

# The Heavens 401

## Chapter 401: Same Level Fatality!

Conversations immediately broke out.

“Greenwood Bat! Of the three Greenwood totems, none are technically stronger than the others. What’s most important is the Cultivator’s connection with the neo-demon. In my opinion, Wu Ali has more potential than anyone else in his generation. It’s said that his Greenwood Bat was raised personally by rank 5 Dragoneer Mo Fang!” [1]

“I’ve got my eye on Wu Ali too. Normal Tribe members can acquire Greenleaf totems, but only the three great bloodlines have access to the special totems, the Greenwood Wolves, Greenwood Bats and Greenwood Snakes! The Greatfather and the Priests can combine all three totems into a totem of the Ancestor Tree. It seems to me that Wu Ali is definitely going to grow up to be a Chosen.”

“There’s no need to even mention Priests. They appear without any sign or indication. Whenever a Priest dies, his consciousness will return to Ancestor Greenwood Tree to be reincarnated. In any case, that Greenwood Bat sure does look extraordinary. Any neo-demon raised by rank 5 Dragoneer Mo Fang will definitely be the most powerful in its level. Probably the only thing that could be most powerful would be something raised by Mo Fang’s father. He’s the most powerful Dragoneer in the Tribe, level seven Grandmaster Mo Zi....”

Hearing all the discussions made Wu Chen feel as if all the blood in his body was rushing into his head. He took a step forward and was about to say something when Wu Ling suddenly called out.

“Grandmaster Shui Mu, your assistance is requested!”

Wu Ling truly did not believe Meng Hao to be capable of securing victory. In order to prevent any loss of face, she spoke before Wu Chen could. As soon as she did, all gazes fell upon old man Shui Mu.

Shui Mu gave a dry cough. Actually, this was his first time to engage in a neo-demon duel with someone of the three great bloodlines. Although he talked a big game, inwardly he was very focused on the opportunity present here. He had a chance now to increase his reputation, as well as gain other benefits, especially if he won.

He waved his right hand, causing the Greenwood Snake on his shoulder to fly into the air. It was like a green bolt of lightning that shot out to hover in front of the Greenwood Bat, its forked tongue flicking, its eyes radiating coldness.

The Greenwood Bat's expression didn't change at all, although the coldness in its eyes grew more intense.

"I am Shui Mu. Presumably you all are familiar with my name, Fellow Daoists. I have been raising this Greenwood Snake for an entire year. The reason it took so long with this particular neo-demon is that I tested out a special technique on it to bring forth some mutations!" Shui Mu pointed with his right hand, causing the Greenwood Snake to begin to tremble. Suddenly, a horn emerged from the middle of the snake's flat, glossy forehead.

This instantly caused a small commotion among the surrounding Cultivators, even the High Priest, who did a double take.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he examined the snake. Then, he began to laugh inwardly. Obviously, the horn was no mutation, but rather, a simple transplant. It was hard to say what beast it had been taken from, but it obviously had simply added it onto the snake. There were some people in the audience who realized this and paid the thing little heed. However, most of the onlookers appeared to be very interested in matter.

Seeing the looks of interest caused Shui Mu to get even more excited. It was at this point that the High Priest cleared his throat. "Very well. Let's begin," he said.

Immediately, Shui Mu waved his finger, causing the Greenwood Snake to fly at top speed toward the Greenwood Bat.

Wu Ali was feeling a bit nervous. Before, he had never paid the slightest attention to Shui Mu, but considering the man had raised a neo-demon that had a horn, it suddenly made him feel uneasy. Focusing his thoughts, he caused the Greenwood Bat's eyes to shine with coldness and then shoot forward.

In the blink of an eye, the two green beams of light slammed into each other. Booming sounds echoed out, along with a sharp shriek. Green-colored ripples spread out in all directions.

Wu Chen looked up, his face filled with anxiety, and his fists clenched tightly. He had been a bit irritated that his sister cut him off earlier, but now he had little time to consider it. His eyes were fixed on the two green beams of light in mid-air.

Wu Ling stood off to the side, feeling extremely anxious. Although she constantly told Wu Chen to endure the suffering silently, she was actually extremely furious. It was only to keep the both of them safe that she counselled him to show restraint. As for this neo-demon duel, she had fought hard to earn the right to have it. All her hope rested on Grandmaster Shui Mu. Hopefully, a victory here would ensure that the totem medallion stayed safely in their bloodline.

Meng Hao looked up at the Greenwood Snake and its horn. It was currently radiating reddish light that increased its speed. He nodded. "So it is somewhat useful after all."

It was at this time that a miserable shriek suddenly filled the air as one of the green beams of light suddenly split into two, and a shower of blood filled the air.

The green beam was none other than the Greenwood Snake. Part of its body fell toward the ground, which the Greenwood Bat snatched up and ripped into shreds with its sharp teeth. It then looked back up at the Greenwood Snake in the air above, which currently only had half a body left.

The Greenwood Bat let out a cry as it charged up. The Greenwood Snake tried to avoid it. Unfortunately, even with the aid of the glow emitted by the red horn on its head, it was unable to dodge. In the blink of an eye, the Greenwood Bat was right at its side. It bit into the snake, which let out a miserable shriek. Its body began to wither, and within the space of a few breaths, had turned into a shrivelled corpse, its essence absorbed by the Greenwood Bat.

Wu Chen's face fell, and he staggered backward as if the weight of an entire mountain had just slammed into him. He laughed bitterly.

Wu Ling's eyes filled with grief as she looked around helplessly.

Conversations immediately broke out among the audience.

"This defeat was destined to occur. There wasn't even a need to have a duel between Wu Chen and Wu Ali!"

"One is useless trash, the other is a Chosen! What's there to compare!?"

“Wu Ali controlled his neo-demon with as much skill as a Dragoner, and took the upper hand. You can see from this that Wu Chen doesn’t even have the confidence to control neo-demons.”

Of course, all of these various conversations could be heard by Wu Chen and Wu Ling.

As for Grandmaster Shui Mu, his expression was calm. He shook his head and said, “It seems I still need to work on my Greenwood Snakes,” he said coolly. “However, as you can all see, the changes I made to the snake increased its speed quite a bit. It may have been defeated by the Greenwood Bat, but the main reason would be that the Greenwood Bat was raised personally by rank 5 Dragoner Mo Fang. How could my Greenwood Snake have possibly defeated it?” He smiled as looked around at the audience, many of whom still had looks of interest on their faces. He had accomplished his goal, and was now certain that it wouldn’t be long before more people began to seek out his services.

Seeing the ashen look on Wu Chen’s face tore at Wu Ling’s heart. She turned toward Shui Mu and angrily said, “Grandmaster Shui Mu, you told me you were eighty percent certain you could achieve victory! If you had told me before what you said just now, then I wouldn’t have gone to the Greatfather to beg for permission to hold this neo-demon duel!”

“So childish!” said Shui Mu with an annoyed flick of a sleeve. “Neo-demon duels are filled with countless unpredictability. Even if I said I was ninety percent certain, that’s just my opinion based on my judgement. After all your years practicing Cultivation, do you really not understand something so simple?”

“You!!” she cried, glaring at Shui Mu. However, a bitter smile slowly appeared on her face. Shui Mu was a level 3 Dragoner, and an official vassal. Despite her being a descendant of the three great bloodlines, she was currently in a very poor position. She knew she had been used, but there was really nothing she could do about the situation except laugh bitterly.

“Definitely a bit childish,” said Meng Hao with a light cough.

As soon as his voice rang out, Shui Mu gave a cold harumph. Wu Chen’s pale face suddenly flushed with blood as he looked over at Meng Hao. The look in his eyes was like that of a drowning man who suddenly saw a piece of wood floating in front of him.

Panting, Wu Chen walked forward. Bowing deeply, he said, “Grandmaster, I beg for your assistance!”

Wu Ling looked over at him, flames of rage dancing in her eyes. One word at a time, she said, “How certain are you that you can win?”

“About eighty,” replied Meng Hao with a smile. He looked over at his Greenwood Wolves and then pointed at Hairy #5.

Hairy #5 suddenly looked up. His eyes radiating a cold glow, he shot forward. He performed no flashy moves, but instead transformed into a green beam of light that sped directly toward the Greenwood Bat.

Wu Ali’s eyes filled with scorn. Of the three great bloodline totems, Greenwood Wolves were the largest and also excelled in speed. However, in his mind, they couldn’t compare to Greenwood Bats at all, and he felt absolutely confident that his Greenwood Bat could sweep across all over level 2 totems. He sent his will out, already able to visualize the desiccated corpse of the wolf.

He laughed coldly. Moments before, he had been a bit nervous facing up against Grandmaster Shui Mu. However, Meng Hao was nothing but a random stranger who he didn’t care a bit about.

As he sent his will out, the Greenwood Bat let out a piercing cry and shot toward Hairy #5.

However, before it could barely even move, Hairy #5 increased his speed. This was not an increase of double or triple, but rather a multiple of ten!

He blurred into something that looked like a ghost, a speed which shouldn’t be possible for level 2 neo-demons. A screaming sound like that of a thunderstorm filled the air. Amidst the roaring, and before the Greenwood Bat could even react, Hairy #5 was directly in front of it. His eyes radiated coldness as he bit down.

A bloodcurdling shriek poured out of the mouth of the Greenwood Bat. The sound only lasted for a moment before suddenly stopped. Hairy #5 swallowed down the hand-sized bat in a single gulp.

There was a green blur, and then Hairy #5 was back at Meng Hao’s side. From the time he had left Meng Hao’s side until the time he returned, only a single breath of time had passed!

This was a complete fatality of the same level!!

Everything was deathly silent. The surrounding audience's eyes were wide, and they looked like they couldn't even breathe. Their minds spun with unprecedented shock.

Wu Chen stood there in a daze, and Wu Ling's dainty mouth was wide open. Her expression was one of shock and blankness, as if she were dreaming.

Wu Ali stared blankly. The Greenwood Bat had died too quickly for him to even react.

Wu Hai was also in the crowd. Moments ago when he'd seen Meng Hao getting ready to make a move, he had been worried. Now, however, he was staring wide-eyed, his mind a complete blank.

Wu Ali and the rest of the members of his bloodline stared, stupefied, their minds spinning. Things had happened so quickly they didn't even have a chance to tremble.

As for the Grand Elder, his eyes instantly filled with an unprecedented glow as he stared at Hairy #5. The Earth Priest took a deep breath and looked over at Meng Hao, his gaze glowing as brightly as the sun.

A long moment passed before a buzz filled the air.

"Instant... instant fatality? An instant fatality of the same level!!"

"That's a mutated Greenwood Wolf! Heavens, that's a mutated Greenwood Wolf!!"

"It was so fast! Its speed... is even greater than that of a level 3 neo-demon! This wasn't a neo-demon duel, it was an absolute slaughter!!"

"The only people who can raise neo-demons like this... are high level Dragoneers!!"

It was at this moment during the reactions that all eyes came to rest... on Meng Hao.

Chapter 402: You Predicted That Too?

Wu Chen had the sudden urge to cry out. Moments ago he had been the object of ridicule; a breath later it was the exact opposite. He couldn't speak, and in fact, tears welled up in his eyes and began to flow down his face. He started to laugh. This laughter was a release of all the pressure that he had felt over the past years.

At the moment, he didn't even care about the totem medallion. All he cared about was this feeling of finally rising up, the feeling of no longer being below others.

Disbelief filled the eyes of Wu Ling, and her brain felt as if it were being struck by a hundred thousand lightning bolts. What had happened just now didn't seem possible, and all she could do was stare with wide eyes at Meng Hao.

Her mind was a complete blank; the only thing she could think about was how staunchly Wu Chen had insisted on asking Meng Hao for help.

Slowly, her face grew pale as she thought of all the things she had said. Then she thought about the things she hadn't spoken out but only thought, and of her plans to kill Meng Hao.

All of these things filled her with complex emotions, as if everything she had said and done up to now was one big joke.

Conversations continued among the audience.

"The strangest thing is that Wu Ling asked for help from Grandmaster Shui Mu when there was a powerful expert like this in the Crow Scout Tribe."

"Even more strange is how the brother and sister looked so hopeless after Grandmaster Shui Mu was defeated...."

Hearing these conversations caused Wu Ling's beautiful face to begin to redden. It wasn't a flush of bashfulness, but rather, deep shame.

She wasn't sure what she should say. All her words and actions were exactly as Meng Hao had said, childish. There really was no other words that could describe them.

Wu Ali's face was deathly pale, as if it didn't contain even a single tiny drop of blood. He had been branded to the neo-demon at the time of its death, and it seemed he had been injured as a result. His Cultivation base was even unstable and on the verge of suffering injury.

