

The Heavens 501

Chapter 501: I'll Escort You 500 Kilometers, Sir

Zhou Dekun looked up and then frowned. "It's getting dark, Meng Hao.... Enough chit-chat. You've gotten yourself into some big trouble here. The great Cloud Sky Tribe dispatched their Battle Tribe to wipe you out because of the incident with the Five Poisons Tribe that year, and also your Demon Spirit."

When he heard the words "great Cloud Sky Tribe," it caused a cold glow to suddenly appear in Meng Hao's eyes. He said nothing.

"Thankfully, I happen to be the leader of this group, so you don't have to worry. I won't let anything happen to my Junior Brother." He slapped his chest vigorously. Zhou Dekun was not young, but because of the twists and turns of life, he had lived quite comfortably, and actually looked much younger than he was.

"How many concubines do you have now?" laughed Meng Hao.

"Not many, not many. Last month I accepted an eighth." Zhou Dekun's face glowed a healthy red color and he coughed dryly. "There's no need to talk about that, though. Look, Junior Brother. The two of us are going to put on a little act...." He lowered his head and began to explain things to Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes went wide, and he put on a forced smile.

"Is that... really a good idea?" he said, hesitating.

"Don't worry about it! You listen to your Elder Brother!" Zhou Dekun looked very serious, so Meng Hao could do nothing but mutter and nod his head.

A few moments later....

"So, it turns out that you are the Crow Divinity Tribe, who crushed over a thousand Tribes to rise to prominence! You are the most powerful force in the Western Desert North, a force that strikes fear into the hearts of even great Tribes!

“My heart holds nothing but admiration for you! If we battle each other, there will surely be deaths and injuries. I, Zhou Dekun do not like to see blood. Also, the De 德 character in my name means ‘virtue.’ Therefore, I will use virtue to make you surrender!

“I will give you ten years, during which time I, Zhou Dekun, will use virtue to make you surrender!” Zhou Dekun’s shouting echoed out in all directions to be heard by both Tribes. The Crow Divinity Tribe reacted better than the Battle Tribe, who all stared in shock.

Although they didn’t know Zhou Dekun very well, they were members of a great Tribe, and had heard many stories. No matter which way you looked at him, he did not seem to be the type of person who won others over with virtue.

The Battle Tribe’s Greatfather and High Priest had eyes wider than anyone. They were completely stupefied, and had no clue what Zhou Dekun was trying to accomplish.

After flying down from their position up above, Zhou Dekun and Meng Hao separated. Meng Hao suppressed the awkwardness he felt inside to clasp hands and bow to Zhou Dekun.

“So, it turns out that you are from the great Cloud Sky Tribe, the illustrious Grandmaster Zhou Dekun, invincible in the Dao of alchemy and possessor of eight concubines. I truly admire you, sir. Very well, I accept your wager. I will give you ten years to try to use virtue to make me surrender.” The more he spoke, the more awkward Meng Hao felt. Coughing dryly, he headed back to his airship.

The words he had just spoken caused the eyes of the Crow Divinity Tribe members to widen. It felt very strange to hear such words coming out of the mouth of their totemic Sacred Ancient. To them, their Sacred Ancient was someone who could kill without batting an eyelid. How could he possibly say something like he just had?

“Excellent!” cried Zhou Dekun vigorously as he stepped back onto the black sword. He flicked his sleeve and continued in a determined voice: “Unfortunately, there must be a clear winner and loser between the two of us. If it weren’t for that, we could drink and chat merrily, and would surely become friends for life....” His emotional expression made it seem that he truly felt it to be a pity.

“I truly admire you,” he continued loftily. “It turns out you want to see exactly how I plan to win you over with virtue. Very well, please proceed on your way. Three days from now, I’ll catch up with you. This is my promise, and my first step in the process of using virtue to make you surrender.” Next to him, the faces of the Greatfather and High Priest instantly flickered.

“Grandmaster Zhou, we can’t do that. If we let them go, who knows where we will have to go to find them!?”

“Are you trying to prevent me from using virtue to make them surrender!?” said Zhou Dekun, glaring.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and looked at Zhou Dekun with a strange expression. He recalled the lines Zhou Dekun had give him to speak, but after thinking about them, he just couldn’t make himself say them. He cleared his throat again and then said nothing more. The Crow Divinity’s airship immediately shot off into the distance.

“Grandmaster Zhou!!” cried the Battle Tribe Greatfather anxiously. As the Crow Divinity Tribe flew off, Zhou Dekun’s expression was one of loftiness. The Greatfather had no choice but to stand there and refuse to allow the Battle Tribe to pursue.

“You need to have faith in the great Cloud Sky Tribe. We WILL use virtue to make them surrender!” Zhou Dekun was sighing inwardly. He had prepared even more words for himself to say in response to Meng Hao just now.

“But the mission we accepted was to destroy the Tribe....” said the High Priest furiously.

“Could it be that you have no faith in the great Cloud Sky Tribe?” replied Zhou Dekun solemnly. “Or is it me you have no faith in? Hmm?” Regardless be it in terms of status or position, he was much higher than anyone present, and also the general of this force. Were the Greatfather to take unilateral action, Zhou Dekun could report him, and then the entire Tribe would be in trouble.

Zhou Dekun’s simple response caused the Battle Tribe Greatfather and High Priest to say nothing further. That was how three days of time was bought.

Three days later, the black swords once again whistled through the air.

A few days later, the three black swords were shooting at top speed toward Meng Hao. Zhou Dekun roared out: “So, we meet again! Crow Divinity Tribe, do you surrender or not?”

Killing intent instantly boiled out from the Crow Divinity Tribe. Clearly they felt the battle would begin at any moment.

The Battle Tribe was the same. They suppressed their irritation at the situation, and allowed their killing intent to roar up to the sky.

Meng Hao smiled wryly. He took a deep breath and then responded the way Zhou Dekun had indicted he should.

“We don’t surrender....”

“Hahaha! I guessed you wouldn’t. If you had, I would have assumed something fishy was going on. Very well. This time I’ll give you seven days before I start chasing you again. This is how you use virtue to get someone to surrender!” In response to Zhou Dekun’s lofty words, Meng Hao turned around with a wry smile. The airship once again shot off into the distance.

The Greatfather and the High Priest were enraged. There were even some Battle Tribe members who howled and charged forward to block the way of the Crow Divinity Tribe.

“Hold your hands!” roared Zhou Dekun. “Are you really planning to rebel against the Tribe!?”

Zhou Dekun’s shocking roar caused the Battle Tribe members to instantly stop in place. The eyes of the Greatfather and the High Priest were bloodshot as they turned back to glare at Zhou Dekun.

Zhou Dekun gave a cold snort and then set his chin. His expression said, “What do you think you can do to me?” He slowly pulled open his robe to reveal the command medallion of a Tribe Elder. After seeing it, the Greatfather and the High Priest could do nothing more than suppress their rage and lower their heads.

It was in this manner that three months slowly passed by.

“Do you surrender?!”

“You’re still not ready to surrender?”

“There’s no need to say it. I know that you won’t surrender. It doesn’t matter...”

During the three months, every time the Battle Tribe caught up, Zhou Dekun would come up with a vast array of excuses and reasons to let the Crow Divinity Tribe leave. Soon, the three black swords, despite being dispatched from a great Tribe, were beginning to run out of resources. Their speed was slowly being reduced to the point where soon, they wouldn’t be able to catch up with the Crow Divinity Tribe.

As the months went by, the Crow Divinity Tribe became used to the situation. Every time the Battle Tribe caught up, they would watch on curiously. By now, they could see that this old man named Zhou was actually a good person....

In fact, on one occasion, the Crow Divinity Tribe ended up being surrounded by another mid-sized Tribe. At the critical moment, the Battle Tribe appeared. Zhou Dekun roared and, using the pretext of using virtue to get the Crow Divinity Tribe to surrender, forced the Battle Tribe to attack. Finally, they were able to vent their recent frustrations on that mid-sized Tribe.

In the end, Zhou Dekun allowed the Crow Divinity Tribe to end the battle. Citing the desire to use virtue to make them surrender, he let the Crow Divinity Tribe take all the spoils of war. Their eyes gleaming with a strange light, they then made their ways off into the distance.

Another month passed. The Battle Tribe Greatfather and the High priest were no longer so upset. It wasn’t that Zhou Dekun wouldn’t let them fight. What he wouldn’t allow was a full-scale battle. Duels were permitted....

Therefore, during the following months, the two Tribes traveled almost one on top of the other. Occasionally, solitary Cultivators would fly out to engage to duels.

Each duel consisted of two fighters, no more....

Furthermore, as soon as the battle reached a critical, dangerous moment, Zhou Dekun would immediately end the fight....

As time passed, the Battle Tribe grew numb to the situation. They had long since figured out that Zhou Dekun and Meng Hao knew each other, and clearly, had a deep relationship. Even the Greatfather and the High Priest eventually gave tacit approval to the situation.

They knew that in terms of position and status, they were inferior to Zhou Dekun. Furthermore, he was the general. Therefore, all of the responsibility for the mission would naturally fall onto his shoulders.

Therefore, they gave up on their desire to exterminate the Crow Divinity Tribe. Whatever orders Zhou Dekun gave, they followed.

Eventually, it got to the point that Zhou Dekun and Meng Hao felt no need for any pretense. They would often set up a table in mid-air to chat and drink together. Slowly but surely, the members of the two Tribes came to acknowledge each other.

Soon, they even came to exist in harmony with each other....

What caused the Greatfather and the High Priest to be even more speechless was the fact that over the months of interaction, there were even members of both Tribes who ended up becoming friends. There would often be visitors from either Tribe who dropped by the other to exchange views regarding cultivation. The Greatfather and High Priest could only smile wryly.

After all, both of these Tribes possessed strong killing intent. They had experienced countless battles, and therefore took each other very seriously. They were worthy adversaries, and on top of that, in addition to being veterans of many battles, they were all Cultivators. To be able to experience half a year of peace and calm like this was very rare.

Everything was harmonious....

Whenever they met enemies, there was no need for Zhou Dekun to say anything. Instantly, the Battle Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe would join forces to go into battle. The Greatfather and High Priest knew that their mission was a failure, so they did their best to ingratiate themselves with Zhou Dekun. That way, they might be able to build up more good will with the Main Tribe.

It was in this way that time went by. The Battle Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe put on a strange show with their close interaction and occasional pretense of fighting. By now, the Crow Divinity Tribe had passed through most of the Western Desert Central region, and were approaching the border of the South region....

One day, a succession of three jade slips arrived to the Battle Tribe. They contained wrathful messages from the Cloud Sky Main Tribe demanding an explanation and ordering the Battle Tribe and Zhou Dekun to return immediately.

The mission to destroy the Crow Divinity Tribe was now given to another auxiliary Tribe. Zhou Dekun sighed. He knew that he would not be able to escort Meng Hao any further than this.

Chapter 502: Flying Locust Tribe

When it came time to leave, it wasn't just Meng Hao and Zhou Dekun who were reluctant to part. The members of the two Tribes stared at each other silently. Neither harbored any further desire to fight each other anymore. Instead, they respected and appreciated each other.

As far as the Battle Tribe went, they were in somewhat of a better situation. They knew that soon, the Crow Divinity Tribe would be facing up against another auxiliary branch of the great Cloud Sky Tribe, and after that, the fearsome South region.

Each and every one of the Tribes who managed to slaughter their way into the South from the East, West, North and Central regions, were incredibly valiant. The ones that did not have Demon Spirits roamed the area near the Black Lands, hoping for other Tribes to arrive that did. It was just like the saying, "waiting by the tree stump, waiting for more rabbits to come and dash themselves against it."

That was the only hope for survival for such Tribes.

The Greatfather of the Battle Tribe had recently gotten to know the two late Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribe. Now that the time had come to part, he sighed emotionally in his heart.

No one could possibly have predicted that these two Tribes would form such a strange relationship over the course of half a year.

The members of the Battle Tribe clasped hands. "Take care!"

The members of the Crow Divinity Tribe clasped hands and bowed in response.

Zhou Dekun was quiet for a moment as he looked at Meng Hao. Finally, he sighed. "Junior Brother, if you ever make it back to the Southern Domain, please find Master and kowtow to him for me. The year he came to the Black Lands, he accepted me as an apprentice. He told me that my path is not in the Southern Domain, but out in the rest of the world...."

“I really want to go back to the Southern Domain. One day, if I don’t perish, then I, Zhou Dekun, will definitely return there, and return to the East Pill Division....

“Junior Brother, you must take care of yourself on your journey. I can only escort you to this point. In three days, the Flying Locust Tribe will arrive. Their mission is to exterminate you....

“Junior Brother, the time has come to part. I have nothing that I can offer to you as a gift except for this....” Eyes glittering, Zhou Dekun waved his right hand, causing 10,000 neo-demons to fly out from within his bag of holding. Each one possessed incredible Cultivation bases. They instantly flew out into the air, roaring, their auras clearly extraordinary.

“This is my personal neo-demon horde, although I can’t control them. In the Western Desert, neo-demons are valuable resources, so I will give them to you!” As soon as they appeared, they began to dissolve into chaos. Meng Hao glanced them over, and then caused Demonic Qi to emanate out from his body. The neo-demons instantly began to quiver as they looked over at Meng Hao. They roared, but they were no longer in a state of disturbance.

