

The Heavens 411

Chapter 411: Rank 7 Mo Zi

The parrot never came back. Meng Hao wasn't too concerned about this. Who knew how many long years the parrot had lived, and yet it inherently seemed to like courting death. Nonetheless, it still hadn't died. Meng Hao was quite assured in its ability to survive.

Furthermore, the meat jelly bell was with the parrot. If anything, the one to worry about wasn't the parrot, but the poor Outlander Beast.

Several days passed, during which Meng Hao spent most of his time in his courtyard, studying his Greenwood Tree totem tattoo. It flickered there on his forehead, radiating boundless life force throughout his body. Every time he closed his eyes to meditate, it seemed that even his heartbeat could create ripples throughout the land and sky around him.

"This is only one of the five elements, a Wood-type totem. It's already propelled my Cultivation base much closer to the Nascent Soul stage...." When his eyes opened, they glittered brightly.

After carefully examining the totemic power within him, he had reached a new understanding.

"If I can acquire a second five elements totem, then my Cultivation base, despite being at the full circle of the Gold Core, will actually be strong enough to fight the peak of the early Nascent Soul stage, even without the blood-colored mask!

"In fact... by using the power of the totems, I should be able to employ some of the divine abilities that belong to the Nascent Soul stage!"

During the same period of time, Meng Hao also experimented a bit with the neo-demon horde he had acquired from Mo Fang. He fed them with Demon Nurturing Pills, and also took them out to hunt. In a relatively short period of time, they began to grow fiercer and tougher. Of course, due to the restraints of time, there was still a large gap between them and Big Hairy and the other Greenwood Wolves.

However, if things kept progressing the way they were, although they might not compare to the five Greenwood Wolves, they would continue to transmogrify and grow stronger.

Finally one afternoon, Meng Hao was sitting cross-legged meditating when suddenly, an enormous roaring sound shook the rear mountain district of the Crow Scout Tribe. As the roaring echoed throughout the air, an enormous black python over twenty meters long shot toward Meng Hao in a beam of blackness.

The black snake emitted a powerful aura, filled with savagery. Its forked tongue flicked in and out of its mouth, and its mere presence sent the aura in the area into chaos. Furthermore, a black, churning mist with a Celestial appearance seethed around it as it flew.

Standing on top of the black snake was an old man in a black robe. His expression was grim, and his eyes were filled with arrogance and contempt as the black snake neared and then floated in the air above Meng Hao's courtyard. The old man looked down with a condescending look at Meng Hao.

The old man's Cultivation base was not extremely high, only at the mid Core Formation stage. However, his body was festooned with complex totem tattoos, which emanated shocking ripples. Because of them, the man actually emanated an aura similar to that of the Nascent Soul stage.

"So, you're Meng Hao!" boomed a voice like that of rolling thunders. It didn't sound like the voice of a human, but rather, like the combined roaring of countless beasts. The sound rolled out in all directions, causing all of the Cultivators in the rear mountain district to tremble in their hearts. All of the neo-demons began to tremble in fear.

There were people who immediately recognized the man who rode on the black snake.

"Rank 7 Dragoner Grandmaster Mo Zi!!"

"It really is Grandmaster Mo Zi! So, he's come looking for Grandmaster Meng!"

"Grandmaster Meng took away Mo Fang's neo-demon horde. It won't do any good even if the Greatfather and the others interfered now. This will be the Crow Scout Tribe's first battle between Dragoners. Grandmaster Mo versus Grandmaster Meng!"

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in his courtyard. He slowly opened his eyes, and they gleamed with coldness. He looked up indifferently at the black-robed old man who floated in mid-air atop the black snake.

He merely looked up; there was no shocking sharpness in his gaze, nor did he say any Heaven-shaking words. He just looked over. As his gaze passed over the wildly arrogant and fierce black snake, it suddenly began to tremble.

Terrifying waves of fear suddenly rose up in its simplistic mind. Meng Hao's gaze had seemed relatively casual, nor could the old man see any clues as to what was going on. But the black neo-demon snake shook violently, and its mind and heart reeled. Fear and awe welled up from its very soul.

It almost seemed like pressure was bearing down on its life force. The fear and awe it felt in its soul... would most likely also be present even in the ancient ancestor which gave birth to this creature's bloodline. It too would tremble in fear in front of Meng Hao. The unspeakable aura he emanated made the black snake hold him in as much awe as the Heavens.

It took only one look, and the black snake let out a shrill howl, then immediately retreated backward. The shocked old man in the black robe did everything he could, but the black snake was completely incapable of recovering.

It was only after Meng Hao looked away a moment later that the black snake managed to straighten itself up. If Meng Hao had looked at it any longer, it would probably have simply fallen down out of the sky.

No observer could see what had happened. However, Mo Zi's heart trembled, and he could barely prevent himself from gasping. His eyes were wide. He had come here in an overbearing fashion in order to punish Meng Hao and take back the neo-demon horde. Suddenly, all of his plans completely changed. He floated there in mid-air, glaring down at Meng Hao, a multitude of thoughts running through his head.

"Dammit," he thought, "no wonder the Greatfather, Grand Elder and others did nothing to stop me from coming here. It turns out this guy is a high level Dragoner!! Just what rank is he....?"

"How can I help you?" asked Meng Hao coolly. His voice was calm, but his eyes were filled with coldness. He looked up at rank 7 Dragoner Mo Zi, and suddenly realized that the totems on the man's body were quite interesting.

"I am Mo Zi. Fellow Daoist Meng, my son is not a good student, but he spent half his life painstakingly collecting his neo-demon horde. I demand an explanation regarding this matter.

However, we are both Dragoners. In one month, the day will come in which the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity go to worship their Ancestor.

“At that time, the order of who enters the Ancestor’s land will be determined by a competition between the five great Tribes! On that day, I hope to experience your secret Dragoner arts!” Mo Zi didn’t know what rank Dragoner Meng Hao was; having come here, however, he couldn’t just leave immediately. Therefore, he forced these words out, then turned and left with his black snake.

As he left, he made up his mind. “I must determine for sure what rank Dragoner he is. I can’t do anything rash. I’ll use the five great Tribe’s competition to determine how much of him is true and how much is false.”

He arrived abruptly and left quickly. The surrounding onlookers saw everything that happened and could only watch on in shock.

Meng Hao also stared in surprise for a moment. It only took a moment’s thought to realize why rank 7 Dragoner Mo Zi had come here. However, his motives in coming and going were quite contradictory. Meng Hao smiled coldly, and his eyes glittered.

“So, the awaited time has come; the five great Tribes will offer sacrifices to their Ancestor.... The only way to do that is to enter the Crow Divinity Holy Land. That is the prescribed rendezvous point with the others.

“However, now that I have my Wood-type totem, getting into the Holy Land isn’t that important. Furthermore, the Crow Scout Tribe has actually treated me quite well.” After a moment’s thought he closed his eyes to continue his research on his Greenwood Tree totem.

The next day at dawn, when light was just appearing in the sky, Meng Hao emerged from his trance. He looked around at his silent neo-demon horde. Currently, his dozens of neo-demons were organized into three groups. The first was the Greenwood Wolves, led by Big Hairy.

Another was the Greenwood Bats, led by the Black Bat. There was a big difference in the numbers populating the two groups. There were a few more Greenwood Wolves; however, the Greenwood Bats had more mid-level neo-demons. The two groups weren’t necessarily evenly matched, but there was a clear delineation between the two. They didn’t get along very well, and a bit of hostility existed.

The third group was comprised of Greenwood Snakes. Their numbers lay between those of the Greenwood Wolves and the Greenwood Bats. However, in terms of strength, they didn't measure up to either of the others. Being the lowest position, they showed complete awe for Big Hairy and the Black Bat.

Meng Hao looked thoughtfully for a while at the three groups of neo-demons. Then, his body flickered as he left the courtyard. Behind him, Big Hairy looked up, then also turned into a blur as he followed, along with the rest of the Greenwood Wolf neo-demon horde. The Black Bat's eyes flickered, and it flew up into the air, bringing the Greenwood Bats with it.

The Greenwood Snakes took the flanking position as Meng Hao left the rear mountain district. The entire way, any of the Crow Scout Tribe members who saw Meng Hao would look at him in awe, then lower their heads and do their best to avoid him.

After leaving the Crow Scout Tribe, Meng Hao found himself in the surrounding mountain forest. As he usually did, he sent the various neo-demon hordes in different directions to hunt for food. As for himself, he sat down cross-legged underneath a tall tree to meditate.

Big Hairy didn't leave, but rather lay down next to Meng Hao. He looked lazy, but in truth, his eyes were filled with vigilance and coldness as he looked around.

Meng Hao had been in the Crow Scout Tribe for more than half a year now. During that time, he had often taken his Greenwood Wolves out to hunt; each time, Big Hairy would keep a close watch on Meng Hao. As for food, it was usually brought back to him by the other Greenwood Wolves. Unless Meng Hao ordered him, he would never leave his side.

Now, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde had grown much stronger and larger; nonetheless, Big Hairy continued to act the same as before.

Meng Hao petted Big Hairy's head. As he did, he thought of the mastiff. He suddenly sent his mind into the blood-colored mask. Sensing that the mastiff was still in a state of slumber, he sighed.

"When will you finally wake up?" he thought. He retracted his Spiritual Sense, then looked at the surrounding forest. A breeze wafted through the trees, giving rise to a rustling sound.

At first glance, it almost looked like the Southern Domain. However, there was also something unfamiliar about it; it didn't feel like home at all.

“After leaving the Black Lands, the power of the Celestial talisman that was interfering with the Ji Clan’s search for me must have vanished. From now on... I need to be ready at any time for the Ji Clan to come after me. Although, despite being away from the Black Lands, perhaps I have enough Celestial talisman power on my person to continue to provide interference.” He looked up into the sky, his heart filled with questions. During the past more than half year, he hadn’t seen a single person from the Ji Clan. Now he was starting to come to the conclusion that acquiring the Celestial talisman symbols and using them to gain enlightenment, must be one of the main reasons that the Ji Clan wasn’t coming after him.

“The Ji Clan....” he thought, his eyes filling with coldness. “One of these days, I will become strong... Then the Ji Clan will be forced to acknowledge my superiority!” He took a deep breath, and determination filled his eyes.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao’s mind suddenly flickered. He turned his head to look off into the distance. In addition, a high-pitched voice suddenly drifted into his ears from off into the distance.

“It doesn’t matter if the first person to spot that Ironblack Snake was you or me. My Master is rank 7 Dragoner Gu La. Do you really dare to contend with this Young Master!?”

Chapter 412: My Master is Gu La

The wooded mountain where Meng Hao was located wasn’t close to the Crow Scout Tribe. Actually, it was some distance away in the boundless mountain chain. In accord with his usual custom, Meng Hao took his neo-demon horde to increasingly remote areas. Hearing the voice, he didn’t move, but rather just listened for a while.

Usually, Meng Hao didn’t run into people out here. He was usually alone; therefore, after hearing the voice, Meng Hao sent out some Spiritual Sense to check out the situation.

Not far off, separated from Meng Hao by a medium sized mountain, was a group of seven or eight Crow Scout Tribe members. Currently, they were facing off wrathfully against a group of three others. From their clothing, it was obvious these others were Crow Soldier Tribe members.

In the middle position of these three people was a young man. His Cultivation base was at the early Foundation Establishment stage. The two people flanking him were a bit older, and their faces were covered with cold grins, as well as contempt, as they stared at the Crow Scout Tribe members.

Surprisingly, Wu Chen and Wu Ling were among the Crow Scout Tribe members. Wu Hai was also there, as well as a few others with whom Meng Hao was familiar. All were outstanding figures in the younger generation of the Crow Scout Tribe.

They were surrounded by neo-demons, all of whom radiated fierce auras and glared at the three Crow Soldier Tribe members.

Situated between the two groups was an indistinct, shimmering net. Laying unconscious and motionless within the net was a small, black snake.

Wu Ling gritted her beautiful teeth and said, “We found that Ironblack Snake! We paid a heavy price for it, too. We captured it, so what the hell gives you the right to take it!?”

The young man from the Crow Soldier Tribe laughed coldly, virtually ignoring the members of the Crow Scout Tribe. He walked toward the black net and then waved his hand, clearly intent on taking it away. Wu Ling clenched her jaw and then performed an incantation with her right hand. Instantly, the Greenwood Wolf next to her leaped forward. At the same time, totemic power billowed out from Wu Ling’s body.

When this happened, a look of disdain appeared in the eyes of the Crow Soldier Tribe youth. He waved his left hand, whereupon a pitch-black, decomposing Zombie Wolf materialized. It lifted its head up and roared as it shot toward Wu Ling.

