

The Heavens 641

Chapter 641: Who Would Outdo....

“What... what are you trying to pull?!” cried Patriarch Reliance. The old man he was controlling trembled as he pointed at Meng Hao and nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance stamped his feet with fury and let loose a torrent of cursing. His fury surged to the Heavens, and he seemed on the verge of going insane.

“You little bastard! You, you, you... you have no money?! Then what are you doing!?”

“You have no money and then try to buy so many things?! Dammit! You have no money?! The Patriarch just gave you 30,000 Spirit Stones!? 30,000!! 30,000 whole Spirit Stones!! The Patriarch lived a bitter, frugal life to save up all those Spirit Stones!” Years ago, Meng Hao had defied all sorts of difficulties and danger to attract all the Cultivators from the State of Zhao to the Reliance Sect to free Patriarch Reliance. At that time, Patriarch Reliance’s heart had filled with joy. However, he had only rewarded Meng Hao with a single low-grade Spirit Stone. From that could be seen the level of stinginess which had long since become a part of Patriarch Reliance’s very being.

“Furthermore, every item in that shop belongs to the Patriarch! You have no money and want to buy everything? Ridiculous!!”

Seeing Patriarch Reliance raving the way that he was caused Guyiding Tri’rain to purse her lips. However, her expression quickly returned to normal, except for the glint of shrewdness in her eyes.

“The old turtle really is looking for trouble,” she thought, feeling a bit sorry for Patriarch Reliance. “Meng Hao conned the entire State of Zhao back then. There are people who still remember that down to this day. And yet the old turtle is still trying to match wits with Meng Hao? He’s simply looking for trouble....”

“Although, you can’t really blame the old turtle. He’s getting old, and his brain is somewhat addled. Perhaps it’s because he was beaten in the head when he was young?” The more she thought about the matter, and of all the things that had happened in the past years, the more she couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for Patriarch Reliance.

Of course, Meng Hao had no way to see or even know what was going on in the palace. He looked apologetically at the old man who stood in front of him.

“How about this,” he said, sounding a bit embarrassed. “How about I do some work for you? I’m sure that in a few dozen years, I can clear all of my debt! Yeah... I’m pretty good at concocting medicinal pills.”

Patriarch Reliance, in the form of the old man, stared fixedly at Meng Hao. He began to pant, and it almost seemed as if steam was rising from the top of his head.... Inside his mind, two people suddenly appeared. One of them was giving advice, and the other was venting angrily.

“Alright Patriarch, it’s time to risk it all!”

“No way! I’ve worked so hard, and almost pulled it off! I’m just about to succeed! I just have to hold on a little bit more! A little bit more is all! Then, I’ll finally be able to gaze upon hope!

“The sunshine always comes after the storm!!” Even as Patriarch Reliance was feeling conflicted, Meng Hao cleared his throat.

“Or, maybe I just shouldn’t buy these things,” he said. “I think I should go browse some of the other shops. I’ll try to finish going through them all within a year. After that I’ll head over to the other cities....”

These words were like a trump card that Patriarch Reliance couldn’t match.

“How much money do you have?” he asked through gritted teeth.

Meng Hao blushed. “I have 5,000 Spirit Stones in my bag of holding.”

“You....” Patriarch Reliance almost screamed out that he had just given Meng Hao 30,000 Spirit Stones. However, he suppressed his heart for a long moment; he felt as if he had just been stabbed through, and there was no blood left to ooze out....

“Ha ha....” he said through clenched teeth. However, to achieve his goal, he had no choice but to continue to endure. Even if it caused Meng Hao become somewhat suspicious, he had no choice.

After forcing out his laugh, he said, “You’re... you’re really lucky!! Today is... our opening-day celebration! We have a huge... sale! 5,000 Spirit Stones gets you everything in the store!”

Eyes sparkling, Meng Hao quickly placed 5,000 Spirit Stones in front of the old man, then collected together all of the magical items into his bag of holding. Then he smiled and gave a light sigh.

“The people of Saint’s Island, and especially the members of the Footloose Sect, are all good people,” he said. With that, he spun and left, flying directly up into the air and shooting off into the distance.

When Patriarch Reliance saw this, his deeply injured spirit was finally able to recover a bit.

“As long as you leave, that’s all that matters.... Just go!” he said, gnashing his teeth. “You little bastard! I don’t ever want to see you ever again in my life!” He gradually calmed his mood, then stopped thinking about Spirit Stones and magical items. If he did, he was worried that he might not be able to take it and then explode with fury.

However, even as Patriarch Reliance struggled to improve his mood, Meng Hao suddenly stopped flying. He looked down as he noticed a second city down below.

When he saw this second city, a smile appeared on his face.

Currently, it was the middle of the night, and yet, the city was still filled with bright lights and activity. Even at this hour, the shops weren’t closed. The whole city was bustling, making the entire city seem like a bright, dazzling pearl.

Patriarch Reliance: “.....”

He stared blankly, veins popping up on his forehead.

Then he saw Meng Hao shamelessly floating down toward the city, and he couldn’t take it any more. He finally exploded.

“Ridiculous!!! Shameless!!!” he bellowed, causing the entire palace to shake. He waved his right hand in front of him, causing countless streams of Divine Sense to shoot out. They sped toward the city and immediately entered the various shops.

Before Meng Hao could even get close, all of the shops in the entire city suddenly closed their doors and turned out the lights.

It was the middle of the night, so the previously brightly lit city was suddenly cast into darkness. Of course, everyone within the city noticed this and was instantly alarmed.

Up in mid-air, Meng Hao's face twitched a bit.

"That damned old turtle," he thought. "All I took was a few Spirit Stones and magical items. In total, it's only worth a few tens of thousands of Spirit Stones!

"The old turtle is far too stingy. After all these years, he still hasn't changed. I bet that right now, he's in such pain that he wants to die.

"He wants me to leave, and is worried that I'll plunder him even more, so he instantly caused all the shops to close. Shameless! Completely shameless!!" Meng Hao hovered indignantly up in the air, staring down at the city for a long moment. Then, he continued to fly.

Back in the palace, an unprecedentedly wide smile appeared on Patriarch Reliance's face, as well as a look of intense pride as he reveled in his superior intellect. Patriarch Reliance currently felt incredibly refreshed.

"Little bastard! No matter how crafty you are, you can't outsmart the Patriarch!

"As usual, the Patriarch is the most intelligent! How else could I come up with so many plans? Hahaha! Let's see what you try to do now!" By now, he had long since forgotten that he was trying to hide. Nor did he consider that such overt actions might cause Meng Hao to be suspicious.

His complacency had reached the pinnacle, and the feeling of finally being able to vent his frustrations gave him a bit of hope. Hope to see Meng Hao finally leave!

"No matter where you go, I'll just close all the shops! Let's see what other reason you could possibly come up with to stay here!" Patriarch Reliance's eyes sparkled as he glanced over at Guyiding Tri'rain.

“Well, what do you say? Is the Patriarch clever, or not?”

Guyiding Tri’rain blinked, then smiled. “The Patriarch is definitely brilliant.”

Patriarch Reliance seemed more pleased than ever, and his smile grew even wider.

As for Meng Hao, he frowned as he flew through the air. About an hour later, he suddenly stopped in place, then looked down toward a mountain down below.

As soon as he even glanced at it, a rumbling sound suddenly filled the air as the entire mountain collapsed right in front of his eyes.

Meng Hao stared in shock. This time, it was true and utter shock.

“Patriarch Reliance!” he thought, “Aren’t you being a bit too obvious, bitch? Can’t you pretend even a little bit? Dammit! What do you want me to do? Pretend that I don’t notice? Pretend that I do?” Meng Hao was conflicted about exactly what course of action to take.

If he pretended not to notice anything suspicious, that would be too obvious....

But if he pretended to notice something fishy, then it would also tip off Patriarch Reliance. In Meng Hao’s opinion, Patriarch Reliance was so unreliable, there was no way to know how he might flip out if that happened.

“If I scare him too much,” Meng Hao thought, “he might just take this whole place with him and run away at top speed. This time, I have to make sure he doesn’t flee.” Meng Hao really was unsure of what to do. Inwardly, he cursed the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. How could a Dao Seeking Cultivator be so slow? Meng Hao had already let his aura begin to emanate out, and yet the old man still hadn’t come looking for him yet.

Meng Hao was consumed with the desire to beat the living daylights out of the old turtle. Currently, he just couldn’t think of how to deal with the unreliable Patriarch Reliance.

Even as he went back and forth in his mind, he continued to proceed forward. However, he quickly found that if he stopped for even a moment, nearby mountains would collapse; even the rivers would change their course.

Almost everywhere he went rapidly turned into flatlands.

“Could there possibly be anybody more unreliable...?” Meng Hao thought. “If things keep going on like this, even if I really did beat him in the head in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, he should be able to understand that I’ll notice things are obviously off.” Meng Hao hesitated for another moment before his eyes began to glitter. At this point, he completely ceased suppressing his internal injuries. He let out a blood-curdling scream and then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His face immediately went pale.

“My injury is playing up again!” he cried loudly. Bowing his head, he sank down toward the ground, picking a random area to sit down cross-legged to meditate and treat his injuries.

His injuries truly were not completely healed. They were only healed by approximately seventy percent. The remaining thirty percent were filled with the power of Dao Seeking, which was very difficult to heal with the Violet Pupil Transformation.

According to his calculations, the final thirty percent would take years to completely heal using his current method. Therefore, he didn’t mind allowing the old turtle to see that the injuries and the blood were very real.

“In order to deal with this unreliable old turtle,” he thought, grinding his teeth, “I just have to be more shameless than him. In that case, you bastard, I’ll just stay here indefinitely!”

Now it was Patriarch Reliance’s turn to be stunned. He rubbed his eyes vigorously as he watched Meng Hao sit down cross-legged to meditate. Then his eyes began to shine brightly as he saw that Meng Hao truly did have serious internal injuries.

Patriarch Reliance began to pant. He stared for a long moment, then grabbed at his long hair and began to pull it hard. He paced back and forth within the palace, his face unsightly to the extreme, looking like a volcano that was about to explode.

“Dammit! Who was it that hurt him!?! Why didn’t you just directly kill him?! Why leave an injury like that to flare up at a time like this?!”

“What do I do? What is the Patriarch supposed to do...? That injury won’t be healed for years. After everything I’ve done so far, just when I was about to succeed, then this kind of thing has to happen!” Patriarch Reliance ground his teeth. Inwardly, his hatred toward whoever had injured Meng Hao continued to grow.

Guyiding Tri’rain almost couldn’t stop herself from bursting out laughing. Right now, she almost couldn’t take it any more. She had to know, which of these two unreliable fellows would outdo the other....

Chapter 642: The Patriarch Flies Into a Rage

“I’ll just sit here and wait for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to come,” thought Meng Hao complacently. “In the meantime, I’ll treat my injuries and just let time pass.” He sat there cross-legged in the remote mountain forest, surrounded by silence. The night was dark and charming; a soft breeze brushed gently against his face.

He rotated his Cultivation base as he slowly treated himself. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes. A few days passed.

The parrot and the meat jelly emerged during that time, then left to go play on the sea. It was impossible to tell what vices they had indulged in, but they came back smelling like seawater. They made quite the commotion as they returned to perch on Meng Hao’s shoulder.

“You are immoral!” cried the meat jelly, preparing to launch into a speech. “That white crane....”

“SHUT UP!” replied the Parrot, glaring. It was just about to continue speaking when suddenly it made an “eee?” sound and then looked around. Before it could say anything, Meng Hao’s eyes snapped open and he stuffed the parrot and the meat jelly into his bag of holding, then cleared his throat and continued to meditate.

At the moment, Patriarch Reliance was completely torn about what to do, so he didn’t notice what had just happened. He was utterly helpless in terms of Meng Hao; during the past few days, he had grown increasingly anxious. It was now clear based on Meng Hao’s actions that he planned to stay long term to restore himself to health.

“You little bastard, you just wait. The Patriarch is going to go all out!” Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and roared. He had been in conflict over the past several days, and at this point, couldn’t wait any more. Clenching his teeth, he waved his sleeve, causing his body to grow transparent. It

appeared as if he had separated some of his essence, which then began to swirl in the air above his hand, emanated a multicolored glow.

It rapidly turned into what appeared to be a Spirit Fruit, from which a delicate fragrance wafted out. Anyone who looked at it would instantly feel themselves palpitating with eagerness.

Off to the side, Guyiding Tri'rain's eyes went wide and she began to breathe heavily. She recognized this object; it was a strand of essence from Patriarch Reliance's clone form.

Clenching his teeth and enduring the distress of it all, Patriarch Reliance lifted his right foot and then stamped it down onto the surface of the palace. Instantly, a white crane appeared. As soon as it flew out, it began to change shape into a gray eagle, which then grabbed the Spirit Fruit with its talons. After that, it passed through the walls of the palace and shot off into the distance.

