

## The Heavens 431

### Chapter 431: Prelude to a Funeral

“I believe what you said to be true,” Yan Song said quickly. His words caused Li Tian to frown. The eyes of Mo and Wang flickered. “That’s because the treasure is in fact here! It hasn’t gone anywhere!”

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever, but his heart filled with vigilance.

“If you’re talking about the Spirit Severing Pill,” said Li Tian grimly, “then where exactly is it?!”

“It will appear on its own,” said Yan Song. He suddenly turned, his eyes glowing with avarice. He was looking in the direction of the great tree. He suddenly lifted his right hand up, within which appeared a jade bottle. He crushed it, causing a black liquid to emerge from within, along with a rotting stench.

Within the black liquid could be seen a maggot-like bug roughly the size of a finger. Its segmented body was wriggling, and as soon as it appeared, it lifted its head up and let out a shrill cry. Its body turned into a black streak that shot toward the top of the tree.

The sight of the thing shooting toward the treetop caused Meng Hao’s face to flicker.

Suddenly, a sound could be heard like that of metal scraping against metal. It drifted out from the top of the tree along with a billowing golden light. The weakened Golden Crow suddenly flew out to meet the black bug and prevent it from getting near the great tree. A rumbling sound filled the air as the Golden Crow opened its mouth. A golden glow appeared that surrounded the black bug. It shrieked as it was submerged and then crushed into ash.

The Golden Crow’s body was now flickering, clearly weakened further. However, its eyes were filled with sharpness and dignity as it glared around at everyone. Behind it was the great tree, which it apparently would sacrifice anything to protect.

“The legendary Golden Crow Pill is real!” said Yan Song, laughing. “After it was created that year, it acquired a spirit and transformed into a Golden Crow. At one time it had the chance to achieve

Immortal Ascension, but in the end it chose to grow weak. Instead, it used its life force to protect a great, dead tree!” His eyes glittered with greed as he stared at the Golden Crow.

Li Tian’s eyes also glittered, and by now, he was completely ignoring Meng Hao. His breathing came in pants as he stared at the Golden Crow. In his mind, he was looking at a Spirit Severing Pill from ancient times, something that could arouse a wild frenzy among countless Cultivators.

The eyes of Mo and Wang were also shining brightly.

“It’s been weakened to the point that it resembles little more than the Nascent Soul stage,” said Li Tian. In a meaningful tone that lacked his previous hostility, he continued, “Fellow Daoists, this is good fortune for us. Let’s catch it quickly and then discuss how to divide it up. Don’t let it get away!” Laughing loudly, he strode forward.

Yan Song chuckled. “The pill won’t flee, not with the tree here. Even though it’s dead, the pill won’t leave it.” He, too, began to walk forward. Mo and Wang transformed into beams of light as well. All four began to converge on the Golden Crow.

At this point, none of them were paying any attention at all to Meng Hao. He remained off in the distance, a complex expression on his face. He could leave now, and no one would stop him. However... he was currently hesitating.

Booming sounds filled the air as the four ganged up on the Golden Crow. It let out a metallic cry which turned into a golden shield that enveloped the area around itself and the great tree.

The booming sounds were coming from the attacks the four levelled against the golden shield. Blow after blow was causing the shield to slowly shrink. A look of exhaustion filled the eyes of the Golden Crow. Its life force was simply too faint. It looked back at the great tree, a look of profound longing in its eyes.

More booms could be heard, and the shield shrank even further, forcing the Golden Crow to back up. Even the tree seemed to be decaying; its illusory life force was fading, and it was now starting to look more and more like nothing but a dead, dried-up tree.

“Look!” called Yan Song. “The only thing it can do is protect the tree. Be careful, though. Logically speaking, the Golden Crow can’t possibly be THIS weak. Something strange is going on....” Booms continued to echo out.

However, the four attackers all had various thoughts running through their heads. Also, they were clearly not attacking with full strength, but were rather being guarded in their moves. They seemed to fear this Golden Crow. Such a bizarre spirit would no doubt attack back before it died, most likely with ferocity that could leave them dead.

The Golden Crow looked at the withering tree and seemed to sigh. It flew up to perch at its top, trying once again to use its life force to restore the tree. Unfortunately, it just didn't have enough life force at its disposal. Its actions caused the golden shield to grow even weaker and weaker. Its body trembled.

Meng Hao's hands clenched into fists, and veins of blood appeared in his eyes.

"It's weak because of me," he thought. "Otherwise Yan Song and the others could never force it down to this degree. If I leave, I'll be safe. But if I did that, I would be letting myself down!" He looked at the bird. It was in a grave situation and was about to perish, but it was still watching the great tree. Meng Hao saw its medicinal pill aura waning, and once again thought of his Master.

He wasn't sure why he suddenly thought of Master a second time, but as of this moment, his eyes filled with determination.

"There are some things that rationally speaking you shouldn't do, but you still do them anyway..." He lifted his head up and then slapped his bag of holding. The blood-colored mask appeared. He placed it onto his face and immediately a bloody aura billowed out. A blood-colored mist roiled into being around Meng Hao, turning into red sea. As the seawaters undulated, a shocking killing intent exploded out of Meng Hao.

"Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify!" As Meng Hao strode forward, he lifted his right hand. Behind him, an enormous face appeared. Its closed eyes snapped open, along with its mouth, as it uttered a soundless song of mourning. It then shot toward Yan Song and the three others.

Almost the instant the face began to fly forward, Yan Song and the others looked back.

Considering that the shield was just about to burst, Li Tian's eyes instantly filled with coldness and killing intent. "Are you looking to die!?"

The group of four exchanged glances and then began to unleash divine abilities toward Meng Hao.

As soon as the divine abilities shot forward, the face collapsed into pieces. It was incapable of resisting the power of four Nascent Soul Cultivators. However, it was at this moment that Meng Hao wave his right hand. The flag of three streamers temporarily unraveled from around the body of Ji Nineteen. It unfurled behind Meng Hao, long and black. Immediately, one of the streamers spread out. It was old and dilapidated, but it transformed into a massive black canopy that swept out.

The overwhelming aura caused the faces of Yan Song and the others to flicker. Li Tian's pupils constricted. Mo and Wang began to pant in shock. All three of them could instantly feel a sudden, intense sensation of deadly crisis.

A massive rumbling filled the air as the black streamer shot forward. Blood sprayed from Yan Song's mouth as he was sent tumbling backward, his face filled with astonishment.

Li Tian's right arm was instantly torn into shreds. Blood spouted from his mouth as he shot backward in retreat, face pale and filled with disbelief.

Blood-curdling shrieks could be heard from Mo and Wang; blood shot out from their torsos as they were slammed into each other. Their wounds immediately healed, but their faces were devoid of blood. They shot backward in retreat, staring at Meng Hao with shock.

Thanks to the blood-colored mask, Meng Hao's Cultivation base had climbed up much higher. Now he could fully utilize the power of the first of the flag's three streamers. Although he had not been able to slay any of his four opponents with the attack, it was stunning enough to shake Heaven and Earth.

It came at a price, though; Meng Hao's hair was once again white. However, because of the boundless life force of his Wood character totem, he was not injured on a fundamental level. His face was pale, and blood seeped out of the corners of his mouth. Despite the injuries, after his attack swept Yan Song and the others away, Meng Hao stood with his back to the tree.

Li Tian gritted his teeth against the pain of his lost arm. Wiping the blood from his mouth, he grimly said, "Fellow Daoist Meng, you certainly have some wild ambitions. You want to kill the four of us and then take the medicinal pill for yourself." Just now, he had attempted to directly stand up to the attack, and had thus received this serious injury.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, you’re going against our agreement,” growled old devil Wang, his eyes thick with killing intent.

Yan Song looked thoughtfully at Meng Hao for a long moment before finally saying, “Fellow Daoist Meng, why are you doing this?”

“This pill has already achieved Demonic Ascension, and yearns for the great tree,” said Meng Hao calmly. “Even if you consume it, it will do you no good. It has no medicinal strength left, because... it’s not a medicinal pill anymore.”

“Pills are pills,” said Yan Song gruffly. “And what’s this talk of Demons? At the most, it has a spirit. Fellow Daoist Meng, you’re a Grandmaster of the Dao of alchemy and have concocted many pills and consumed even more. Don’t you understand? Pills will forever be nothing more than pills!”

Meng Hao was silent as he thought about Grandmaster Pill Demon for a third time. The feeling he got from the Golden Crow continued to seem more and more like... the same feeling he got from Pill Demon.

“There are some things I hesitate to do, but after I do them, I feel no regret.” Meng Hao said these words in a somewhat hoarse voice. As they echoed about, he offered no explanation as to their meaning.

What Meng Hao didn’t notice was that behind him, a strange light had appeared in the eyes of the Golden Crow. A soft, warm look could be seen in its eyes. It was no longer as cold and emotionless as it had been earlier. There was a warmth present that hadn’t been there even when it gave Meng Hao the Metal-type totem as repayment for his Righteous Bestowal.

That act had been one of exchange; the Golden Crow did not want any Karma to exist between itself and anything else other than the great tree. As of this moment, the warm glow in its eyes was very different.

Suddenly, it spoke. Its voice was that of a woman, ancient and gentle. “I can sense upon you the aura of a life force the same as mine....

“As for you and me, we have seen very different lives.... Thank you for using Righteous Bestowal on the Greenwood Tree, and for standing up for us.

“When I was born, the Greenwood Tree was here to keep me company. When I was happy, he was here. When I was confused, he was here. It doesn’t matter if he dies, I will always be by his side, this life, or in the next life. When living, when dying... we will be together.

“That is my Dao. I will never become a false Immortal who shall exist as long as the Heavens exist. I will walk my own path.... I will be myself....

“In a thousand years, no one would be here to witness our funeral. Because of you, our time together has been reduced by a thousand years. However... the Greenwood Tree and I are deeply grateful to have you here to observe our death. As for these other people, they can accompany us in death!

“As means of repayment, I will give you my Golden Life Tattoo!”

Chapter 432: Because of Meeting You....

As the voice of the Golden Crow echoed out, an intense glow began to emanate from its body. It was so bright that it made it seem like the only thing in this entire world of gray, was this one beam of golden light.

At the same time that Meng Hao turned around in response to the voice of the Golden Crow, the beam of light fused into the Metal-type totem tattoo on his chest.

As it did so, Meng Hao’s body trembled, and he was locked in place, looking backward. A roaring sound filled his head as boundless, indescribable Metal-type power burst into him.

Now, the Metal-type totem tattoo on his chest was experiencing the same type of transmogrification that the Wood-type totem had!

“This is my Golden Life Tattoo,” said the Golden Crow in its soft voice. “With it, you will forever be able to wield the complete power of Metal.”

Yan Song and the others watched in astonishment as the transmogrification occurred. Suddenly, an unprecedented feeling of crisis exploded out within them.

Li Tian was panting, and his pupils were tiny dots. He had spent most of his life on the run, and had keen intuition. Heart pounding, he instantly burst into motion. He did not move forward, but rather, began to flee in the direction of the seventh volcano.

Yan Song hesitated for a moment. Next to him, Mo and Wang exchanged a glance and then began to retreat.

Right at this moment, a sigh suddenly came from atop the golden tree from the Golden Crow. At the same moment, the golden glow that could be seen with the naked eye suddenly vanished, as though all of it had suddenly been retracted away, starting from the roots of the tree and condensing at its crown.

As the golden light flowed upward, the original color of the tree was slowly revealed. It was a grayish color, the grayness of death.

Soon, all of the golden light from the tree had coalesced onto the body of the Golden Crow. Now, the Golden Crow emanated a shocking golden glow.

Within the glowing goldenness, the body of the crow began to change. Soon, it was a young woman wearing a long, golden robe. Despite her young appearance, she emanated an aura of ancientness. She stood there at the crown of the tree, looking down with an expression of grief.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...” she murmured. Then she stepped forward. As she moved, ripples spread out through the air. Each move she made caused change. Everything began to turn to gold; even the sky seemed to become solid. The whole place was turning into a world of metallic gold.

As of this moment, every part of this world--every life, all existence--became a part of this golden metal.

Currently, Li Tian was fleeing at top speed, and had almost reached the mouth of the seventh volcano. It was at this point that his face suddenly filled with complete terror and astonishment. Despite the fact that the woman-form Golden Crow didn't seem to be moving very quickly, she suddenly appeared directly in front of him.

“You....” Li Tian began to pant, and his pupils constricted. A sudden, intense feeling of grave crisis swept over him like floodwaters. Without a moment's hesitation, he began to flash an incantation sign. A vast quantity of magical items burst forth from his bag of holding. He shoved his hands out, using all the power he could muster to summon a black fog that emanated terrifying ripples.