Zhou Dekun looked over at the Battle Tribe. “Battle Tribe Greatfather and High Priest, I will never forget the spirit of cooperation you have shown these days. I will take all responsibility for this mission.

“However, at the moment, I would like to ask you to lend me some neo-demons. When we get back to the Tribe, I will think of a way to repay you!”

Eight thousand Battle Tribe members stood there silently. Slowly, each and every one produced two or three neo-demons. In total, 20,000 were delivered over.

They had no Dragoneer, only personal neo-demons, each of which was not low level. The sight of the 20,000 neo-demons caused Meng Hao to be visibly moved. To any Western Desert Tribe, this represented a vast amount of wealth. Meng Hao looked at Zhou Dekun.

Zhou Dekun looked back. He took a deep breath and then began to speak in a tone that you would use with family, “There’s no need to refuse, Junior Brother. This is the only way I have to help you. Meng Hao... take care!” Deep warmth filled his heart. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Zhou Dekun gave Meng Hao a firm embrace.

“Take care....” Zhou Dekun turned and flicked his sleeve. The members of the Battle Tribe gave the Crow Divinity Tribe one last deep glance before the black swords whistled off into the distance to disappear over the horizon.

Now, only the Crow Divinity Tribe was left floating there in midair along with 30,000 neo-demons. Meng Hao watched Zhou Dekun leave. After a long moment passed, he took a deep breath and then turned. He slowly wiped the emotion from his face, causing it to once again become ice cold.

He waved his hand, sucking the 30,000 neo-demons into his bag of holding. During the past half year, he had lost 50,000 neo-demons, including ones that had been consumed as food. With this replenishment, his horde now numbered 150,000!

When a horde of 150,000 neo-demons spread out, it was enough to shake the entire Western Desert. Such a vast number exceeded that which even great Tribes like the Five Poisons Tribe would have. If Meng Hao had possessed a neo-demon horde this large, then in the battle that year with the Five Poisons Tribe, he would have completely crushed them!

In the vast lands of the Western Desert, only great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs could sustain such a large accumulation of neo-demons like this.

Despite that, there was no Dragoon who could possibly control 150,000 neo-demons at once. Even the legendary Grand Dragoons would not be able to do so.

Meng Hao, however, could control that and even more.

150,000 neo-demons didn't count for much as far as he was concerned. He wasn't using his Cultivation base to control them, but rather, Demonic Qi. He could control 150,000, or 300,000, even 500,000.

Right now, Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe had reached a point on their campaign trail in which they had completely risen to prominence from within the flames of battle. They could now thoroughly rock even great Tribes.

“We are more than halfway to our destination....” said Meng Hao. “Once we leave the Western Desert Central region, the only thing in front of us will be the Western Desert South region. Beyond that... are the Black Lands!” Meng Hao flicked his wide sleeve, and a gleam of determination appeared in the eyes of the Crow Divinity Tribe members. Their airship whistled into motion.

A rumbling sound could be heard as it transformed into a beam of colorful light.

Three days later, Meng Hao looked off into the far distance toward the area that was the border between the Western Desert Central and South regions. In recent days, the Western Desert North region had completely been turned into a sea. Of course, the East, West, and Central regions had no way to escape the disaster. The seawater flowed into those areas as well; the lakes were joining together and rising up.

No plains were visible. Mountainous valleys had long since been turned into underwater graves. The violet rain continued to pound down, inundating the land. The seawater grew deeper and deeper.... Everywhere was turning into a sea.

In some areas were places that resembled islands. However, the extermination of life force caused a thick aura of death to rise up everywhere. As for spiritual energy....

It was no longer extremely thin, but rather... not there.

The only hope lay in the South. The South region had the highest elevation, and was the only place that wasn't being run over with seawater. However, Meng Hao could only imagine how many Tribes must be gathered there. Although it might not be correct to say it was overrun, but probably close.

Now, though, the Crow Divinity Tribe were not the weaklings they had once been. They were fierce and intrepid. They were the type of Tribe that others took seriously, even feared.

"We're now on the final home stretch of our journey...." Meng Hao took a deep breath as the airship shot through the air. Even as they neared the border, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly glittered with killing intent. He turned back to look off into the sky.

A yellowish glow could be seen shooting toward them from off in the distance. Before it even got close, buzzing sounds could be heard echoing out. It was now possible to see that the yellow glow was actually made up for countless winged locusts. Each one was about the size of a hand, and they were extremely fierce in appearance. There were tens of thousands of them, seemingly enough to blot out the sky.

Scattered about among the locusts were more than seven thousand Cultivators. All of them had expressions of disdain on their faces as they shot with the locusts toward the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Among the seven thousand Cultivators were twelve old men with cold, arrogant expressions. One of them suddenly said, “We are the Flying Locust Tribe of the great Cloud Sky Tribe! Crow Divinity Tribe, hand over your Demon Spirit. We will give you the space of three breaths to convince us why we shouldn’t exterminate your entire Tribe!”

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, someone began to speak: “One, two....”

Before the third word could be uttered, the killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribe exploded out. At the same time, Meng Hao, his expression the same as ever, waved his right hand.

As he did, 10,000 and then 30,000 neo-demons appeared, roaring.

“Small Tribes are small Tribes,” said another of the twelve old men. “If you dare to attack the great Cloud Sky Tribe with a trifling horde of 30,000 neo-demons then....” Before he could finish speaking, his eyes went wide with disbelief.

That was because the neo-demons didn’t stop at 30,000. Instead, their numbers grew to... 40,000. 50,000. 60,000.

By the time 60,000 neo-demons appeared, half of the group of twelve old men had serious expressions on their faces. Nearly half of the Cultivators they led were also panting. They could tell that if they wished to win a great victory in the coming battle, they would have to pay a steep price.

The man who appeared to be the leader among the group of twelve old men had a calm expression as he coolly said, “60,000 neo-demons. It seems the Main Tribe underestimate this Crow Divinity Tribe. Even still, we....” Before he could finish speaking, the faces of all twelve men completely fell. Even the man who had just been speaking couldn’t stop from gasping and opening his eyes wide in disbelief.

70,000. 80,000. 90,000. 100,000!

The sight of 100,000 neo-demons caused Heaven and Earth to shake. Their roars filled the sky, causing the sky to dim and a strong wind to kick up. The more than seven thousand Cultivators’

faces went pale and filled with astonishment. Even the twelve old men were panting and could feel their hearts pounding in their chests.

“100,000 neo-demons.... They’re all level six and above. This... this....”

“They have a neo-demon horde of 100,000! Dammit! How do we fight that?!?!”

“This is impossible. Even a Grand Dragoner can’t control a 100,000 strong neo-demon horde. How can that guy pull this off?!?!”

Even as the members of the Flying Locust Tribe, including the Greatfather and Elders, panted in shock, their minds were then blown by the next thing that they saw. It was as if an invisible arrow had been shot directly into their brains. They were filled with shock and astonishment.

110,000. 120,000. 130,000.... Finally, all 150,000 neo-demons filled the sky. There is literally no way to describe the situation except with the expression “blot out the sky and cover up the earth.”

The members of the Flying Locust Tribe were struck completely speechless. They stared in shock, in stupefaction. A long moment passed before they began to breathe again.

The twelve Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Flying Locust Tribe felt their scalps going numb as feelings of despair washed over them. Moments ago, they felt as if they were far above anyone else. To them, exterminating this Tribe was a trivial matter. In the blink of an eye, they suddenly found that the fierceness of this opponent made the entire situation the opposite of what they had thought. The truly trivial matter was how easily their opponent could exterminate them. Instantly, the entire Flying Locust Tribe began to tremble in their boots.

The vast difference between the two Tribes made it so that the Flying Locust Tribe Members could not muster even an ounce of fighting spirit. Their faces were completely devoid of blood.

Meng Hao’s cold voice echoed out: “Flying Locust Tribe, I’ll give you the space of three breaths to convince me why I shouldn’t exterminate your entire Tribe!” The 150,000 neo-demons began to roar.

The roar transformed into sound waves that battered across the Flying Locust Tribe members. Their locusts let out plaintive howls and fell backward. The clothing of the Tribe members whipped about

under the force of the roar and they retreated back. Their minds reeled, and they felt as if they were being suffocated.

Chapter 503: Choices

The faces of the seven thousand members of the Flying Locust Tribe were pale white, and they were shaking in fear. They almost couldn't believe their eyes as they stared at the neo-demons blotting out the sky.

150,000 neo-demons. A force this powerful could sweep over any mid-sized Tribe. Even some great Tribes that lacked Spirit Severing Patriarchs would be routed by such a force.

No Tribe would willingly go into battle against such a fierce neo-demon horde. It didn't matter that they were one of the thirteen auxiliary Tribes of the great Cloud Sky Tribe, nor that they had more than seven thousand Cultivators and tens of thousands of locusts.

There was no deadly Karma that existed between them and the Crow Divinity Tribe. They said that they were here because of the Five Poisons Clan. But the Five Poisons Clan had been exterminated long ago. Even the Flying Locust Clan didn't quite approve of such logic.

Clearly, the great Cloud Sky Tribe had simply made up a reason to attack, all for the purpose of saving face. And obviously, it made sense to take the Demon Spirit while they were at it.

If the matter were truly important to them, they could dispatch a Spirit Severing Patriarch to finish the matter quickly.

"One, two, three!" said Meng Hao, his voice cool as he stared icily at the members of the Flying Locust Tribe. When he finished speaking, he lifted his hand and pointed at them. The 150,000 roaring neo-demons were just about to charge the petrified Flying Locust Tribe when one of the twelve Nascent Soul Cultivators suddenly cried out.

"Fellow Daoist from the Crow Divinity Tribe, please wait a moment!!" This was the Flying Locust Tribe Greatfather, the one in the lead position.

Meng Hao's hand stopped moving, and his eyes flashed with coldness.

“This is all just a misunderstanding,” said the Greatfather with a bitter smile. “Fellow Daoist from the Crow Divinity Tribe, please give just a moment. I’ll contact the Main Tribe and ask them to offer you an explanation. As for this battle... there’s no need to actually fight. What do you say, Fellow Daoist...?” He sighed inwardly. If he had known that this opponent possessed such a fearsome neo-demon horde, then no amount of persuasion would have convinced him to accept the mission.

“Don’t forget,” he continued, “you could attack and wipe out the Flying Locust Tribe. However, if one of the great Cloud Sky Tribe’s thirteen auxiliary tribes is destroyed, the enmity created... would never be wiped clean.” The Greatfather produced a jade slip and then rotated his Cultivation based, sending power into it.

Meng Hao didn’t interfere. In truth, Meng Hao was well aware that the best way to resolve the situation was to intimidate them, not engage in battle.

The Cloud Sky Tribe was a great Tribe after all, and had a Spirit Severing Patriarch. Meng Hao knew that, considering the level of his Cultivation base and the state of the Crow Divinity Tribe, even 150,000 neo-demons did not make him a match for the almighty Spirit Severing stage.

Not unless... the mastiff woke up!

Although signs had appeared recently that the mastiff would awaken, it was not fully awake.

Therefore, showing off some power to intimidate this opponent was the best choice. All actions taken by the Tribe would be decided based on the resulting cost or benefit. Meng Hao knew from Zhou Dekun that the great Cloud Sky Tribe wasn’t extremely interested in Demon Spirits. They could do with one or without.

As such, if they could acquire a Demon Spirit without paying too much of a price, they would. But after considering, if they found that acquiring one would come at a heavy price, according to Meng Hao’s analysis, they would most likely give up on the Demon Spirit.

After all, there was no true enmity between the two Tribes. Furthermore, the Apocalypse was reaching a critical juncture. Even great Tribes were in danger of being consumed by it; obviously they would not want to suffer damage for no good reason.

All of this was what gave Meng Hao his current confidence.

The jade slip that the Greatfather held suddenly began to glow with a green light. The light expanded out, quickly becoming blinding. Gradually, it began to form into the shape of an illusory figure.

The Greatfather and High Priest of the Flying Locust Tribe, along with all the other Tribe members, immediately dropped to their knees in worship.

“We offer respectful greetings, exalted Emissary!”

As their voices echoed out, the green light congealed together. Suddenly, a man appeared. He appeared to be a bit over thirty, with handsome features and long, thin eyes that glowed with coldness. Although his body was illusory, his Cultivation base still rippled out with fearsome power that enveloped everything in the area.

His body glittered with a green light as he looked over Meng Hao and the 150,000 neo-demons. His pupils constricted, after which he then looked at the Crow Divinity Tribe members. He could sense their killing intent, and was clearly surprised.

A neo-demon horde like this left him shocked, and a Tribe like the Crow Divinity Tribe truly left him with the feeling that he was looking at a Battle Tribe.

Finally, his gaze came to rest on Meng Hao, and his eyes narrowed.

“Eccentric Bloodface!” he said slowly, using the title that people in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins had given him.

Actually, the rise of the Crow Divinity Tribe had not gone unnoticed in recent years. Of course, during that process, with more and more people paying attention, how could Meng Hao’s identity not have been revealed? After all, a blood-colored mask was something quite unique.