The faces of all of the Crow Scout Tribe members instantly flickered, and they attacked simultaneously. A huge boom rang out, and the Crow Scout Tribe members staggered backward spitting up blood.

“Level 6 neo-demon....” cried Wu Hai bitterly.

Wu Chen’s face was ashen. Wu Ling looked like she knew what she was doing, but unfortunately, there was nothing they could actually do. The rotting Zombie Wolf stood there looking at them coldly.

“My Crow Soldier Tribe and your Crow Scout Tribe have the same roots. If it weren’t for that, all of you would die today for provoking me!” The young man looked scornfully over the Crow Scout Tribe members, then snatched up the black net. He turned to leave, then suddenly looked back. He had just caught sight of Hairy #5, who lay off in the forest, observing the goings on.

Hairy #5 was usually relatively high-spirited, and was deeply curious about all sorts of matters. Moments ago, he had been passing by, and his attention had been caught by the putrescent Zombie Wolf. He couldn't help but look on with wide eyes.

"Whoah," said the young man, his eyes suddenly brightening with pleasure as he looked at Hairy #5. "That wolf... is extraordinary! I can't believe I ran into a Greenwood Wolf like that in this place. If I can take it back as a gift for Master, he'll definitely be extremely pleased!" He laughed loudly. His two fellow Tribe Members next to him looked at Hairy #5 with expressions of pleasant surprise.

Hairy #5 was no longer small, and had quite a mighty bearing. They could instantly see that he was far from ordinary.

"Hairy #5!" said Wu Chen, recognizing him instantly. After staring in shock for a moment, his heart suddenly filled with joy. He looked around, and though he didn't see anything in particular, he knew what it meant if Hairy #5 was in the area.

Wu Hai's expression also filled with joy. It was only Wu Ling who had mixed feelings. As for the other Crow Scout Tribe members, they all recognized Hairy #5 as well, and were instantly filled with happiness.

Hearing them call out his name, Hairy #5 turned his head in surprise. He looked at them for a moment, then turned back with curiosity to stare at the Zombie Wolf.

A look of savagery appeared on the face of the young man. He couldn't care less that the Crow Scout Tribe members recognized this Greenwood Wolf. As far as he was concerned, anything he looked at, especially things that he wanted to give as a gift to his Master, he could take. The entire Crow Soldier Tribe would definitely approve. As far as the other Tribes went, there was hardly anyone who could possibly contend with his Master.

"Get me that wolf! I want it alive!" As soon as the words left his mouth, the two people standing next to him sprang into action. Simultaneously, the rotting Wolf Zombie shot toward Hairy #5.

As the two Cultivators flew through the air, their totem tattoos shone brightly, transforming into an enormous net which flew to encircle Hairy #5.

Hairy #5's eyes flashed with coldness, and then his body flickered, exploding forward in attack. His mouth opened wide as he bit toward the youth. His speed was such that the young man had no time to react. In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of the young man. As this happened, a black light sprung out from the young man's body.

The black light slammed into Hairy #5, who let out a miserable cry. Immediately, black aura began to emit from his body, and he quickly retreated. As he did, the putrefying Zombie Wolf closed in on him, its eyes glowing with grim coldness. It opened its mouth wide as it prepared to bite into Hairy #5.

It was at this moment that a howl suddenly could be heard from the nearby forest. A green beam of light shot out to slam into the body of the Zombie Wolf. It shook as it flew backward like a kite with its string cut. As it was thrown off to the side, Hairy #4 suddenly appeared to stand next to Hairy #5. He looked toward the three Crow Soldier Tribe members, snarling at them to reveal his sharp teeth.

"Two! Haha! There's two!" cried the young man. "If I present them both to Master, he'll definitely be thrilled!" The young man was actually shocked inwardly. The attack just now had been too fast for him to even react to. Were it not for the protective totem his Master had given him, he would have been torn in two just now. This only made him more desirous of Hairy #5. His eyes glowed with coldness.

He waved his right hand, causing a black bracelet to fly out. It suddenly let out a bang as it disintegrated in mid-air. It then transformed into a vortex, from within which multiple growling roars could be heard. Several black beams of light suddenly shot out, which transformed into more than twenty completely putrescent Zombie Wolves.

"Attack! I don't care who lives or dies, just make sure the bodies of the Greenwood Wolves don't get too torn up!" Vicious hatred emanated out from the young man's eyes.

As soon as the Zombie Wolves appeared, a noxious reek billowed out. Furthermore, the forest floor in all directions began to wither and turn black. The faces of the Crow Scout Tribe members instantly fell.

"Hairy #4, Hairy #5, get out of here!!" cried Wu Chen urgently.

"DIE!" cried the young man, laughing as he pointed toward Wu Chen and the others. Immediately, four of the Zombie Wolves turned toward the Crow Scout Tribe members, then turned into black beams of light as they shot forward in attack.

The rest of the Zombie Wolves radiated savagery and madness as they charged toward Hairys #4 and #5.

Meng Hao frowned as watched all of this happen. Finally, he gave a cold snort. Big Hairy looked up and began to howl. Immediately the sound of the howl filled the forest. Hairys #2 and #3, as well as the rest of the Greenwood Wolves, were all in the area. Hearing the howl, they immediately charged in the direction of Hairys #4 and #5.

Their speed was such that it only took a blink of an eye for the young man as well as the Crow Scout Tribe members to see multiple beams of green light shooting toward them from within the surrounding forest. Suddenly, more than twenty Greenwood Wolves were there, each one beyond ordinary, emanating incredible might. This was especially true of two of their number, which were more than nine meters long and emanated flickering green glows. The savagery and coldness which shone in their eyes filled the entire area.

The young man's face immediately fell. The rotting Zombie Wolves that were flying through the air sensed the sudden impending crisis, and immediately stopped and looked around vigilantly.

“Hairy #2! Hairy #3!” shouted Wu Chen excitedly.

The young man from the Crow Soldier Tribe looked shocked. The other two Tribe members next to him also looked around in surprise at the approaching Greenwood Wolves.

“I never thought my luck would look so good,” said the young man after a moment, laughing loudly. “So many excellent Greenwood Wolves to present to Master! In his heart, I will definitely surpass Second Elder Brother and First Elder Brother!”

However, even as his laughter rang out through the woods, a savage howl ripped through the air in the forest. It circled about in all directions, along with an arrogant aura which immediately caused the neo-demons in the area to begin to tremble. Even the Cultivators of the Crow Scout and Crow Soldier Tribes felt their minds trembling.

At the same time, a white blur appeared, shooting with such speed that nothing was visible but whiteness. The white blur slammed into seven or eight of the Zombie Wolves, whereupon booms echoed out along with bloodcurdling shrieks. The Zombie Wolves all exploded, sending a stinking black mist roiling out in all directions. The world-shaking white blur then transformed into a White Wolf who stood there with utmost grandeur, as if he could look down upon all Heaven and Earth.

The White Wolf's body wasn't very large, and even looked somewhat weak. But the instant he appeared, all of the other Greenwood Wolves immediately fell prone, emanating an air of allegiance.

The White Wolf raised its head up and howled, and as it did, the other Greenwood Wolves joined him. Within an instant, the entire wolf pack was howling in unison, causing everything in the area to shake. Even the trees were trembling. The Zombie Wolves began to quiver, and their listless eyes filled with veneration and submission.

"A White Wolf King!!" This was what each and every one of the observing Cultivators was thinking at the moment.

White Wolf King!

The young man's facial expression immediately changed, and he began to breathe heavily. He stepped back a few paces, looking at the White Wolf King, his eyes filling with unprecedented madness and avarice.

"White Wolf King!! Who could have imagined that this place would have a Wolf King! Once Master finds out, he's going to be delighted!! It doesn't matter who this Wolf King belongs to, now that it has appeared, it belongs to me!" The young man roared as he suddenly stretched out his right hand, within which he held a jade slip. Using the fastest speed he could muster, he crushed it, which sent a message to his Master, Gu La.

Meng Hao, who was still observing the proceedings with Spiritual Sense, finally gave a cold snort and then strode forward.

Chapter 413: Meat...

At the same time that the young man crushed the jade slip....

Not too far away in the same mountain chain were two peaks that seemed to wish to climb up into the highest heights of the clouds. They towered over the earth, looking out in all directions, two powerful magical warriors the sight of which would send shock into anyone's heart.

Every day at noon, when the sunlight was densest, these two mountains would shine with a silver light. This light was the type that could split Heaven and Earth. It circulated around in the area, sending off powerful ripples.

This was none other than the home of the Crow Soldier Tribe!

On the second peak of the Crow Soldier Tribe was a limestone crag upon which sat seven or eight members of the Crow Soldier Tribe, all smiling respectfully. Sitting in their midst was a middle-aged man who joked and laughed with the surrounding Tribe members.

He wore a black robe, and was clearly beyond ordinary. His eyes contained the stars, and if you looked at them long enough, you could sense a certain sharpness. All of it made him like the sun; without even trying, he became the center of attention.

“... and that is just a fundamental quality of the magic of Dragoners,” said the man coolly. “If you want your Dao of Dragonering to live forever, and wish to experience progress, then the only option is to look for the answer within your own flesh and blood and bones. That is where you will find the path you must tread.” He wore a smile on his face, although there was no kindness in it; rather, he emanated a lofty and proud air. If you looked closely, however, you would be able to see a bit of an emotional sigh contained within them.

The people surrounding him were for the most part outstanding members of the Tribe. All had Cultivation bases at the Core Formation stage; each and every one wore thoughtful expressions.

“Grandmaster Gu, you truly deserve to be a rank 7 Dragoner. Although we’ve never heard anything like this before, after some thought, it really makes sense!”

“That’s right! Grandmaster Gu, it seems you’ve truly found your own path as a Dragoner. You have limitless future potential. I think that in all of the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity, to find someone who could match you in terms of secret Dragoner arts would be as difficult as finding phoenix feathers or qilin horns.”

The proud, middle-aged man engaging in the lively discussion was none other than Gu La, with whom Meng Hao had lost contact during the teleportation to this region. At that time, Meng Hao had rendered Gu La unconscious during his meeting with the other Nascent Soul eccentrics regarding the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity. Therefore, Gu La was completely unaware of any of those matters. All he knew was that when he woke up, he was back in the Western Desert.

Most importantly, there was no sign of that terrifying, inhuman person who plagued him with fear during the day and roamed in his nightmares at night. At first, Gu La had stared in shock. Then he

had searched around, filled with disbelief. However, the only thing he had found was the unconscious Wild Giant.

After repeated searches of the area without finding Meng Hao, his body had begun to tremble, and finally, he lifted his head up and let out a roar.

He had thought about all the torment and maltreatment he had endured in the past. He thought about how many times his flesh and blood had been studied. All of it caused tears to stream down Gu La's face as he roared.

These were the tears of happiness seen on the face of someone who survived a great disaster. Strangely, he also found that for some reason, his skills in the Dragoner arts had increased, and he was now rank 7.

In his belief, everything that he had endured had moved the Heavens. Finally, a conscience had appeared in that inhuman being, and the man had decided to let him go. Therefore, he left the mountains with the Wild Giant. Soon, he experienced a vast change in situation as he became a famous Dragoner of the Crow Soldier Tribe.

As the surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members continued to speak, Gu La laughed proudly and was about to continue speaking when suddenly his expression flickered. He slapped his bag of holding to produce a jade slip. The instant it appeared, cracking sounds could be heard. Everyone's gaze came to focus on the jade slip as it collapsed into pieces.

"Oh?" said Gu La, a cold light shining within his eyes. His voice cool, he continued, "That would be one of my three apprentices. It looks like one of them has run into some trouble on the outside." He waved his right hand, causing the remnants of the jade slip to transform into fragments. The resulting powder began to glow, and then turned into a faintly discernible image. Within, Big Hairy could be seen charging forward, emanating the elegant bearing of a Wolf King.

Seeing the image, the eyes of all the surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members immediately went wide, as did Gu La's. He stared fixedly at Big Hairy, then began to laugh loudly.

"It seems my Third apprentice really is ingenious. He truly is an outstanding member of the Crow Soldier Tribe. He's even gone and found a Wolf King for me. Excellent, excellent!" Continuing to laugh, Gu La shot up into the air, followed by the chuckling Crow Soldier Tribe members.

"Congratulations, Grandmaster Gu! It looks like you've acquired another neo-demon Wolf King!"

“However, that particular Wolf King looks like a Greenwood Wolf. Could it possibly have something to do with the Crow Scout Tribe?”

“Even if it does, who cares? If Grandmaster Gu takes a fancy to something, even Mo Zi from the Crow Scout Tribe could do nothing but bow his head.”

