to that ravine?”

Meng Hao knew exactly which ravine she was referring to. That was the location in which the two of them truly got to know each other, and where he acquired the good fortune of the Blood Immortal legacy.

“No, I didn’t,” he replied calmly.

“I did,” she said, looking him in the eyes.

Meng Hao didn’t respond.

Chu Yuyan stared back out at the Dao Lake, her expression one of bitterness. Several hours passed, and she finally stood up and began to walk back toward the Violet Fate Sect. After seven steps, she stopped.

“If there was no Xu Qing...?”

“No ‘ifs,’” Meng Hao replied softly.

“But why?”

“The opportunity was missed. What’s done is done.”

Chu Yuyan trembled, and then left Meng Hao’s Dao Lake and returned to the Violet Fate Sect, tears streaming down her face.

Hanxue Shan came to see Meng Hao, innocent and making no attempts conceal her lingering feelings for him.

Fatty came, carrying a wild chicken. Meng Hao glanced at it, then summoned flames. The two of them sat next to the Dao Lake for a long time, eating wild chicken while everyone around watched on.

Fatty laughed and filed away at his teeth with a sword. In the end, he pulled Meng Hao into a bear hug and then left.

An Zaihai and Lin Hailong both came. Sighing, they recounted past times, although they avoided mentioning Grandmaster Pill Demon. They were well aware that to Meng Hao, the most important person in the Violet Fate Sect... was his Master.

Ye Feimu didn’t come. The last person from the Violet Fate Sect to come was an old man. His Cultivation base was not very high, but as soon as he neared, Meng Hao’s face broke out into a smile.

“Bai Yunlai.”

“Fang... Meng Hao.” The old man inadvertently started to call Meng Hao by the name Fang Mu.

People came from the Song Clan, the Golden Frost Sect, and the Solitary Sword Sect. Earlier they had faced off with hostility, but now they came to chat. These were people of the same generation as Meng Hao in the Southern Domain, Dao Children and Chosen, the most powerful of whom were merely in the Nascent Soul stage.

When they saw Meng Hao, they couldn’t help but think of all the things that had happened in the past. Meng Hao didn’t see Li Tiandao of the Li Clan, who hadn’t come to the Dao Lakes this time.

As far as Wang Lihai, and that figure who existed deep in his memories, Wang Tengfei, after the genocide of the Wang Clan carried out by their 10th Patriarch, Meng Hao wasn't sure if they were even still alive.

There was one person who Meng Hao hadn't seen at all since returning to the Southern Domain, and that was Han Bei. Han Bei of the Black Sieve Sect.

The last person to come visit was Chen Fan. He looked older than before, and hadn't reached the Nascent Soul stage yet. His body was somewhat emaciated, which sharply contrasted with the Chen Fan that Meng Hao remembered.

It seemed that many matters of the heart had built up in him during the past centuries, and had reached the point that they were suffocating him.

He didn't say much at first, and he brought a flagon of alcohol with him, which he drank from continuously. It was hard to say when, but at some point, he had begun to drink on a daily basis. It had reached the point where he didn't just need to drink, he needed to get drunk.

He was no longer the blazing sun that he had been in past years, nor was he one of the Seven Swords. One fellow sect member after another had surpassed him, and his dreams of rising up within the Solitary Sword Sect had not come true.

However, he still smiled. He smiled at Meng Hao, and it contained the same warmth it always had, the same concern and love.

"Elder Brother Chen...." said Meng Hao, looking him over. Every time he saw his old friends, he couldn't help but think of the Reliance Sect.

"Make sure to focus well on your cultivation," said Chen Fan. "If you ever reach Immortal Ascension, then I can boast to people that I have a little brother who's an Immortal." He chuckled, and clapped Meng Hao on the shoulder. Then he took a long swig of alcohol and headed back toward the Solitary Sword Sect.

Meng Hao could clearly see the scorn with which many of the Solitary Sword Sect disciples looked at Chen Fan.

Chapter 718: Give Me This Lake!

RUMBLE!

Several days later, the Ancient Dao Lakes once again began to erupt. It was an enormous eruption in which glowing pillars of light shot up into the sky from roughly eighty percent of the Dao Lakes and Geysers.

It was the same in the inner region as the outer.

When the Dao Lakes erupted, countless Dao Shadows appeared. In the inner region, there were even three hundred or so Dao Lakes that erupted with magical items and other treasures. As far as the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, there were two that erupted with Dao Shadows and eight that spit out magical items.

