

The Heavens 651

Chapter 651: My Dao Is Nigh!

That ship, of course, was the Sun Soul Society ship who had listened to the ruckus caused by Meng Hao this entire time. Whether it was the three old men, the two calm youths, or the rest of the passengers, all of them were bewildered and filled with dread. Everyone wanted the ship to emerge from within the Stormwind Divide as soon as possible.

During the past two months, they had heard the sounds of explosions more than twenty times. By now, they had all begun to speculate that it wasn't a group of people trying to pass through the Stormwind Divide, but rather, a single individual!

That person must be incredibly powerful, fearsome to the extreme in order to be able to brave the spell formation and not be destroyed.

Most important of all was that the ship happened to have a Feng Shui compass that the three old men had pooled their power together to use a month previous.

The Feng Shui compass was something rarely used on the ship. It had only one function; it could send out invisible waves into the Stormwind Divide, which would then cause a map of the area to appear on the surface of the compass. The map would reveal the location of any powerful spirit creatures formed of magical symbols.

A month ago, they had used that function of the map to reveal the spirits, which were all represented in by white dots of light. The entire area around them was densely covered by such white dots. However, there in the middle of all of them... was a red dot!

That red dot caused everyone to be filled with horrified astonishment.

A red dot represented an outside Cultivator!

Furthermore, during the past month, the white dots in the area had been significantly reduced. It seemed to indicate that the magical symbol spirits were intentionally avoiding the area. In addition, the red dot that represented the outside Cultivator only continued to grow brighter and more resplendent, like fresh blood. Everyone looked on with wide eyes, panting.

That was even more the case when they realized... that the red dot was actually moving at high speed toward the yellow dot on the map. That yellow dot... represented the ship they were on! Panicked cries of alarm could be heard.

“He’s coming!!”

“The Cultivator who’s crossing the Stormwind Divide, he’s... heading right toward us!” The more than ten Cultivators aboard the ship were all pale-faced. Some of them even rose to their feet in terror, their faces filled with fear and awe of the unknown.

The three old men in charge of the boat exchanged pale-faced glances. They could see the bitterness and complex emotions in each other’s eyes. The three of them could never have imagined that they would ever witness such a shocking scene.

They didn’t know who this outsider was, but the three of them did know with complete certainty that anyone who could survive in the depths of the Stormwind Divide would most definitely be of the Spirit Severing stage!

“Spirit Severing eccentrics have strange dispositions. If he kills all of us, the Sect wouldn’t do anything. It wouldn’t risk offending a Spirit Severing expert just for the likes of us three.”

“Dammit! Why is this happening? If he wants to cross, fine, but why does he have to come after us...?”

They sat there, perturbed. It was at this point that everyone watched in astonishment as a huge gust of wind from the Stormwind Divide suddenly blasted against the right side of the boat, causing the bloody glow that emanated up from the ship to dim, as if it were being completely covered up.

Not a single sound could be heard onboard. Everyone sat there apprehensively, looking out in the direction of the gust of wind. The fog outside roiled, and a stifling pressure began to bear down on them.

Soon, a green figure could be seen, striding forward through the air. His salt and pepper hair floated about him as he laid eyes on the ship. It was, of course, Meng Hao.

Even as he caught sight of them, everyone on the ship looked at him.

As soon as the three old men saw him, they began to tremble. “Third generation disciples of the Sun Soul Society offer greetings to you, senior,” they said in unison. The intense pressure radiating from Meng Hao caused them all to breath raggedly. They even felt the Nascent Souls inside of them quivering under the pressure.

Intense terror began to build up inside of them, especially when Meng Hao looked directly at them. His gaze was like a sharp blade. It was almost like he could read their hearts and minds with a single glance. It was as if they were completely transparent in front of him. Without any hesitation, the three old men quickly clasped hands and bowed deeply

At the same time, the more than ten passengers on the ship also clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face was expressionless as he strode forward toward the ship. As he neared, a red shield suddenly sprang up, a defensive mechanism of the ship.

When the shield sprang up, the three old men felt their hearts starting to pound, and their faces completely fell. Inwardly, they felt intense regret, and were sure that a misunderstanding was about to occur. Obviously, the shield wouldn’t be able to do anything to hinder an expert who could survive out in the Stormwind Divide. At the most, it might slow him down for a moment, but in the end, the unlucky ones in the whole matter would be themselves.

They were about to try to lower the shield, but before they could, Meng Hao pushed directly into it. Zapping sounds could be heard, but his face was the same as usual as he walked through it.

Most of the others on the ship actually couldn’t see what was happening, but the three old men couldn’t help but gasp with shock. They had never imagined that their shield would be so ineffective in blocking Meng Hao.

What was happening completely exceeded their imaginations; they instantly dropped to their knees and kowtowed.