“If you’re gonna die, then just die! You’re not taking me with you!” he roared. However, even as his divine ability manifested and a shocking aura emanated out, a golden hand shot through the air. It pierced through the black mist, distorting the ripples. The hand was then right in front of Li Tian. A finger tapped down lightly on the top of his head.

The woman turned to look at Meng Hao. Her voice soft, she said, “Remember, this is the first wyrd of my Golden Life Tattoo. Convergence Wyrd. Any life that I touch will turn into gold.”

Li Tian’s entire body shook in response to her touch. Suddenly, a golden light began to emanate from his forehead. His eyes went wide as the light covered his entire body. His face distorted with terror and then, his entire body turned into a statue of gold.

Even his Nascent Soul had no time to escape, and was sealed within him. The Metal-type power flowed into it, and it was transformed into a Gold Soul.

All of this happened in the space of an instant. The speed was so shocking that no one had a chance to react. In the blink of an eye, an awe-inspiring Nascent Soul eccentric, a person who could shake the outside world wherever he went, a top-notch expert....

Disperse the aura, exterminate the Qi, eliminate the body!

A clattering sound could be heard as the golden statue of Li Tian fell to the ground. It was completely incapable of movement, and the look of shock on its face was permanent as it stared off toward the withered great tree.

This turn of events made Yan Song, Mo, and Wang feel as if thunderbolts were slamming around inside their hearts. Their faces immediately fell. Yan Song, his mind spinning, immediately shot backward. His right hand slapped his bag of holding to produce a command medallion which he then crushed.

As for Mo and Wang, the glow of a spell appeared around them, wrapping around them with layer after layer of brilliant light. It seemed to invoke some sort of pulling power that instantly caused ghost images to spring up around them. It looked like they would shoot up into the sky at any moment.



The entire time, Meng Hao stood there motionless as the Metal-type power continued to roar into him. Within the golden light around him appeared a massive, life-like Golden Crow.

As the golden light continued to flicker and the Metal-type power flowed into him, Meng Hao could sense the transmogrification, as well as the increase of his Cultivation base.

Then he saw Li Tian die, and watched as Yan Song and the others made to flee. Silently, Meng Hao looked up into the sky.

Up in mid-air, the woman's body looked blurry, as if she might disappear at any moment. The golden glow around her was fading, and she wasn't looking at Yan Song and the others as they fled. Instead, she gazed at Meng Hao.

"Next, my Golden Life Tattoo's second wyrd. I call it Net of Heaven." With that, the woman extended her right hand and pushed it down toward the ground. Immediately, the golden ground began to quake, and cracks spread out. As the land began to crack and break, countless fragments flew up into the air, each and every one made of pure gold. It transformed into a rain of gold that shot toward Mo and Wang.

At the same time, this entire world, with the exception of the area occupied by Meng Hao and the great tree, began to collapse. All of the rocks, plants... everything fell into pieces. These tiny chunks of gold then coalesced into countless oddly-shaped blades that began to spin around to form a towering tempest.

Caught within the tempest, the faces of Mo and Wang filled with despair. The golden tempest seemed to have them trapped, motionless and ready to collapse.

The two of them roared as they went all out in their attempt to activate their spell, causing a rumbling sound to fill the air. However, no matter how they fought back with their spell or the power of their Cultivation bases, they were incapable of resisting this massive golden tempest formed from the land itself!

The giant golden tempest swept over them, and the golden rain formed something like a massive net that no one could break through. When the net finally dissipated, nothing was left of Mo and Wang except two skeletons.

Not far away from their bodies, their Nascent Souls were attempting to flee. However, they couldn't get far enough away, and were also destroyed by the tempest.

Turn the world gold and collapse the land into a tempest. Use this power to form the Net of Heaven, which can exterminate all wills.

“There is a third wyrd, called... If Not a Pill.” The woman was now very faint and blurry as if she were about to disappear. In unison with the softly spoken words, her graceful hand pointed at Yan Song, whose body was almost transparent as he utilized the power of a jade slip to escape.

He screamed as something like a giant invisible hand wrenched him back out from the void he was disappearing into. His previously transparent body instantly became clear as he was pulled back into the golden world.

His face was pale, and his eyes were filled with madness.

“If I’m going to die!” he howled, “I will choose the way I perish!” Suddenly, his body burst into flames and the power of self-detonation appeared.

The self-detonation of a Nascent Soul Cultivator unleashes intense, indescribable power.

However, the instant in which he seemed about to self-detonate, the woman-form Golden Crow softly said, “If Not a Pill...”

At the same time, she waved her hand, causing the golden shrapnel tempest to shoot toward Yan Song, where, shockingly, it formed into... a gigantic pill furnace, with Yan Song inside!

Caught within the pill furnace, the force of Yan Song’s self-detonation was not only blocked, but turned into transformative power!

Meng Hao began to pant with shock.

He could clearly see that within the pill furnace, the force of Yan Song’s exploding body was turned into a vortex that spun rapidly within the pill furnace. Incredibly... it was transformed into a single, blood-colored medicinal pill!

Concoct a person into a pill, be nostalgic of one’s past. If Not a Pill.

The pill furnace vanished, and the blood-colored medicinal pill flew over to land on the woman's hand. She looked down at it, then crushed it into ash.

By this point, her body was clearly about to dissipate. She turned, not even looking at Meng Hao, but rather gazing at the withered, dead great tree as she walked toward it.

As she neared, her body continued to fade away. With each step, more of her life force disappeared. As for the great tree, it began to rot away and turn into dust.

“Live together, die together,” the woman murmured as her body disappeared.

The tree had completely rotted into floating ash.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust....

In that instant, everything in front of Meng Hao grew blurry. He was no longer locked in place, but could move once again. Suddenly, in the void in front of him, he saw a man wearing a long green robe. Next to him was a golden woman. They were smiling and laughing as they stepped out into the nothingness.

You are a pill and I am a tree. The year you appeared before me... my life became more than just greenness.

I am a pill and you are a tree. The year I opened my eyes for the first time, I saw you and... my life was no longer lonely.

Sometimes, the meaning of an entire life can be only because of a chance meeting.

His expression serious, Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply toward the two departing figures.

As he bowed, the golden light around him shrank down, and the golden world around him began to collapse. At the same time, the Metal-type totem tattoo on his chest transformed into a character.

Metal!

## Chapter 433: Enemies Approach

The character was branded onto Meng Hao's chest, right over his heart. In fact, his heartbeat caused it to undulate. It let out a golden glow similar to that emitted by his Gold Core. In this instant, his Cultivation base suddenly exploded up. He was still in the great circle of the Gold Core, but his true battle prowess had now climbed up until it was truly analogous to the Nascent Soul stage.

When it came to the path of concocting a Five-Colored Nascent Soul, if you considered it to have five stages, then as of now, Meng Hao had completed two!

He took a deep breath as he looked up. The crumbling world of gold was now gone. He was back in the Crow Divinity Holy Land. Everything around him was colorful again; however, the entire place was now showing signs of collapse.

Rumbling sounds echoed out in the air, and the seven volcanoes were beginning to break apart. The powerful neo-demons that still existed in the area were roaring and out of control. The shocked members of the five great Tribes were now doing everything they could to flee.

Meng Hao's sudden appearance didn't attract any attention. All of the Cultivators present were flying at top speed toward the exit.

Meng Hao joined the crowds, his eyes glittering. Booms echoed out constantly as the land began to crumble and the mountains began to fall. Suddenly, lava erupted out from the seven volcanoes and black smoke filled the sky. Everything around was now choked with dust. The ground quaked and the neo-demons roared.

Meng Hao flew at top speed along with the crowd. The Crow Divinity Holy Land seemed on the verge of complete destruction. When he reached the exit, his body grew blurry, and then he was outside of the great golden doors.

The members of the five great Tribes all wore looks of astonishment. The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather caught sight of Meng Hao. Sighing inwardly, he flew over.

Rumbling sounds could now be heard from within the golden glow as the great doors shattered into small pieces. At the same time, the golden light winked out.

The members of the five great Tribes were all crying out in alarm. This sudden turn of events had completely shocked them. They were pale-faced and panic-stricken.

“The Holy Land.... The Holy Land collapsed!”

“The Holy Land is gone! Our Crow Divinity Holy Land has fallen. Could it be some inauspicious portent!?”

The Greatfathers and Priests of the Five Tribes had grim expressions on their faces, and their hearts were filled with uneasy feelings. The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather’s expression fell, and he ceased his approach toward Meng Hao and instead went to confer with the other Greatfathers and Priests.

Meng Hao floated in mid-air, staring thoughtfully at the fading golden glow. He thought of the Crow Divinity Holy Land concealed within the mountain range. He also thought of the Golden Crow and the great tree, and after a long moment, he sighed.

As he sighed, the voice of the parrot suddenly sounded out next to him as the man-form Outlander beast appeared.

“Dammit. That Ji Clan guy tried to wipe out my memories again. Lord Fifth won’t stand for it!! I’m going to screw the Heavens of Ji! Screw the Heavens!” From his tone of voice it seemed like this had become his new purpose in life.

Meng Hao turned to look at the big man and frowned. “Who exactly are you? The parrot, the meat jelly or the Outlander Beast?”

“Obviously I’m Lord Fifth, b\*tch!” said the man, a conceited expression appearing on his face. “Listen, Meng Hao, I’m issuing you a staunch warning. From now on, you’re not allowed to call Outtie the ‘Outlander Beast.’ She’s become my beloved concubine. From now on you have to call her Lady Fifth!”

Seeing the look on the big man’s face, Meng Hao glared at him and said, “Screw off!”

“You, you, you... I can’t believe you dare to disrespect Lord Fifth!! Even worse, you disrespect Lord Fifth’s beloved concubine, your Lady Fifth! Don’t tell me... don’t tell me you want to steal Lady Fifth away from Lord Fifth!” Having suddenly reached this conclusion, the parrot was furious.

Even as the parrot's ire was provoked, the Greatfathers and Priests of the five great Tribes split apart, their expressions serious. They made their way back toward their respective Tribes, followed by the other Tribe members.

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather and Sky Priest approached Meng Hao, bitter smiles on their faces.

It was the Greatfather who spoke first. "The Crow Divinity Holy Land has collapsed and the protection of the Ancestor has disappeared. Such an event is impossible to cover up. It won't be long now before other Tribes in the region find out."

The Sky Priest then continued, "There are large and powerful Tribes that have had their eyes on us for a while, but were frightened off by the Holy Land. They will certainly be itching to cause trouble. For us five Tribes, this is a huge catastrophe. If we can't hold out against them, our Tribes will be completely wiped out.

"You two are the most powerful vassals in the Crow Scout Tribe. At this moment of crisis for our Tribe, I truly hope that you will be kind enough to provide assistance. The Crow Scout Tribe will definitely provide liberal compensation."

With that, the two of them clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao and the man-form Outlander Beast.

Meng Hao said nothing in response. Instead, he transformed into a beam of light and followed the other Crow Scout Tribe members as they returned to their Tribe. After reaching the rear mountain district, he entered his courtyard.

As soon as he did, he slapped his bag of the Cosmos, causing Big Hairy and the rest of his neo-demon horde to fly out. Then he looked down into the bag at the collection of other neo-demons inside.

They included the black crows, the group of fierce mosquitos, the crimson crocodile and the enormous lizard, all the other neo-demons he had acquired in the Crow Divinity Holy Land.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he examined them.

“If I can really absorb all of these neo-demons into my collection, then my status in the Western Desert as a Grand Dragoner will be much more valid.” Having reached this conclusion, he slapped the bag, causing a black crow to fly out. Eyes glittering, he pointed his finger out.

Immediately, the Demonic Qi in the area congealed onto his finger, transforming into pressure that weighed down onto the black crow.

Time slipped by. Meng Hao sent some of his neo-demon horde outside to prevent anyone from interfering with his seclusion. A month passed.

During that month, everyone in the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity were all on edge. The strife and struggle that had existed previously between the Tribes had vanished. The Greatfathers and Priests had frequent talks behind closed doors. In the end, they chose to stand together and form an alliance.

At the same time, the vassals from the various Tribes came to the realization that the collapse of the Crow Divinity Holy Land was going to lead to all sorts of trouble. Gradually, they began to leave.

They were only vassals, not true Tribe members. Faced with imminent disaster, it was only natural that they would be unwilling to stay behind. In less than half a month, more than half of the vassals were gone.