All of the magical items were different, there were intact ones and ones that were broken apart or missing parts; some were ancient and dilapidated, others were brand new. Even more numerous than these were fragments of magical items. Lastly, there were broken bits of rocks and dirt from ancient ruins.

Of the Blood Demon Sect's three Dao Lakes, two spit out magical items. As for the lake Meng Hao occupied, a Dao Shadow appeared above it.

The other Dao Shadow appeared from within the 3,000-meter lake belonging to the Golden Frost Sect, the one Fatty was seated next to.

That particular Dao Shadow depicted a plump fellow cultivating some sort of formidable magical technique. When Fatty saw it, his eyes went wide, and he immediately began to seek enlightenment.

Because of the eruption, the previous quietude was instantly shattered. However, there was no descent into chaos. The Dao Lakes had been divided up, so unless some incredibly shocking item appeared, there would be no frenzied fighting like that which occurred in the outer region.

Whoever occupied a given lake had rights to whatever it spit out.

Immediately, countless cultivators flew up into the air toward their various Dao Lakes. Rumbling filled the air. The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs began to collect the various objects that had been spit out.

All of this takes some time to describe, but it actually only took the space of about ten breaths of time for all of the items from the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes to be collected up by the various sects. It was then that attention was turned to the 300-meter lakes.

That was especially true of the more than four hundred 300-meter lakes that belonged to Meng Hao. More than a hundred of them had spit out magical items, which floated there in mid-air. There were also some that had Dao Shadows and other miscellaneous objects. The sight was shocking, and would naturally cause anyone who saw it to be moved.

Despite that, not a single fight broke out. Meng Hao's actions earlier had clearly shown how powerful he was, as well as the unbridled manner in which he tended to act. Any cultivator who coveted an item protected by one of the Blood Prince's standards would first think long and hard before doing anything.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were tired but happy. They bustled about for nearly two hours collecting up the various objects spit up by the Dao Lakes. The cultivators from the other sects and clans looked on enviously.

Just when they were about to deliver all the objects up to Meng Hao, one of the 300-meter lakes that had spit out a Dao Shadow, suddenly began to rumble.

Immediately, large numbers of cultivators rose to their feet, their eyes burning with passion.

"A second eruption!"

"It's common for Dao Geysers to erupt twice. For a 30-meter Dao Lake to do so is uncommon. For a 300-meter Dao Lake to erupt a second time... is rare!"

"A second eruption almost certainly means a precious item will appear!"

Up to this point, Meng Hao had been sitting there meditating, but now that one of the Dao Lakes was erupting a second time, he opened his eyes.

RUMBLE!

Bright light blasted out from the Dao Lake as a corpse was spit out from within!

“A corpse!!”

“The corpse of a cultivator from ancient times?!”

“Wow... I have to get that!”

Corpses were incredibly rare, and in the instant that it appeared, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Violet Fate Sect, the Song Clan, and even the Li Clan off in the distance, were shaken. However... the Dao Lake that was erupting for the second time happened to have a blood-colored flag flying next to it. That instantly made quite a few people suddenly calm down.

Not everyone calmed down, though. Three of the Spirit Severing experts from the Golden Frost Sect flew out with glittering eyes. In their minds, Meng Hao had refrained from taking action against the Golden Frost Sect earlier because he was apprehensive; a fact they could take advantage of to keep him in check.

The three cultivators flew up into the air and then shot directly toward the 300-meter Dao Lake.

The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs instantly moved to intercept.

“How dare you, Golden Frost Sect!!”

“What gall!”

When Meng Hao saw what was happening, a cold smile turned up the corners of his mouth. He then slapped his hand onto the ground, causing everything to tremble. At the same time, his body transforming into an afterimage, which then completely vanished.

His incredible speed far exceeded both the three Golden Frost Sect cultivators and the Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs. He appeared next to the Dao Lake in the blink of an eye, then waved his

right hand to collect up the corpse. Finally, he turned to stare coldly at the three men from the Golden Frost Sect.

“It seems you three are looking to die.”

The three cultivators’ faces flickered. Shocked by Meng Hao’s display of speed, they unhesitatingly retreated.

At the same time, the armored man from the Golden Frost Sect flew out, followed by the other experts from the Golden Frost Sect.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then raised his right hand into the air and made a grasping motion. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared. A huge vortex surrounded the three cultivators, and a bloody hand appeared. Immediately, the three old men started to be consumed.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the three cultivators exerted every scrap of power they could muster to try to free themselves, all to no avail.

