

The Heavens 391

Chapter 391: Initial Entry into the Crow Scout Tribe

There was no one around, only silence. It was late at night, and as soon as Meng Hao emerged from the teleportation, his body flashed and he was gone. He reappeared atop a tree off in the distance, whereupon he examined his surroundings.

The Wild Giant and Gu La were nowhere to be seen, which caused Meng Hao to frown.

Muttering to itself, the parrot burrowed out from within Meng Hao's robe. It flapped its wings and sniffed about, whereupon an intoxicated expression appeared on its face.

"There is an ancient aura here. Ahh, Lord Fifth likes this place. I suddenly feel like reciting some poetry..."

"You wicked, immoral, shameless bird! You think you're gonna recite poetry!? More like recite crap!" Of course, the meat jelly bell wouldn't miss out on any opportunity to attack the parrot. It continued to jabber on loudly.

Meng Hao swept the area with Spiritual Sense. After confirming that there was nothing dangerous nearby, he removed the blood-colored mask and took out the jade slip given to him by Yan Song. After looking at it closely, he found that it contained a map, as well as short introductions of the five Crow Divinity Tribes.

Meng Hao examined the map, then looked up and off into the distance.

"Some slight inconsistencies, but nothing too great. They seem intentional. It seems Yan Song doesn't trust everyone that much after all." Meng Hao laughed coldly, then produced the glowing ball of light from Li Tian. He examined it closely with several different methods before finally interrupting the parrot and meat jelly and asking their opinion.

That was the best method to get information regarding the thing. The parrot slapped its chest and then spit out a multicolored glob of light which it examined before waving it away.

“No problem. Don’t worry, when Lord Fifth takes action, one Lord Fifth is equivalent to two!”

“Two of you?” said the meat jelly complacently. “You have the skill to split into two? Humph. You should really say, ‘When Lord Third takes action, one Lord Third is equivalent to three!’” Its body suddenly made a popping sound as it transformed into three bells, all attached to the parrot’s foot.

The parrot’s eyes narrowed with disdain.

“You know, the reason I’m called Lord Fifth is an allusion to the fact that I’m a parrot. Do you know what parrots are, huh? The last character in the word ‘parrot’ is the same pronunciation as ‘fifth.’ That’s why I’m Lord Fifth. What about you? Bitch!” [1]

The meat jelly was furious. It truly felt as if it were being discriminated against. All three bells simultaneously let out furious shrieks.

“I’m called Lord Third, and that’s an allusion too, because I can count to three! That’s why I’m Lord Third! So what? You have a problem with that?!?!”

In this instance, the meat jelly really did seem to be quite bold and confident in its conviction, leading to a rare occurrence; the parrot gaped.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and ignored his clownish companions. He looked back at the ball of light in his hand and thought for a while. Next, he glanced at the ring on the finger of his right hand, which was, of course, the transformed Eyeless Larva. He quickly took it off and transformed it back into the Eyeless Larva, which he then combined with the glowing light.

The Eyeless Larva gradually disappeared. The glowing light transformed; moments later it was a totem, within which was the Eyeless Larva.

Meng Hao scanned it with Spiritual Sense, and after confirming that nothing was suppressing the Eyeless Larva, he lifted up his right hand and pressed it down onto the totem, which then covered the back of his right hand. It slowly sank into his skin, after which, a totem tattoo appeared.

As soon as the totem tattoo appeared, Meng Hao could sense his aura rapidly changing. It was no longer that of a normal Cultivator, but rather, the aura of totems.

It was exactly like that of a Western Desert Cultivator!

Upon closer examination, Meng Hao's eyes filled with understanding. His Cultivation base was still there, but it was surrounded by a protective layer. Whatever magical technique this was, it was touched with totemic aura. Because of that, Meng Hao appeared to be, not a Southern Domain Cultivator, but a local from the Western Desert.

"This Li Tian really does have some skill," thought Meng Hao. The more he thought about it, the more he realized this technique really was extraordinary.

A moment later, Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he transformed into a colorful beam of light that shot off into the distance. The parrot and the meat jelly hastened to follow, arguing the entire way. The parrot, of course, continued to come out on top.

However, the meat jelly would never admit defeat. It continued to clamor on that it would convert the parrot, and never lose.

Meng Hao examined the introduction to the Crow Scout Tribe from the jade slip. There wasn't much to it. "The Crow Scout Tribe is not the most inferior of the five Tribes that originated in the Crow Divinity Tribe," he mused. "However, they are not that particularly amazing. At best, they rank in at second from the bottom.... Considering such a situation, it was unavoidable for hidden struggles to break out between the various Tribes.

"Obviously, some of the larger Tribes wish to restore the former glory of the Crow Divinity Tribe. As such, there are internal struggles as the various Tribes attempted to swallow up the others. Such internal power struggles... are often at times more brutal and bloody than the wars on the outside.

"This particular Tribe focuses on Wood-type totems and is proficient in concealing arts.... So Wu Mu really was a member of this Tribe." Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes filled with anticipation. One of the primary reasons he had selected the Crow Scout Tribe was because of Wu Mu's Wood-type totems.

"Wood-type totems are a good fit for me. If I can acquire a Wood-type totem here, then I will have taken my first step on the path to the Five-Colored Nascent Soul!" Meng Hao increased his speed as he shot off into the distance. As he did, he slowly pushed down his Cultivation base until it reached the mid Foundation Establishment stage.

This was the most appropriate level to use to enter the Tribe. As a vassal, it wouldn't be good to have too high of a Cultivation base. Contrariwise, with too low of a Cultivation base, he would be looked down upon, and it would be difficult to be accepted.

At dawn, the first rays of light spread out across the land to push back the darkness. Night transformed into the warmth of day; the vegetation swayed in the wind, within which could be detected a fragrant aroma.

The Crow Scout Tribe was located in a basin below a mountain. The basin wasn't very large, but was big enough to house roughly one thousand members of the Tribe. Smoke curled up into the air from the houses below. The sound of children playing could be heard in the peaceful morning air.

At first glance, it looked less like a Tribe and more like a village. There were no walls surrounding it, only some vines clumped together. However, the vines, though they seemed ordinary, were actually enough to entangle even someone of the Core Formation stage who tried to break through them.

At the very center of the Tribe was an enormous statue of a tree!

The tree was covered with countless leaves, each one of which glittered with magical symbols. Some had red strings tied around them, upon which were hung small bells and bottles. When the wind blew, the tree wouldn't move, but the bells and bottles would clink out a melodious song.

Stone stairs could be seen snaking around the mountain located behind the basin. Apparently there was another area behind it which also belonged to the Crow Scout Tribe.

In front of the main gate was a pillar of light that shot up toward the Heavens. Even from a distance, it was possible to see that countless leaves swirled about within the light. A powerful pressure also emanated out from within.

Sitting cross-legged below the pillar of light was Wu Hai. Every year around this time was a ten day period in which the Tribe recruited vassals. Local Rogue Cultivators, or even travelers from further distances, could choose to join the Tribe. All of them had their various reasons for doing so.

As far as vassals were concerned, the Crow Scout Tribe had never been very keen on accepting them. However, in the past three years, they had expended quite a bit of resources in that regard, and had even issued special instructions regarding recruitment. Wu Hai wasn't quite sure the reason for this.

“It’s really not necessary,” he thought with a sigh. “Unless there’s a war going on, what’s the point in recruiting so many vassals?” Every time he laid eyes on the ten or more new vassals who had joined the Tribe in recent years, he felt a bit irritated. That was especially the case because quite a few of the women in the Tribe seemed very interested in the vassals. Wu Hai really didn’t like that.

Even as Wu Hai was stewing in his discontent, he saw a beam of light approaching through the sunlight. As it whistled through the air, he saw a young man within, handsome, wearing a green robe and a bright smile.

“Hello Fellow Daoist, is this the Crow Scout Tribe?”

Wu Hai blinked as he glanced over the handsome young man. In his heart, he felt disdain; Western Desert Cultivators were usually tall, but not always. There were many who closely resembled Cultivators from the Southern Domain.

From the aesthetic point of view of the Western Desert, such Cultivators were not the type that women preferred. Therefore, although Meng Hao had pleasing features, there was nothing about him that Wu Hai found particularly threatening.

Wu Hai liked this type of vassal. What he hated were the ones who were taller than himself.

He rose to his feet, revealing his tall and sturdy frame. He had two totem tattoos; one was of a leaf, the other a vine. He emanated the Cultivation base aura of the late Foundation Establishment stage.

“That’s right,” he said. “This is the Crow Scout Tribe. Fellow Daoist, do you wish to become a vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe? Our legacies stretch back long into the past. We are descendants of the Crow Divinity Tribe, which was one of the four most respected Tribes in the Western Desert.

“There is no other Tribe which contains the resources of the Crow Scout Tribe. True, the Crow Divinity Tribe split up into several other Tribes, but that was because each of those Tribes excels in different types of totems. However, none of them can measure up to the Crow Scout Tribe.” Wu Hai slapped his chest, looking very proud to be a member of the Crow Scout Tribe.

Meng Hao smiled as he looked him over. Then, he turned his head to look at the Tribe, especially the tree statue; a look of concentration appeared on his face.

Seeing this, Wu Hai continued, “Becoming a vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe is the best decision you could possibly make, Fellow Daoist. As soon as you become a vassal, you’ll receive half a Spirit Crystal. After a half year probation, if you’re approved, you’ll become a full vassal, with access to Crow Scout Tribe totems and techniques.

“What do you say? There are a lot of benefits, right? Are you interested?” Wu Hai laughed heartily. The words he’d spoken had been from the heart. It had been many years since the Crow Scout Tribe had expended such thought and resources on recruiting vassals. It was just in the last two years that the stingy Greatfather and the others suddenly got so generous.

Meng Hao was a bit taken aback. Before coming here, he had thought about the matter from a variety of angles, and had prepared a whole series of explanations to ensure that he wouldn't blow his cover. Only after doing all of that had he actually come to the Crow Scout Tribe.

Now, though, it seemed that all of those preparations were pointless. Becoming a vassal of the Tribe was so easy that Meng Hao almost couldn't believe it.

It seemed all he had to do was nod, and he would become a vassal. It seemed almost too easy.

“Don’t tell me the Crow Scout Tribe isn’t worried that people might come with ill intent?” thought Meng Hao. “A half year probation, huh.... Well, that must be the key. Even still, it seems unbelievable.” His first reaction was to hesitate. As far as he was concerned, the matter just seemed too simple, so simple, in fact, that he felt uneasy.

Chapter 392: The Great War of the Crow Divinity

This was completely different than what he had experienced in the Southern Domain and the Black Lands. It was almost like the people here... were somewhat naive.

“No way,” thought Meng Hao. “Aren’t the Western Desert Cultivators supposed to be cruel and ruthless? I thought that because the land is barren, everything existed in a state of chaos.” He really couldn’t figure it out. Even as he hesitated, he suddenly saw a streak of light off in the distance. It transformed into a middle-aged man who wore a haughty expression. He was tall and strapping, and after landing, he immediately expressed his desire to become a vassal.

Wu Hai seemed to have some apprehensions, but nonetheless, he handed the man a command medallion and then let him enter.

Seeing this happen caused even more disbelief to fill Meng Hao's heart.

Seeing Meng Hao continuing to hesitate, Wu Hai laughed and then said, "Fellow Daoist, you still haven't made up your mind? Come, join the Crow Scout Tribe! Glory awaits you!"

"Considering the level of my Cultivation base, what exactly will I have to do if I become a Crow Scout Tribe vassal?" asked Meng Hao, hesitation visible in his eyes.

"Fellow Daoist, your Cultivation base is excellent. Generally speaking, vassals of the Crow Scout Tribe have two options during their probationary period. The first is to become a Battle Cultivator and join the Vassal Corps. If you serve the Tribe well in that capacity, your probationary period may even be shortened.

"The other option is to raise low-level neo-demons. I personally think that you are more suitable for the latter. What do you say? There's no danger involved in being a Neo-Demon Kennelist. Furthermore, you also have the option of lessening the probation period if you do a good job raising the neo-demons. Besides, after officially becoming adults, all members of the Tribe need neo-demons, and will likely come to you for help.

"Brother," he said loudly, slapping his chest, "listen to Wu Hai, and you can't go wrong!"

An imperceptible flicker passed through Meng Hao's eyes when he heard the word 'neo-demon.' He suddenly thought of the beasts and Dragoneers he had seen back in Holy Snow City. After a moment's thought, he also recalled something from the jade slip with the introductions to the various Tribes.

In the Western Desert, the strength of a Tribe was determined by three factors. The first was its manpower, the second was the number of neo-demons it possessed, and the third was the level of Cultivation base of its powerful experts. Weakness in any of these areas would directly affect the overall power of the Tribe.