Patriarch Reliance watched anxiously as the gray eagle left. He felt distressed, and couldn't stop from stamping his feet back and forth in nervousness.

"Screwed over. I'm screwed over big time.... However, as long as that little bastard leaves, the Patriarch can deal with it!"

The gray eagle shot through the sky with incredible speed toward Meng Hao's location. In only the space of a few breaths, it appeared near him.

It kicked up a stiff wind that caused Meng Hao's eyes to open. He looked up into the sky, and as soon as he caught sight of the gray eagle, his pupils constricted. Clearly, the most important part was the Spirit Fruit it held in its talons.

At a single glance, he could sense the ripples that emanated out from within the fruit, as well as the colorful glow which surrounded it. It almost looked like an Immortal Fruit. Even just glancing at the Immortal Fruit provoked a reaction from his internal injuries.

"This thing can really heal injuries...." thought Meng Hao. He hesitated for a moment, then smiled bitterly. Patriarch Reliance really had hit him in a soft spot with this particular move. He sighed inwardly.

“But it’s such a blatant move.... Well, he is Patriarch Reliance, after all, so I guess it’s not that strange.” It was with a wry smile and a conflicted heart that he watched the gray eagle start to fly in circles over his head. It seemed as if it was simply waiting for him to snatch the Spirit Fruit.

“Snatch it!” roared Patriarch Reliance. “Come on! Why aren’t you snatching it!?” At the moment, he wanted nothing more than to throttle Meng Hao.

After struggling back and forth for a while, Meng Hao took a deep breath. His eyes filled with determination. He simply couldn’t ignore such temptation. He had just made the decision, and was about to make a move, when suddenly, the gray eagle loosened its talons.

The Spirit Fruit slowly fell down from the sky with great accuracy to land directly in front of Meng Hao.

Patriarch Reliance burst out with hearty laughter, and he looked extremely proud of himself. Then he harrumphed to express the superiority of his intellect. Finally, he sent his Divine Sense into the gray eagle, causing it to let out a cheerful cry filled with complacent pride.

Because Meng Hao was staring in shock, he didn’t notice that at some point, the parrot had stuck its head out of the bag of holding and was looking intoxicatedly at the gray eagle. Suddenly, it transformed into a black streak of light that shot out at top speed.

Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance’s Divine Sense was still in the gray eagle, controlling it as it flew off into the distance. “You little bastard! The Patriarch has lived for years and years, and you want to try to compete with me? Let’s see what reason you can come up with to stay now! Hahaha! The Patriarch is... huh? Ahh? AAGGHHH!!” In the midst of his complacency and laughter, he suddenly shuddered, and his eyes went wide with disbelief.

He could clearly see the black beam of light shooting out from Meng Hao’s bag of holding. Then, the black shadow shot through the air to penetrate the rear end of the gray eagle.

“What... what is it doing?” said Patriarch Reliance, trembling.

The gray eagle shook. It was illusory, after all, so it twisted and then transformed into countless dots of glittering light that spread out in all directions.

A tremor ran through Patriarch Reliance and he stared blankly. Because his Divine Sense had been inside the gray eagle, everything that had happened just now... he had also experienced.

His face was filled with disbelief, but it only took a moment for him to react. His eyes went wide and were shot with blood as he lifted his head up and roared.

“You, you, you... you actually...”

“Ridiculous! You actually...”

“AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!” After understanding exactly what had happened, Patriarch Reliance was filled with unspeakable, unprecedented rage and madness.

All of the the lands of Saint’s Island shook, and enormous waves rolled out across the sea. The faces of all the Cultivators on the island flickered as they wonder what had just transpired.

Meng Hao was also a bit frightened. When he saw the parrot returning, that intoxicated look on its face, his scalp went numb.

“Damned bird,” he thought, taking a deep breath. “It... it actually did... it did Patriarch Reliance?” The parrot’s expression was one of deep emotion as it returned. Everything that had happened completely exceeded Meng Hao’s imagination.

The parrot still seemed to be savoring the aftertaste of what had just occurred. As it returned, Meng Hao could hear it muttering.

“Strange. How come it couldn’t handle being done? I barely started and it disappeared?”

Meng Hao grabbed the parrot and violently threw it into his bag of holding. Then he smiled wryly and collected up the Spirit Fruit. He quickly popped it into his mouth, then transformed into a beam of light and shot up into the air.

“What’s going on in this place!” he yelled loudly. “I can’t stay here!” He immediately shot off into the distance. Even as he did, the area he had just been in collapsed into a huge crater.

The ground trembled and shook, and huge waves surged across the sea. Patriarch Reliance was completely in a rage; his fury was burning to a shocking level. Although he couldn't do anything to Meng Hao, he still couldn't accept such humiliation. He was just on the verge of revealing his true self to swallow up the parrot, when Guyiding Tri'rain came running over. She grabbed Patriarch Reliance's arm.

"Patriarch, calm down!" she said. "Think about what's most important!"

"Go away! The Patriarch is gonna go all out with this guy!" Patriarch Reliance took a few steps forward. A rumbling sound filled the air as the palace opened up to reveal the lands of Saint's Island stretching out below.

"Patriarch, think three times before you act!" urged Guyiding Tri'rain. "Meng Hao's already gone! If you reveal yourself now, you'll undo all your previous hard work!"

Patriarch Reliance stopped in place with his foot in the air. Veins bulged out on his face, and his entire person resembled a volcano that might erupt at any moment. His face twisted with struggle; on one hand, he was thinking about the happiness he could enjoy in the future. At the same time, he was thinking about the revenge that needed to be exacted for what the parrot had done to him.

In the midst of his struggle, he stomped his foot down. Forcing himself to endure everything, his body trembled and his head seemed about to explode. Clearly, his restraint had reached its very limits.

Patriarch Reliance could feel an indescribable fire burning inside of him. He felt as if he had to find someone to beat up to vent the rage and toxic anger that raged in his heart.

As he forced himself to continue to be patient, Saint's Island ceased trembling, and the sea returned to calmness. Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot through the air. His face was unsightly, but his internal injuries were now healing at a shockingly fast rate.

In the time it takes an incense stick to burn, all the pores on Meng Hao's body seemed to have opened. The injuries inside of him were healed, and an intense coldness rushed out through his skin into the air, transforming into flakes of black snow that drifted in the air.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and increased his speed. His mind spun with countless ideas as he tried to come up with more reasons to stay on the island. However, he knew that Patriarch

Reliance's rage had been kindled to its peak, and the slightest mistake on his part could cause it to explode out.

If that happened, Patriarch Reliance would definitely run away again, and that did not fit in with Meng Hao's plan.

"It's all the fault of that bastard parrot. It ruined my big plan." He sighed as he neared the border region of the island. He decided to slow down a bit, but when he did, the land beneath him would quake and the nearby mountains would collapse.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly and then continued to speed along. Soon, he saw the sea off in the distance, as well as the last Cultivator city of Saint's Island. Right now it was day, and the city should have been bustling with noise and excitement, but instead, all the shops were closed.

"Patriarch turtle, you've pushed me into a corner!" cursed Meng Hao inwardly. He clenched his teeth and then suddenly stopped in mid-air. His eyes began to glow with an intense light, and his expression was incredibly grim.

The look on his face caused Patriarch Reliance's fuming heart to suddenly begin to thump.

"I've been hiding in this ancient palace for years," he thought, "completely cut off from anything to do with the Demon Sealers. He shouldn't be able to sense me.... Not good, not good! Maybe what I did just now was too obvious! When you add in the fact that I couldn't control my temper, maybe the little bastard saw through it all!"

Meng Hao looked around, his face grim. Finally, he spoke in a cold voice: "I'm not sure which member of the senior generation in this place doesn't want Meng Hao to stick around. Fine, I'm leaving!"

Complete silence was the only response.

When Patriarch Reliance heard Meng Hao's words, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

"So, he doesn't know I'm here. He actually thinks I'm someone else. Alright, that will do."

Meng Hao glanced around before his gaze finally came to rest on the city up ahead. He lifted his hand up and pointed at it.

“However, I’m lacking in Spirit Stones, and happen to have a random assortment of magical items in my bag of holding. I’ll sell them in this city, and as soon as I’m finished, I’ll leave this place!” With that, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve and headed toward the city.

Chapter 643: Plundering

Patriarch Reliance hesitated for a moment. Had Meng Hao not directly stated his intentions, he would never have allowed him to enter the city. However, Patriarch Reliance couldn’t help but glance at the sea, and then back at the city.

Finally, he violently clenched his teeth.

“This is the last time,” he said decisively. If Meng Hao tried to pull any more tricks after this, then he would go for broke and run away with the land on his back.

Meng Hao headed toward the city at top speed. Inside, the shops had all closed their doors, which left the Cultivators quite confused. Soon, quite a commotion could be heard.

Meng Hao’s arrival didn’t attract much attention. He picked a relatively open area where he then sat down cross-legged. Waving his sleeve, he caused a vast quantity of magical items to suddenly appear in front of him. They flew out into the surrounding area, causing a bright glow of light to spread out in all directions.

When thousands of magical items suddenly appeared all at once, glowing and shining resplendently, it instantly caught the attention of quite a few bystanders. When they saw the magical items, gasps could be heard.

The sounds of discussions soon filled the air.

“So many magical items!”

“How can that guy have so many magical items!? He has things from the Qi Condensation stage all the way to the Nascent Soul stage! He has everything!”

“Don’t tell me he sacked a shop somewhere?! All of those magical items are clearly new! Not a single one is used!”

Soon, people began to approach to examine the magical items that floated in the air around Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he quickly listed prices for each item, which were based on the original amount he had purchased them for, multiplied several times over. Then he closed his eyes and sat there silently.

More and more people crowded around, their eyes glittering as they occasionally glanced over at Meng Hao. Some people wanted to buy things, but the prices were clearly quite high. There were even some magical items whose price was several times greater than normal. Because of this, many people began to curse inwardly.

Time passed by, and soon quite a crowd had built up. Right now, all of the shops in the city were closed, so Meng Hao’s flagrant display quickly attracted the attention of the vast majority of Cultivators in the city.

Unfortunately, although there were a lot of people, few people were willing to buy at the exorbitant prices Meng Hao had listed.

Meng Hao didn’t feel anxious at all. In fact, he wanted to stretch time out as long as possible. Patriarch Reliance, on the other hand, was getting very nervous back in his palace as he watched the scene unfold. Soon, evening was falling. Of the thousands of magical items Meng Hao had for sale, he had only managed to get rid of a few. Patriarch Reliance was now incredibly worried.

“Well, this is the last time!” said Patriarch Reliance, stamping his foot. He sent his Divine Sense out into several people in the city.

Before long, seven or eight Cultivators approached Meng Hao’s vendor stall. They moved at top speed, causing quite a disturbance as they arrived in front of Meng Hao.

“I want 500 of these magical items!” said one of their number, an old man. He tossed out a bag of holding. Meng Hao’s eyes instantly opened. He looked at the man, then slowly opened the bag of holding. He then removed all of the Spirit Stones from inside and began to count them one by one. After checking the number thoroughly, he waved his sleeve, causing five hundred magical items to fly toward the old man.

The old man's face twitched as he gathered up the items, then turned and walked off. After he left, another person approached, and, in exactly the same fashion as the man before, began to purchase magical items.

“That was the manager of the Auspicious Pavilion. He has a considerable social standing, and a close relationship with the Footloose Sect.... Why is he here buying magical items from this guy?”

“I've seen that guy before. That's the shopkeeper from Chen Manor! He's here too....”

The surrounding crowds watched on in astonishment as the seven or eight Cultivators wasted nearly two hours purchasing various items. Soon, all of Meng Hao's magical items were gone.

Of course, the reason it took so long was that Meng Hao fastidiously counted every single Spirit Stone. Otherwise, he could have taken care of selling all the items in the space of a few breaths.

Considering how many Spirit Stones Meng Hao ended up taking, it was no surprise that the crowds eyed him greedily, like hungry wolves.

Meng Hao calmly secured all of the Spirit Stones into his bag of holding. In total, he had acquired several hundred thousand, making his trip to Saint's Island somewhat profitable after all.

Finally, he rose slowly to his feet and sighed. Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance's patience could stretch no longer as Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot up into the air.

As soon as that happened, four or five Cultivators down in the city took out jade slips that they then used to send voice transmissions.

Moments later, three Core Formation Cultivators flew out from a secret location. At the same time, an old man in a red robe sat cross-legged on a ship near the seashore. Suddenly, his eyes opened and began to glow with a brilliant light. The ripples of an early Nascent Soul Cultivation base emanated out from him.