There were others who noticed the strangeness of the goings on. The two calm youths had been to the Third Ring before, on more than one occasion. Therefore, they understood quite a bit more about the ship than the others. Currently, their faces flickered, and their hearts began to pound.

Meng Hao said nothing. He boarded the ship, looked around, and then sat down cross-legged on the prow.

He didn't speak at first, and the rest of the people on the ship were as silent as cicadas during winter. The three old men didn't dare to rise to their feet. The entire ship was quiet.

After a bit of time passed, Meng Hao casually said, "Do you happen to have a map of the Third Ring?"

Without the slightest hesitation, the three old men produced jade slips from their bags of holding and respectfully offered them to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao accepted, glanced at the jade slips, and then eyed the Feng Shui compass off to the side. His eyes glittered, and he nodded.

"You're going to the Third Ring?" he asked.

"Senior," replied one of the three old men, "we are currently under orders to pilot this ship and deliver these passengers to the Seahold in the Third Ring."

"Would it be convenient for you to take me along?" asked Meng Hao coolly.

"Senior, you are most welcome aboard our ship. Many thanks for staying to watch out for us. We members of the junior generation can't thank you enough." The three old men were attempting to be as respectful as possible, and in their fear of offending Meng Hao, spoke in a borderline fawning tone.

"Well, let's get moving," said Meng Hao, closing his eyes.

The three old men immediately voiced their agreement, then carefully rose to their feet. Inwardly breathing sighs of relief, they sent the ship forward at the highest speed possible. As they proceeded onward, no one dared to speak. The ship was completely quiet.

The ship didn't move as quickly as Meng Hao could move, but the advantage was the ease with which he could proceed. He sat there cross-legged, meditating for a few days. Then, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked over at the Feng Shui compass. There, he could clearly see that a thousand-symbol spirit was floating not too far off in the distance.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, the thousand-symbol spirit was close enough to see with the naked eye. It looked like an iron chain floating there in the storm winds. It completely ignored the ship, although it occasionally attempted to consume lightning as it drifted about.

Meng Hao suddenly stood up.

"Stop the ship. Wait for me!" With that, he strode out. The three old men and the other passengers were shocked. They watched on as Meng Hao left the ship. Immediately, the iron chain appeared to sense him. It whipped around in his direction, and an intensely bleak killing will rose up to the Heavens. Suddenly, the lightning in the area turned red and shot whistling through the air toward Meng Hao.

However, before the iron chain could even get near him, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the characters for metal, wood, water, fire, and earth appeared. As they surrounded the iron chain, Meng Hao stepped forward and punched.

The iron chain collapsed, sending a thousand magical symbols spreading out in all directions. He then performed another incantation gesture, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation caused a thousand mountains to appear. They covered the magical symbols, then merged together to form a huge mountain peak. Next, the mountain peak shrank down into Meng Hao's palm, where he sealed it.

After putting it into his bag of holding, he spun around and returned to the ship.

The entire spectacle only took ten breaths of time. Meng Hao's actions were as natural and unforced as floating clouds and flowing water. Everything was completely efficient, as if he was completely used to doing such things. Everyone who watched on was thoroughly shaken.

The people on the boat stared blankly, and the two Cultivators who had been to the Third Ring before were breathing heavily. They were well aware of how mighty a thousand-symbol spirit was, which caused their fear of Meng Hao reach a new peak.

By now, they were absolutely certain the reason they had heard explosions more than twenty times in the past. Back then, they could never have imagined that it was a terrifying Cultivator who could subdue and capture magical symbol spirits.

Most shocked of all were the three old men. They were disciples of the Sun Soul Society, and were far more knowledgeable about the Stormwind Divide than the others.

Although others were unaware that the magical symbol spirits could be subdued, they were well aware of the fact. Every few hundred years, powerful experts from the three Sects would enter the spell formation under the leadership of a Patriarch, with the sole purpose of collecting magical symbol spirits. Such spirits were useful to the Patriarchs.

Although no one knew exactly how the Patriarchs used them, it was known that the magical symbol spirits were the essence of the spell formation. That was especially true of the thousand-symbol spirits, which were comparable to Spirit Severing Cultivators. They were unpredictable and virtually indestructible; only the Three Saints were capable of subduing them.

“S-s-senior... sir... how many thousand-symbol spirits have you acquired during your journey?” asked one of the three old men, his face pale, his voice quavering.

“More than twenty,” replied Meng Hao from his position seated cross-legged on the prow. He glanced at the old man.

“More than twenty!!” The old man’s face completely fell, and he began to pant. He suddenly turned to look at the other two old men and then roared, “Get the ship moving again! Top speed!!”

They actually didn’t need any reminders. Having heard what Meng Hao said, they trembled, as if they had just thought of something even more terrifying than Meng Hao. They rotated their Cultivation bases at top speed to control the boat and push it forward as fast as it could.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he looked at the old man who had just spoken.