It also revealed the importance of neo-demons in the Western Desert.

After considering these points, Meng Hao made his decision. Regardless of how unbelievably easy it was to become a Crow Scout Tribe vassal, and even if there was some hidden secret lying therein, he was here. He had no real reason not to proceed.

Just as he was about to nod in agreement, a tremor ran through his mind and he looked up into the sky.

Simultaneously, four prismatic beams of light could be seen whistling toward them through the air. Inside were four Western Desert Cultivators who were all glaring at each other coldly, but were flying together nonetheless.

Wu Hai also saw the four beams of light, and his expression suddenly changed. His voice urgent, he said to Meng Hao, “What do you say, bro. You need to decide quickly whether or not you want to join the Crow Scout Tribe....” Before he could even finish speaking, the four beams of light had arrived.

“There’s no need to answer so quickly, Fellow Daoist! The Crow Soldier Tribe is the best decision for you!”

“Nonsense! The Crow Gloom Tribe is the most powerful!”

“Shut up, you two! The Crow Fighter Tribe is the true successor of the Crow Divinity Tribe!”

All four of the newly arrived Cultivators appeared to be roughly thirty years of age. Each one was in the Foundation Establishment stage, and they continued to talk incessantly.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Smiling, he said nothing.

Wu Hai looked furiously at the four newcomers, his eyes beaming with ill will.

“Hey, do you want to start a Great War of the Crow Divinity today?” he said, taking a step forward and emanating power from his Cultivation base. The four newcomers laughed as they approached.

“Don’t blame me! The Crow Fighter Tribe found me first, and then we went around to the other Tribes. After making a big circle, we came around here.”

Wu Hai was furious, but there was nothing he could do. He had actually participated in similar affairs quite a few times recently. “Dammit,” he thought, “Whenever it comes time to recruit vassals, the Tribes will go to any lengths to snatch vassals away from the others. They’ll do anything, above board, sneaky, sometimes even both.”

One of the four once again spoke up. “Fellow Daoist, don’t listen to him. The Crow Flame Tribe is the most powerful of all the Tribes. If you become a vassal of the Crow Flame Tribe, you will receive much better compensation than you will get here.”

Based on his experiences, it was easy for Meng Hao to understand what was going on between the Tribes. With a slight smile on his face, he took two steps back, opting not to involve himself in the conversation.

“Fine,” said Wu Hai with a cold laugh. Emanating power from his Cultivation base, he slowly said, “So, you do want to use a Great War of the Crow Divinity to decide which Tribe this Fellow Daoist chooses!”

The other four exchanged glances, serious expressions filling their faces.

Quite a few members of the Crow Scout Tribe had noticed what was happening, and approached, forming a ring around them. No one made any moves, but rather, had expressions of interest on their faces. It seemed this situation was not only something they were used to, but something they found amusing.

“Great War of the Crow Divinity?” thought Meng Hao. “Great, I can use this chance to see how these five particular Tribes differ from each other.” He once again backed up a few steps, curious as to why all of the surrounding Tribe members had such relaxed expressions on their faces.

The Cultivator from the Crow Soldier Tribe stepped forward suddenly and said, “The Crow Soldier Tribe will go first this time. The Crow Soldier Tribe was the first Tribe to form after the dissolution of the great Crow Divinity Tribe. Our totem is a Demonic Soldier, and we are the inheritors of the Western Desert! In all the Western Desert, if the Crow Soldier Tribe can’t accomplish something, then who can!?”

The Tribe member from the Crow Fighter Tribe stepped forward, his face filled with both determination and a bit of madness. “The Crow Fighter Tribe is the true successor of the great Crow Divinity Tribe!” he cried. “We hold the entire Western Desert in the palm of our hand! Who could possibly compete with us!”

Suddenly, some of the onlookers began to cry out curses.

“How brazen!”

“Too shameless! How could you possibly describe your Tribe in such terms!”

Meng Hao stood off to the side, his brow furrowed. It seemed this Great War of the Crow Divinity was not going at all how he had expected it would.

“Hmph! It doesn’t matter if you’re the true successors or not. All I know is that before the Crow Divinity Tribe even began its rise, only Crow Flame Tribe existed. Our ancestor set the entire Western Desert aflame for a hundred thousand years!”

“You people are all nothing! The only reason the Western Desert is even called the Western Desert is because of the existence of the Crow Gloom Tribe. It wouldn’t be here without us!”

As they continued to talk, Meng Hao’s expression continued to grow stranger. Then, he began to sigh inwardly. He finally realized that the reason everyone was gathered around was because this so-called Great War of the Crow Divinity was nothing more than a bragging contest!

There was no use of magical techniques or Cultivation base. It was all boasting.

Whichever Tribe managed to brag good enough in front of the vassal....

Meng Hao coughed slightly. He had never seen any sort of competition like this before.

“You people are nothing! The Crow Scout Tribe is the inheritor of the Western Desert. We understand the Cosmos. Our totem is a magnificent tree that supports the sky above the Western Desert!” Wu Hai finished with a roar. In terms of both his wording and his style, he was obviously not equal to the others. As soon as the words left his mouth, sneers appeared in the eyes of the others.

Inwardly, Meng Hao was shaking his head. Wu Hai’s words showed that he didn’t really understand the basic tenets of bragging. After Wu Hai finished speaking, Meng Hao cleared his throat, then clasped hands toward the group.

“Many thanks for the honor you have shown me, Fellow Daoists,” he said. “Unfortunately, my final decision is to join the Crow Scout Tribe.” He smiled and bowed to them.

Wu Hai's expression instantly lifted. However, the faces of the other four were unsightly.

“Don't tell me you despise the Crow Flame Tribe, Fellow Daoist!”

“Yeah, are you looking down on us? If we hadn't started the Great War of the Crow Divinity, it wouldn't matter. But now that we have, if you pick a Tribe, you have to state the reason why!”

All four of the others were now staring at Meng Hao, looking annoyed.

A slightly bashful look appeared on Meng Hao's face. He now felt obliged to help these people to understand what bragging truly was.

Bragging was something that was eternally a part of Heaven and Earth. It had existed for as long as life itself. No person could escape its talons; no Cultivator alive could resist its enticement.

It was omniscient; after all, its existence was eternal.

Meng Hao cleared his throat. The bashfulness on his face was now covered with a layer of something that looked like holiness.

“The reason I picked the Crow Scout Tribe, is because it supports the sky above the Western Desert. The great tree totem that they control, is actually the Spring and Autumn tree, the ancient World Tree, that great ancient bridge between the Heavens and the Earth!

“In its eyes, the Western Desert is nothing more than a wrinkle in the great stream of Time. In its heart, the entire world is nothing more than a blink during one of the countless times that it awakens and opens its eyes.

“The Crow Scout Tribe has mastered the eternity of Time, and controls the four seasons of Heaven and Earth!” Meng Hao's voice echoed back and forth. The four Western Desert Cultivators stared in shock. It felt as if some great power were shaking their hearts, causing their scalps to go numb. They were looking at Meng Hao as if he were some kind of ghost.

“Shameless!!”

“Too brazen! I’ve never seen someone so shameless. You’re not even a member of the Crow Scout Tribe, how could you possibly describe them in such an exaggerated way!!”

“Dammit, according to his description, the Crow Scout Tribe is even more grand and unfathomable than the Crow Divinity Tribe! Completely brazen!!”

As the four Cultivators cursed Meng Hao, Wu Hai looked at him with wide eyes. He suddenly started to feel a bit flushed. The surrounding members of the Crow Scout Tribe were all looking at him with expressions of disbelief.

His voice filled with emotion, Meng Hao continued, “The great tree of the Crow Scout Tribe has given birth to innumerable lives. The Great Tang in the Eastern Lands came into being because a spring was formed by a drop of water that fell off of a leaf of the great tree of the Crow Scout Tribe. The disconsolate call of the Qiang flute of the Northern Reaches exists because of a single frowning glance from the great tree of the Crow Scout Tribe.

“All of the fertility in the Southern Domain is because the great tree of the Crow Scout Tribe bestowed it with a single grain of soil. And as for the Western Desert... it is the home of this great tree, and home of the Crow Scout Tribe!

“The Crow Scout Tribe is worthy of the greatest admiration, holy. It is the sky of the Western Desert, the clouds of the Southern Domain, the object of worship of the Northern Reaches, and the saint of the Eastern Lands!” As Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, Wu Hai’s face grew red, and his expression somewhat blank. A single question filled his mind.

“Is he really talking about the Crow Scout Tribe?”

It wasn’t just him that was thinking this. It was all of the Crow Scout Tribe members. Each and every one had strange looks on their faces, and couldn’t help but feel a bit excited.

Chapter 393: The Path of the Dragoner

Two old men stood at the peak of the mountain that belonged to the Crow Scout Tribe. They were currently looking down at the scene playing out below. Both had white hair, but radiated extraordinary vigour. Each had four glittering totem tattoos which stretched out over their bodies, to the point where even their faces were covered.

“Hahaha! What a genius! Well played, well played.”

“This kid really has a way with words. What a sharp tongue! After he becomes a vassal, we should give him the position of recruiting other vassals.”

The two old men exchanged a smile. Actually, Meng Hao’s performance wasn’t something they would remember deeply. Every year during vassal recruiting, members of the junior generation would participate in the so-called Great War of the Crow Divinity. Other Tribe members were always more than happy to observe the excitement.

Sometimes, listening to the members of the junior generation bragging and boasting was just pure entertainment.

Meanwhile, back down below....

“Too brazen!!” cried the Crow Flame Tribe member, unable to restrain himself. His words caused the onlookers to all suddenly look at him. Everyone else present was from the Crow Scout Tribe, and they didn’t look happy.

The Crow Flame Tribe member continued, “You claim that the Crow Scout Tribe’s tree of Heaven and Earth gave birth to the Eastern Lands, the Northern Reaches, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert. Well, the Crow Flame Tribe is a flame of the highest of the Heavens, a fire that can burn everything! It could turn all the lands into rubble, and transform all living things into ash!”

The Crow Gloom Tribe member didn’t seem to care that they were surrounded by a crowd. “The Crow Gloom Tribe is the moon of our world! Its light shines over all life. All flames and even the sun itself exist merely to serve as foils to the radiance of the moon that is the Crow Gloom Tribe!”

They had obviously been inspired by Meng Hao’s words. Their arguments now were much different than they had been before.

Off to the side, Wu Hai was furious. In his view, they were acting with complete shamelessness to brag in this way. He wanted to offer up a retort, but wasn’t sure what to say. He looked over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was smiling, and his expression was one of coolness.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re talking about the Western Desert or the Eastern Lands,” he said, a pious expression on his face. “All are simply solitary fallen leaves. The grand tree of the Crow Scout Tribe contains millions upon millions of leaves. As for the flames of which you speak, and the moonlight, they, too, are simply leaves on the tree!

“The grand tree of the Crow Scout Tribe is an Immortal above all living things. It supervises Heaven and Earth, and oversees the millions upon millions of trees that exist in the entire world!

“It is our light when we are in the darkness.

“It is our strength when we feel weak.

“It is our comfort when we wish to grieve.

“It is our wisdom when we are perplexed.

“It is our hope when we feel despair.

“It is our shield when we face evil!

“It provides safety when we charge into war!”

Everything was quiet as all the onlookers stared blankly. Wu Hai, the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members, as well as the four representatives from the other Tribes were all the same.

In fact, the two old men at the peak of the mountain were also stunned.

Everyone had strange expressions on their faces. The four Cultivators from the opposing Tribes felt their brains spinning, and couldn’t think of a single word to say.

Normally speaking, they counted themselves as experts in the Great War of the Crow Divinity. However, they were now astonished to discover that bragging... had realms beyond even them. They had been rendered utterly speechless.

“Therefore,” continued Meng Hao, “I choose to join the Crow Scout Tribe. I will bow to the Immortal who oversees millions upon millions of leaves. I will bathe in his light, and then spread that light to every corner of the Western Desert.

“Let all people in the world call him Immortal! Let the Great Tree come! His Will shall be done on Earth as it is in Heaven!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath as his words echoed back and forth amidst the silence of the Tribe. Everyone around had looks of complete disbelief covering their faces. Wu Hai was trembling; it seemed he had discovered the path he wished to tread in the future. He would memorize the words he had heard just now. From now on, whenever he participated in the Great War of the Crow Divinity, he would be invincible! No one would be his match! He could even look down on the Crow Divinity!

His expression filled with piety, Wu Hai called out in a loud voice: “Let all people in the world call him Immortal! Let the Great Tree come! His Will shall be done on Earth as it is in Heaven!”