Of course, the origin of Meng Hao’s Demon Spirit had also been uncovered.

“It’s too bad that during the last appearance of the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, I, Zhao, was in secluded meditation. Therefore, I didn’t go. However, I heard of the matter afterward from Xu Bai of the great Black Dragon Tribe and Chen Mo of the great Demon Talisman Tribe. They were never

able to forget the fact that you were able to snatch that Demon Spirit away, leaving them capable of only gnashing their teeth.”

Meng Hao’s expression was cold as he looked at the illusory image of the green-robed man. He said nothing. However, the coldness in his eyes seemed to grow deeper.

“You may choose to exterminate this Flying Lotus Tribe that you see in front of you,” continued the man slowly. “However, the price you will pay is that the Cloud Sky Tribe will employ all of its forces to completely wipe you clean off the map.

“On the other hand, you could chose to come over and pledge allegiance to us, thus becoming an auxiliary branch of the great Cloud Sky Tribe. You have two paths to chose from. I await your response.” The man looked over, smiling.

The killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribes grew even more apparent. They stood there silently, as did Meng Hao. When it came to the two options presented to them by the great Cloud Sky Tribe, the only one which allowed them to continued to exist involved surrendering.

As one could imagine, if they surrendered and pledged allegiance, then it would secure them a spot in the Black Lands, as well as safe passage there. However, what they would lose, would be freedom. For generations to come, there would be no freedom.

Meng Hao did not have the right to make such a decision. He looked over his shoulder to look at the ten thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribe. There were less than a thousand who were original Cultivators of the five Crow Divinity Tribes. Wu Chen was there, as well as Wu Ling. They had experienced the fires of war, and had long since grown up.

As for all the other new members of the Tribe, on this long road of war, they had come to rely on the Crow Divinity Tribe. At first, it seemed as if they had lost their freedom; in truth, they had long since become an integral part of the Tribe.

Meng Hao’s gaze swept over them. What he saw was reticence. It was a reticence filled with pride. It said, “I would rather die than live without my freedom.”

That was their decision.

The 150,000 neo-beasts let out agitated howls as they hovered there, filling the sky. Their eyes glowed with the thirst for blood.

Meng Hao looked back at the green-robed man. When he spoke, his voice echoed out in all directions.

“The Crow Divinity Tribe will not choose to become an auxiliary Tribe.... If the Cloud Sky Tribe wishes to fight, then the Crow Divinity Tribe will fight!” As he spoke, the killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribe exploded up.

All the members of the Flying Locust Tribe began to pant nervously, their faces pale. In terms of strength, they really did not measure up, which meant that they were in a hopeless situation. The green-robed man’s eyes narrowed. He looked at Meng Hao for a long moment before suddenly laughing.

“My intentions were good in making my offer,” he said. “However, if you and the Crow Divinity Tribe do not wish to become an auxiliary Tribe, Fellow Daoist, then let’s just drop the matter. It seems there really have been too many misunderstandings here. Fellow Daoist, I wish you and the Crow Divinity Tribe good fortune. Please be on your way to the Black Lands.” The green-robed man smiled once again, and then slowly vanished. After seeing the Crow Divinity Tribe and the 150,000 neo-demons, he knew that a war with them... was not something that the great Cloud Sky Tribe would pursue.

The power of the Crow Divinity Tribe had grown to the point where it now truly was qualified to possess a Demon Spirit. The great Cloud Sky Tribe was not willing to pay such a heavy price only for a Demon Spirit. The end result would be that the great Cloud Sky Tribe would lose multiple auxiliary Tribes. Even many members of the Main Tribe would also surely perish.

Recently, there had been many strange developments in the Black Lands. Everything seemed peaceful, but in fact, there were a lot of secret struggles going on. The great Cloud Sky Tribe couldn’t afford too many losses at this point. In fact, the Spirit Severing Patriarchs currently in the Black Lands couldn’t afford to step foot back out into the Western Desert. If they did, with the spiritual energy cut off, there was a high likelihood they could encounter other hostile Spirit Severing experts from great Tribes, which would result in deadly slaughter.

In such a time of momentous change, caution and prudence were the foundation of a great Tribe’s ability to survive and thrive.

The Flying Locust Tribe Greatfather was finally able to let out a sigh of relief. He suddenly had a much better understanding of why the Battle Tribe hadn't been willing to go fight earlier. In his opinion, opting not to fight was definitely the sensible choice. Anyone who ran into a Tribe as fearsome as the Crow Divinity Tribe would surely feel their scalp go numb immediately.

He looked at Meng Hao, clasped hands and bowed. Then, he retreated at top speed, taking his seven thousand Tribe Members and tens of thousands of locusts with him. They transformed into a yellow cloud that shot off into the distance. In a short moment, there was no trace of them at all.

Meng Hao waved his hand, not to collect the neo-demons, but rather, causing them to fly in formation around the airship. The airship then began to speed through the air, accompanied by 150,000 neo-demons as it headed forward. Finally, it shot out from the Western Desert Central region into...

The Western Desert South region!

From this point, it was only half a year to the Black Lands.

As the Black Lands grew nearer and nearer, Meng Hao's eyes began to grow brighter and brighter. The members of the Crow Divinity Tribe were filled with excitement and anticipation, and their killing intent even more intimidating.

Each and every member knew that the difficulty of this last leg of the journey would vastly exceed anything from before.

Right now, the Crow Divinity Tribe was completely different than it had been before; it had completely risen to prominence. This Tribe could cow great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs. It could sweep over mid-sized Tribes. As for great Tribes that had no Spirit Severing Patriarch, if they dared to block their path, then the Crow Divinity Tribe would fight!

They would not shrink back. They continued ever forward, their killing intent shocking. They were like a sharp, unsheathed sword. 150,000 neo-demons roared and howled, shaking everything around them, like a Heavenly sea of beasts. Standing atop their battleship, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe proceeded onward, ready to brave any wind or waves that battered against them.

Chapter 504: South Cleaving Pass

Three months had passed.

They were now deep into the Western Desert South region. Originally, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe had assumed that they would experience an unprecedented campaign of constant battles. During the three months though, they only saw a few dozen Tribes. Two of them were great Tribes with no Spirit Severing Patriarch.

However... not a single battle resulted.

The reason for this was that the sight of Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe was simply too fierce. Their savagery had reached the point that when people saw them, they gasped. It didn't matter that the Crow Divinity Tribe had a Demon Spirit, no one dared to recklessly attack them.

The tribe numbered over ten thousand, with killing intent that reached to the Heavens. They had experienced a baptism in the fires of war; each and every member seemed equivalent to the elite experts of great Tribes. It was enough to intimidate anyone who looked at them. That was not even to mention... the 150,000 neo-demons. The sight of them was enough... to cause anyone to go numb, to send their mind spinning and their hearts to fill with astonishment.

Such an enormous neo-demon horde was large enough to trample any Tribe in the area. It was huge enough to determine whether or not a Tribe lived or died. Such power was something that no other Tribe would dare attack.

Because of all the battles, the name of the Crow Divinity Tribe had long since spread throughout the land. As of now, they were completely famous in all the Western Desert.

Virtually all Tribes knew of this group that had started out only one thousand strong. It had emerged from the Western Desert North region and traveled a path of war, slaughtering countless other Tribes. They fought for years, winning again and again, growing stronger and stronger. Now, they had reached a terrifying level of power.

Such fame and influence made it so that after the Crow Divinity Tribe reached the Western Desert South region, no one dared to even get in their way during the entire three months!

In fact, many Western Desert Cultivators now viewed the most powerful Tribes without Spirit Severing Cultivators to be the Crow Divinity Tribe, the Black Dragon Tribe and the Heavenly Wind Tribe.

Coincidentally, it was well known that all three of these Tribes possessed Demon Spirits.

One was from the East, one was from the West, and one was from the North. These three shocking Tribes had slaughtered their way out from three different directions.

The Crow Divinity's fame was astonishing, and their rise to prominence was already a legend!

As for the Black Dragon Tribe, years ago, they actually did have a Spirit Severing Patriarch. Unfortunately, his longevity had reached its end, and he was barely able to force himself to remain among the living. When the violet rain came with its power to exterminate life force and cut of spiritual energy, this previously all-powerful figure, a Spirit Severing expert, passed away and returned to the dust.

His death caused the Black Dragon Tribe to lose their qualification to enter the Black Lands. Despite that, they were still able to snatch a Demon Spirit. Now, they once again were the focus of attention.

When it came to the Heavenly Wind Tribe, they were a mysterious lot. They came from the east, and little information was known about their campaign of battles. It wasn't until they managed to snatch a Demon Spirit up that they suddenly rose to prominence.

Currently, these three great Tribes were generally acknowledged to be the most powerful.

During the three months of travel, nothing shocking happened, and they didn't stop to rest. Right now, they stood atop their airship, finally having arrived at a shocking stretch of mountains which rose up in front of them.

This mountain range stretched out as far as the eye could see in both directions. Lightning fell from up above down onto the mountain in constant waves, sending crashing booms out in all directions. It made the entire thing seem like the wall of a prison, completely sealed tight.

This was the location of South Cleaving Pass!

These mountains split the entire Western Desert South region into two parts. One part was considered completely part of the Western Desert. The other part was adjacent to the Black Lands. As such, you could not get to the Black Lands without going through this pass.

The fact that this mountain range swept across the land in both directions this way was because it was not a naturally occurring mountain range. Tens of thousands of years ago, when Southern Domain Cultivators made counter incursions into the Western Desert, they slaughtered their way to this point. It was then that all the Tribes of the Western Desert, and all of their powerful experts, spent several hundred years to raise up this mountain range.

It contained ancient spell formations that caused the lightning to exist permanently. In fact, what appeared to be lightning, was really a collection of countless sealing spells created by divine abilities and magical techniques. This place completely sealed off the rest of the continent; it was a door that, once shut, was impossible to break through.

Because of that, the great army of the Southern Domain was stopped outside, and eventually choose to leave.

This pass which led to the Black Lands became famous, and was kept in place after its initial creation. There was only one way in and out, and in that key spot, an enormous city was built.

That city was named South Cleaving City.

Any Tribe or group who wished to step foot into the Black Lands would have to pass through this city. Therefore, it became a very strategic point, and was naturally under heavy guard.

Currently, it was guarded by a great Tribe of the Western Desert, the Sea Demon Tribe. [1]

This great Tribe had no Spirit Severing Patriarch, but in terms of overall power, they were intrepid and valiant. Because they were in the South all along, they had experienced few losses. Furthermore, they occupied the city, which enabled them to grow only more and more powerful.

During the years in which it occupied the city, the great Sea Demon Tribe had eventually made a rule. That rule was that any Tribe who wished to travel through the pass had to pay them one half of all their resources, including Spirit Stones and neo-demons.

Only in this way would they be permitted to travel through.

Any Tribes who were inferior to the Sea Demon Tribe and chose not to travel through the pass, would camp in the area in the hope that the higher elevation in the area would prevent the seawater from spreading to them.

Any Tribes who chose to travel through the pass could only patiently bear the exploitation of the Sea Demon Tribe.

As for Tribes who were powerful enough to threaten the great Sea Demon Tribe, the only thing they could do was begrudgingly pay the price. They knew that in front of them was the Sea Demon Tribe, and behind them were powerful bandit Tribes who were encamped in the area.

Only someone incredibly stupid or egotistical would dare not to pay the price.

According to the rumors, behind the great Sea Demon Tribe lurked the shadow of one of the three leaders of the Heavenly Court Alliance, the great Heavenly Pursuit Tribe.

On this particular day, the Crow Divinity's battleship shot through the air, parting the clouds as it entered South Cleaving Pass. They were accompanied by 150,000 neo-demons. Below, many of the scattered Tribes camped at the bottom of the pass looked up with shock as the Crow Divinity Tribe approached.

Tens of thousands of Cultivators were camped out down below, all of them from various different Tribes. As they looked up, discussions instantly broke out.

"That's the Crow Divinity Tribe...."

"That guy in the front must be Eccentric Bloodface. According to the legends, he's vicious and merciless. He's not even a Cultivator! He was incarnated from a neo-demon, the totemic Sacred Ancient of the Crow Divinity Tribe!"

"Three months ago, when the Heavenly Wind Tribe faced up against the Sea Demon Tribe, they had no choice but to give up half of their valuables in order to be able to travel through. I wonder what the Crow Divinity Tribe will chose to do?"

Meanwhile, within South Cleaving City, the members of the great Sea Demon Tribe were looking out with expressions of scorn and disdain as they pointed toward the Crow Divinity Tribe. The

Elders of the Tribe looked out coldly from their position on the city wall, contempt clearly written on their faces.

As for the Greatfather and the High Priest, they didn't even appear. To them, the Crow Divinity wasn't worthy of their presence.

"Halt!" As the Crow Divinity Tribe neared, one Sea Demon Tribe Elder appeared, an early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator. His expression was one of haughtiness, as if everything he saw was beneath him. The sight of 150,000 neo-demons shocked him, but he didn't lose any of his lofty pride.

As his voice echoed out, the Crow Divinity Tribe's airship came to a stop. Meng Hao stood on the prow, looking at South Cleaving Pass with a frown.