Amidst the chatter and laughter surrounding him, Gu La laughed loudly and tilted his head up with an expression of pride.

“I, Gu La, will not blithely take a beast away from someone without paying. Whoever the master of that Wolf King is, I will obviously offer some compensation. In fact, if he’s talented enough, then I might even accept that person as an apprentice.” With that, Gu La, flicked his sleeve and shot off into the air.

The surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members’ faces filled with admiration as they clustered around Gu La and flew away with him in the direction indicated by the jade slip. All of them transformed into prismatic beams that shot off into the distance.

Meanwhile, back in the thick mountain forest, even as Meng Hao strode forward, and the White Wolf made its grand entrance, the young man from the Crow Soldier Tribe crushed the jade slip and then ripped open the front of his garment. Immediately, a black stone could be seen hanging around his neck. He grabbed it and threw it out in front of him.

“I summon Demon Doyen Flood Dragon!” cried the youth, his eyes filled with madness. At the same time, he bit down on the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of blood. Simultaneously, his fellow Tribe members next to him also spit up some blood. The blood from the three people was sucked into the black stone, which then exploded, transforming into ripples that spread out in all directions, along with a Heaven-shaking roar.

Within the roar, a Flood Dragon emerged. Its body was several dozen meters long, and its appearance caused everything in the surrounding mountainous forest to shake. A massive pressure rolled out, pushing down onto everything.

This particular dragon was actually not complete; portions of it were in a state of decay. In fact, bones were visible in quite a few areas. A rotten stench emanated out as it appeared, filling the area.

“Demon Doyen, exterminate these things!” The young man’s eyes radiated madness. This Flood Dragon was a life-saving neo-demon gifted to him by his master. It was not level 6, but rather level 7. It was incredibly powerful, and in the eyes of the young man, once this Demon Doyen appeared, he should be able to finish the battle before his Master arrived.

“That’s... level 7!”

“He actually has a level 7 neo-demon! Impossible!!”

The faces of the surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members immediately flickered, filling with disbelief. Even Mo Fang from the Crow Scout Tribe didn’t have a level 7 neo-demon. Such creatures were very difficult to control.

“My Master is Grandmaster Gu La. To him, nothing is impossible!” The young man laughed uproariously as the Flood Dragon roared and shot toward Big Hairy.

Meng Hao strode through the forest, using his Spiritual Sense to observe what was happening. Seeing everything happening, a strange expression appeared on his face. As soon as the rotting Zombie Wolf had appeared, Meng Hao was astonished at how different Gu La’s neo-demons were from everyone else’s.

Then the Flood Dragon appeared. Meng Hao recognized it instantly. It was, in fact, a Flood Dragon that he himself had killed and then given to Gu La as food for the Wild Giant.

Even as Meng Hao scanned the area with Spiritual Sense, Big Hairy let out a growling roar. His body flickered and he transformed into a white blur that shot toward the Flood Dragon. At the same time, the surrounding Greenwood Wolves instantly fell upon the putrefying Zombie Wolves, and a vicious, deadly battle erupted.

Booms rang out, accompanied by howls and roars as the Greenwood Wolves tangled with the Zombie Wolves. At the same time, Big Hairy and the Flood Dragon fought back and forth fiercely. Because of Big Hairy’s fierceness and incredibly high life force, it didn’t matter that the Flood Dragon was level 7. It couldn’t do anything to even scratch Big Hairy.

In fact, it continued to retreat, until finally Big Hairy had had enough. He let out a tremendous roar, and began to shake. In the blink of an eye, his body expanded to a size of over thirty meters. He looked like a small, white mountain. His aura emanated up endlessly so that in an instant, he suddenly exerted tremendous pressure down onto the Flood Dragon.

Big Hairy's aura spread out in all directions, giving rise to a white-colored tempest that rose up to the Heavens. Accompanied by an Earth-shaking roar, Big Hairy charged toward the Flood Dragon, slamming into it and causing it to let out a miserable shriek. Its already damaged body began to collapse and fly about in all directions. Big Hairy's jaws latched onto the Flood Dragon's head, and he ripped it off with a howl.

Squeals filled the air as the Greenwood Wolves attacked relentlessly. It took only a moment for all of the rotting Zombie Wolves to be torn to pieces.

The Crow Scout Tribe members spirits were instantly lifted; Wu Chen clenched his fists, his face filled with excitement.

On the other hand, the face of young man from the Crow Soldier Tribe, as well as the faces of his two companions, instantly went deathly pale. Without thinking about it, they backed up, breathing heavily. Complete disbelief filled the eyes of Grandmaster Gu La's Third apprentice.

"That's... a level 8... level 8 Wolf King!"

It was at this exact moment, that a black streak of light appeared from off to the side. It shot toward Big Hairy, and then transformed into the shocking Black Bat, as well as a large group of other Greenwood Bats.

A horde of Greenwood Snakes also appeared, hissing loudly as they emerged from the forest.

"That's... that's a Bat King!!" said the young man, his face filled with dread as he continued to back up. How could he ever have imagined that he would manage to provoke such a horde of neo-demons?

"It doesn't matter if there are two neo-demon Kings! You've run into me today, so now your lives belongs to me!" said the young man through clenched teeth. His eyes filled with venomous hatred as he slapped his bag of holding to produce a chunk of black-colored meat.

As soon as the meat appeared, a shocking sound rumbled out from the surrounding forest. It was a roar that sounded as if it could shred the Heavens.

“Meat...”

Chapter 414: Master, Save Me!

The roar rumbled out, shaking the Heavens and causing the land to tremble. The surrounding forest burst into chaos, as if a tempest had sprung into being and was preparing to shred all life into ash.

Within the roar contained a mighty pressure that all Cultivators could sense. It instantly caused the faces of the Crow Scout Tribe members to fall; blood sprayed from their mouths and their ears rang.

All of the white fur on Big Hairy’s body stood on end, and shockingly, he emanated an aura of vigilance. His eyes were filled with freezing coldness, and not even the slightest scrap of feeling could be detected therein, only killing intent.

He lowered his head and instinctively began to emit low-pitched, threatening growls.

The Black Bat next to him looked equally serious. It glared off toward where the growl came from, its eyes flickering mysteriously. It slowly opened its mouth, baring its sharp, vicious teeth.

They were the only neo-demons in the area who had such a reaction. The rest of them began trembling as soon as they heard the roar. One by one, they dropped prone to the ground, as because of the mighty pressure, they didn’t dare to move.

Even Hairy #2 and the others had to force themselves to even lift their heads up. Their eyes were filled with fear and struggle as they let out low-pitched howls.

As for the young man and the other two from the Crow Soldier Tribe, their faces flickered and they trembled. The young man quickly took the piece of meat he held in his hand and prepared to throw it out in front of him.

“You’re dead!” he cried. “Nobody can save you now!”

As the roar echoed toward them from off in the distance, Meng Hao finally emerged from the forest to stand in front of everyone.

The Crow Scout Tribe members looked over one by one, and their expressions were the same as if they had just seen a blood relative. They immediately began to clasp hands and excitedly bow to him.

“Grandmaster Meng!!”

“It’s Grandmaster Meng!”

“Greetings, Grandmaster Meng!”

This was especially true of Wu Chen. He was the first one to catch sight of Meng Hao, and his expression was one of extreme excitement. Catching sight of Meng Hao here filled him not just with simple respect, but something bordering on fanaticism.

Wu Hai gave a slight, inward sigh of relief. Next to him, Wu Ling had a complex expression and subconsciously lowered her head.

Meng Hao gave smiling nods to everyone. Then, his gaze shifted off into the distance. He could sense the pressure weighing down on everything, and as he did, he smiled. There was no need for him to even check with Spiritual Sense; he could tell that off in the distant forest was none other than a Wild Giant. It was striding toward them at top speed, most likely drooling at the same time.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, it was as if all the pressure suddenly lifted from the neo-demons. One by one, they stood up, their dignity and might restored. Hairy #2 trotted over to Meng Hao, a happy expression in his eyes. It only took a moment for Meng Hao to be surrounded by neo-demons.

Big Hairy’s body flickered as he, too, returned to Meng Hao’s side. He no longer looked completely savage, but rather, clever and charming.

The Black Bat hesitated for a moment, then flew over to Meng Hao’s side. However, it continued to glance with cold eyes off into the distance.

“Grandmaster Meng?” said Gu La’s Third apprentice, his bearing arrogant and disdainful. “Since when did your Crow Scout Tribe get somebody named Grandmaster Meng?! Presumably this neo-demon horde belongs to you. Well, my Master is rank 7 Dragoneer Grandmaster Gu La of the Crow Soldier Tribe. If you’re smart, you’ll hand over the neo-demon horde to me immediately. If you

don't, you'll have to face my Master, who's on the way here right now. And guess what, there's also a Wild Giant coming!"

Even as he spoke, the ground trembled, and another roar from off in the distance shook everything.

"Meat.... Meat...." The voice was like thunder, sweeping across everything. The Crow Scout Tribe members continued to appear to be at a loss as the ground heaved. The neo-demons next to Meng Hao, with the exception of Big Hairy and the Black Bat, all began to growl as they sensed a feeling of imminent crisis.

"Do you hear that?" said the young man excitedly. "That's the roar of a Wild Giant! That's none other than my Master's Demonic Dharma Protector, an ancient neo-demon that he personally subjugated years ago. A Wild Giant!!" He laughed boisterously. "Wild Giants eat other neo-demons for lunch, and are rarely seen in the Western Desert. According to legend, they rarely bond masters. However, my Master was able to bond this one, and that's why it follows his commands!"

The ground trembled once again, and the roar of the Wild Giant seemed even closer. The Crow Scout Tribe members began to back up, and the growling roars of the neo-demons grew louder. Meng Hao was the only one who just stood there smiling as he looked out into the forest.

"It seems Gu La really does have some talent," thought Meng Hao. "After giving him the job of feeding the Wild Giant, he realized after we got split up that he could use food to control it."

"Scared yet?!" cried the young man. "Once the Wild Giant appears all of you are dead!!" He lifted his head up and laughed uproariously as the ground shook beneath him. Off in the distance, an enormous figure could already be seen striding with great steps through the forest.

Its frame was gigantic, and it emanated a barbaric aura as it roared viciously. As of now everyone present could see it.

"Meat.... Meat...." Another roar filled the surroundings, circling around and echoing like thunder. At the same time, the Wild Giant suddenly leaped up into the air. It shot out of the forest, flying up until it obscured the sun with its enormous frame. Beneath, the Crow Scout Tribe members' eyes were wide and filled with shock and amazement. They couldn't even breathe as they looked up at the shocking Wild Giant.

Gu La's Third apprentice stood there cool and composed. However, he was actually nervous inwardly. If it wasn't for the fact that it was absolutely necessary, and also that he knew his Master was on the way, he would never have called the Wild Giant here.

The Wild Giant was an irascible neo-demon who only showed up because of food. Even his Master Gu La treated the Wild Giant very politely and was constantly feeding it. He would even scratch its back when it was preparing to sleep.

"Esteemed Wild Giant, they are your food!!" he cried, sounding very much like his Master. Body trembling, he let out a roar and then tossed the piece of meat he held directly toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, he retreated back. The other two Crow Soldier Tribe members made to follow, their faces pale and their bodies trembling.

However, they were a bit too late. The Wild Giant descended like a storm. Even while it was still in mid-air, its huge hand shot down toward the ground and snatched up one of the two Crow Soldier Tribe Cultivators. The man screamed as the Wild Giant tossed him into its mouth. Crunching sounds could be heard, and then the man was swallowed down.

"Meat! Meat!" roared the Wild Giant. In its eyes, it didn't care at all about Cultivators or neo-demons. Its eyes were fixed on the chunk of small meat whistling through the air. Its hand shot out to snatch it up.

Seeing his fellow Tribe member grabbed and eaten caused the young apprentice's heart to fill with alarm. Even stronger, though, was the cruelty that welled up within him. He saw the Wild Giant's hand moving toward Meng Hao, and began to laugh wildly.

"The neo-demons that Young Master wanted are just about...." Before he could finish speaking, his eyes suddenly went wide and filled with disbelief. He stared, gaping, first confused and then struck dumb with amazement.

This was because Meng Hao suddenly spoke.

"All you think about all day is eating meat! Get your butt over here!"

Then the young man saw what Meng Hao did!

He reached out and grabbed the piece of meat and watched the Wild Giant nearing. Shockingly, as soon as the Wild Giant heard Meng Hao's words, its entire body began to tremble.

It was as if to the Wild Giant, Meng Hao's voice contained Heavenly pressure. It seemed as if no matter how hungry or wild it became, it would never be able to forget Meng Hao's voice for its entire life.