The Crow Scout Tribe's Grand Elder, the middle-aged man, gave a cold harumph. Immediately, other members of his bloodline stepped forward to settle the shaking of Wu Ali's Cultivation base. All of them looked at Meng Hao with killing intent.

Off to the side, Shui Mu was panting, his eyes filled with disbelief. What had happened just now filled his mind with buzzing. Then he heard what people were saying around him, and it was as if a viper were inside of him biting into his heart. His eyes instantly became bloodshot.

Being defeated by the neo-demon of a rank 5 Dragoneer wasn't too bad. In fact, it was almost an honor. But the fact that the neo-demon he had raised didn't measure up at all to Meng Hao's filled him with intense jealousy and hatred.

"That's only one of the five neo-demons you've raised!" he said through gritted teeth. "I predicted such extraordinariness when they were young and I was raising them. Although I didn't know it would mutate, and I could see that it was extraordinary!" His words caused the expressions of the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members to change.

"Don't tell me it was all just a coincidence?"

"That would certainly explain why this guy isn't famous. He really just struck it lucky and got a mutated neo-demon."

As the discussions continued, Wu Ali glared at Meng Hao. His voice hoarse, he said, "I refuse to admit defeat!! If you really have what it takes, then switch to another neo-demon and we'll have another duel!"

As he spoke, he slapped his chest and then stretched out his hand. Immediately, a black skull appeared in his palm. He threw it out, whereupon it exploded with a boom, transforming into a black bone dust which spread out in all directions. The bone dust emitted a strange and unique aura.

As soon as the aura appeared, a roaring could be heard from further up on the mountain. Next, a black beam descended. It took only the space of a few breaths for it to arrive in the square. As it did, the black beam of light transformed into a black bat!

The bat was black, but green veins could be seen all over its body. A black aura pulsed off of it, and its eyes were bright red. It emanated a malevolent aura, and emanated the pressure of a level 3 neo-demon.

The appearance of the bat caused quite a commotion among the audience, which immediately buzzed with conversation.

“A level 3 Greenwood Bat!! And it’s mutated! If it weren’t, it wouldn’t be black!”

“I recognize that bat! It’s a venomous Greenwood Bat raised by Grandmaster Mo Fang! It’s actually only level 2, but because it’s mutated, it emanates the pressure of a level 3 neo-demon.”

“I remember some people offering an exorbitant price for that bat a few years ago, but Grandmaster Mo Fang wasn’t willing to give it up....”

The bat floated there in mid-air, gazing around with its crimson eyes, which came to rest on the five Greenwood Wolves next to Meng Hao. The bat opened its mouth to reveal a set of sharp black teeth. It let out a howl, then flickered as it shot toward Meng Hao.

The speed with which it approached seemed comparable to the Greenwood Wolf from moments ago.

“Hairy #4,” said Meng Hao coolly, standing there as if he didn’t even see the incoming black bat. Moments ago, Hairy #4 had been standing there looking bored, but as soon as he heard Meng Hao’s command, he suddenly lifted his head up and howled.

Immediately, ripples spread out in all directions. The instant the ripples touched the bat, it began to tremble. Whereas moments ago it had been speeding forward, it now involuntarily stopped.

As soon as it stopped moving, Hairy #4 shot forward with explosive speed that exceeded that of Hairy #5 by double. In the blink of an eye, it was upon the black bat, whereupon it slashed out with its claws.

A boom filled the air, along with a miserable shriek. Just now, everyone had taken this black bat to be beyond ordinary. It was even mutated! Now, though, it took only a moment for its entire body to explode. Under the claws of Hairy #4, it died in an instant.

The entire fight lasted for only the space of one breath.

This was another... instant fatality!

Hairy #4 turned into a green blur as he returned to Meng Hao's side. The surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members were all breathing raggedly, and their eyes were wide. The scene just now left them in complete silence for a moment, after which a great commotion exploded out.

“That one's also mutated!!”

“He... he has five Greenwood Wolves. Don't tell me they're all mutated!?!?”

“The way he's raising those Greenwood Wolves... just what rank of Dragoon is he?!?!”

Amidst the commotion, Wu Chen and Wu Ling stared in astonishment. Wu Ali's face was pale white, and without even thinking about it, he backed up a few paces. These two neo-demon duels far exceeded his capacity for thought; they left his mind a spinning blank.

The Crow Scout Tribe Earth Priest once again gazed thoughtfully at Meng Hao. Next to him, the Grand Elder was frowning as he glared at Meng Hao.

As for old man Shui Mu, his jaw had dropped and he was staring blankly at Meng Hao's Greenwood Wolves, his mind a complete blank. After a moment of mental struggle, he cried, “So, it wasn't just one mutated Greenwood Wolf, but two. Just as predicted...” Inwardly he was gnashing his teeth, but on the surface, he put on a profound and mysterious air.

“You predicted that too?” said Meng Hao, a cold light gleaming in his eyes. He was starting to get annoyed at this old man's arrogance.

“Hairy #3!” As soon as Hairy #3 heard Meng Hao's voice, he lifted his head up and emitted an astonishing howl. As it echoed out, the faces of the Crow Scout Tribe members immediately filled

with shock. In addition, all of the Tribe members of the Foundation Establishment stage or lower were shaken.

Beneath the power of Hairy #3's howl, all Cultivation bases of Foundation Establishment and lower began to involuntarily rotate. The totems tattoos of those Cultivators began to shine brightly, and they felt an enormous pressure.

The power of the howl shook everything. In the blink of an eye, this scene, coupled with the actions of Hairys #4 and #5 just now, caused an even greater commotion.

“That's... that's another mutant!!”

“Three mutants! That guy has a total of three mutant Greenwood Wolves!”

“Each one is more powerful than the one before it! This Greenwood Wolf is even more powerful than the peak of a level 3. It's almost the same as level 4!!”

As the commotion broke out, Shui Mu's face flickered with various emotions. He felt as if someone were violently smashing at his heart with a hammer. He staggered back a few paces.

Before he could say anything, Meng Hao's voice could be heard. “So, did you predict that too?” he asked coolly. Shui Mu felt his mind reeling. Gnashing his teeth, he was about to respond that he had, when Meng Hao patted Hairy #2 on the back.

Hairy #2 slowly looked up. He did not fly forward, nor howl. All he did was emit a green glow from his body. The glow turned into a pillar of light that shot up into the sky. Up above, it transformed into an illusory body that lifted its head up to howl....

This howl caused all of the level 3 neo-demons in the Crow Scout Tribe to tremble. They couldn't stop themselves from prostrating and emitting simultaneous howls of reverence.

The sound caused everyone's hearts to tremble violently. No one spoke even a single word!

People could accept one mutant. Two was shocking. But three.... It was almost impossible to believe. And four.... The members of the Crow Scout Tribe seemed to have lost their ability to even think. They stared blankly at the four Greenwood Wolves standing next to Meng Hao.

“Rank 3 Dragoner Grandmaster Shui Mu, was this another thing that you predicted?” asked Meng Hao, his voice cold. His words caused all eyes to shift onto the old man.

Shui Mu’s face twisted and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then, he pitched over and fell unconscious onto the ground. There was nothing else he could do in response to Meng Hao’s incisive words. As shameless as he was, it was impossible for him to actually say that he had predicted that all four of the Greenwood Wolves would be so incredible.

The moment Shui Mu fell onto the ground, a cold voice suddenly drifted down from the lofty position high up on the mountain from which the black bat had flown from.

“Those four Greenwood Wolves will be given to me, Mo Fang.”

Chapter 403: My Pill...

As soon as the sound echoed out from the mountain peak, a figure could be seen descending. A middle-aged man strode forth, wearing a black robe. His features were handsome and filled with a certain grimness. He came to a stop next to Wu Ali, his hands clasped behind his back.

The surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members instantly recognized him.

“It’s Grandmaster Mo Fang!”

Wu Ali took a deep breath as he clasped hands and bowed deeply to the man. At the same time, the faces of the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members filled with veneration as they also clasped hands in greeting.

A smile covered the face of the Earth Priest as he nodded slightly toward the black-robed man. Next to him, the smile on the face of the Grand Elder was even more exuberant.

This black-robed man was none other than the Crow Scout Tribe’s rank 5 Dragoner Mo Fang, who occupied a very high position within the Tribe. He looked over at Meng Hao, then back at the Earth Priest and the Grand Elder.

“These four mutated Greenwood Wolves appear to be excellent. My horde currently lacks some good attack neo-demons. If I raise those Greenwood Wolves for a while, they should meet my requirements. Could I prevail upon the Earth Priest and the Grand Elder to fulfill my desire?”

The entire time he spoke, it was obvious that his words were not directed toward Meng Hao. The arrogance with which he spoke made it clear that he took no note whatsoever of Meng Hao. This was the disregard of a highly ranked Dragoneer.

It didn't matter that it was Meng Hao who had raised the four mutated Greenwood Wolves. In his opinion, Meng Hao was nothing but an insect. Such an attitude was something Meng Hao had seen quite a bit of in the past. He gave a faint smile in response to Mo Fang's disregard, an expression much similar to the one he had directed toward Wu Ling earlier.

The Crow Scout Tribe's Grand Elder gave a slight smile in response to Mo Fang's words, but didn't say anything. He simply looked over at the Earth Priest.

The Earth Priest's expression was thoughtful. According to Tribe rules, neo-demons were usually raised by only one person, unless they were taken by a Tribe member.

Mo Fang's request put him in somewhat of a difficult position. Were it some other Dragoneer, he would tactfully decline the request. But Mo Fang was different. He was only rank 5, but his father was the number one vassal in the entire Tribe, rank 7 Dragoneer Mo Zi.

Because of that, the Earth Priest really had no choice but to make some sort of compromise.

But then he looked over at Meng Hao, and especially his right hand, and smiled.

“I'm not authorized to make such a decision. These four neo-demons were raised by this Grandmaster here. You'll have to see if he's willing.”

The words of the Earth Priest caused the Grand Elder's eyes to flicker and narrow imperceptibly. He looked at Meng Hao. Mo Fang turned his head to truly look at Meng Hao for the first time, and his expression was one of shock.

The Earth Priest's words caused the surrounding Cultivators to think a variety of things. Their eyes flickered as they all looked at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao smiled. “If you can get these Greenwood Wolves to follow you, then I won’t stop them. But if you can’t, then according to the rules, I, Meng Hao, will have to select a few neo-demons to take from your horde.” As far as Meng Hao was concerned, this was his opportunity to make his mark in the Crow Scout Tribe. Mo Fang had appeared, looking to make a fool of himself; Meng Hao would naturally accommodate him.

Mo Fang glared superciliously at Meng Hao and said, “You’ll never get a chance to select a single one of my neo-demons. As a Dragoner, I will help you to understand the meaning of controlling neo-demons!”

With that, he flicked his sleeve and strode in Meng Hao’s direction. Smiling, Meng Hao took a few steps back, allowing him full access to the Greenwood Wolves.

Mo Fang was getting excited. As a rank 5 Dragoner, he had a variety of techniques to use to control neo-demons. This was especially true of his particular bloodline, which had produced a rank 9 Dragoner in the past; that was one step away from Grand Dragoner. In the end, he had perished, but before doing so, had passed down his secret techniques as a legacy for successive generations.

It might not compare to some of the other Western Desert Dragoner legacies, but here in the five Crow Divinity Tribes, it was quite outstanding.

“Greenwood Wolves are Wood-type neo-demons that are born at level 1 and can grow to level 7. Within the lists of Western Desert neo-demons, they are in the 891st position. Their original ancestor was born beneath the ancient Greenwood Tree, thus the reason they are called Greenwood Wolves.

“They move with blinding speed and have sharp fangs. They also enjoy the fragrant smell of forest leaves. The thrice refined Green Incense of a rank 5 Dragoner can cause all masterless Greenwood Wolves under level 5 to submit.” The surrounding Cultivators’ eyes were filled with looks of reverence as Mo Fang arrogantly explained himself.

Meng Hao’s face was covered with his usual slight smile. He said nothing, but merely watched as Mo Fang produced a green incense stick. The incense stick seemed to have been created using various plant and vegetation materials. As soon as it appeared, a faint, fragrant aroma drifted out.

However, the aroma seemed to have absolutely no effect on the five Greenwood Wolves. They continued to laze about on the ground, not paying it the slightest heed.

“Not bad,” said Mo Fang. “The fact that they can stand up to this high level Green Incense shows that these neo-demons are beyond ordinary. However, it will be a much different story after I light the incense with my secret Dragoneer kindling magic! Fellow Daoists, please observe!” Setting his chin, he suddenly flashed an incantation with his right hand. Soon, ripples of magic could be seen which spread out toward the Green Incense that he held in his other hand.