He was the type of person who was threatening without showing anger. As soon as his eyes opened, he produced a brightly glowing jade slip. When he sent his Divine Sense into the slip, his eye narrowed.

“A Cultivator flying around with hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones?” said the man coolly, rising to his feet.

“On Saint’s Island, only Core Formation Cultivators are permitted to fly....

“He sold a lot of items, most of them suitable for Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment. However, his Cultivation base clearly wasn’t Nascent Soul. He must be a Core Formation Cultivator.

“Most likely, he’s at the great circle of Core Formation. In my hands, though, someone like that is a mere insect.” A slight smile appeared on the man’s lips.

“If I can get my hands on a few hundred thousand Spirit Stones, then this trip will have been no waste.” The man used minor teleportation to instantly vanish. When he reappeared, he was in mid-air above Saint’s Island. After confirming his exact position, he picked a direction and started flying.

Meng Hao frowned as he flew through mid-air. He really couldn’t think of another reason to stay behind, and it almost felt like he was being banished. It didn’t make him happy.

After all, the person doing the banishing was supposed to be his Dao Protector.

“If I’d known this was going to happen, I would have thrashed that little turtle a bit more back in the Demon Immortal Pagoda!” murmured Meng Hao angrily. He proceeded onward, watching the seashore get closer and closer.

By now, Patriarch Reliance was getting incredibly excited. Anticipation filled his eyes as he watched Meng Hao get further and further away.

“He’s leaving! The little bastard is finally leaving! Hahaha! What an excellent feeling!” The more Patriarch Reliance thought about it, the happier he felt. He even started to hum a little tune.

If Meng Hao were there, he would instantly recognize that tune. It was the very same tune Patriarch Reliance had hummed back in the Reliance Sect.

Currently, Meng Hao's face was unsightly. The sea was clearly visible off in the distance, but he still couldn't think of a reason to stay behind. Even as he was beginning to hesitate, a whistling sound could be heard from behind him.

When Meng Hao heard the sound, he was instantly both surprised and very happy. He quickly looked back to see three beams of light shooting toward him. An expression of joy appeared on his face.

In the same moment that Meng Hao turned to look back, a cold voice could be heard coming from one of the three pursuers. "Fellow Daoist, please slow down for a moment!"

The three pursuers were middle-aged men, one of whom was in the mid Core Formation stage, the other two were in the early Core Formation stage. They flew through the air very quickly, and arrived in the blink of an eye.

Back in his palace, Patriarch Reliance watched on in shock.

"What are you people doing!?" Meng Hao shouted, shrinking back.

The eyes of the three men glittered with killing intent. The mid Core Formation Cultivator looked Meng Hao over closely. Earlier, he had been somewhat hesitant because of not being able to clearly see Meng Hao's Cultivation base. Now, though, it was obvious to him that it was at the early Core Formation stage.

Furthermore, Meng Hao's words and expression seemed to be filled with alarm, which left the man feeling even more calm.

"The three of us would like to borrow something from you, Fellow Daoist," said the man with a false smile. "Hopefully you can help us achieve our aim." With that, the other two moved to surround Meng Hao.

The eyes of all three radiated ill intentions as they coldly stared at Meng Hao. The greed in their eyes couldn't be more apparent.

"What... what do you want to borrow?" Meng Hao replied hurriedly.

“Just some Spirit Stones, that’s all,” said the man with a smile. “Fellow Daoist, you have several hundred thousand Spirit Stones in your bag of holding. Do you mind loaning them to us?” As he spoke, killing intent glittered in his eyes. Just when he was reaching out to attack....

“Okay! I agree!” said Meng Hao. He slapped his bag of holding and instantly caused hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones to fly out. The sight of so many Spirit Stones instantly caused the three Cultivators to stare, panting.

For the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, a sound almost like the gurgling of water could be heard as the Spirit Stones poured out onto the ground. Soon, they had formed together into something like a small mountain.

Even though it was evening, the Spirit Stones glittered and shone, causing the eyes of the three men to shine brightly.

However, as Meng Hao was backed up, the tip of one of the magical items from the Demon Immortal Sect suddenly appeared. Meng Hao’s face fell, and he quickly covered it up.

“Hahaha!” said the middle-aged man, his eyes flashing. He was all smiles as he spoke, although he was working hard to control the excitement inside of him. “Fellow Daoist, you seem to be in such a good mood, so I hate to tell you that in addition to Spirit Stones, I also happen to need some magical items. I noticed just now that you have some inside your bag of holding. Hand it over now for me to take a look.”

The other two were palpating with eagerness at how rich they were about to become.

Meanwhile, back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance was panting, his eyes filling with rage as he clenched his fists tightly. He wanted nothing more than for Meng Hao to leave as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, these blind fools dared to intercept Meng Hao and delay him. This was enough to cause Patriarch Reliance to explode like lightning.

“Are they looking to die?!” roared Patriarch Reliance, waving his hand out. At the same time, the three people surrounding Meng Hao, in the very midst of their most ultimate excitement, suddenly began to tremble. The sound of someone roaring exploded out in their minds.

Then, in the blink of an eye, their eyes went wide and their bodies burst into pieces. A haze and blood and gore filled the air, which rapidly vanished into nothing.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly, then moved to collect up the Spirit Stones on the ground. However, it was at this point that he suddenly smiled excitedly once again. Off in the distance, a beam of light approached him at top speed from the direction of the ocean.

It was the early Nascent Soul stage old man.

“Take out your Spirit Stones and... huh?” Even as the old man’s cold voice rang out, he suddenly gasped. He had just seen the huge Spirit Stone mountain laying there on the ground.

Chapter 644: Patriarch, Save Me!

“Another one?” Patriarch Reliance’s rage once again flared up. He was incredibly indignant. After all the untold difficulties he had gone through to accomplish his goal of sending Meng Hao away, he had almost reached his goal.

And yet, at the critical moment, one blind fool after another came to stir up trouble. Patriarch Reliance was extremely nervous that Meng Hao would seize some new chance to stay behind on the island. Thus, his rage burned up into the sky. He was about to reach out and crush the newcomer with a palm, when suddenly, a tremor ran through his body. He looked up, and there wasn’t a trace of rage on his face. Gone was the easily changeable mood from when he was dealing with Meng Hao. Now, his expression was very serious.

He stared off into the depths of the sea.

Next to him, Guyiding Tri-rain also got a strange feeling seemingly from nowhere. She looked up, and her expression flickered. The Boat Spirit appeared soundlessly next to her, and also looked off into the distance.

Meanwhile, the overbearing old Nascent Soul Cultivator saw the huge pile of Spirit Stones, and it caused his heart to tremble. He glanced around the area, and, seeing nothing out of the ordinary, turned to look frowning at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back at him, and as their gazes met, he laughed.

The scene caused the old Nascent Soul Cultivator to get a very strange sensation. He suddenly had the feeling that something fishy was going on, and immediately backed up a few paces.

He was just about to say something when Meng Hao's face suddenly flickered. He jerked his head to look off onto the distance. At the same time, his entire person erupted with an intensely fierce aura. He didn't grow any larger, but in the eyes of the old man, he suddenly seemed indescribably huge. The old man suddenly felt as if he were nothing more than a bug in front of Meng Hao.

The explosive aura that roiled off of Meng Hao caused the old man to tremble and pant. His eyes went wide with disbelief, and his mind filled with roaring.

"Great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!!" he thought, both his mind and body trembling. The blood drained from his face.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's aura continued to rise, breaking through a certain barrier that suddenly caused the wind and clouds to surge, and the sky and land to dim. The crackle of thunder could be heard.

His energy swept over everything for thousands of kilometers in every direction, and a vortex appeared. The vortex spun rapidly, rising up to the point where it seemed to connect Heaven and Earth. Rifts appeared in the air, as if the world itself couldn't handle the explosive power of Meng Hao's Cultivation base.

"Spirit... Spirit Severing!!" Being in the middle of the tempest made the old man feel like he was a tiny leaf the midst of the raging sea, or a lone boat on the verge of being crushed into tiny pieces.

His mind buzzed and went completely blank, and his face completely drained of even the slightest bit of blood, until he looked almost dead. His body trembled like a screen, as he stared wide-eyed at the vortex, and Meng Hao, who looked almost like an Immortal.

"I... I actually tried to rob a Spirit Severing eccentric...." The man's trembling soon was completely replaced by astonishment and indescribable fear. The turn of events left him thoroughly discombobulated. In his estimation, he had just done the most insane thing he had ever done in his entire life.

As he trembled, he was suddenly incredibly glad that he hadn't finished speaking earlier. Perhaps he still had time to turn around and leave.

“Senior... Senior, I...” Even as he began to stammer an explanation, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve. Instantly, all of the Spirit Stones vanished. Completely ignoring the Nascent Soul Cultivator, he flew up into the air and looked off into the distance.

What he saw was a long beam of light shooting across the sky above the sea. It seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth as it shot toward him. Rumbling could be heard, and soon, the image of a white-robed Cultivator became visible within the beam. He didn't look old, but rather, middle-aged. His hands were clasped behind his back as he strode through the air inside of the beam.

His hair floated around him, and everywhere he passed, distortions spread out. It seemed as if in every place that he passed, the natural laws of the world would change because of him. Waves surged in the sea down below, roaring and rumbling.

If you looked closely, you would be able to see that in that part of the sea, the waters were sunken down as if by some incredibly shocking pressure.

“He's finally here!” thought Meng Hao. His eyes glittered brightly, and without hesitation, he entered the Ninth Anima!

Boom!

His body shook violently as an energy even more powerful than before was unleashed within him. He had a Spirit Severing fleshly body, and an energy capable of shaking everything.

Down below, the Nascent Soul Cultivator coughed up a mouthful of blood and sank down to the ground, quivering. To him, it was like the Heavens were crumbling.

Of course, the approaching figure was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

He strode forward, his expression cold, seemingly filled with infinite killing intent. He appeared capable of causing everything around him to collapse into destruction, and each step he took made everything rumble and shake.

“You dared to disseminate your aura to draw me here,” he said coolly, his voice crackling like thunder. “Who exactly are you relying on for help? Ask them out immediately.” His voice caused the entirety of Saint's Island to shake. Mountains crumbled, and countless people on the island cried out in alarm.

In the Footloose Sect, dozens of beams of light flew up into the air, and the faces of everyone instantly began to flicker with various expressions.

Up in mid-air, the wind and clouds surged into an enormous, rumbling vortex. It looked almost like doomsday had arrived.

As the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch entered the airspace over Saint's Island, waves raged in the surrounding sea, from within which could be heard something like desolate howls that echoed about in all directions.

“If you have nobody to rely on for help, well then, you simply won't be able to escape this time.” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's voice was calm, and did not seem to contain even a scrap of emotion. His eyes were cold as his gaze fell onto Meng Hao.

As soon as the gaze touched him, a rumbling sound surrounded Meng Hao. Inside of him, the power of seven Cultivation bases within him exploded out, and the strength of his fleshly body radiated out to slam into the pressure of the gaze.

Boom!

Rumbling filled Meng Hao's body, and he felt an incredible pressure. This feeling was even more intense than the last time, causing his face to pale. Underneath the pressure, his Cultivation base suddenly condensed from seven parts into six!

It seemed as if the pressure from the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was like a grindstone, and Meng Hao... was the blade!

At the same time, the intense power of his Cultivation base exploded out and fought back.

RUMBLE!

Blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and he was sent spinning backward. However, a bright light shone in his eyes as he relied only on his own power to resist the pressure of the gaze.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's eyes flickered as he gazed deeply at Meng Hao. This was not the same clone that had faced Meng Hao back in the Southern Domain. This was a flesh and blood body, a true clone.

It was far, far more powerful than the Divine Clone from last time. After all, the will within its gaze could kill a person.

Down below, the Nascent Soul Cultivator's astonishment had reached a pinnacle. He had no way to even imagine what level of Cultivation base could cause a Spirit Severing expert to be incapable of fighting back.

"This place is a nightmare...." He began to tremble violently, and wished he could simply lapse into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance's eyes were glittering as he silently observed what was happening.

A look of anxiety appeared in Guyiding Tri-rain's eyes.

Hovering in mid-air in the seaside region, Meng Hao wiped the blood from his mouth and backed up.

As for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he was now even more excited about Meng Hao's Dao foundation. "It truly is worthy of being called the Perfect Dao foundation...."

He took another step forward toward Meng Hao.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly shouted out: "Patriarch, save me!!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Reliance's face twitched. He pretended as if he hadn't heard, but Guyiding Tri-rain, looking more anxious than ever, quickly turned to look at him.

Boom!

Even as he spoke the words, Meng Hao fled at top speed, his body flickering with a bloody glow. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch instantly appeared in front of him.