However, the alliance between the five Tribes had restored some of the former grandeur of the Crow Divinity Tribe. Furthermore, although many vassals had departed, the Tribes still had many powerful experts, and their overall power actually increased. As for the leadership of the five great Tribes, including the Greatfather of the Crow Scout Tribe, their attention was now focused primarily on Meng Hao.

As a Grand Dragoner, Meng Hao had already astonished them. A Grand Dragoner might not personally be very strong, but the power he wielded in battle was very important.

To the Five Tribes, although Meng Hao was an injured Grand Dragoner and didn't have a large quantity of neo-demons, it didn't really matter. If necessary, they could vastly increase the size of Meng Hao's neo-demon horde, which could in turn win them a victory in battle.

As of now, the entire region behind the mountain now belonged to Meng Hao. Even Tribe members were prohibited from entering; the entire district had become like a restricted area. This applied to the Crow Scout Tribe as well as the other tribes in the alliance.

Because of Meng Hao's standing, he didn't need to take the initiative to ask for this. The five great Tribes took the initiative to offer it up willingly. Even more respectful of Meng Hao was Gu La. He had moved over to the Crow Scout Tribe, and now sat cross-legged outside of Meng Hao's district behind the mountain. It was as if he was standing guard. The Wild Giant was there too, and it would occasionally let out shocking roars that shook Heaven and Earth.

As for the big man who was actually the parrot and the others, he stuck around at first, but after awhile ended up venturing out, to return only occasionally. After some time passed, the Wild Giant, who found it hard to stay in one place for a long time, would join Big Hairy and the others when they went out into the mountains.

Another half month passed, and Meng Hao was still in seclusion. It was at this point that a long beam of light flew through the air in the sky outside of the mountain range occupied by the Five Tribe Alliance.

Within this beam of light were 32 gigantic spiders. Each one was hundreds of meters long, and completely fierce in appearance. They were brightly colored, making it obvious that they were extremely poisonous. At first it looked like they were flying, but actually, an enormous web filled the sky wherever they went.

The web glowed with a mysterious light that made it stand out in contrast to the blue skies and white clouds. Seated cross-legged atop the 32 gigantic spiders was a group of people wearing identical robes, whose bodies were festooned with totem tattoos.

Behind the 32 spiders was a massive round, stony meteorite. A hole had been excavated in the middle of the gigantic rock, revealing an interior of crystal that looked like agate. It glowed with a violet light, and even seemed to have liquid circulating about inside.

Slouching there was a middle-aged man in a long white robe. He was surrounded by several coquettish women who were currently massaging his shoulders.

This man's features were handsome, but he had a large black mark on his face that completely changed his appearance.

Lines of silk attached the gigantic meteorite to the 32 spiders, who were pulling it through the air. Behind them all, the sky was darkened with a vast quantity of spider neo-demons.



On the back of one of the giant spiders up ahead was a young man. Looking back at the agate meteorite, he clasped hands and bowed toward the white-robed man. In a loud voice, he said, “Your excellency Dragoneer, up ahead are the ruins of the Crow Divinity. It is currently occupied by the five lesser Tribes.”

“The old fogeys back in the Tribe are being too cautious,” said the man languidly, his expression proud and aloof. “These trifling Five Tribes only managed to gasp their way until now because of the protection of the Crow Divinity. The Priests figured out that the Crow Divinity is gone now, so what’s the point in mobilizing such a big force to destroy them!? And how come I got sent to probe them out!?”

“Whatever. Since I’m here, I’ll handle things like I usually do. Before they die, I’ll offer them a little bit of hope, and then crush it! My Demonspiders love to eat the flesh of depressed humans. Spider Apprentice, bring forth the Crimson War Declaration!” It seemed that to this white-robed man, considering his identity, being dispatched to this place was somewhat of a humiliation.

The man’s voice echoed out to the Western Desert Cultivators who sat on top of the 32 giant spiders. When they heard the Crimson War Declaration mentioned, their vicious faces filled with the thirst for blood. They licked their lips.

The eyes of the youth who had spoken moments before turned red, and his lips twisted into a vicious smile. The Crimson War Declaration had only one purpose.

It meant that the entire Tribe, including Tribe members and vassals, would have three chances to fight. If they were defeated three times in a row, the result was a slaughter and the complete destruction of the entire Tribe!

Chapter 434: Eyes Open!

The sky overhead was instantly filled with bright colors, as well as wailing cries. The faces of the members of the five Tribes flickered as they looked up.

The Greatfathers, Priests, and Grand Elders of the five Tribes made up quite a group of Nascent Soul experts, more than twenty in total. In the Southern Domain, they would count as a mid-sized Sect. Of course... without a Spirit Severing Cultivator, they couldn’t be considered a great Sect.

In the Western Desert, the Five Tribe Alliance could be considered a powerful force, equivalent to a mid-sized Tribe. However... all of the powerful experts were looking up at the enormous spiders in the sky, and their faces grew dark.

“That’s... the great Five Poisons Tribe!”

“To be able to control such a large number of spiders, that guy must be... Zhou Ye, rank 9 Dragoner from the Spider Branch!”

“I’ve heard that he’s haughty to the extreme. His Cultivation base is only in the mid Core Formation stage, but as a rank 9 Dragoner, he controls a vast amount of neo-demons, plus 32 level 10 giant neo-demons who are comparable to the Nascent Soul stage! In recent years, he single-handedly exterminated quite a few Tribes!”

At the same time that the faces of the members of the Five Tribes fell, and the Nascent Soul experts’ hearts sank, the cries from up above grew even more intense. Tens of thousands of ferocious spiders poured down from above to hover in mid-air. The savage aura that emanated from this black mass spread out to cover the entire mountain range.

At the same time, the 32 level 10 neo-demons, each of them hundreds of meters long, whistled through the air emanating a powerful aura similar to a Nascent Soul Cultivation base. The explosive power of it shook everything.

In addition to the 32 level 10 spiders, there was the gigantic meteorite that flew along behind them. It was about three hundred meters up in the air, its exterior pitch black, but its interior lit with a violet glow that made it seem as if the man sitting inside was completely violet.

Powerful pressure emanated out, causing the members of the five great Tribes to grow pale as they looked up into the sky. Wu Ling, Wu Chen and the others began to breathe heavily, and their faces filled with fear.

The young man atop the huge spider who had spoken earlier, suddenly called out in a sharp voice: “My Lord, the exalted Dragoner Zhou Ye of the Five Poison Tribe’s Spider Branch, desires to battle any Cultivator in the world! You have three chances to win. If you fail, your five Tribes will be washed clean with blood!” His expression was one of arrogance as his voice echoed out in all directions. He waved his right hand, causing a red jade slip to shoot down toward the ground. It suddenly exploded and transformed into a red mist that billowed out to form a red battle platform three thousand meters wide.

“You have the space of twenty breaths. If no one steps forward to fight, it will be taken as a forfeiture, and the cleansing by blood will begin!” The young man licked his lips, and a bloodthirsty

glint appeared in his eyes. Around him, the 32 gigantic spiders with Cultivation bases similar to the Nascent Soul stage had cold-blooded expressions and emitted vicious auras.

The Five Tribes were silent. The twenty or so Nascent Soul Cultivators, including the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather, all exchanged glances.

Considering the combined might of the Five Tribe Alliance, it would be impossible for trifling Zhou Ye to exterminate them, even with his 32 level 10 neo-demons. Whether in terms of the five Tribes' defensive spell formations or their Sacred Ancients, they were more than enough to handle this one crisis.

However... what they truly were worried about was the fact that Zhou Ye represented... the Five Poisons Tribe.

Considering these Nascent Soul eccentrics were all Greatfathers, Priests, and Grand Elders, it was obvious that they were wily old foxes. They could immediately tell what was going on. "They're probing us out!"

"The Crow Divinity Holy Land just collapsed, so the Five Poisons Tribe is a bit hesitant in coming here. Therefore, they decided to feel us out!"

"That's right. If we fight and win, then perhaps we can frighten them. Then we'll have a bit more time. Even better would be if we won and killed him. That would be perfect. Alternatively... we could just not fight; we could immediately activate the protective spell formation and let them attack us. The latter has various advantages and disadvantages. The former would be the most direct route."

The Nascent Soul Cultivators were silent for a moment. Glances were exchanged, and many of their gazes came to fall on the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather. Since Meng Hao was a Grand Dragoner, that put the Crow Scout Tribe in a high position within the Five Tribe Alliance.

"Constantly running away from conflict reveals your weakness to the enemy," he said. "The great Five Poisons Tribe isn't stupid, and will be able to see the true situation. Then, when the true conflict begins, we would really be weak. This battle... must be fought! Furthermore, that man must be killed. If we strike like lightning and exterminate him, it will give rise to fear!"

A gleam of ruthlessness appeared in the eyes of the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather. "Fight!"

Just when the Five Tribes Alliance was preparing to attack, a howl could be heard from the mountainous forest off in the distance. Big Hairy suddenly shot out carrying a small, dead animal in his mouth. In the blink of an eye, he was in the area locked down by the myriad of spiders overhead.

Behind Big Hairy were the rest of the Greenwood Wolves, all of whom were dashing along at top speed carrying animals in their mouths. They often went hunting for food, and after having fun for a while would return to rest outside the courtyard where Meng Hao was currently in seclusion. At this exact moment, they were returning from such a jaunt.

Their appearance was quite sudden, and immediately caused a disturbance among the spiders. As for the 32 giant spiders, their auras suddenly retracted, and cold looks appeared in their eyes.

“Eee!” said Zhou Ye, a look of surprise on his face as he sat up straight inside his meteorite, his eyes glittering as he looked at Big Hairy.

“That’s... a Wolf King! Furthermore, it’s been mutated! Excellent, excellent. I never imagined that I would find a neo-demon like that in this place. The ones behind it aren’t as good, but still not bad.” Even as Zhou Ye was muttering to himself, the ground suddenly shook and a roar could be heard from within the forest. Then, the Wild Giant appeared, crashing out from the trees.

Its enormous frame was shocking to the extreme, and the instant it appeared, the surrounding spiders emitted strange calls. Even the 32 giant spiders were shrieking and assumed vigilant and threatening postures.

“That’s... a Wild Giant!!” said Zhou Ye, his eyes going wide. “There’s actually a Wild Giant here!” He stood up, a look of disbelief on his face. His eyes shone with fervor and greed as he stared at the Wild Giant.

“According to legend, the blood of a Wild Giant can increase the bizarre power of secret Dragoner arts. Furthermore, when mixed with neo-demon food, it can have an amazing effect on their progress! Even more important, if I can subjugate a Wild Giant, then my status and position in the Tribe will be completely different!”

Zhou Ye started laughing uproariously. Eyes shining, he pointed at the Wild Giant.

“Bring me that Wild Giant and those Greenwood Wolves immediately!” By now, he had completely forgotten about the Crimson War Declaration. As soon as his words rang out, the surrounding spiders shot through the air toward Big Hairy and the others.

Shocking, ferocious power emanated out from the 32 giant spiders as they shot spiderwebs out toward the Wild Giant. In addition, the Five Poisons Tribe members on their back flew forward in attack.

As for Zhou Ye, he immediately sent his meteorite flying forward, completely ignoring the members of the Five Tribe Alliance.

When this happened, the Five Tribe Alliance members all stared in shock. The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather and the others exchanged delighted glances.

“Of all the people to provoke, this Zhou Ye picks Grandmaster Meng!”

“It seems we won’t have to do a thing today. This Zhou Ye will definitely be thwarted!”

Big Hairy swallowed the animal he held in his jaws and then howled. His body suddenly expanded, and his eyes filled with savagery as he charged toward the incoming spiders. Hairy #2 and the others also let off successive howls. The Wild Giant’s eyes went wide as it roared and attacked.

Instantly, roaring sounds echoed out in all directions. Facing an onslaught from so many spiders, which included the 32 terrifying giant spiders, Big Hairy, the Greenwood Wolves and the Wild Giant were all in great peril.

Huge webs descended onto Hairy #2 and the other Greenwood Wolves, making it impossible for them to even struggle. No matter how they howled, they couldn’t shake off the webs.

Big Hairy lifted his head up and let out a powerful howl. Now, the level 10 spiders turned their attention to the Wild Giant. After being covered with hundreds of huge webs, it let out a cry of pain. As for Big Hairy, his eyes were red as he glared at Zhou Ye sitting there in his flying meteorite. Big Hairy’s body flickered as he dodged one of the giant webs. Then, he turned into a beam of white light that shot directly toward Zhou Ye.