The Wild Giant's eyes went wide as it recalled the scene of the man standing on its head, rousing the Demonic Qi in the area, and asking it if it was willing to capitulate and pledge allegiance.

Its enormous hand suddenly came to a stop only a meter away from Meng Hao. It stared at Meng Hao for a moment, and as it did, the frenzy in its eyes faded. It turned instead into happiness, as well as a bit of frustration, as if it were nursing a grievance. It let out a massive roar.

The happiness was because of finally being able to find its Master. The frustration was because it was never able to eat until being full recently, and was depressed because it had been unable to find Meng Hao. All of these feelings leaked out into the massive roar.

"Shut up and get over here," chided Meng Hao.

The enormous Wild Giant immediately quieted down and stepped over to Meng Hao's side, as obedient as a kitten. It carefully avoided all of the other neo-demons and then squatted down next to Meng Hao.

Its face was filled with happiness as well as obedience. This caused the minds of everyone present to reel. Everything seemed to be happening opposite to expectation, and it caused their minds to be complete blanks.

Moments ago, the Wild Giant had been filled with incomparable mania. Now, however, it was clearly very obedient, and not the least bit ferocious. In fact, it really looked as if it had just found its master.

The ease with which it squatted down seemed to come from force of habit, as if it had done so many times in front of Meng Hao.

All of this caused a complete silence to fill the air. Wu Chen stared. Wu Hai panted. Wu Ling gaped.

As for Gu La's Third apprentice, the young man, he simply was incapable of reconciling the image of the frenzied, man-eating Wild Giant that even his Master was careful around, with the obedient, puppy-like thing that he saw just now. His mind reeled, and he suddenly had the feeling that this Wild Giant... was not his Master's after all, but instead belonged to this Grandmaster Meng whom he had never seen before.

"I let my Wild Giant roam free in this area, and you called it here to attack me?" said Meng Hao, looking at the young man with an expression that was a smile, and also not a smile.

The young man opened his mouth, but his brain was empty. He couldn't think of anything to say. Everything that had happened had turned his mind and heart inside out. However, it was at this moment that seven or eight beams of prismatic light appeared off in the distance. In the lead was none other than Gu La, a look of dignity covering his face as he shot booming through the air. Immediately, the young man came to his senses. He looked up into the air with a look of excitement.

"Master, save me!!"

Chapter 415: Grandmaster Gu La

"What are you losing your head over? I'm here! Who is there that would dare to harm my apprentice!?" Gu La was wearing a luxurious robe, and his hair floated in the wind as he flew down from up in the air. His expression was one of pride and aloofness, as if he were the most esteemed person under Heaven.

This was especially true considering he stood atop a thirty-meter long Flood Dragon with violet scales. The Flood Dragon's fierce eyes were pale white making it so that even though the dragon emitted a strong aura of death, it still looked divine and mighty, anything but ordinary. Its domineering aura was enough to cause anyone to take it very seriously.

Gu La stood there atop the Flood Dragon, emanating billowing aura. Next to him, the other Crow Soldier Tribe Cultivators all had Cultivation bases at the Core Formation stage. Clearly, none were ordinary Tribe members, but rather influential figures.

They clustered around Gu La as he shot down from the sky. Gu La glanced coolly over the situation, his expression one of authority. The first thing he saw, naturally, was the enormous figure of the Wild Giant.

However, because of the angle, he was unable to see Meng Hao standing on the other side of the Wild Giant. All he could see was the Wild Giant's obedient posture, which seemed a bit odd.

Regardless of anything, however, he was incapable of connecting the Wild Giant's obedient behaviour to Meng Hao. In his mind, this was the Western Desert, and that inhuman freak had forgotten about him long ago in the Black Lands. There was no way he would reappear.

Half a year ago, he would not have been so firm in his conviction. But after all this time had passed in comfort and safety, this way of thinking was deeply rooted in Gu La.

The second thing he noticed was Big Hairy and the Black Bat, as well as the rest of the neo-demon horde which stood beneath the shadow of the Wild Giant.

As for the Crow Scout Tribe members, Gu La completely ignored them.

“Those two neo-demon Kings are extraordinary! Having roamed the Western Desert for years, I can say that such neo-demons are rarely seen.” Gu La smiled, not paying too much attention to his pleading apprentice. Hands clasped behind his back, he stood there looking down at the scene.

As he spoke, Big Hairy looked up at him; cruel and cold killing intent shone in his eyes. Even his white fur seemed to emanate an icy desire to kill.

The Black Bat's mysterious eyes narrowed. It could sense an intense pressure emanating from Gu La. It stared at him, baring a mouthful of sharp teeth.

As for the rest of the neo-demons, they trembled beneath the mighty pressure emitted by the Flood Dragon which floated above them.

As for Wu Chen and the others from the Crow Scout Tribe, their faces were pale. Seeing the group from the Crow Soldier Tribe arrive, as well as the terrifying Flood Dragon and Gu La, they all began to breathe heavily.

“That's... that's rank 7 Dragoneer Grandmaster Gu La from the Crow Soldier Tribe!!” blurted Wu Chen. He looked over at Meng Hao, and, seeing his calm expression, suddenly felt a bit better.

Meanwhile up in mid-air, the other Crow Soldier Tribe members started laughing in response to the words Gu La had just spoken.

“Those two neo-demons really do look extraordinary. Hahaha! Congratulations Grandmaster Gu, you’ve acquired two neo-demon Kings today. You’re going to be even more powerful than before.”

“Great! Your luck is astonishing, Grandmaster Gu. Those two are definitely rare neo-demons!”

From the pleasant laughter, it was clear that they meant what they said; these neo-demon Kings really were rare. Hearing their words and laughter, Gu La’s face filled with complacency and happiness. He was truly excited after having seen Big Hairy and the Black Bat.

“Apprentice offers greetings to Master!” said the young man down on the ground. Seeing Gu La arrive, he heaved an inward sigh of relief. Suddenly a feeling of arrogance and superiority rose up within him.

“Master,” he continued, backing up even as he shouted, “I accidentally happened upon these two neo-demon Kings. I was just attempting to capture them to give to you as a gift when this guy showed up. He even attacked me and tried to take them away! Master, please take charge of administering justice!” He glared at Meng Hao with venomous hatred the entire time, a cold smile covering his lips.

“I don’t care who you are in the Crow Scout Tribe,” he went on, unable to contain his pompous complacency. “You provoked Young Master and dared to lay in ambush to take the neo-demons Master took a liking to. You’re dead for sure!”

Gu La looked over at the Wild Giant and noted its strange obedience. However, his line of sight was blocked, and still couldn’t see Meng Hao. Then he thought about his status in the Crow Soldier Tribe, and coolly said, “This is a bit improper. Apprentice, these are Fellow Daoists from the Crow Scout Tribe. You really shouldn’t say such evil things about them.”

“I acknowledge my mistake, Master,” said the young man, lowering his head and putting on a victimized appearance. “However, this guy is really strong. If you hadn’t arrived in time, I would definitely have been a corpse already.”

Having heard what was being said, Meng Hao chuckled, then slowly took a step forward, emerging from the cover of the Wild Giant. Now, everyone up above could see him clearly. He looked up toward the proud, dignified Gu La.

Even as Meng Hao began to step out, Gu La heard his apprentice's words and began to respond, his expression dignified, his jaw lifted up. "Well then, let's see who exactly it was that would possibly dare to mess with Gu La's discip... uh? What?! URGHK!!"

Gu La's eyes went wide. The first part of the end of his sentence, "uh," represented shock.

The second part, "what?!" represented disbelief.

The third part "URGHK" ... was an enormous gasp

Suddenly, he couldn't breath. His face instantly twisted as if he had suddenly caught sight of an evil spirit just arisen from the Yellow Springs. As he stared down, his mind filled with a roaring sound, as if thunder boomed about inside of it.

The roaring inside his mind was actually similar to that of ten thousand horses galloping about inside his skull. His consciousness was trampled, shattered, as he suddenly realized why the Wild Giant was acting so obediently.

"Damn you, Wild Giant," he thought, weeping inwardly. "I took care of you all this time in vain. You, you, you... you ran into that inhuman jinx first, why the hell didn't you at least tip me off?"

At the same time as this was happening, the surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members saw Meng Hao. Their expressions were that of indifference as they began to call out.

"Fellow Daoist from the Crow Scout Tribe, your actions are beyond proper. Since Grandmaster Gu La's apprentice saw these neo-demons first, that means he had the right to capture them. For you to steal them in such a fashion is taking advantage of the Crow Soldier Tribe in an extreme way!"

"It turns out the trifling Crow Scout Tribe is full of bandits! I bet that guy is a Crow Scout Tribe vassal. Piddling vassal, do you really dare to be so aggressive? I'd love to see if you have the gall to try to kill any Crow Soldier Tribe members while we're around?!"

Of course, the Cultivators who had accompanied Gu La had no idea who Meng Hao was. Although he had caused a stir in the Crow Scout Tribe, the Greatfather and other powerful members of the

Tribe had interfered with the spread of news. This enabled Meng Hao's identity to remain a mystery; no outsider knew any of the details.

Even news of his battle with Mo Fang had been suppressed on strict orders from the Tribe. Not a scrap of information had leaked out.

Trembling, Gu La suddenly said, "Hahaha! Actually, I'm pretty tired today. Take care everyone, I'll take my leave." He immediately began to back up, and was about to turn and transform into a beam of light and flee at top speed when he was blocked by some of the nearby Crow Soldier Tribe members.

"Grandmaster Gu, what's wrong?"

"Yeah, what's going on Grandmaster Gu? Those two neo-demon Kings are matchlessly divine and mighty. It's impossible to be mistaken, completely impossible. They're definitely neo-demon Kings!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," gushed Gu La, his heart shaking. "I suddenly remembered that I forgot to feed one of my neo-demon hordes. That's... um, see you...." He shoved off the restraining hands of the Crow Soldier Tribe members and was about to ignore everyone and leave.

However, his young apprentice, seeing Gu La about to leave, suddenly shot into the air to block his way. "Master, this guy didn't just attack me, when I mentioned your name, he suddenly got all arrogant and bossy. He even insulted YOU, Master. This is intolerable!"

Meng Hao watched all of this with a smileless smile. Patting the Wild Giant next to him, he suddenly realized that this new version of Gu La was much more amusing than before.

Wu Chen and the others from the Crow Scout Tribe were all staring in shock as the scene unfolded. Confused expressions covered their faces. They couldn't understand why Grandmaster Gu La would arrive in such an impressive, overwhelming fashion, but then act like this. Without even thinking about it, they looked over at Meng Hao.

It wasn't just them. The group from the Crow Soldier Tribe also could tell that something fishy was going on.

“Screw off!!” roared Gu La. He lifted his hand and was just about to push the young man out of the way when Meng Hao’s voice again could be heard.

“Since you’re here,” Meng Hao said with a laugh, “there’s no need to rush off.”

These words immediately caused Gu La to begin to quiver. He slowly turned, forcing a smile onto his face that made it look almost like he was crying. His body began to shake violently, and his mind roared. A roar of frustration and rage echoed out within his heart.

“How could it be...?” he thought. “This is the Western Desert.... It’s not the Black Lands.... How could he be here...? I, I, I...” Images began to flicker through his mind. That of the first moment he had met Meng Hao, to all the research he had been subjected to, and finally his recent happy days. Now, however, the good times had evaporated into a nightmare that would never go away.

“How could it be...?” Gu La felt grief and indignation, but he had no choice but turn blinking to look at Meng Hao and pretend that he had just noticed him. His expression was one of happiness, although all ability to think or even speak had left him.

Before he had a chance to say anything to Meng Hao, Gu La’s Third apprentice noted the fact that his Master was turning around and then let out an inward sigh of relief. The he turned to glare viciously at Meng Hao.

“You’re dead! You provoked a rank 7 Dragoner. Even if you are from the Crow Scout Tribe, they won’t protect you now!” The young man was growing even more aggressive. At the moment, he wasn’t paying any attention to the two neo-demons next to Meng Hao. In his mind, few people in the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity would possibly dare to enrage his Master.

Gu La’s expression changed, and his heart began to pound.

Chapter 416: Conning Master....

As the young man’s words echoed in Gu La’s ears, his eyes went wide. He suddenly thought of occasions in the past in which people had paid the price for offending Meng Hao.

His body began to tremble as he glared at his Third apprentice. He suddenly started wondering if this person... was his Third apprentice, or his enemy.

“Gu La, what do you think?” said Meng Hao, smiling as he looked up at Gu La. Gu La’s body was like a sieve, not just shaking, but also pouring out cold sweat. He was just about to open his mouth to reply when...