An intangible flame appeared, causing the Green Incense stick to begin to smolder. The aroma was immediately ten times thicker than before as it emanated out in all directions. All of the surrounding Cultivators who had Greenwood Wolf totem tattoos were shocked to find the totems within their bodies surging involuntarily. The Cultivators backed up away from the horrifying fragrance.

However, the five Greenwood Wolves who lay directly in the middle of the aroma didn’t react even the slightest bit, except for Hairy #5, who lifted his head and yawned lazily.

Everything was quiet. Quite a few people were looking at Mo Fang, whose face was flickering slightly. He’d never imagined that something like this could happen. With a cold snort, he suddenly snapped his fingers, causing the Green Incense to collapse. The aroma of the incense then grew several time stronger and thicker as it emanated out.

And yet... Big Hairy and Hairy #2 didn’t even bat an eyelid. As for Hairy #5, he actually nudged Hairy #4 playfully, completely ignoring Mo Fang.

Meng Hao coughed dryly. The aroma was completely ineffective because of their mutation; previous flaws that existed within ordinary Greenwood Wolves were now gone.

“Not bad,” said Mo Fang, clearing his throat. “These Greenwood Wolves are very good at resisting this incense. But that doesn’t matter. I, Mo Fang, have many techniques. If the simplest doesn’t work, who cares?” Suddenly, he waved his right hand, causing a red glow to appear in front of him, within which could be seen a huge lump of meat.

The fresh meat dripped with blood, the smell of which spread out to fill the area. Hairy #5 suddenly looked up. Hairys #4 and #3 also looked over. The surrounding audience members who had Greenwood Wolf totem tattoos backed up, their faces filled with fear. They could feel the Greenwood Wolf totems inside of them moving about in agitation. It seemed like they might go completely out of control and burst forth at any moment.

Mo Fang laughed. “The blood and meat of the Searchtree Deer is irresistible to Greenwood Wolves. That is especially true of this lump of meat, which I, Mo Fang, have been refining for eight months!” Hairy #5 had an odd expression on his face as he looked over. He sniffed the air a few times, then turned back to play with Hairy #4. Hairy #3 studied the lump of meat for a moment, then seemed to find it boring and looked away.

Meng Hao chuckled. During his training of these wolves, Meng Hao had only fed them meat like this once, that first time in the beginning. Afterward, he only fed them meat when he secretly took them out into the mountains and let them kill and eat live beasts. To them, it was somewhat of a habit. When it came to meat that wasn't fresh, they wouldn't find it interesting at all. The only reason Hairy #5 had looked over earlier was because of curiosity.

Mo Fang's eyes went wide. However, the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members were all looking at him, so he merely coughed and covered his face with an expression of praise.

“So, it seems I'll actually have to use something really powerful!” he said through gritted teeth. He waved his hand, causing a green liquid to appear. This provoked no reaction from Big Hairy and the others.

Mo Fang was starting to get anxious. He quickly performed an incantation with both hands, employing a magical technique that caused glowing bands of light to shoot out toward the five Greenwood Wolves. The wolves, however, didn't even so much as glance at the bands of light. They continued to play around, except for Big Hairy, who had closed his eyes to nap.

The surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members had strange expressions on their faces. They had seen Mo Fang use incense, meat, water and even magic. He was using so many methods that he had started to sweat.... However, none of them provoked any reaction at all on the part of the Greenwood Wolves. They continued to ignore him.

Wu Chen, Wu Ling and the others all watched on with odd expressions. Even the Grand Elder was frowning. As for the Earth Priest, a thoughtful smile could be seen on his face as he looked again at Meng Hao's right hand.

“As of now, I think I can confirm his identity,” thought the Earth Priest. He was beginning to grow very happy.

Mo Fang glared at the five Greenwood Wolves, his eyes a bit bloodshot. Gritting his teeth, he slapped his bag of holding, which caused a bloody glow to emerge. It came to rest on his hand in the form of a blood-colored medicinal pill.

The instant the medicinal pill appeared, the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members' faces lit with shock. Their totem tattoos began to glow as one neo-demon after another appeared. They lifted their heads up to the sky and howled, then stared fixedly at the blood-colored pill in Mo Fang's hand. If their masters weren't holding them back, it seemed as if these neo-demons would charge forward in attack.

The Grand Elder's eyes narrowed. "That's..."

Even the Earth Priest narrowed his eyes.

Holding the pill out, Mo Fang arrogantly said, "I have been refining this pill from the day I became a rank 1 Dragoner. This is a Demon Nurturing Pill!"

This was his trump card as a Dragoner, a method specifically targeting neo-demons.

"Demon Nurturing Pill!!"

"So it's a legendary Demon Nurturing Pill! It's said that this type of pill has long since vanished from the face of the Earth. And yet Grandmaster Mo is holding one right there!"

Everyone was completely shocked.

His voice filled with pride, Mo Fang said, "Although this is not a real Demon Nurturing Pill of legend, it has been handed down from my ancestors. True, it might not measure up to the pill of the Frigid Snow Clan. However, their formula was actually flawed. My pill can definitely outdo any other pill in the Western Desert. It can cause all neo-demons within a three hundred meter area to go crazy!!"

As far as Mo Fang was concerned, now that he had produced this pill, there was nothing to worry about. If it wasn't for the fact that he was in a bind, and everyone had watched him pull off a string of failures, he would never have dared to pull it out.

All of the neo-demons in the area were howling. Meng Hao's Greenwood Wolves looked over at the pill, strange expressions in their eyes.

Chapter 404: Shamed Into Rage

Mo Fang held out the Demon Nurturing Pill, his expression aloof. As far as he was concerned, there was now nothing to worry about. He had never heard of any neo-demon capable of resisting a Demon Nurturing Pill.

However, it took only a moment for his expression to fill with shock. It wasn't just him; all of the surrounding members of the Crow Scout Tribe were all staring with wide eyes at the five Greenwood Wolves. They simply couldn't believe it.

Big Hairy hadn't even opened his eyes, and was still napping. Hairy #2 and the others had odd expressions on their faces. They sniffed the air and then looked with confusion over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't say anything. All of the wolves, except for Big Hairy, resumed their playing. As for Mo Fang and his Demon Nurturing Pill, they were completely ignored.

The neo-demons of the surrounding Tribe members were going crazy, whereas the Greenwood Wolves were completely calm. The sight of it caused Mo Fang's brain to be filled with what seemed like the explosion of thunder.

Nobody spoke. Nearly a hundred people all seemed as if they couldn't even breathe.

"Impossible...." said Mo Fang. "How could this be? This... this is a Demon Nurturing Pill. There's not a single neo-demon that could possibly resist it...." His face was pale; what was happening was a huge blow to him. He staggered backward, muttering to himself and staring at his most precious, treasured Demon Nurturing Pill. Then he looked back at the five Greenwood Wolves.

His felt his mind reeling, and a look of confusion filled his eyes. Suddenly, he began to doubt himself.

Meng Hao gave a dry cough. He felt a bit bad for Mo Fang. If the man had pulled out some other item, perhaps it could have attracted the attention of Big Hairy and the other wolves. But to the wolves, this supposedly precious Demon Nurturing Pill was absolutely valueless.

From the time they were small, they had been raised on the Frigid Snow Clan's Demon Nurturing Pill. Most importantly, even the Frigid Snow Clan couldn't concoct a Demon Nurturing Pill of the same quality as Meng Hao, unless they had a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy like him.

By way of analogy, it was as if these Greenwood Wolves had been raised on gold and silver, only to have someone pull out a chunk of copper or iron to try to get their attention. How could they possibly care about something like that...?

That was especially true of Big Hairy, who had eaten a real Demon Nurturing Pill!

Actually, the pill formula from the Frigid Snow Clan was not flawed. However, they were not capable of using it to create a true Demon Nurturing Pill, because they were not Demon Sealers!

Only Demon Sealers could use the Demonic Qi of Heaven and Earth, merge it into the medicinal pill, and thus, concoct a real Demon Nurturing Pill.

That was the type of pill that Big Hairy had consumed. The changes to him had been earth shattering, beyond that which exists in the mortal world.

“If Grandmaster Mo has no other methods to try out, then I think it’s time for me to select some of his neo-demons. Earth Priest, could I bother you to bear witness?” Meng Hao smiled at Mo Fang, then turned to bow toward the Earth Priest with clasped hands.

How could Meng Hao not have noticed the man studying the totem tattoo on his right hand earlier? That had been his plan from the very beginning, and also the identity he had chosen to assume.

A descendant of the Frigid Snow Clan!

The totem tattoo on Meng Hao’s right hand was none other than the Eyeless Larva, which looked very similar to the Frigid Snow Larva. People who didn’t know the difference would naturally confuse the two. Of course, Tribes who uses larvae as totems were not very common in the Western Desert, but Meng Hao was sure that, if he showed off the talents of a Dragoon, people would be able to put two and two together.

Earlier, this was exactly what had happened in the mind of the Earth Priest.

The Earth Priest thought for a moment and then looked over at Mo Fang. He didn’t need to actually say anything. Not just his gaze, but the gazes of all the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members all fell onto Mo Fang. It is difficult to get off a tiger once you start riding it, and that is just the situation Mo Fang was in right now.

He glared over at Meng Hao. As of now, the hostility he felt had reached an incredible level. After a long moment, he ground his teeth. He couldn't possibly violate Dragoneer custom in front of all these people. At the same time that he'd had received approval to attempt to take Meng Hao's neo-demons, he had agreed to the possibility of Meng Hao taking his.

Mo Fang gave a cold harumph as he thought to himself, "His neo-demons are just too bizarre. However, even though I have no way to make them follow me, if he thinks he's going to take my neo-demons away, he'll be sadly mistaken!" Thinking of the strength of his own neo-demon horde, he felt quite confident. With that, he waved his right hand, causing a special bag of holding to appear. This bag of holding appeared to be constructed from the skin of beasts. It began to tremble, and suddenly multiple beams of light flew out, accompanied by powerful cries.

In total, there were 23 Greenwood Wolves, 19 Greenwood Snakes and 13 Greenwood Bats. They flew out to surround around him, emanating shocking power. The observing Crow Scout Tribe members all had looks of profound veneration on their faces.

That caused some of Mo Fang's embarrassment to lessen. His eyes glittered as he produced another bag of holding, which he waved in front of him. Three deafening cries suddenly shook everything as three thirty meter long neo-demons emerged. One was a burly Greenwood Python and another was an Greenwood Wolf whose body crackled with lightning.

The final of the three caused the entire horde of neo-demons to tremble. It was a gigantic bat!

This bat emanated an ancient aura, as if it had been alive for a very, very long time. Although it floated there in mid air, its wings were actually folded up, and it stood upright like a person. It glared about, its eyes cold and piercing. Anyone upon whom it gazed wouldn't be able to stop from trembling.

The surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members couldn't help but stare at Mo Fang with deep veneration.

"Three level 5 neo-demons! All three of them are mutated! And look at that Black Bat.... It's as strong as the late Foundation Establishment stage!"

"There are even a lot of level 4s, although most of them are level 3. Not a single one is level 2!"

In the Western Desert, a level 5 Dragoner could be considered a powerful expert. For example, this Mo Fang actually only had a Cultivation base at the mid Foundation Establishment stage. However, when it came to his fighting prowess, he would be able to cause quite a headache even for someone of the late Foundation Establishment stage.

“This is my neo-demon horde! If you think you have the skill, just try to take them away!” Mo Fang’s voice echoed about, filled with self-confidence. His expression was one of pride. He was sure that at the very most, Meng Hao would take away some of the weaker level 3 neo-demons. After acquiring these neo-demons, had expended virtually all of his resources to raise them. They had been with him for years, giving him supreme confidence that they would not capitulate to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a slight smile. Considering his own Cultivation base and identity, he didn’t find it inappropriate to teach a lesson to this trifling little Cultivator. His gaze swept across the neo-demons.

“To become one of Meng Hao’s neo-demons can only be described as luck and good fortune. I’ll give you the space of three breaths to decide. If you want to follow me, come over here.” He spoke the words indifferently, but as he did, he caused Demonic Qi to begin to emanate out.

Even this small amount of Demonic Qi immediately caused a dozen or so of the neo-demons to begin to tremble and look over. It also caused the totemic neo-demons of the Crow Scout Tribe members to begin to howl. The sound of it filled the air as almost all of them left the sides of their masters to fly in the air, howling with hope.

The face of the Tribe’s Grand Elder fell as the totem tattoo on his body began to glow and then the Greenwood Snake within charged out, howling.

The face of the Earth Priest also fell as his own totem tattoo began to emit a glow. Gasping, he waved his hand, causing the power of his Cultivation base to explode out. Invisible shields suddenly sprang up everywhere, preventing the totemic neo-demons of the Tribe members from charging forward.