Zhou Ye stood in his meteorite, laughing as Big Hairy approached. He raised his right hand and gestured forward.

“Secret Dragoon art, Burst the Void!”

Immediately, the indistinct image of a huge spider magically appeared in the air in front of Zhou Ye and then slammed into Big Hairy.

Big Hairy let out a miserable shriek as all of the white fur on his body suddenly burst into flames. These flames were not red, but rather black, and seemed to be poisonous in nature. Big Hairy’s body shook and blood sprayed out of his mouth. Looking suddenly dispirited, he spun around and then transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

“You seem quite intelligent, but now that you’ve been poisoned by my secret Dragoon art, where do you think you’re going to flee to? Based on neo-demon behavior, you’ll most likely go looking for your master. Very well, I’ll kill him and use his blood to sever the connection between the two of you.” Laughing, Zhou Ye flicked his sleeve, causing the countless spiders to fly with him in pursuit of Big Hairy.

The sight of it was quite impressive as they took up the chase.

Big Hairy’s expression was dismal as a black aura emanated off of his body. Had he not consumed a real Demon Nurturing Pill, then he would have already been transformed into a pool of blood. Right now, his body was trembling and he let out growling howls as he shot through the air. After circling around the mountain, he neared the area that had been surrounded by mist for the entire past month.

Gu La was also sitting there cross-legged. Suddenly, his eyes opened and he saw what was happening. His face immediately fell.

Big Hairy, his eyes filled with grief and sorrow, howled disconsolately as the massive spider horde closed in on him.

The instant the shocking howl echoed out, deep within the mist, Meng Hao, who sat cross-legged in his courtyard, suddenly opened his eyes.

At the same time, thousands of other pairs of eyes within the mist suddenly opened as well.

There were more than ten pairs among that group which emanated shocking auras!

## Chapter 435: Big Hairy Tattles!

“Is this where your Master lives?” asked Zhou Ye, smiling calmly within his meteorite. His expression was one of extreme aloofness, as all living things were nothing more than insects in his eyes, and few things existed that could catch his interest.

His eyes then flickered over toward Gu La.

“A rank 7 Dragoner? Presumably this is your Master.” With a smile, Zhou Ye neared the seemingly weak and dying White Wolf, and then shook his head.

He was surrounded by more than ten thousand spiders, all circulating around his body and even blotting out the sky. A shocking aura spread out, especially from the 32 giant spiders who continued to emanate ripples comparable to the early Nascent Soul stage that caused the auras in the area to change.

Gu La began to breathe heavily as he stared at the scene. When his eyes came to rest on Zhou Ye, he gasped. It wasn't too difficult to identify the man. Based on the power emanating from him, if he wasn't a Grand Dragoner, then he was definitely a rank 9 Dragoner.

“Sticking with a rank 7 Dragoner like that can't compare to following me,” said Zhou Ye, his eyes flickering with contempt. He waved his right hand, and instantly one of the three hundred meter large spiders flew toward Gu La, emanating killing intent as it neared him.

“First I'll exterminate your Master,” Zhou Ye said coolly, “and then use his blood to sever your bond. From now on, you're going to be with me.”

As the words left his mouth, the three hundred meter large spider descended upon Gu La. As it did...

A cold snort suddenly echoed out from within the mist. It started out very faint, but in the blink of an eye it transformed into something like thunder. It then began invisible waves that shot toward the incoming spider.

This giant spider, whose power was similar to the early Nascent Soul stage, instantly began to tremble. It let out a miserable shriek and then, astonishingly, retreated. Before it could move more than a few meters, however, it began to shake so violently that its body exploded into bits.

A simple sound caused a three hundred meter large spider to collapse into pieces. Zhou Ye's facial expression completely changed, filling with grave astonishment.

At the same time, Meng Hao's figure slowly became visible as he walked out from within the roiling mists. His pace was slow, but as he walked, the mists seethed, making it seem almost like he was cloaked in the stuff. His powerful aura soared up into the Heavens.

After acquiring two totem tattoos, Meng Hao's Cultivation base was powerful enough to tangle with the early Nascent Soul stage, but certainly not so strong that he could kill an early Nascent Soul Cultivator with a single snort. Unfortunately for the spider, it was a neo-demon, not a Cultivator!

As a Demon Sealer, Meng Hao was innately capable of emitting pressure upon neo-demons. This was a technique he had come to master during the past month in which he took command over all the neo-demons in his bag of holding.

Meng Hao had come to call it... Demonic Pressure!

Now that he could use Demonic Pressure, Meng Hao was a Grand Dragoneer in more than just name only!

As he strolled out, Zhou Ye's face flickered again. Without even realizing it, he backed up a few paces. The more than ten thousand spiders around him began to tremble. It was as if to them, Meng Hao was the most powerful neo-demon in the world. In addition to trembling, some of them even let out miserable shrieks.

"Grand Dragoneer!!" Zhou Ye was panting as he looked at the reaction of the neo-demons around him. A buzzing sound filled his mind, a feeling that he had experienced before only when meeting Grand Dragoneers in his Tribe.

Despite his change in facial expression, Zhou Ye abruptly said, "Well, so what if you're a Grand Dragoneer? How many neo-demons do you have, you...."

Before he could finish his statement, droning sounds could be heard from the black mist behind Meng Hao as nearly a thousand green mosquitos appeared.



Each of the mosquitos was about three meters long and had long, sharp mouthparts. Their bodies were covered with bristly fur, and they looked matchlessly malevolent as they blotted out the sky.

“Demonsquitos!!” gasped Zhou Ye, his eyes growing wide. Such creatures were rare in the Western Desert. In fact, in his entire life, Zhou Ye had only ever seen ten in total. Not only did they have the fearsome ability to drain the blood of the bodies of creatures vastly larger than them, but even more shocking, they were extremely poisonous!

Actually, in some aspects their poison wasn't really a poison, but a plague!

These Demonsquitos were incredibly divine and mighty, and the shocking fact that there were over a thousand of them caused Zhou Ye to breath deeply.

Simultaneously, the ten thousand spiders in the area began to shriek, and some of them even fell prone on the ground, not daring to move.

Behind the thousand Demonsquitos, a black light appeared. Within the black light were countless black crows flying through the air. Their eyes emanated a shocking, bright red glow.

“Those are... Demoncrows!” Zhou Ye's brain was once again filled with a buzzing sound. Crows such as these were not often seen in the Western Desert. Most frightening of all were the legends told about them. Supposedly, these Demoncrows had some connection with the dead! According to the stories... they could bring dead people back to life!

Some of the spiders next to Zhou Ye were now completely ignoring any of his commands. They prostrated themselves on the ground, not daring to move even a muscle.

Next, even more neo-demons appeared behind Meng Hao. Each one that did caused Zhou Ye's expression to flicker. When the red crocodile appeared, Zhou Ye gasped and his face filled with unprecedented astonishment.

“Searing Demondile! That's... a neo-demon from ancient times, a Searing Demondile! They're born at level 8, within the depths of volcanoes!”

After that, the giant lizard crawled out. As soon as it appeared, it let out a bellowing roar that caused the surrounding black mist to congeal and be sucked into its mouth.

“That’s... that’s... another ancient neo-demon! Heaven Slaughtering Lizard!!” Zhou Ye’s entire body was shaking. By this point, each and every one of his spiders were frightened to death. Even the three hundred meter large spiders were trembling and prostrating themselves, not daring to move.

“Who... just who exactly did I manage to provoke...? A Grand Dragoner with so many fearsome neo-demons.... Dammit, even the Grand Dragoners back in the Tribe don’t have neo-demons that can compare to these!”

Zhou Ye’s face was ashen as he said, “Sir....”

Before he could finish, Meng Hao, his face expressionless, flickered forward with incredible speed to appear next to Big Hairy.

Completely ignoring Zhou Ye, Meng Hao squatted down and gently petted Big Hairy’s back. As he did, the poison completely vanished from within him. After the space of a few breaths, Big Hairy was completely back to normal. He rose to his feet and let out some yipping sounds as he rubbed Meng Hao with his huge head.

“I understand,” said Meng Hao, nodding his head. He then pointed out with his finger, causing one of the nearby three hundred meter long spiders to instantly explode. Then he pointed at another one. It too exploded.

One after another, Meng Hao exterminated six of the three hundred meter large spiders. Those were the ones who had injured Big Hairy. Now they were nothing more than ash floating in the wind.

“Any more?” asked Meng Hao, looking at Big Hairy. Big Hairy nodded and let out a few more yips.

Seeing this, Zhou Ye’s scalp went numb. He was now scared out of his mind.

“I’m from the Five Poisons Tribe, I....” Even as he began to speak, Meng Hao suddenly looked over at him.

Meng Hao stepped forward, and in the blink of an eye was directly in front of Zhou Ye’s meteorite. He reached out and slapped it lightly.

The slap caused a roaring sound to fill the air. The meteorite tumbled backward, emanating cracking sounds as it did. Huge fissures covered its surface. Although it didn't break into pieces, a deep palm print was now clearly visible on its surface.

"Hmph," said Meng Hao, his eyes glittering.

Zhou Ye's mind and heart were reeling, and blood sprayed from his mouth. His eyes were filled with disbelief and complete astonishment. This meteorite was a precious treasure of the Dragoneers in his Tribe. Dragoneers of the Western Desert seem powerful because they can control large quantities of neo-demons; however, they have a fatal weakness.

That weakness is the fact that Dragoneers generally lack a powerful Cultivation base!

Because of that weakness, they can be easily killed. That is why Dragoneers in the Western Desert take special care to protect themselves. This meteorite was exactly such a precious treasure, capable of withstanding a blow from the early Nascent Soul stage without being harmed.

However... just now Zhou Ye could clearly sense that his precious treasure had been cracked. That could only mean one thing. This Grand Dragoneer had a Nascent Soul Cultivation base!

"The Grand Dragoneers in my Tribe are only of the great circle of Core Formation. Grand Dragoneers who have Nascent Soul Cultivation bases, are... almost completely invincible!! They are rare in the Western Desert and their secret Dragoneer arts are capable of summoning Spirit Severing neo-demons!!" Zhou Ye was so scared that his whole body was shaking. He let out a shriek as he pushed his meteorite to go even faster. Clearly, he was planning to flee.

By this time, the members of the Five Tribe Alliance, including the Nascent Soul eccentrics, had arrived on the scene. Seeing everything that had happened caused them to gasp. They knew Meng Hao was strong, and had assumed that if they all joined forces they would be able to suppress him if necessary. Now, their faces fell and their hearts filled with foreboding as they realized that their lack of action before had led to the White Wolf and the Wild Giant being injured.

Before they could even begin to think of how to make up for their actions, Meng Hao's body shot forward toward Zhou Ye. His right hand formed a fist, which punched out. A boom filled the air, and more cracks appeared on the meteorite.

"Senior, please spare me! Sir, everything just now was an accident, a misunderstanding...."

Shocking roars filled the air as Meng Hao punched out three times in succession. Finally, a splintering sound could be heard as the meteorite disintegrated into pieces. Zhou Ye was pale faced and incapable of fleeing. Meng Hao reached out and grabbed him by the neck.

He then looked back at Big Hairy. “Was it this arm?” he asked.

Big Hairy nodded, letting out some more yips as he recalled the humiliation he had endured.

Meng Hao nodded and grabbed hold of Zhou Ye, who let out a bloodcurdling scream as his arm was directly ripped off of his body and transformed into a haze of blood and gore. Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he hovered there in mid-air. He was just about to release Zhou Ye, when he suddenly noticed the Wild Giant, Hairy #2 and the others who were currently bound up and injured within the spider webs.

Seeing this, a cold light appeared in his eyes. He suddenly clenched his fist. A cracking sound could be heard as Zhou Ye’s neck was instantly crushed. His eyes went wide, and he was dead.

Meng Hao released Zhou Ye and then turned to face the Nascent Soul eccentrics of the Five Tribe Alliance.

“Well, hello,” he said.

Chapter 436: Good Faith

Even as Meng Hao spoke, he waved his right hand, causing a gale force wind to sweep across the land. It only took a moment for the wind to sweep the spider webs off of the Wild Giant, Hairy #2 and the others. The webs became nothing but ash. Having been freed, the Wild Giant lifted its head up and roared.

In turn, all of the neo-demons that belonged to Meng Hao began roaring. The spiders who remained in the rear mountain district all continued to remain prone on the ground, not daring to even lift their heads.

At this moment, Meng Hao’s might billowed to the Heavens as he hovered there in mid-air glaring coldly at the Five Tribe alliance.