“What gall!” shouted the young man, once again cutting off his Master’s explanation. “You dare to call my Master by his personal name? What makes you think you’re qualified to do that?!”

“You!!” cried Gu La, his eyes red. He was especially frightened because Meng Hao had just frowned. His frown suddenly made Gu La feel like a hundred thousand lightning bolts were exploding around inside his heart and mind. His face completely changed as he let out a terrified howl. “SHUT UP!!”

His voice echoed around in the area, causing the faces of the surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members to fall as they instinctively edged away from Gu La.

The young man stared mutely at Gu La for a moment before quickly saying, “Master, what’s wrong. This guy is arrogant to the extreme. Earlier, he was being endlessly sarcastic! Master...”

The rage in Gu La’s heart billowed to untold heights. Flames of fury seemed to be on the verge of exploding out of his eyes, and he looked like he wanted to swallow his apprentice alive. This was the first time he started wondering how his apprentice could be such an idiot. Couldn’t the kid see Gu La’s expression, and hear the words spoken by the inhuman freak?

“Master? Dog farts! When was I ever your Master? You damned punk, you’re not my apprentice! You’re my enemy!” At the same time that Gu La’s rage burned, he also felt a profound sense of deadly crisis. His entire body was tingling as he thought of how he had been cut into bloody pieces that year. A massive roar exploded out of his body as he struck out in front of him with his palm.

A slapping sound rang out as the young man flew backward with a miserable shriek. He coughed up a huge mouthful of blood as he slammed into the ground off in the distance, then passed out.

That wasn’t enough to ease Gu La’s anger. His body flickered toward the unconscious young man and began to trample him.

A cracking sound could be heard, and the young man suddenly regained consciousness. He let out another scream, then passed out a second time.

Seeing this happened caused the faces of the surrounding Crow Soldier Tribe members to immediately grow sharp even as they backed up again.

“Grandmaster Gu, what’s the meaning of this!?”

Gu La pretended not to hear them. He leaped into the air, flew over, then flopped onto his knees in front of Meng Hao. Tears streamed down his face, which was filled with an expression of boundless happiness.

“I’ve finally found you Young Master. Young Master... your old servant has been looking for you for the better part of a year.... I really thought that you had abandoned me. I... I....”

As soon as Gu La’s words filled the air, cries of astonishment could be heard. Whether it be Wu Chen and the others from the Crow Scout Tribe, or the group of Crow Soldier Tribe members up in mid-air, all of them could not possibly have anything other than expressions of complete astonishment when they heard Gu La’s words. They almost couldn’t believe it.

One by one, they started to breathe heavily as they looked at Gu La and Meng Hao.

Wu Chen and the others from the Crow Scout Tribe were staring with wide eyes.

“Just... just what is the relationship between them?”

“It turns out that Grandmaster Meng is actually Grandmaster Gu’s Master.... So it turns out Grandmaster Meng is even more prestigious than we thought!”

“No wonder Grandmaster Meng’s secret Dragoneer arts are so profound. He can even raise neo-demon Kings. If his servant is a rank 7 Dragoneer, then just what rank is he?”

However, even more shocked than the Crow Scout Tribe members were the influential people from the Crow Soldier Tribe who had accompanied Gu La here.

“Grandmaster Gu actually called that guy Young Master.... Just... just what exactly is going on here!?!?”

“Is it really true...? If that guy is Grandmaster Gu’s Young Master, well, considering how powerful Grandmaster Gu is, then what about his Master...?”

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he looked at Gu La with a mysterious smile. Obviously, Gu La was worried that Meng Hao would exact some sort of punishment on him. He clearly regretted everything that had happened before. Now, he knelt there, looking anxiously at Meng Hao, his expression one of bereavement and pleading.

“You’ve taken good care of the Wild Giant,” said Meng Hao coolly. “When I need you, I’ll call for you.” He turned toward the Wild Giant and patted it. Then, he flicked his sleeve and turned, walking off into the distance. The Wild Giant seemed reluctant to part with him.

Big Hairy, the Black Bat, and the rest of the neo-demon horde followed Meng Hao. As for Wu Chen and the rest of the Crow Scout Tribe members, they quickly followed along too, panting.

Gu La bowed respectfully toward Meng Hao, then loudly said, “Young Master, your old servant pledges to follow your orders to the death!”

With that, Gu La let out a sigh. His body was no longer trembling, but he had been nearly frightened to death just now. He watched Meng Hao leave before rising to his feet, the proud and lofty expression once again appearing on his face. Hands clasped behind his back, he turned toward the shocked, gaping Crow Soldier Tribe members.

“The young prince of our House is yet young, but as dignified as ever. I’ve never told you who I am. I am the Dao Protector of a mysterious Western Desert legacy. I have been tasked with protecting the young prince of our House. Half a year ago, we were separated when teleporting to this area.” Rolling his eyes at them, he patted the Wild Giant, then took it to head back toward the Crow Soldier Tribe. Although Gu La seemed to have recovered, the look in his eyes was the same as a person who had survived a great disaster. As for the Wild Giant, it continued to roar for meat.

“Dammit,” thought Gu La, “I can’t stay in this place for much longer. I have to flee in the night. Get as far away from that inhuman Meng Hao...” Countless ideas sprang into Gu La’s head, however, he then began to hesitate. He recalled the words Meng Hao had spoken just before he left, and he began to struggle inwardly. A moment later, he let out long sigh.

In the end, he just didn’t have the courage to flee secretly.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao proceeded along through the mountains, followed by his neo-demon horde. Wu Chen and the others from the Crow Scout Tribe followed cautiously. They couldn't help but look at Meng Hao with respect, Wu Ling included. Of course, Wu Chen's respect for Meng Hao had long since turned into fanaticism.

Everyone was quiet. Meng Hao didn't speak, so neither did anyone else dare to make any noise. Eventually they emerged from the mountain forest; off in the distance, the Crow Scout Tribe was now visible.

Finally, Wu Chen couldn't take it any more. After a moment's hesitation, he hurried forward and said in lowered voice, "Grand... Grandmaster Meng... Grandmaster Meng, sir, just what exactly is the relationship between you and Grandmaster Gu?"

Behind him, the eyes of the others began to shine. This was the same question all of them had been hesitating about the entire time.

Meng Hao didn't pause for even a moment as he proceeded forward. Instead, he smiled.

"When I came to this place, I brought along a Wild Giant who happens to be addicted to meat. Feeding it was quite bothersome. Thankfully, I had an attendant in charge of taking care of the Wild Giant. He was none other than Gu La." Having given this simple explanation, Meng Hao continued onward.

When Wu Chen heard the explanation, it resounded like thunderclaps in his ears. The others gasped, and they all looked at Meng Hao with expressions even more fanatical than before.

From what they could tell, the Wild Giant was a neo-demon, and a shocking one at that. But even more shocking was that Meng Hao had a rank 7 Dragoneer raising it for him!

All of this immediately turned into cloak of mystery that enveloped Meng Hao in their eyes.

As they neared the Crow Scout Tribe, Meng Hao turned back to look at Wu Chen and the others. With a smile, he said, "I don't mind you all knowing about this matter, but please don't spread the word to others." Then he turned, transforming into a beam of light that shot off into the distance along with his neo-demon horde.

Wu Chen and the others clasped hands and bowed as he left. Each and every one decided in their hearts that since Grandmaster Meng did not wish the events which had occurred today to be spread about, they definitely wouldn't mention them to anyone.

Wu Chen and the others watched him until he disappeared. All of them had indescribable feelings within them; what they had experienced today was something far beyond anything they had experienced in many years.

Sighing emotionally, they continued onward toward the Tribe. In contrast to the fanaticism of Wu Chen, Wu Ling was thoughtful as she walked silently through the Tribe. She had a dark, torn look on her face, as well as a bit of hesitation. However, after glancing back at Wu Chen, her eyes filled with determination that added a certain special beauty to her looks.

After night fell, Wu Ling's figure turned into a beam of light that shot directly toward Meng Hao's courtyard.

She arrived quickly, whereupon she stood outside beneath the moonlight, beautiful enough to make anyone's heart pound.

Biting her lip, but eyes filled with determination, she stepped forward and then softly said, "Wu Ling requests an audience with Grandmaster Meng."

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the courtyard. His eyes opened, and he scanned the area. When he caught sight of Wu Ling, his brow furrowed. However, he didn't refuse her. Without saying a word, he waved his hand, causing the courtyard door to open.

Wu Ling's beautiful silhouette could be seen hurrying in.

She stood there nervously, and, seeing Meng Hao's cold expression, quickly said, "Many thanks, for allowing Wu Ling to enter, Grandmaster Meng."

Meng Hao looked at her, expressionless.

"Last time, when Wu Chen came to ask for your help, Wu Ling did not understand matters, and made many improper remarks. Grandmaster Meng, please don't take offense...." She was starting to get even more nervous, and was now unconsciously gripping the corner of her garment. She lowered her head.

Meng Hao frowned.

She was now panting a little bit. Her mind felt as if it were in chaos. All the words she had prepared before coming here just wouldn't come out. "... Regarding the matter today, please don't worry, Grandmaster Meng. I will make sure they understand not to spread the word."

"Why are you here?" barked Meng Hao coldly, cutting her off.

Wu Ling was now completely nervous. Meng Hao's loud words caused her heart to tremble. Gritting her teeth, she looked up.

As she did, her right hand reached up and unfastened her outer garment. The garment immediately fell to the ground, revealing her yellowish-pink underclothing. Beneath the moonlight, her beautiful curves suddenly seemed to emanate a soul-stirring air of seduction.

Her face was pale, but her eyes were determined. She stood there beneath the moon, trembling slightly, but staring at Meng Hao with gritted teeth.

Chapter 417: The Resurrection Lily Suddenly Makes a Move!

[/expand]

Meng Hao stared in shock. Without realizing it, his eyes gazed down at her body. He wasn't sure why, but for some reason, he suddenly found himself thinking about Chu Yuyan.

"Grandmaster Meng, I'm willing to do anything for my younger brother." Her body trembled, but she held her head high nonetheless. The moon accentuated her beauty, making her particularly enticing.

Meng Hao didn't say anything. Wu Ling's purpose was clear; she wanted to help her brother acquire a proper position and status within the Crow Scout Tribe. Accomplishing something like that wouldn't be difficult for Meng Hao. Be it in terms of his Cultivation base or his identity as a Dragoner, if he threw his support behind someone from one of the three bloodlines, it would be enough.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao looked back up and said, "I'm not very interested in your body." Having reached his current level of Cultivation base, he could ignore the changes wrought

by time. Because of that, his interest in certain matters had cooled. He had never experienced the passionate love between a man and a woman, and as such was able to look down on such carnal temptations.

With a simple nod of his head, vast numbers of women with low Cultivation bases would throw themselves at him to acquire the protection of powerful expert of the great circle of the Gold Core, a person who could contend with the early Nascent Soul stage.

However, Meng Hao's heart was not focused on lust. His ambitions lay in the Eastern Lands and the Great Tang, in Immortal Ascension, in superseding the Ji Clan, in assuring that no one under Heaven could interfere with his plans, in preventing the Heavens from ever suppressing him.

These were his dreams. From the moment he had entered the Cultivation world, he had staunchly stuck to pursuing the path of his dreams.

In this life, he would not be an insect to others!

In pursuit of these dreams, he had entered the Southern Domain. In pursuit of these dreams, he had gone to the Black Lands. In pursuit of these dreams, he had traveled to the Western Desert to search for the path of his Five-Colored Nascent Soul.

With the passage of time, these things had become indelibly imprinted on his heart. This was his path.

Wu Ling's face was ashen, and she bit her lip. She could see Meng Hao's calmness, and could see that his gaze wasn't the bit affected by her body. She knew what he said to be true. He didn't care about her body.

The moonlight poured down onto her, and she clenched her jaw as she looked at him bitterly. It was at this point that Meng Hao's eyes narrowed and he suddenly looked directly at her chest.

Just now, moonlight had fallen on her neck, and a pendant which hung there, something he hadn't noticed before.

It was a silver pendant, which let off a gentle aura beneath the moonlight. The design was that of a flower with ten petals. A small, silver flower.

Almost the same instant that Meng Hao caught sight of the pendant, he suddenly sensed the imminent awakening of the Resurrection Lily, which Shui Dongliu had sealed such a long time ago.

The signs of awakening were sudden; in the blink of an eye, an intense pain suddenly filled his body, causing his face to immediately flicker.

Meng Hao's Cultivation base back then couldn't even compare to his current one. Despite the fact that the pain washed over him like floodwaters, the only thing that Wu Ling could see was a slight flicker before his expression returned to normal.