The faces of the four other Cultivators were extremely unsightly. They exchanged grim glances and then sighed. With final hateful looks at Meng Hao and Wu Hai, they turned, transforming into colorful beams of light that shot off into the distance.

As they left, the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members looked over at Meng Hao with strange expressions. After a long moment, they began to disperse. Wu Hai grabbed Meng Hao’s arm excitedly. This was the first time in his life that he had looked so excited.

“Brother, that was amazing. I think you were born to be a member of the Crow Scout Tribe. Listen, for now, forget about the Neo-Demon Kennelist thing. You need to come with me to some of the other Tribes. We’re going to start some Great Wars of the Crow Divinity. I truly believe that we can spread the Will of the Great Tree throughout all creation!” His eyes shone with an unprecedented glow, one of devoutness as well as indescribable stubbornness.

It actually bordered on madness.

Seeing this, Meng Hao felt incredibly strange. “He can’t possibly actually believe it, can he...?” he thought to himself.

It was only after a multitude of explanations, along with solemn usage of the phrases regarding the Great Tree being an Immortal, that Meng Hao was able to extricate himself from Wu Hai. He went with some other Tribe members to perform a series of formalities that were required for new vassals. Finally, he was given a stone tablet and escorted to the area behind the mountain.

This area was actually quite large and was divided into many districts, all of which were separated by fences formed from branches. Without the proper identification medallion, it would be difficult to pass from one district into another.

The district in which the low-level neo-demons were raised was actually relatively remote in comparison to the other areas. As soon as he arrived, Meng Hao smelled an odd odor.

It was a strange, acrid smell that seemed to be a mixture of excrement and sweat. The Crow Scout Tribe member next to him frowned and squeezed his nose shut as he led Meng Hao forward. Obviously, were it not for the admiration he felt toward Meng Hao because of his performance earlier, he would never have personally escorted him here.

He could have called for someone to lead Meng Hao, but instead did it himself; the difference between the two was clear.

As they walked along, a variety of howls and shrieks could be heard; this was obviously a location where large numbers of neo-demons were reared.

Eventually, they reached a very out-of-the-way location, and a crude courtyard. They stopped, and his escort called out. Moments later, the courtyard door opened and an old man emerged. He wore a long robe made of sackcloth and was somewhat dirty. As he looked them over, the Crow Scout Tribe member introduced Meng Hao. The old man nodded and eyed Meng Hao, noting that he had been personally escorted over.

Finally, it seemed the Crow Scout Tribe member couldn't take the smell anymore; he turned and left.

"This used to be my courtyard for raising Greenwood Wolves," said the old man lightly. "From now on, this place belongs to you. There are five wolves inside that you can take care of. In half a year, the results of your probation will be determined by how well you took care of them. Then you will become a full vassal." With that, he tossed a command medallion to Meng Hao and began to stroll away. Just as he passed Meng Hao, he stopped, suddenly remembering that Meng Hao had been escorted here. Throughout the years, that was something that didn't happen very often, which meant that Meng Hao must have some special connections.

With a lofty expression, he said, "I'm not sure if you have any experience raising neo-demons. Either way, don't forget that if the Greenwood Wolves die, you'll have to provide compensation. Also, the five Greenwood Wolves were just recently born. They can only eat fresh meat, which you can acquire from the beasts in the surrounding mountains. As for the water they drink, it can only be melted snow from the peaks of the snowy mountains outside.

"In addition, you must mix some Tree Nurturing Grass into their food. You can find that type of grass in the mountains also. Furthermore, you will need to give the Greenwood Wolves Tui Na massage treatment every day to help them grow. Finally, you are responsible for making sure they maintain their ferocity and don't become too domesticated."

With that, he paid Meng Hao no further heed and left.

Meng Hao looked at the courtyard. The place did have an odd odor, but it wasn't something that Meng Hao couldn't handle. Furthermore, its remote location meant that not many people would be around, which suited him nicely.

After entering, he immediately heard some threatening yipping sounds. Looking around, he saw a row of small wooden kennels, standing in front of which were five little, green wolves. Each one was only about as big as his hand. They stood there glaring at him maliciously.

As soon as he saw the little wolves, Meng Hao smiled. It was a warm smile, because as soon as he saw the little buggers, it instantly made him think of the Blood Mastiff when it was small.

Their furriness made them incredibly cute.

As soon as he smiled at them, they turned into green blurs as they charged over. Meng Hao laughed and waved his hand. The green blurs instantly dissolved into the images of the tiny wolves, which he now held by the scruffs of their necks. Being held in this position, they tried to bite him, but couldn't. They only let out their threatening yips, which then turned into pleading whines.

Meng Hao tossed the little wolves back into their wooden kennels, and then examined his surroundings further. The echoing cries of various beasts could be heard in the air, but other than that, everything was relatively peaceful.

Within the courtyard were the wooden kennels as well as a simple wood cabin. He opened the door and, seeing the place was in quite a mess, waved his hand. A wind sprung up which cleansed everything in a matter of moments. Everything was gone; the only thing that remained was a wooden bed.

“The word ‘neo-demon’ is basically a general term that covers all the various beasts in the Western Desert,” he thought as he sat down cross-legged on the bed. “In any case, they are very important to Western Desert Cultivators.” It was midday now, and the sun shone brightly. However, this place was located in the deep mountains and surrounded by forest, which broke up the sunlight and made the whole area shady.

Meng Hao really liked the scenery. He took out a jade slip which contained Yan Song’s introduction to the Western Desert. He focused on the part regarding neo-demons and began to study it. Combined with the understanding he had gained in the Black Lands, it only took about half a day before he raised his head from the jade slip. He was now relatively familiar with neo-demons.

“Neo-demons are a very important part of Tribal culture in the Western Desert. The number of neo-demons a Tribe possesses determines how flourishing the Tribe is considered to be. To Western Desert Cultivators, neo-demons aren’t just partners in battle; they are used when transporting goods, when sealing agreements, or even when food is needed.” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with understanding.

If necessary, low-level neo-demons could even be used as food. That part Meng Hao understood immediately.

“Ordinary totem Cultivators can use totems to harness the power of neo-demons. However, when it comes to actually controlling neo-demons, that is something that can only be done by... Dragoners! Only they can control large numbers of neo-demons. In fact, a low Cultivation base can be made up for in such a way. Of course, Dragoners don’t just fight with neo-demons, they raise them. In fact, they also use a variety of different techniques when it comes to training, and even killing them.

“So that’s why the Western Desert Cultivators mistakenly thought that I was a Dragoon when they saw my poison at work outside of Holy Snow City. Furthermore, they mistakenly took the illusory image of the Flying Rain-Dragon to be a Heavenly neo-demon!”

Meng Hao’s eyes continued to glitter with enlightenment.

Chapter 394: The Demon Nurturing Pill Causes a Furor!

Meng Hao continued to peruse the jade slip.

“Neo-demons are very unique. They’re initially broken up into nine levels. The first three are equivalent to the Qi Condensation stage. The middle three are similar to Foundation Establishment, whereas the final three are like Core Formation.... Neo-demons which possess power equivalent to Nascent Soul Cultivators are Earthly neo-demons!

“Earthly neo-demons are relatively uncommon. However, even rarer are neo-demons that are as powerful as Spirit Severing Cultivators. Those are Heavenly neo-demons!” Meng Hao thought back to the Flying Rain-Dragon, and how people had assumed it was a Heavenly neo-demon. Now it made more sense.

“Above Heavenly neo-demons is a twelfth level, as rarely seen as phoenix feathers and qilin horns. Neo-demons like that are totems, and are as powerful as the Dao Seeking stage, only a step away from being Immortal!

“Do totems really come from Immortals?” thought Meng Hao. He thought back to all the totems he had seen and studied, and also of the great tree in the Crow Scout Tribe. Suddenly an image appeared in his head of an ancient totem composed of the magical symbols of the Celestial soil. He shook his head.

“Maybe that’s only where some totems come from. In any case, when it comes to totems, there are weak and strong ones.” He suddenly looked up from the jade slip toward the five little Greenwood Wolves, who sat sitting trembling in their wooden kennels.

“Newborn wolves who have level 1 power. These Greenwood Wolves have pretty good latent talent; beasts like these would be relatively rare in the Southern Domain. It seems the Western Desert really is a suitable place for neo-demons to exist.” He closed his eyes to sink into contemplative meditation.

Late in the night, Meng Hao suddenly began to hear various whimpering and crying sounds. They turned into howls that sounded almost like the tantrum of a child. They started out slowly, but by the time dawn lit the sky, the cries were continuous.

The sound of it was now mournful, as if filled with discontent at the most unjust thing in all Heaven and Earth which had occurred.

Meng Hao's brow was furrowed as he opened his eyes. The sky above was hazy as he looked out at the kennels in the courtyard. The five little green-colored wolves were currently scratching frantically at the door of the kennel area. They were even gnawing at the wood, their eyes shining green. They were... hungry!

They let out continuous anguished howls, and their bodies shivered weakly. Most melodramatic of all was that the door was half gnawed away!

"Oh shut up!" said Meng Hao, glaring at them.

The five little wolves instantly shrank back, looking anxiously at him with their huge, glittering eyes. They appeared to feel wronged, and also starving. From the moment they had been born until now, they had never gone hungry for an entire day! The feeling of hunger filled them with fright.

Meng Hao's scolding made them feel completely maltreated.

Five little wolves, and one person, looking at each other underneath the hazy sky.

After the space of about ten breaths had passed, however, the five little wolves once again began to let out mournful howls. They were being abused! They were hungry! They had never gone a day without eating before, and now they were being scolded by Meng Hao. Their high-pitched sobbing rose up into the sky, and their little bodies shivered as if with cold. Some of them even had wood chips on their mouths. Seeing this, Meng Hao rose to his feet and walked over. As he neared, the little Greenwood Wolves pressed up against the door to their kennel area, staring anxiously at Meng Hao and wailing as loud as they could.

Meng Hao reached out and grabbed one of the little wolves. The others suddenly seemed to get extremely nervous, and shrank back into the corners of their kennels.

The little Greenwood Wolf that Meng Hao had grabbed had a white mark on its head. It wasn't very obvious at first, but if you looked closely, it was clearly visible.

After picking up the little wolf, it began to cry out miserably and tremble. Its wide eyes were filled with helplessness and fear.

"Still howling? I think you were howling the loudest just now." He glared commandingly down at the little wolf.

The little Greenwood Wolf with the white scar continued to let out victimized yips. Meng Hao could hear grumbling of its stomach. He reached out to touch it and found that its stomach really did seem to be completely empty.

He cleared his throat, abashedly. "It seems I forgot that they're not the Blood Mastiff. They actually need to eat..." It really had completely skipped his mind.

The Blood Mastiff didn't need to eat, and Meng Hao had long since reached the state where he abstained from food. The little wolf could sense that Meng Hao's attitude had changed, and instantly began to howl even louder. The pained expression in its eyes became even more obvious. Meng Hao suddenly felt a bit guilty.

"Okay, okay, stop crying," he said, stroking the little wolf's fur. "It's my fault, okay? Just hold on a bit, I'll get you something to eat." He put it back into the kennel and then immediately turned and hurried out of the courtyard. Recalling the words spoken by the old man as he left, he headed off toward the mountains.

He returned at midday, a forced smile on his face. After entering the courtyard, he saw the five little wolves laying there listlessly in their hunger. He hurried over, going from kennel to kennel. After prodding each little wolf awake, he picked up their wooden feeding bowls and then produced some of the food he'd acquired that morning and put it inside for them to eat.

As soon as the little wolves smelled the fresh meat, all the latent power in their bodies seemed to explode out as they charged forward and began to gulp it down.

Meng Hao stood off to the side watching. He basically hadn't accomplished anything the entire morning other than searching around to find some food. This was going to be a problem.

"I'm not sure how the other Cultivators raise their neo-demons, but if I have to keep doing this, it's going to be really inconvenient..." Meng Hao frowned. However, thinking back to the plaintive howls of the little wolves, he realized that he couldn't possibly allow them to starve to death.

He watched as the little wolves quickly consumed the food that he had spent the morning acquiring. Then, they started to howl again. Suddenly he felt a headache coming on.

“You guys are all little Patriarchs....” he said with a sigh. He quickly produced some water to give them. After lapping it up, their expressions were that of content. They immediately ignored Meng Hao and started to play.

Meng Hao looked up at the afternoon sky, then went back to his wood cabin, where he sat down cross-legged to think. After a moment, his eyes suddenly opened wide, and were filled with a bright glow.