“Stay your hand!” roared the man in the golden armor. He sped through the air with explosive speed. The five cultivators behind him began performing double-handed incantations, after which they pointed forward. Shockingly, the illusory images of puppets encapsulated them.

The puppets were dozens of meters tall, and as they flew forward, the armored man suddenly performed another incantation. Blue veins popped up on his forehead as another puppet image appeared above him!!

Cracking sounds could be heard as all of the puppets quickly merged together. Shockingly, they transformed into an enormous golden puppet, three hundred meters tall and carrying a golden greatsword. It emanated a shocking pressure, which caused everything to tremble.

A similarly shocking voice rumbled out from the mouth of the puppet. “Stay your hand!”

The voice turned into powerful sound waves that spread out in all directions.

“Too late,” replied Meng Hao, his voice cold. He clenched his hand into a fist, and a boom resonated out. The three Golden Frost Sect Spirit Severing cultivators let out bloodcurdling screams

as they were crushed into a bloody pulp. Their qi and blood streamed toward Meng Hao, merging into his body, where it transformed into a shocking power that raged inside of him.

As the three Nascent Divinities frenziedly tried to escape, the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs shot in pursuit.

“Dammit!” cried the man in the golden armor. “Do you really think the Golden Frost Sect is afraid of you!?” He and the five cultivators behind him began to perform incantation gestures in unison. In response, the resplendent puppet began to emit... a shocking aura that bordered on Dao Seeking.

The instant the aura appeared, the faces of the members of the surrounding sects and clans flickered.

“That aura is borderline Dao Seeking!!”

“That’s the supreme magic of the Golden Frost Sect, the Golden Frost Marionette!”

The golden puppet raised its greatsword and slashed down. A ripping sound could be heard as a 30-meter rift appeared. An aura close to Dao Seeking exploded out, transforming into a pressure that could weigh down on anyone in the Spirit Severing stage.

“DIE!” cried the six Golden Frost Sect cultivators, their voices joining together into a shout that caused everything to tremble.

“Dao Seeking aura, huh?” said Meng Hao, eyes glittering. “I have that too!” The power of the Qi and blood of the three Spirit Severing Cultivators combined with the dissipating remainder of what he had absorbed from the Third Severing Patriarch of the Black Sieve Sect, fused together inside of him and then exploded out.

He clenched his hand into a fist and then punched directly toward the incoming sword.

RUMBLE!

The air shattered under the power of the fist. A black hole appeared that was not 30 meters, but rather, 90 meters wide, raging with a Dao Seeking aura.

Dao Seeking was an embodiment of natural law, a stage in which such laws were fused with the body.

The natural laws were based on the enlightenment of the Dao that accompanied the Third Severing. Dao Seeking was the time to see whether or not the Daos of the three Severings conflicted with each other. It was an introspection regarding the heart, and could not be interfered with nor influenced in any way.

If one had been correct in one's Dao, then that was that. If they had erred, there was nothing to be done. If correct... one entered Dao Seeking. If incorrect... the Dao vanished.

Therefore, this so-called aura, was a Dao aura.

As the aura spread out, the surrounding cultivators gasped. Sir Jian, Reverend Withered-Dao, and the Spirit Severing Patriarch leader from the Song Clan were especially shocked. They watched on in shock as the power from Meng Hao's fist connected with that of the greatsword.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The golden greatsword shattered into pieces that swirled about like flower blossoms. The puppet shook violently, and numerous cracks appeared on its surface. As they spread out, a look of shock appeared on the puppet's face, and then it exploded.

As the puppet blew up, the six cultivators inside, including the man in the golden armor, spit up blood. Their bodies sagged, and their expressions were that of astonishment as they retreated at full speed.

As for Meng Hao's fist, it lost its Dao aura.

After all, the power came from the strength he had gained by using the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and not from within himself. Now that the energy had been released by his first blow, he was incapable of making a second similar strike.

"The more I fight with the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the more ferocious it becomes!" Eyes glittering, he shot after the six retreating figures.

The three Nascent Divinities being chased by the six Blood Demon Patriarchs were incapable of escaping; at this point they had already been sealed up and collected. The Golden Frost Sect's power base in the area was now significantly weakened.

Seeing Meng Hao flying toward him, the man in the golden armor suddenly felt his heart tighten with anxiety. Gritting his teeth, he called out: "The Golden Frost Sect will give you a 3,000-meter Dao Lake!!"