"If you wish to travel through the pass," said the Elder coolly, "produce all of your valuables. After a thorough check, we will take half as payment. Then you may travel through the pass. The same goes for your neo-demon horde." As his voice rang out, the Cultivators from all the other Tribes grew silent. Their eyes glowed brightly as they looked at the Crow Divinity Tribes.

Of course, they didn't dare to tangle with the Crow Divinity Tribe. However, if the neo-demon horde of the Crow Divinity Tribe were reduced by half, effectively diminishing their power by a huge amount, then... they might have the guts to attack.

It was not a minority who thought in this way. A black cloud formed on the other side of the pass as three Tribes appeared, each one numbering over 10,000, with tens of thousands of neo-demons. Their desire to slaughter was quite evident as they hovered about in the air near South Cleaving City. They looked like rapacious plunderers, just waiting for a Tribe to emerge from the pass. Their gazes locked onto the Crow Divinity Tribe, the greed in their eyes growing more and more intense.

Meng Hao saw them, and his frown deepened. The coldness in his eyes grew sharper. As for the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, they stood there silently, their killing intent spreading out.

On the other side of the pass, the Greatfathers of the three bandit Tribes exchanged glances and then looked at Meng Hao with cold, mocking smiles.

"After all these months, we finally hooked a big fish...."

“That’s right. Three months ago, some of the other Tribes tried to rob the Heavenly Wind Tribe. Although they let them go in the end, they still managed to snatch up some good loot.”

“The richer they are, the more powerful they are. Even if they don’t have Demon Spirits, that doesn’t mean they can’t get a chance to enter the Black Lands.... Although, in this case, the Crow Divinity Tribe actually does have a Demon Spirit.” The Priests and Elders of these tribes were now panting, and their eyes shone with a bloodthirsty glow.

They were confident that the Crow Divinity Tribe would not dare to defy the rules of South Cleaving Pass. After all, according to the stories, the Heavenly Court Alliance itself supported the arrangement.

“The Crow Divinity Tribe has a Demon Spirit. They’ll definitely travel through the pass... and sooner rather than later. After all, even more bandit Tribes are gathering behind them.”

“When they emerge from the pass, they will have lost half of their resources and neo-demons. Faced up against three bandit Tribes, the fighting will be fierce. However, they are flanked by even more bandit Tribes, so the result would be the same. I wonder what they’ll choose?”

The Tribes within the pass who had no option of traveling through to the other side, or perhaps were hesitating about whether to do so, could see the black cloud on the other side, and the three Tribes radiating killing intent. This caused their faces to flicker, and their minds to fill with a droning sound.

The entire Crow Divinity Tribe was silent, including Meng Hao. Up above on the walls of South Cleaving City, the members of the Sea Demon Tribe were all chatting and laughing as they looked contemptuously out at the scene playing out within the pass.

The solitary Sea Demon Tribe Elder was beginning to look impatient. His voice cold, he said, “You’re the Crow Divinity Tribe, right? If you’re not going to go through the pass, then screw off this instant!”

Meng Hao slowly lifted his head. When he spoke, it was calm, although the sound of his voice was like thunder. It echoed about, creating massive sound waves. “Would you pipe down?”

Sea Demon could also be translated “siren”

Chapter 505: Do You Dare to Attack?!

As soon as his voice echoed out into the ears of the Crow Divinity Tribe, the heads of the more than ten thousand Tribe members all suddenly snapped up. Their eyes radiated killing intent. Meng Hao's gaze was icy cold as his hand stretched out. Suddenly, a long, black spear appeared in his hand.

This was the spear given to him by Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, refined from the Devil Construct, and filled with ten percent of its power... the Devil Spear!

As soon as the spear appeared, the clouds in the area began to roil, and shocking killing intent appeared.

The response of the Crow Divinity Tribe, and the appearance of Meng Hao's Devil Spear, instantly attracted the attention of the three great Tribes on the other side of the pass. Smiles appeared on their faces as they looked at Meng Hao. Although they hoped the Crow Divinity Tribe would fight with the Sea Demon Tribe, deep inside, they felt this to be impossible. The Crow Divinity Tribe would only dare to attack... if they were crazy.

Their smiles were noticed by the tens of thousands of Cultivators inside of the pass. In this moment when anything could happen, those tens of thousands of people instantly began to discuss the matter anxiously.

“Those Tribes on the other side of the pass have no way of getting into the Black Lands. They roam about in the area outside of it, plundering and killing. Their main goal is to rob the Tribes that have just emerged from the pass...”

“A lot of Tribes have been destroyed in such a way. It looks like those people really do believe the rumor that people have been talking about. Who knows who started it...”

“We believe the rumor too. Supposedly, in the final moments of the Apocalypse, when the lands are on the verge of being submerged, whichever Tribe survives the final chaotic battle will have a chance to enter the Black Lands! As long as the three leaders in the Black Lands approve of that Tribe's power, they will be pulled in as an auxiliary Tribe!”

This rumor had been spreading throughout the past few years, and was now deeply ingrained in the hearts of the local Cultivators. Many of the Tribes who were here without Demon Spirits had come to truly believe in the rumor.

As the discussions continued, Meng Hao stood on the prow of the battleship, Devil Spear in hand. Instantly, black mist began to roil and seethe around him. Within the mist could be seen countless faces, each and every one was vicious and savage. Ear-piercing laughter could be heard that sounded like the cries of nightbirds. It sounded almost like skulls being grated together, cold and hair-raising.

The Crow Divinity members behind Meng Hao all began to stand up. Killing intent roiled off their bodies, and their bloodshot eyes began to burn as if with fire. Their desire to kill was intense, but their hearts were exceedingly calm.

As of this moment, each and every one looked like a heroic veteran of hundreds of battles!

“What do you think you’re doing?” said the Sea Demon Tribe Elder who stood there in the middle of South Cleaving City. He gave a cold, disdainful snort.

“You want to attack the Sea Demon Tribe of South Cleaving Pass?” he said arrogantly. “You’ve got guts, but if you dare to make even a single attack, or spill even a drop of Sea Demon Tribe blood, then your entire Tribe will be exterminated within three days!” He was convinced that the Crow Divinity Tribe would not dare to attack. All of this was just posturing in an attempt to reduce the price that would have to be paid to go through the pass.

He had seen a lot of Tribes like this. Up to this point, not a single one had dared to actually make a move. All had ended up bowing their heads in compliance.

It wasn’t just him who thought in this way. The members of the Sea Demon Tribe up on the walls of South Cleaving City were all laughing coldly, their scorn and disdain clearly visible.

At the same time, the tens of thousands of other Cultivators within the pass were all panting as they stared at the Crow Divinity Tribe and Meng Hao.

“Will the Crow Divinity Tribe actually dare to attack? I just don’t believe it!”

“Ever since the Apocalypse began and the Sea Demon Tribe took over the South Cleaving Pass, there has never been a single Tribe who attempted to attack and storm the pass.... I think the Crow Divinity Tribe is just doing some saber-rattling.”

Even as the sound of the discussions echoed out, the atmosphere up above in mid-air couldn't be more tense. Suddenly, coldness sprang out from Meng Hao's eyes.

The Sea Demon Tribe, his arrogance at its zenith, suddenly said, "Why haven't you attacked yet? I'm waiting for you, you trifling Northern Tribe. You dare to act ferocious, but I'm waiting to see if you'll actually have the gall to attack!"

"In fact, as of now, I forbid you from saying that you won't attack. Even if you get on your knees and beg, you can forget about paying only half of your resources to get through South Cleaving Pass. You will pay ALL of your resources and ALL of your neo-demons...."

It was at this moment that Meng Hao suddenly flung out the Devil Spear. The pitch black spear shot like lightning through the air. Rumbling filled the air.

A shrill, screaming sound could be heard, and a sound like something being ripped through, as if the air were being torn to pieces. The Cultivators down below saw a black beam ripping through the air, emanating a shocking aura as it shot directly toward South Cleaving Pass.

Black mist surrounded the Devil Spear, within which were maliciously laughing faces. The sound of the laughter echoed out, causing all hearts to tremble. In the blink of an eye, the Devil Spear crossed the distance between Meng Hao and the Sea Demon Tribe Elder. The Elder's face filled with shock as the spear appeared directly in front of him.

His heart trembled as a fierce wind blasted against his face, as well as a sharpness that caused his chest to fill with stabbing pain. His clothing whipped about, his hair was thrown into disarray, and he felt as if he were being strangled. Without even thinking about it, he retreated. Even in his wildest dreams, he would never have imagined that... the Crow Divinity Tribe would actually dare to attack!

Waves of astonishment filled his mind, along with countless questions, making it impossible for him to have the time to dodge. At this point, he couldn't dodge even if he wanted to.

"They actually attacked?"

"They did! They attacked!"

The Sea Demon Tribe Elder's eyes went wide and his pupils constricted. His vision was suddenly filled by a black mist. All the onlookers watched wide-eyed as the long, black spear stabbed directly into his chest, tearing apart his clothes, shredding his flesh and blood. It stabbed through his heart, piercing him through, carrying him with it as it continued to scream through the air.

Blood sprayed from the old man's mouth. He looked down in disbelief at the Devil Spear vibrating in his chest as it carried him through the air.

"How is this possible...." He still almost couldn't believe what was happening.

At the same time, massive amounts of mist poured out from the spear. It looked like countless black snakes as it poured into the Elder's eyes, ears, nose and mouth. It even burrowed into the pores on his skin. As the mist sank into him, countless bloodthirsty faces pounced. The sound of chewing echoed out, accompanied by the bloodcurdling screams of the old man.

Those screams were filled with indescribable pain. One could only imagine the unprecedented brutality that would cause an early Nascent Soul Cultivator to scream in such a way.

BAM!

The Devil Spear slammed into the city wall of South Cleaving City. Cracking sounds could be heard and fissures spread out across the wall as the Sea Demon Tribe Elder was impaled directly onto its surface.

Looking at the scene, however, the only thing that could be seen was a black mist. As for the horrific screaming, it had long since ceased.

Everything was deathly quiet. Meng Hao's expressions was the same as ever as he lifted up his hand and made a grasping gesture. Instantly, a droning sound could be heard as the spear dissipated. A black mist of countless vicious faces dispersed and then shot back toward Meng Hao, seemingly eager to report their success.

At the same time, it was revealed that in the middle of the mist... was no body! There was only a skeleton!

The bones of the skeleton were covered in bite marks, as if they had been chewed upon. Some were even completely crushed. Without the Devil Spear to hold it in place, the skeleton crumbled apart

and fell to the ground. Only a few pieces were left, stuck in the cracks in the city wall. The sight was thoroughly astonishing.

The Sea Demon Tribe members were instantly shaken. The tens of thousands of Cultivators down below in the pass stared with wide eyes and open mouths.

The three bandit Tribes on the other side of the pass had similar reactions. The scene was completely shocking, causing them to pant and look on with disbelief.

Not a single person could have predicted that the Crow Divinity Tribe would actually dare to make a move, and that Meng Hao... would be so audacious as to slay an Elder of the Sea Demon Tribe.

Everyone who saw it happen felt as if their heads were about to explode. Each and every one was thinking the exact same thing.

“The Crow Divinity Tribe... did the unthinkable!!”

The tens of thousands of Cultivators within the pass stood as still as if they were dead. Only panting could be heard as they looked at Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe. It was as if this was their first time seeing them. They were overwhelmed with shock. Meng Hao’s decisiveness, the awe-inspiring Devil Spear, the shocking attack, all of these things transformed into something like lightning that crashed around inside their minds. The scene just now was something that they would never be able to forget.

The three Tribes on the other side of the pass, who moments ago had been greedily eyeing the Crow Divinity Tribe, even laughing at them, now felt thunderstruck. Ordinary Tribe members, Priests, and even the Greatfathers were breathing heavily and had looks of amazement plastered on their faces.

How could they ever have imagined that the Crow Divinity Tribe... would really dare to make a move!! Furthermore, they didn’t just simply attack. They actually killed someone!

Such decisiveness, such killing intent, such a desire to exterminate, caused the hearts of the members of these three Tribes to fill with madness. The confidence they had felt moments ago regarding their ability to defeat this opponent, was instantly shaken with grave intensity. Fear suddenly blossomed in their hearts.

The most shaken of all was the Sea Demon Tribe. Every Tribe member who saw what happened was unable to even react. From the very beginning, they had been literally incapable of believing that the scene they had just witnessed could possibly unfold. They just didn't believe that someone would actually dare to attack the Sea Demon Tribe....

After a long moment of deathly silence, enraged cries could suddenly be heard from within South Cleaving City. More than a dozen figures emerged to charge forward, followed by tens of thousands of neo-demons and twenty thousand Tribe members!

Among their number was a red-haired old man, the Greatfather of the Sea Demon Tribe. His face was filled with shock, but also fury. He was clearly flustered and discomfited.

Before he could even say anything, Meng Hao's black mist returned to him and formed once again into the Devil Spear. He pointed it forward and cried, "Fight!"

No more words were necessary. Only one word.... Instantly, the eyes of the more than ten thousand Crow Divinity Tribe members turned red, and they began to shout.