Meng Hao's hand suddenly lifted up and made a snatching motion. The necklace which the pendant was attached to snapped, and it turned into a beam of silver light as it shot toward Meng Hao. He grabbed it out of the air.

"Where did you get this?" Even as he asked the question, his body filled with pain, and his Cultivation base trembled as it fought back and forth with the Resurrection Lily. One tried to shake off its seal, the other tried to push back with full strength. Despite all that was happening, not a trace of it could be seen on Meng Hao's face.

Wu Ling stared in shock and unconsciously raised her hand up to her neck.

"My mother gave that to me...."

"You can leave now," said Meng Hao. "As for the matter regarding Wu Chen, I will consider it." With that, he closed his eyes. He didn't return the pendant.

Wu Ling hesitated for a moment, then bowed her head and put her garments back on. Giving Meng Hao a slight curtsy, she turned and left, feeling disconsolate and frustrated.

It was about the same time that Wu Ling left the courtyard that Meng Hao finally couldn't control himself anymore. His face instantly went pale, and sweat drops as big as beans began to pour down. It only took an instant for him to be completely soaked. He waved his left hand, causing the Greenwood Tree totem to magically appear on his forehead. The Eyeless Larva could be seen on his right hand, and the surrounding neo-demon horde suddenly looked extremely vigilant. A gently glowing shield appeared, with Meng Hao at its center. It completely surrounded the entire courtyard as Meng Hao trembled, then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

This blood was not red, but rather, was made of four colors. It transformed into a mist which hovered in mid-air before him, forming into a Resurrection Lily. It faced Meng Hao and let out a soundless shriek that was filled with ferocity and obstinacy.

Meng Hao's eyes glowed brightly. He began to rotate his Cultivation base with full power, and then closed his eyes. He did everything he could to suppress the Resurrection Lily. Soon, enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, whereupon a tremor ran through his body.

"You wanna come out? Fine!" Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph, then slapped his bag of holding to produce a scroll painting. It floated in front of him and slowly unfurled, seemingly under the power of some invisible force that wanted to open the Resurrection Lily painting.

Meng Hao's eyes widened as he stared coldly at the painting. It trembled as a howl emerged from within that only Meng Hao could hear. They stared at each other, one man, one painting, for nearly an hour within the confines of the protective shield.

Eventually, the unyielding howl began to fade slowly away. Finally, the painting fell to the ground with a flop. Meng Hao let out a long sigh and closed his eyes. After a long moment passed, he opened them again and looked recovered. A grim look appeared in his eyes.

"So, it's actually been awake for a while!" An angry glint flickered in his eyes. The power exhibited by the Resurrection Lily in their struggle just now was extremely intense, and was obviously nothing like the power that would manifest had it just awakened. On the contrary, it seemed it had waited and built up its strength in an attempt to break through its seal in one fell swoop.

"And here I thought it was sealed and sleeping this entire time. Instead, it actually awakened for some reason, and then remained there motionless, waiting for the perfect critical moment, when I was least prepared, to fight with all its might...." Meng Hao took a deep breath, then looked down at the pendant in his hand.

"Is it possible that this thing provoked some instinctive reaction on the part of the Resurrection Lily? Once I noticed the signs of its awakening, it couldn't hold back any more, and launched its fatal blow!?" Meng Hao sat in silent contemplation. He was well aware that if it weren't for the chance occurrences today, if the Resurrection Lily had been given more time to grow strong, then there would have been a high likelihood that at the critical moment, his lack of preparation would have led to the Resurrection Lily casting off its seal and taking over his body!

Thinking of this caused lingering fear to spread throughout Meng Hao, despite the level of his Cultivation base and mental strength.

“What is this thing?” he thought, studying the pendant. “After hiding so carefully, the Resurrection Lily instinctively broke its cover because of it.” His eyes glittered, and he sent out his Spiritual Sense, only to come up with nothing.

After some thought, Meng Hao lifted his hand and pushed down onto his left eye. Because of the presence of Immortal Shows the Way inside of him, he was able to rotate the scrap of Immortal Qi within. It coalesced into his eye, which he then blinked several times in succession. Suddenly, it glowed with brilliant light as he examined the pendant.

Instantly, the pendant looked vastly different than it had a moment before. In fact, it was obviously not just a pendant; shockingly, it was a Resurrection Lily.

It now had seven petals, but all were the same color. Furthermore, it was emanating a faint death aura. Only a very faint bit of life force remained within.

It seemed to be in some sort of special state, as if that life force were struggling, and wished to truly live once again.

Meng Hao suddenly understood. “This... don’t tell me that this... is a Resurrection Lily seed!?”

His left eye flickered, then returned to normal. His face was pale white as his right hand clenched around the pendant.

He was breathing heavily now, and it took a long moment for him to recover his composure.

“Just what is this pendant? It actually provoked some instinctive change in Resurrection Lily even in the midst of its fear of being detected by me.” Coldness filled his eyes, and he was about to crush down on the seed with his fist to smash it, when suddenly, something flickered in his mind. After a moment’s deliberation, he lifted the seed up once more and examined it closely. His eyes then began to shine with a strange light.

“Crushing it would solve the main problem, but, that would be quite a pity. This seed is the best object of reference I have to study the Resurrection Lily and find its weakness.” His eyes glittered as he put the Resurrection Lily seed away.

“I owe a great debt to Wu Chen and his sister,” he thought. With that, he waved his hand, causing the protective shield to disappear. It was already early morning.

“In terms of the five elements, the Crow Scout Tribe’s totems attach importance to the Wood-type. All others are simply collateral branches. I’ve acquired the Greenwood Tree totem, and originally I didn’t plan to partake in any other matters relating to the Tribe. In fact, I wasn’t even going to enter the Crow Divinity Holy Land to meet Yan Song and the others. I was going to just leave. But now.... I think it might be good to stay a little bit longer. I can do some more research to find out how Wu Ling’s mother ended up with a Resurrection Lily seed! Plus, if I’m lucky, maybe I can get my hands on a Metal-type totem.”

When it came to matters relating to Wood-type and Fire-type, through Meng Hao’s more than half year of observation and enlightenment, his most important clue had come from the Golden Crow that flew out from the Crow Divinity Holy Land the previous year. From what Meng Hao could tell, it emanated not a will of Fire, but rather, a shocking Wood-type will.

Having made up his mind, Meng Hao closed his eyes and began to meditate. He rotated his Cultivation base and began to examine himself inwardly. Finally, he took out the painting to study for a moment. Eventually, a cold smile turned up the corners of his lips, and he put the painting away.

He wasn’t sure if the Resurrection Lily was actually sleeping at the moment, or just pretending. However, he was now prepared. Even if the Resurrection Lily sprang into action suddenly, he was confident that he could repress it a second time.

“In fact, I will suppress it to the point where, it won’t be absorbing me; instead, I will force it to merge with me! When that happens, I will be the Resurrection Lily, but the Resurrection Lily will not be me!”

Meng Hao’s face filled with determination as he muttered to himself.

“The day the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors, the flower falls, Immortal Ascension, one thousand years. If I can fully master the secrets of this Resurrection Lily, then Immortal Ascension... might not be so far-fetched....” Meng Hao lifted his head to look up at the sky. He suddenly felt an intense desire to reach that stage of Immortal Ascension.

“It doesn’t matter whether it has to do with Demon Sealing or Immortal Ascension, without reaching that stage... I’m nothing but an insect in Heaven and Earth.” With that, he closed his eyes, covering up that growing hope which could be seen inside.

Chapter 418: Pool of Destiny

Time flashed by. Soon, it was half a month later. The day was swiftly approaching in which the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity would offer sacrifices to the Ancestor.

To the five Tribes, this day of sacrifices was an extremely important occasion. That was because in addition to being a day of ceremonies and rites, it was also the time when the Tribes determined their ranking in terms of strength.

The most important reason for the whole ceremony was because of the totem legacy within the Crow Divinity Holy Land. This legacy was not some imaginary thing, but rather something called the Pool of Destiny!

This pond was actually a deep cistern that would fill with clear waters every few years. The water was very strange. Any member of the Crow Divinity Tribes who entered the waters and meditated therein would experience incredible growth in totemic power.

The water in the pond was not of the five elements; however, it would change to become one of the five elements, depending on who entered it. In fact, throughout the years, the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity had experienced many situations in which Tribe members experienced Cultivation base breakthroughs thanks to the increase in their totemic power.

The Pool of Destiny was the most important object to the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity, and also one of the reasons so many vassals chose to join one of the five Tribes.

However... the waters of the Pool of Destiny were not infinite. The water was limited, even from the very beginning of the rite. Therefore, the first person to enter it would receive the greatest benefit. The benefits received by those who entered after would increasingly lessen.

Therefore, the so-called Ancestor Rite Competition was used to determine the order in which various members of the five great Tribes would enter and seize the fortune of the Pool of Destiny.

Currently, the voice of the Crow Scout Tribe's Greatfather rang out from the top of the mountain: "For three hundred years, the Crow Scout Tribe has always been the last to enter. During those three hundred years, it was always the Crow Soldier Tribe who entered first...."

Meng Hao stood down in the square along with rank 7 Dragoneer Mo Zi and his son Mo Fang. They were joined by the Crow Scout Tribe's Sky Priest and the Grand Elder.

As for the Earth Priest, he had been in secluded meditation the entire time since he had returned to the Tribe, and had still not emerged.

Additionally, there were several Western Desert Cultivators who, as could be seen from their clothing, were obviously not members of the Crow Scout Tribe. All had incredible Cultivation bases, and radiated killing intent. These people were similar to Meng Hao, vassals. Obviously, though, they were not Dragoneers, but Totem Cultivators.

There were several dozen members of the Crow Scout Tribe also present, including Wu Chen, Wu Ling, and Wu Ali. All of them looked both nervous and excited.

Wu Ling would cast frequent glances toward Meng Hao, whose expression was the same as ever as he stood there silently, with eyes closed. It seemed he didn't even notice her.

"The Ancestor Rite Competition will begin soon," continued the Greatfather. "According to the rules set forth by the Ancestor, spilling the blood of fellow Tribe members is prohibited in the Holy Land, as is killing. Therefore, as has been the custom throughout the successive Ancestor Rite Competitions, it is you vassals who will participate in the contest, and earn the chance to step foot into the Pool of Destiny. I offer my profound thanks to all of you." He looked over Meng Hao and the other vassals and then clasped hands and bowed deeply.

Next to him, the Sky Priest and the Grand Elder gave deep looks to everyone and then also clasped hands and bowed.

The rest of the Crow Scout Tribe members also bowed, looks of veneration covering their faces.

Mo Zi was not the first to respond, but rather, Mo Fang. "Fear not, Greatfather, with my father and I here, I dare not claim that we will take first place in the Dragoneer competition, but we will definitely not take last." As he spoke, he cast a grim glare in Meng Hao's direction.

As for Grandmaster Mo Zi, he gave an indifferent chuckle. "I, Mo, will do my best." His grating voice was filled with obvious self-confidence.

Meng Hao's eyes opened, and his expression was the same as usual. He did not respond to Mo Fang's provocation, but rather, ignored him. He looked over the other vassals, taking note of one man in particular who was large, but rather unimposing in appearance. His Cultivation base appeared to be in the Core Formation stage, but there was something strange about him. Meng Hao could sense that there was something almost like a mist circling around him that could not be seen through.

When Meng Hao looked at him, the man looked back. Their gazes locked for a brief moment before the man looked away. However, it was at this point that Meng Hao's eyes began to glitter.

"That guy has the aura of a neo-demon," he thought. "It's faint, but he definitely is not emanating the power of totems. It's as if... he himself is emanating a neo-demon aura!"

Suddenly, the sound of bells and horns filled the air. It came from Crow Divinity Holy Land, which was located in the center of all the mountains. The sound circled out in all directions, along with waves of ripples which kicked up massive winds. Soon everything up above and down below was shaking.

Next, ripples could be seen emanating out, as if everything was being sealed. Next, a golden light shot up from the Crow Divinity Holy Land. It shot up into the Heavens, spreading out and emitting massive pressure.

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather took a deep breath as he looked at the golden light. Determination filled his eyes as he said, "Let us depart!"

He flicked his sleeve and flew up into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot off toward the area where the golden light was emanating from.

Everyone else flew up as well. Quite a few of the other vassals had bodies festooned with totems, that were now flickering and glowing. As for rank 7 Dragoneer Mo Zi, he flicked his sleeve, causing an enormous two-headed Flood Dragon to magically appear in mid-air. It lifted its heads up into the air and roared. Mo Zi stood on its back, and Mo Fang approached to do the same.