“Patriarch Reliance,” said Meng Hao, using his Cultivation base to cause his words to echo out through all of Saint’s Island, “I’m the only remaining disciple of the Reliance Sect. Even in the Footloose Sect, considering my level of seniority, I should be considered a respected Elder. Can you really just watch on while I get killed?” Everyone in the Footloose Sect could clearly hear the words he had spoken. Meng Hao instantly tried to retreat again, but the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his hand out. His shocking killing intent, which contained the will of Dao Seeking, transformed into a black beam that shot toward Meng Hao.

It moved with incredible speed, but Meng Hao was on guard. The Immortal’s sword appeared, which instantly caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s pupils to constrict.

In that instant, back in the palace, Guyiding Tri-rain gritted her teeth and then suddenly vanished. She transformed into a drop of rainwater, which then shot out of the palace. At the same time, the Boat Spirit also vanished.

When the raindrop reappeared, it was in front of Meng Hao. It instantly transformed into a sheet of falling rain, which blocked the incoming black beam of light.

Guyiding Tri-rain’s voice suddenly sounded out. “Your fleshly body is strong, but you can’t use it now. Rain is water. Water can become a lake, and that lake wishes to transform into sea. The surface of the sea can ripple; vibration can resist countless powers!”

As soon as Meng Hao heard her, his eyes went wide. Although he recognized the voice, there was no time to reminisce right now. The words seemed to bring him to his senses, and he began to vibrate his body.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the blink of an eye.

The black beam neared, and as it passed through the rainwater, more than half of it dissipated. What remained slammed into Meng Hao, causing a boom to rattle out. The vibrations of Meng Hao’s body, however, transformed into a strange power that caused all the defensive power within his fleshly body to be consolidated into one location. Within the blink of an eye, a hundred vibrations occurred, fighting back against the black beam.

Meng Hao's body shook, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. As he fell backward head over heels, the rainwater transformed into a young girl who caught him in her arms. The Boat Spirit appeared as well. He waved his sleeve, causing the air to ripple and distort in protection of Meng Hao as they retreated.

Although they had dispelled the black beam, the ripples that had been sent out as a result had completely destroyed the surrounding land. Everything had been crushed and destroyed, leaving behind a massive crater.

As Meng Hao retreated, an angry look appeared in his eyes.

“Old turtle Reliance, you're my Dao protector! I can't believe that the restrictive spells placed on you would allow you to just sit by and watch while I perish!” Even as he spoke, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch neared. A look of derision appeared on his face, and he lifted his right hand up. The will of extermination appeared in his eyes as he struck out with his palm.

As soon as the palm began to move, everything grew dark, as if the the entire world now belonged to that palm. As it descended, Meng Hao, as well as everything in the entire area, began to topple and disintegrate.

Seeing what was happening, Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and roared. Meng Hao's words had stabbed him to the heart. He truly couldn't just sit by complacently and watch him die.

“Fudge! Fine, the Patriarch is coming!”

When you added in the flames of fury which still raged inside of him, and the fact that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was destroying the entire land with his palm, it all made Patriarch Reliance howl and finally...

Leave the palace!

Chapter 645: Shameless Old Turtle!

As soon as Patriarch Reliance appeared on the outside, all of Saint's Island trembled. He wore a long azure robe, and his hair swayed in the wind. He looked ancient, but his eyes glowed with a bright light, and veins bulged out on his forehead. The anger and fury within him had reached the point that they absolutely had to be vented.

In a single step, he crossed half of Saint's Island to appear in front of Meng Hao, directly between him and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

He lifted his right hand, and instantly, a sheet of steam rose up. It emanated shocking Demonic Qi, as well as prismatic light. Instantly, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's palm slammed into it.

"I'm the Patriarch! Now screw off!" he raged, lifting his head up and roaring. His voice echoed out in all directions like thunder.

The mist and the palm slammed into each other, causing an enormous roaring to fill the air. Patriarch Reliance was sent tumbling backward, as if a raging wind had just swept over him. When he looked up, a vicious expression filled his eyes.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch also trembled, and his eyes gleamed brightly. But then, he gave a cold laugh.

"A trifling Spirit Severing Cultivator?" he said coolly. "Child, this is the person you are relying on? Allow me to destroy him, and your hope along with him!" From the way he spoke, destroying Patriarch Reliance would be incredibly easy for him.

Actually, from his point of view, destroying a Spirit Severing Cultivator truly was a simple matter. In fact, normally speaking, Meng Hao could not have stood up to him for even half a moment. The only reason he could was that the 10th Wang patriarch needed to be very careful not to kill him. If he killed him, it would be impossible to steal his Dao foundation.

Truth be told, the Wang Patriarch had many Daoist magics that could easily destroy everything in sight.

"I am a Patriarch of the Wang Clan. An ancestor of the Clan invented three finger attacks, two of which have since become lost arts. However, the Extermination Finger is still being passed down via legacy." With that, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his finger in the air. It seemed to possess the power of extermination; the life force of all living things instantly began to wither under the power of the finger attack.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he sensed his own life force rapidly fading. A cold light suddenly appeared in his eyes as he fell back yet again. Having just gained enlightenment regarding the vibration technique, a hundred vibrations instantly appeared within him, locking down his life force so that the withering effect was instantly slowed down.

“Now is not the time to leave,” thought Meng Hao, countless thoughts racing through his mind. “I need to wait a bit longer, until the fight between old turtle Reliance and the Wang Clan bastard reaches the peak. When the true flames of fury flare, that is the time to flee.” The entire reason he had stayed on Saint’s Island was to attack the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch here, and use Patriarch Reliance’s power to destroy him, thus giving himself a way out of his current crisis.

Guyiding Tri-rain stood next to him, a serious look on her face. As for the Boat Spirit, his eyes shone brightly as he stood protectively off to the side.

Because of the transformations occurring in Heaven and Earth, and the quaking of Saint’s Island, the experts of the Footloose Sect sped over as fast as possible. They knew that they were flying into danger, but the rules of the Footloose Sect were very strict. Seniority was the most important thing of all. If the Patriarch was in battle, then it didn’t matter that they couldn’t match up to him, unless he specifically ordered them away, they were required to come.

Most nervous of all was the Nascent Soul Cultivator down below, the one who had tried to rob Meng Hao. He was shaking violently, and his eyes were as wide as saucers. Everything that was happening caused him to breath rapidly. His mind spun, and he had lost the ability to even think. It didn’t matter if it was Meng Hao, Patriarch Reliance, or the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, none of them were people that he could even come into contact with. To the Nascent Soul Cultivator, getting involved in this conflict was clearly the most unlucky thing that had ever happened to him in his entire life.

Heaven and Earth were sinking into extermination. The finger attack of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch caused the entire world to turn gray. The only thing that had color was the Wang Clan Patriarch himself.

The finger descended, and the world shook.

Patriarch Reliance’s eyebrows shot up, and he performed an incantation with his right hand. Instantly, Demonic Qi swept out.

“What dog crap Extermination Finger are you talking about?!” he said. “The Patriarch has never heard of any such thing. Demonic Art, Heaven and Earth Cleaving!” Patriarch Reliance also waved a finger. From the look of it, his fingernail became the Heaven, and the flesh of the finger became the Earth. As for the tip of the finger, it transformed into something that looked like a sharp blade which could cleave both Heaven and Earth.

Both finger attacks slammed into each other in mid-air.

BOOM!

The massive explosion caused the Nascent Soul Cultivator down below to cough up blood as he was sent spinning backward. Meng Hao fell back, his eyes glittering as he saw the plants around him rapidly wilting and drying up. As for Patriarch Reliance, starting with his extended finger, his entire body began to shrivel.

In the blink of an eye, his hair had fallen off, and his entire body was emaciated. He almost looked like a desiccated corpse. Then, a pop could be heard as he exploded, transforming into countless dots of light that floated away.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's expression was the same as ever. He seemed to have utmost confidence in his finger attack just now.

"That's who you were relying on?" he asked coolly. He looked over at Meng Hao with eyes full of ridicule.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. Next to him, Guyiding Tri-rain's expression was similar. This caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to gape in shock. He obviously could tell that something was not quite right. Just as he was about to take a step forward, a shocking roar suddenly filled the air.

"Dammit! This bastard actually dared to extinguish the Patriarch's clone!?" Instantly, a pulsing cloud of steam appeared out of nowhere, which gradually reformed back into the shape of Patriarch Reliance.

This new Patriarch Reliance's Cultivation base was a bit weaker than before. As soon as he appeared, his rage boiled up into the sky, and a demented gleam appeared in his eyes. He instantly shot forward.

"With me here," he roared, "nobody can kill that little bas... er, ahem, nobody can kill Meng Hao!"

If he hadn't spoken such words, then Meng Hao wouldn't have taken anything to be amiss. However, as soon as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao's heart started to pound with fear, and his face flickered. He absolutely did not believe that Patriarch Reliance would utter such words and truly mean them.

“Dammit, what technique has the old turtle come up with to get out of the Demon Seal...?”

“It must have something to do with the words he just spoke. Don’t tell me that whatever technique he’s using can actually get out of having to fight here?” Meng Hao was no longer the unseasoned Cultivator he had been long ago. After everything he had experienced, he had long since honed his powers of reasoning. Based on Patriarch Reliance’s words just now, he could obviously pick up on some clues as to what was going on.

Even as Meng Hao’s mind was racing with countless thoughts, Patriarch Reliance neared and then stood between him and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He flicked his sleeve.

“Meng Hao, get out of here!” he said, then charged once more toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Meng Hao shivered and then began to pant slightly. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and took a step forward, then once again attacked with his Extermination Finger.

As before, the finger attack caused everything to turn gray, and all life to be destroyed. Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and let out an indignant howl.

“Life is to be treasured! Promises are even more eternal! I am Patriarch Reliance, and I promised to be Meng Hao’s Dao Protector! Even if I am torn into a thousand pieces, I will abide by my promise!”

Seemingly completely unafraid of death, Patriarch Reliance charged forward. He seemed to prefer to die in battle to block the momentum of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. As he charged forward, he performed an incantation gesture, unleashing a Demonic art as he fearlessly attacked.

Anyone who was watching would definitely feel the complete and utter valiance on display. Giving up one’s life to keep a promise; such were the actions of a true man!

However, Meng Hao understood Patriarch Reliance all too well. He knew that the damned old turtle would never act like this. Sweat began to pour down his forehead as a very bad feeling filled his heart.

Without hesitation, he cast aside his previous plan and began to flee in the opposite direction. Guyiding Tri'rain looked at fleeing Meng Hao, and then back at Patriarch Reliance as he seemed to face death unflinchingly. Then she sighed.

BANG!

Under the power of the Extermination Finger, Patriarch Reliance's body withered rapidly and then collapsed into pieces.

However, at the same time, a roar suddenly could be heard. The mist formed together again, once more turning into Patriarch Reliance. Yet again, he risked death to block the way of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

"I can die with no regrets, but Meng Hao... must not die!" cried Patriarch Reliance. "That is my promise from years ago!"

A strange glow appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch as he looked at Patriarch Reliance.

"So, a promise truly can give rise to someone so brave as to use their own essence to come back to life in this way!" From the perspective of the Wang Clan Patriarch, Patriarch Reliance must be drawing on the essence of his true self to return to life.

To Cultivators of his realm, one's essence was the most prized of all possessions. Wasting it could lead to severe injury that would be difficult to recover from. It truly was extremely precious.

A look of respect appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He suddenly realized that if this Patriarch Reliance were a member of his own Clan, then he would definitely make an excellent guard.

Meng Hao was cursing inwardly. By now, he had realized exactly what Patriarch Reliance was doing. Currently, Meng Hao employed all the speed he could muster to flee, although he wished he could move thousands of times faster.

"Hahaha!" thought Patriarch Reliance. "It turns out this method is working after all. The Patriarch is the most intelligent yet again! The Demon Seal only requires that I become a Dao Protector. Dao Protector, huh. That just means protecting! And the true meaning of Dao is to temper oneself.

Therefore, the identity of a Dao Protector doesn't mean I have to prevent the little bastard from dying. All I have to do is protect him a bit. If any accidents happen, as long as I'm trying hard, then it won't matter.

“And I'm already trying hard! This might just be a clone, but I did have to expend some essence, right?! As for the Demon Seal, it shouldn't be too much of a problem. Hahaha! The Patriarch is far too intelligent!

“This time, it won't count as defying the Demon Seal!” Patriarch Reliance felt quite proud of himself. On the outside, though, he looked furious. He seemed to be going all out to block the way of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Once again, his body withered and then collapsed.

The next time he appeared, he was even weaker than before. By now, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was truly in admiration of Patriarch Reliance's loyalty. This time, when Patriarch Reliance's body withered away, the Wang Clan Patriarch didn't wait for it to reform before shooting off to pursue Meng Hao.