Mo Fang’s face was filled with thorough disbelief, and he was breathing rapidly. He stared at the neo-demon horde which had moments ago been obediently standing at his side. Now, they were howling crazily and charging toward Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, only the three level 5 neo-demons were left behind struggling.

After the space of one breath passed, the Greenwood Wolf and the black Greenwood Snake shot over toward Meng Hao. Now, only the bat remained, staring fixedly at Meng Hao with its cold eyes. However, within those eyes could be seen both intelligence and shock.

“Come here,” said Meng Hao, staring back at the bat. He could tell that the bat was suffering from some hidden injury that others would find it difficult to be able to detect. Meng Hao was also able to sense a faint Demonic Qi emanating out from it.

The feel of it was very similar to that of Big Hairy.

However, the Demonic Qi was in disorder, which was why Meng Hao was able to detect the strange injury.

As soon as Meng Hao spoke to the bat, the gigantic creature’s eyes flashed with a glow of intelligence. Suddenly, its body shot into the air and it flew to stand next to Meng Hao.

“Impossible!” shouted Mo Fang, blood spraying from his mouth as he staggered backward several paces. He felt like he was on the verge of going insane.

All of this was simply impossible to accept. His eyes were bright red and his hair was completely disheveled. Even as he roared, his eyes filled with intense killing intent. How could he possibly accept that in front of all these people, some completely unknown Dragoneer would defeat him in this way? Killing intent flared in his eyes and he suddenly lifted up his right hand.

There on his wrist was a black bone bracelet. The bracelet shattered into pieces, which exploded out into a bone ash mist.

The bone ash mist then began to congeal. As it did, it started to glow brightly and emit the light of teleportation. Roaring sounds could suddenly be heard within the teleportation spell; at the same time, streams of ash-colored light appeared, which then transformed into a gray Giant Ape, roughly twenty-five meters long.

The ape’s eyes were bright red, and its fur was long and luxuriant. The instant it appeared, it let out a frightening roar, along with an aura equivalent to the Core Formation stage, that filled the area. The faces of the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members were instantly filled with shock.

“A level 6 neo-demon!!”

“That’s a level 6 neo-demon!!”

His voice filled with rage, Mo Fang cried, “Kill all his neo-demons, and kill him!!”

Immediately, the Giant Ape rose up and let out a shocking roar. Then, it charged directly toward Meng Hao.

Its face was filled with ruthlessness, as if there was no living thing that it couldn’t rip to shreds.

Meng Hao’s eyes grew cold.

“Big Hairy,” he said coolly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Big Hairy, who had been napping the entire time, lifted his head. His body looked skinny and weak, but then suddenly exploded with shocking power. His cold eyes filled with brutality and madness that soared to the Heavens.

His savagery was usually kept suppressed by Meng Hao. Without a direct command, it would never appear. Now, it exploded out, and as it did, a bloody aura swirled out from his body. It was in this moment that his green-colored fur suddenly...

Turned white!

Chapter 405: White Wolf!

A white streak of light shot forward at incredible, indescribable speed. In a split second, it was directly in front of the Giant Ape. A boom rattled out, shaking Heaven and Earth, and waves of ripples spread out in all directions, kicking up dust and causing a howling wind to sweep about.

A howl followed by a groan could be heard from the Giant Ape’s mouth. It was as if its enormous body had suddenly slammed directly into a mountain. It fell back, blood spraying from its mouth as its shrill cry echoed out around it. Its chest was now awash with blood; an enormous chunk of flesh had been violently ripped out of it.

The white light flickered, and Big Hairy was standing off to the side, holding the chunk of meat in his mouth. He swallowed the meat down and then licked the blood from his lips.

His expression was one of pride, coupled with cold ruthlessness. He looked at the Giant Ape for a moment, then raised his head to the sky and howled. Suddenly, a field of illusory shadows appeared around him, within which the image of an enormous tree could be seen.

The tree began to twist, its branches intertwining with each other to change into the image of a huge wolf's head. As Big Hairy leaped forward, the Giant Ape looked terrified. Nonetheless, it let out a roar, causing its body to expand as it shot to meet him.

Big Hairy's body flickered as he once again neared the Giant Ape. His ghastly mouth opened wide and then clamped down onto the ape's neck. This time, the Giant Ape's shrieks couldn't be any more miserable.

A bloodcurdling scream echoed out, along with a cracking sound....

Blood shot out of the Giant Ape's head as Big Hairy ripped it clean off the body. Holding the head in his mouth, he turned and flickered back to Meng Hao. Dropping the head to the ground, he licked some blood off of it and then looked around with coldness and savagery at the surrounding onlookers. Of course, he would only attack if Meng Hao uttered another command.

The other neo-demons surrounding Big Hairy backed away from him, trembling, not daring to be near him. Even Hairy #2 and the other Greenwood Wolves did so. As for the level 5 Lightning Greenwood Wolf and the python, they also slowly backed up, their expressions filled with vigilance and reverence.

It was only the enormous Black Bat that looked coldly at Big Hairy. Big Hairy looked back, savagery dancing in his eyes.

The two neo-demons faced off, sizing each other up.

Further away in the square, Mo Fang stood there with a blank look on his pale face, his body trembling.

The Giant Ape was now only a headless body. Blood surged out from the neck, filling the entire square with its smell.

After a long moment, people finally started to breathe again. Everyone's eyes were glued onto Big Hairy; their expressions were that of astonishment, shock and excitement.

“White Wolf!!”

“It turns out that it's a White Wolf! The Crow Scout Tribe's ancient records mention a Crow Divinity White Wolf!! According to the legend, that's the same color as the ancestor of all Greenwood Wolves. Don't tell that this is... the reincarnation of the ancestor?”

“A mutated, reincarnated ancestor! That's something you rarely see even in a hundred years! In ten thousand Greenwood Wolves, you might only find one!! The Crow Scout Tribe hasn't had a White Wolf appear in ages!!”

The Crow Scout Tribe members were in an uproar. The minds of each and every person was filled with shock, to a level far exceeding that caused by anything that had happened earlier.

As for the Tribe's Grand Elder, he was breathing heavily, and his eyes filled with a bright glow of greed that he couldn't suppress.

The Earth Priest's body trembled and his eyes glowed with astounding brightness as he stared at Big Hairy and the white fur that covered his body. He panted for a moment before recovering his composure.

“Earth Priest,” said Meng Hao coolly, “I asked you to bear witness, so I'm afraid I'll need an explanation regarding this Giant Ape neo-demon. Otherwise, you can't blame me for handling the matter myself.” He waved his hand, causing a handful of neo-demons to shoot forward, latch onto the Giant Ape's corpse with their sharp teeth, and drag it back to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed, then, in front of all the surrounding Cultivators, turned and began to walk down the mountain. As he did, the Tribe members who stood in his way moved off to either side to make room, their faces filled with veneration. Quite a few even bowed their heads to him.

In the Cultivation world, respect is shown toward the powerful. Such was the case no matter where one went. In fact, in the vast lands of the Western Desert, this was even more the case.

As for old man Shui Mu, he had regained consciousness by this point. He looked at Meng Hao as he walked off, and the dozens of neo-demons that were following, and his eyes filled with awe. No longer was he jealous or envious. He knew that the difference between them was far too vast, to the point where he no longer felt any rancor. Instead, there was only fear inside him.

The Crow Scout Tribe Grand Elder watched Meng Hao leaving with all the neo-demons, and his eyes flickered coldly. “You’re going to leave just like that?” he said coolly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, ripples of pressure emanated out, enveloping the area Meng Hao stood in. The Grand Elder’s body flickered, and a moment later, he was standing directly in front of Meng Hao, blocking his way. “That White Wolf is a sacred relic of ours. Leave it behind, and then you may depart.” The Grand Elder’s eyes flickered across Big Hairy, and his heart started to pound with eagerness. It was impossible to prevent some of that eagerness from showing on his face.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t hear you clearly. Could you say that again?” As he spoke the words, Meng Hao’s eyes looked the same as they usually did. However, there was just a hint of coldness as well. Immediately, killing intent from the surrounding neo-demons filled the air. This was especially true of Big Hairy, whose pupils suddenly turned completely white.

As for the Black Bat, it floated there in mid-air, its eyes red. It too was emanating killing intent.

If that was all there was to it, it wouldn’t be a big deal. However, totemic light suddenly flashed up from the back of Meng Hao’s right hand. The aura of the Eyeless Larva emanated out. The Eyeless Larva lived because it had plundered a breath from every living thing in the world. Its existence was shocking to the extreme, and the instant its aura emanated out, the Grand Elder’s face fell.

Even more shocking to the Grand Elder was that he could sense two more hidden types of profound aura within Meng Hao. He wasn’t sure which if any of them was Meng Hao’s. One was a like a sea of blood that rose to the heavens. The other was like the disdain of a sovereign of the sky.

“High level Dragoneer!” thought the Grand Elder, his face flickering with emotion. “He has at least a few incredibly powerful, horrifying neo-demons!” He might be able to look down on Meng Hao himself, but could not look down on his status as a high-level Dragoneer.

Dragoneer Cultivators were not inherently strong, but their neo-demons were!

The Grand Elder was now hesitating inwardly. It was at this time that the Crow Scout Tribe's Earth Priest suddenly coughed.

“Grandmaster Meng, please, stay here with us in the Crow Scout Tribe. Everything that happened just now was a misunderstanding. As for the matter of that ape, Grandmaster, I can offer you an explanation.”

The Earth Priest's wording was polite, which instantly caused the Grand Elder's eyes to narrow. It seemed to him that there was something fishy about the way the man had been acting today. Eyes flickering, the Grand Elder said nothing, and actually stepped to the side to make way.

Meng Hao turned to look back at the Earth Priest, then clasped hands and bowed. Then, he continued on his way down the mountain. Slowly, the crowd in the square dispersed, including ashen-faced Mo Fang. The Grand Elder could not settle the doubts he felt in his heart as he turned toward the Earth Priest.

“Fellow Daoist Wu Han, just now that Dragoner named Meng was certainly extraordinary. However, Mo Fang is the son of Grandmaster Mo Zi. Weren't our actions just now a bit inappropriate?”

“How were they inappropriate?” replied the Earth Priest indifferently. “You saw the totem tattoo on the back hand of Dragoner Meng. Could you really not put two and two together?” He chuckled, looking at the Grand Elder.

“Totem tattoo? It was a larva....” The Grand Elder's eyes glittered, then filled with a thoughtful expression. Suddenly, he looked toward the Earth Priest with an expression of disbelief.

“Don't tell me....”

The Earth Priest smiled slightly. “If my speculations are correct, he is none other than a descendant of the Frigid Snow Clan. I received some news recently that Holy Snow City in the Black Lands has fallen, and the Frigid Snow Clan has left for the Southern Domain. From the look of things, some of the Clan members have instead decided to return to the Western Desert.

“This also explains why we have been unable to uncover any information about him during his six months as a vassal. He just recently fled the Black Lands, and is fearful of being followed. Therefore, he has been unusually cautious, and chose the Crow Scout Tribe as a place of refuge.”

“Well that’s just....” The Grand Elder was now palpitating with eagerness. He clearly remembered some rumors he had heard of a fearsome Dragoneer named Fang Mu in the Frigid Snow Clan.

“I’ll discuss the matter with the Greatfather,” said the Earth Priest. “However... even though the Crow Scout Tribe is small, I think we can still offer protection to a descendant of the Frigid Snow Clan! The main thing to worry about is not what enemies he might have, but rather, how to convince him to continue as a vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe. As a descendant of the Frigid Snow Clan, he possesses the innate skills of a Dragoneer. With enough resources and luck, it wouldn’t be impossible for him to become a level 9 Dragoneer!

“In fact, perhaps he will gain a chance to receive enlightenment from the Tree Ancestor. Grandmaster Mo Zi was the first to do so that year, which rose him to rank 6 Dragoneer.” His eyes thoughtful, the Earth Priest flicked his sleeve and then transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the top of the mountain.

Even as they were discussing Meng Hao’s identity, Meng Hao arrived back in his courtyard in the Neo-Demon Kennelist district behind the mountain. The entire way, he was followed by his scores of neo-demons, which of course caused quite a stir among all of the Cultivators in the area. They looked over with blank expressions of shock as Meng Hao walked past them.

When Meng Hao finally entered his courtyard, the shocked spectators began to discuss the matter in low tones. Soon, news of the neo-demon duel between Meng Hao and level 5 Dragoneer Mo Fang spread throughout the entire Tribe. Everyone learned that Meng Hao had five mutated Greenwood Wolves. Everyone gasped after hearing this, and their expressions were those of astonishment.

Back in his courtyard, Meng Hao ignored the neo-demon horde. Instead, his gaze came to focus on the Black Bat. His eyes flickered slightly as he closely examined the Demonic Qi within it.