"Kill them!" As the shocking sound rose up, the entire Crow Divinity Tribe shot forward. They looked like a group of fiends and monsters who had fought and survived hundreds of battles. Their charge was accompanied by dense killing intent which caused even the sky to dim. Clouds amassed up above, making it seem as if they were surging out from the depths of the yellow springs as they charged toward South Cleaving City!

Even more shocking, it was at this moment that 150,000 neo-demons appeared, bloodthirsty and furious. They blotted out the entire sky as they charged South Cleaving Pass!

Chapter 506: South Cleaving Sentinel!

Booms shook the sky and explosions caused the earth to quake. The entirety of South Cleaving Pass seemed to be trembling. The sound of close-quarters fighting could be heard echoing about.

The more than ten thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribe had bloodshot eyes as they fought with frenzied madness. Magical techniques were employed, as well as the explosive power of the five elements totem tattoos. Instantly, an indescribably shocking aura rose up.

In the blink of an eye, a massacre began.

Wu Chen was no longer a youth. He looked like a grown man. However, this was not a change that happened because of the passage of time. Instead, it was the result of a baptism in the fires of war, a tempering that occurred within blood and gore. He looked far more mature than before, his face grave and stern. His eyes were filled with veins of blood and his body radiated killing intent and grim coldness.

He attacked, Wood-type totems magically appeared. Glowing light rose up, surrounding his hands as he lifted the severed head of a Sea Demon Tribe Cultivator high up into the air. Blood dripped down his arm as he looked up to the sky and howled.

Around him, similar scenes played out with other Crow Divinity Tribe members. Whenever they killed someone, they would hold a severed head up to the sky. The auras they emanated were shocking.

To them, war was like breathing. Well, perhaps that is a bit of an exaggeration. In any case, they were long since accustomed to it. Years of campaigning and countless deaths made it so that all the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe did not pay too much attention to the difference between life and death. However, their determination to enter the Black Lands only continued to grow stronger.

Such determination caused them to be filled with the mad desire to slaughter anything that stood in their way.

Their attacks were neat and tidy. They killed in the blink of an eye. The sight of blood spraying about did not cause them to tremble, but rather fueled their bloodthirsty desire to kill.

“Kill them!” It was hard to say who shouted it first. But soon, the voices of more than ten thousand Crow Divinity Tribe members joined together. The shocking roar of their shouts, filled with killing intents, rose up to the Heavens. The hearts of the Sea Demon Tribe Cultivators were instantly shaken. All of them felt their faces grow pale and their bravery drizzle away. The only thing they could do was fall back.

Such a massacre, such a show by each and every member of the Crow Divinity Tribe, made it seem as if their Tribe were a tempest of slaughter, ready to sweep across South Cleaving Pass. After being engaged in a battle for only the space of a few breaths, the members of the Sea Demon Tribe had already lost several thousand Cultivators.

They were incapable of withstanding even a single attack!

“This cannot be a Tribe from the North!!”

“The North region doesn’t have any Tribes like this! Only great Tribes with Spirit Severing Patriarchs have Battle Tribes like this!!” Thoughts of disbelief filled the hearts and minds of the members of the Sea Demon Tribe. Such feelings turned into wellsprings of fear. They could not control the trembling they felt inside.

Miserable screams could be heard, filled with despair and terror. Actually, for all of the members of the Sea Demon Tribe... it had been a very, very long time since they had experienced war. In the past, they had had their glories, but after the arrival of the Apocalypse, they had only encountered Tribes which would submit to them. This was the first time they had run into a Tribe which unexpectedly attacked with such savagery and fierceness.

The Sea Demon Tribe had started out furious, but now, that fury had turned into dread. Dread, and screams that echoed out in all directions. The tens of thousands of other Tribe members down in the pass below watched on with wide eyes and gaping mouths. They panted, staring blankly at everything that was happening. The sounds of slaughter filled their ears, and any bit of courage in their hearts was washed away by the wailing and screaming.

All of this made them feel as if what they were watching wasn’t even real. However, soon, all of the blood, all of the ruthlessness and slaughter on the battlefield, became incredibly clear.

“This is... the Crow Divinity Tribe?”

“The Crow Divinity Tribe... has become so powerful! In front of them, the Sea Demon Tribe is like dried up weeds and rotten wood, easily crushable!”

The observing tens of thousands of Cultivators could only breath heavily, their hearts filled with intense shock.

From a distance, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe seemed like sharp arrows that could slash through anything that obstructed their way. They stabbed into South Cleaving Pass; there was not a Sea Demon Tribe Member they encountered who was capable of offering the least bit of resistance.

Throughout the course of their long campaign, the number of Nascent Soul Cultivators in the Crow Divinity Tribe had reached fourteen. Two were of the late Nascent Soul stage, five of the mid stage, and seven of the early stage. These fourteen Cultivators whistled through the air, slaughtering their

way toward the Sea Demon Tribe's Nascent soul Cultivators. The two forces slammed into each other with a bang, and deadly fighting broke out.

Booms echoed out, shaking the mountain peaks. The sound of the slaughter shook Heaven and Earth. As for Meng Hao, he floated in mid-air, looking around coldly. He did not need to attack; instead, his 150,000 neo-demons swept forth with crushing will. Any resistance was like trampling weeds and smashing rotten wood.

The neo-demons of the Sea Demon Tribe were instantly ripped into shreds, transformed into food. Meng Hao did nothing to gather them into his horde; after all... his neo-demons had been starving for months....

At the moment, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde was enjoying a sumptuous feast.

He held the Devil Spear in hand as his eyes swept over the battlefield. The air rippled as two old men appeared in front of him, having slipped past all obstructions.

The Cultivation bases of these two old men were not weak. Flames of fury raged in their eyes as divine abilities magically appeared. Totemic power exploded out like an ocean, transforming into the image of a Sea Demon that immediately shot toward Meng Hao, exuding massive pressure that weighed down on him.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He didn't move other than to lift up the Devil Spear and stretch it out. Like a long dragon crossing a sea, devilish mist exploded out. Countless misty faces shot toward the two old men.

Meng Hao used none of his own power; this was purely the might of the Devil Spear. As of this moment, Meng Hao could sense that this spear would not last forever. After all, it was refined from a Devil Construct, and as time passed, the Devilish will inside would fade away. Before too much time passed, it would dissipate completely.

It had nothing to do with whether or not Meng Hao used it. It would fade away either way.

Booming filled the air as the two old men shot backward, blood spraying from their mouths, faces filled with astonishment. Strands of Devilish mist bored into them, and ferocious mouths began to bite into them. The old men's faces fell as they shot back. No longer did they harbor thoughts of attacking; unfortunately, they were immediately blocked by the Crow divinity Nascent Soul Cultivators who had been chasing them.

It was at this point that ferocious roaring could suddenly be heard from within South Cleaving Pass. Suddenly, blue ripples appeared, shooting up into the air to form an expansive sea.

The tens of thousands of Cultivators down below were panting. Some of them immediately recognized what these ripples were.

“Sea Demon totem!!”

The roaring and the spreading ripples seemed to cause the Sea Demon Tribe members, who were in the middle of being routed, to suddenly find hope within their despair. Their eyes instantly began to glow with wild joy.

At the same time, the ground rumbled as an area within South Cleaving city suddenly collapsed. A blue beam of light shot up into the air. Ripples spread out like sea waves as it shot toward Meng Hao.

A creature appeared. Blue scales covered its body, giving it a bizarre appearance. It was shaped like a human, except that it had the tail of a fish, and four arms. Each of its four hands brandished a trident.

Four tridents all danced with lightning. The instant this creature appeared, a shocking aura exploded out. With a roar of fury, it shot toward Meng Hao.

Before it could get close, a gust of wind blew through the air as the Outlander Beast appeared. As it slammed into the creature, the parrot also appeared, flapping its wings as it squawked:

“No fur or feathers! Dammit! You also have no fur or feathers!! Beloved concubine, put it to death!” Amidst its high-pitched squawks, the parrot suddenly transformed into a spearhead which shot toward the totemic Sea Demon.

Huge booms filled the air as vast quantities of Sea Demon Tribe members died. Blood rained down onto South Cleaving Pass. Even their souls were destroyed. The entire battlefield was a mass of redness.

It seemed as if the Sea Demon Tribe was about to be completely exterminated. However, it was at this point that the Sea Demon Tribe Greatfather let out a miserable howl.

“Main Tribe, save me!!” As his voice echoed out, South Cleaving Pass began to shake. Multiple fissures appeared on the surface of South Cleaving City and began to spread out rapidly, almost like lightning bolts. Many of the buildings within the city simply collapsed, causing dust to billow up into the air. A strange murmuring suddenly could be heard. It seemed as if this strange murmuring was a calling, a call to an enormous, ancient statue which existed beneath South Cleaving City. The statue slowly began to break out of the ground and rise up.

It was pitch black and had eight arms. At first, it seemed similar to the Sea Demon totem, however, the feeling it gave was one of complete ancientness. There also seemed to be some type of evil within the aura that emanated out from it. As it rose up, its closed eyes suddenly opened.

It seemed to be just a statue, however, in the blink of an eye, some sealing was apparently shattered and its soul suddenly awoke. Instantly, the power of this ancient statue’s soul exploded out.

The moment its eyes opened, a tremor ran through Meng Hao’s body and a sense of profound deadly crisis filled him. Although his eyes went wide, he did not retreat in the slightest. His right hand lifted up and he hurled the Devil Spear toward the statue.

BZZZZZZ!

The Devil Spear split the air, transforming into a beam of blackness that shot forward.

“South Cleaving Sentinel!!”

“I... I read about that once in the ancient records! A total of one hundred were created in the Western Desert to defend against the great army of Southern Domain Cultivators. That’s a South Cleaving Sentinel!”

“A Black-Armored Sentinel!!”

“No wonder the Sea Demon Tribe could take over this area. Their totem is similar to this Black-Armored Sentinel. Don’t tell me... the Sea Demon Tribe is actually descended from this thing!!”

Even as the tens of thousands of Cultivators below discussed the matter, the Devil Spear shredded through the air. In the blink of an eye, it was directly in front of the statue, heading toward its forehead, carrying with it a Devilish mist filled with countless vicious faces.

However, the statue completely ignored the Devil Spear. Its eyes glowed with a strange light as it stared at Meng Hao. In the exact moment that the Devil spear reached its head, its lips moved and it spoke a word.

“Psyche.”

It was only one word, but Meng Hao’s body trembled and blood sprayed from his mouth. He tumbled backward, face pale. It was as if his soul were about to be ripped into shreds. An intense pain suddenly stabbed out throughout his entire body.

It was as if this one word carried the power to cause anything the statue looked at to be destroyed!

Meanwhile, the three bandit Tribes on the other side of the pass exchanged glances. Suddenly, the three Greatfathers stepped forward.

“They dared to attack the guardians of the pass, the Sea Demon Tribe!” they cried. “This is an opportunity we can’t pass up. We can’t just stand by and watch!” Hearing the voices of their Greatfathers, the members of the three bandit Tribes instantly shot toward South Cleaving Pass.

Obviously, they saw that Meng Hao had been injured, which changed the tide of the battle. Now was their chance to slaughter and plunder!

Chapter 507: Black Dragon Tribe!

Almost at the same moment in which the three bandit Tribes charged forward, further off back in the pass, a black dragon roared. This black dragon was several thousand meters long; atop it stood over ten thousand Cultivators. Around the wrist of each one of these Cultivators was a black cord.

Killing intent pulsed out from within the black cords. The garments worn by the ten thousand Cultivators were simple, and hard looks could be seen on their faces. Their gazes were cold, and at first glance, looked very similar to the expressions of the Crow Divinity Tribe.

The main difference between the two was that, shockingly, on their foreheads could be seen the mark of a black dragon.

This was... the great Black Dragon Tribe!

Before, they had a Spirit Severing Patriarch, and had shined gloriously for a thousand years. Unfortunately, their Spirit Severing Patriarch had perished. After that, they had relied on their own strength to plunder a Demon Spirit, and had then slaughtered their way out from within the Western Desert East region. Now they had finally arrived at South Cleaving Pass!

During their journey, their Tribe of close to one hundred thousand had been reduced to only about ten thousand. More than seventy percent of their Tribe had perished. Even still, this was the great Black Dragon Tribe. This was still that Tribe that was strong enough to strike fear into the hearts of Western Desert Cultivators.

Behind the Black Dragon was a rope that was festooned with... skulls!

More than one hundred thousand skulls were threaded onto the black rope which was woven together to form something almost like a cape. It fluttered in the air as the black dragon flew, casting a shadow over the land beneath.

An aura of death surrounded it, and it was even possible to hear the sound of mourning souls that were sealed within the skulls, struggling to free themselves.

These were the skulls of enemies killed by the Black Dragon Clan in the battles on their journey. They were trophies of war, used to shock the surrounded thieves and robbers!

On the head of the black dragon were eight Cultivators. Most were old men with cold eyes, who made the Tribe as a whole seem like a sharp, unsheathed blade.

Among the eight men was a younger man who stuck out from the rest. He was extremely muscular and very tall, about a head taller than the average Western Desert Cultivator. He wore a simple black garment, and a fierce black dragon totem tattoo could be seen on his forehead. He looked rugged, and his eyes shone with a bright light.