The man looked back with a wry smile, and a face full of anxiety.

“Senior, perhaps you are unaware that in a hundred year period, no more than five of the thousand-symbol spirits can be collected. That number can’t be exceeded, or else.... It will cause the yellow springs Underworld Ship to appear....

“The yellow springs emerge, the Underworld Ship appears, Dao Seeking forbidden zone!”

As soon as the old man spoke the words, the storm winds around them suddenly seemed to stop moving. The lightning stopped in mid-air, and the fog came to a standstill!

It seemed almost as if time, as if the very natural laws of the Heaven and Earth, had suddenly become completely motionless.

At the same time, an archaic voice could be heard. It was filled with an air of time; it sounded as if a veil of rot had been lifted. The hoarse voice echoed out from off in the distance.

“Long ago, you chose to continue onward to the end, until there was nothing of you left....”

“Long ago, I chose to continue onward to the end, until only I was left....”

“Who am I? Who are you...? Unfathomable bleached bones. The beginnings of eras. My Dao... is nigh.”

Chapter 652: Underworld Ship

As the voice echoed out, all of the hair on Meng Hao’s body stood on end. An indescribable feeling washed through him, and it felt as if some ancient, icy hand were gently caressing his neck.

An aura of putrefaction filled the area. As for the ship he was on... everything suddenly seemed to slow down. In one fleeting moment, it seemed as if thousands of years had passed.

Everyone on the ship went pale white and began to shiver. Unprecedented expressions of fear could be seen on their faces. Even those who didn’t know of the yellow springs Underworld Ship could tell from the current situation that they were in a situation of critical danger!

Terror filled the hearts of the three old men. They employed all of the power of their Cultivation base, and even consumed medicinal pills, to push the boat forward with all the speed possible.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and rotated his Cultivation base to dispel the intense coldness. One of the three old men who sat nearby yelled out in a hoarse voice: “Don’t look back! All of you, listen to me. Under no circumstances look back!”

“One must not gaze upon the path to the yellow springs! If you turn your head, you’re done for!”

There were a few people on the ship who had been contemplating turning to look back. However, after hearing the old man’s words, they sat there trembling, not daring to turn their heads even a little bit.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed. Behind him, he could hear sobbing sounds rising and falling. It sounded like the weeping of a crowd of countless people. Gradually, everything around grew even colder. In the dim light, it was possible to make out strands of white fog that looked like hair, swirling about in the air.

“The end of my Dao... is nigh....” said the voice, filled with an aura of decay. It seemed to be getting closer.

A cold gleam gradually appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he stood there on the prow. Although he didn’t turn his head back, the energy in his body gradually grew more and more focused.

The ship picked up speed, but everything around it was motionless. Even if it moved much faster, it would still be incapable of escaping the white strands that filled the area and were continuing to grow more numerous.

It almost seemed as if the ship itself were mired within a painting, a painting in which everything was motionless. It didn’t matter if the three old men went all out with power, they still weren’t moving fast enough.

The aura of rot grew closer, as if the Underworld Ship that the old men had talked about was getting closer and closer.

Even though their own ship wasn’t moving, the passage of time on board seemed to be speeding up. Everyone trembled, as they sensed signs that their life force was beginning to drain away.

Despair welled up in the hearts of the three old men.

Meng Hao silently lifted up his right foot and then stamped it down softly onto the deck. Instantly, his Cultivation base rumbled, and power poured into the ship. Much of the deck directly shattered, but at the same time, the ship surged forward with incredible speed.

The speed was such that it seemed they would break free from the world of motionless within which they were stuck. The three old men gasped, and hope appeared in their faces as they assisted with all the power they could muster. It finally seemed that the ship would break free from the painting. Movement in their surroundings even became visible.

Eventually, they reached a speed that was capable of combating against whatever law it was in the area that caused everything to remain motionless. The air began to move, and the stillness seemed to be on the verge of shattering. It was at this point, when everything seemed to be just about to begin moving again, when Meng Hao heard a sigh in his ear.

Then he heard the voice of a man, a voice filled with boundless love. “Hao’er... have you been safe and sound all these years...? Back then, your mother didn’t agree, but as your father, I... I insisted that it must be this way. Don’t blame your mother...”

Meng Hao trembled. He recognized the voice. Bits and pieces of it actually remained in his memories. Even after so many years had passed, he recognized that this was the voice of his father!

He stood there silently. He didn’t look back as the ship sped forward. The motionlessness in the area was rapidly giving way to movement. The white strands that floated in the air were slowly moving backward, freeing the ship.

Just then, though, Meng Hao heard another voice.