Suddenly, Meng Hao’s heart began to tremble, and a strange look appeared in his eyes. As he looked closer, he gradually was able to make out something within the Black Bat’s body.

It was a wooden sword!

The instant he sensed the wooden sword, Meng Hao’s eyes began to glitter brightly. Shock welled up in his heart. Whereas he had been sitting there cross legged, he suddenly rose to his feet.

Chapter 406: The Third Wooden Sword!

The instant he stood up, it was as if the whole world grew smaller. Everything was replaced by Meng Hao. His rising up caused a tempest to spring into being. His rise even caused thunderbolts to shoot up to the Heavens.

Meng Hao's mind reeled and his heart shook. His aura immediately exploded out of him, enveloping the courtyard, causing the entire neo-demon horde to begin to shake and stare at him in fear. They began to whimper and prostrate themselves on the ground, not daring to move a muscle.

Even Big Hairy was shaking and his head was bowed. The Black Bat also shook as it hovered there in mid-air. There was definitely something extraordinary about it, but Meng Hao was in the late Gold Core stage and was also a Demon Sealer. Because of these two things, a simple thought from him could annihilate it and transform it into nothing but floating dust.

For the Black Bat, this made Meng Hao completely different than its previous master.

Currently, lightning was crackling in the air above the courtyard, multiple bolts which danced back and forth. The aura in the courtyard had been thrown into absolute chaos, as if the whole area had been carved away from the world, and now existed on its own, as part of Meng Hao.

Golden light began to emanate out from him. When this happened, there was absolutely no scholarly aura remaining in him, not even a scrap. It was instead replaced by the soaring will of a powerful expert of Heaven and Earth. In this moment, he was no longer a scholar, but an almighty expert of the late Gold Core stage, someone who could stand toe to toe with a Nascent Soul Cultivator.

All of this... could not be seen from the outside world. On the outside, the breeze blew gently and the clouds floated about. Only on the inside of the courtyard, however, was the will of a powerful expert emanating out from Meng Hao.

He gazed fixedly at the trembling Black Bat for a moment, then closed his eyes. It lasted only a moment, though. Then his eyes snapped back open. The lightning disappeared without a trace, and the tempest was gone. Meng Hao's body returned to normal. No longer was he a stalwart, powerful expert. Instead, he once again looked like a gentle scholar.

"A wooden sword...." he breathed lightly. His right hand reached out into the air, and suddenly the Black Bat began to tremble, unable to resist. It shot toward Meng Hao, who then grabbed ahold of it.

Intense fear floated within the Black Bat, terror of Meng Hao emanating from its eyes. As far as it was concerned, the seemingly Heavenly might, along with Meng Hao's faint Demonic Qi, transformed into an unmatched pressure that bore down onto it.

Meng Hao held onto the bat, his eyes thoughtful. After a moment passed, he lifted his left hand and then stabbed it into the body of the Black Bat. The wounded bat began to squirm; its life force was already beginning to slip away. However, at the same time, Demonic Qi began to pour from Meng Hao's left hand, restoring the very life that the Black Bat was losing as he ripped it apart.

His hand gradually shoved deeper into the bat's body. Eventually, deep within the blood and flesh, Meng Hao's hand closed around the hilt of a wooden sword. The instant it did, he wrenched the sword out of the bat's body.

Blood showered out, and the Black Bat let out a bloodcurdling shriek as it backed up and struggled to fly into the air. Instead, it flopped to the ground, panting, on the verge of death. At the same time, a look of gratitude appeared in its eyes. Although its body was trembling, its majestic life force was now soaring upward.

It seemed that the sword had actually been blocking its life force and obstructing the bat's cultivation. Now that Meng Hao had removed it, its Cultivation base was immediately restored, and its life force exploded out. This, coupled with the Demonic Qi from Meng Hao, caused the bat's life force to become even stronger.

It appeared weak at the moment. However, its wound was rapidly healing, and an increasingly powerful aura billowed up from it.

The gratefulness in its eyes gradually faded, replaced with coldness as it stared at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was indifferent, and he completely ignored the bat. Apparently its sudden mightiness wasn't of the least bit interest to him.

Instead, Meng Hao gazed at the wooden sword he had just pulled out from within the bat. He flicked it, causing the blood and gore that had covered it to disappear. The sword now looked as it normally did. It appeared ordinary, as if there were nothing unusual or special about it. However, the spiritual energy in the area suddenly began to suck in toward the sword. The sword quickly became what looked like a vortex of spiritual energy, all of which ended up being consumed by the sword itself.

Meng Hao looked at the sword, a strange expression on his face. He slapped his bag of holding, and instantly, two black beams shot out, which then transformed into two swords identical to the one he was holding in his hand.

Three wooden swords now hovered in front of Meng Hao. His eyes shone with a strange glow.

“I found a wooden sword in the body of the Flying Rain-Dragon all those years ago. Now, I find another wooden sword in the body of this Black Bat. These wooden swords must have some incredible origin....” His gaze passed over the three of them. Unless you knew that one was a duplicate, it would be impossible to tell them apart.

“It’s too bad I spent so many Spirit Stones making this duplicate. Although, if I had enough more, I could use them to create the first form of the Lotus Sword Formation!

“I wonder how powerful such a sword formation would be.... Probably not any weaker than the Time Sword Formation. After all, the wooden swords that absorb spiritual energy cost a vast amount of Spirit Stones to duplicate. This sword... is terrifying!”

His eyes glittered as he waved his right hand, causing the three wooden swords to fly back into his bag of holding. He looked back at the Black Bat.

The Black Bat’s wound was now mostly recovered. Its aura was also much more powerful than before. Now, it was no longer at the late Foundation Establishment stage, but rather the early Core Formation stage. It seemed clear that after some time passed, it would continue to recover and become even stronger.

“Beasts slain by wooden swords such as this couldn’t possibly be ordinary. Take the Flying Rain-Dragon for example.... Given that, one can only imagine how powerful this bat was.... Who knows how many years it was plagued by the sword until it finally fell to its current level. After it recovers and reaches its peak, how powerful will it be....” Meng Hao smiled. It didn’t really matter how powerful the bat became; as long as it had Demonic Qi, Meng Hao would be able to control it.

That was especially true considering... the Demonic Qi Meng Hao had just given it to absorb had been kept intentionally weak. After all, Demonic Qi was his primary method with which to control it.

As Meng Hao studied the Black Bat, it looked back at him with flickering eyes. After a moment, it lowered its head, signalling its compliance. It was impossible to tell how much of this was genuine and how much was false, but as of this moment, it had chosen to capitulate.

A few days passed. News of the Dragoner duel between Meng Hao and Mo Fang had spread throughout the entire Crow Scout Tribe. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's name had risen to prominence. He was now completely famous within the Tribe.

On one particular evening, the Earth Priest personally came to Meng Hao to deliver him a command medallion. This indicated that Meng Hao was now an official vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe.

In addition to the command medallion, Meng Hao was also to be given a chance to gain enlightenment from the Crow Scout Tribe's sacred tree. This sacred tree had a name: the Greenwood Tree....

Meng Hao thought about this totemic life force which could create a magical force to protect the entire Tribe. He also thought about the enormous Treant he'd seen. He needed a Wood-type totem, and although any would do... when it came to the five totem tattoos relating to the five elements, obviously, the stronger the totems, the stronger he would be when it came time to concoct his Five-Colored Nascent Soul.

His chance at gaining enlightenment of the holy Greenwood Tree would come in seven days.

During those seven days, the Crow Scout Tribe carried out various grand ceremonies. They were not related to Meng Hao becoming a vassal, but rather, to offer sacrifices to the ancestors and to prepare a Greenwood brand. It was only in this manner that Meng Hao could enter into the enlightenment state.

To any Tribe member, such enlightenment was very important. Every adult Tribe member went through the process, which refined their very life force. Obviously, it was also considered luck for any vassal.

On the seventh day, a whole series of complicated rites were performed. Several thousand Crow Scout Tribe members gathered to sit cross-legged atop the mountain peak. They sat in concentric circles, softly chanting a strange incantation. The sound of it filled Heaven and Earth, and caused roiling layers of clouds to fill the previously clear skies. It felt as if Time itself were passing by. Meng Hao wore a long green robe as he walked up the stairs up the mountain leading to the altar.

The Earth Priest stood there, flanked by an old woman, who was the Crow Scout Tribe's Sky Priest. They both smiled as Meng Hao approached.

"The Crow Scout Tribe treats people with sincerity," said the Earth Priest, his voice soft. "In all matters, one must pay a price before receiving gain. Fellow Daoist Meng is not an ordinary person, and can surely sense the good faith of the Crow Scout Tribe."

"Many thanks," replied Meng Hao with clasped hands.

"Let's begin!" said the Sky Priest. The old woman waved her arm; a rumbling sound filled the air and a rift opened up in the middle of the altar. Immediately, a green beam of light shot up into the air, from within which emanated dense Demonic Qi.

The appearance of this Demonic Qi instantly caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict. Also within the green light rose up an enormous Treant. Its color was an archaic green, and it stood several dozen meters tall. Wilted leaves covered its body, and it emanated a profound ancientness....

It was as if it had existed within the flow of time for very, very long time. It was as if traces of the passage of time could be seen within its eyes. As it floated up, its body radiated a boundless life force.

The intensity of its life force was such that all Wood-type life forms would instantly prostrate before it and call it ancestor. However... within the flourishing life force, Meng Hao could sense decline and decay. It was as if the life force was reaching the end of its path.

The Treant's body was also covered with countless scars. It emanated a powerful aura that caused the color of Heaven and Earth to change, the clouds to seethe, and the surrounding forest to sigh.

Its eyes were filled with wisdom as it looked at Meng Hao.

The instant it appeared, the chanting of the surrounding thousands of Tribe Members grew louder, and they began to kneel and bow.

The Earth Priest and the Sky Priest clasped hands and bowed to the Treant.

Meng Hao was unable to take his eyes off of the enormous creature. His heart trembled; he was now certain that this Treant was a great Demon of Heaven and Earth. It was similar to the North Sea; a true Demon!

The giant Treant suddenly began to speak. "Foreigner.... Thou hast received the approval of the Tribe which I protect. Thus, I... shall bestow luck upon thee. I shall take thee to experience some of my memories, from an eternity ago...." The Treant slowly raised its right hand up and placed it in front of Meng Hao.

It held its hand there, waiting for Meng Hao to step into it. Even as this happened, the Demon Sealing Jade within Meng Hao's bag of holding finally reacted, the first time it had done so in the Western Desert.

The archaic voice of the jade sounded out within Meng Hao's mind.

"Ancient Dao; Tenacious Desire to Seal the Heavens; Benefaction for All in the Mountains; Dao Tribulation Must Come to the Nine Mountains and Seas; My Fate is the Aeon!"

Chapter 407: Fifth Generation Demon Sealer!

"Ancient Dao; Tenacious Desire to Seal the Heavens; Benefaction for All in the Mountains; Dao Tribulation Must Come to the Nine Mountains and Seas; My Fate is the Aeon!"

"Ancient Dao; Study Demons of Myriad Variations; Tread not the Path of Immortals; Face the Tribulation of the Nine Mountains and Seas; My Dao is Eternal; The Masses Have Erred but My Dao is True; My Fate is the Aeon!"

The ancient voice reverberated in Meng Hao's mind like thunder, booming and echoing. Meng Hao's eyes glittered and he took in a deep breath. He looked at the enormous Treant hand extended in front of him, and then his eyes filled with determination. He strode forward, directly onto the creature's palm.

As soon as he stepped onto the hand, the Treant lifted its head up toward the sky and roared. The roar shook Heaven and Earth, causing the clouds which filled the sky to scatter and disperse. Blue sky appeared overhead, along with a vortex, where another world was visible.

Simultaneously, the Treant closed its hand in a way that did not hurt Meng Hao in the slightest. Next its body turned into a green beam of light that shot up into the sky. In the blink of an eye, it

had entered the vortex. Its body began to expand. Meng Hao watched on as the gigantic Treant grew larger and larger. In the blink of an eye, it had transformed into a massive tree of Heaven and Earth.

The instant the tree appeared, Meng Hao's mind filled with a rumbling sound. His consciousness seemed to expand; Time flowed and the Heavens shattered. The stars rushed toward him.

As he looked up, he saw that the sky was no longer the sky, but rather stars. Down below, he could see the vast lands of the Western Desert. However, they were not split from the Southern Domain. On the other side of the azure Milky Way Sea, the Eastern Lands were quaking, and a great tempest roiled between them and the Northern Reaches.

These were the lands of Planet South Heaven, a scene from who knew how many years ago.

The vast lands below were not flat, but rather, spherical, a planet.

The echoing, archaic voice of the Treant suddenly filled his mind.

“This is... Planet South Heaven!