Facing up against his power, and hearing his words, the Greatfathers, Priests, and Grand Elders of the Five Tribe alliance felt shaken inwardly. Their breathing became ragged in pants. The strength of this Grandmaster Meng vastly exceeded their expectations. Furthermore, they had no idea when he had unexpectedly acquired so many neo-demons.

Not only was this group of neo-demons large in number, but they all looked very familiar. Upon closer inspection, they were shocked to find that these were neo-demons from the Crow Divinity Holy Land.

“Grandmaster Meng....” said the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather with a wry smile. Before he could finish, Meng Hao pointed toward the ground, causing invisible Demonic Qi to rise up from the earth below.

The appearance of the Demonic Qi caused the surrounding neo-demon hordes to roar with even more intensity. That was even more true of the more than ten thousand spiders. Now, they were no longer suppressed. Instead, Meng Hao’s Demonic Qi exerted incredible attractive force on them. Following the lead of the twenty or more three hundred meter large spiders, they filled the sky as they flew over to Meng Hao, circling around him with expressions of submission on their faces.

Meng Hao floated in mid-air, surrounded by a mixed neo-demon horde nearly twenty thousand in number. Their aura billowed to the heavens as they let out unceasing roars. Meng Hao didn’t look angry, and yet radiated power. Some of his Grand Dragoner aura suddenly exploded out, causing everything nearby to shake.

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather gasped, incapable of continuing to speak. The faces of the other Nascent Soul Cultivators from the Five Tribes fell. As of this moment, Meng Hao was vastly more powerful to them than Zhou Ye had been!

“Fellow Daoists,” said Meng Hao flatly. “Ever since I arrived in your Tribe, I have abided by your rules. Never have I offended anyone or violated any laws. Therefore, I don’t understand why, when my neo-demons were being captured, not only did you do nothing to stop it, you even facilitated the matter.... I require an explanation within three days. If I don’t get it, then my close relationship with the Five Tribes of the Crow Divinity will end, and I will leave this place.” With that, he and his twenty thousand strong neo-demon horde whistled through the air as they left. The black mist once again appeared, billowing up into the sky like a hurricane. It was visible even from a great distance away as it stretched up above.

Seeing Meng Hao leave did not cause the pressure weighing down on the Five Tribes to lessen. Rather, it grew even stronger. The Greatfathers and Priests exchanged glances. Bitter smiles appeared on their faces as they began to confer with each other using Divine Sense.

They had no desire whatsoever to offend Meng Hao or cause him to leave. A Grand Dragoner with so many high-level neo demons among his horde of twenty thousand, was indescribably important to the Five Tribes.

It wasn't just their Tribes that would feel this way. Any tribe would place great importance onto a Grand Dragoner like this. Even a great Tribe would feel this way.

It must be known that for a Tribe to be classified as a great Tribe, they not only had to have a sufficient population and number of neo-demons, but another critical factor was that they had to have a Grand Dragoner.

The Five Tribes discussed the matter until dawn of the next day. Then, the Nascent Soul Cultivators all went to stand outside the black mist in the rear mountain district. They clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“We humbly request an audience with the Grand Dragoner, Grandmaster Meng.”

They stood there listening to the sound of their voices echoing into the roiling black mist. After a moment passed, Gu La strolled out, his jaw set with pride and condescension, his hands folded behind his back.

He was followed by the roaring Wild Giant, as well as a vast collection of spiders, which flew out to surround the Greatfathers, Priests, and others.

The indistinct shape of some gigantic spiders became visible, their power comparable to a Nascent Soul Cultivation base. There was also the red crocodile, which emanated viciousness as it crawled out. Further back, black crows whistled through the air followed by the green mosquitos.

The sight of all this caused the faces of the Greatfathers and Priests to fill with serious expressions.

“The Young Master is currently practicing cultivation. Before going into seclusion, he made it clear that if the Five Tribes came without sufficient intention for reconciliation, then when he emerged from seclusion, he would depart this place and sever all ties with you!” Gu La looked them over,

feeling extremely excited and complacent. The feeling was much greater than the feeling he'd gotten after acquiring power on his own. This surpassed that by far.

As of this moment, he was quite happy to be a follower of Meng Hao.

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather smiled wryly, but gave an inward sigh of relief. He was well aware that their actions yesterday had in fact been a way of forcing Meng Hao's hand. After exchanging glances with the others, the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather stepped forward.

"First of all," he said with a slight smile, "we would like to congratulate Grandmaster Meng on recovering all of his powers as a mighty Grand Dragoner. Regarding the slaying of Zhou Ye, we Five Tribes will stand as witnesses of the event. Furthermore, each of our Tribes would like to offer you a congratulatory gift of two thousand neo-demons, a mix of levels 3 to 7."

Hearing this caused Gu La's heart to begin to beat wildly.

Two thousand neo-demons wouldn't count for much to a great Tribe, but to a small Tribe, it was an incredible show of good faith. After all, neo-demons were the most important thing for Dragoners.

Dragoner cultivation was not based on personal strength, but rather, controlling neo-demons. Neo-demons were the basis of power, and for each of these Tribes to give two thousand meant that it was a total of ten thousand. Such a vast number caused Gu La to begin to breathe heavily.

"Well..." said Gu La, hesitating for a moment.

"Grandmaster Meng is a Grand Dragoner, and we feel very honored that he picked our Five Tribe Alliance. We know that the position of Grand Dragoner is an esteemed one, so each Tribe is also willing offer him 300,000 Spirit Stones in order to help facilitate his daily cultivation. That will only be the first payment! From now on, the Five Tribe alliance will provide him with an equal sum every three months as compensation for his assistance." With that, the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather once again clasped hands and bowed deeply.

Obviously, he wasn't bowing to Gu La, but toward the churning black mist.

Gu La's eyes were wide, and he couldn't stop himself from panting in nervousness. His eyes began to glow, and his mind was reeling, filled with nothing but the thought of Spirit Stones. If each Tribe provided 300,000 Spirit Stones every three months, that was a total of 1,500,000. Essentially, that

meant that every month Meng Hao stayed in the Five Tribes Alliance, he would get 500,000 Spirit Stones.

That was a vast number that Gu La had a hard time even imagining. Of course, he had no way of knowing that if it wasn't for the imminent danger facing the Five Tribe Alliance, they would never possibly offer up such an unimaginable number.

"This matter..." Gu La's mouth and tongue were almost too dry to speak, and he didn't know what to say. Despite the fact that he had actually come prepared to strike out with deadly force against these people, he could never have predicted that before he even struck a threatening pose, such incredible gifts would be offered.

"Furthermore," continued the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather, "considering that Grandmaster Meng is a Grand Dragoner and vassal of the Crow Scout Tribe, we would like to earnestly request that he assume the position of Grand Elder of the Five Tribe Alliance, a position equal to that of us Greatfathers!"

Gu La was panting and his mind was shaking. A position like that, equal to that of the Greatfathers of the Five Tribes, was incredibly high and vastly meaningful.

Suddenly, the Greatfather of the Crow Scout spoke again: "All of the resources of the Five Tribes Alliance will be poured into fulfilling Grandmaster Meng's needs. Furthermore any spoils of war will be split six ways, with one part of that belonging to Grandmaster Meng."

These words only served to add to the roaring that filled Gu La's head until it was on the verge of exploding.

This last benefit seemed almost unreal. In fact, though, it was real, and vastly exceeded anything from before. This truly was good faith on the part of the Five Tribes Alliance, to split all future spoils with him.

At the same time, it would also tightly bind Meng Hao to the Five Tribes.

"In addition," said the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather, continuing on with the last item the Five Tribes had agreed to offer, "if Grandmaster Meng becomes the Grand Elder, then the Five Tribes agree to provide food for all of his thirty thousand neo-demons!"



Gu La didn't know what to say. Thirty thousand neo-demons could eat a small mountain of beasts in a very short time. That amount of food was no small number, and when you added it all together, could easily drain a small fortune.

That was why Grand Dragoners usually attached themselves to a great Tribe; both benefited from such an arrangement.

Gu La subconsciously looked back toward the black mist. The Greatfathers and Priests of the Five Tribes also looked toward the black mist, awaiting Meng Hao's response.

"Lastly, as a show of good faith, if Grandmaster Meng agrees to all of this, and the Five Tribe Alliance survives for the next year, then we are willing to allow Grandmaster Meng to be our sole representative to enter the Bridge of Immortal Treading!" The person who uttered these words was not the Greatfather of the Crow Scout Tribe, but rather that of the Crow Soldier Tribe. He was the only of their number to have a Cultivation base at the mid Nascent Soul stage, and was their most powerful expert.

Almost the same moment that he finished speaking, the mist began to seethe, and then shrink back. The surrounding neo-demons quickly retreated along with it. In the space of time of a few breaths, the mist had completely vanished, along with neo-demon horde.

Now, all eyes were focused completely on the person slowly walking toward them.

It was Meng Hao, wearing a long black robe. His hair fluttered in the wind, and his eyes were cold. On his skin could be seen a dense, endless amount of totem tattoos. They even existed on his face. Each and every one of these totem tattoos depicted neo-demons.

20,000 neo-demons, all transformed into totem tattoos, branded onto Meng Hao's body. His aura was thoroughly Demonic at this point, filled with a barbaric savagery that drifted slowly out from his body.

If the people in the Southern Domain who were familiar with Meng Hao were to see him now, it would be difficult for them to recognize him. As of this moment, anyone who looked at him would take him to be a powerful Western Desert Cultivator!

Such power, although it wasn't of the Nascent Soul stage, was enough to slaughter anyone of the early Nascent Soul stage!

## Chapter 437: Bridge of Immortal Treading!

“The first kindness shown to me by the Crow Scout Tribe was the Greenwood Tree totem,” said Meng Hao as he strolled out. His voice contained a certain bizarreness, as if it were filled with the indistinct sound of countless beasts roaring in unison. “The second was the water of destiny of the Crow Divinity Tribe, which raised me to the full circle of Wood-type power. Within the Holy Land, I encountered the Crow Divinity and acquired a Metal-type totem tattoo. That was the third kindness.

“Meng Hao clearly distinguishes between gratitude and grudges in taking action. You tested me out and even allowed enemies to attack me. However, it was all for the safety of your Tribe, and you had no choice. That, I can understand.

“I don’t want your Spirit Stones. As for your neo-demons, they will definitely be much more powerful if they are under my control. However, if the Five Tribes still exist after the fighting is over, then I will return them to you.

“Regardless of splitting spoils, or anything else, I, Meng Hao, will stand by your sides during this war, Fellow Daoists. The reason I shall do so... is because of those three kindnesses. Therefore, please, no more investigations and no more incidents like that which happened yesterday. Otherwise, I will truly sever the relationship forged through those kindnesses.”

Having finished speaking, he clasped hands and bowed deeply to the various members of the Five Tribes.

They looked back at him in stunned silence for a moment. Then their faces filled with shame. At this point, it was impossible for them to not realize that all of this had been a warning, not a request for payment. The only thing Meng Hao wanted was the proper attitude.

I will help you in order to pay a debt of gratitude. The only price I demand... is respect!

That was what Meng Hao wanted, and also the reason why he had not appeared, but rather sent Gu La out to meet them.

“In addition,” Meng Hao continued, “I would like to hear more about this Bridge of Immortal Treading that the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather referred to.”

Meng Hao's body was covered in totem tattoos, and he had the aura of a powerful expert. Having heard his sincere words, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather slowly said, "The Bridge of Immortal Treading is a stretch of ruins. According to legend, there used to be nine bridges in the great lands of the Western Desert. As for who built them, it is impossible to determine. Some people say that they formed naturally from soil that came from the stars.

"As for these bridges, they were used for Immortal Ascension. By treading on three of them, you could form an Immortal Body. By treading on six of them, you could form an Immortal Soul. By treading on nine of them, you could achieve Immortal Ascension.

"Allegedly, these bridges were connected to the stars, and were located next to a mountain and a sea... Unfortunately, these bridges met with great Tribulation. The Heavens were not pleased, and destroyed them with lightning. The roaring lasted for 937 years before the bridges finally collapsed and transformed into a world. Later generations called that world... the Realm of the Bridge Ruins!

"Within the Realm of the Bridge Ruins is the wreckage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading. There is also Celestial soil which contains Immortal Qi. To us Cultivators, such Immortal Qi is like a rare tonic, far superior to all medicinal pills. Also available in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins are high-grade Spirit Stones, to which nothing on the outside can compare.