Around his right wrist was wrapped a black cord. It seemed ordinary, and didn't appear to have any unusual characteristics, as if it were just a traditional ornamentation of the Black Dragon Tribe.

This person was none other than Xu Bai! [1]

Years ago in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, he and Chen Mo of the great Demon Talisman Tribe had attempted to snatch a Demon Spirit only to have it grabbed by Zhixiang. In the end, the three of them had watched wide-eyed as Meng Hao attacked, and then managed to grab the Demon Spirit for himself.

They gave chase, but Meng Hao was too fast. Then, Zhixiang interfered, forcing Xu Bai and Chen Mo to give up. It was with great regret that Xu Bai left the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. At the same time, he was left with a deep impression of Meng Hao and Zhixiang.

As the Black Dragon Tribe neared, it instantly attracted the attention of the tens of thousands of Cultivators who were watching the battle between the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Sea Demon Tribe. As soon as they looked over, they recognized the Black Dragon Tribe. Instantly, their faces began to flicker as they wondered what the Tribe would choose to do.

Xu Bai looked at the battle unfolding in South Cleaving Pass, and lightning seemed to dance in his eyes. He saw Meng Hao retreating from the bizarre statue, blood oozing out of his mouth.

Xu Bai saw Meng Hao, he saw the Sea Demon Tribe, he saw the strange, eight-armed statue, and he saw the three bandit Tribes whistling toward them from the other side of the pass.

He was quiet for the space of about three breaths, after which he lifted his head back and laughed.

“Eccentric Bloodface, Meng Hao.... I’ve heard your name mentioned a lot recently. I’ve been following the rumors with quite some interest.... You led the Crow Divinity Tribe out from the Western Desert North region all the way to here. You... have really caused me to admire you!” His laughter was bright and crisp, without any feeling of insincerity. He truly did feel incredible admiration for Meng Hao. After all, stories about the Crow Divinity Tribe, Meng Hao and the events in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, had long since spread far and wide.

In some ways, his feelings toward Meng Hao could be summed up in the expression, “those who have the same illness sympathize with each other,” or maybe even, “people of talent appreciate one another.” The Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe started out in much the same situation, although the Black Dragon Tribe was a bit better off. After the Apocalypse began, their Spirit Severing Patriarch perished and they lost their qualification to enter the Black Lands. The Tribe members abandoned themselves to hopelessness and despair. In addition to that, old enemies

besieged and attacked them. However, the Patriarch had made certain preparations before death, and then Xu Bai rose to prominence, leading the Tribe on a path of slaughter that caused their faith to once again grow strong. At that point... the great Black Dragon Tribe was firmly entrenched in the history books.

This was how they were similar to the Crow Divinity Tribe, and also the reason why Xu Bai next lifted his hand and pointed.

“I, Xu Bai, detest those who interfere in the battles of others. Crow Divinity Tribe, allow my Black Dragon Tribe to obstruct the path of these three bandit Tribes!” Instantly, the black dragon roared, and the ten thousand members of the great Black Dragon Tribe poured forth, transforming into black beams of light as they charged. They were accompanied by a sizable number of neo-demons. They shot into the battlefield, but didn’t stop. They continued onward, directly toward the incoming three bandit Tribes.

The Greatfathers of the three other Tribes instantly shouted out.

“Xu Bai, what are you doing?! There are no ill-feelings between us.... We didn’t attack you either! We’re only helping South Cleaving Pass! Don’t tell me that you’re also trying to break through the pass like the Crow Divinity Tribe!?”

“Great Black Dragon Tribe, you need to think things through clearly! If you start fighting us, then it means you’re declaring war on all the bandit Tribes! Once you leave the pass, you won’t be able to move a single step!”

“I’ve already thought things through clearly,” replied Xu Bai, his voice cool. Rumbling killing intent spread out from the members of the Black Dragon Tribe. The faces of the members of the three bandit Tribes fell as intense fighting suddenly began!

Xu Bai laughed coldly. He truly had thought things through clearly. Even if the situation hadn’t played out this way, he knew that after traveling through the pass, he would be surrounded by bandits. He also really did admire Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe. The fact that they dared to defy the South Cleaving Pass was something even he would not have been able to do.

In fact, before coming here, he had already grudgingly made the decision to hand over half of the Tribe’s belongings.

But now, an opportunity existed that Xu Bai naturally could not pass up. He would never attack the Crow Divinity Tribe. That was because fundamentally speaking, in this Apocalypse, the Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe... were the two most suitable Tribes to form an alliance!

Xu Bai had thought the matter through thoroughly. "Divided, we fall. Forming an alliance is the best decision. If we can find the Heavenly Wind Tribe, and form a three-Tribe alliance, then we could fight directly back against those damned bandit Tribes outside of the Black Lands!" He was certain that the Crow Divinity Tribe and the Heavenly Wind Tribe were also thinking the same thing.

The slaughter began. Booms filled the air. Meng Hao wiped the blood from his mouth as he ground to a halt. He didn't pay any attention to the great Black Dragon Tribe. That was because at the moment, he had to devote complete attention to this bizarre statue that he was up against.

His Devil Spear had stabbed into the statue's forehead, causing its head to crumble half apart. Furthermore, three of its arms had been shattered.

However, as the Devil Spear circled back around and then stabbed through the statue again, it didn't seem to inflict any damage. It was as if it had suddenly lost some of its effectiveness.

This caused Meng Hao's heart to tremble. The statue's remaining eye glittered coldly as it once again looked at him. Without hesitation, Meng Hao produced the blood-colored mask and put it on. Instantly, a bloody aura billowed up around him.

"Ji Clan Blood Clone!" Meng Hao's eyes flashed and a bright red glow of blood shined out from his forehead. At the same time, a long, blood-colored strand appeared which turned into a drop of blood. It wriggled as it suddenly expanded, transforming into a Blood Clone that looked exactly like Meng Hao. The statue's mouth was open as if it were about to speak again, when suddenly the Blood Clone shot toward it.

Instantly, the statue closed its mouth. It allowed the Blood Clone to pounce, and yet strangely, no injury was inflicted, not even the slightest. Meng Hao found this difficult to believe. The Blood Clone, having passed through the statue, was taken aback, as if it didn't understand.

It was at this point that the multi-armed statue's ghastly voice once again could be heard. "Destruction!"

A thunderous roar filled Meng Hao. Suddenly, his mind exploded with a burst of power that was a full three times stronger than his own five elements type power that he had used previously. It felt as if a sword were tearing through his brain, stabbing into his mind, ripping everything apart. Blood sprayed from his mouth and his face went pale. He suddenly felt incredibly weak.

This statue's divine ability was extremely bizarre, and Meng Hao was powerless to block it. He bit the tip of his tongue, using the pain to clear his head. His eyes were bloodshot as he, instead of retreating, turned into a beam of light that shot directly toward the statue.

"The Blood Clone doesn't work...." he thought as his speed increased. He transformed into a green smoke and a black moon. As he neared, he lifted his right hand up. Suddenly, Blood Immortal divine abilities manifested. Booms filled the air as he unleashed them all. However, just as was the case with the Devil Spear, none of them hurt the statue even the least bit.

This caused Meng Hao's face to fall. He waved his hand and the Lotus Time Formation appeared. It spun rapidly, rumbling as it unleashed the power of Time. It was not effective either.

"Divine abilities are useless. Magical items are useless. The Devil Spear only worked once.... Just what exactly is this statue made of?!?!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as he endured the splitting pain in his head.

"Why did the Devil Spear work once...? When the Blood Clone neared, it was obviously about to speak, but then shut its mouth!" Hundreds of ideas and possibilities flickered through Meng Hao's mind. Suddenly, his eyes narrowed.

"Don't tell me...." He gritted his teeth and then, without hesitation, shot toward the statue, mentally preparing himself.

The statue's expression was as cold as ever. The remaining eye on its half-destroyed head gleamed with mysterious coldness as it once again spoke, a third time: "Incantation!"

Psyche Destruction Incantation!

As soon as the third word began to leave its mouth, Meng Hao lifted his hand and employed the power of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. His finger pointed toward the Statue's open mouth. Even as the sound was coming out, and it suddenly stopped moving, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding. Four wooden swords appeared, which instantly transformed into prismatic beams that shot toward the statue.

Simultaneously, in response to Meng Hao's advanced preparation just now, the Blood Clone pounced. Screaming sounds could be heard as the Devil Spear shot forward in attack. The Time Sword Formation rotated. The Blood Immortal divine abilities were unleashed. As soon as the word "incantation" left its mouth, booming could be heard!

A massive rumble shook everything as the entire statue began to tremble. The four wooden swords caused it to lose any power to resist. Boom! It began to collapse as the Devil Spear slammed into it. The Blood Clone absorbed its life force. The Time Sword Formation transformed it into ash. Meng Hao's Blood Immortal divine abilities then destroyed the ash!

At the same time, Meng Hao was coughing up blood. After the statue spoke the final word, a power three times more powerful than before exploded out inside of his body. Thankfully, it only lasted a brief instant. The statue was destroyed, making the pain last for only a short moment. Even still, blood oozed from Meng Hao's eyes, nose, ears and mouth. Even as he tumbled backward, he produced handfuls of medicinal pills, which he instantly consumed.

He looked up at the disappearing ash, and his eyes gleamed with coldness.

"When its mouth was closed, it couldn't be hurt. When its mouth opened, it revealed its weakness!"

Xu Bai's name in Chinese is Xǔ bái. Xu is a common surname. Bai means "white"

Chapter 508: A Bet

The destruction of the eight-armed statue was like a death knell, ringing out to declare what the future of the Sea Demon Tribe would be. The ten thousand Crow Divinity Tribe members fought fiercely. 150,000 neo-demons screamed through the air. This was not a battle between two Tribes; this was a slaughter.

Miserable shrieks filled the air, the cries of the dying. A strange mixture of violet rain and fresh blood showered down onto the ground, pouring down through South Cleaving Pass, seemingly mixing with all the blood of previous battles in the area....

Meng Hao floated in mid-air, his eyes shut as he rotated his Cultivation base with full force to absorb the power of the medicinal pills and heal himself. His mind was still filled with a pain that felt like countless stabbing needles. The eight-armed statue had been powerful. If Meng Hao hadn't noticed its weakness, and it opened its mouth a fourth time, even though he was at the great circle of four of the five different elements, he still would have been powerless to resist. His soul would

have been ripped apart, his mind exploded. His body might not have been destroyed, but his soul would have.

Thinking back, Meng Hao was actually shocked. He suddenly realized that he had to be vigilant in regard to the Western Desert and all the bizarre things which existed therein. Gone was the arrogance he had felt because of his powerful Cultivation base.

His eyes were closed as he went about healing himself. Around him, a shocking massacre played out. The powerful experts of the Sea Demon Tribe were trying to break through to interfere with Meng Hao's healing. Before they could even get near, they were intercepted and prevented from getting even within three hundred meters of him.

Bloodcurdling screams echoed out as the Sea Demon Tribe members were beaten back and killed ruthlessly. As of this moment, there were less than one thousand Tribe members left. Despair washed over them as they realized that... the moment of complete Tribal extermination was approaching.

There was nothing they could do. The valiance and brutality of the Crow Divinity exceeded their imaginations over and over again. This Tribe was possessed with a madness that caused them to self-detonate rather than be slain, something that few members of the Sea Demon Tribe could make themselves do.

Overall there were too few who chose to self-detonate, and it did little good. Within the space of a few breaths, rumbling sounds filled the battlefield as all of the Sea Demon Tribe members, except for the dozen or so Nascent Soul Cultivators, were exterminated!!

The Sea Demon Tribe's neo-demons had long since been wiped clean away, having been viciously consumed by Meng Hao's neo-demons, who hadn't eaten in months. Even the bones were not left behind, but were crushed and eaten.

The sight of this shook the minds of the tens of thousands of Cultivators down below in the pass. They panted and watched on in a daze, completely shocked by the Crow Divinity Tribe.

What they were witnessing was something that would be branded into their minds for the rest of their lives. It was a feeling that told them that the Crow Divinity Tribe would never, ever be defeated.

As these tens of thousands of Cultivators panted, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe rushed over to plunder South Cleaving City. Meanwhile, on the other side of the pass, the Black Dragon Tribe was locked in combat with the three bandit Tribes, whose minds were spinning from what they had just seen. They were astonished to find that the Crow Divinity Tribe members were like gods of war. An intense fear and shock rumbled in their minds as they started to retreat.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao's eyes opened. In that instant, he transformed into a green smoke, within which was a visible green moon. In the blink of an eye, he appeared behind a Sea Demon Tribe mid Nascent Soul stage Elder who was in the midst of fighting Ou Yunzi.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, the Elder's face fell. Just as he was about to dodge to the side, the Devil Spear in Meng Hao's hand shot forward. It pierced through all the Elder's defenses and plunged into his chest, stabbing directly through his heart.

Devilish mist exploded out, along with countless excited, savage faces that swarmed around the man. Within the space of a few breaths, Meng Hao pulled the devil spear back. He disappeared, leaving behind only a skeleton which fell down to the ground.

Ou Yunzi took a deep breath, then shot off to find other fellow Tribe members to assist.