“Adjacent to the Ninth Mountain and Sea are four eternal planets. South Heaven. East Victory. North Reed. West Felicity. According to primordial will, they orbit eternally around the Ninth Mountain....

“As for me, I come from an island in the Ninth Sea called Lightgreen. I am Master of the Greenwood from Lightgreen Island!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. As the Treant spoke, he saw the lands below shrinking into the form of a planet. At the same time, off in the starry distance, he saw....

An immeasurably immense, endlessly tall mountain!!

The size of this mountain vastly exceeded that of Planet South Heaven. It was like the difference between a giant and a bug! The instant Meng Hao saw it, his mind began to reel. It felt as if his consciousness were being ripped apart. Roaring filled his heart and mind.

Although he didn't completely understand the Ninth Mountain and Sea, or Planet South Heaven, he wasn't completely ignorant. At this moment, though, he was actually looking at... the majesty of the Ninth Mountain!

He gazed up at the Ninth Mountain, as well as the four planets that circled around it, including Planet South Heaven. On either side of the Ninth Mountain, stretching out seemingly forever into the stars, were... two enormous seas!

Perhaps these seas weren't made of seawater, but great waves were visible crashing on their surface, waves that seemed large enough to crush even the planets.

This scene caused Meng Hao's mind and heart to tremble with unprecedented intensity.

At the same time, he saw a green beam of light flying out from within one of the seas. Inside the green beam, he saw an enormous green tree that seemed capable of fighting against the Heavens themselves.

The tree shot out from the great sea, crossing through the firmament toward South Heaven. However, as it neared, a rumbling sound could be heard in Meng Hao's mind. Suddenly, an enormous face appeared upon Planet South Heaven.

The face bore the semblance of an old man with his eyes closed. It was as if Planet South Heaven was his body, whereas his head was illusory, and superimposed upon the planet. Suddenly, his mouth opened, and he said something to the incoming green tree. Meng Hao wasn't quite able to make out exactly what he said.

As soon as the word left his mouth, the Greenwood Tree within the beam of light began to crumble apart and disintegrate. The resulting fragments began to fall down toward Planet South Heaven.

Most of the pieces were transformed into ash as they neared. But one small piece survived. It shot through Meng Hao, causing his body to shatter. It then fused with him and they both fell down into the Western Desert. Next, a root appeared.

Meng Hao was a bit confused. He felt no pain; rather, he was filled with the sensation that he had turned into that tree. Countless years passed, and he eventually became a Greenwood Tree.

As the years came and went, a white wolf, a colorful snake, and a tiny bat all made their homes beneath the tree. Years passed. Finally, one rainy evening, a person approached.

It was a middle-aged man carrying an umbrella. He came to a stop in front of the tree and looked at it.

“So, yet another being come to South Heaven to confirm their Dao. Body and spirit destroyed, but a seed of the soul left behind, striving to prove itself on South Heaven....

“Very well. Since we’re in the Western Desert of South Heaven, I will use the power of my League to bless you all with the ability to pass down totems. Just like the Demonic Dao Pill of the Southern Domain.... The path of an ancient Dao, my fate is the Aeon.” The man sighed, lifted his hand up, and placed it on the tree. After a long time had passed, he turned and walked off into the distance.

As he did, countless shimmering strands emanated out from him. They were dim and faint, but each one seemed to be connected to his body. They circled out and disappeared into the air. These strands seemed to be nothing other than Karma threads.

“I am the Fifth Generation of my League, the Fifth Generation Demon Sealing Daoist Master. My Dao is different from that of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. With different Daos, accords cannot be reached. Whether they are right or wrong doesn’t matter. My Dao will exist forever!

“I shall face the Tribulation of the Nine Mountains and Seas.” The man looked back and gazed at the Greenwood Tree. As he did, it seemed to Meng Hao almost as if he were looking directly at him. His mind suddenly began to buzz. The man continued, “To meet you before I depart... is fate. It seems our destinies shall become a point of enlightenment for one of my successors in the future.

“It’s not that the line of the League of Demon Sealers can’t be broken. If the younger generation can gain enlightenment, it will continue on. If not, then the Dao Tribulation of the Nine Mountains and Seas will arrive, and then the people will remember the will of the Demon Sealers.”

The buzzing in Meng Hao’s mind lasted for a long time. When it finally disappeared, everything that he had seen was fading.

He... was standing upon the palm of the Treant. The sky was filled with clouds as it had been before, and the air echoed with the chants of the Crow Scout Tribe members. Everything that he had just experienced seemed to have happened in only an instant. However, Meng Hao had experienced an eternity.

His eyes were filled with a blank expression. Tuning out everything around him, he stepped off of the Treant's hand and then sat down cross-legged onto the altar. He closed his eyes.

A green glow gradually began to rise up from his body. Within the green glow, branches could be seen. They burrowed into the stone surface of the altar; Meng Hao almost looked as if he were becoming a Treant himself.

When the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members saw this, their hearts and minds began to shake, and they stared mutely. The Earth Priest and the Sky Priest began to pant, and their eyes filled with disbelief.

It was at this point that a beam of light approached from off in the distance. It transformed into an ancient old man. The ripples of his Cultivation base placed him at the mid Nascent Soul stage. The instant the old man appeared, his gaze fell upon Meng Hao, and his expression flickered.

After a long moment passed, the old man said, "Ancestor Greenwood is bestowing a totem...." The two Crow Scout Tribe High Priests looked at the man. Serious expressions filled their faces, and they nodded.

"Considering that he is receiving a totem from Ancestor Greenwood, cancel all investigations into him. It doesn't matter where he is from, nor how much of what he has said is true or false. He is now an eternal vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe!"

Time passed by slowly. By the time Meng Hao's eyes opened again, it was seven days later.

He saw that the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members had dispersed. It was evening, and not a single person was in sight. He was alone on the altar atop the mountain's highest peak.

His eyes were filled with confusion. He looked down at his body and could see countless branches attached to it, spreading out in every direction, as if he was now a tree.

After a long moment, he took a deep breath. The tree branches slowly retracted, fusing back into his body. Eventually, he rose to his feet.

His expression was one of calm as he looked up into the sky and let out an absentminded sigh.

“There are 3,000 Daos. The Dao of Alchemy. The path of Demons. Totems. Various techniques and methods. All are great Daos. Be it totems or Demon sealing, even the Celestial talisman that made the Black Lands...

“It’s like the three pages of secret arts I acquired. The first is regarding catalyzing and the concocting of medicinal pills. The second, the crafting of Time treasures. The third, the Dragoneer arts, which can transform Demons. All three connect to each other on various levels, but in reality, they all stem from the same source!

“They all have something to do with the sealing of Demons!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light. As he gained enlightenment, he realized that it didn’t matter if you were talking about the Southern Domain or the Western Desert, when it came to Heaven and Earth, it was all about Immortals and Demons!

If one wanted a clear example of Immortals, there could be none better than the supercilious Ji Clan of Planet South Heaven. If one wanted a good example of Demons... the best would be the mysterious and multifarious Demon Sealers!

“The unusual thing is, Demons are characterized by their multifariousness.... Therefore, in the great lands of South Heaven, they are represented by the Dao of alchemy in the Southern Domain. They are the talismanic symbols in the Black Lands, and totems in the Western Desert. Certainly the Eastern Lands and the Northern Reaches have their own Demon variations.

“In the end, all are Demons!

“They are different from Immortals. Immortals have their dignity, but Demons have their variations. With Immortals there is only one path, any of the other myriad paths are Demonic!” Meng Hao’s mind buzzed as if lightning were striking around inside as he suddenly received this unprecedented enlightenment.

His thoughts having reached this point, although his body was on this mountain peak in the Crow Scout Tribe, his consciousness expanded out, soaring up to the highest Heavens. The thoughts which had begun to circulate in his mind when he first entered the Black Lands, suddenly coalesced into a single conclusion.

“Everything has to do with the Qi of the Nine Mountains and Seas. Immortals call this Qi the Essence. However, the League of Demon Sealers calls it Demonic Qi. In that case... perhaps the

Ninth Mountain and Sea is in actuality an indescribably powerful, massive Demon of the Heavens!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered brightly.

“If the Ninth Mountain and Sea are collectively a Demon, then its Qi would fill the planets which surround the Mountain. Regardless of the Ji Clan or some other powerful experts, all such Immortals would desire to acquire the Essence of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and thus become its Lord.

“On the other side of the coin, Demon Sealing is just another path of cultivation, and has nothing to do with acquiring the Qi of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. If it’s a Demon, it can be sealed or approved based on my whim!”

Chapter 408: Greenwood Tree Totem!

“Or it could be that long, long ago people did not understand the truth of the natural mechanisms of the Nine Mountains and Seas, of this entire starry realm. They thought that the Nine Mountains and Seas were the key to developing the body. After feeding upon the Mountains and Seas, they grew stronger, and stronger, and eventually broke through to the next level of life. Their lives fused with that of the Mountains and Seas, and they became Immortals!

“People who viewed matters in such a way eventually came to be the majority. However, there was always a small group who believed that the Nine Mountains and Seas were Heavenly Demons whom they could either seal or approve. Seal them as a path to power, or approve them and become their masters.

“That group of people were... the earliest Demon Sealers!

“These two groups of people had different philosophies, and strode different paths to power, but were not at odds.” Meng Hao took a deep breath as he gained this enlightenment.

After acquiring the Demon Sealing Jade and becoming the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, Meng Hao’s path had always been one of confusion. This was especially true when it came to Demon Sealing. The puzzlement he had felt in the steady attempts to uncover the truth, finally led to understanding.

“I came to the Western Desert because of the Five-Colored Nascent Soul. I will fuse the five elements totems with my pill concocting technique. I will use my body as the pill furnace, and totems as the pill recipe. I will concoct my own Perfect Nascent Soul!

“This is my main purpose in coming to the Western Desert!

“My life has been one of treading the path of the multifarious Demons. The concept of myriad variations is the path of the Demon Sealer! The end of this path is that of sealing both the great Demons of Heaven, and Immortals!

“Similarly, it is a path of conferring Demonism upon the countless living things in creation as well as... Bestowing mortals so that they can achieve Immortal Ascension!”

Meng Hao’s mind buzzed. His Cultivation base seethed in accompaniment with this enlightenment. It rose up from the late Gold Core Stage into the great circle of the Gold Core.

He was now even closer to the Nascent Soul stage. If it weren’t for the fact that he pursued the Five-Colored Nascent Soul, he would already have begun his attempt to congeal a Nascent Soul. However, such a checkpoint was one that countless Cultivators had never stepped past.

Although Meng Hao had not experienced the difficulty of congealing a Nascent Soul, he had read about it in the ancient records of the Violet Fate Sect. He knew that only people who possessed immense luck and latent talent could be like the proverbial carp who leaped over the dragon’s gate, and step into that profound and refined stage.

Nascent Soul.... It was a stage vastly beyond that of Core Formation. Nascent Soul Cultivators possess magical techniques that far exceed the ordinary; their mastery of the principles of Heaven and Earth made them nearly divine abilities.

The most obvious example was their art of minor teleportation. This magical technique could even be referred to as almighty. Because of it, any Nascent Soul Cultivator who wished to retreat could easily do so. Unless they were restrained by a restrictive spell formation, it would be very difficult to surround or kill them.

Another key aspect was that after reaching the Nascent Soul stage, Cultivators could almost instinctively use a certain divine ability called... possession!

The Nascent Soul could emerge, because the body was only secondary. Cultivation was focused on the Nascent Soul itself; if the body perished, it could be abandoned, and a new body could be seized. Because of this, tangling with a Nascent Soul Cultivator was much more difficult than battling the Gold Core stage. In the Nascent Soul stage, confidence in being able to stay alive on the great path of the Dao was much more assured.

These were just some of the many advantages the divine abilities manifested in the Nascent Soul stage, the tip of the iceberg really. According to the popular understanding, only people who were actually in the Nascent Soul stage could possibly truly understand how powerful they were!

Meng Hao's eyes filled with bright glow that swept about. His body suddenly flickered and he transformed into a beam of light that shot off toward his courtyard behind the mountain. As he whistled through the air, several streams of Divine Sense emerged. After sensing Meng Hao, they stopped, and merely observed him leaving.

“It seems that this particular bit of enlightenment from Ancestor Greenwood Tree, and the resulting changes, put me in a somewhat special position here....” Meng Hao was able to speculate quite a bit after noticing that the streams of Divine Sense did nothing more than watch him leave. Although he couldn't be for sure, he was able to make quite a few correct guesses.

After arriving back in his courtyard, his neo-demon horde was fairly leaping with excitement. Big Hairy charged toward him and then ran around him in circles, howling happily. Meng Hao laughed and patted him on the head. After the neo-demon horde quieted down, he sat down cross-legged, his eyes glittering. After a moment of thoughtfulness, his eyes began to shine.