"Furthermore within the wreckage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading that exists in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins can be found countless Celestial magics and divine abilities. There are even creatures which have been extinct in the outside world since ancient times. The Realm of the Bridge Ruins is one of the most precious treasures of the Western Desert!"

Up to this point, Meng Hao's expression hadn't changed, and he continued to listen calmly.

"The Realm of the Bridge Ruins opens every thousand years. When it does, people from the Southern Domain, the Eastern Lands and the Northern Reaches cannot enter it! Only Western Desert Cultivators with totems are capable of entering this world and seizing the good fortune therein!

"However, not every Western Desert Cultivator can enter. According to information in the ancient records, throughout the generations, there have only ever been twenty three spots. That is because in ancient times, there were twenty three Tribes which were officially recognized as great Tribes. Though they have long since fallen into decline, their bloodlines still survive!

"When the time comes for the Realm of the Bridge Ruins to open, an Immortality Bridgestone will descend to each of those great Tribes, which thus allows them to enter!

“The Crow Divinity Tribe was once one of the approved great Tribes of the Western Desert. Therefore, we have always had a spot to be able to enter the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.

“As long as the blood of our Tribe continues to exist, that spot will also be. It is also another reason why the Five Poisons Tribe stirred into action when the Crow Divinity Holy Land collapsed.

“If they can enslave us, consume our totems, and imprison our Tribe members, then... they will be able to secure the Crow Divinity Tribe’s spot in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.” The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather made no attempt to conceal any of the facts. He was telling Meng Hao everything, including secret matters known only to them.

As Meng Hao listened to the explanation, his eyes began to shine brightly. He could tell that what the man was saying was most likely true. Furthermore, the mention of Celestial soil had definitely sparked his interest.

“Based on our calculations, there is about one year left until the Realm of the Bridge Ruins opens. Before that happens, an Immortality Bridgestone will fall down to us. If you help us, Grandmaster Meng, then we will deliver that stone to you in one year!” With that, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather clasped hands and gave Meng Hao a deep bow.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment as he pondered the so-called Celestial soil. He already had a collection of Black Lands Celestial Talisman soil.

“In terms of my five elements totems,” he thought, “I’m currently missing Water, Fire and Earth. I need them to reach the level in which they manifest an ancient character; then I can concoct my Five-Colored Nascent Soul. I wonder if the Celestial soil in this Realm of the Bridge Ruins... could be used for one of my totem tattoos?”

Meanwhile....

If you left the mountain range containing the five Crow Divinity Tribes and flew about a month’s time, you would reach an area that was still considered the Western Desert North region, but was actually nearing its Central region.

There were no mountains here, only a vast plain called the Blood Wastes. The reason for the name was that the soil of this plain was red in color.

Within the red soil grew tens of thousands of varieties of poisonous grasses. During the rainy season, poisonous mists would fill the sky, turning the area into a sort of prohibited zone for Cultivators.

There were also vast quantities of enormous, poisonous neo-demons here, which made this plain somewhat like a pit of poison.

It was difficult for Cultivators to exist in a place like this. That is, except for... the largest of the Western Desert North region's two great Tribes, the great Five Poisons Tribe!

It was a huge Tribe divided into five branches, each one named after a different poisonous creature. They were like an enormous black flower with five petals, spread out in terrifying fashion over the plain.

Each of these branches were equivalent in size to a medium sized Tribe. Together, they formed the great Five Poisons Tribe, whose name rocked the entire Western Desert North region.

They were very different from the five Crow Divinity Tribes. These Five Poisons Tribes were not fractured. Rather, because of the different totems they possessed, they were organized into five different auxiliary Tribes called branches. In the central-most location in the plain was a Sacrificial Rites Assembly Hall, where fifteen High Priests would make decisions regarding important matters to the Five Poisons Tribe.

The branches themselves did not have Chieftains, only Priests. As far as Chieftains went... there was only one in the entire Five Poisons Tribe.

In past times, the Western Desert North regions had three great Tribes, the Crow Divinity, the Five Poisons, and the Scorching Ice. After all these years, the Five Poisons and Scorching Ice still existed; in contrast, the Crow Divinity was in decline. After having been split into the five sub-Tribes, they were much weaker and reduced to an inferior position.

Were it not for the existence of the Crow Divinity Holy Land, they would long since have been picked apart, their totemic power stolen, and the Tribes themselves forced to become auxiliary branches of other stronger Tribes.

Unfortunately, the Crow Divinity Holy Land had fallen. There was no need for word to be spread about this. Totemic Sacred Ancients could sense each other; therefore, the Poison Patriarchs that the Five Poisons Tribe had worshiped for the past ten thousand years immediately sent their will out to inform members of the Tribe that the Crow Divinity Holy Land was destroyed. The Crow Divinity... was dead!

Despite that, one of the reasons the Five Poisons Tribe had survived for such a long time was because of their cautious nature. They didn't immediately just go to war, but rather decided to feel out the Crow Divinity Tribes first. That was why they had dispatched rank 9 Dragoneer Zhou Ye from the Spider Branch.

The instant Zhou Ye died, his Lifesoul jade slip shattered. The Spider Branch immediately sensed this; roars of rage filled the air to echo about in all directions. The Five Poisons Tribe immediately called a Sacrificial Rites Assembly.

During their meeting, the fifteen High Priests from the five Branches decided to dispatch the Spider Branch to declare war on the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity.

After three days, the official resolution was issued, and the entire Spider Branch began to make preparations for war. More than three thousand Totem Cultivators, three rank 9 Dragoneers, and a vast quantity of neo-demons entered a teleportation portal in the Blood Wastes and headed toward the Crow Divinity Mountains.

By using a teleportation portal, they were able to save quite a bit of time. The month-long journey was now reduced to only seven days.

That was how the war began!

Of course, this war attracted the attention of other Tribes within the Western Desert North region. Many eyes turned to observe. Wars between tribes were common in the North, but... the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity had once been a great Tribe. As such, this particular war was of much more interest than normal.

This was especially true when it came to the other great Tribe in the area, the Scorching Ice Tribe. They were paying very close attention. Were it not for the fact that they were much farther away than the Five Poisons Tribe, they too would have participated. Others might have thought such actions would be taken in an effort to grow their own Tribe. However, the Scorching Ice Tribe knew that the main purpose the Five Poisons Tribe had for going to war... was for the spot in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.

Seven days later, war loomed over the five Tribes of the Crow Divinity.

On that day, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in his courtyard behind the mountain. In front of him were three flickering totems. One was a Flame Thrush, the other a Water Drop, the third a Stone Golem.

These totems came from the Crow Flame, Crow Gloom and Crow Fighter Tribes respectively.

Comparatively speaking, they didn't match up at all to the Greenwood Tree that Meng Hao had acquired before. Nor were they even comparable to the earliest seed of the Metal-type totem that the Golden Crow had given him. That was why Meng Hao was hesitating about whether to fuse with them.

The seed would determine what type of transmutation the totem could manifest later. In making his selections, how could Meng Hao not be careful?

After a long moment, his eyes filled with determination. He gathered up the totem seeds and put them away. If he really couldn't get any better totems in the future, then he would have no other choice but to use them.

After putting the totem seeds away, his eyes flickered and he lifted his head. He could see that a seething mist was suddenly beginning to spread out through the previously clear and boundless sky. The mist was enormous, covering everything, and rapidly approaching as it expanded out.

From a distance, it was still possible to see that, shockingly, this boundless mist was actually made up of incomparably fierce spiders.

At the same time, a rumbling sound filled the sky, shaking Heaven and Earth, causing even the mountains to tremble. Any vegetation that the mist touched instantly withered and died.

"Well, they arrived quickly!" thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering coldly.

Chapter 438: Zhao Youlan [1]

Almost at the exact same time as the mist neared, five beams of light shot out from five different directions within the mountain. All of them were different colors; these were none other than the totemic Sacred Ancients that resided in the tallest peaks of the mountains of the Five Tribes.

Simultaneously, five protective shields sprang up, covering the entirety of the Five Tribes, cutting them off completely.

Next, the members of the Five Tribes unleashed the power of their various totems. Their eyes were bloodshot and filled with vigilance; clearly these people were prepared to die for their Tribe. The Greatfathers, Priests, and Grand Elders from the Five Tribes, all of them Nascent Soul Cultivators, emanated intense killing intent. Their faces were grim as they looked out at the churning black mist.

It was at this point that the black mist slammed into the protective shield. Booming sounds filled the air, and the ground quaked. The once emerald forests in the areas withered and turned black.

Miserable shrieks could be heard from the various beasts that lived in the area. Their bodies began to rot and they turned into pools of black liquid.

It only took a few moments for the entirety of the Crow Divinity Mountains to be filled with a death aura.

Suddenly, a sinister voice echoed out from within the churning black mist. “Five Tribes of the Crow Divinity, we are the Five Poisons Clan Spider Branch. You may surrender... or die!” The voice rolled out in all directions, transforming into a thunderous roar. A powerful, domineering will could be sensed within this voice; this was the power of a mid Nascent Soul Cultivation base. It echoed into the ears of the members of the Five Tribes, causing the blood to drain from the faces of many. Even with the protective shield in place, it still caused blood to ooze out of their mouths.

“To the death!” cried the Crow Gloom High Priest. He was a middle-aged man with a look of keen wit shining in his eyes. His words rang out, filled with determination. This was all the answer they needed to provide to the Five Poisons Clan.

“To the death!!” All the members of the Five Tribes joined their voices into a powerful roar.

“TO THE DEATH!!” the shocking sound transformed into grim, cold determination. It rose up into the sky and charged into the black mist, and the ears of each and every Cultivator of Spider Branch of the Five Poisons Tribe.

Among the three thousand Cultivators of the Spider Branch, twenty were Grand Elders and one was a green-robed High Priest. All of these people were currently looking at a young woman who was



surrounded protectively by more than ten cold-faced Cultivators, all of whom had green totem tattoos on their faces.

The woman appeared to be a little more than twenty, with long, beautiful hair and a bright red robe. She was beautiful, and her red robe could not hide the voluptuous curves beneath. Her beauty almost seemed demonic; her eyes were cold and seemed completely ruthless. This ruthlessness was quite a contrast to her beauty, causing her to be even more sexually attractive.

On her forehead was a white spider totem tattoo; as it glittered, the spider it depicted almost seemed to be moving.

This woman was one of the five Holy Daughters of the great Five Poisons Clan, Zhao Youlan of the Spider Branch.

The white spider on her forehead was called Wisdom Spider; only natural born Holy Daughters could acquire it.

“Revered Priest,” she said lightly, “commence with the attack! First, deal with the shield. Call forth the totemic Sacred Ancient!” Just like her name, her voice was like an orchid, beautiful but cold.

This particular High Priest of the Spider Branch was an old man in a long green robe who held a black, wooden wand in his hand. Having heard Zhao Youlan’s words, he nodded and then pointed the wand out. Instantly, the surrounding mist began to roil and then transformed into a gigantic spider that shot toward the shield.

A boom filled the air, and the shield rippled. However, it did not fall. The High Priest frowned, and then flashed an incantation with his right hand. The gigantic spider dissipated and then reformed into five black spears, each of them three hundred meters long. He waved his wand, causing the five spears to scream through the air toward the five beams of light shooting up from the five mountains in the area.

“Five Tribes totemic Sacred Ancients, please appear!” cried the Crow Gloom Tribe Priest. A jade slip appeared in his hand, which he crushed. Immediately, roaring sounds could be heard from the five mountains. The Sacred Ancients immediately emerged: the Crow Scout Tribe’s Treant, the Flame Sea of the Crow Flame Tribe, as well as the others. However, the instant they appeared....

Spider Branch Holy Daughter Zhao Youlan, behind her ring of guards, looked at the Crow Gloom Tribe Priest, her phoenix-like eyes glittering. Their gazes locked, and it was clear that both were aware of the identity of the other. These were the two in charge of this battle.

“Summon the Spider Sacred Ancient!”

A thunderous roaring sound filled the air as the clouds up above began to roil, and a massive crack appeared in mid-air. Five colossal spider legs, each one several thousand meters long, suddenly emerged from within the crack. It was impossible to see what existed past the crack; in any case, as soon as the legs appeared, they shot toward the five mountain peaks. In the blink of an eye, massive explosions could be heard as the spell formations cracked. The earth quaked and the mountains shook.

All of the totemic Sacred Ancients of the five Tribes roared and flew directly up into the sky. Then, up high in the sky, a shocking, bright red spider shot forward to slam into them.

“Spider Branch Battle Cultivators,” said Zhao Youlan softly, “there’s no need for battle formations. Use the totemic Demonspider webs to seal this entire area!”