“Hao’er... do you... still remember me? I’m your mother.... Look back, let me see your face. It’s been so many years.... We’ve missed you.”

Meng Hao’s entire body trembled, and his head moved slightly. A complex expression appeared in his eyes as he stood there breathing. He didn’t look back; instead, he focused all his energy on controlling the boat. A rumbling sound could be heard as the front of the boat finally pierced out of the painting of stillness.

Meng Hao could see the border of the still region just up ahead; they were almost out of the painting.

“Deep in your heart, is obsession.” This voice was not the voice of his parents that existed in his memory. It was the ancient, decaying voice.

The voice seemed confused, as if it, too, were filled with infinite obsession.

“You are a living being that I have encountered on the path to the yellow springs. I can... help you to fulfill your obsession. Look back, and you will be able to see what your parents look like.”

Meng Hao’s Cultivation base suddenly stopped moving. He poured no more power into the ship, but instead stood there on the prow. Directly in front of him was the edge of the painting of motionlessness; after passing beyond that border, they would be free.

Meng Hao well knew that if he looked back, something untoward would likely happen. However, the words spoken to him just now had left him completely shaken.

No one else could hear the words spoken into his ear just now, not even the three old men. Everyone just sat there, trembling and in a daze. Meng Hao was the only lucid one among them all.

In his silence, Meng Hao suddenly smiled. It was an unrestrained smile, a smile filled with a will of purification.

He suddenly murmured, “What’s the harm in turning my head? In my life of cultivation, I cultivate my heart. My path is one of understanding and truth.

“If I don’t look back, how could I claim to cultivate my heart?” His eyes filled with a bright light as he casually turned to look behind him.

The first thing that caught his attention were the countless white strands that floated in the air, twisting and twining around the ship. The strands originated from an enormous battleship!

The ship was fully three thousand meters long, and radiated an archaic air, as if it had existed for countless ages. It was dilapidated in a way that suggested it had experienced the baptism of war.

At the prow of the battleship, a figure could be seen. It was an old man wearing a pitch-black suit of armor. It was impossible to see his features clearly, but his body looked like it had been rotting inside the armor for innumerable years.

As for the white strands, they were actually the man's hair!

As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on him, the old man seemed to take notice. His head lifted up, and he looked at Meng Hao.

As soon as their gazes met, Meng Hao's mind filled with rumbling. Next, a vision appeared to him. He saw a coffin, its surface covered with carvings of nine butterflies.

The coffin rested on an ancient battlefield. The surroundings were devoid of any colors except for black and white.

The vision lasted for only a few breaths of time. Then it dissipated. Meng Hao panted as he regained consciousness.

"His... Dao seed..." said the armored figure softly, his voice hoarse as it echoed about. "In all the years, of all the living things I have encountered, I have seen countless Dao seeds.... You, however, are different than them.

"Go." The old man sat there cross-legged in his armor. It looked like he would never, ever stand up. When he spoke, his voice seemed to be filled with reminiscence. Slowly, his hair pulled away from the ship Meng Hao was on. At the same time, the archaic, three thousand meter battleship slowly began to back away. At the same time, it started to fade, as if it were about to vanish into thin air.

The stillness in the area also began to slowly disappear.

As the ship began to vanish, Meng Hao suddenly opened his mouth to speak. "Senior, you still haven't fulfilled your promise!" Immediately, the stillness returned. The old man on the battleship gave Meng Hao a profound gaze.

That gaze seemed to contain the transformations of the entire world. It contained the turnings of time as it poured into Meng Hao's eyes. Instantly, a roaring sound filled his mind.

This time in his vision, he saw Mount Daqing!

Outside of Mount Daqing was a whistling violet wind. Fog roiled about, covering the entire mountain, and eventually, Yunjie County.

Within the city, the lamps inside the houses were instantly extinguished, except for one house.... Inside that house, the lights danced, illuminating a middle-aged man who stood next to the window. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking.

The sounds of weeping could be heard within the bedroom. Through the cracks in the door, the silhouette of a woman could be seen. She held a boy in her arms, and tears streamed down her face.

The boy had intelligent eyes, but right now, they were filled with confusion and puzzlement.

The violet wind blew the violet fog until it completely covered Yunjie County. Far up above in the black night sky, a violet sun suddenly became visible.

The violet sun caused an indescribable pressure to suddenly weigh down on Yunjie County.

It was in that moment that the man pushed open the front door and walked out into the violet fog. The woman wiped the tears from her eyes and looked back at the boy for a moment. Then she turned and walked away.

In that moment, Meng Hao was able to clearly see her face.

She was beautiful, gentle, and her tears seemed to be filled with infinite reluctance to part. However, she left the boy behind in the room, frightened, confused and helpless.

“Dad.... Mom....” cried the boy. He seemed to be growing more frightened. He ran out into the fog.