"One won't do!" shot back one of the six Patriarchs. "Give us two!"

"Dammit...." The cultivators of the Golden Frost Sect grumbled, and the man in the gold armor's face fell. He had been in fear of Meng Hao's strength earlier, and actually didn't want to end up fighting him. He was just about to agree when....

Meng Hao's eyes fell onto Fatty, who was sitting next to the Dao Lake staring at the Dao Shadow.

He then looked at the other lake and pointed at it. "Give me that lake."

The man in the golden armor gaped for a moment, then quickly nodded his head. He looked at Fatty, and then finally put the pieces of the puzzle together. At this point, he realized that the reason Meng Hao hadn't made a move against them earlier wasn't because of any apprehension regarding the Golden Frost Sect, but rather, because of Li Fugui.

The Golden Frost Sect retreated to the Dao Lake with the Dao Shadow, and the Blood Demon Sect occupied another 3,000-meter Dao Lake. As of now, they had a total of four!

Chapter 719: Main Lake Eruption!

[/expand]

The appearance of a Dao Seeking aura had ensured that Meng Hao would now be completely and utterly famous within the great sects and clans of the Southern Domain.

The battle just now would soon spread to become a legend in the Southern Domain, and Meng Hao's name, and his titles of Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect and Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, would rise to complete prominence.

Most shocking of all was that not one, but two instances of Dao Seeking aura occurred. This enabled a comparison between the two, which made it all the more astonishing.

The first was the Dao Seeking aura of the Golden Frost Sect puppet.

Moments ago....

Everyone in the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes sensed it, but few actually recognized it for what it was. What they could tell, however, was that the aura was fearsome to the extreme. It immediately astounded all the cultivators in the area.

“Whose aura is that?!”

“It’s so terrifying! In fact, it almost feels like Heavenly might!!”

“Even our sect’s Patriarch doesn’t have an aura like that!!”

Tens of thousands of cultivators in the central region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, all of them from famous sects and clans of the Southern Domain, could sense the terrifying pressure of the aura.

The pressure was so intense that even the Dao Shadows above the Dao Geysers and Lakes distorted, as if some intangible force were affecting them.

“Dao Seeking aura!!”

“It’s definitely the aura of Dao Seeking!”

“Heavens! Don’t tell me there’s a Dao Seeking treasure in one of the Dao Lakes!? Or what if... it’s a Dao Seeking eccentric who came here personally?!”

RUMBLE!

Even as everyone looked around in astonishment, another pulse of Dao Seeking aura exploded out. The intensity of this aura far exceeded that of the first; it shook everything!

Winds seethed, and even the divine abilities of the cultivators in the area were affected, and began to dissolve into chaos. Magical items began to tremble, and it seemed as if they would lose their connection to their owners.

A natural law descended, something that seemed to pulse with a strange power that caused all of the cultivators to feel intense pressure suppressing their cultivation bases. At the same time, the power of their fleshly bodies seemed to temporarily increase.

Furthermore, because of the Dao Seeking aura, some of the Dao Shadows above the Dao Geysers distorted to the point that they were destroyed.

“Heavens! Another aura!”

“This aura is even stronger than the first one! Two pulses of aura means that it’s not a Dao Seeking treasure. No, there are two Dao Seeking experts fighting!”

“Who is it? What Dao Seeking eccentric showed up!? There are very few Dao Seeking cultivators in the lands of the Southern Domain. If you count them up there can’t be more than thirty, and most of them have been in secluded meditation for countless years!”

A huge commotion filled the entire region of the Dao Lakes as Meng Hao and the Golden Frost Sect puppet slammed into each other. Two massive Dao Seeking forces slammed into each other, sending out a shockwave that instantly swept out like a gale-force wind.

Most of the Dao Shadows were destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of cultivators felt as if their minds were under barrage. They were stunned, and required a long moment to recover.

In contrast, things quickly settled down in the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes. After the Golden Frost Sect submitted, peace and calm were restored. Meng Hao now sat cross-legged next to the Dao Lake, contemplating the enormous Dao Shadow.

The eruption of the Dao Lakes had caused two Dao Shadows to appear above the 3,000-meter lakes. One Dao shadow was being studied by Fatty, the other by Meng Hao.

The Dao Shadow Meng Hao was studying was that of a middle-aged cultivator wearing a simple, ancient Daoist ensemble. He sat cross-legged, meditating, and a drop of blood hovered in front of him. He performed incantations, after which ghost images sprang up around his body. After a single glance, Meng Hao could tell that the Dao Shadow was cultivating some sort of clone magic.