“Even though they’re neo-demons, they still have Cultivation bases. Since they do... then I can start feeding them medicinal pills at any time! In the Western Desert, they view medicinal pills as precious treasures and don’t use them often. Of course they wouldn’t feed them to low-level neo-demons.” It was at this point that he thought of the Demon Nurturing Pill of the Frigid Snow Clan.

The pill formula for the Demon Nurturing Pill was very strange. In fact, medicinal plants only made up a small portion of the formula. The rest of the ingredients required refinement of the blood and flesh of various high-level neo-demons. Originally, Meng Hao had been a bit confused by this, but now it made sense.

“The Frigid Snow Clan used to be one of the most powerful Clans in the Western Desert. They produced generation after generation of Grand Dragoner. The reason for that surely had to do with their secret Dragoner technique along with some special medicinal pill formulas.

“The Demon Nurturing Pill uses the blood and flesh of various different neo-demons, and can actually be concocted to a variety of levels.” Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce the enormous corpse of a Flood Dragon.

Back on the battlefield of Holy Snow City, Meng Hao had taken the opportunity to collect some bodies of various neo-demons with the intention of researching and using them in some way. This Flood Dragon had a cultivation base at the early Core Formation stage; according to the ranking system, that would make it level 7.

“Concoct some Demon Nurturing Pills and try out the secret Dragoner technique on these little wolves, and they should be fine.” Meng Hao looked back at the kennels, and the little wolves play fighting with each other.

He waved his hand, and the Flood Dragon corpse began to shrink. A moment later, it had transformed into a collection of blood mist. At this point, Meng Hao produced his black pill furnace.

The face of the teenager that existed on the pill furnace looked listless. It glanced at Meng Hao, and this time, did not dare to display any rancor. It obediently faded away, allowing Meng Hao full use of the pill furnace and not obstructing him in any way.

He sent the blood into the pill furnace. As for the medicinal plants, he had quite a few, but not every single one that was required. If he was an ordinary alchemist, he would be at a loss. However, being a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy, he was able to extract medicinal properties from other medicinal plants that he combined together to meet the requirements of the formula.

Medicinal plants emerged, and Meng Hao continued to concoct until late in the night. He held the pill furnace in his right hand, heating it with the invisible Everburning Flame and staring into it as he made occasional adjustments.

This was his first time concocting a Demon Nurturing Pill, so time went by relatively slowly. The following morning at dawn, the five little wolves started to howl in hunger once again. Meng Hao's eyes glittered brightly as he slapped the pill furnace. It let out a booming sound, and then a red-colored medicinal pill shot out.

The instant it appeared, the image of a snarling Flood Dragon could also be seen inside it. It seemed as if the Flood Dragon wanted to take control of the medicinal pill and fly away with it. However, Meng Hao reached out and grabbed the pill. No matter how it struggled, it wasn't able to escape his grip.

"Eighty percent medicinal strength. There's still room for refinement!" Meng Hao tossed the pill back into the pill furnace and began to use the Alchemy Dao Transmutation Incantation to further refine it. After two hours passed, a deep red medicinal pill emerged that emitted no medicinal aroma.

However, as soon as it appeared, a smell began to waft out that Cultivators would not be able to detect, but that neo-demons could. They could clearly smell it, and as soon as the aroma appeared, the five little wolves stopped their howling and suddenly looked over. They pushed up against the kennel door, staring through the cracks at the pill in Meng Hao's hand. Their bodies trembled and they seemed to be on the verge of going crazy. They started bashing against the door, as if they were willing to die to get ahold of the pill.

At the same time, in all the surrounding areas of the Crow Scout Tribe that were devoted to raising neo-demons, which included roughly one hundred courtyards, roars began to sound up. All of the

neo-demons from level 1 to 6 began to go crazy. Their howls lifted up to shake Heaven and Earth. It seemed that the appearance of this medicinal pill was like some indescribable blessing in their eyes.

Hundreds of neo-demons were all roaring. The intensity of the sound immediately shocked all of the Neo-Demon Kennelists in the various courtyards. Looks of confusion appeared on their faces, and they began to cast various spells on the neo-demons in their unprecedented madness.

The old man who had acted so arrogantly to Meng Hao before was now panting, his eyes wide. He stared at the level 4 neo-demons he was raising, his face filled with astonishment at how crazy they were acting.

A multitude of voices rose up in the area.

“What’s going on...?”

“What happened?”

“Are the neo-demons rioting?”

Chapter 395: Really Set Something Off....

As the sound rose up into the air, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. He could sense the mania that had arisen because of the Demon Nurturing Pill. He glanced down at the pill and then looked over at the five little green-colored wolves. Then, he reached out his left hand and pushed it down onto the ground.

As he did, an invisible shield sprang into being that covered the several dozen meter area around him. It immediately cut off the strange Qi that the neo-demons could sense but the Cultivators couldn’t.

However, his actions were a bit too late. Even as the shield appeared, seven or eight booms could be heard as nearly twenty different types of neo-demons suddenly appeared nearby, roaring. These were level 6 neo-demons, with power equivalent to the late Foundation Establishment stage. Their eyes were red and filled with madness as they flew back and forth in the sky.

However, they were unable to find the source of the Qi, which of course Meng Hao had covered over. In addition, the Neo-Demon Kennelist Cultivators immediately flew up to try to placate them. After a bit of time passed, things eventually grew quiet again.

By this time, it was getting late, and night had fallen over the land. Everything was growing dark. Meng Hao looked out at the calmness outside and then back at the little green-colored wolves in their kennels. Their eyes were bright red, and if the wooden door wasn't sturdy enough, they would have broken through it.

It seemed this medicinal pill he had concocted was incredibly enticing to them.

“Interesting. The Frigid Snow Clan... or should I call it the Agarwood Clan, must have produced so many Grand Dragoners not only because of their secret Dragoner technique, but because of this medicinal pill!

“Neo-demons.... That time ago back in the Black Lands, I absorbed Demonic Qi using the art of Righteous Bestowal. That's why that woman from the Western Desert thought I was a Demon Lord. Demonic Qi really is bizarre. There must be some connection between all of these things.” After thinking about the matter for a while, he duplicated some Demon Nurturing Pills and then suddenly pointed down toward the ground.

“Righteous Bestowal!” Immediately, invisible Demonic Qi seethed up, although not too much. Meng Hao only stirred the Demonic Qi in a roughly three hundred meter wide area.

The Demonic Qi rushed over to swirl around Meng Hao's finger. He looked over to find strange expressions on the faces of the five little wolves. It almost seemed as if the enticement they felt because of the Demon Nurturing Pill had lessened. They were all staring dead at Meng Hao.

His eyes flickered. Muttering to himself for a moment, he put the medicinal pills away and then dispelled the invisible shield that surrounded him. He silently sent the Spiritual Sense of his peak Perfect Gold Core out in all directions. There was no neo-demon or Cultivator who could possibly sense this Spiritual Sense.

With his Spiritual Sense, he could see all of the hundreds of neo-demons in the area. They seemed restless, but not crazy like they had been before.

“Interesting....” Meng Hao thought for a moment, whereupon a completely audacious plan sprung into his mind. He set up the shield again, then produced a Demon Nurturing Pill. His eyes glinting, he took the Demonic Qi that was swirling around his finger and tapped it onto the medicinal pill.

Doing this required no pill furnace. His invisible alchemic flame gradually fused the Demonic Qi into the medicinal pill. As soon as that happened, the silence of the night was broken as the hundred Neo-Demon Kennelist courtyards all erupted with roars. This was despite the shield that Meng Hao had put up!

The level of the frenzy vastly exceeded that from before. Roaring echoed out, an indescribable howling that shook everything.

This was not just a handful of neo-demons roaring; it was all of them! In a split second, a shocking roar filled the entirety of the Crow Scout Tribe!

The sound of it vastly exceeded that of the riot caused by the first pill.

Wu Hai was there among his fellow Tribe members, a blank look on his face. He wasn't sure what was happening, nor did anyone else around him. What could possibly make all the neo-demons act in this way?

Within the Crow Scout Tribe, one Tribe member after another woke up and was instantly shocked.

“All of the neo-demons are roaring. What happened?”

“What's going on over in the Neo-Demon Kennelist district?”

“Something must have happened. This is impossible! This is.. hundreds of neo-demons all roaring together!”

However, even in the midst of their shock....

The tall mountain which separated the front area of the Tribe from the Neo-demon Kennelist district in the rear was suddenly split by one shockingly powerful roar after another.

In total there were five. The roars filled the air and echoed out as five beams of light shot up. Within each was a neo-demon dozens of meters long. Three were green wolves, one was a black turtle, and the last was a ferocious green-colored tiger.

The power emanating from these five neo-demons was shockingly equivalent to the late Core Formation stage; these were level 9 neo-demons! The roars they emitted mixed together with those of the hundreds of other neo-demons to create a massive sound that rose up to the Heavens.

If that were all there were to it, it wouldn't be a big deal. However, as the shocking roar lifted up into the sky, within the thousands of members of the Crow Scout Tribe, many Tribe members' faces suddenly filled with astonishment. At this very moment, the totem tattoos on their bodies began to burn. The neo-demons that had already been bonded to them suddenly magically appeared, roaring to the skies as they charged forward.

The sight of it was astonishing to the extreme. Nearly half of the thousands of Tribe members watched as their totem tattoos began to glow, and then neo-demons popped out, roaring.

“My Greenwood Wolf is out of control!!”

“Dammit, my Phoenix Hawk is going crazy!!”

“Just what is going on!? Is this a neo-demon revolt!?”

Buzzes of conversation filled the air. One by one, the Cultivators who had bonded neo-demons flew into the air.

As they did, a dozen or so powerful figures shot up from the mountain toward the neo-demons.

“It's the Elders! Even they showed up!”

“The Elders are usually busy with Tribal affairs, they hardly ever come out. But here they are!”

The events of this night would be engraved in the hearts of the members of the Crow Scout Tribe for the rest of their lives. People began to cry out in alarm as a roaring sound suddenly emanated out from the top of the mountain, a sound which many of them hadn't heard for a very, very long time.

As the roaring echoed out, the mountain shook and the earth around it quaked. Suddenly, a tree branch flew out; it was ancient and withered, and emanated a profoundly archaic Qi. The branch flew out, emanating a flickering green glow, which then transformed into a roughly nine-meter tall Treant!

The Treant's face was ancient, and its body was formed from an incredibly thick tree branch which was covered with a vast quantity of dried leaves. It seemed to be in the decline of power. It hovered there in mid-air and then let out a massive roar.

The instant the roaring began, the faces of all the Crow Scout Tribe members filled with astonishment and disbelief. Panting, they dropped to their knees.

In addition to all of this, three more figures suddenly flew out from the mountain. Each one had a Cultivation base at the Nascent Soul stage, and one was in the mid Nascent Soul stage. They immediately shot toward the Treant, and as they did, the Crow Scout Tribe members below recognized them. One was the Greatfather of the Tribe and the other two were High Priests!

Priests and Greatfathers were the pinnacle of power in any Tribe!

“Greetings, oh Ancestor Greenwood!” said the Greatfather, an old man. As for the two High Priests, they wore long, enveloping green robes that hid their features. However, all three of these people emanated powerful Qi, and yet, looks of apprehension and fear could be seen in their eyes. It had been roughly two sixty-year cycles since they had seen the Greenwood Ancestor. It was with shocked hearts that they clasped hands and bowed toward the Treant.

“Demon. I sense a Demon....” said the enormous Treant. It let out a roar which echoed out, instigating even more roaring from the Crow Scout Tribe's neo-demons.

The five Tribes that had once made up the Crow Divinity Tribe surrounded a restricted area in the centre of them all, almost like the five fingers of a hand. It was at this moment that in the next Tribe over, the Crow Soldier Tribe, all of the neo-demons lifted their heads up into a roar.

The Crow Soldier Tribe was a metal-type Tribe, so the vast majority of their neo-demons were also made from metal. Flying swords, magical treasures and even giant Metal Golems. All of them suddenly flew out of control, as did the other neo-demons that the Tribe members had branded to exercise control over. One by one, they flew up into the air.

Even more shocking, a golden light appeared at the top of the Crow Soldier Tribe's mountain. It transformed into a gigantic gold trident that blazed with brilliant golden glow, along with a shocking Qi.

“Demonic Qi... I sense Demonic Qi!!”

Qi exploded out simultaneously as the neo-demons of the Crow Fighter Tribe, Crow Flame Tribe and the Crow Gloom Tribe began to roar. In the Crow Fighter Tribe, Earth-type ripples appeared. Suddenly, mud fountained up like a volcano. It floated there in mid-air, a mud lake hundreds of meters in diameter.