“Dad.... Mom.... Where are you? I’m scared....” The boy’s voice was young and tender, and quavered when he spoke. He seemed terrified. The wind around him was cold, and the fog was all-encompassing. However, it couldn’t do anything to suppress the boy’s cries, which echoed out into the fog.

His sobbing grew more and more shrill as he ran. He suddenly tripped and fell, scraping his knees and tearing his garment. His hair was in disarray, and tears streamed down his face to fall onto the ground. All he wanted was his dad and mom, but what he didn't notice was that behind him, a black, spectral hand stretched out toward his head from within the fog.

Chapter 653: Demons Stir in the Third Ring

Meng Hao watched the scene playing out with the boy, who was obviously himself. And yet, as he searched through his mind, no memory such as this existed. He remembered that night, and he remembered the violet-colored wind, as well what seemed to be countless bizarre voices.

That was the night his dad and mom went missing. He remembered waking up fuzzily, not quite able to remember what had happened. The only thing he remembered... was that his garment had been torn.

When he saw what was happening in the vision, it felt like lightning was striking through his mind.

Then he saw the spectral hand reaching out toward the boy. In that moment, a man appeared behind the boy. He gave a cold snort as he gripped the spectral hand between his fingers and then snapped it off.

The spectral hand disintegrated into powder, and a bloodcurdling scream could be heard. A ghostly figure flew off into the violet fog.

The boy was alarmed, but then he turned his head, and a look of joy appeared on his face. Tears rolling down his cheeks, he rushed into the arms of the man.

“Dad... where did you go? I couldn't find you. I...”

The man did not pursue the ghostly figure. He knelt in front of the boy, his face filled with both love and doubt. Gazing at the boy, he reached out and tousled his hair.

He was silent for a long moment before he spoke out in a soft voice, “Don't cry, Hao'er. Mom and dad have to go away for a while. We'll all see each other again one day.”

As soon as he heard the words, the boy reached out and grabbed the man's robe tightly. "Where are you going? I don't want you to go...."

The man didn't say anything. He patted the boy's head, and then, after another long moment passed, said, "The Eastern Lands."

His expression was filled with intense love, and also pain. Then he reached out to touch the boy. His hand flickered with a glowing light, and the boy's eyes closed and he fell asleep.

The man held the boy in his arms as he turned and walked back into the house. He gently placed the boy down onto the bed, then stood there watching him. Time passed, and he finally sighed.

Meng Hao was able to see the man's profile, outlined by the lamplight. He was handsome and dignified, and looked both familiar and yet also strange. Looking at him caused Meng Hao's heart to begin to pound.

After another long moment, the man leaned down and kissed the boy on the top of the head. When he raised back up, his expression was one of both pain and farewell. He left the house, and walked off into the violet wind and fog. He left Yunjie County, left Mount Daqing, and disappeared.

As the vision ended, a tremor ran through Meng Hao's body and he regained clarity. He stood on the deck of the ship. The only thing around them was storm winds. There were no white strands of hair, no Underworld Ship. There was only the Stormwind Divide.

Everyone else on the boat was asleep.

The surroundings were quiet. Meng Hao looked around, then sat down cross-legged and stared off into the distance, somewhat in a daze.

After a bit of time, the three old men awoke. Then, one by one, so did the others. They looked at Meng Hao with a mixture of dread and gratefulness. Meng Hao didn't speak, so of course, neither did they dare to say a single word.

It was in this manner that the ship continued on its voyage for several more months. Eventually, amidst the silence, it neared the end of the Stormwind Divide.

The entire time, Meng Hao never rose to his feet. When they encountered symbol spirits, he didn't even look at them. He only stared out in front of the ship; no one had any idea what he was thinking.

After the months passed, and the boat reached the end of the Stormwind Divide, a dock could be seen through the darkness, their final destination.

Meng Hao stood up and sent his Divine Sense to spread over the entire ship, and the people on it. This was a minor magical technique that he had picked up in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, a Daoist magic that would erase any trace of him from the minds of these people. After that, he flew out to disappear into the storm winds.

About ten breaths of time after Meng Hao vanished, everyone on the ship regained their senses. They looked a bit confused, but after a moment, the ship reached the dock. At that point, they seemed to break through some invisible barrier. The previous blackness gave way to a sudden burst of intense light.

It was sunlight shining down onto the sea and the waves. The group on the boat inhaled the salt air, and they knew... that they were now in the Third Ring!

Even as exclamations of joy rang out from the ship, Meng Hao emerged alone from within the Stormwind Divide. He stood on the surface of the sea, looking up at the sun.

“Whether that vision was real or not, the Eastern Lands... are definitely where I need to go!

“After I resolve this crisis with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, then I'll definitely be heading to the Eastern Lands!