The two-headed Flood Dragon was clearly incredibly powerful. The instant it appeared, it attracted the shock and astonishment of the surrounding Cultivators. Quite a few people looked over at Meng Hao, curious as to what mount he would ride.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he slapped a green-colored bag of holding. A beam of white light instantly shot out, which transformed into Big Hairy. He seemed skinny and weak, but was over ten meters long. As Meng Hao hopped onto his back, he lifted his head up to the sky and howled.

The sound was extremely shocking as it drifted out in all directions. The surrounding Crow Scout Tribe members were filled with shock. Even the two-headed Flood Dragon backed up a bit.

Mo Zi gave a cold snort, patting the two-headed Flood Dragon, which transformed into a colorful beam as it shot off.

Meng Hao sat atop Big Hairy, his eyes focused on the golden glow off in the distance. He actually wasn't very interested in the Crow Divinity Holy Land, but figured that since he was here, he might as well investigate a bit.

As he proceeded onward, the dozens of Crow Scout Tribe members flew off from the mountaintop. Up in mid-air, Meng Hao could see groups of Cultivators flying out from the directions of the other four Tribes, all of them heading toward the central location.

There were several hundred members of the five Tribes in all, heading toward the golden glow at top speed.

Meng Hao also caught sight of Gu La, standing on top of the Wild Giant. His face was proud, as were the faces of the Crow Soldier Tribe members who surrounded him.

There were also Dragoneers from the other Tribe. Among the Dragoneers from the Crow Fighter Tribe, the most conspicuous was an old woman upon whose face could be seen dark greenish freckles. She wore a long robe, and was relatively ugly. However, she was riding a gigantic Cyclops Ape which emanated a fiendish aura.

The Crow Flame Tribe had three Dragoneers, one of whom was a white-robed old man who had the extraordinary bearing of a transcendent being. The neo-demon he rode was an enormous white crane, elegant and beautiful. It soared through the air as if it had just descended from the world of Immortals.

Last was the Crow Gloom Tribe. They only had two Dragoners; one of them was dressed completely differently than the others. He wore a conical bamboo hat that hid his features, along with a woven rush raincoat that made him look like an old fisherman. Beneath his feet was a gigantic earthworm several dozen meters long, which was covered with a shocking, viscous liquid. As the earthworm whizzed through the air, it emitted a very peculiar smell.

“I doubt that Yan Song and the others are with the Dragoners. They’re most likely with the totem vassals from the various Tribes.” As he sized the others up, he could see that they were looking over at him and Mo Zi. [1]

Mo Zi looked over at the nearing Dragoners and grimly said, “Grandmaster Meng, you’d better not disappoint me in the competition.” With that, the two-headed Flood Dragon shot forward toward the golden light.

Meng Hao frowned slightly and then sighed inwardly. Ever since coming to the Western Desert, he had very rarely taken the initiative in provoking others. However, as he slowly revealed more and more power, it was only natural for others to take note of him. Disputes would obviously rise up, although that was not Meng Hao’s intention.

“I’ll have to settle this dispute sooner or later,” he thought, a vicious look appearing in his eyes. Having practiced Cultivation up to his current point, he very well understood the law of the jungle. When decisiveness was required, Meng Hao would not be softhearted.

Soon, everyone was nearing the golden glow. There, a floating golden platform could be seen that looked almost like an arena. It was surrounded by swirling, golden shield.

Before long, all the members of the five great Tribes arrived to float around the golden platform. The various Greatfathers and Priests did not exchange many words. They looked at each other coldly, and without any hint of politeness, chose to let the fighting begin.

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather looked back at his vassals, and said, “There are two rounds of fighting, each of which could be considered a battle royal. One is for Totem Cultivators, the other is for Dragoners! We must win both battles!

“During each battle royal, every Tribe can send three people into battle. If a Tribe wins in both battles, then they naturally will take first place. As for who takes second, that will be based on the performance of the vassals; there are a few who are still deciding on whether or not to attend.

"Throughout the history of these battles, there have been deaths. Vassals, I urge you, if you find yourself outmatched... please forfeit the match. The importance of victory or defeat cannot be overstated, however. I encourage you to work together with a sense of camaraderie.

"The first battle is for Totem Cultivators!" After the Greatfather finished speaking, three vassals emerged from the others. They clasped hands to the Greatfather and then shot toward the golden light.

One of the three was none other than the strange, unimposing man Meng Hao had noticed earlier. Meng Hao observed him as he shot forward, his eyes flickering. He circulated the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way, then blinked his right eye several times in succession.

This time when he looked at the man, his pupils constricted.

He could now clearly see that this man was no Western Desert Cultivator. A cloud-like mist covered his body, within which... was the Outlander Beast, which the parrot had chased after months before.

Even more astonishing, he could also see traces of the meat jelly on the Outlander Beast. With his Celestial Vision technique he could even see the aura of the parrot.

As a quick re-cap, the infiltration party consisted of Yan Song, the alchemist from the Eastern Lands that Meng Hao met in Holy Snow City. There was also Mo Li and a guy surnamed Wang; it was implied that they were a gay couple. Finally was Li Tao, the one who gave them all the ability to disguise themselves and their Southern Domain Cultivator aura

Chapter 419: Outtie

"The parrot never came back after it went chasing the Outlander Beast. It's impossible to tell what happened between the two of them. In any case, it seems... they came to some sort of agreement?" He ended the Celestial Vision technique. He was astonished, of course, but considering the parrot's personality, anything was possible.

All of a sudden, Meng Hao felt a bit sorry for all the people from the other tribes who were making their way onto the platform within the golden shield.

"I would imagine Yan Song and the others are in that group..." he thought, looking the group over. Of course, Yan Song and the others were wily old foxes who would obviously have taken

precautions to prevent anyone from realizing who they were. After looking at the twelve vassals from the other Tribes, even Meng Hao couldn't discern any clues.

This was a battle royal with fifteen Totem Cultivators from the five Tribes. As they stepped into the golden shield on the platform, they did not speak. Instead, booming sounds immediately filled the air as the fighting began.

Each group of three formed a unit, instantly become comrades-in-arms as they joined forces. At least, this was what happened with the other four Tribes. However... as for the three people from the Crow Scout Tribe, it was a different story.

The man-form Outlander Beast stepped onto the platform, lifted his head with a roar, and then charged forward. He didn't even look at his two compatriots, which caused them to stare in astonishment. They had a mind to follow in the charge, but the ferocity emanating from the man-form Outlander Beast seemed to indicate that he intended to fight solo. The two immediately backed up, trembling.

This development caused the Cultivators from the other Tribes to stare wide-eyed in surprise. In fact, many of them assumed that this was some sort of pre-planned tactic on the part of the Crow Scout Tribe.

However, the Greatfather and Priest of the Crow Scout Tribe, as well as other influential members, were all clearly stunned. The Tribe members from the other four Tribes looked on thoughtfully.

Rumbling filled the air, and Meng Hao's eyes glittered. However, what he was looking at was not the man-form Outlander Beast, but rather the vassals from the other Tribes. He was still trying to figure out which ones were Yan Song and the others.

Suddenly, the man-form Outlander Beast howled, "You bunch of immoral bastards! I represent Outtie and my fifth kid bro! I'm here to convert all of you!"

The sound of it was like thunder. In the blink of an eye, the man was in front of one of the three-man units. Immediately, a boom could be heard, and magical totemic lights sprang out.

These three men were from the Crow Flame Tribe. They watched the man approach, then simultaneously attacked without hesitation. At once, an enormous boom rattled out as magical techniques collided.

“Waaaaahhhh!” shouted the man, sounding as if he felt wronged. “One, two, three... dammit! There’s three of you! THREE! Three against one is immoral!!” Hearing this caused strange expressions to appear on the faces of the surrounding Tribe members.

They watched on as the big man retreated. As he did, his expression suddenly changed; now it looked somewhat vile.

“Bitches!” cried the man. “It looks like you people lack screwing! Well you wait. You just wait!” He no longer looked hurt, but rather, wildly pompous and arrogant. This time, he headed toward a different group of three.

“I thrust!

“I screw!

“Hahaha. And I thrust again!” The large man’s voice was now piercing, and even more arrogant. It was with incredible speed that he shot back and forth among the various people. He seemed to be incredibly thick skinned; no matter how people struck him, it didn’t do anything. The vassals were growing more furious; this man’s attacks were completely despicable and shameless. All his divine abilities seemed to be focused on one finger.

And that finger... specialized in attacking rear ends.

Furthermore, he didn’t differentiate between Tribes. He attacked anyone in his field of vision, even the two people from the Crow Scout Tribe. They, too, were jabbed by the man, which caused them to burst forth with fury. After all, they were from the same Tribe and shouldn’t be attacking each other.

Because of this provocation, the battle royal immediately... was no longer a battle royal. Now, all of the members of the various Tribes were ganging up on this one, large man.

Subsequently, the faces of the Crow Scout Tribe members in the audience were quite unsightly. The Greatfather and the Priest, even the Grand Elder, all had extremely grim expressions on their faces.

Throughout all the years that this Ancestral Rite Competition had been held, nothing like this had ever happened. This was no battle royal; instead, it was a beat down.

Meng Hao gave a dry cough, and looked a little bit guilty. After all, if he hadn't brought the parrot to this place, then this competition would not have turned out this way.

“The meat jelly can't die.... The parrot's twisted vices.... I'm afraid the savagery of the Outlander Beast is the next thing we will see. Heyyy... if nothing else out of the ordinary happens, the Crow Scout Tribe will most likely be the winner.” Even as Meng Hao was thinking these thoughts, a roar of rage could suddenly be heard from the platform as one of the other Crow Scout Tribe vassals charged in attack.

He couldn't take it any longer. Having been jabbed three times in succession was too much of a humiliation. Roaring furiously, he charged the large man, completely ignoring the fact that they were fellow vassals from the same Tribe.

The other vassal next to him was about to block his way when suddenly, the large man flickered into being next to him. His finger jabbed out.

“Dammit, we're together! You, you, you....” Infuriated, the vassal's eyes turned red and he let out a furious shout. “Fine! To the death!”

Once again the scene of the battle taking place inside the golden shield on the platform changed. Now, everyone was bombarding the big man. This was not even to mention the Tribe members on the outside, who were also preparing to attack him. After all, his attacks were completely shameless, despicable to the extreme.

In their entire lives, none of them had ever seen someone as vulgar as this.

Immediately, the members of the other Tribes began to ridicule the Crow Scout Tribe members.

“This is the Ancestral Rite Competition! For the Crow Scout Tribe to have recruited a vassal like that, it's... intentionally causing trouble!”

“Maybe the Crow Scout Tribe couldn't find anyone else, and then this shameless fellow showed up!”

The faces of the Crow Scout Tribe members were extremely unsightly. They wanted to offer up retorts, but there was really nothing they could say. The Greatfather's eyes were filled with fury as he glared at the man up on the platform.

Meng Hao sighed inwardly, and felt even more guilty. However, he continued to study the members of the other Tribes up on the platform, hoping to see pick up on some clues as to the identities of Yan Song and the others.

Suddenly, his eyes flickered as they came to rest on a vassal standing with the Crow Gloom Tribe. It was a middle-aged man, tall and stalwart, his face filled with savagery. However, when the man-form Outlander Beast attacked him, his face looked different from that of the others. He looked a bit hesitant, even somewhat absentminded.

The look quickly disappeared, to be replaced with fury. However, even as the fury filled his face, one of the vassals from the Crow Soldier Tribe suddenly shot forward in pursuit of the Outlander Beast.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed. Based on this development, he could now tell who these two people were. "Mo Li and Eccentric Wang!"

The howling man-form Outlander Beast was now surrounded.

"Outtie, you wimp, it's your turn!" Suddenly, a tremor ran through the man's body. It was at this exact moment that the surrounding vassals all attacked.

A shocking boom echoed out. From the perspective of everyone watching, there was no way the man could possibly escape death. It was only Meng Hao that let out a sigh; he knew that the Outlander Beast was coming.

Within the booming sound, an astonishing roar suddenly lifted up. The intensity of the roar turned into an attack that rippled out in all directions on the platform. The sight of this attack caused the observing members of the five Tribes to stop breathing and stare in disbelief.

What they saw was all of the vassals who were attacking the large man suddenly tumbling backward, their faces filled with disbelief and shock.

The man who everyone had assumed would die stood there with an expression of savagery, his eyes bright red and his hair flying about. He lifted his head to the sky and roared with the madness of a neo-demon.

His body flickered, and he suddenly appeared in front of one of the other vassals, his face filled with cruelty. His hands reached out with a strange motion and grabbed ahold of the vassal, who had no chance to evade. Then, he ripped.