Within the Crow Flame Tribe, a sea of flame shot through the air, within which was an enormous flaming black horse. It stared with scarlet eyes toward the Crow Scout Tribe.

Within the Crow Gloom Tribe, a vapor emanated out, turning into clouds and rain!

At this point, all of the Tribe members of the five Tribes, the Elders, Priests, Greatfathers, all stood there, their minds filled with unprecedented trembling. The Nascent Soul Patriarchs who had infiltrated these other Tribes also stood there in absolute shock, filled with various speculations about what was going on.

As the shock rippled through the various Tribes, Meng Hao's face was also surprised. He too had sensed how shocking the Qi was.

“Wow, I really set something off this time....” He had long since begun to attempt to seal the pill, but nothing was working. Not even putting it into his bag of holding did the trick. It was almost like the protective shield around him didn't even exist. He could clearly sense that he had at the most twenty breaths worth of time before all the fearsome things in the outside would be able to determine his exact location.

It was at this time that an even greater development occurred. An incredible pressure suddenly appeared!

Chapter 396: A Real Demon Nurturing Pill!

ROOAAARRR!!

A new sound could be heard from deep within the endless, forested mountains. The roar drifted out, seemingly filled with the power to rip everything into shreds!

It sounded like bolts of lightning fighting each other, which then coalesced into a howl, and then, a voice.

“Outlander!” The voice sounded like countless other voices combined together. The strangest thing was that anyone who heard it could tell that this was not the roar of a Cultivator. No... this voice was not human!

The instant the voice appeared, it echoed out in all directions, causing all other sounds within the mountains and forests to instantly cease.

The hearts and minds of the members of the five Tribes were instantly shaken. Their faces immediately revealed astonishment.

“That’s....”

“That’s the Outlander Beast! The Outlander Beast with the roar of an Immortal!!”

“I can’t believe the Outlander Beast with an Immortal roar is in this area! It was born as a level 7 great neo-demon, and then grew up into a level 11! Was it branded by a human, or is it actually a Greater Demon?”

In the Western Desert, if a creature was branded and sealed by humans, it was referred to as a neo-demon. Those which were not were Greater Demons!

As the members of the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity were all discussing the matter, the peak level neo-demons were trembling. The roar just now only served to further fuel their own roars. It was as if they wanted to proclaim to this Outlander Beast that the region it was passing through belonged to them!

Suddenly, the ground began to quake and tremble violently. Something that seemed like a giant was speeding through the forest. Among the shocked members of the five Tribes, people began to employ secret magical techniques to view what was happening in the mountains around them. Within the rugged mountains was a vast sea of beasts, madly charging toward them.

The beasts were made up of a variety of levels, and all of them had eyes red and filled with madness as they ran. Up in the sky was a vast collection of strange flying creatures. They, too, were shrieking. From a distance, it seemed as if a huge wave of beasts was surging toward the five Tribes from all direction.

They filled the sky and land in all directions, with the five Tribes in the center. They would obviously be completely crushed.

For the five Tribes, this was a monumental disaster, a calamity that had sprung up so suddenly that they didn't even have time to react.

Ripples spread out in the air as the flying beasts roared. The thunderous sound created an echo which suppressed everything as it neared.

All of this happened in the space of only fifteen breaths!

Meng Hao could feel the ground shaking, and could hear the roars from outside, including that of the Outlander Beast. Because of everything that was happening, it actually gave him a bit more time than before.

Shaking his head, he thought, "I never imagined that combining Demonic Qi with the Demon Nurturing Pill would cause such a shocking scene. This medicinal pill... will apparently drive any neo-demon completely crazy." With a bitter smile, he looked over at the five little wolves, who were frantically trying to break through the wooden planks to get at him. Cracking sounds suddenly rang out as they succeeded.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he waved his right hand. The medicinal pill shot toward the wooden kennel. The five little wolves emitted cute howls as they charged toward it. In recent days they had played a lot with each other, but there was no affection in them now. They nipped and bit at each other violently as they ran.

It was at this point that the little Greenwood Wolf with the white scar on its head gave full vent to its power and ferocity. It slashed at the other little wolves and then transformed into a green beam of light that shot forward. It directly swallowed the medicinal pill.

As soon as it did, the crowds of beasts outside the five Tribes began to emit mournful howls. A collection of black clouds seethed up above in the sky, and then suddenly shot forward. As they did, the roar of the Outlander Beast shook everything.

All the Cultivators in the five Tribes had pale faces. That was because....

Located in the center of the five Tribes was their Holy Land, the former location of the Crow Divinity Tribe. Suddenly a beam of light shot out into the dark night from that very place!

It was a five-colored beam that spread out to cover over all five Tribes. From within the light emerged a black crow.

The crow raised its head and let out a shrill screech that was like a violent tempest. Ripples spread out in all directions, seemingly filled with the power to crush everything.

As the ripples seethed out, many of the huge trees in the forest were ripped up by the roots. The land heaved, and great boulders were ripped up from the earth. It was like an unspeakably powerful tempest had risen up around the five Tribes.

It quickly transformed into a vortex which swept across everything.

Meng Hao was panting as he looked off toward the former location of the Crow Divinity Tribe, and his eyes glowed brightly.

By this point, he wasn't worried anymore. All traces of the medicinal pill that had instigated the disturbance had disappeared as soon as the little wolf consumed it. Meng Hao was quite sensitive to Demonic Qi, so he was able to confirm that this was the case.

Apparently, the Demonic Qi had already been absorbed by the little wolf with the white scar, who by this time had lapsed into unconsciousness.

Despite being unconscious, though, its life force was soaring up vigorously.

The tempest outside covered everything, making the only thing visible the five-colored light. The sight of it caused Meng Hao to think of his own Five-Colored Tribulation.

Two days ago, when Meng Hao had come to the Crow Scout Tribe, he'd sent the parrot and the meat jelly away. It was impossible to say what they were up to in the surrounding mountains.

Thinking of them being in the tempest caused Meng Hao to feel a bit nervous. However, after considering the parrot's eccentricities and the meat jelly's indestructibility, he realized he didn't need to worry.

"Even if this entire place were completely destroyed, they would be happy and healthy." Meng Hao was certain of this point.

The tempest lasted for about two hours. When it subsided, much of the surrounded forest was gone. Vast quantities of neo-demon corpses could be seen. As for the Outlander Beast, there was no sign of it.

The crow was gone, and the five-colored light had faded away. This was the first time Meng Hao had experienced the true mystery and power of Western Desert Cultivators and their totems.

The members of the five Tribes gradually spread out around in their respective areas to collect the neo-demon corpses.

As for the Neo-Demon Kennelist district, it was searched several times with Divine Sense, but nothing out of the ordinary was found.

Meng Hao also came under investigation. However, the treasured magical item of Patriarch Transmutation Li Tian proved to be extremely useful. Nobody noticed anything even slightly unusual about Meng Hao.

For the five Tribes, the fact that they had narrowly escaped disaster meant that a simple investigation would most likely not uncover the truth of the matter. Secret probing continued for the next month. Whenever Meng Hao went out into the mountains, he would be questioned.

However, even after a month, no information had been uncovered. Gradually people began to come to the conclusion that some strange object had appeared that attracted the neo-demons and then the wave of beasts. As for who had finally acquired this object, no one knew for sure, but all the five Tribes were now suspicious of each other.

During the month, Meng Hao focused on taking good care of the little Greenwood Wolves. He mixed meat with Demon Nurturing Pills, which caused the little wolves to continuously grow bigger and stronger. However, Meng Hao was also careful to control their growth so that it wasn't too fast.

As for the little wolf who had consumed the Demonic Qi Pill, externally he didn't seem very different. However, he was now more fierce, and his eyes shone with a cold glow. He seemed more bloodthirsty, and the other little wolves clearly revered him. All he had to do was let out a growl, and the other little wolves would start to tremble.

The changes in him continued to manifest, and Meng Hao couldn't come up with any method to suppress them. In any case, as the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, Meng Hao's ability to sense Demonic Qi was incomparable.

After the month passed, all of the investigations, both the public and the secret ones, ceased. Everything around Meng Hao once again grew calm, and he began to use his own methods to raise the neo-demons.

Time passed by. Soon, Meng Hao had been in the Crow Scout Tribe for five months.

Currently, he sat cross-legged in his courtyard. Suddenly, a threatening howl filled his ears, and he opened his eyes. There in the courtyard, one of the Greenwood Wolves was facing off against the other four. It looked somewhat thin and weak, but the threatening howl it emitted caused the other Greenwood Wolves to tremble in fear.

"Big Hairy," said Meng Hao coolly. As soon as the words left his mouth, the weak-looking Greenwood Wolf turned to look at Meng Hao. There on its forehead, the white scar was clearly visible.

When it looked at Meng Hao, the coldness in its eyes vanished and turned into a charming expression of cleverness. It transformed into a green beam that shot like lightning over to Meng Hao. It lay down next to him, sticking its tongue out to lick Meng Hao's leg, just like the mastiff used to do.

"Hairys #2, #3, #4, and #5, all of you come over here," Meng Hao said with a laugh. The other four Greenwood Wolves cautiously trotted over.

Meng Hao's Greenwood Wolves could now no longer be called little. Each of them was roughly two meters long and looked very intimidating. Their eyes glowed with cold savagery, and their bodies were covered with green fur. The speed with which they moved was like lightning, and their personalities exuded cold-bloodedness. Everything about them seemed incredibly powerful.

They were no longer level 1 neo-demons, but level 2. Despite that, they were strong enough to slaughter level 3 neo-demons, and even hold their own against level 4.

Most shocking was Big Hairy. Though he looked skinny and weak, and was only level 2, he was actually stronger than other level 4 Greenwood Wolves. He could easily defeat any that he faced up against, and unless Meng Hao stopped him, would kill them.

With the exception of the big hubbub at the beginning, Meng Hao didn't cause any problems in the Tribe. He didn't have much contact with others, and few people other than Wu Hai had anything to do with him.

As for Wu Hai, he thoroughly admired Meng Hao, and would come often to ask him for advice. Each time, he left feeling enlightened. Gradually, a friendship formed between the two.

Wu Hai wasn't sure exactly what techniques Meng Hao used to raise the Greenwood Wolves, but he could see that they were different from normal Greenwood Wolves. He didn't understand, but in his eyes, it was amazing, and only served to cause him to further approve of Meng Hao.

Chapter 397: Wu Chen

Meng Hao learned a lot about the Crow Scout Tribe from Wu Hai. He now knew that the Tribe had a rank 7 Dragoner, which was a very high and respected position. Even the Greatfather and the Priests were polite to him.

He also learned that the Crow Soldier Tribe had recently recruited a rank 7 Dragoner who was accompanied by a Wild Giant. This new Dragoner immediately occupied a position of extreme honor in the Tribe, and caused quite a sensation in the other Tribes.

When he heard this news, a strange expression appeared on Meng Hao's face and he thought of Gu La, who had disappeared during the teleportation here.

It was in this way that the half year finally passed. Meng Hao felt quite at peace in the Crow Scout Tribe. It reminded him of back when he had first joined the Violet Fate Sect.

Similar to that time, no one bothered him and nothing extraordinary happened. His secrets were his own to keep, and he could pursue his own plans with no one the wiser.

Suddenly, Meng Hao laughed as he looked down at the five Greenwood Wolves. One of his greatest accomplishments in the past half year was that he had a much deeper understanding of what it meant to be a Demon Sealer.

This understanding came both from his personal perceptions and his experiences with sealing and Righteous Bestowal!

He knew that if he wanted to, he could seal Big Hairy in the blink of an eye. The Qi inside of Big Hairy was Demonic Qi, which lay within the realm of what he could seal.

Similarly, if he wanted to, he could cause the other Greenwood Wolves to be just like Big Hairy.

Regarding the art of Righteous Bestowal, Meng Hao thought a lot about it during the half year. By now, he was certain that as far as all neo-demons were concerned, Righteous Bestowal truly was a type of approval and good fortune.

It was almost like bestowing them with a title!

The higher the level of a neo-demon, the more it would thirst for Righteous Bestowal. Anything that did not crave Righteous Bestowal, was not truly a Demon!

In addition to gaining a deeper understanding of Demon Sealers during the half year, Meng Hao also managed to fill his courtyard with lotuses. Soon it became very much similar to his courtyard back in Holy Snow City.

Outsiders didn't pay much attention to this. Cultivators in general command a certain level of freedom that others wouldn't interfere with. In any case, no one had any idea the significance of lotuses to Meng Hao.

Of course, they were critical to his understanding and enlightenment regarding the Lotus Sword Formation. From the moment he had acquired the sword formation until now, he had constantly

been studying how lotuses bloomed and withered. As of now, lotuses were firmly planted within Meng Hao's mind.