When Meng Hao reappeared, he was next to another Sea Demon Tribe Elder. The man's face fell and he instantly began to retreat. However, before he could get very far, a bloody flash of light appeared in front of Meng Hao as the Blood Clone appeared. Considering the Blood Clone's speed, the old man was incapable of evasion. In the blink of an eye, the Blood Clone pounced on him. It departed a moment later, taking all of the old man's life force along with it.

Meng Hao attacked like lightning. Wherever he went, powerful experts of the Sea Demon Tribe perished screaming. In a short period of time, three defiant howls could be heard. The Sea Demon Tribe Greatfather, High Priest and Grand Elder all shot backward in retreat, each one moving in a different direction as they attempted to escape.

The moment they began to flee, though, a despairing, plaintive roar echoed out. This roar came from none other than the Sea Demon Tribe totemic Sacred Ancient!

Because of the death of all the Tribe members, the totemic Sacred Ancient's strength suddenly decreased rapidly. Furthermore, the Blood Clone had long since cast its eyes toward it. Taking advantage of another of the Outlander Beast's attacks, the Blood Clone finally pounced, sucking away its life force and essence. In the blink of an eye, the Sea Demon Tribe totemic Sacred Ancient let out the miserable shriek just now.

As the Sea Demon Tribe totem was destroyed, blood shot out of the mouths of the Greatfather and the others, who were in the midst of fleeing. Their faces were pale, and their expressions desolate as they let out bitter laughs. Even as they fled, Meng Hao flung the Devil Spear out in front of him, causing it to fly through the air with a rumbling sound.

Off to the side, the Blood Clone licked the blood off of its lips and then began to pursue. In addition, the two late Nascent Soul Cultivators from the Eight Branch Alliance shot in pursuit, their eyes glittering.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Three massive bangs could be heard, and three dying screams ragn out. The Devil Spear stabbed through the Greatfather. The High Priest became food for the Blood Clone. As for the Grand Elder, his Cultivation base was falling, and he was instantly killed by the combined attack of the Eight Branch Alliance Greatfather and High Priest.

It was in this manner the entire Sea Demon Tribe was thoroughly exterminated. Not a single person remained!

The tens of thousands of Cultivators within the pass were left completely shocked. Their gazes were filled with awe as they looked toward the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao turned his head to look toward the other side of the pass, where the four tribes were fighting each other.

The three bandit Tribes were currently in a state of retreat, trying to leave the battlefield. However, the might of the great Black Dragon Tribe had them pinned down.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. He had just exterminated the Sea Demon Tribe, so he would naturally show no softheartedness toward these three Tribes who had planned to take advantage of the situation.

Meng Hao didn't even need to say anything. He lifted his hand and made a clutching motion, causing the Devil Spear to materialize. He pointed forward, and the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe instantly charged forward into the battlefield outside the pass, their eyes red with death.

Meng Hao strode forward, instantly picking up speed as he transformed into a beam of light that passed through South Cleaving City and South Cleaving Pass. As he neared the battlefield, he saw that the great Black Dragon Tribe was primarily battling one of the three Tribes. The other two were simply pinned down and couldn't leave.

He glanced over the battlefield, whereupon his gaze came to rest on Xu Bai. Xu Bai saw him, and instantly, both of their eyes began to shine brightly.

Meng Hao narrowed his eyes and then gave a slight smile. His body turned into a beam of light as he shot toward the Tribe that was engaged in fierce battle with the Black Dragon Tribe. Following the lead of Meng Hao, the thousands of members of the Crow Divinity Tribe also flew in the same direction.

Xu Bai laughed heartily, and the glow in his eyes grew more intense. He fell back two paces. Following his lead, so did other members of the great Black Dragon Tribe. They stepped aside to create a path so that Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe, like a long dragon, could thread through them.

There was no need for any words to be exchanged between the Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe. There was no prior consultation or discussion. Instead, both Tribes instantly began to inflict fatal blows upon the bandit Tribe.

The sound of the slaughter echoed about. Black Dragons circulated around Xu Bai as he made extremely vicious attacks. As for Meng Hao, with the Devil Spear in hand, every place he went echoed out with bloodcurdling screams.

Either of these two Tribes were incredibly powerful and valiant. When they joined forces, they were like two sharp sabers, stabbing directly into the bandit Tribe.

In the blink of an eye, screams of pain rose up. The faces of the Greatfathers of the other two bandit Tribes instantly filled with fear. Without hesitation, they took advantage of what was happening to try to retreat from the battlefield with their Tribes.

“Dammit! The great Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe actually have the gall to be so domineering!! But it doesn't matter; they'll inevitably be outmaneuvered later by other Tribes!”

“We don't need to do anything! The path ahead of them is filled with other bandit Tribes that will look at them like tigers eyeing prey!”

The two bandit Tribes retreated as fast as they could. However, the instant they left the battlefield was the same instant in which the final members of the first bandit Tribe were surrounded by the Crow Divinity and Black Dragons Tribe, and killed.

The entire bandit Tribe was completely eradicated!

This development slammed like a lightning bolt into the hearts of the Greatfathers and other Tribe members of the other two Tribes. They began to flee even faster.

The moment the first Tribe was exterminated, Xu Bai laughed and said, “Brother Meng, why don’t we have a little competition!?”

“That’s just what I was thinking!” replied Meng Hao coolly.

“Great! These remaining two Tribes are about equivalent in power. Let’s see which of the two of our Tribes can wipe one out first!” Xu Bai’s eyes glowed brightly. He could tell that Meng Hao also harbored thoughts of forming an alliance. However, in such an alliance, one of the two of them would be in the lead position, the other would be in the secondary position.

This competition would choose which of them would be the leader, and which would be secondary!

The instant Xu Bai’s words left his mouth, he pointed out with his right hand. In response, the members of the great Black Dragon Tribe shot forward with killing intent toward one of the bandit Tribes.

Meng Hao smiled faintly. The killing intent of the Crow Divinity Tribe rose to unprecedented heights as they roared toward the other fleeing bandit Tribes.

As for Meng Hao and Xu Bai, they floated there in mid-air, refraining from attacking.

Chapter 509: Laying Eyes on the Black Lands!

“Brother Meng, I often think about what happened that year in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins,” said Xu Bai with a laugh. He looked over at Meng Hao.

Even as he spoke, the great Black Dragon Tribe began to slaughter its respective bandit Tribe.

Meng Hao looked back at Xu Bai and chuckled. His voice as calm as the breeze, he replied, “Oh, that was just a fluke. Brother Xu, you were able to singlehandedly stop that Demon Spirit from moving. I truly admire you for that.”

The rumbling of intense combat rose up from either side of them. At the moment, the great Black Dragon Tribe was going all out in their massacre.

The Crow Divinity Tribe was the same. They had no desire to come in second to the great Black Dragon Tribe and cause their totemic Sacred Ancient to lose all face. That was especially true of the Nascent Soul Cultivators. They were all crafty and cunning, and as soon as they saw what was happening in this critical moment, they understood that this simple battlefield bet... was in reality a foreshadowing of an alliance, and would decide who held the dominant position.

Therefore, it was without hesitation that they used the full power of their Cultivation bases to wrest away the lead position of the alliance.

Both sides attacked with gusto on this battlefield-cum-gambling hall. The bandit Tribes let out grievous cries; they were forced to fight, and yet, were capable of doing nothing but being defeated.

Meng Hao’s 150,000 neo-demons obfuscated the sky. In an instant, the Crow Divinity Tribe took the lead. However, moments later, the great Black Dragon Tribe’s totemic Sacred Ancient, as well as the two bandit Tribes’ Sacred Ancients, suddenly appeared on the battlefield, and the Crow Divinity Tribe began to fall behind.

But then, three beams of light suddenly appeared within the Crow Divinity Tribe. These were three beams of colorful light that had not appeared in the previous battle with the Sea Demon Tribe. Instantly, powerful cries rose up to the Heavens as... three totemic Sacred Ancients appeared!

These were three totemic Sacred Ancients that Meng Hao had absorbed into his force that year along with the Eight Branch Alliance. Instantly, the intensity of the slaughter ratcheted up.

“Brother Meng,” said Xu Bai, his voice cool, “you and your Crow Divinity Tribe fought your way down here all the way from the north. I’ve heard many stories. However... this last leg of the journey will be the most difficult.

“In the end, all the most powerful Tribes will gather together. Whether they want to or not, if they have no Demon Spirit, they all will become bandit Tribes in the end.

“They will all attempt to snatch a Demon Spirit and rob the resources of other Tribes, slaughtering their way into being noticed by either the Heavenly Court Alliance, or other great Tribes who have resources capable of surviving in the Black Lands. Any of them would chose to become auxiliary Tribes in exchange for the chance to survive.” The fierce fighting had now reached a critical juncture. The Crow Divinity Tribe was gaining an even greater lead, and if nothing went wrong, it seemed the great Black Dragon Tribe would fall clearly behind.

“The only option for us is to form an alliance,” continued Xu Bai slowly. “The Crow Divinity Tribe and the Black Dragon Tribe need to find the Heavenly Wind Tribe to form a three-Tribe alliance. If we push forward together, then after reaching the Black Lands, our Tribes can continue on forever. That is the only way that we can ensure our ability not only to get to the Black Lands, but to stay there safely. I’m sure you understand all of this already, Brother Meng. I don’t even really need to bring it up.”

Booming sounds could suddenly be heard from the direction of the Crow Divinity Tribe. By now, eighty percent of the enemy were dead. The remainder were scattered and attempting to flee for their lives.

Obviously, it wouldn’t be very long before the entire bandit Tribe was exterminated.

As for the great Black Dragon Tribe, they had only destroyed about fifty percent of the bandit Tribe they were fighting; they were clearly going a bit slower.

Xu Bai frowned. Inwardly, he was shocked, and his respect for the Crow Divinity Tribe grew. Even as Meng Hao mulled over the things he had just said, he cleared his throat and looked deeply at the members of the Black Dragon Tribe.

This look caused the eyes of the members of the great Black Dragon Tribe to turn red. It was as if they felt ashamed, as if some great pressure had been put onto them. All of the Tribe members instantly unraveled the black cords that were tied around their wrists. In that moment, they lifted their heads to the sky and roared; their Cultivation bases exploded up by nearly fifty percent. It was with explosive madness that they continued to battle against the fleeing bandit Tribe.

The rampage of the great Black Dragon Tribe suddenly reversed their situation. The casualties among the bandit Tribe soared, shocking them completely. The surviving members of the bandit Tribe were filled with despair and terror, and began to retreat in chaos.

“Kill them!!” roared the members of the great Black Dragon Tribe as they continued the massacre. The Crow Divinity tribe also advanced. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, the two Tribes completed the slaughter at about the same time. Still burning with killing intent, both Tribes returned to stand behind Xu Bai and Meng Hao.

The two Tribes faced off; it seemed neither was willing to give in to the other.

Xu Bai looked at the Crow Divinity Tribe and took a deep breath. Deep inside, he was shocked. He knew that it was only by unsealing the black ropes that the great Black Dragon Tribe had been able to secure a draw. However, he was still of the opinion that if they had opened the seal in the beginning of the battle, the Crow Divinity Tribe would not have been able to measure up.

But then he glanced at the neo-demon hordes. It was at this point that he noticed that the Crow Divinity neo-demon horde was no longer 150,000 in number. It was now larger by 20,000 which caused him to gasp. His heart trembled and he began to breath heavily.

“No wonder the rumors say that the Crow Divinity Tribe... feeds off of battle!” he thought. “Every battle makes them stronger! Furthermore... their most powerful totemic Sacred Ancient, Meng Hao, didn’t even make a move! This Crow Divinity Tribe is far more powerful than I ever imagined.”

As for Meng Hao, he had already put a lot of thought into what happened after the Black Dragon Tribe remove the seals. This caused his admiration for the Black Dragon Tribe to grow even stronger.

Xu Bai’s hearty laughter echoed about. It was genuine sincerity that he looked at Meng Hao and said, “Brother Meng, let’s form an alliance. What do you say?!”

“I say yes!” replied Meng Hao without hesitation. The benefits of such an alliance far, far outweighed the drawbacks. Besides, Meng Hao knew that after reaching the Black Lands, the Crow Divinity Tribe could merge with the Church of the Golden Light. At that time, he would actually not go with them, but would part ways.

Therefore, in the end, adding another ally would only provide further safety for the Crow Divinity Tribe.

“Men, make preparations for a sacrifice and a blood oath!” cried Xu Bai. To the Black Dragon Tribe, an alliance was very important. Even as the words were leaving Xu Bai’s mouth, the Elders and Priests of the Black Dragon Tribe approached. As for the Greatfather of the great Black Dragon Tribe... that was none other than Xu Bai.

On Meng Hao’s side, all the Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribe approached. The sacrifice was made, and an oath was sworn by smearing blood on the lips. An alliance was formed just like that which existed in the legends of the Western Desert. The neo-demon ancestors and the totemic Sacred Ancients swore oaths, and a bilateral alliance was formed with no primary and secondary party!

The next day was a day of rest and reorganization. The two parties redistributed their resources evenly. As for Meng Hao, at the moment of truth, it was revealed that he could in fact control the 70,000 strong neo-demon horde of the Black Dragon Tribe. As such, when the time came for battle, Meng Hao’s neo-demon horde would number 240,000!