“I'll visit the Great Tang, I'll visit Chang'an, and I'll fulfill my childhood dream....” He looked off toward the east, wishing that his Cultivation base was sufficient to be able to see the Eastern Lands right now, no matter how far away it was.

“Maybe I can find some clues about dad and mom, and what happened that year. What was the violet wind and violet fog, and what did it have to do with me...?”

“And also...” He lowered his head and looked down at the back of his hand. Every time he had a Cultivation base breakthrough into a new stage, there was the symbol that appeared there.

That mark had been with him for a long time, and if he couldn't come to understand what it meant, he would feel as if he had wasted all his years of cultivation.

"It's not like I didn't notice how strange Fang Yu was acting all those years ago.... Am I just unwilling to accept the truth?" In his thoughtfulness, a rare bit of weakness could be seen in his eyes. Finally, he sighed and pushed all the thoughts down into the bottom of his heart.

He suddenly felt very lonely. It was the type of loneliness where you look around and wonder where your home is. He had practiced cultivation for hundreds of years, but right now, had no friends to keep him company.

Such thinking caused the weakness in his eyes to grow a bit stronger.

"Is this cultivation? A path... that a person must stick to alone?" He closed his eyes for a long moment. When he opened them, no weakness was visible. Instead, there was the unswerving determination that usually resided therein.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked around, a sharp gleam in his eyes.

Everything around looked almost the same as the Fourth Ring. However, Meng Hao could sense that much more Demonic Qi flowed through the Third Ring.

No one else would be able to detect it, but as a Demon Sealer, Meng Hao could naturally sense it.

What Meng Hao didn't know was that in this very moment, countless eyes suddenly opened on the seafloor of the Third Ring. All of them stared up in his direction.

In the deepest part of the sea, the undercurrents swirled, and it seemed as if a tempest were forming. Countless red eyes emanated intense desire, as if they had finally seen hope for the first time.

Up above on the surface of the waters, Meng Hao muttered to himself for a moment and then sped off. After flying for the time it takes an incense stick to burn, he suddenly frowned. The sea up ahead of him suddenly exploded up as a giant tentacle shot out from the water toward him.

It moved with such incredible speed that it looked like nothing more than a shadow. It almost looked like a flaming whip as it ripped through the air.

It was an attack that contained power similar to the Nascent Soul stage. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, then waved his hand toward the incoming tentacle and made a grasping motion. The tentacle stopped in mid-air just a few feet in front of him, almost as if it had been seized by some enormous, invisible hand.

The tentacle was completely black, and covered with countless suction disks. It squirmed and wriggled, seemingly struggling to free itself. It was sickening to look at, and if you followed it to its source, you could see what appeared to be an enormous creature in the churning waters below.

At the same time, whooshing sounds could be heard as more than ten additional tentacles burst out from the water toward Meng Hao. He watched on with a cold gleam in his eyes, then clutched out with his right hand and pulled.

Boom!

The sea exploded under the incredible power of Meng Hao's hand as an enormous, three hundred meter long cuttlefish was wrenched up out of the waters to hover in mid-air.

Meng Hao relaxed his hand, and then took a step forward. He instantly disappeared, only to reappear directly in front of the cuttlefish. His right hand formed into a fist which he then struck out. A massive boom could be heard as the cuttlefish directly exploded into countless pieces that then rained down onto the surface of the sea.

Within the shredded meat and flesh was a bluish crystalline object about the size of a finger. As soon as Meng Hao saw it, he grabbed it. When it touched his palm, it let off a gentle glow, along with the ripples of spiritual power.

“This looks like a mid-grade Spirit Stone. It must be a Demon heart.” After examining it for a while, he put it away into his bag of holding, then began to make his way off. However, it was then that he frowned. He sent his Divine Sense out, and immediately, his face sank.

Within the range of his Divine Sense, he could sense more than twenty different kinds of Sea Demons in the area. All of them were speeding along through the sea in his direction.

Each one emitted violent auras, as well as intense avarice. They seemed to view themselves as hunters and him as the prey.

“Is this why the Third Ring is so dangerous?” he thought, his brow furrowed. With that, he waved his hand toward the sea down below. Instantly, the surface of the sea rumbled and sank down, forming into what looked like a crater, roughly three hundred meters wide. With another wave of his hand, Meng Hao caused the crater to begin to rotate.

The rotation caused a huge roaring sound to lift up into the sky. It almost looked like a black hole was forming in the water. Great waves surged about, revealing seven or eight vicious Sea Demons.

These Sea Demons didn't have very high Cultivation bases; all were roughly at the early Nascent Soul stage, and a few even were in the Core Formation stage. They looked at Meng Hao with red eyes and vicious greed. It seemed that they couldn't wait to consume Meng Hao, as if even taking a single bite of him would give them some type of enlightenment.