When Patriarch Reliance reappeared, he was extremely weak. In fact, his body was so shapeless that the illusory image of his true self could actually be seen.

He now looked like a fearsome turtle, who stood there watching as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch chased after Meng Hao.

His expression one of incredible grief and indignation, Patriarch Reliance shouted, “Don't kill him! Kill me instead!” Inside, Patriarch was laughing up a storm, but on the outside, his eyes were bloodshot. He lifted his head up to roar, and then offered pursuit.

“Kill me, okay?! I have to keep my promise even if I die. Don't kill him!! I'm not just his Dao Protector, I'm his Patriarch! He is the highest ranking disciple in the Footloose Sect next to me! He is my equal, the future and hope of the Footloose Sect. You are not permitted to kill him!”

“Shameless!!” growled Meng Hao through clenched teeth. Without hesitation, he pulled out the good luck charm and was about to press down on it hard, when suddenly...

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch turned his head. There, he saw Patriarch Reliance, looking both complacent and indignant. He was in turtle form now, and his eyes glowed with a strange light.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was moved. “I’ve seen many Demon beasts in my life, but this is definitely... the most loyal one I’ve ever encountered!”

Chapter 646: I’ll Give You Some Good Fortune!

In order to create the most realistic act, Patriarch Reliance filled his roars with incredible power. Everyone on the island, including the Cultivators of the Footloose Sect, could hear him clearly.

Their faces all flickered with various emotions. The people near the battlefield didn’t dare to get too close. Their expressions were that of shock, and they were panting.

“Meng Hao? Who’s that? It sounds like he’s really important in the Footloose Sect!”

“What kind of person would the Patriarch risk his life to protect? He must be the hope of the whole Footloose Sect! He can’t die!”

“Meng Hao? I remember! He was an Inner Sect disciple of the Reliance Sect! The Patriarch was right! He’s the highest ranking member of our Sect next to the Patriarch!” The astonished Cultivators immediately committed Patriarch Reliance’s words to heart, engraving them there to remember always.

Actually, Patriarch Reliance’s words were filled with such realistic emotion that even he was starting to believe them. Tears appeared in his eyes as he roared out. It was at this point that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch stopped in mid-air, his eyes wide with shock.

“Why aren’t you chasing him?” said Patriarch Reliance, blinking. He was now far larger than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and had inserted himself between him and Meng Hao. He glared angrily. “Kill me, and then you can pass!”

Patriarch Reliance was now fully immersed in the game. To him, it was actually quite fun, and when he spoke, his voice burst with incredible power.

“With me here, nobody can hurt Meng Hao!” roared Patriarch Reliance. Of course, inwardly, he was laughing. He wanted the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to strike him down as quickly as possible, and then go take care of the little bastard. Then he himself would finally be freed.

However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch didn't seem to have any intention of chasing Meng Hao. From his perspective, there was no way for Meng Hao to truly escape; he would catch him sooner or later. However, the Demon beast in front of him was something quite rare.

In fact, it was rare enough that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch couldn't possibly let it go!

"What an incredible, loyal Demon beast," he said slowly. "In all my life, I've never seen anything like it!" The admiration in his eyes grew stronger as he looked at Patriarch Reliance, nodding and smiling. "For a Demon beast like this to follow that child is a real pity. Demon turtle, I am the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Are you willing to be my follower? If so, then from now on, you will be the Divine Beast Dao Protector of the Wang Clan!"

"The day I achieve Immortal Ascension, I will bring you with me into the Heavens!"

Meng Hao was just about to press down on the good luck charm when he heard the words of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He stopped in place and looked back. When he saw the scene, and especially the trembling Patriarch Reliance, he wanted to laugh out loud.

He knew Patriarch Reliance, and that he most valued his freedom. In order to get rid of Meng Hao, Patriarch Reliance might be able to forget about some other matters, but as for his freedom... talking about that was one good way to really piss him off!

"I never imagined it would play out this way," thought Meng Hao. "But I like it. Come on, be a bit more realistic, you old turtle. Keep up the act, I want to see more!"

Patriarch Reliance stared with wide eyes for a moment, and then his heart began to pound. He felt like he was about to explode; madness suddenly surged through his mind.

"What did you just say? What did you call me?" He almost couldn't believe that someone would try to turn him into a guard beast. Actually, this was the second time such a humiliation had occurred to him since he grew up.

The first time had been at the hands of the League of Demon Sealers.

To Patriarch Reliance, the level of irritation this caused him exceeded anything else in the world. His body began to tremble and distort, and it was only because of the little bit of rationality left that he was able to suppress his rage.

“You’re not pleased, little Demon turtle?” said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his face sinking. He had offered this Demon turtle a rare, moving opportunity. Normally speaking, considering his temper, he would have just instantly killed it.

“Fudge! YOU’RE the Demon turtle!” roared Patriarch Reliance. “Everyone in your whole Wang Clan are all Demon turtles, and you’re the bastard son of a turtle! Do you really dare to try to make me your security guard!?!?!” Moments later, though, he inwardly urged himself to just hold on a little bit longer. All he had to do was hold on, and then great good fortune would come his way.

By this point, though, his body had grown incredibly blurry. Furthermore, his real body was actually trembling some, causing huge waves to surge out on the sea, along with echoing rumbling sounds.

“Well, it’s beyond your control,” said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his voice cool. “If you’re willing, good. If you’re not willing, it doesn’t matter. When I make a decision, nobody can change it. I’ll put some restrictive spells on you, and then from now on, you’ll be the Demon turtle of my Wang Clan!” Apparently, he felt his own words to be the will of Heaven, like laws and statutes that couldn’t be broken.

Meng Hao was going wild with joy, and almost started laughing out loud. He knew that currently, he could leave at any time he wished. Besides, if Patriarch Reliance couldn’t endure through all this, then Meng Hao didn’t mind facing a bit of danger just to be able to see that happen.

As the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch spoke, he raised his right hand and performed an incantation. Instantly, thousands of restrictive spell symbols appeared in mid-air. They circulated around in the area to form a huge net, which then shot toward the illusory, turtle-form Patriarch Reliance.

Patriarch Reliance’s body was blurry, but it was still possible to see how furious he was. His panting sounded like explosions, and his fury... finally reached the point of detonation!

His eyes were wide; earlier, he had done everything he could to hold back his rage. But now, he couldn’t suppress even a tiny bit of it. In the blink of an eye... his fury exploded!

Thunderous booming sounds echoed out in all directions as Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and let out an unprecedented howl of rage!

“AAARRGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!” In this moment, he didn’t care about Meng Hao or the Demon Sealing Sect. All he cared about was the towering rage he felt from being offended in such a way.

Such overt humiliation made him think back to how he had felt being restricted by the League of Demon Sealers. It was like an old wound had been ripped open. Patriarch Reliance’s rage filled his mind, and he roared again.

“Dammit! Dammit....

“The League of Demon Sealers is one thing, but you, tiny child, you actually dare to humiliate the Patriarch!?!?”

Patriarch Reliance was so immersed in his rage that he completely forgot about the act from before. His eyes were bright red, and the entirety of Saint’s Island was shaking violently. The land quaked, as if some enormous creature were waking up beneath it.

The surrounding seawater was covered with massive, roaring waves, as if the sea in the area was about to explode.

Far beneath Saint’s Island, deep in the blackness of the sea, something like two oil lamps suddenly appeared. They were bloodshot, and filled with madness, the madness instigated by old wounds being ripped open. It was a madness stemming from humiliation.

BOOM!

Huge fissures ripped open in the land. The sky grew dark, wild colors flashed about, and the sea raged. All of these sudden changes caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face to fall.

However, before he could even make a single move, an aura exploded up from deep within the sea. The aura was filled with intense rage, and as soon as it appeared, it caused even the air to be shredded. It seemed as if Saint’s Island were being ripped out from the very world.

As soon as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch sensed the aura, his face completely filled with shock. He immediately took a deep breath and then flew up into the air, his face pale.

“Immortal!!” he said, his voice faint.

“This is the aura of an Immortal!!

“Demonic Qi like an Immortal. This is the will of a Demon Immortal!”

A deep, growling voice could suddenly be heard from within the ground, causing the earth to shake and mountains to tremble. “You actually dare to call the Patriarch a Demon turtle? You actually dare try to make me your security guard!”

The voice came up from the ground and from within the sea. The seawater churned and seethed and began to spin around Saint’s Island until it transformed into a huge vortex.

“You actually dare to try to put restrictive spells on me! Are you... worthy?!”

BOOM!!

The sea exploded up, causing water to shower about in all directions. A huge force seemed to shoot up into the sky, and at the same time, a gargantuan head became visible within the sheets of water. It stretched out to blot out the entire sky. Its shadow was so huge that it could obstruct both the sun and the moon. It covered over everything!

It was the colossal head of a vicious turtle, its skin covered with wrinkles. It was pitch black and terrifying, and when it opened its mouth, sharp, yellow teeth could be seen. And then there were the eyes, which seemed blurry at first, but then clearly radiated intense fury and rage.

This was... the head of Patriarch Reliance’s real body!!

An indescribable energy pulsed out from Patriarch Reliance. His aura emanated out, causing all living things to tremble with fear. Up in mid-air, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch slowly forced himself to turn around. Then he saw the indescribably gigantic head filling the entire sky.

He gaped, and his mind filled with a roaring sound. His eyes went wide, filled with an expression of astonished disbelief.

He suddenly understood why his opponent could so frivolously waste its essence. It was because, its essence... was incredibly, astonishingly vast....

“You....” stammered the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his scalp going numb. For years, he had swept across Planet South Heaven, but he had never seen a shocking, terrifying Demon beast like this.

“You want the Patriarch to be your security guard?” raged Patriarch Reliance. The sound of his voice was like thunder, filled with madness. Countless mountains on Saint’s Island collapsed, and huge waves rolled out across the sea.

The Wang Clan Patriarch staggered backward several paces. Patriarch Reliance’s roar just now caused him to cough up a huge mouthful of blood. His face was pale white.

Panting, he thought back to what he had said about making his opponent a guard. Then he took a deep breath. Obviously, he had absolutely no qualifications whatsoever to try to make a Demon Immortal act as a guard.

“Senior, please calm your anger,” he said quickly, continuing to back up. “This is all just a big misunderstanding.”

“Misunderstanding my flipping ass!” roared Patriarch Reliance. The echo of his roar sounded back and forth, causing the sea itself to roar, making it sound like there were countless Patriarch Reliances all roaring at the same time. But then he said, “Allow the Patriarch to bestow you with some good fortune!”

This was the second time that Meng Hao had seen Patriarch Reliance’s real body. It was as shocking now as it had been before. Suddenly, he thought back to how he had vented his spleen on Patriarch Reliance in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, and he felt a little scared. But then he remembered that he could restrain Patriarch Reliance with the Demon Sealing Scripture, and he felt a bit calmer.

It was at this point that Meng Hao heard the words ‘good fortune,’ and his eyes began to shine brightly. He quickly began to back up; he knew that now was the time for him to make his exit.

Chapter 647: Patriarch Meng Hao

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was momentarily stunned by the mention of ‘good fortune.’ Roaring, Patriarch Reliance’s gargantuan head shot toward him at incredible speed.

He moved so fast that ghost images sprang up, and the air itself cracked.

BANG!

Rage flared up in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and a glittering shield sprang up. However, cracking sounds echoed out, and it began to shatter into small pieces. His face went pale, and he started performing a double-handed incantation, calling the wind and summoning the rain. Instantly, magical power swirled around him, and an incredible magical art shot toward Patriarch Reliance. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch coughed up more blood and sped backward, having narrowly escaped complete catastrophe.

His mind was overcome with terror; after reaching Spirit Severing, he had never encountered anything that he had feared. That was not to mention his position after reaching Dao Seeking. In all of the lands of South Heaven, he was afraid of nothing; even the idea of double-crossing the Ji Clan didn't get him scared.

Now, though, he was afraid. He fled without even the slightest bit of hesitation, at the same time producing several dozen magical items. Each of these magical items could be considered a treasure of great value. He had spent years collecting them all. Unleashing them caused a bright light to shine out and swirl around his body as he fled.

However, Patriarch Reliance's eyes flashed with killing intent. His head shrank back, but then shot out again as fast as lightning.

A bloodcurdling scream echoed out from the mouth of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. This time, he couldn't dodge. His precious treasures were destroyed, and a crunching sound could be heard as half of his body was crushed and ripped away by Patriarch Reliance.

His scream was matchlessly desolate. The Wang Patriarch continued to try to escape with the remaining half of his body. He was clearly in an unprecedentedly horrific and terrible situation.

Blood sprayed about in all directions, and Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Without stopping to even look back, he waved his arm, causing some of the blood to swirl over to him. Then he continued off into the distance.