He couldn't determine the Dao Shadow's cultivation base, but he could tell that in certain aspects, the clone magic was similar to the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. Meng Hao looked over the image a few times, then began to immerse himself in studying it.

He had examined the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao many times over the years, and had a general understanding of it. However, there were some parts that he couldn't completely understand. He knew the general process, but not exactly how to carry it out.

Every time he felt he had enlightened regarding important aspect, and then lifted his hand up to perform the incantation, he discovered that his understanding actually didn't seem to amount to anything at all.

Therefore, the appearance of a Dao Image such as this was definitely a lucky break.

Time went by gradually, and soon three months had passed.

The eruptions of the Ancient Dao Lakes grew more intense. In the beginning, they would erupt once every four or five days. In the last month, however, the frequency had increased to every other day. Furthermore, the quantity of the items spit out was also increasing.

Seven or eight corpses had appeared, as well as five beasts. The sects and clans fought bitterly over them, and the victors made incredible gains.

Although the Dao Lakes were erupting with more and more items, more than half of the lakes were controlled by the Blood Demon Sect. However, nobody went near them. Meng Hao's actions three months before made it so that anyone who even thought of trying to snatch an item from one of them would instantly think of the violent repercussions that would follow.

As such, the Blood Demon Sect disciples were the most tired of all. More and more magical items were delivered to Meng Hao, and in this three months period, he had built up quite a stash.

As for Meng Hao himself, he never moved from the lakeside, where he sat studying the Dao Shadow. As long as he didn't take the initiative to disperse it, the Dao Shadow would remain in place. That was a special feature of the 3,000-meter lakes.

Fatty had emerged from his meditation two months ago, seemingly enlightened on many things. Afterward, he once again closed his eyes and continued to cultivate.

Two more months passed.

The Dao Lakes were now erupting at a frequency of once per day. To the cultivators of the Southern Domain, the Ancient Dao Lakes had turned into something like a paradise. As long as one could secure control of a Dao Geyser or Dao Lake and avoid wandering about randomly, then shocking good fortune was guaranteed.

To the cultivators in the central region, however, the increase in the frequency of eruptions meant only one thing. The main lake... would soon experience a massive eruption!

The pivotal moment in this surge of activity of the Ancient Dao Lakes was about to arrive...the 30,000 meter Dao Lake, which had not produced even a single wave the entire time, was finally going to erupt!

According to the information in the ancient records, the 30,000-meter Dao Lake wouldn't erupt with just one object. It would spit out many items at once, and among them were sure to be precious treasures!

In fact, it was even possible for magical items to appear that were equivalent to the legacy treasures of the sects and clans. Such items essentially gave that sect or clan the equivalent of a Dao Seeking eccentric. A possibility like that was enough to cause the cultivators of the Southern Domain to go mad with desire.

Gradually, more and more eyes came to be fixed in the direction of the 30,000-meter main lake.

In contrast, Meng Hao was immersed in seeking enlightenment, and in fact, had already formed some speculations about the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

“Withering Flame. Demon Magic. True Self Dao! This is not just a clone magic! There are other Daoist magics hidden within!” This enlightenment caused Meng Hao’s mind and heart to tremble. He had never seen a divine ability or magical technique that was so profoundly layered.

After another month had passed, the Ancient Dao Lakes were now erupting every few hours. The disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were swamped. They had literally no time to rest as they shot back and forth between the erupting Dao Lakes to collect various magical items and miscellaneous objects. To everyone else in the central region of the Dao Lakes, they almost looked like they were harvesting crops.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in pain from all the hard work, but they were happy.

Of course, the members of the other sects and clans watched them bustling about, and also felt a bit of pain... and they were not happy.

Least happy of all were the members of the Li Clan, who were still positioned 30,000 meters away. They could do nothing more than watch on helplessly as more and more magical items erupted from within the Dao Lakes. They didn’t dare to step even a foot past the 30,000-meter border. Although there were Dao Lakes in the area they occupied, they couldn’t even compare to the ones further in. They were better than nothing, of course, but the Li Clan cultivators only continued to grow more and more frustrated.

Their hatred for Meng Hao increased with each passing day.

Despite that, they didn’t dare to proceed past that 30,000-meter mark. Meng Hao was just far too powerful and intimidating.

The members of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the distant Li Clan, and the Song Clan were all looking toward the 30,000-meter main lake, suppressing their emotions and continuing to wait.