Their gazes caused Meng Hao to be filled with a sensation of disgust. He almost felt as if he were being looked at by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Coldness flickered in his eyes, and he made a cold snort as the fingers of his right hand slowly clenched into a fist.

At the same time, the vortex in the sea slowly constricted, tightening down and closing. The seawater instantly turned red with blood, and miserable howls could be heard. When Meng Hao opened his fist, the waters spread back out and the vortex resumed spinning.

A moment later, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing more than twenty Demon hearts to fly up from the reddened water. He put them into his bag of holding, then transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

The only thing that was left behind was the blood, which slowly dissolved into the seawater. Everything was calm and peaceful.

Chapter 654: Lily...

The Third Ring was very large and contained a great number of Cultivators. Most organized into groups of three or perhaps five to go hunting Sea Demons in various regions of the Third Ring. To encounter a Sea Demon was a lucky break in and of itself. Of course, there were some powerful Sea Demons who could also bring incredible disaster.

There were even some areas within the Third Ring that were specially noted in jade slip maps. Anyone who wanted to enter such areas had to prepare special items ahead of time.

Furthermore, there was one particular city in the Third Ring called Seahold that had been established jointly by the three Sects, which made it convenient for Cultivators to trade for supplies. The city was enormous, and towered up above the surface of the water like a huge fortress. It was covered with shocking spell formations that had protected it for countless years against the attacks of Sea Demons.

Within the city were garrisoned more than 10,000 Cultivators from the three Sects. In addition, there was always one of the three Saints in command of the city. They rotated every one hundred years.

For years, the three Sects had maintained an incredible reputation, to the point where even the powers in the Southern Domain, Eastern Lands, Western Desert, and Northern Reaches acknowledged them.

Several days later, Meng Hao flew in mid-air over the Third Ring. He lifted up his right hand, and lightning crackled. Instantly, a thirty-meter long Sea Demon comparable in power to a Foundation Establishment Cultivator, was destroyed.

This particular Sea Demon didn't even have a Demon heart. However, for some reason, as soon as it detected Meng Hao's aura, it had seemed to go crazy, and had attacked him with complete abandon. Meng Hao had run into seven or eight other Sea Demons just like this in his travels so far.

"Something's not right!" he thought, frowning. It almost felt as if he were going around the Third Ring with a big target on his back. No matter where he went, Sea Demons would come for him.

His eyes flickered as he thought for a moment, then sent his Divine Sense out. After searching for about three days, he was able to find a group of Cultivators, five of them, who were cautiously hunting for Sea Demons.

He followed them from a distance, and they were unaware of his presence.

However, after only half a day, he sensed eight frenzied Sea Demons closing in. All of a sudden, they burst out from the water, howling. The faces of the five Cultivators instantly filled with shock.

“How could there be so many Sea Demons!!”

“Don’t tell me some sort of treasure is in the area!?” The five of them began to flee in alarm. Of course, the Sea Demons weren’t after them, so they were able to get away easily.

Meng Hao floated there in mid-air, his brow furrowed. Having observed what was happening, he now understood that it was he himself who was attracting the Sea Demons!

“Is there something special about me that drives them crazy?” he thought, his eyes flickering. Down below, the Sea Demons were charging across the surface of the water at top speed. Meng Hao let out a cold snort, then waved his right hand. Instantly, the sword tip with 30,000 years of Time power flew out. Under Meng Hao’s control, it turned into a black beam of light that shot directly toward one particular Sea Demon which looked like a crab.

When it shot through the Sea Demon, the creature instantly turned completely gray, as if had just passed through tens of thousands of years of time. In the blink of an eye, it turned into nothing more than ash.

The beam continued on to pierce through six more Sea Demons, all of whom, regardless of the level of their Cultivation base, instantly withered up and turned into nothing more than ash.

As for the final Sea Demon, it looked like a sea turtle. When it saw everything that happened, its eyes filled with terror. Despite that, it didn’t seem to be able to resist the urge to charge toward Meng Hao. It was like an instinct that it was unable to control. With a howl, it charged onward.

Meng Hao glanced coldly at the sea turtle, which was only a few dozen meters long. He put away the Time Sword tip, then performed an incantation. The Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared, and an enormous mountain peak descended. It smashed down onto the sea turtle, completely sealing it inside. Meng Hao waved his sleeve to collect up the mountain, as well as the other Demon hearts in the area. Then, he proceeded off into the distance.

Not too long later, Meng Hao materialized out of thin air to appear near an island. Instantly, roaring could be heard from the island. Meng Hao frowned somewhat grudgingly. He had no idea what type of ferocious beast or Sea Demon was there, but without waiting to find out, he sent a palm strike down. The entire island shook and trembled as the palm attack slammed into the area where the roaring came from.

The island trembled, and then was completely silent. Whatever creature was there had been killed with a single strike.