Behind him, Patriarch Reliance wasn't finished venting. Even as his head shot once more toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he sensed that Meng Hao was getting further and further away. However, his rage did not lessen. Instead, it boiled up from his insides. He instantly changed

directions, moving like a bolt of lightning to suddenly appear right next to Meng Hao. His enormous mouth opened as if he were about to consume him.

In that instant of malice, though, layers of restrictive spells flared up around him. Countless magical symbols could be seen, connected together like chains that glittered with bright light. They covered Patriarch Reliance's entire body, no matter how he strained against them. Even his shell was affected; cracks spread out, as if he were about to be crushed alive.

The pain caused Patriarch Reliance to let out a miserable cry. His head shot back and he glared hatefully at Meng Hao.

"Nothing good ever happens when I run into you!" roared Patriarch Reliance.

"One of these days, Meng Hao's turtle is gonna beg for me to ride him!" Meng Hao shot back hatefully, looking over his shoulder coldly at Patriarch Reliance as he continued to shoot off into the distance.

Meng Hao's words seemed to move Patriarch Reliance inwardly. His eyes turned bright red, and he slipped further into madness. However, he didn't try to consume Meng Hao again. The glowing chains could still be seen on him, causing his entire body to be wracked with pain. The rage inside of him was impossible to describe. Being incapable of doing anything to kill Meng Hao, all he could do was flash back toward the the Wang Clan Patriarch to continue to vent his anger.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was scared out of his mind. Even in his wildest dreams, he could never have imagined that he would run into a Demon Immortal in this place. It completely exceeded his understanding of Planet South Heaven.

"This is impossible! How could there be a Demon Immortal in the lands of South Heaven?! Dammit! The Ji Clan is completely useless! How could they permit a Demon Immortal to hide in the Milky Way Sea!?" By this point, having lost half of his body, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch knew deep inside that he was going to die. There was no way that he could flee a Demon Immortal.

"Damnable Meng Hao! First, the kid pulls out an Immortal's sword to kill my clone, and now he has a Dao Protector like this! Just how lucky can one person be?!" The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch almost felt as if he couldn't accept it. But then, he realized that perhaps it was because Meng Hao had such luck that he was able to form the Perfect Dao foundation.

“Thankfully, this is only a clone. Granted, it’s a flesh and blood clone, and I’ll sustain some damage when it dies. However, I don’t have any other options right now.... Well then, if I’m going to die, I’ll go out fighting this Demon Immortal!” A bright light appeared in his eyes as Patriarch Reliance’s head closed in on him. With a roar, the Wang Clan Patriarch spun around and began to perform an incantation.

Meng Hao was fleeing at high speed. He was going so fast that he barely had time to clasp hands and bow to Guyiding Tri’rain off in the distance. As of now, Meng Hao’s plan had succeeded, and now all that was on his mind was to get away.

Patriarch Reliance’s head was now far away from Meng Hao. He was enraged, and also frustrated. Whenever he encountered Meng Hao, nothing good happened. The first time, he had been forced to leave with the State of Zhao. Now, he had been humiliated into taking action.

The feeling of vexation only served to kindle his fury. Patriarch Reliance felt the overwhelming desire to vent his rage, so it was with intense killing intent that he shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Booming sounds echoed out along with miserable shrieks. Meng Hao didn’t stop for even a moment. He shot forward at the highest possible speed, transforming into a beam of colorful light. It only took the space of a few dozen breaths for him to reach the border of the sea.

Up ahead were some disciples of the Footloose Sect. When they saw Meng Hao, they were instantly shaken inwardly. There were a couple Cultivators among their number who actually recognized Meng Hao from his time back in the State of Zhao.

“Greetings, Patriarch Meng Hao!” they said, clasping hands and bowing deeply.

Seeing their actions caused the others to realize that the person in front of them was none other than Meng Hao, the person their Patriarch was risking his life to protect. This was the person whose seniority was highest in the entire Sect, second only to the Patriarch himself. Of course, because their Cultivation bases were not high enough, they had no way to know about the matter of Patriarch Reliance trying to consume Meng Hao.

Furthermore, in the Footloose Sect, nothing was more important than matters of seniority. It was built into the Sect rules, and had long since been imprinted deeply in their hearts, and was something that no one would dare to defy. To see Meng Hao and not immediately bow would be far too excessive.

“Greetings, Patriarch Meng Hao!” said the group, all of them clasping hands and bowing. Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and a smile appeared on his face. He nodded to the group as he shot past them.

When Patriarch Reliance saw this happening, he very nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his rage burned even higher than before. He felt as if he had just hoisted up a rock to crush Meng Hao, only to drop the rock on his own foot. His act from before had been completely convincing to all of the surrounding disciples, leaving them shocked and amazed. It only took a short time for Meng Hao’s name to be spread around the entire area.

“Nothing good ever happens to me around Meng Hao! DAMMIT!!” His rage rocketing to unprecedented heights, Patriarch Reliance bit toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, to begin the torment.

Meng Hao had originally planned to leave, but then he stopped. He considered the act Patriarch Reliance had put on, the relationship between the two of them, as well as the two displays of killing intent just now. Then he decided to pull a quick little con. He turned back to the Footloose Sect disciples.

“Take out all your Spirit Stones and give them to me,” he said. “Later, Patriarch Footloose will repay you a hundredfold! Don’t worry, Patriarch Footloose is willing to give up his life for me, do you really think he cares about some trifling Spirit Stones?” As he spoke, he imbued his voice with his Cultivation base, causing his words to echo about throughout the entirety of Saint’s Island.

When Patriarch Reliance heard the words, his anger burned even hotter. He looked at the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch in front of him, gasping on the verge of death, and had half a mind to go after Meng Hao once again and try to kill him. However, he knew that if he did that, he would be restrained by the restrictive spells. Furthermore, if he spoke up to contradict Meng Hao, then it would be a huge loss of face, and people would suspect his previous actions. Right now, Meng Hao’s words were echoing in the ears of the Footloose Sect members throughout Saint’s Island; it seemed that in the future, Patriarch Reliance would have no choice but to pay back the Spirit Stones for Meng Hao.

“Hmph!” he said, comforting himself. “How many Spirit Stones could a few trifling disciples have? Who cares if I have to pay them back a hundredfold! My spit is worth more than that!” With that, he jerked his head to the side. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who was currently clasped viciously in his jaw, let out a miserable shriek.

The group of Cultivators stared in shock at Meng Hao, then produced their bags of holding and gave him all the Spirit Stones therein. These were all Footloose Sect disciples with extraordinary

Cultivation bases. They had quite a collection of Spirit Stones numbering in the tens of thousands. Meng Hao nodded happily as he collected them all together.

“I accept your 100,000 Spirit Stones!” said Meng Hao loudly, his voice echoing throughout Saint’s Island. “Make sure to keep ahold of this receipt!” He quickly tossed out a jade slip, then shot off into the distance.

The group gaped in astonishment. They had clearly handed over less than 50,000 Spirit Stones. How could it have suddenly turned into 100,000? After a moment, their eyes began to glitter as they realized that Meng Hao had blessed them with good fortune. Their hearts filled with joy, and they all bowed deeply to Meng Hao’s retreating figure.

“We bid you respectful adieu, Patriarch Meng Hao!”

Patriarch Reliance heard their words, and began to tremble. Then he let out an indignant bellow.

“MENG HAO!!!”

“Patriarch, there’s no need to escort me away!” cried back Meng Hao. “Disciple will take his leave now. Patriarch, you risked your life for me, leaving disciple very moved! I won’t put you to any more inconvenience!” By this point, he had flown off of Saint’s Island and was over the sea. Further back, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s clone was a mass of blood and gore. He let out a final bloodcurdling screech, and then was shredded into pieces and then swallowed by Patriarch Reliance.

Patriarch Reliance’s head swiveled to glare hatefully at Meng Hao’s retreating figure. After a long moment, he lifted his head up and roared. Massive waves seethed on the sea, forming into huge vortex formed. It swept around Saint’s Island, and, to the shock and alarm of everyone, caused the entire island to speed away with incredible speed.

Wind swept about, and waves crashed. In the blink of an eye, not even a shadow of the island remained. The only thing remaining on the sea was Meng Hao, floating in mid-air.

Meanwhile, back in the Wang Clan in the Southern Domain....

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s true self lay in the coffin in his tomb underneath the mountains. He suddenly opened his eyes and then coughed up a mouthful of blood. He sat up, and as he did, his

aged figure grew even older. He became more withered, and his aura was thrown into chaos and disorder.

His archaic, wrinkled face was pale as he grasped the side of the coffin. He looked up, and within his pupils appeared an intense, venomous hatred.

After a long moment passed, his eyes glittered.

“So, there is enmity between that Patriarch Reliance and Meng Hao. He attacked him twice... but was unable to destroy him because of the restrictive spells.

“The only reason he attacked me was because I accidentally offended him.

“In turn, that means that he won't be helping Meng Hao a second time.

“Next time... Next time I catch up with him, will be the day Meng Hao loses his Dao foundation!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch breathed heavily as a cold glow appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 648: Third Ring Stormwind Divide

The Milky Way Sea was split up into four rings, outside of which was the Outer Sea, and area mostly made up of small islands occupied by various Cultivator Clans. Among such Clans, the strongest Cultivators were of the Core Formation stage.

To them, the Fourth Ring was an incredibly dangerous place, populated not only by thieves and murderers, but also filled with ferocious sea beasts. In addition, there were powerful Sects and Clans.

Some of those Sects and Clans were led by Nascent Soul Cultivators, which made the whole place very dangerous. However, everyone knew that it was not impossible to scrape out some good fortune there, much like the Zhang Clan had.

Of course, to the Cultivators in the Fourth Ring, the Third Ring... was like a forbidden zone filled with both danger and opportunity!

Any who entered the Third Ring without being in the Nascent Soul stage did so at great risk to their lives. Even Nascent Soul Cultivators could die easily in the Third Ring if luck wasn't with them. That was because the Third Ring was filled with inordinate amounts of sea beasts.

Despite that, there were still many Cultivators who attempted to get into the Third Ring. In fact, there were even some experts who made their home there.

What attracted Cultivators to such a place of profound danger was none other than the potential profits there!

The sea beasts there were known as Sea Demons, and their hearts were considered precious treasures. They were objects similar to Spirit Stones, and served a similar function. A single Demon heart was superior to a low-grade Spirit Stone, and in fact was more similar to a mid-grade Spirit Stone in terms of quality.

There were even some hearts from especially powerful Sea Demons that... could compare to high-grade Spirit Stones. Such things were valuable treasures that no Cultivator could afford to ignore.

After all, the Milky Way Sea had no Spirit Stone quarries, and thus, no way to even produce Spirit Stones. Considering how valuable Cultivators viewed Spirit Stones, it was no wonder that Demon hearts quickly became a trade item in the Milky Way Sea.

In fact, there were even some precious items that could only be acquired by purchasing them with Demon hearts!

In order to acquire Demon hearts, one had to enter the Third Ring and take some risks to earn a chance for good fortune. Of course, the powerful Sea Demons there had fierce and savage dispositions, and regarded all Cultivators with extreme hostility. The two were as incompatible as fire and water!

Even still, there was no way to prevent the thirst of Milky Way Sea Cultivators for Demon hearts!

Many, many tales were told in the Milky Way Sea about people who had struck it rich overnight in the Third Ring. Therefore, throughout the years, countless Cultivators had come to brave the almost certain death of the Third Ring.

Meng Hao was well aware of this, thanks to the information provided him in the jade slip from the Zhang Clan. Although it didn't contain a wealth of details, there was enough of an introduction for Meng Hao to gain a basic understanding.

Currently, in a particular part of the Fourth Ring of the Milky Way Sea, a beam of light screamed through the air, causing the seawater below to seethe and churn.

A man could be seen, wearing a green robe, his long, gray hair whipping in the wind. He looked young, but also emanated a faint, archaic air.

His eyes were like stars, and his features were handsome. He looked somewhat like a scholar. This was of course, Meng Hao.

He was now a month away from Saint's Island. The entire time, he had sped along across the surface of the Milky Way Sea, during which time he had come to a much greater understanding of the entire area.

Currently, his eyes glittered brightly as he proceeded forward, thinking all the while.

"It might not have been the true self of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch that died. It would be great if it was his true self, but if not... then I only have a temporary respite from danger. It won't be too long before I'm in another deadly crisis."

Meng Hao continued to think as he proceeded onward. The parrot flew nearby. Occasionally, it would dive down into the water and then shoot up again off in the distance. It was clearly having a lot of fun.

Meng Hao pulled out the jade slip given to him by Zhang Wenfang and closely examined it yet again.