A black dragon and a battleship shot through the sky toward the south.

The final leg of the journey would only take three months to complete. However, those three months would without a doubt be the most difficult military campaign that the great Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe had ever carried out!

In the first month, they went into battle seven times, against nine different Tribes. Roughly every three to five days, they ran into bandit Tribes. Despite all the warfare the Crow Divinity Tribe had experienced, such frequency of battle was unheard of.

It was the same for the great Black Dragon Tribe. Were it not for the fact that the two Tribes were allied, they would surely have experienced significant losses, perhaps even more than half. It might not have been as bad for the Crow Divinity Tribe, because of their neo-demons. The great Black Dragon Tribe, however, would have found the situation much more difficult.

However, because of their two-Tribe alliance, the month of campaigning left them exhausted, but prevented significant losses.

There were three occasions in which the course of the battle was changed because of Meng Hao’s neo-demons, which now included the neo-demon horde of the great Black Dragon Tribe.

The fearsome power he was able to wield caused the members of the Black Dragon Tribe to be filled with shock, and even more so, excitement. Even Xu Bai was astonished by Meng Hao. He had never heard of any Dragoneer who could do what Meng Hao did.

During that first month, even though both Tribes sustained some losses, Meng Hao was able to grow his neo-demon horde even larger. Because of this, the great Black Dragon Tribe cooperated in an arrangement of not attacking enemy neo-demons. In the end, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde reached 300,000 in number!

When such a vast number of neo-demons appeared, Heaven was shaken and the Earth trembled!

In the second month, they experienced more than twenty battles. On two occasions, they encountered bandit Tribe alliances. However, faced up against Meng Hao's terrifying neo-demon horde, the bandit Tribes were crushed like dried weeds.

By the end of the second month, Meng Hao's neo-demon horde numbered... a shocking 400,000!

400,000 neo-demons was something never before seen or heard of in the Western Desert. Even a great Tribe with a Spirit Severing Patriarch could never have such a large neo-demon horde. It was simply impossible for a Dragoneer to brand so many neo-demons. In fact... the food required to sustain 400,000 neo-demons was enough to cause even a great Tribe to go completely broke in a very short period of time.

When Meng Hao's neo-demon horde reached 400,000, battles... became simple. During the last month, they encountered virtually no hostile Cultivators. They sped across the land unimpeded as they headed toward the Black Lands.

In fact, it seemed there were to be no repercussions for the extermination of the Sea Demon Tribe in South Cleaving Pass.

Nonetheless, Meng Hao couldn't shake the feeling of impending crisis that continued to float within his heart. Even Xu Bai frowned continuously. Something didn't seem right. The other Nascent Soul Cultivators also had similar reactions.

At the end of the third month after leaving South Cleaving Pass, the great Black Dragon Tribe and the Crow Divinity Tribe finally... laid eyes on the Black Lands!!

The instant they did, the faces of Meng Hao and Xu Bai, as well as all the members of their Clans, instantly became extremely unsightly.

Chapter 510: The Last Battle!

The Black Lands was like a plateau, shoved high into the sky seemingly by geological forces. Far down below was the Western Desert.

This was Meng Hao's first time seeing the border between the Black Lands and the Western Desert. Years ago when he left the Black Lands, he had not traveled through this area, but rather, had been teleported through an ancient portal to the Western Desert North region.

Seeing the lay of the land for the first time caused Meng Hao's eyes to subconsciously widen slightly. Now, he finally understood why the Black Lands was the only place where one could escape from the Western Desert Apocalypse.

The Western Desert South region was much, much higher in elevation than the northern parts. That was why right now, the West, North, and East regions had already been completely submerged and transformed into a Violet Sea. In those areas, it even smelled like a salty sea. Here in the south, however, rivers had not yet even formed.

All of the falling rain continued to flow down toward the north.

The Western Desert South region was high enough as it was, but the Black Lands... were even higher. They jutted up thousands of meters into the sky, cliff-like, as if formed by an earthquake.

Needless to say, endless mountain ranges existed along the edge of the Black Lands. Those mountains seemed to connect to the sky itself, preventing the violet-colored tempest up above, along with any other living thing, from entering.

Those mountains made the Black Lands' total elevation reach a shocking height. It could prevent the spread of the Violet Sea, and furthermore, there was only one way in....

Blackgate Fort!

It was eighty thousand meters wide, right in the middle of all the mountains. It stood there, tall, straight, enormous. All the Cultivators who saw it would gasp.

Blackgate Fort was the color of night, and its gate shut tight. Atop the eighty thousand meter wide fort stretched a battlement, upon which could be seen tens of thousands of Cultivators, bunched together in groups. They were chatting and laughing, as they looked out over the battlement, occasionally pointing down below.

What caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict was that the violet rain which he had grown so accustomed to over the years did not fall on Blackgate Fort. Outside, it continued to pour down, but not a drop fell onto Blackgate Fort or that enormous battlement.

Outside of Blackgate Fort, the land was filled with fog and mist, and was hazy. In fact, it had been years since Meng Hao even caught a glimpse of the sun. And yet there, within Blackgate Fort, a majestic blue sky could be seen, even fluffy white clouds.

Blackgate Fort was like a division between two different worlds.

What caused Meng Hao and Xu Bai's faces to become extremely unsightly was that between Blackgate Fort and their two Tribes could be seen... more than twenty bandit Tribes positioned in formation across the land. These Tribes were currently looking at the Crow Divinity and great Black Dragon Tribes with avarice, ridicule and killing intent.

Twenty bandit Tribes, with a total of 200,000 Cultivators and 400,000 neo-demons. They were positioned in front of the fort, and it was clear that they intended to prevent anyone from entering the Black Lands.

Within their eyes, Meng Hao could see greed, savagery, and also a message.

"If we can't get in, then you can forget about going in yourself! If we will die... then you will die with us!"

Meng Hao stood there silently. Then he noticed something located in front of these more than twenty Tribes. Tens of thousands of bamboo poles had been erected and were swaying slightly in the wind. All of these poles were covered with dried blood that had already turned black.

Atop each bamboo pole was a head. This was an entire Tribe, including old people and children. Further up could even be seen an enormous neo-demon head, which was obviously... this Tribe's totemic Sacred Ancient.

All dead.

This was none other than the Heavenly Wind Tribe.

Even closer to Meng Hao and Xu Bai were more than 20,000 bamboo poles stuck into the ground, completely bare. The significance of these poles was obvious... they were there for the heads of the Crow Divinity and Black Dragon Tribes.

The battlefield in front of them was deathly silent. No one spoke. Only the soft whimpering of the wind could be heard. Hundreds of thousands of Cultivators began to breathe heavily, and their killing intent rose up into the sky.

Blackgate Fort... was not easy to enter!

Another sound could be heard. It came from the tall battlement on the Black Lands. Tens of thousands of Cultivators were there watching the proceedings as if it were some sort of play.

To the people atop the battlement, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, the Black Dragon Tribe and the more than twenty bandit Tribes were nothing more than actors on a stage, putting on a performance for their enjoyment.

Some of them were members of the Heavenly Court Alliance. Others were members of Western Desert great Sects with Spirit Severing Patriarchs. Naturally, they could stand apart from the masses and watch down at the life or death game playing out in front of them.

Zhou Dekun was on the battlement, fists clenched tightly, expression sorrowful. There was nothing he could do to change anything about what was happening. He could only watch Meng Hao in silence.

Standing next to Zhou Dekun was the young man from the Cloud Sky Tribe named, who had appeared to Meng Hao in illusory form to parlay in front of the Locust Tribe. He sighed as he looked over the lands down below, as well as Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribe.

“What a pity,” he said, shaking his head.

On another section of the battlement stood a woman who was surrounded by powerful experts. Clearly, she occupied a very high position. This was none other than... the woman who by chance had met Meng Hao in the Black Lands and had been frightened away by him. This was a Chosen of the great Demon Butterfly Tribe, one of the three forces that made up the Heavenly Court Alliance. Goddess Duo Lan!

She was currently frowning as she looked over the lands below. Her gaze eventually came to fall on Meng Hao.

“Duo Lan, why are you frowning? Don’t tell me this person offended you?” The gentle voice came from a young man standing next to her. He was big and tall, with handsome features and long hair. With his long, spotless white robe and charming smile, he was the spitting image of a Chosen.

He was surrounded by three old men who had profound Cultivation bases. Clearly this young man had an illustrious status.

This was the Chosen from the great Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, another of the leaders of the Heavenly Court Alliance. Zhang Wenzu!

“Oh nothing,” replied Duo Lan coolly. “He just seems familiar. I feel like I’ve seen him somewhere before, but can’t seem to remember where.”

Zhang Wenzu smiled as he stood there next to Duo Lan, looking at Meng Hao.

“A trifling insect,” he said, looking back at Duo Lan with a brilliant smile. “If you can’t remember, there’s no need to even think about it. It’s meaningless.”

Duo Lan didn’t seem to be used to him being so close to her. Without thinking about, she took a few steps back. What she didn’t notice was off in the distance in the crowd on the battlement, someone’s gaze shifted from her to Zhang Wenzu. That person’s gaze was filled with hatred.

The hatred quickly vanished without a trace. The gaze belonged to none other than former Black Lands Dao Child Luo Chong. He stood there in the crowds, his expression the same as ever, but inwardly gnashing his teeth. His former Sect had become an auxiliary branch of the Heavenly Court Alliance, and he had lost his former position. Although he was of the Core Formation stage, such a Cultivation Base was nothing outstanding.

“Slut!” he thought to himself. “And you, damnable Zhang Wenzu! You dare to touch the woman I’ve taken a liking to? One of those days I’ll see you dead!!” It was at this point that suddenly he stared in stupefaction out at the lands below. He rubbed his eyes vigorously as he looked at Meng Hao. Then, he began to pant.

“It’s... it’s him? How is it possible....”

Meanwhile, back in the Black Lands, in the area controlled by the Heavenly Court Alliance, was a completely unremarkable Sect. Its name was Church of the Golden Light.

Currently, the Church of the Golden Light had around seven or eight thousand disciples. All of them had excited expressions on their faces as they ran to and fro through mid-air. A bright glow gradually began to spread out, along with a shocking aura.

“A message from Lord Fifth has arrived! The Patriarch has returned!! Let’s go receive the Patriarch and Lord Fifth!”

“Have faith in the Lord Fifth, gain eternal life! When the Lord Fifth appears, who dares to cause strife!”

Back on the border between the Black Lands and the Western Desert, outside the enormous Blackgate Fort, Meng Hao and Xu Bai stood amidst the deathly silence.

Meng Hao looked over at Xu Bai and slowly said, “The last battle.”

Xu Bai was silent for a moment, then laughed. It was clear and bright laugh, filled with stubbornness. He looked back at Meng Hao and nodded.

“The last battle! Victory means we can enter the Black Lands. The announcement was made promising entrance into the Black lands for anyone who brought a Demon Spirit. There is no need for any regrets on our part. If we lose....”

“Meng Hao, if I end up dying, will you allow the great Black Dragon Tribe to become a part of your Crow Divinity Tribe? What do you say?” Xu Bai’s expression was pure sincerity as he looked at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back at Xu Bai and then nodded deeply.

“In that case, what need is there to fear death?! This is going to be one delightful battle!” Laughing heartily, Xu Bai leaped off of the black dragon. A thunderous sound could be heard as muscles bulged and his frame grew larger, revealing the shocking power of his physical body.

“Black Dragon Tribe!!” he cried, looking back at the members of his Tribe. All of them lifted their heads to look back at him. “Remove the seals. Fight!!”

The entire Black Dragon Tribe responded: “FIGHT!!”

The members of the Black Dragon Tribe followed Xu Bai as he charge forward. They untied the black cords tied around their wrists, causing an incredible aura to roar out. All of them instantly began to grow larger. This seal held back the true power of the great Black Dragon Tribe’s physical body training method. After opening the seal, the Tribe members’ bodies grew a full head taller. They looked like fierce, black dragons as they shot forward.

As for Meng Hao, he took a deep breath. He lifted his right hand up, within which appeared the Devil Spear. He looked back at the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe, and beyond, toward the Western Desert North region. That was the home of the Crow Divinity Tribe. He thought of the Golden Crow and the great tree. He thought about his promise to them, and about the long road upon which he had led the Crow Divinity Tribe, all the way to here.

Many images flitted in his mind, eventually transforming into the current moment. This was... the last battle!

“FIGHT!” This one word spoken by Meng Hao boomed out like thunder. The members of the Crow Divinity tribe felt their blood burning with righteous indignation. Killing intent boiled up, flared out. The Tribe knew... that this was the final moment which would decide the difference between life and death.

400,000 neo-demons filled the sky, emitting Heaven-shaking roars. Big Hairy was there. By now, he was a level 10 neo-demon. Hairys #2, #3 and the others weren’t quite a match for him, but they were intrepid nonetheless. The Wild Giant could also be seen. Gu La, as a true Dragoner, had been of much assistance to Meng Hao throughout the journey. Right now, his eyes were bright red.

400,000 neo-demons charged roaring into battle.

The parrot's shrill squawk suddenly rang out.

“Get into formation! Remember, get into formation....”