“The Holy Daughter’s commands shall be followed!” cried the three thousand Spider Branch Cultivators, their eyes shining with savagery. They lifted their heads up to the sky and roared as the radiance of their totems exploded out. Immediately, illusory Demonspiders appeared, and the air filled with countless strands of silk that flew out in all directions. Hissing sounds filled the air as they shot toward the glowing shield; it seemed these threads also contained poison.

“Elders, please join forces to destroy the spell formation,” said Zhao Youlan, toying with her hair. “Get the Greatfathers of these Five Tribes to show their faces!”

“The Holy Daughter’s commands shall be followed!” Immediately, a dozen or so old men shot out from within the Spider Branch forces. The totems on their body glowed brightly, exploding with the power of the Nascent Soul stage. The ripples merged together to form a strange pattern, a spell formation that then shot directly toward the Five Tribes’ protective shield.

Just as it was about to impact, the Crow Gloom Priest’s eyes flickered.

“Greatfathers of the Crow Scout and Crow Flame Tribes, please lead the Priests and Grand Elders of the other three Tribes into battle!”

Immediately, the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather roared and charged forward. He was followed by more than ten Priests and Grand Elders, as well as the Crow Flame Greatfather. They shot forth to intercept the incoming Cultivators, intent on preventing them from collapsing the protective shield.

It was at this point that the Crow Gloom Priest suddenly began to bark orders: “Members of the Five Tribes. According to our pre-war strategy, form into fifty-man squads. Five squads will form a company. Five companies will form a battalion! 1st Battalion will defend the northwest, 2nd Battalion the northeast, 3rd Battalion due north! Slay them with extreme prejudice!

“Remember, do not fight to the death! If you are injured, return immediately to the area behind the shield for healing.

“4th Battalion, 5th Battalion, please rotate in and out of the battle as needed. 6th Battalion, stand guard within the shield! This battle will not be concluded quickly. Tribe members, we fight for the Crow Divinity!” Immediately, thousands of Five Tribes Cultivators shot out of the shield, their eyes bloodshot.

“FOR THE CROW DIVINITY!” they roared as they charged to meet the incoming three thousand Cultivators from the Spider Branch.

The flames of war instantly raged into the Heavens. Magical techniques flared up everywhere. High up in the sky, the Five totemic Sacred Ancients were locked in battle with the Spider Branch’s Sacred Spider. That battle was something that far exceeded the Nascent Soul stage. Ripples spread out to cover the entire scene, making it impossible for anyone down below to see how the battle was faring.

Below them, the Nascent Soul Cultivators were locked in vicious combat. Mist spread out in all directions, making it difficult to see anything other than shadows. However, there was no doubt that the fighting was deadly.

Even further below, outside of the shield, thousands of Cultivators from both sides had created a rain of blood. To the Spider Branch, this was a battle to defend their pride as undefeated conquerors. They must win!

For the members of the Five Tribes, though, they were fighting for their home and their people. They could not retreat, and could not lose. If they did have to die, they would fight to the bitter end.

That was because... behind them, beneath the protection of the shield, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and other relatives were all watching.

“Fight!!”

“To the death!!”

“For the Crow Divinity and for our Tribes!” Fierce cries echoed out. This lowest level of the battle was the fiercest. Bloodcurdling screams and blood flew about in all directions.

Inside the shield, the rest of the members of the Five Tribes were watching with clenched fists. Children were crying out in fear, and girls were weeping. Mothers’ hearts were breaking, and tears rolled down the faces of fathers.

Much further outside the shield, within the Spider Branch forces, Zhao Youlan gave a soft sigh. For a moment she looked disturbed. However, the negative emotions drifted away with her sigh. The right and wrong of war all depended on your perspective.

“Dragoneers! You are aware of the mysterious Dragoneer described in our top secret documents, the one who slaughtered Zhou Ye. The time has come to draw him out from within the Five Tribes!”

Among the Spider Branch Cultivators were three Dragoneers, located at the back of the battle group. They wore black robes and emanated gruesome auras. Furthermore, all of them were surrounded by various protective items that would shield them from any deadly attacks in battle.

Having heard Zhao Youlan’s words, the three smiled and flicked their sleeves. Immediately, the roar of neo-demons filled the air and beam after beam of light appeared. Roaring filled the air as a horde of nearly ten thousand neo-demons appeared next to each of these people.

When the Crow Gloom Tribe Priest saw this his face began to flicker. Something about the rhythm of this battle seemed off, but he really had no other choice at the moment. Turning toward the rear mountain district, he clasped hands and bowed deeply. “Grandmaster Meng, your assistance is requested!”

Meng Hao was sitting cross-legged in his courtyard, observing the battle. He had seen everything happening in the sky overhead, as well as the storm of blood on the battlefield. It made him think of the battle of Holy Snow City back in the Black Lands.

Then he thought about the Golden Crow and the great tree.

After a long moment, he sighed.

“Because of your kindness... I will do my best to ensure that the Tribe you created continues on into the future.” Sighing softly, he rose to his feet and walked out of his courtyard. He was followed by the Wild Giant, who lifted its head to the sky and roared, a bloodthirsty look in its eyes. Battles like these were exactly where Wild Giants liked to be!

Chapter 439: Exotic Heartdevil Flower!

Outside of the shield, the three rank 9 Dragoners from the Spider Branch began to attack. Vast numbers of neo-demons blotted out the sky and land. There was something very special about these Dragoners; their neo-demon hordes all consisted of a single type of neo-demon.

One of them possessed a huge flock of vicious gray seabirds that whistled through the air. Bizarrely, each of these birds had three claws and the image of a human face on its chest.

Astonishingly, another of the Dragoners was surrounded by multiple giant ants. The largest of these ants were roughly six meters long; as for the small ones, there were too many to even count. They looked savage as they swarmed forward, blanketing over everything.

The final Dragoner was an old man with a proud expression on his face. Nine wasp nests floated in the air around him, and he was surrounded by a cloud of poisonous wasps. The shocking sound of their buzz was enough to cause anyone’s scalp to go numb.

Uniform neo-demon hordes were the standard for orthodox Dragoners. These were the types of Dragoners who each benefited from a legacy. Many such legacies had been passed down through various Dragoner bloodlines for generations.

Considering that they could summon vast hordes of uniform neo-demons, it was very easy to see the difference between them, and Rogue Dragoners, most of whom had mixed neo-demon hordes.

After seeing these three Dragoners appear, Meng Hao’s face was calm as he stood atop the Wild Giant’s enormous frame. It howled as it charged forward, instantly attracting the attention of everyone outside of the shield.

His appearance immediately caused Zhao Youlan's expression to flicker. She examined Meng Hao closely for a moment and then frowned.

At the same time, the three rank 9 Dragoners from the Spider Branch looked over at Meng Hao, then exchanged glittering glances. They all began to flicker incantation gestures, causing several thousand neo-demons from each of their hordes to suddenly shoot directly toward the shield.

These three groups of three different types of neo-demons formed together to make a neo-demon horde nearly ten thousand in number. Their shocking roars lifted up to the Heavens as they advanced. Meng Hao gave a cold snort. The howling Wild Giant suddenly leaped up into the air, shooting out through the shield, its eyes filling with the thirst for blood as it charged toward the incoming neo-demon horde.

In mid-air, Meng Hao's right hand waved, causing the totem tattoos on his right arm to begin to glow. Suddenly, intense light shot out, flickering into a flock of black crows.

The instant the black crows appeared, they let out piercing cries. Suddenly, all the corpses on the battlefield began to emanate a pulsing black aura, which was then sucked upward toward the black crows. It was like a black mist that swirled around the crows and then shot toward the incoming neo-demons.

Simultaneously, a green light began to flicker around Meng Hao. Big Hairy and the rest of the Greenwood Wolfpack appeared, along with the Black Bat. They too shot out in attack.

As for the Black Bat, it almost appeared like Meng Hao didn't care about it; in reality, he attached a lot of importance to the creature. It was a neo-demon that had been suppressed by a wooden sword. He was quite certain that the power it was revealing now was not the full extent of what it was capable of. Either it was intentionally holding back, or needed more time to recover from the serious injury.

If it was the latter, then that meant it was very weak right now. Even still, its weakness allowed it to employ a Cultivation base of roughly level 7.

Shocking booms filled the air as the two neo-demon hordes slammed into each other and then dissolved into fierce fighting.

Meng Hao himself had attracted quite a bit of attention on the battlefield. Dragoner battles were large in scope, and gave rise to powerful auras. Within the blink of an eye, this Dragoner showdown had turned into the fourth of the great battles occurring.

One of the three Spider Branch Dragoners let out a cold laugh and then said, “You trifling Rogue Dragoner. You killed Zhou Ye by a fluke! Your mixed neo-demon horde might have some fantastic neo-demons in it, but you don’t stand a chance against the three of us!”

Meng Hao was their only enemy, and their only mission was to draw him out and kill him.

Seeing him fighting back against them, the three exchanged another glance, then all began to flash incantation gestures. Immediately, the rest of the neo-demons around them lifted their heads up and roared, then charged forward.

The impressive sight and the thunderous roaring caused many of the surrounding combatants to suddenly look over to watch this part of the battle.

Laughing coldly, the three Spider Branch Dragoners performed more incantations, causing the totems on their bodies to begin to shine. Suddenly several hundred level 10 neo-demons magically appeared in the air around them. In unison, they charged toward Meng Hao.

“We will help you to understand the truly crushing power of Dragoners!” Even as the words left their mouths, their neo-demon hordes, nearly thirty thousand in number, closed in on Meng Hao. It truly seemed as if Meng Hao’s own neo-demon horde would have difficulty fighting back. They would surely be completely consumed.

His face as calm as ever, Meng Hao’s cold eyes glanced over the incoming neo-demons. With that, he casually shook his arms and legs. Immediately, totemic light began to emanate out from him. Within the glowing light were several thousand howling Greenwood Wolves, as well as Flame Thrushes and Stone Golems. There was also an innumerable group of neo-demons whose bodies were surrounded by rippling shields of water.

A shocking roar then filled the air as the savage red crocodile crawled out onto the battlefield.

Then, a shriek could be heard as black mists billowed up. Within the black mist crawled a black lizard that looked like it had just emerged from the yellow springs of the underworld. Its appearance immediately caused the air to vibrate.

Next, a droning sound could be heard as the fierce, green Demonsquitos appeared around Meng Hao.

As one neo-demon horde after another appeared, the faces of the three Spider Branch Dragoners instantly fell. At the same time, Meng Hao began to stride forward. As he did, the air around him rippled as twenty of the three hundred meter large spiders appeared, along with over ten thousand smaller spiders. They whistled throughout the air, a vast horde of nearly thirty thousand neo-demons that caused everything to shake. They instantly charged toward the three Dragoners.

As soon as Meng Hao's neo-demons slammed into the hordes from the Spider Branch, miserable cries filled the air. The three Dragoners' hordes were completely incapable of blocking Meng Hao's. Facing the slaughter and injury, they tried to fall back. Unfortunately for them, Meng Hao's neo-demons quickly surrounded them.

The three Dragoners' faces fell and grew ashen. At the same time, Zhao Youlan's eyes went wide and filled with an expression of disbelief. Then, her soft voice could once again be heard.

“High Priest, it seems that if we wish to kill this man, we will first need to draw out their most powerful expert, the Greatfather of the Crow Soldier Tribe. Only when he is also present can I execute our plan to completely exterminate these Five Tribes. High Priest, please take action!”

The Spider Branch High Priest, the old man in the green robe, smiled in response to her words. He waved his wooden wand, and then employed minor teleportation. When he reappeared, he was directly in front of Meng Hao. As soon as he arrived, Meng Hao's eyes flickered. Having sensed the man's imminent arrival, Meng Hao was ready. He shot backward, his eyes cold.

Back inside the shield, the Crow Gloom Priest could tell that something fishy was going on, but he wasn't sure exactly what. Unfortunately, there was no time to analyze the situation to try to figure out the source of his strange feeling.

Gritting his teeth, he said, “Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, please intercept that High Priest to buy some time for Grandmaster Meng!”

Next to him, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather's eyes glimmered with coldness. His body disappeared in a minor teleportation. When he reappeared, he was blocking the Spider Branch High Priest, preventing him from nearing Meng Hao. The two looked at each other, and, without a word,



instantly employed divine abilities. Booming sounds filled the air as the fifth major encounter began on the battlefield.