The feeling he experienced because of this was hard to describe. If he closed his eyes, it was as if lotuses were blossoming inside his head. He hadn't employed the sword formation since reaching this state, but he was convinced that if he did, the result would be very different than from before.

Meng Hao did no further research regarding totems. However, he continued to make more profound speculations about them.

At the moment, it was dark outside. Looking out, it was hard to tell whether it was night, or if the sky was just obscured by dark clouds. However, he could sense moisture in the air.

"It's starting to rain again," he murmured. Recently, it had been raining a lot. Sometimes it came down so hard that it pooled up on the ground and created streams and rivulets. The sound of the pouring rain made it seem as if it were fighting against Heaven and Earth.

Sometimes it hit the ground with so much force that the water shot back up into the air, as if it wished to return to the Heavens above. Instead, it simply turned into water vapor.

However, it seemed as if the mist retained the same stubbornness that the rain showed.

Meng Hao looked outside at the shattering raindrops and was able to faintly sense the unyielding will of the rain. Even after being turned into a mist, it still wished to fly back up into the Heavens.

"Entombed on the Earth, but desirous of a return to life in the Heavens...." Meng Hao looked up at the dark clouds which obscured the Heavens. After a long, long time passed, he closed his eyes.

"Perhaps that is also the path of a Demon Sealer," he murmured. Having achieved the level of Cultivation base that he had, Meng Hao was now able to sense some of the truths that existed in Heaven and Earth. Each bit of enlightenment represented a development in his psyche. It became cognition that would later be power to be used in Spirit Severing.

"But which is better... sealing all the Demons under Heaven? Or approving them with Righteous Bestowal?" Meng Hao sat there lost in thought. His five Greenwood Wolves lay around him, silently accompanying him as he watched the rain.

It wasn't until dawn that the rain finally began to lessen. At that early hour, the Neo-Demon Kennelist district was quiet. There were no cries of neo-demons; everything was silent.

It was at this time that footsteps rang out to break the silence. The sound of water splashing in the puddles could be heard, and an unfamiliar smell arrived that caused the silence to end.

It was a young man of a little over twenty years of age. He wore clothing that only elite members of the Tribe could wear, a long green leather robe, trimmed with what looked like silk or satin. It gleamed beneath the morning sunlight, causing the young man to look quite extraordinary despite his relatively low Cultivation base.

At the moment, he was frowning as he endured the unpleasant odor in the area. He held an umbrella in his hand as he hurried toward a distant courtyard.

"Wu Ali has gone too far this time. When my father was alive, people of his bloodline would always be completely courteous and respectful when they saw me. But now...." The young man clenched his jaw in fury as he walked along.

This was Wu Chen^[1] of the Crow Scout Tribe, a member of one of the Tribe's three great bloodlines. The three great bloodlines were where the successive generations of Greatfathers came from. Barring unforeseen circumstances, the future Greatfathers would be selected from such descendants.

Wu Chen, of course, was just such a person. His father's name had rocked the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity years ago. Unfortunately, he had died a few years ago while outside of the Tribe, and the resulting legal matters had still not been settled. As a result, his bloodline lost its position as the most powerful. As for Wu Chen, his previous prestige was now nothing but an illusion; it was impossible to conceal the sore straits he was in.

Because of the law of the jungle in the Cultivation world, any bloodlines without a powerful expert, no matter how prestigious, would become a target. This was the truth even in the Crow Scout Tribe.

Over the past years, Wu Chen had fallen far from his previously high position. This was something he couldn't accept in his pride, but really, there was little he could do about it. He was forced to endure the scoffing of his rivals and the increasing level of disrespect shown to him by fellow Tribe members. There was no way for him to do anything about it except to follow the wishes of his older sister and lower his head.

However, he could not remain reconciled to such a situation. In his mind, his sister's choice was the wrong one. He had just made a breakthrough in his Cultivation base, and was now in the eighth level of Qi Condensation. He was now willing to pay any price to acquire a level 3 neo-demon, even secretly borrow large amounts of Spirit Crystals from other Tribes.

“With a level 3 neo-demon, all the members of my generation in the Tribe will have no choice but to pay attention to me. All the rest of them have rank 3s, I can't be left behind!” He clenched his jaw and ignored the pain in his heart. Choosing not to think about how he would possibly pay back his debt, he strode forward.

His plan was to find rank 3 Dragoneer Shui Mu, which was the only way he would be able to acquire a cheap, level 3 neo-demon.

All members of the Crow Scout Tribe would receive a level 1 neo-demon after reaching a certain level of Cultivation base and making a contribution to the Tribe. The higher one's Cultivation base, and the better the contribution, then the greater the compensation would be.

Members of the three great bloodlines were even more special. They could acquire a level 1 neo-demon at no cost. Furthermore, the higher their Cultivation base climbed, the better neo-demons they could get, all for free.

The key was to be powerful; there really was no limitation. However, if one wanted to acquire a very expensive neo-demon, then, of course, a contribution would have to be made.

As for Wu Chen, he could acquire level 2 neo-demons for free. If he wanted a level 3, he would have to pay some Spirit Crystals.

All of the Neo-Demon Kennelists, including Meng Hao, were part of the Crow Scout Tribe. Their job in the Tribe was to raise the neo-demons; that didn't mean they actually owned them.

In principle, anyone could come with a command medallion and take the neo-demons away. That was just in principle, though. In actuality, there was an unwritten rule that prevented that from happening. Neo-Demon Kennelists were actually low-level Dragoneers whose rank was determined by the highest level neo-demon they could raise.

Because of that, and because of the respect for Dragoneers, who were not to be offended, all Tribes in the Western Desert ended up having the same custom. Dragoneers had the right to decide whether or not to give the neo-demons they raised to others.

Furthermore, Dragoneers also had the first right to buy any of the neo-demons they raised.

Grim-faced Wu Chen hurried along toward the courtyard that was his destination. The aroma that drifted about in the early morning air left him feeling uncomfortable. Because he had disturbed the peace by coming here just now, the howls of neo-demons began to rise up from the various courtyards in the area.

This caused Wu Chen to feel a bit annoyed. He hurried along through the area occupied mostly by level 1 and 2 neo-demons and then entered the area where many level 3 neo-demons could be found. It was at this point that he walked past the entrance of Meng Hao's courtyard.

Just as he was about to continue on, Meng Hao's Greenwood Wolves joined the other neo-demons in their howling.

The sound of it seemed ordinary, but as soon as Wu Chen heard it, his heart and mind trembled, and his facial expression changed to one of shock. The howling of the Greenwood Wolves wasn't very high-pitched, but he was very close, and the sound of it sent his head spinning. He suddenly felt himself trembling, as if there were some great pressure weighing down on him.

He gasped, turning to look toward Meng Hao's courtyard. He had heard the howls of level 2 neo-demons before, and never before had they shook him in such a way. Without hesitation, he pushed open the door and looked inside. He saw a gentle, scholarly youth sitting there cross-legged, looking back at him with eyes as clear as the night sky.

The youth was surrounded by five Greenwood Wolves who were also staring back at Wu Chen with eyes cold and filled with ferocity. There was one in particular who looked somewhat skinny; when he looked over, Wu Chen's body began to tremble uncontrollably, and his face filled with shock. An intense pressure bore down on him, and he began to pant. His heart pounded as if he were about to die.

Wu Chen was almost incapable of handling the pressure exuded by the Greenwood Wolves in the courtyard. It felt like he was going to explode.

"How can I help you, Fellow Daoist?" asked Meng Hao, his tone cool.

As soon as his lightly spoken words rang out, the pressure suddenly vanished. Wu Chen felt his body go limp, and he almost fell down onto the ground. His face was pale, but he lifted his chin sanctimoniously, and an arrogant expression covered his face.

“I am Wu Chen, Tribe member of one of the three great bloodlines. Your level 2 Greenwood Wolf over there now belongs to me!” He was actually a bit nervous and excited. He’d already abandoned thoughts of level 3 neo-demons. He was going virtually wild with joy, because he could see that these Greenwood Wolves were far beyond ordinary. From what he could sense, they probably couldn’t match up to level 3, but were definitely the absolute highest quality of level 2.

He was just about to reach his hand out to point at skinny Big Hairy, but then hesitated for a moment and instead pointed to one of the other Greenwood Wolves that looked a bit more impressive.

Chapter 398: Branch of the Demon Sealers

Wu Chen pointed at Hairy #4.

Hairy #4 was conspicuously larger than the other Greenwood wolves by a little bit. This had been the case since the wolves were small. However, Meng Hao had named the wolves based on their strength, with #5 being the weakest.

Hairy #4 was neither the most nor the least powerful. Being pointed at by Wu Chen caused his eyes to shine with a fierce, cold glow, and he let out a threatening growl. In his limited consciousness, only his master could point at him in such a way. Nothing else in existence qualified to do so.

“Your Cultivation base isn’t sufficient,” said Meng Hao coolly. “You can’t control him. Go pick something from another courtyard.” He stroked Hairy #4’s furry head. Hairy #4 lowered his head obediently in a very charming fashion. If Meng Hao weren’t here right now, he would have immediately charged forward and ripped Wu Chen to pieces.

“You!” cried Wu Chen, his face twisted. Looking at Meng Hao, he had the feeling his Cultivation base was profound. However, he was a member of the Crow Scout Tribe, and a descendant of one of the three great bloodlines. Considering his identity, it didn’t matter if he was a bit down on his luck, he was still above virtually any vassal in the Tribe.

“I’m already in the eighth level of Qi Condensation! I can control any level 2 neo-demon. Greenwood Wolves are known for their speed, not for their close-quarters fighting. What the hell makes you think I couldn’t control it!” Wu Chen ground his teeth as he glared at Meng Hao.

Almost the moment he finished speaking, Hairy #4’s cold eyes flickered. Suddenly, a green blur appeared, and in the blink of an eye, Hairy #4 was standing directly in front of Wu Chen. His mouth was wide open, and right in front of Wu Chen’s nose, almost touching it. Wu Chen’s face instantly filled with shock; he let out a cry of alarm and backed up.

Cold sweat had broken out all over his body, and his face was as pale as death. Breathing ragged, pupils constricted, he stood there, his mind spinning. Just now he had felt an intense sensation of imminent death. It was a feeling he had never experienced before, and it caused his entire body to tremble. Lingering fear continued to fill him.

Meng Hao gave a reprimanding harumph, which Hairy #4 heard, causing him to immediately go limp. He lowered his head, unwilling to even look at Meng Hao.

Wu Chen took in a deep breath. A bright light shone in his eyes as he stared fixedly at Hairy #4. He was breathing even more heavily now. His heart began to thump as he looked at Hairy #4’s more than three meter long frame, his green fur and mighty disposition.

“I’ve seen a lot of level 2 Greenwood Wolves,” he thought to himself, “even ones belonging to other bloodline Clan members. None of them were even close to being this fast. This... is definitely a mutant Greenwood Wolf.

“It must be! The only way it could be so fast is if it were mutated! It could have killed me in the blink of an eye!!” At this point, he looked over at Meng Hao.

“According to the rules, this Greenwood Wolf belongs to the Crow Scout Tribe. I have the right to take it away!” His words sounded stalwart, but in reality, his heart was trembling. If it wasn’t for the fact that the wolf frightened him so much, he wouldn’t speak in such a way, quoting the Tribe rules to get his way.

Meng Hao laughed inwardly and shook his head. Considering the level of his Cultivation base, he wouldn’t stoop to arguing with a mere eighth level Qi Condensation Cultivator.

“If you’re capable of taking him, go ahead,” he said, then closed his eyes and paid no more heed to the goings on.

“Fine, it was your suggestion!” replied Wu Chen, unable to conceal the wild joy which filled his heart. Other than being a descendant of the three great bloodlines Wu Chen wasn’t too extraordinary. However, his particular bloodline excelled in neo-demon branding techniques, which he had been studying since a young age. He actually had mastered dozens of various branding techniques.

Therefore, he was supremely confident that he could succeed even with level 3 neo-demons, not to mention level 2. Even though this was a mutant neo-demon, it was still only level 2, and Wu Chen didn’t have even the slightest doubt in his mind.

Laughing out loud, he slowly approached Hairy #4, anticipation gleaming in his eyes. He cautiously began to perform an incantation with his right hand, which created a bizarre branding mark that looked like a wolf’s head.

When the branding mark appeared, a look of confusion appeared in Hairy #4’s eyes. Seeing this caused Wu Chen to grow even more confident. The branding mark flickered and then transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Hairy #4.

In the blink of an eye, it disappeared into Hairy #4’s forehead.