“Come on, hurry up! The 30,000-meter main lake is going to erupt soon!”

“We’ve been waiting the entire time just for this day! The only thing we don’t know is exactly when the eruption will occur!”

“That Meng Hao’s cultivation base is just too high! However, we don’t need to fight him. When the 30,000-meter lake erupts, the rules here will change. The teleportation talisman that didn’t work before will be able to function. Once the 30,000-meter lake erupts, all you have to do is grab an item and then use a greater teleportation talisman to get away! The real competition will be over who is fastest!”

“Meng Hao might have a high cultivation base, but he’s only one person. With so many items, we’ll just have to wait and see who gets lucky!”

The Violet Fate Sect was also taking things seriously. However, considering their close ties to Meng Hao, their attitude toward him was much warmer.

The Song Clan kept to themselves, but they also had their ambitions. All the sects and clans had their hearts set on the main lake.

As for the teenager who sat cross-legged behind Sir Jian in the Solitary Sword Sect, his eyes shone with a strange light as he looked toward the 30,000-meter main lake.

“The reason I sent my clone here in the first place was for this instance of good fortune,” he thought. “If my augury was correct, then the good fortune I seek will be coming with this eruption. That rascal Meng Hao might have Heaven-defying power, but if we end up fighting, I’ll have no choice but to subdue him.”

In the Golden Frost Sect, the man in the armor glanced over at Meng Hao, and then exchanged looks with some of the people behind him. They could all see the hesitation in each other’s eyes.

Then their eyes glittered, no longer with hesitation, but determination.

“Fight!”

“Cultivation is all about the smash and grab! When it comes to luck and good fortune, it won’t just randomly come to you! You have to fight for it!”

The entire central region of the Dao Lakes gradually filled with an oppressive aura. No one spoke, and all attention was focused on the coming eruption of the 30,000-meter main lake.

Meng Hao was still concentrated on enlightenment, although he wasn't looking at the Dao Shadow anymore. His eyes were closed as he inwardly pondered the truths of the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

Three days later.

RUMMMBBBBLLLLLEEEEE!

The land quaked as all of the Dao Lakes ceased any eruption. The lake in front of Meng Hao began to vanish. Everything became blurry. The 3,000-meter lakes, the 300-meter lakes, the 30-meter lakes, all of the lakes dried up and shrank rapidly.

Even the Dao Geysers were completely drained.

It almost seemed like someone was beneath all of the lakes, breathing in, inhaling the lake water away.

Of course, what came after an inhalation, was an exhalation!

“The 30,000-meter main lake is going to erupt!!”

“It's going to start! This is when the true good fortune appears!”

“I wonder what the 30,000-meter main lake is going to spit out! I heard that the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure came from the eruption of the main lake!”

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect rose to his feet. The armored man from the Golden Frost Sect was panting. The cultivators from the Song Clan stood there with glittering eyes. Reverend Withered-Dao was pulsating with ripples. 30,000-meters away, the Li Clan cultivators were focusing all the power in their bodies.

Only Meng Hao still had his eyes closed.

And then....

The formerly placid 30,000-meter Dao Lake was marred by ripples, as if something were bubbling underneath its surface.

BOOOOMM!!

Chapter 720: Everything Explodes!

With the exception of the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, all of the Dao Lakes and Geysers were drying up. Splits and cracks began to appear across the entire landscape, some of them enormous.

Teleportation traps flashed in and out madly, in some case appearing by the thousands to sweep across the land.

When the water of the 3,000-meter lakes began to lower, the South Heaven cultivators outside of the inner region began to withdraw. They knew the greatest windfall of all was just around the corner.

Unfortunately for them, it was good fortune they could never acquire. Only the cultivators in the inner region would have that chance. Furthermore, anyone who remained in the outer region would be killed during the eruption.

Currently, hundreds of thousands of cultivators milled around outside the border, peering inward. After all, even though they had no chance at getting the good fortune for themselves, the chance to witness the event was still an incredible opportunity. For all they knew, they might be able to gain some enlightenment that could lead to a breakthrough into another stage of cultivation.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the main lake.

RUMMMMMBBBBLLE!

The ground quaked as the 30,000-meter lake exploded.

It is difficult to describe how shocking the scene was, and how completely gobsmacked everyone was. The only thing that can be said is that in the enormous outer region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, massive fissures spread out across the land as if some enormous gravitational force under the ground was causing the land to sink down.