As for Meng Hao, he also could tell that something strange was going on. He had participated in a similar Cultivator war back in the Black Lands. Based on how that war went, it could be said that such wars were usually not finished in a short period of time. Usually, protracted battles went on for days before the situation began to favor one side or the other.

Unless one side was clearly in a position of superiority in terms of power, allowing them to crush the other side, then the only option was to try to slowly weaken the other side.

However, despite clearly not being in the position to crush the Five Tribes, the Spider Branch, after not even a single day of battle, was using this strange tactic to try to force the Five Tribes to play their trump cards.

It appeared as if the Spider Branch were going all out, regardless of being assured of victory. Such impulsive attacks must surely be a part of some greater plan.

“There must be some deadly gambit waiting to be sprung. If I were them, what would be my tactic?” Meng Hao controlled the neo-demons surrounding the hordes of the three Dragoners and simultaneously glanced around the battlefield. The first thing he took note of was the rippling scene up above. That was where the Five Tribes’ Sacred Ancients were locked in battle with the fearsome Demonspider that was attempting to emerge.

“It most likely won’t involve them.... The totemic Sacred Ancients are not Cultivators, but rather powerful neo-demons who can spawn totems. Their battle exceeds my understanding.” Frowning, Meng Hao looked at the thousands of battling Cultivators, then back at the shield. Finally, he looked up at the battling Nascent Soul Cultivators.

“Then there’s me. I count as one of the major parts of the battle. However, if they wanted to kill me specifically, they would do so with decisiveness. If you look at it that way....” Meng Hao’s face suddenly flickered. Without hesitation, he shot backward, both hands flickering an incantation. Flickering protective shields immediately appeared around him.

Almost at the exact moment that Meng Hao began to retreat, Zhao Youlan’s eyes began to glow with a cold light. She took a deep breath as she carefully lifted up her right hand to reveal a wooden box.

When she opened the box, a black glow instantly emanated out. At the same time, a tremor ran through Zhao Youlan's body. She bit her tongue with her beautiful teeth and then kneeled down on one knee, holding the box up above her head with both hands.

As soon as she lifted the box up, the black glow spread out in shocking fashion. A painful radiance appeared which seemed capable of consuming and replacing all other light.

The Spider Branch Cultivators all suddenly produced black, pasty medicinal pills which they then consumed. After they did, their eyes suddenly turned completely black.

The Cultivators from the Five Tribes suddenly felt something pulling at them, causing them to involuntarily look over.

The instant that they did, their hearts all began to tremble.

The faces of the Tribe members within the shield flickered. They could feel nothing; only those outside the shield could sense the pulling power of the black glow. However, it was this very fact that made the Crow Gloom Priest's face suddenly go pale white.

His voice hoarse, he said, "Exotic Heartdevil Flower!!"

Meng Hao's pupils constricted. However, he was already on guard. A bloody glow surrounded him as he directly employed the Blood Death World to defend against the calling of the black glow.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's face flickered. This was because it was at this very moment... that the Resurrection Lily chose to explode out with power.

Meng Hao instantly sent his will out to call all of his neo-demons. They immediately began to rush back toward him.

Chapter 440: Tragic!

Inside the shield, the Crow Gloom Priest's face went pale and he began to murmur. "Exotic Heartdevil Flower!!"

“The Five Poisons Tribe wants to exterminate the five Crow Divinity Tribes so bad they’re using the Exotic Heartdevil Flower! It must not be looked at! Looking at it causes a Heartdevil to rise up, which then transforms into a devilish will that burns you away....”

How could he not understand that he had been defeated from the very beginning...! Played and defeated. He had known something was off, but hadn’t been able to put the pieces of the puzzle together.

Exotic Heartdevil Flowers were rare. During Spirit Severing, if a Cultivator had such a flower, the chances of success were greatly increased, which made it an extremely precious treasure.

Furthermore, the flower itself was extremely brutal. Anyone under the Spirit Severing stage who looked at it would lose virtually all life force and then be burned alive by a devilish will. The end result was always death.

In some ways, though, the flower was weak. Although it was difficult for a person to defend against it, the Tribe’s protective shield was enough to keep its power on the outside. None of the Tribe members inside would be affected.

However, as soon as the Exotic Heartdevil Flower appeared outside, everyone on the battlefield suddenly stopped moving, with the exception of the totemic Sacred Ancients and the Sacred Spider.

After consuming the special medicinal pill, the Spider Branch Cultivators were temporarily safe from the effects of the flower. However, they were forced to first sit cross-legged in meditation. The members of the Five Tribes, on the other hand, began to scream in pain.

Almost immediately, more than three hundred members of the Five Tribes began to tremble. Blood oozed from their eyes, nose, and mouth as something like an invisible fire raged in their bodies, withering them up. It took only a moment for their life force to be extinguished, and their bodies transformed into desiccated corpses. In the last moment before death, they let out tragic, blood-curdling shrieks.

After that, more and more of the Tribe members began to scream and die. It was a massacre. No enemy made a single attack, and yet the ruthlessness of scene exceeded the previous fighting by a hundredfold.

The members of the Five Tribes within the shield looked out at their fellow Tribesmen dying, and could only tremble. Their eyes turned bloodshot, and they howled in anguish. Unfortunately... they could not charge out to provide aid.

As soon as they left the shield, they too would die. Not only would they be incapable of helping their fellow Tribe members, but they would be charging to their death!

The Grand Elder of the Crow Scout Tribe was shaking, and he coughed up blood as his body withered up. Even Nascent Soul Cultivators were incapable of evading. In front of him, he saw a shapeless form, laughing ruthlessly as it sucked away his life force and consumed it.

As the members of the Five Tribes died, the black light emanating out from Zhao Youlan's wooden box grew even more intense. It seemed that after consuming enough blood, it was turning violet.

Everything was going according to Zhao Youlan's plan. The slaughtering, the attack on the shield, all of it had been a ruse to draw out the powerful experts. Once they were out of the shield... she would exterminate them with the Exotic Heartdevil Flower.

At the moment, Zhao Youlan's face was pale as she held aloft the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. A strange look appeared on her face as she spit out a mouthful of blood. As the blood flew out, it transformed into strands of Blood Qi, which spread out toward all of the Spider Branch Cultivators who sat cross-legged meditating on the battlefield.

"Nascent Soul seniors," said Zhao Youlan softly, "I cannot exempt you from the effects of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. However, all other ordinary Cultivators, my mouthful of Heartdevil Blood can temporarily allow you to move about freely."

With the exception of the Nascent Soul Cultivators, all of the other Tribe members whom the Blood Qi entered suddenly shook. They opened their eyes, and the lucidity therein instantly transformed into savagery. They leaped up roaring, and began to slaughter the surrounding Five Tribes members, who were now powerless to fight back.

Now the true massacre had begun.

Mournful cries instantly could be heard from within the shield.

"NOOO!!"

“Five Poisons Tribe, you are now the arch nemesis of the Crow Divinity Tribe! We two cannot exist under the same sky!!”

The surviving Five Tribes members within the shield were trembling, and their eyes were bloodshot as they felt their hearts tearing apart. They could do nothing but watch on helplessly as the Tribe members outside the shield were being slaughtered. The tearing pain within them caused their voices to be filled with indescribable grief.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of Five Tribes Cultivators were viciously cut down by the Spider Branch. As for Meng Hao, he immediately attracted the attention of the Spider Branch Cultivators. However, the vast quantity of neo-demons surrounding him caused them to hesitate.

It was at this moment that the three Dragoners opened their eyes from meditation. When they saw Meng Hao’s current position, they went wild with joy and immediately sent forth all of their neo-demon hordes to slaughter his.

It was in this fashion that the cruel Spider Branch Cultivators descended upon Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was sitting there meditating, his eyes closed tightly and his body trembling.

His thirty thousand neo-demons were situated around him on the battlefield. All of them began to roar. The Exotic Heartdevil Flower had little effect on them. Therefore, they immediately began to fight back against the enemy Cultivators and neo-demons.

Instantly, booming sounds filled the air, although Meng Hao was incapable of paying any attention to it. At the moment, his body was shaking as the Resurrection Lily unleashed all of its power against him in its attempt to take over his body. In return, Meng Hao was using all the strength he could muster to suppress it.

The inward struggle raged on. By this point, eighty to ninety percent of the Five Tribes Cultivators had been massacred. Blood soaked the ground, which was littered with corpses. The reek of blood rose up into the sky. The Five Tribes within the shield felt their hatred for the Five Poisons Tribe growing to an indescribable level.

It was at this point that the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather coughed up a mouthful of blood. He laughed bitterly as his body withered up. Facing up against an Exotic Heartdevil Flower without

making advanced preparations, even Nascent Soul Cultivators would find it difficult to resist it. They wouldn't even be able to self-detonate. They could only stand there and be consumed by the flower.

In the moment before he died, the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather bit the tip of his tongue. A green light began to shine out from all of the totems on his body. Fatally damaging his own body and spirit, he sent some of his life force shooting back toward the Crow Scout Tribe Priest.

"We can't... all perish here!" cried the Greatfather. He continued to laugh bitterly as his body withered up completely. He was unable to extricate himself, but what he was able to do was impart some of his boundless life force to his fellow Tribe member. The stream of life force entered the person behind him. Unfortunately, he was not able to extricate himself from the power of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower either. Merging his own life force with that of the Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather, he sent it out to the next person. And so it went on....

The Crow Flame Greatfather, Priest and Grand Elder and other Nascent Soul Cultivators outside of the shield all perished, more than ten in total.

They died laughing bitterly, and hearts filled with rancor. Before withering away in death, the last person in line took all of the combined life force and passed it on to the most powerful expert of the Five Tribes, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather.

The life force fused into the body of the gray-haired Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, who was currently fighting back against the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. It was a final gift from his fellow Tribesmen upon their death. Within the life force was also their combined hatred of the Five Poisons Tribe. It combined together to form one word.

"REVENGE!!"

The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather lifted his head to the sky and roared. His eyes were completely bloodshot, but at this moment, the power of restoration flowed through him. He shook off the glow of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower. Coughing up a mouthful of blood, he unhesitatingly fell back at top speed. Even as the power of the flower once again attempted to envelop him, he shot back through the shield, and then immediately sat down cross-legged to heal himself. His expression was one of extreme malevolence, but in fact, his heart felt as if it were breaking.

Beneath the dim light cast out by the Exotic Heartdevil Flower, all of the Five Tribes members had perished except for Meng Hao. The tragic turn of events caused the hearts of the Tribe members

inside the shield to fill with thoughts of despair. The shadow of genocide loomed over them, and they began to weep.

As of now, the Five Tribes only had seven Nascent Soul Cultivators left inside the shield. They immediately went to stand guard around the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather. They said nothing, but within their bitterness, hatred boiled up into the sky. The Crow Gloom Tribe Priest laughed woefully and then muttered to himself, "Defeated... thoroughly defeated..."

Back outside the shield, Zhao Youlan opened her eyes and looked out at the blood-soaked, corpse-filled battlefield. When she saw that the Crow Soldier Greatfather had escaped with his life, she let out a soft sigh. A sliver of pity appeared in her eyes, but she quickly shook her head and it disappeared. Then her phoenix-like eyes fell upon Meng Hao, who was still sitting cross-legged in meditation.

"Spider Branch Cultivators, hold nothing back! Cooperate with our three esteemed Dragoneers to slaughter the Five Tribes' Dragoneer!"

In response to her words, the more than three thousand Spider Branch Cultivators shot toward Meng Hao. As for the Grand Elders and High Priest, they simply sat there with legs crossed. Considering their status, they completely ignored Meng Hao, and instead looked with glittering eyes at the Five Tribes' protective shield.

"Seniors," said Zhao Youlan in her soft voice, "please exert full power to destroy the shield. We will allow the glow of the Exotic Heartdevil Flower to shine inside, whereupon today's battle shall be concluded. The Spider Branch has suffered few losses, and secured victory. My trial by fire is over, and the Tribe can be notified."

Booms filled the air as the powerful experts of the Spider Branch, including the High Priest, levelled attacks against the shield. Meng Hao's neo-demons fought fiercely against the three Dragoneers and the rest of the three thousand Cultivators who surrounded them.

The injuries they were sustaining grew more severe, and the tide was turning against them. Without Meng Hao and his Demonic Qi, their battle prowess was significantly lessened.

The Five Tribes' shield was rumbling and showing signs of breaking. At this point, Big Hairy let out a sad howl and coughed up some blood.

Just when it seemed everything was going to go wrong, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly opened. They were completely bloodshot and radiated intense killing intent. Despite the Resurrection Lily's fierce struggles, Meng Hao had once again managed to suppress it.