“It worked!” cried Wu Chen exuberantly. The first part of the process was done, after which there was another procedure. When that was finished, this neo-demon would become his totem beast.

Meng Hao still had his eyes closed, and wasn’t paying attention at all to what was happening. He did nothing to stop Wu Chen from approaching Hairy #4. Wu Chen lifted his hand up to touch him, but even as he did, Hairy #4 suddenly lifted up his enormous head. His face was filled with ferocity, and his eyes glowed with a cold, cruel light.

His gaze instantly caused Wu Chen’s face to fall. His heart began to pound, and he immediately backed up, his eyes filled with disbelief.

“No way, how could it have failed...?” He immediately decided to switch branding techniques. Soon, an hour had passed. Wu Chen tried seven or eight different brands, but in the end, none were successful.

The ferocity in the eyes of Hairy #4 continued to grow thicker. Finally, Wu Chen sagged, his face pale and filled with disbelief. Hairy #4 let out a howl and then shot forward. His mouth opened wide, heading directly toward Wu Chen's neck.

Intense killing intent and ferocious cruelty emanated out. He moved with such speed that Wu Chen had no way to dodge. A green glow filled his eyes, which then began to grow dark. There wasn't even time for a sense of danger to well up in him.

In this critical moment, Meng Hao opened his eyes and said, "Get back here, Hairy #4."

Hairy #4 let out a yelp and then began to tremble. The razor sharp teeth in his mouth had been just about to latch onto Wu Chen's neck.

Instead, Hairy #4 moved backward, returning to lay down next to Meng Hao, his face cute and charming.

Wu Chen's face was completely devoid of blood, his entire body was shaking, and his mind was in chaos. After coming to this terrifying courtyard, he had nearly died twice. Then he experienced the unthinkable situation of all his brands failing; the only thing he could do was stare at Meng Hao. As of this moment, Meng Hao had become completely unfathomable in his mind.

The image of Meng Hao sitting there, surrounded by his five Greenwood Wolves, was something that Wu Chen would never be able to forget. It was branded permanently into his brain.

"Senior.... I...." Wu Chen wasn't sure what to say. He stared at Meng Hao and the Greenwood Wolves for a moment. Trembling, he clasped hands and bowed deeply, then hurried out of the courtyard. He closed the door on his way out, and then stood outside and bowed again a few times. Feeling both perturbed and amazed, he turned to leave.

"A master! A true master who can raise mutant neo-demons! He's definitely a real Dragoner!! There must be a reason why he's hiding out here.... I can't tell anybody. Maybe if I run into some real problems in the future, he'll... give me some good advice!!" Having made his decision, Wu Chen took a deep breath and rushed off into the distance.

Meng Hao watched the young man leave, his expression the same as ever. It was impossible to hide the fantastic qualities of his Greenwood Wolves, nor did he plan to. In his opinion, being known as a Dragoner wasn't a bad thing.

Actually, Meng Hao's methods of controlling the neo-demons actually far exceeded that of Dragoners. That was because he was no Dragoner, but actually... a Demon Sealer!

A Demon Sealer masquerading as a Dragoner was like a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy pretending to be an average alchemist. They were two completely different levels that were vastly separated.

Of course it wasn't very difficult to pull off something like that. Everything that Dragoners could do, Demon Sealers could also do. However, it absolutely didn't work the other way around.

"I've always thought there are a lot of similarities between Dragoners and Demon sealers. The former are much lower, though." His half a year of study regarding this matter left him even more certain of his conclusion.

"The secret techniques of Dragoners allow them to rapidly raise neo-demons. They speed through youth and grow up very quickly. The average person would be amazed by such a thing. However, regardless of the method used to accomplish this, a neo-demon can only grow within the confines of its normal lifespan. That can't be exceeded.

"However, Righteous Bestowal using Demonic Qi vastly exceeds Dragoner arts. It can break through those normal confines. It can actually transmogrify the fundamental nature of a neo-demon." Thinking about this, Meng Hao couldn't help but smile.

The more he researched this matter, the more he got the feeling that Dragoners were like Demon Sealers who were on a different path, and were doing their best to imitate true Demon Sealers.

"I wonder if back in the days of the Eighth Generation Demon Sealer, someone left behind some collateral legacy that spawned the Dragoners?" It was an interesting idea. Unfortunately, there was a big gap between himself, the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and the Eighth Demon Sealer. He was missing a lot of legacies, and suffered from quite a lack of understanding of the previous Demon Sealers.

"I wonder if traces of the Demon Sealers can be found in the Western Desert...." His expression was tranquil as he considered this. "In any case, I need to take every chance I get to get noticed within the Crow Scout Tribe. I need to make sure I get into the Crow Divinity Tribe's Holy Land."

The Crow Scout Tribe had three Nascent Soul Cultivators, but Meng Hao was pretty sure that if he put on the blood-colored mask, only the Treant from the mountaintop could pose any threat to his life.

Therefore, he was being cautious about his actions, but wasn't expending too much effort to conceal anything.

"In the past, whenever I encountered something that has to do with the Demon sealers, it would provoke a reaction from the Demon Sealing Jade. However, after entering the Western Desert, there was nothing whatsoever. Perhaps... I just haven't been to the right places here." He slapped his bag of holding and produced the Demon Sealing Jade. He held it in his hand and examined it closely.

It felt warm and smooth in his hand, as if it were actually a part of him. Looking at it made him feel calm, and he slowly slipped into a strange state.

After a long time passed, he put the ancient piece of jade away and closed his eyes to meditate.

Chapter 399: Senior, Save Me

Several days later....

On the mountain in the middle of the Crow Scout Tribe was a string of extravagant houses. Although they were constructed from wood, the wood came from Spirit Trees in the surrounding forests that had grown for hundreds of years. Eventually, they built up a certain amount of spiritual energy, and when they were used to build houses, could provide quite a few benefits when it came to practicing cultivation.

The only people who could live here were descendants of the three great bloodlines of the Tribe.

This, of course, was where Wu Chen resided. At the moment, he was lividly throwing a ceramic jar onto the ground, where it shattered into pieces. Wu Chen's infuriated voice roared out throughout the house.

"Wu Ali, you've gone too far!!" Wu Chen's hair was in disarray, and his eyes radiated venomous madness. His body was shaking and he oozed killing intent. He slammed his fist into the wooden wall next to him, causing the entire house to shake. Ripples of spiritual energy appeared, resisting the power of his Cultivation base and even rebounding back into him. Wu Chen's hand was now injured and dripped blood.

Ignoring the blood, he clenched his fists and continued to vent: “That totem medallion was awarded to my father years ago because of his service to the Tribe. Why the hell are they giving it to you now!?”

Despite his venting, his heart filled with helplessness. A bitter smile appeared on his face as he looked at the sky outside. As far as he was concerned the entire world was filled with darkness.

It was at this point that the front door opened. Sunlight spilled in, piercing into his eyes. A woman entered, someone very familiar to Wu Chen.

“Sis....” he said, his voice filled with pain.

The woman was tall and had long black hair. The clothing she wore was utilitarian, but it was impossible to conceal her natural beauty. However, the constant furrow in her brow made it seem like she was in a state of perpetual thought.

“I’ve already arranged everything for you,” she said, her voice gentle. “You and Wu Ali will have a fair neo-demon duel. Whoever wins will receive the totem medallion.”

She looked down at the fragments of pottery on the ground and then back up at Wu Chen.

“WHAT?!?!” cried Wu Chen, his eyes bloodshot. “That medallion was given to father for his meritorious service!” His expression filled with savagery. His dissatisfaction with the Crow Scout Tribe couldn’t be greater. For the past few years, he had done everything his sister asked him to do. He had endured it all. But now, even his father’s totem medallion was being taken away. He truly valued the totem medallion, which made it much easier to congeal totems. It was actually a precious treasure that even had the ability to pass on some legacy power from the Tribal Ancestor.

Seeing Wu Chen in virtual hysterics, his sister soothingly said, “The whole matter was set by the Tribe Greatfather, so you have to comply. Listen, I’m going to go find Grandmaster Shui Mu, the rank 3 Dragoner. I’ll buy a level 2 neo-demon for you, that way the duel will be fair.”

“Wu Ali’s neo-demon is a level 2 Flying Bat. It was personally raised by a rank 5 Dragoner. An ordinary level 2 neo-demon couldn’t possibly beat it! Neo-demon duel.... Some ‘fair’ duel this is going to be!” Wu Chen felt like he just couldn’t accept it. It was at this point that an idea flashed like lightning in his head.

“Neo-demon duel.... Neo-demon.... Greenwood Wolves!” His eyes suddenly filled with an intense glow, as if suddenly he had risen from the depths of despair.

“If I beg that senior, maybe he’ll help me,” he thought. “Trifling Wu Ali will be defeated for sure! Then I can get the totem medallion that is rightfully mine, and begin my rise to prominence.” Wu Chen began to pant, and the glow in his eyes grew brighter. Filled with intense hope, he stood up and left, intent on seeking out that mysterious figure whom he found completely unfathomable. Of course, it was none other than the person he viewed as a master of the senior generation, Meng Hao.

Wu Chen’s sister frowned as she watched him walk off. She did nothing to stop him, but instead followed along behind him.

Wu Chen didn’t hesitate at all. Ignoring the fact that his sister was following him, he sped down the mountain toward the Neo-Demon Kennelist district. As he looked at the rows of courtyards, and smelled the strange odor in the air, his mind filled with worries regarding the potential losses and gains.

It didn’t take long for him to reach Meng Hao’s courtyard. He stood outside, his beautiful sister behind him, frowning. His sister didn’t understand why Wu Chen had suddenly rushed here as soon as she mentioned neo-demons.

“Wu Chen....” she said softly.

He completely ignored her as he looked at the closed door leading into the courtyard. Gritting his teeth, he stepped forward and, putting his most respectful expression on, clasped hands and bowed, making no move to open the door.

“Wu Chen is here to pay respects, senior,” he said.

His voice was loud, and echoed about. His sister’s eyes narrowed immediately. She knew her younger brother well, and was used to how aggressive he usually acted because of the grievances he felt. There were few people he would actually treat courteously.

She hadn’t seen him act as respectfully as this in a long time. Actually... she could clearly see that the respect he was showing was not an act, but existed deep in his heart.

“This place....” She looked closely at the courtyard and the shut door.

A long moment passed. Wu Chen gritted his teeth and continued loudly, “Wu Chen of the junior generation pays respects to the senior generation. Senior, I would like to request an audience.” His voice echoed out, immediately attracting the attention of other nearby Neo-Demon Kennelists. Quite a few opened the doors of their courtyards to look over.

When they saw Wu Chen and his beautiful sister, it only took a moment’s thought to recognize who they were.

Wu Chen’s sister was starting to feel a little irritated. From her perspective, Wu Chen was a descendant of the three great bloodlines. Vassals weren’t even members of the Tribe, so there was no need to show them such veneration. And yet, Wu Chen had bowed twice in greeting to the owner of this courtyard. She frowned and let out a cold harumph. She was just about to push the door open to see how skilled this Cultivator was, who her brother showed such politeness to.

However, as soon as she stepped forward, her brother moved to block her, an imploring look on his face.

When she saw his expression, her heart softened. With an inward sigh, she stepped back. Deep in her heart, her irritation at whoever was in the courtyard continued to grow.

More Cultivators were looking at them now, and some of them were discussing the proceedings in low tones.

“Those are descendants of the three great bloodlines. I’ve heard of the two of them. Why would they possibly come here to pay respects to a mere Neo-Demon Kennelist?”

“If they were going to pay respects to anyone, it should be Grandmaster Shui Mu. The Cultivator in that courtyard is surnamed Meng, and there’s nothing special at all about him.”

“Maybe Grandmaster Shui Mu isn’t as polite as he seems, and refused to part with a neo-demon. Then, they had no choice but to lower their standards. Even still, why would they pick a Neo-Demon Kennelist with absolutely no reputation?”

Wu Chen and his sister could hear what people were saying. As for Wu Chen, it didn’t change his mind at all. His sister, however, was looking grimmer and grimmer.

She had already endured about as much as she could when the courtyard door slowly opened without a sound. From within, a pleasant voice could be heard: "Enter."

Wu Chen immediately got excited. He took a deep breath and then organized his garments. Bowing once more, he cautiously entered the courtyard. His sister followed, her face dark.

Meng Hao was sitting there cross-legged, surrounded by his five, napping Greenwood Wolves.

When she saw the wolves, Wu Chen's sister's eyes went wide. With the exception of one, the entire group seemed to be high quality level 2 neo-demons. Now, she understood why her brother was being so polite.