The land itself was too brittle, so fissures and cracks appeared as it sank.

When the entire land had sunk to a certain degree, it actually reversed itself and, amidst continuous rumbling, inflated back to its original state, as if it was an exhalation subsequent to an inhalation. It was almost like there was a giant, living deep beneath the ground, breathing, causing the land to sink and rise. As for the single 30,000-meter main lake, it formed what seemed like a passageway connecting the ground to the Heavens above, something completely unique in all existence.

It was the epicenter of the explosive exhalation; water surged up from the 30,000-meter lake into the air, forming a massive column!

From a distance, the sight was completely astonishing. It was not a pillar of light, but when illuminated by sunlight, the column of water glittered brightly with a rainbow of colors. It was dazzling to the extreme, and its allure irresistible.

Of course, what drew people toward it was not the light itself, but the great Daos of Heaven and Earth that seemed to be contained within.

In this moment, a blurry figure appeared in mid-air outside of the Dao Lakes among the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, although none of them could see him. He was a young man in a Daoist robe, around whom a black wind swirled. His eyes glittered as he stared at the Dao Lakes region.

“So, I didn’t come in vain this time. My Coffin Altar Sect of the Northern reaches uncovered the fact that great fortune is available for me here. I, Zhou Chen, have arrived, so how could the good fortune possibly escape me!?”

The young man clearly did not have a Dao Seeking cultivation base. However, his body emanated faint bits of a virtually undetectable Dao Seeking aura. He appeared to be scanning the area for something in particular, when he suddenly jerked his head to look toward the Ancient Dao Lakes. He frowned. “Hunh... Dammit! That guy’s here too? Lu Bai....”

Off in a different direction, a burly man stood on the peak of a mountain. He wore garments crafted from animal skins, and looked completely barbaric. He held a flagon of alcohol in one hand, and at his feet was the corpse of an Outlander Beast. Occasionally, he would rip some flesh off of the Outlander Beast corpse and eat it raw. His eyes glittered with a savage gleam.

“So, quite a few people are here from the Northern Reaches,” the man thought. “Well, the good fortune here belongs to me, Di Ye of the Desolate Clan! And I don’t just want the good fortune, I’m

gonna chow down on some of these Southern Domain cultivators. Their flesh is soft, definitely much more delicious than the people from the Northern Reaches.”

A smile twisted his face as he stared down at the Ancient Dao Lakes region.

Suddenly, he caught sight of something, and his face flickered with rage. “Lu Bai from the Imperial Bloodline Sect Dammit! He’s generally acknowledged to be the number one figure under Dao Seeking in the Northern Reaches, and is also one of the four great Young Starlords of South Heaven. What is he doing here? At the Second Severing level, he can fight early Dao Seeking! He’s inhuman! Considering he’s such a hotshot superstar with access to limitless good fortune, what the hell is he doing here?!?!”

As the thousands of teleportation traps swept through the Ancient Dao lakes, a young man proceeded along, his expression cool. He seemed gentle, and was extremely good looking, to the point of perfection. The teleportation traps in his path were completely incapable of even touching him.

“What an interesting place,” he thought, “although it doesn’t suit me very well. Why did the exalted Dawn Immortal send me here? According to her, I would encounter the enemy I am destined to face....

“How amusing. I wonder who this supposed enemy will turn out to be?”

As he proceeded forward, the image of a Resurrection Lily could be seen behind him, swaying back and forth ominously.

The Dao Lakes region was full of powerful forces!

The ground quaked in shocking fashion, and everyone watching from a distance was astonished.

Just outside the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, the experts from the great sects and clans were staring fixedly, holding their energy in check, just waiting until the full eruption.

And then... it happened.

A thunderous roar could be heard as countless magical objects, corpses, Dao Shadows, miscellaneous objects, and even beasts exploded out from the 30,000-meter main lake.

In the blink of an eye, multicolored glows appeared, the shocking light of magical treasures. The collective gasp of the cultivators outside turned into a sound wave that rolled out. Considering that they had such a reaction, there is little need to mention the reaction of the people in the inner region, who simply had to reach out to grab the treasures.

Among the magical items was a longsword, two meters in length, around which circulated nine one-meter-long shortwords. The pressure it exuded was incredible.

There was also a gigantic war drum, next to which was an enormous puppet, which seemed like the only thing even remotely capable of matching up to the war drum.

There was also an enormous halo. It was impossible to tell what it was made from, but it shone with golden light, and its surface was covered with countless inscriptions of magical symbols. From within could be sensed an incredible sealing power, radiating out in all directions.