"A never-ending tempest exists between the Fourth and Third Rings," he thought. "It's a windstorm that can shred anything alive. It's like a huge divide that prevents anyone from entering the Third Ring..." The map in the jade slip portrayed the sea, and not much else from the Fourth Ring. It was already relatively useless to Meng Hao.

His body flashed as he continued on into the deeper regions of the Milky Way Sea.

“Although I don’t have a map, the Milky Way Sea is arranged in ring-like areas. All I have to do is keep going deeper.” He increased his speed, and the parrot went faster to keep up.

Time continued to pass. Soon, it was two months later.

Meng Hao was shocked by how large the Fourth Ring was. He had been flying for three months, although he hadn’t gone nonstop. Occasionally, he would catch sight of islands populated by various Sects and Clans.

These were groups who had inhabited the Milky Way Sea for generations, and were quite knowledgeable about the area. Considering the level of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, it was a simple matter for him to acquire maps from such groups. It didn’t take long before he had a thorough outline of the entire Fourth Ring area.

In addition, he also learned a bit about the Third Ring.

“There are three Saints in the Third Ring!

“The so-called Three Saints are three Spirit Severing Cultivators who lead three Sects. The Sea Divinity Sect, the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Sun Soul Society!

“Those three Sects determine who is allowed to enter the Third Ring. In addition, they built three Sea Cities in different locations surrounding the Third Ring, where people have to pass through on their way in and out. Anyone who wants to go in must pay a certain amount of Spirit Stones. Furthermore, anyone who leaves must also pay Spirit Stones, based on how long they stayed inside....” Meng Hao floated there in mid-air thinking about the information gleaned from the jade slip he held in his hand.

“Those three Sea Cities all possess a special method for bringing people in and out of the tempest safely.

“According to the rumors, there wasn’t always a tempest surrounding the Third Ring. Supposedly, the ancestors of the Three Saints joined forces to summon it. Then, successive generations of descendants were able to pass through it.

“The three Sects have vast resources, and tens of thousands of members. For unknown reasons, each Sect only produces a single Spirit Severing expert. However, because of their deep resources, even Dao Seeking Cultivators would think twice before tangling with them.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he put the jade slip away. After some thought, he decided not to head toward one of the three Sea Cities. Instead, he would use the maps he had acquired to make his way directly through the hurricane.

“If the Wang Patriarch is truly not dead, then getting into the Third Ring via the Sea Cities would leave behind a trail that he could follow. The best method will be to force my way through on my own!

“That way, the three Sects won’t have any record of me. Even if the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch comes looking for me, with my altered aura, it will be difficult for him, at least temporarily.” Having made his decision, Meng Hao flared his aura and shot forward at top speed.

A few days later, a gray mass of storm winds appeared up ahead.

Rumbling sounds emanated out, and the closer he got, the more the storm winds resembled a huge wall that stretched up into the Heavens. It was ring-shaped, and seemed to have no end; it stretched off as far as the eye could see.

Fog pulsed in and out, along with howling, screaming sounds. It almost seemed as if devils and fiends lurked inside, waiting to stop any Cultivators who entered, and preventing any Sea Demons from charging out.

“According to the information from the jade slip, though, the Fourth Ring also has Sea Demons. That just goes to show that the storm winds might be powerful, but do contain weak spots.” He hovered outside of the storm winds, his hair flying around him, his clothes whipping violently.

Inside the storm winds, lightning crackled. As for the seawater in the area, it seemed to be divided. Although waves surged outside the tempest, they were incapable of entering inside. They could only crash on the outside, which caused the whole area to be filled with an almost permanent blanket of rain.

Meng Hao examined it for a moment, then looked down at the surface of the sea. His eyes glittered for a moment, and then he rotated his Cultivation base. Soon, the surface of the sea began to grow transparent to his eyes, allowing him to see into the world underneath.

What he saw was that the storm winds actually extended down into the sea. Although they didn't appear to interfere with the flow of the water, when Meng Hao extended his Divine Sense deep down, he could vaguely sense that there were shocking things in the water that he didn't dare to touch.

He pulled back his Divine Sense, then took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Currently, he fluctuated with only five portions of Cultivation base power inside of him. As time passed, he would slowly be able to fuse them together into one.

After adjusting his aura, Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they glowed with a light that made it seem as if he was prepared to take Heaven and Earth by force. His aura exploded up, and he entered the Ninth Anima.

Meng Hao's fleshly body hummed, and in the blink of an eye, reached the pinnacle of his power. A dreary expression of death covered his face, and the energy of his Cultivation base surged out with monstrous power. The air around him shattered and cracked, and any rain that fell near him was instantly pushed three hundred meters away.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His body was like an arrow pulled tight against a bowstring. Suddenly, he shot forward; in the blink of an eye, he made contact with the storm winds. Without the slightest bit of hesitation, he entered in.

From a distance, the tempest looked like a vicious, primordial beast that opened its mouth and then swallowed up Meng Hao.

As soon as he entered the storm winds, he was battered by an intense force. Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he surged forward. Rumbling sounds could be heard as the fog up ahead seemed to be ripped apart. The sweeping wind also seemed to collapse.

They were completely incapable of doing anything to stop Meng Hao. His hair whipped around, but he didn't sustain even the slightest injury. Compared to the Underworld Wind he had experienced in the Demon Immortal Sect, this was almost nothing.

As he charged forward amidst the booming roars, the fog within the storm winds scattered and seethed. In a very short moment, Meng Hao had already traveled three thousand meters in.

He was surrounded by screaming winds and pitch blackness, interspersed with flashes of bright lightning. His face was expressionless as he proceeded forward relentlessly. His Spirit Severing fleshly body and terrifying Cultivation base made it possible for him to move further and further in.

Every time he breathed, countless bolts of lightning would shoot toward him. When they struck him, though, he would simply absorb them. If any outsider saw what was happening, they would surely be completely shocked

From ancient times to modern, few people had ever qualified to charge alone through these storm winds on the Milky Way Sea.

Chapter 649: Spirits Hide in the Divide

“There’s a trick to this Milky Way Sea Stormwind Divide,” Meng Hao murmured. The winds screamed around him, and lightning crackled. The winds could flay any Nascent Soul Cultivator alive, and the lightning could reduce them to powder.

However, all the wind could do to Meng Hao was blow against his face. It couldn’t shake him in the least. As for the lightning, it was like a tonic that helped his Cultivation base rotate a bit faster.

The parrot gripped his shoulder, also completely disdainful of the storm winds. Occasionally it would squawk and fly out into the winds with the meat jelly bell.

Anyone who saw this scene would certainly be astonished. In the entire Milky Way Sea, the only people who would dare to traverse the Stormwind Divide alone were Spirit Severing Cultivators.

And when it came to Spirit Severing Cultivators, there were only three in the Milky Way Sea.

Those were the Three Saints of the three Sects.

Other than those three, no one would dare to try to cross the Stormwind Divide.

The divide was actually huge. Meng Hao had proceeded forward with arms clasped behind his back for more than thirty thousand kilometers, and still had not emerged from the other side. As he continued onward, the winds raged, carrying whimpering sounds with them through the pitch black darkness. It sounded like countless demons and fiends were howling at him.

Lightning danced in sheets, sending rumbling booms out in all directions.

This was a place where Nascent Soul Cultivators fundamentally couldn't exist. Their fleshly bodies would be destroyed, their Nascent Souls shattered. However, to Meng Hao, none of it counted for anything.

Two hours later, Meng Hao had proceeded along even further, although he wasn't sure exactly how far. Within the darkness, the wind was like a sharp blade that forced him to slow down a bit. However, because of the strength of his fleshly body, he was still able to proceed onward.

He pushed through the storm winds for another day. They grew more and more astonishing, and lightning struck down everywhere. There were even flickering magical symbols that could be seen in the area. Meng Hao's eyes flickered when he felt the pressure exuding out from the magical symbols.

At first they were scarce, but the following day, Meng Hao couldn't help but frown and slow down. The magical symbols around him were no longer flickering, but rather, glowing brightly. Oftentimes, he would see ten or more magical symbols fused together to create spell formations.

At one point, he eyed one of the spell formation with flickering eyes. "This spell formation could cause Spirit Severing Cultivators to tremble!" He did nothing to avoid it, but rather, allowed the magical symbol spell formation to touch him.

A boom rattled out, and his body trembled a bit, but he didn't retreat. A smile of confidence broke out on his face as the magical symbol spell formation collapsed into pieces right in front of him.

He brushed off his clothes and then continued onward. A few days later within the Stormwind Divide, Meng Hao's expression flickered. He transformed into a green smoke and shot past a collection of magical symbols that had been shooting toward him.

Rumbling echoed out; the magical symbols seemed to be imbued with a will that could exterminate anything in Heaven and Earth. As they passed by, Meng Hao noticed that the fog in the area dissipated slightly because of the domineering air cast about by the ball of magical symbols.

As the ball made its way off into the distance, it encountered other scattered magical symbols and appeared to consume them, absorbing them into itself.

“That thing was made up of hundreds of magical symbols!” A serious look appeared in his eyes. The spell formation made from hundreds of magical symbols caused him to feel a clear sense of menace. He wasn’t even sure if he would be able to stand up to it were he hit.

“I really can’t afford to underestimate this Stormwind Divide,” he murmured. He sent his Divine Sense out as he proceeded forward.

Gradually, he saw more and more spell formations formed from hundreds of magical symbols. Eventually, they became commonplace, and soon, he caught sight of even bigger spell formations.

Those formations were formed from thousands of magical symbols, and no longer looked like simple spheres, but rather, were formed into the shape of magical items. He saw one that looked like a battle-ax sweeping about through the wind. Other spell formations made from hundreds of magical symbols avoided the battle-ax, and didn’t dare to get anywhere near it.

The battle-ax was dozens of meters tall, and glittered brightly. A bleak, killing will spread out from it, as if it constantly desired slaughter. Looking at it, it appeared completely beyond ordinary.

Meng Hao was able to sense a Spirit Severing aura on the battle-ax, which surprised him. A glow of interest could then be seen within his eyes.

“The magical symbols here are very intriguing. On an individual level, they aren’t very powerful, but in groups of ten, they emit powerful pressure. Hundreds together are something Spirit Severing Cultivators wouldn’t dare to touch, and when thousands coalesce....

“It emanates the aura of Spirit Severing, and is clearly like a Spirit Severing Treasure!” Meng Hao was moved. Based on what he knew of cultivation, after reaching Spirit Severing, in addition to acquiring enlightenment regarding the Domain, one could also create a Spirit Severing Treasure.

This was done by fusing the will of the First Severing blade into a magical item, using the Nascent Divinity to nourish it, and then transforming it into the Spirit Severing Treasure. Such a magical item was created with life force, making it incredibly powerful.

Furthermore, the weakness or strength of the magical item upon its creation would determine the weakness or strength of its later form.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he did nothing to evade it. After measuring it up for a moment, he lifted his right hand up to perform an incantation. The image of a mountain appeared above his hand, after which he pointed forward. The mountain rumbled out, heading directly toward the battle-ax shaped collection of hundreds of magical symbols.

As the mountain neared, the battle-ax did nothing to avoid it. When the mountain slammed into it, a huge boom could be heard, and the mountain collapsed. There was absolutely no change whatsoever to the battle-ax. However, it suddenly stopped in place, almost as if it had a spirit that was now staring in shock.

It was as if it possessed its own will, and was currently thinking about how nothing in its memory had ever dared to attack it.

Meng Hao frowned. The battle-ax was far more powerful than he could have imagined. It was in this moment that the battle-ax finally reacted; it instantly shot toward Meng Hao, blade first.

Furthermore, a black mist rose up around it, within which two eyes were visible, staring dead at Meng Hao. A furious rumbling sound emanated out from within the battle-ax as it sped toward him.

"Interesting," he said, smiling. His days spent traveling through the Stormwind Divide had actually been somewhat monotonous, so how could he shrink back from something intriguing like this?

Moments ago, he had just been testing it out. Now that the battle-ax was charging toward him, he suddenly lifted his right hand, causing the illusory image of a mountain thousands of meters tall to appear around him. He then waved both hands outward, causing the mountain to grow until it was 15,000 meters tall. Then, the battle-ax slammed into it.

A boom could be heard that resonated up into the sky. The fog in the area churned, and the sound echoed out into the far regions of the storm winds.

In fact, quite some distance away within the Stormwind Divide was a pitch-black ship that flew a pitch-black flag. As it proceeded through the storm winds, it emanated a bloody aura, as if the ship itself were filled with fresh blood.

Blood-colored magical symbols rose up from the blood, which, in combination with the sails of the ship, allowed it to proceed safely through the winds that would cause even Spirit Severing Cultivators to wince.

The wind could do nothing to the boat, and when the lightning neared it, it didn't hit the ship, but actually avoided it. Even the balls of magical symbols seemed shaken when they saw the ship, and would sink into dormancy.