“When I woke up earlier, a vast collection of Wood-type branches were spreading out from my body....” Meng Hao closed his eyes and rotated his Cultivation base. After the space of a few breaths passed, his body began to shake. Veins bulged out of his skin and tiny, tentacle-like branches began to poke out. The branches twisted down to burrow into the ground, then spread out in all directions. As of this moment, Meng Hao was emanating a very dense Wood-type aura. He also shone with a bright green glow as if he himself were about to transform into the ancient Greenwood Tree.

All the neo-demons in the courtyard looked at Meng Hao in shock. Their eyes were also filled with confusion. However, all of a sudden, they had the feeling that this Master of theirs was now much more familiar than he had been before. They began to run in circles around this Greenwood Meng Hao, leaping and carousing playfully.

Time passed. On dawn of the second day, Meng Hao opened his eyes. It seemed as if he was awakening from some sort of trance. The instant he opened his eyes, the green glow surrounding him flickered and glowed with boundless radiance.

“According to the information given me by Wu Chen regarding Wood-type totem branding, it seems that I... have already passed the first critical juncture. I am now merged fully with Wood. There's no

separation....” Meng Hao looked at his Greenwood body; this was obviously the luck with which he had been gifted by the Treant, the personification of the ancient Greenwood Tree.

Perhaps this also had something to do with that Fifth Generation Demon Sealing Patriarch. In any case, Meng Hao was now fully focused on this matter, and this matter alone.

The main reason he had come to the Crow Scout Tribe was to acquire a Wood-type totem. Now, he had managed to acquire, not an ordinary Wood-type totem, but the ancient Greenwood Tree. To Meng Hao, this was an excellent first step on his path to the Five-Colored Nascent Soul.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. According to the steps and techniques in the information given to him by Wu Chen, he rotated his Cultivation base slowly and began to complete the last step with the Wood-type totem... the actual tattoo branding.

Time passed. An hour later, the green glow emanating out from Meng Hao began to flicker. As it did, his hands rose up to perform an incantation. He suddenly pushed his hands out, and his eyes snapped open, filled with a brilliant glow.

The moment he pushed his hands out, a rumbling sound filled him. Green light rose up to slowly congeal overhead; at the same time, the branches attached to him began to twitch and grow even longer. It was at this time that the ghost image of a tree appeared around Meng Hao. At the moment, what Meng Hao needed to do was to separate this illusory tree from himself.

First melt it, then separate it, finally, brand it. Different Tribes will use different methods, but the basic concept is the same throughout the Western Desert. Totem branding is always accomplished in this fashion.

As the green light slowly began to separate from Meng Hao’s body, the branches also began to disappear. As they did, the image of the tree began to coalesce within the green glow. It began to grow more and more tangible, as if an enormous green tree were actually coming into being.

Despite the fact that it was illusory, the tree emanated a thick Wood-type aura. It spread out in all directions, churning, causing all of the neo-demons in the area surrounding Meng Hao’s courtyard to grow silent. Simultaneously, the grass in the ground and the trees in the surrounding forest suddenly began to wriggle and grow. A thick, indescribable life force began to billow out from the illusory tree in front of Meng Hao.

This aura was enough to shake Heaven and Earth. Quite a few nearby Cultivators noticed and began to look around with serious expressions.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Actually, even if everything around him started to shake even more violently, he wouldn't pay it any heed. He was completely focused on the first step of his Five-Colored Nascent Soul, the Wood-type totem branding.

“Congeal!” His eyes glittered as both hands flashed incantation gestures. He then pointed toward the green tree in front of him; immediately, it began to shrink.

The shrinking process was very slow; it happened one inch at a time. At the same time, the shocking changes to the surrounding land grew even more intense. Soon the effect spread out even wider, until all the members of the Crow Scout Tribe noticed and were shocked.

They could clearly see the green glow rising up into the sky. At the same time, a huge, green tree had magically appeared, filled with dense life force that caused the surrounding vegetation to grow wildly.

It was at this moment that four beams of light shot down from the mountain. In the lead was none other than the Greatfather of the Crow Scout Tribe, the white-haired old man. His expression was serious as he rushed toward Meng Hao's courtyard and then hovered in mid-air up above.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, please don't get the wrong impression! I am the Crow Scout Greatfather, I will stay here to stand guard over you!”

Even as his words rang out, two of the incoming beams of light transformed into none other than the Earth Priest and the Sky Priest. They, too, hovered cross-legged in mid-air to stand guard over Meng Hao.

The final person was the Grand Elder. Although he was rather reluctant, he also hovered cross-legged, facing a fourth direction to stand guard while Meng Hao was completing his totem branding.

Actually, from the moment Meng Hao had acquired the Greenwood Tree totem, they had been preparing for the moment when he awoke and began the totem branding, whereupon they would stand guard.

The Greenwood Tree totem was no ordinary tree. A totem branding like this would surely cause a variety of shocking changes in Heaven and Earth. In fact, it would likely even cause various neodemons to come investigate. As such, it was necessary to have people stand guard to ensure nothing would go wrong.

Meng Hao looked up at the four Crow Scout Tribe Nascent Soul Cultivators facing out in the four different directions. He was silent for a moment before letting out a soft sigh. Regardless of whether or not the Crow Scout Tribe had any hidden agendas, everything they had done in the past days showed an incredible amount of good faith. Meng Hao could clearly see this.

He took a deep breath. Ignoring everything up above, he focused completely on completing the branding of the Greenwood Tree totem tattoo. As his Cultivation base flickered, he continued to perform incantations. The enormous illusory tree in front of him continued to shrink, and as it did, the aura grew stronger. Soon, the Greenwood Tree was only about twenty or twenty-five meters tall. The life force it emanated was intense enough to shake everything around. By now, it had attracted the attention of the other Tribes in this mountain range.

Chapter 409: I Really Haven't Tried This Before!

Several streams of Divine Sense suddenly rose up from within the Crow Flame Tribe. They gathered together in mid-air to observe the Crow Scout Tribe. "For a Greenwood Tree totem like that to appear in the Crow Scout Tribe means... perhaps someone is forming a totemic Nascent Soul?"

Similar scenes played out in the other Tribes. The Crow Soldier Tribe seemed to be especially affected; five beams of prismatic light shot out toward the Crow Scout Tribe.

Although these five tribes were all connected by blood, there were certain conflicts between them that were impossible to dispel. As it turned out, the Crow Soldier Tribe hated the Crow Scout Tribe more than any of the other Tribes.

The five beams of light from the Crow Soldier Tribe whistled through the air as they shot toward the Crow Scout Tribe. As they neared, even before they could be seen clearly, an enormous shield of light suddenly appeared from within the Crow Scout Tribe. It enveloped the entire Tribe, covering it over and blocking the Crow Soldier Tribe.

The awe-inspiring voice of the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather rang out: "The Crow Scout Tribe is busy at the moment. Other Tribes are prohibited from entering. Any who does... will be shown no mercy."

The Crow Soldier Tribe members outside the shield exchanged glances. There was nothing they could do but laugh coldly; passing through the shield was not an option.

Meng Hao was aware of everything that was happening on the outside. However, the majority of his energy was being spent on the totem branding and the Greenwood Tree in front of him, which was slowly growing smaller and smaller. Soon it was only three meters tall. Everything was shaking, and up above in the sky, lightning suddenly appeared, dancing back and forth. The life force emanating out caused the vegetation in and around Meng Hao's courtyard to burst out wildly.

In fact, it was even affecting the vegetation on the mountain, the front district of the Crow Scout Tribe, and the forest that surrounded them all. The plants and vegetation everywhere grew rapidly, which of course caused even more shock on the parts of the other Tribes. Black clouds churned up above, and howling sounds began to echo out within the forests. The surrounding neo-demons could sense the life force and were beginning to feel greedy.

It was at this moment that suddenly a thunderous roar sounded out that shook Heaven and Earth: "Outlander!"

The faces of the Crow Soldier Tribe members suddenly flickered. Without hesitation, they shot backward in retreat, gloating expressions filling their faces.

On the other side of the shield, the face of the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather suddenly filled with anxiety. He looked up into the sky at a collection of black clouds that was heading toward them at high speed.

"Dammit, the Outlander Beast was injured by the Crow Divinity half a year ago, but it didn't actually leave. It's been hiding in the area this whole time!! Unless we join forces with the other four Tribes to summon the Crow Divinity ancestor, we can't possibly be a match for the Outlander Beast!

"This Grandmaster Meng's Greenwood Tree totem has reached an incredible level. Could it be that Ancestor Greenwood actually bestowed him with some of its essence?!?!"

The four powerful Crow Scout Tribe experts who hovered there in mid-air were all filled with shock.

The Grand Elder looked up at the approaching black clouds and said, “Greatfather, if the Outlander Beast is here for this vassal surnamed Meng, and we are incapable of fighting back against it, wouldn’t it be best to just hand him over and alleviate....”

Before he could finish speaking, the white-haired Greatfather interrupted him with a cold snort.

“Don’t mention anything like that ever again. This person was selected by Ancestor Greenwood. If we can’t protect him, how could we ever have the face to offer worship to the ancestor? Our Crow Scout Tribe might not be classified as a great Tribe, but we keep our promises. I already said that we would offer protection. Only if we are absolutely certain that we cannot resist it will I renege! Unleash the full power of the mountain protection spell formation!”

The Greatfather flicked his sleeve, causing a beam of green light to shoot out toward the mountain peak. The mountain trembled as a green light rose up to merge with the existing shield. The light rose up higher and higher into the sky, forming the image of a gargantuan tree!

The Crow Scout Tribe was contained inside of this tree, which would protect it from anything on the outside.

Meng Hao’s face was pale. He had never imagined that branding the Greenwood Tree totem would be so difficult. The Greenwood Tree in front of him was now about three meters tall. However, each time Meng Hao rotated his Cultivation base, it only shrank one inch.

“When it comes to branding totems, the optimal size is one inch....” Meng Hao wasn’t an expert when it came to totems, but he knew all the fundamentals. His eyes filled with determination. Golden light erupted out from him and he pointed his finger toward the ground, suddenly utilizing Righteous Bestowal. Imperceptible ripples flowed out across the ground as strands of Demonic Qi arose. They merged into Meng Hao, assisting in the branding of the Greenwood Tree.

Three meters. Two and a half meters.... Soon it was only two meters tall. Then one.... Meng Hao let out a roar, followed by a mouthful of blood. The blood contained Demonic Qi, and as soon as it splashed onto the Greenwood Tree, the tree trembled and then shrank down to the size of roughly half a meter.

Meng Hao was panting, and stubbornness radiated from his eyes. It was at this exact moment that the Crow Scout Tribe’s shield shook under the force of a mighty blow. An enormous roaring sound filled the air. Meng Hao looked up to see a patch of black clouds slamming into the shield.

A roar sounded out from within the clouds: “Outlander!”

Heaven and Earth shook as ripples spread out. Cracking sounds could be heard as the clouds once again slammed into the shield.

The Greatfather, the High Priests and the Grand Elder all looked shocked. Their bodies shook, and they coughed up blood. They were the ones supporting the shield, and would bear the effect of any blows levelled against it.

Suddenly, the fearsome pressure of Spirit Severing spread out from within the clouds. This was the terrifying power of the Outlander Beast!

It takes some time to describe, but the black clouds moved with incredible speed as they struck again. An enormous roaring filled the air. Cracking sounds turned into the rumbling of an explosion as the enormous shield tree formed by the Crow Scout Tribe’s defensive spell formation collapsed into pieces. As the spell dispersed, the Greatfather and the others coughed up blood and were sent tumbling backward, their faces unsightly.

The black cloud patch hovering in mid-air shot directly toward Meng Hao.

As it shot forward, two glowing, red eyes could be seen within. They were filled with avarice and insanity. As it shot through the air, the black clouds dissipated, revealing the Outlander Beast’s luxuriantly furred body.

It was like a giant ball covered with thick, dense fur that draped off of it. As it shot forward, the fur rippled in the wind, almost like a tail. The whole image made the Outlander Beast look like a long, furry comet.

At a glance, it was obvious that no one would be able to move to block the thing. The Greatfather and the others could only watch wide-eyed as the Outlander Beast approached. The powerful experts from the other Tribes watched the scene playing out, clearly taking joy in the calamity that was befalling the Crow Scout Tribe.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao’s body was shining with golden light. The Greenwood Tree in front of him was only half a foot tall. Even as the Outlander Beast approached, Meng Hao lifted his finger, congealing the invisible Demonic Qi in the area and then pushing down onto the Greenwood Tree.

“Shrink!” he bellowed. The congealed Demonic Qi exploded out with shocking pressure. In the blink of an eye, the Greenwood Tree shrank to the size of an inch. At this point, the Outlander Beast let out a fearsome roar. The Greenwood Tree shot toward Meng Hao’s forehead, instantly branding onto him.