A bloodcurdling scream filled the air as the Cultivator's body was torn completely in half. Blood showered everywhere, and the large man flickered again.

Miserable screams filled the air. The gory scene instantly caused the surrounding members of the five great Tribes to feel incredible shock. They began to pant, their eyes wide.

It took only a moment for three people to die. The big man was like an unmatched Celestial warrior; to approach him was the same as approaching death.

"I forfeit!!" cried a vassal from the Crow Flame Tribe as he saw the man approaching him. Trembling, his body suddenly disappeared through the golden shield as he left the battlefield.

"I forfeit!!"

"I forfeit!!" The shouts rang out one after another, although some people were too late, and ended up getting ripped into pieces by the frenzied man.

"I for..." One vassal from the Crow Soldier Tribe was just beginning to speak when the man-form Outlander Beast appeared in front of him. The Outlander Beast opened his mouth wide and directly bit down onto the vassal's neck, causing his words to instantly change into a bloodcurdling shriek.

It took only moments for the platform to be completely empty except for the big man. He stood there, looking around savagely and roaring.

"Crow Scout Tribe," he cried, "I have secured victory for you! Now give me the Pool of Destiny!!"

The Crow Scout Tribe members' minds were reeling. The Sky Priest was panting and the Grand Elder was staring with wide eyes. As for the Greatfather, his eyes flickered and he started to laugh.

“Exactly as it should be,” he said. “Fellow Daoist, you have secured yourself a spot in the Pool of Destiny!”

The man gazed at the Greatfather and then nodded. He took a step, and then his body flickered and he left the golden shield. When he reappeared, the surrounding Tribe members all backed up and made room for him. Their hearts trembled as they avoided him. As the man neared, he seemed to almost be attempting to avoid Meng Hao’s gaze.

Everything was quiet for the space of about ten breaths. Finally, a grim voice called out from the Crow Fighter Tribe.

“Second battle, Dragoner Duel!”

Meng Hao looked up.

Chapter 420: Break those Fangs!

“What a pity,” thought Meng Hao. “I was only able to identify Mo Li and old devil Wang. There was no way to figure out who Yan Song and Li Tao are.”

“Grandmaster Meng,” said rank 7 Dragoner Mo Zi coolly, “you need to be careful. This is a battle of life and death. When the time comes, hopefully you’ll have enough time to say the word ‘forfeit.’” He passed by Meng Hao, glaring at him with a sinister expression.

Next to him was Mo Fang, who looked at Meng Hao with a look of deep fury and the clear desire to kill.

As the father and son shot past him into the golden shield, Meng Hao’s expression was calm. Of course, that was the nature of Meng Hao’s personality; the calmer he looked, the more likely he was to kill.

Considering his opponents had bared their fangs, then as far as Meng Hao was concerned, it was time to break those fangs!

Wu Ling looked nervous as she watched Meng Hao. Wu Chen stood next to her, his eyes filled with fanaticism. He had ultimate confidence in Meng Hao, almost to the point of blind faith. In his heart, Meng Hao's strength was incomparable.

Meng Hao's body flickered as he and Big Hairy turned into a white beam that shot toward the golden shield. As they entered, Meng Hao's eyes flickered. The shield was like water passing over his skin. He could very clearly feel the Wood-type power within it. It seemed as if he could even utilize the power of the Greenwood Tree totem to exercise some simple level of control over it.

At the same time, there also appeared to be Metal-type power within the golden light, which caused Meng Hao no small bit of surprise.

Almost at the same time that Meng Hao stepped foot onto the platform, Dragoners from the other four Tribes arrived in groups of threes. Gu La, the old woman, the old fisherman, and others. All of the Dragoners who would be participating in the battle now stood on the platform. It was at this moment that...

Roars immediately shook Heaven and Earth as Gu La waved his hand, causing nearly a hundred neo-demons to appear around the howling Wild Giant. Among the shocking group were more than ten Flood Dragons as well as a gigantic Zombie Wolf which emanated a boundless death aura. This immediately set Gu La apart from the others in shocking fashion.

The continuous roars of the Wild Giant caused the observing members of the five great Tribes to be filled with shock.

Next was the old woman. The giant Cyclops Ape she rode let out a howl as she seemed to open up a door in the air itself. Instantly, a horde of apes appeared, every single one of them a Demonic Cyclops. There were nearly a hundred in total, the sight of which was just as shocking as that of Gu La.

After her was the white-haired old man with the demeanor of a transcendent being, who rode the mighty white crane. He waved his hand and was suddenly surrounded by a vast collection of tiny white snakes. The number of snakes he possessed vastly outnumbered that of the neo-demons of the other Dragoners. There were hundreds of them, all of whom had forked tongues that flicked in and out. The aura of a hyper toxic venom drifted out from them.

Most shocking of all, however, was the old fisherman. The enormous earthworm he stood atop of let out a noiseless roar as massive amounts of silt magically appeared around the both of them.

Within the silt burrowed countless vicious-looking earthworms that swayed back and forth, making the whole scene look like an illusion.

Then there was Mo Zi. As the roaring, two-headed Flood Dragon circled around him, distortions appeared in the air. A neo-demon horde emerged from within, a vast collection of howling Flood Dragons, none of which were small.

As for Meng Hao, he didn't look quite as impressive as the others. His horde only contained a few dozen Greenwood Wolves and Bats, which was not enough to shock anyone when compared to the other five.

As of this moment, all the members of the five great Tribes outside of the golden shield were paying close attention. This was especially true of the Tribe Greatfathers and Priests. The Dragoner Duel was much different than the battle of Totem Cultivators. Totems represented personal strength. However, in many aspects, Dragoners could influence the Tribe as a whole.

Whichever way you looked at it, Dragoners were in a far higher position than Totem Cultivators.

The first battle of the Ancestor Rite Competition could be ignored to some extent; the truly important part of the whole thing was the second battle!

Wu Ling looked extremely nervous. Wu Chen looked excited and passionate. The rest of the members of the five great Tribes exchanged anxious glances....

It was at this point that the battle royal began!

In the past, Meng Hao had always waited for others to take the initiative in battle. But after coming to the Western Desert, things were different. He would be the first one out of the gate. And when he attacked... it was with the intent to kill!

His first attack was actually not levelled against any of the Dragoners from the four other Tribes, but instead, toward Mo Zi.

Bear your teeth? Then you're looking to die!

That was Meng Hao. If you attack, you must do so with decisiveness and killing intent.

He waved his sleeve, and immediately, Big Hairy howled as his body began to expand. The wolfpack next to him, as well as the Black Bat, all transformed into beams of light that shot toward Mo Zi and his neo-demon horde.

Meng Hao's attack caught Mo Zi completely by surprise. He had never imagined that Meng Hao would be the first one to make a move, let alone against him. His plan all along had been to launch a sneak attack against Meng Hao during the thick of battle, so that he would have a good excuse in case anyone called him out on the matter.

Meng Hao's attack had thus caught him completely unawares.

"Are you looking to die!?" he roared. Flood Dragons from the horde next to him roared and shot toward Meng Hao's neo-demons. Off to the side, Mo Fang's face filled with intense rage as he glared at Meng Hao. Then a cold smile twisted his face.

"You're dead!" he said.

Rumbling sounds immediately rose up into the sky.

Meng Hao's attack filled the other Dragoneer vassals with shock. Everyone outside of the golden shield also watched on, eyes flickering with astonishment.

"What's going on with the Crow Scout Tribe...?"

"They have another turncoat? Don't tell me that this guy is just like that guy from before, so powerful that he can beat everyone else?"

"No way! Dragoneer Tian Qi is too powerful, and could never be defeated by that guy."

The shocked members of the other Tribes slowly looked over to the members of the Crow Scout Tribe. What they saw was the Crow Scout Tribe members in complete astonishment. This was especially true of the Greatfather and the Priest, whose expressions were very similar to their expressions during the first battle.

This prompted further discussions.

“Dammit, something’s wrong here. Look at their expressions!”

“The first time was understandable, but for the same thing to happen again means it has to be some kind of trick on their part!!”

“But.... What trick exactly is it? To kill each other first?”

As the discussion continued on the outside, inside the golden shield Mo Zi was laughing uproariously.

“Meng, you twerp, since you’re looking to die, don’t blame me for accommodating you. We’re both vassals of the same Tribe, but considering how you’re attacking me, you must be a double agent! In that case... I’m going to kill you even if you do try to forfeit!” Mo Zi had sent half of his Flood Dragons, as well as the two-headed Flood Dragon, charging forward in attack.

A huge boom resonated up into the sky. Big Hairy was a blinding white beam of light, filled with savagery. The Black Bat flickered forward. Its sharp teeth glinted, and the body of one of the Flood Dragons immediately shrivelled up. It died with a miserable shriek.

Mo Zi’s face immediately fell. He had predicted that Meng Hao would be strong, but he never imagined that the White Wolf and Black Bat would be so shocking. In fact, he almost couldn’t believe that this was the same bat that used to belong to him. In his recollection, its latent talent didn’t match up to the Flood Dragons, which was why he had eventually given it to his son to protect him.

How could he ever have imagined that under Meng Hao’s control, the Black Bat would exhibit such astonishing power!?

“Things are just beginning,” he then said with a cold laugh. “I’d originally planned to use this next trick on an outsider, but I guess you’ll do nicely.” With that, he slapped his bag of holding. Immediately, hundreds of howling Flood Dragons emerged, ten of whom were two-headed.

When the other Dragoneers saw the aura emanating from these Flood Dragons, it filled their faces with shock. Of course, those on the outside of the shield were even more surprised.

Meng Hao looked indifferently at the Flood Dragons and then said, “Wrong. Things aren’t beginning, they’re ending.”

His hand flashed an incantation gesture, and then pushed down onto his dantian region. Immediately, his Gold Core trembled as a roar emanated out from the ancient Flying Rain-Dragon Core.

In accompaniment with the roar, the illusory image of a three hundred meter long Flying Rain-Dragon appeared above his head. It had a long tail, wings with sharp tips, and blood-red eyes. Immediately, a shocking aura emanated out.

Even the golden shield began to ripple and distort. The surrounding Dragoners stared in shock.

“That’s....”

“A level 11 neo-demon! Heavens, that’s... the illusory spirit projection of a level 11 neo-demon!!”

“Such pressure.... This guy... don’t tell me he’s a Grand Dragoner!?!?”

All of the other Dragoners on the platform were shocked. They and their neo-demons were all trembling with intense fear as they looked at the Flying Rain-Dragon.

The intense pressure emanated by something vastly above them suddenly filled the area.

This intangible pressure covered everything within the golden shield on the platform. The instant the Flying Rain-Dragon appeared, the Flood Dragons around Mo Zi began to shake and emit plaintive shrieks. They seemed to be shrieks of fear bordering on phobia.

They all shrank back, shaking, as if they couldn’t stand up to the pressure weighing down on them. Their miserable shrieks were such that it seemed as if their bodies might begin to collapse.

Meng Hao’s face was cold as he waved his right hand. Immediately, the Flying Rain-Dragon let out a shocking howl which caused the golden shield to shake, and the sky outside of the shield to grow

dim. The ancient Flying Rain-Dragon was a sovereign of the sky, and its pride and dignity were now on full display as it charged toward the trembling Flood Dragons.

When it passed, there were no miserable shrieks. The Flood Dragons did nothing to prevent the Flying Rain-Dragon from swallowing them up. Regardless of whether they had two heads or one, in front of the Flying Rain-Dragon, they were so weak that they couldn't do anything to resist. Within the space of a few breaths, they had all been completely consumed.

Mo Zi cried out in alarm and disbelief. His face was pale white as he staggered backward. As the Flying Rain-Dragon neared him, his eyes filled with frenzy. His eyes radiating with manic desire to continue living, he suddenly grabbed Mo Fang, and shoved him out in front.

“I, Mo Zi, have submerged myself in the Dao of Dragoneering for many years. I have expended my heart's blood in my pursuits, in my research in how to produce shocking neo-demons. Meng, you twerp, I refuse to give in!” Roaring, he performed an incantation with his left hand as the Flying Rain-Dragon neared. Then he pushed his hand down onto the head of his son Mo Fang. A look of disbelief and confusion could be seen on Mo Fang's face as blood sprayed from his mouth. Suddenly, his head exploded.

“Take my son to give birth to a new neo-demon! Use my son's soul to bring forth the Mo Clan's Dragoneer Legacy, the eight-headed Mo Flood Dragon!”

Roaring could be heard as Mo Fang's body shook. Suddenly, the black head of a Flood Dragon emerged from within. It flew out into the air.

One. Two. Three.... It took only a split second for eight heads to burst out from within Mo Fang's body.