There were a dozen or so Cultivators on the ship, pale-faced and panting as they looked out at the terrifying scene outside. Most of them were Nascent Soul Cultivators, with only a couple being of the Core Formation stage.

In charge of the ship were three old men. They wore haughty expressions, and would occasionally glance over at the other passengers with looks of scorn.

“What’s all the fuss about?” said one of them. “We still have a long ways to go. There’s at least six months of travel before we reach our destination.”

“The Sun Soul Society ferry isn’t the fastest in the three Sects, but it’s the safest. Your Spirit Stones will not have been spent in vain.”

In response to the words of the old men, the passengers on the ship forced smiles onto their faces. They were already scared witless by everything they had seen on their journey. There were only two of their number who had calm expressions; it seemed they were already familiar with the frightening sights of the Stormwind Divide.

All of these people were Cultivators on their way to search for good fortune in the Third Ring. This ship was a special vessel to transport them there, for a certain amount of Spirit Stones of course.

In the Milky Way Sea, there was only one way to get into the Third Ring, and that was to go to one of the Sea Cities of the three Sects, pay the price, and then board one of these special ships.

Of course, Meng Hao’s illegal method did not count as a valid method of entry.

The people on the ship had just squeezed out smiles onto their faces when, suddenly, muffled booms could be heard from off in the distance. Immediately, the storm winds in the area rippled, and the lightning twisted. Furthermore, many of the magical symbols twitched and then seemed to awaken from slumber.

The sight caused the faces of everyone on the ship to flicker as they wondered what had just happened.

As for the two people who previously had completely calm faces, they opened their eyes, and a strange light could be seen therein. They exchanged a glance, and then looked off into the distance.

The three old men from the Sun Soul Society who were piloting the boat also looked up. Strange looks could be seen in their eyes, but only for a moment. Then they began to laugh coldly, and expressions of derision could be seen clearly on their faces.

“Someone is trying to rely on their own power to illegally pass through.”

“Whoever it is, they are paying for their unlawful travel with their life! Serves them right!”

“How could somebody possibly pass through the spell formation set up by the ancestors of the three Sects? That person is simply looking to die. Although, to cause such a reaction shows that his Cultivation base is definitely not weak.”

“Who cares? He most likely ran into a ten-symbol formation. If it was a hundred-symbol formation, then he’s definitely dead!”

When the other Cultivators heard the words of the three old men, they began to chuckle. Every year there were always Cultivators who tried to get through on their own power, in order to avoid paying the fee to take a ship. However, nobody ever succeeded; they always died inside.

The Cultivators on the ship had never imagined that they would encounter such a person on their own journey.

“It’s too bad we’re so far away,” said one of them. “Otherwise we could personally witness him dying. It must be a spectacular sight.”

“It’s already perilous enough trying to get into the Third Ring. To place oneself out in the Stormwind Divide is really stupid.”

“Now that I think about it, all those Spirit Stones I spent were really worth it.”

Everyone on board seemed to be a bit more relaxed now.

Chapter 650: How Happy You Are....

Cultivators were just people, so naturally, they also possessed the seven emotions and six pleasures, and tended to think of themselves as superior to others. Such a feeling of superiority would often turn into a type of happiness.

Oftentimes, that feeling of superiority really is... the source of happiness.

For example, the feeling that you are safe while someone else is not, can be happiness. Another example would be drinking a cup of water when you are thirsty, while someone else has nothing to drink except their own saliva. That can also be a kind of happiness.

The people in the boat were currently experiencing exactly that type of happiness.

Because of such happiness, they were not as nervous about the danger that surrounded them. Instead, they were laughing and chatting about the unlucky fool on the outside who had overestimated himself.

Of course, Meng Hao was the unlucky fool to whom they referred. Booming surrounded him as the mountain around him collapsed. At the same time, the gigantic battle-ax also started to collapse too.

The backlash rocked the battle-ax, causing it to be torn to pieces right in front of Meng Hao. However, the magical symbols that had formed it did not disperse; instead, they formed back together into a huge hand. Instantly, the hand grabbed toward Meng Hao, radiating intense ferocity and hatred.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he lifted his hand and pointed forward. Instantly, his finger turned the color of blood. This was the Blood Finger!

Next was a second finger, a third... and finally, five fingers stretched out, turning into the Blood Palm! It was fully thirty meters wide, seemingly illusory, but at the same time, incredibly realistic. Backed by the power of the Ninth Anima, it shot directly toward the ax-cum-hand.

A huge boom could be heard as both the Blood Palm and the huge hand formed of magical symbols both exploded into little pieces. Meng Hao didn't hesitate for a moment; he instantly moved forward, performing an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waving his sleeve. A killing air immediately spread out. The glow of the Greenwood Tree could be seen, along with the extinction of the Violet Sea, raging flames, and the Frost Soil.

This was a five elements magical technique that instantly caused five characters to appear. They exuded vicious pressure down onto the dissipating magical symbols of the battle-ax.

A rumbling could be heard as the hundreds of magical symbols which had made up the battle-ax began to tremble. They seemed to be struggling to escape, but before they could, Meng Hao neared. His hand clenched into a fist, which then punched out, backed by the intense power of his fleshly body.

The air vibrated, and a gust from the surrounding storm winds bore down on him. It slashed into the magical symbols, instantly cause them to scatter and disperse.

This time, the magical symbols flashed, but did not re-form back together. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, then performed another incantation, simultaneously rotating his Cultivation base. Instantly, no less than a thousand tiny mountains appeared and then shot out.

This thousand mountains technique was formed by the Mountain Consuming Incantation, and as it descended, each mountain exerted intense pressure onto a magical symbol. Instantly, they were all suppressed. Meng Hao waved his hand, and the mountains crushed down onto them.

In the blink of an eye, the mountains began to consolidate together. Rumbling could be heard as a thousand-meter tall mountain appeared, sealed inside of which, shockingly, was a battle-ax.

It struggled, attempting to free itself, but Meng Hao waved his hand through the air and the mountain shot toward him. As it did, it grew smaller and smaller, until it could fit onto the palm of his hand.

The battle-ax inside was suppressed down, shrunken. It struggled more and more fiercely, until cracking and popping sounds could be heard. After the space of a few breaths of time, the battle-ax successfully destroyed the mountain, and then began to charge out from within.

Meng Hao's face was calm as the index finger of his left hand pushed onto the mountain.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

His coolly spoken words caused a ‘hex’ character to appear and cover the mountain peak, sealing it. The battle-ax let out a mournful wail. It was completely incapable of extricating itself now.

Meng Hao felt a bit relieved, finally. He left behind a strand of Divine Sense, added a few more restrictive spells, and then finally smiled and put the mountain into his bag of holding.

“This will count as a treasure,” he thought, his eyes glittering brightly. Although it had seemed a simple matter to subjugate the item, it actually took all the power of his Cultivation base, as well as the support of his incredibly powerful fleshly body. Were it some other Spirit Severing Cultivator along the likes of Patriarch Huyan, they could by no means collect up the battle-ax in the relaxed manner which Meng Hao just had.

“The more spirit treasures I have like this the better,” he thought. “Who knows what kind of price I’ll be able to sell them for in the future.” Eyes shining brightly, he looked around until his gaze fell upon a group of one hundred magical symbols floating around off in the distance.

The collection of symbols seemed to possess a certain amount of sentience. Perhaps because he had been touched by the aura of the battle-ax, as soon as he looked at the one-hundred symbol spell formation, it instantly appeared to be shocked, and then attempted to flee.

“Since this entire area was planned out like a structure to block Sea Demons, it wouldn’t be very reasonable of me to take away all the spell formations. Besides, the one-hundred symbol formations can’t even form into anything specific, so it would be mostly useless to try to take them away.” Muttering to himself, Meng Hao turned and flew off into the distance, ignoring the one-hundred symbol spell formations.

Quite some distance away, the passengers on the pitch-black ship could hear the muffled booms off in the distance, and their smiles grew even happier.

“That guy must be dead already.”

“He overestimated his own ability, and didn’t even have enough Spirit Stones to pay to get on the ship. No wonder he wanted to risk it all in the Third Ring. What a pity he’s not very intelligent. Who does he think he is to try to charge through the Stormwind Divide? One of the Three Saints?”

As the others chatted and laughed, the two calm Cultivators closed their eyes and ignored the goings on. The three old men from the Sun Soul Society who were responsible for the boat looked more arrogant than ever. They had been running this boat for a full sixty-year cycle of time, and during that time had never heard of anyone successfully charging through the Stormwind Divide.

However, after a few days passed, the sense of happiness felt by everyone had lessened a bit. But then, more of the magical symbols in the area, as well as the lightning and even the gusts of wind, seemed to be under pressure, even nervous. More explosions could be heard from off in the distance.

The sounds caused the group to grow even more excited. This time, they didn't need any explanation from the three old men. Everyone knew exactly what the sounds were, even if they couldn't see the source. Soon, the sound of their conversation could be heard.

“Hahaha! Don't tell me another person is trying to charge through?”

“Another person who doesn't know their own limits? I never imagined that this trip to the Third Ring would be so fascinating.”

“What a pity. I truly wish I could watch with my own eyes.”

Everyone was excited, but the three old men were actually somewhat shocked. Just about every time they piloted the ship, they would hear explosions like this. However, it was very rare to hear such a series of explosions twice, like they had this time.

The three old men exchanged smiles, but didn't think too much about it, and focused instead on piloting the ship forward.

The sounds didn't last for very long, only as long as it takes an incense stick to burn. Then they faded away, and another round of talking and chuckling began on the ship.

However, about four days later, the sounds could be heard once again. The passengers on the ship were astonished.

“What’s going on? How could there possibly be three people all trying to cross the Stormwind Divide?”

“Something doesn’t seem right....”

“Everyone; do you think... that perhaps the person from the very beginning didn’t actually die?” These final words were spoken by the person with the weakest Cultivation base of the whole group, the young Core Formation Cultivator.

As soon as he spoke the words, everyone went quiet. The two Cultivators who had sat there calmly the entire time suddenly opened their eyes, seemingly astonished by the implication of the young man’s theory.

The three men in charge of the ship also looked shocked, but quickly recovered.

“No unfounded ravings allowed onboard!” growled one of them.

“This is the Stormwind Divide!” said another. “Other than the Three Saints of the Milky Way Sea, nobody can cross it!”

“Obviously what we’re hearing is an entire Sect trying to cross. It’s not the first time something like that has happened.” The rest of the passengers weren’t quite sure whether or not to believe the words of the old men. In any case, the happiness of their mood had clearly lessened by quite a bit.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao flew quickly through the storm wind gusts. Currently, he faced a 150 meter long whip. The whip was about three meters wide, and completely savage in appearance. However, it was surrounded by an enormous mountain, which was gradually suppressing it.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, it made an unyielding howl. Then the mountain descended, completely sealing it. It shrank down into Meng Hao’s hand, after which he put it into his bag of holding.

“Number four!” he said, eyes shining brightly. With a smile, he turned and proceeded to speed along his way.

Two more months passed by. During that time, the group on the ship heard one set of explosions after another. Soon, they had heard the sounds seven times. By now, their mood had changed from one of curiosity to shock.

By the time the thirteenth set of explosions rang out, they were filled with dread. Even the three old men were panting.

After the two months passed, and the twentieth set of explosions reached their ears. Everyone on the boat was now completely and utterly dumbfounded. That was especially so after they realized... that the sounds of the explosions were getting closer!

During the two months, Meng Hao ran into more magical symbols in the shape of treasures. Whenever he did, he would instantly attack and exert full power to subdue them.

By this point, he was in the very depths of the Stormwind Divide, and was getting much closer to the pitch-black ship.

As he got deeper in, his speed was continually reduced. The intensity of the wind was now hurting him, and was even causing his body to start to break apart.

Right now, he had to continuously disseminate power from his Cultivation base in order to hang on.

As for the lightning, it was now possible to see illusory figures within it that apparently possessed sentience. Meng Hao was shocked.

At one point, he suddenly caught sight of a bright white light in the otherwise pitch blackness. It seemed to be consuming lightning, which caused Meng Hao to take a deep breath and then change his course.

What he saw was a toad, gobbling up lightning. This was the first time he had seen magical symbols shaped into the form of a beast. The toad was at least three hundred meters long, and in Meng Hao's estimation, was formed from around ten thousand magical symbols.

"I wonder how far away I am from the edge of this place..." he thought, avoiding the toad. The toad noticed him, but completely ignored him as it continued to consume lightning.

Meng Hao looked away, and was just about to speed off into the distance when suddenly he made a slight “eee?” sound. He turned his head and sent Divine Sense out. Sure enough, he could sense a ship, speeding along through the air.

“Perfect. I can jump onto this ship and rest a bit while I go the rest of the way.” His eyes glittering, he proceeded on toward it.