A Wood-type totem! The first of the colors of the five elements, a green tree!

The instant the branding formed, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base began to rotate. It suddenly grew until it was only a hair’s breadth from the Nascent Soul stage.... His life force abounded to a fearsome extent. In fact, it grew to the point that some of the injuries Meng Hao had sustained in the past from wasting his own life force were now completely recovered. Even more shocking, the incredible level of Meng Hao’s life force made it so that no matter how ancient he grew in later years, he would always be able to maintain his current physical appearance.

Such terrifying life force also made Meng Hao’s magical techniques even stronger than they had been before.

“This proves that my choice to tread the path of the five elements is the correct one. This path allows me to use an alternative method to create a Perfect Five-Colored Nascent Soul that belongs... solely to Meng Hao!”

Meng Hao turned, lifting his hand. Totemic power flashed as the Eyeless Larva appeared. Layers of silk suddenly began to spin around him, forming a shield roughly three meters large.

A massive boom shook everything as the Outlander Beast slammed into it. Meng Hao was shoved backward, and blood sprayed from his mouth. He looked up at the Outlander Beast, which hovered in front of him in mid-air, its eyes wide. It appeared shocked that the power of its attack was incapable of shattering the silk shield.

An ominous glint appeared in its eyes. It could sense two different fluctuations of power on Meng Hao, fluctuations that frightened even it. However, the life force emanating from the Greenwood Tree brand on Meng Hao’s forehead contained healing powers that caused greed to emanate up from within its heart.

Furthermore, the Demonic Qi on Meng Hao’s body was driving it crazy. Its eyes began to glow red and it howled as it once more charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao shot backward. As he did, he took note of the thick, luxuriant fur that covered the Outlander Beast, and suddenly, his eyes flickered.

Next, he let out an enormous shout which echoed out in all directions, filtering out into the surrounding mountainous forest: “Parrot, there’s a great furred beast here that you’ve definitely never tried out!!!”

Almost as soon as his voice echoed out, a squawk could be heard. This squawk caused the Outlander Beast to suddenly stop in its track. A look of vigilance appeared in its eyes as a multicolored streak shot toward them from off in the distance, moving with blinding speed.

Within the colorful streak, the parrot’s eyes emitted a bright glow, and its body quivered with excitement. A dubious expression covered its face as it looked over the Outlander Beast’s luxuriantly furred body. It shivered with anticipation.

“I haven’t tried out this before. I really haven’t! Ahhhhhhh! Lord Fifth is happy!” The parrot seemed on the verge of going crazy. It exploded forward, utilizing all the power it possessed to shoot toward the fearful, vigilant Outlander Beast.

Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face. A short distance away, he stopped moving as he watched the parrot approaching. Suddenly, he sighed inwardly.

“It seems certain unique indulgences really can release the ultimate potential power. It didn’t even notice that the Outlander Beast has a Cultivation base with power similar to Spirit Severing...”

Chapter 410: Naive Earth Priest

The members of the Crow Scout Tribe, including the Greatfather, the High Priests and the Grand Elder, all watched the multicolored light approaching at rapid speed. It closed in on the Outlander Beast, radiating frenzy and determination.

“That neo-demon certainly is loyal to its master...” said the Earth Priest with a soft sigh. He had seen many neo-demons, but few that would show such care for a master, that would display such madness and ignore everything else in order to protect him.

The parrot’s excitement actually appeared to others as determination. Furthermore, its joy at being able to try out a new furred beast made it seem as if it were loyally protecting its master.

It wasn't just the Earth Priest that was thinking in this way. Many of the other Crow Scout Tribe members saw the scene that was playing out, and the parrot within the multicolored light, and were filled with admiration.

They watched as the multicolored beam of light that was the parrot shot toward the Outlander Beast, which roared as it approached. The parrot ignored everything, seemingly ignoring any potential threats to its life, willing to die together with the Outlander Beast. It whistled through the air, circling around behind the Outlander Beast, whereupon it charged in to attack.

"That parrot neo-demon is extraordinary!" said the Earth Priest, flabbergasted. "It actually knows that the Outlander Beast's only weak spot is not its front but its back!" The admiration in his eyes grew stronger.

The Grand Elder's eyes grew wide as he watched what was happening. He too was astonished by everything that was happening. The Greatfather's face flickered, and his eyes grew wide. He glanced at the Earth Priest, and then at the parrot. He suddenly started to look a bit suspicious.

Off to the side, Meng Hao heard the Earth Priest's words and coughed lightly. He looked over and could see that the Earth Priest really did deeply admire the parrot. Meng Hao sighed inwardly at the man's simplicity, realizing that he himself really had changed quite a bit over the years.

Meanwhile, the determined parrot looked like it was about to fulfill its dream. Looking like the member of a suicide squad, its eyes red, trembling with excitement, it shot toward the Outlander Beast. However, at the critical moment, the Outlander Beast suddenly flickered and then disappeared. A moment later, it reappeared in a different location.

Apparently, it could sense the parrot's motives. Its eyes filled with fury and it roared: "Outlander!"

The roar completely disoriented the parrot, and sent it tumbling backward through the air. It couldn't even get close; it looked like this Outlander Beast really was causing it some problems. However, the parrot wouldn't let some slight setbacks knock it out of the game. It let out a shrill squawk, and its eyes glowed with anticipation. Its appearance was that of both excitement and lechery fused together. The combination made it look quite vulgar and lewd. Once again, it shot toward the Outlander Beast in a colorful glow.

"What a loyal neo-demon!" cried the Earth Priest, clearly moved. "A truly rare neo-demon of utmost loyalty! Look everyone, despite being injured, it persists, bravely defying death!"

Many of the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members felt the same way.

“Grandmaster Meng sure is lucky to have a neo-demon as loyal as that!”

“That’s right. It looks a little bit ugly, but its moral character is definitely worthy of praise!”

They looked at the parrot with envy in their pure, simple hearts. They wished that they, too, could have such a devoted and faithful neo-demon.

However, even as the Earth Priest and the various envious Tribe members were watching the parrot and sighing emotionally....

“Don’t run, darling!” cried the parrot, speeding up. “Lord Fifth is here to vanquish you!”

As his words echoed out and entered the ears of the Crow Scout Tribe members, strange expressions appeared on their faces. Their mouths dropped open as they realized what the parrot meant by its words. They could scarcely believe it.

The Earth Priest looked shocked for a moment, but then a look of realization and then admiration appeared. “So, it can even employ strategy!” he said, and then let out a long sigh. “What a noble display of character to use such a tactic to prevent its master from being injured by the Outlander Beast!”

Although the conclusion reached by the Earth Priest didn’t seem very plausible, there were still some of the Crow Scout Tribe members who seemed to agree. However, most had strange looks on their faces. The Sky Priest looked over at the Earth Priest and was about to say something, then hesitated and simply smiled wryly.

The Grand Elder was looking in shock at the Earth Priest as if he didn’t even know the man.

As for the Greatfather, the expression on his face grew even more strange, and he also could do nothing more than smile wryly.

Meng Hao coughed lightly once more. The naiveté of the Earth Priest was something one didn’t see very often.

Up in mid-air, the parrot squawked as it shot toward the Outlander Beast, which roared and sent out an attack which manifested as terrifying ripples. They slammed into the charging parrot, making it impossible for it to near the Outlander Beast. However, its determination and excitement only continued to grow in the face of these setbacks. It seemed even more determined to try out this Outlander Beast.

“Heyyy, you really can put up a fight. Struggle if you wish, my darling. That just makes Lord Fifth more excited!” With a roar, the parrot charged again.

It shot forward with incredible speed. As it neared, a popping sound could suddenly be heard as hundreds of parrots appeared, all of which shot toward the Outlander Beast.

“Struggle away, my darling! Struggle and beg for mercy under Lord Fifth’s pounding!” The parrot roared with excitement as it neared the Outlander Beast, which howled back. The illusory parrots all exploded, but there was one parrot left which managed to successfully penetrate the Outlander Beast.

The instant the penetration occurred, the Outlander Beast’s body trembled, and a look of confusion filled its face. The look quickly turned into one of humiliation and unprecedented madness. It let out a howl that shook everything, louder than anything that had been heard up to this point. The loudness was such that it kicked up a violent tempest!

A popping sound could be heard as the parrot suddenly appeared in mid-air off to the side. It was trembling excitedly, and its eyes were glowing. “Scream, scream your throat out! No one will come to save you!”

By this point, the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members were watching on dumbstruck. Many of the ones who had previously thought the parrot to be loyal and brave, now had faces completely pale. It was as if their whole world had been overturned. They stared blankly up into the air at the indescribably vulgar parrot.

The Earth Priest gaped again. However, it took only a moment before a bright glow began to shine in his eyes. It was a glow of admiration, and understanding.

“In order to provoke a reaction from the Outlander Beast, the parrot neo-demon is taunting it! What wisdom! What praiseworthy courage!” The Earth Priest sighed. “Fellow Daoist Meng, you truly have incredible luck to possess a neo-demon like that!”

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather couldn't take it any longer and was about to say something. However, he then noticed the intense admiration in the eyes of the Earth Priest. The Greatfather sighed and held his tongue.

As for the Grand Elder, he stood there with wide eyes, staring in shock at the Earth Priest. The Sky Priest also had a very strange expression on her face. The two of them then exchanged a wry smile.

At the same time that the Earth Priest spoke, the parrot let out another squawk. It shot again toward the Outlander Beast, which let out another howl. Subsequently, the beast and the parrot engaged in a back and forth battle. The parrot, of course, did the giving and the Outlander Beast did the taking.

Howls continued to ring out until finally the parrot let out a roar. It was unclear what technique it used specifically. Ignoring any potential injuries, it smashed through, once again penetrating into the Outlander Beast. The Outlander Beast let out a shocking howl, accompanied by a look of terror. It hovered in mid-air, trembling. As of this moment, it was no longer paying attention to Meng Hao's Demonic Qi. Instead, it turned and began to flee.

The parrot once again materialized, trembling and looking excited. It looked proud at its subjugation of a beast that it had never tried out before. It let out a squawk as it shot in pursuit of the Outlander Beast.

"Don't run away, darling!" it shouted. "Come come, there are a few positions Lord Fifth hasn't tried. Don't run!" With that it turned into a prismatic beam of light that raced after the Outlander Beast.

The Crow Scout Tribe members witnessed this whole scene, as did the powerful experts from the other Tribes, via Divine Sense. All of them were left with trembling hearts and indescribably bizarre feelings.

To see the mysterious Outlander Beast flee instead of fight... was thoroughly shocking. Even more astonishing was the parrot, who apparently didn't even fear death. Its method of attack was of course unimaginably bizarre.

Seeing the parrot heading off into the distance, Meng Hao let out a sigh of relief. Having called the parrot over, he had prepared himself for the worst. Looking around at the strange expressions on the Crow Scout Tribe members, and the look of admiration in the eyes of the Earth Priest, Meng Hao made a firm decision to never again call the parrot unless it was absolutely necessary....

As the crowds of people dispersed, the Greatfather gave Meng Hao a wry smile, and then forced out some words of praise regarding his totem tattoo. Then, shaking his head, he made his way off.

The Grand Elder looked over Meng Hao with a serious expression, then gave him a rare bow. After that, he and the equally conflicted Sky Priest left the district behind the mountain.

As for the Earth Priest, it looked like he wanted to say a few words to Meng Hao. However, when he noticed that Meng Hao didn't seem concerned at all regarding the safety of the parrot, he simply gave him a stern and disapproving glare and then turned into a prismatic beam of light that shot off in the direction the parrot had disappeared.

Meng Hao smiled wryly, not sure of what to say. He simply watched the Earth Priest disappear.

“If that naive Earth Priest ever realizes what the parrot is really like, the man's sky will no longer be blue, and he will no longer view life as beautiful...” Meng Hao thought about what that scene might look like, and then felt somewhat sorry for the Earth Priest. Finally, he turned and made his way back to his courtyard.

Two days passed. On evening of the second day, the Earth Priest returned. He looked somewhat distracted, and his face was pale as if he had been the subject of a vicious attack. After returning, he went directly into secluded meditation.

During the two days, Meng Hao found that whenever he went out, the Crow Scout Tribe members that caught sight of him looked at him with awe. Sometimes it even bordered on fear, as if they feared offending him, and didn't dare to approach him. As soon as they saw him, sweat would break out on their foreheads and they would hurry off in the opposite direction.

At long last, the wickedness of the parrot was having an effect on Meng Hao. It didn't take long before the entire Crow Scout Tribe knew about the events regarding Grandmaster Meng's wicked neo-demon. The news rapidly began to spread to the other four Tribes.