"But there are a lot of Cultivators in the Western Desert who are skilled in raising neo-demons," she thought. "Wu Chen isn't very experienced, so he mistakenly assumes that this guy is special. I wonder what this guy did to fool Wu Chen so well." Her eyes glittered coldly, and in her heart she snorted coldly.

As soon as he entered the courtyard, Wu Chen dropped to his knees. "Senior, I beg of you to save me...."

This caused his sister to frown even more deeply.

Meng Hao opened his eyes. He looked over Wu Chen and his sister, taking note of her antagonistic bearing. Ignoring her, he focused on Wu Chen.

"You really aren't capable of controlling these Greenwood Wolves," he said calmly.

"Senior, I'm not here to request control of the Greenwood Wolves," he said, his voice filled with cordiality and entreaty. "I need your help. Wu Ali is being an intolerable bully. I have to engage in a neo-demon duel with him. Senior, I have no neo-demons that are capable of standing up to him. Senior, please save me! I beg of you to stand at my side as a Dragoneer. I'll do anything you want, even pledge my life to you!!"

"Wu Chen, get up!" said his sister, her voice harsh.

Wu Chen ignored her and continued to stare fixedly at Meng Hao, his eyes pleading.

Meng Hao looked at him silently for a moment, his eyes glittering.

“I want the totem branding technique of the Crow Scout Tribe,” he said.

Hearing his words, Wu Chen’s sister immediately replied, “Impossible! You’re just a vassal! Such a request is preposterous!” Two totem tattoos glittered on her, indicating that her Cultivation base was at the Foundation Establishment stage.

Meng Hao ignored her, continuing to look at Wu Chen as he waited for him to respond.

Wu Chen hesitated for a moment. A totem branding technique was a Conclave magic of a Tribe. It would normally be very difficult for a vassal to acquire such a technique. According to custom, Wu Chen shouldn’t reveal such a technique to an outsider. Unless he was willing, the technique could not be extracted from him even by Soulsearch. Every Conclave Tribe member was blessed with a totem, which was branded onto their very soul.

However, when he considered all the injustice he had experienced in the past years, Wu Chen gritted his teeth. A look of madness filled his face.

Chapter 400: Neo-Demon Duel

“I agree!” said Wu Chen, clenching his jaw.

Ignoring his sister, Wu Chen reached up to tap his forehead. Immediately, a glob of blood emerged from his mouth, which then transformed into a red leaf. The veins of the leaf were clearly visible and emitted a strange glow. Wood-type Qi emanated off it. As soon as Meng Hao saw it, his eyes flickered with a barely perceptible glittering.

“So, it has something to do with the bloodline...” he thought. “No, that’s not it. It’s that object. So it has to be fused with the body?” The leaf shot over from Wu Chen to Meng Hao.

Wu Chen’s sister’s face immediately darkened and she took a step forward.

“Sis, this is my decision!” said Wu Chen, setting his jaw.

His sister looked over at him. Seeing the expression on her younger brother's face, she thought about all the hardships they had endured. Finally, she sighed inwardly and closed her eyes.

The leaf hovered in front of Meng Hao. He reached out and touched it, whereupon the leaf disappeared. It transformed into a red aura that merged into his hand and then appeared as an image in his mind.

The image contained the technique necessary to plant the leaf firmly within his body. The description was very detailed, and could be considered a secret magic. People not of the three great bloodlines would never be able to figure it out.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao's eyes began to shine, and he nodded. He rose to his feet.

“Okay, let's go.”

Wu Chen took a deep breath, then rose to his feet and bowed deeply to Meng Hao. Giving over his Tribe's secret magic had been a huge price to pay. Wu Chen didn't even dare to think what would have happened if Meng Hao had suddenly refused to help him afterwards.

To Wu Chen, all of this was... a huge gamble!

Taking this risk required him to suppress everything and go all out!

“Senior, this is my older sister, Wu Ling.” Wu Chen actually didn't even dare to look at her at the moment. [1]

Wu Ling glared at Meng Hao and then, one word at a time, said, “It's a violation of Tribe rules for Wu Chen to give you that secret magic. If you're cheating him in any way, then I, Wu Ling, swear on the Tribe totem that I will not rest until you are dead!” She still believed Wu Chen to have been deceived, and radiated a strong killing intent toward Meng Hao.

In her opinion, Meng Hao's evil intentions had been revealed the instant he mentioned his desire to have the secret magical technique. People like this couldn't be allowed to live. Besides, if any news spread that he had acquired the technique from Wu Chen, it wouldn't matter that Wu Chen was a descendant of the three great bloodlines, it would be impossible for him to escape punishment.

The reason she hadn't prevented him from doing so just now was to protect his sense of self-respect. Secretly, though, she was thinking of various ways that she could kill Meng Hao to shut him up.

"If you want to blame someone," she thought, "blame yourself for being so greedy!" She gave him a deep look. In her mind, he was already dead.

Meng Hao gave a slight smile but didn't respond. Clasping his hands behind his back, he strode off. As he did, his five Greenwood Wolves lazily got to their feet to follow.

Wu Chen led the way. As for Wu Ling, seeing how Meng Hao ignored her caused her to snort inwardly. Her eyes flashed with killing intent as she followed.

Eventually, they passed the courtyard of rank 3 Dragoner Grandmaster Shui Mu. Wu Ling called out to Wu Chen, then entered the courtyard. Moments later she emerged, followed by an old man.

The old man wore a haughty expression; this was the same person who had instructed Meng Hao regarding how to raise neo-demons. He was quite famous in this stretch of courtyards, and was in charge of all the Neo-Demon Kennelist vassals. Of course, he was rank 3 Dragoner Grandmaster Shui Mu.

A bright green snake rested on his shoulders. It almost looked like it was made of crystal; however, its forked tongue flicked in and out of its mouth, and its eyes shone with a cold glow.

"Many thanks, Grandmaster Shui Mu! I, Wu Ling, will never forget this kindness!" An expression of veneration filled Wu Ling's face. Even though she was a descendant of one of the three great bloodlines, she still would not dare to do anything to offend a rank 3 Dragoner. Furthermore, she had paid quite a high price to get his help, all for the sake of Wu Chen.

The arrogance was plain on the old man's face as he responded, "Considering you came with a command medallion, and since I owe you a favor, I might as well help out. It will only be this one time, though. Don't think it will happen again. Also, I make no guarantees regarding victory or defeat."

Old man Shui Mu's gaze suddenly came to rest on Meng Hao and he suddenly appeared to be annoyed. Then he looked at Meng Hao's Greenwood Wolves, and his eyes glittered. This wasn't his

first time seeing them; he had noticed long ago they seemed extraordinary. However, they weren't enough for him to truly care about.

Shui Mu looked over at Wu Ling and frowned. "What's he doing here?"

Wu Ling hesitated. "He was invited by my younger brother," she said softly. "Grandmaster Shui Mu...."

Shui Mu's annoyed expression grew even more obvious and he let out a cold harumph. "Considering that you've invited others, then I'm afraid I won't be participating." His expression dark, he flicked his sleeve, turned, and walked back into his courtyard. In his mind, it was inconceivable that he, a Dragoner, could possibly participate in any activity with a mere Neo-Demon Kennelist.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered slightly as he watched Shui Mu turning to stalk off. He said nothing, but rather waited to see how Wu Chen and Wu Ling would handle the situation.

Wu Ling was starting to get really nervous. She had spent a lot in her efforts to get help from Grandmaster Shui Mu. Glaring hatefully at Meng Hao, she followed after Shui Mu, her face filled with an expression of entreaty. She rattled off an endless stream of words as she tried to convince him to come back. Eventually, she gritted her beautiful teeth and offered even more compensation. Shui Mu eventually gave a begrudging nod, then returned, walking past Meng Hao without giving him a passing glance.

Wu Ling breathed a sigh of relief. However, the bitterness she felt in her heart only deepened. She gave Wu Chen a meaningful look, and then shook her head slowly. She was disappointed, she really did feel that it had been a big mistake on Wu Chen's part not to listen to her advice from the beginning.

Sighing, Wu Ling followed behind Grandmaster Shui Mu as he walked off. Meng Hao smiled indifferently as he followed. As for Wu Chen, he looked thoughtful as he walked. The small group left the Neo-Demon Kennelist district and made their way up the mountain to an open square which was cut into the side of the mountain. Its surface was smooth granite.

Meng Hao looked around as they walked, whereas Wu Chen was lost in thought. Up ahead, Wu Ling took out a branch, which she waved out in front of her. A green beam of light appeared that shot up into the sky and then exploded.

The resulting boom seemed to shake Wu Chen out of his reverie. He took a deep breath and the looked up toward the explosion. Ten beams of light immediately shot out from ten different houses located on the mountain. Moments later, ten people emerged. In addition, various other Crow Scout Tribe members from down below the mountain began to make their way up. Wu Chen turned toward Meng Hao, a look of determination in his eyes. He clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Grandmaster, please, help me.”

Meng Hao smiled and gave a slight nod. His impression of Wu Chen was growing. The young man was a bit impulsive, but his determination and perseverance were admirable.

People began to arrive, the first being from the group of ten.

One of their number was an old man dressed in a long white robe. His white hair floated in the wind, and his body was festooned with tattoos. One of the tattoos was that of a tree.

He seemed to be the most powerful in the group, the rest of whom emanated thick totemic power. Their Cultivation bases were extraordinary, most of them being around the early Core Formation stage.

As for the old man, he emanated power equivalent to the mid Nascent Soul stage.

Standing next to the old man was a smiling middle-aged man with grayish hair. His body was also festooned with totem tattoos, and emanated shocking power. He seemed to be slightly weaker than the old man; his power was analogous to the early Nascent Soul stage.

Wu Ling stepped forward and clasped hands toward the old man. “Wu Ling, descendant of the three great bloodlines, extends greetings to the Earth Priest. The command of the Greatfather stated that any time during this three day period, my younger brother Wu Chen could initiate his neo-demon duel with Wu Ali. The winner will receive the totem medallion!”

Shui Mu stood next to her looking proud as he clasped hands in greeting to the old man.

Wu Chen looked nervous as he stepped forward to stand next to Wu Ling, head bowed.

This old man of the mid Nascent Soul stage was none other than one of the two High Priests of the Crow Scout Tribe, who spent most of his time handling Tribal affairs. He looked Wu Ling over, glanced at Wu Chen, and then sighed inwardly. On an emotional level, he felt sorry for the two of them. However, whatever decisions were made by the Greatfather had to be complied with. The Earth Priest would never argue with him unless it was some matter of great importance. He gave them slight nods, then looked over at Meng Hao. As for the Greenwood Wolves that were gathered behind him, his eyes flickered as he studied them. However, he said nothing. Instead, he turned to Shui Mu.

“Thank you for your assistance, Dragoneer Shui Mu.”

Hearing this caused Shui Mu to suddenly feel a bit excited. He quickly clasped hands and bowed.

“To be able to assist descendants of the three great bloodlines is an incredible honor for someone as lowly as me.”

As these words were being exchanged, the rest of the ten people arrived. One of them was a young man wearing clothes very similar to those worn by Wu Chen. He was tall and strapping, with handsome features and a somewhat proud expression. As he neared, Meng Hao could sense coldness emanating from Wu Chen’s eyes.

The young newcomer gave a cold snort and then said, “Wu Chen, that totem medallion belongs to me, Wu Ali. However, since the Greatfather decreed it, I have no choice but to defeat you and settle the matter once and for all!” After this he clasped hands and bowed in greeting to the Earth Priest, as well as the middle-aged man standing next to him.

The middle-aged man smiled approvingly and nodded. He was the Grand Elder of the Crow Scout Tribe, a position below that of High Priest, but one of great power nonetheless. He was also a powerful expert of the same bloodline as Wu Ali. It was because of him that Wu Ali had become so aggressive recently, and attempted to take the totem medallion that belonged to Wu Chen.

It was at this point that a small crowd of other Crow Scout Tribe members arrived from below the mountain. There weren’t too many, so it didn’t take long for a group of close to one hundred people to surround the square.

Wu Chen was nervous. He took a deep breath as he stared over at Wu Ali. He was about to say something when Wu Ali gave a cold laugh and then waved his hand. A green light shot out to circle around in mid-air. Piercing cries rang out.

Suddenly, the light stopped moving and transformed into a little green-colored bat the size of a human hand. It had sharp fangs, and its eyes glowed with a cold light. All in all, it looked quite fierce, and caused the eyes of all the onlookers to glow.

“This is my level 2 neo-demon, a Greenwood Bat!” said Wu Ali arrogantly. “Wu Chen, produce your neo-demon. If you don’t have one, then go ahead and ask your Dragoneer to help you.