In addition... there was a shocking corpse! It wasn't the corpse of a human, but rather, a black-colored dragon!!

To say that it was a dragon would be correct. However, this particular dragon had wings! Although it wasn't a Flying Rain-Dragon, it was fully 3,000 meters in length and had long horns!

There was also a tree with a red trunk and branches, black leaves, and blue flowers. As for the three fruit it produced, they were white!

There were vast quantities of jade slips, one bag of holding after another, and even shrunken palaces. Most astonishing of all, however, was a gigantic claw!

The claw was pitch black, and had three talons. It was over three hundred meters in length, and emanated an oppressive, murderous air.

There were a vast variety of items, and it would be impossible to describe them all. Upon cursory examination, there were roughly ten thousand in total, and because the various auras were all mixed together, it was difficult to determine which of the items was the most powerful.

In any case, as they burst out from the lake water, the rippling aura that spread out was shocking to the extreme.

The instant the Dao Lake erupted, the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect immediately teleported. Ripples of Dao Seeking energy spread out as he headed directly toward the lake.

In addition to the teenager, the Spirit Severing experts from the Solitary Sword Sect also shot toward the lake.

The golden-armored man from the Golden Frost Sect, along with the other Spirit Severing experts, transformed into the golden puppet, which immediately stepped into the lake.

From the Violet Fate Sect, Reverend Withered-Dao moved with shocking speed that matched the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect. He vanished, and when he reappeared, he was also above the Dao Lake. Of everyone in the Violet Fate Sect, he was the only one to take action.

As for the Li Clan off in the distance, they instantly went mad. Their Spirit Severing Cultivators couldn't match up in terms of speed, but they had teleportation talismans. They instantly activated them and appeared in mid-air above the erupting Dao Lake.

At long last, the old man from the Song Clan, who up to this point had not spoken a single word nor revealed the tiniest bit of his aura, rose to his feet. The area around him transformed into what looked like a tempest as he, along with the two Spirit Severing cultivators from the Song Clan, headed toward the Dao Lake.

The shocking eruption of the Dao Lake made it seem like it was raining.

Even as all the others took action, the invisible Coffin Altar Sect disciple Zhou Chen took a step forward. Nine bottle gourds began to spin around him, creating a tunnel, which led directly to the erupting Dao Lake.

On the mountain peak across from him, the burly Di Ye lifted his head up and roared. "Shrink, shrink, SHRINK!"

He called out three times, and with each call, the world seemed to shrink in front of him. By the time he said 'shrink' for the third time, the world looked like a zoomed-out image to him. He took a single step, and crossed the void to appear in mid-air directly above the Dao Lake!

At the same time, the young man Lu Bai, who was walking through the teleportation traps in the Ancient Dao Lakes outer region, stretched out his hand. The illusory Resurrection Lily behind him suddenly shrank down, and a six-colored Resurrection Lily appeared in his palm.

The instant the flower appeared in his hand, the area around him began to distort. Suddenly, images appeared around him of everything that had ever existed or even passed by the spot that he stood in.

He stood in the middle of the glowing lights, staring around at how everything had changed.

"Going back three breaths should suffice," he thought with a slight smile. Everything around him began to distort again, and suddenly, what he saw was the world that had existed three breaths of time ago. He took a step forward, and he was back in that exact same time, just before the Dao Lake was going to erupt. He took another step, and was in mid-air above the Dao Lake. It was in that instant that the lake suddenly erupted.

His divine abilities and magical techniques were bizarre and astonishing!

When the Dao Lake erupted, the light of magical items shone up into the Heavens. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect anxiously looked over at Meng Hao. Since his eyes were still closed, they stamped their feet and flew up into the air, shooting directly toward the erupting Dao Lake.

They weren't far from it to begin with, so it didn't take long to get close.

As for Meng Hao, his eyes were still closed, and his mind was filled with the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. He was still in the midst of contemplation. Although it first seemed impossible to comprehend, he was now reaching the limits of his understanding.

He had already determined that the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao was actually split into three different Daoist magics, the first being the Withering Flame, the second being the Demon Magic, and the third being the True Self Dao!

But now, he suddenly sensed that the Daoist magic... could actually be split into seven sections!
Each section was its own shocking Daoist Magic.

Withering. Flame. Demon. Magic. True. Self. Dao!

The clone aspect was merely the divine ability represented by the character “self!”