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged, then waved his right hand. Immediately, the mountain peak flew out from his bag of holding, within which was sealed the body of the sea turtle.

The first thing that Meng Hao thought about when he looked at the sea turtle was old turtle Reliance. He frowned for a moment, then waved a finger, causing the mountain peak to vanish. The sea turtle glared at him viciously with red eyes. Then it howled and charged in attack. Meng Hao's right hand instantly waved down.

A boom rattle out as a huge, invisible palm crushed down onto the sea turtle. No matter how it struggled, it was incapable of freeing itself. It could only look at Meng Hao and roar.

"You want to eat me?" asked Meng Hao coolly. He sent out some of his Demon Sealer aura, but it didn't seem to provoke any special reaction from the sea turtle. It continued to roar and snap at him as if it wanted to swallow him in a single bite.

"So, it's not because I'm a Demon Sealer?" he thought. He retracted the aura and then started to remove all of the bags of holding he possessed and place them off to the side. What he discovered was that the sea turtle didn't even glance at them. It continued to glare directly at him and him alone.

"It's not anything in my bags of holding either. Could it really be me personally? Is it because of the Fleshly Sanctification?" After a good period of thought, he couldn't come up with any better explanation.

After all, he did have some of the characteristics of the Demon Immortal Body. Meng Hao found it plausible that it could be attractive in some way to the Sea Demons.

After more thought, his eyes began to shine brightly. He raised his right hand, sliced a cut into the tip of his finger, and then squeezed out some blood. The sea turtle instantly went into a frenzy, howling and writhing as it attempted to charge forward and get at the blood.

"So that's what's going on," thought Meng Hao. The wound on his finger instantly healed back up, and he rose to his feet. Then, he lifted up his hand to do away with the troublesome sea turtle. However, before he could complete the motion, his hand stopped.

“What if that isn’t the complete explanation...?” he thought. He glanced at the turtle again, and then closed his eyes to recall a divine ability he had picked up in the Demon Immortal Pagoda that was similar to the one he had used earlier to erase memories.

Based on his previous Cultivation base, using the ability would have resulted in a backlash. However, if he used it now, he could reduce the effects of the backlash to a minimum. His body flashed, and he appeared directly next to the sea turtle. Even as it eyed him hungrily, his hand pressed down onto the turtle’s head.

“Soulsearch!” It was only a light touch, but the sea turtle’s body immediately went stiff.

White light emanated out from Meng Hao’s eyes. In a scant moment, his senses entered into the mind of the sea turtle. He sensed brutality, madness, and desire.

There were also a random assortment of memories that flooded into Meng Hao’s mind. Being his first time using this technique, Meng Hao felt a bit out of sorts. However, his powerful Cultivation base pushed down the ill feeling, and he began to search for an answer in the sea turtle’s memory.

He searched for quite some time, until suddenly his concentration peaked. Within the intact memories inside the sea turtle, he had encountered a word.

“... lily”

Meng Hao’s face flickered and he pulled his right hand away. The sea turtle was now laying prone, gasping for breath. A Soulsearch like the one he had just performed would leave it either dead or injured.

“Lily....” murmured Meng Hao. With that, he looked down at himself, then used his right hand to violently push down onto his belly. His entire body shook, and then began to grow weaker, both in terms of Cultivation base and in his Qi and blood.

As he grew weaker, he performed an incantation gesture. A seal appeared, which he placed onto himself, causing his energy to fade. Underneath the pressure, his Cultivation base sank to the Nascent Soul stage, then the Core Formation Stage, and then the Foundation Establishment stage....

Now that he had weakened himself to this extent, another bizarre aura silently appeared. This aura was none other than the aura of the Resurrection Lily!

Normally speaking, Meng Hao was too powerful, and kept the aura suppressed to the point where it wouldn't be easily noticeable. Now, though, by intentionally weakening himself, he caused the aura of the Resurrection Lily to be revealed more openly.

As soon as the aura appeared, something happened that caused Meng Hao to be deeply shocked.

The sea turtle, which moments ago had been gasping on the verge of death, suddenly lifted its head up. Its eyes focused, it let out a shocking roar and then charged toward Meng Hao. Its body was being suppressed, but it didn't seem to care. It roared and struggle until its shell began to crack and shatter. Its body began to fall apart, but its eyes were bright red and its head stretched out violently until it literally ripped off of the body. Blood splattered about as the dying head stretched out toward Meng Hao, its mouth gaping.

Meng Hao backed up a few paces. He could clearly see the desire and madness in the dying eyes. His face flickered as he looked out at the surrounding sea. Huge waves rolled across its surface, and countless shocking auras could be sensed charging from all directions, filled with madness.

Meng Hao immediately severed the aura and released the seal. His energy rapidly rose, and the Resurrection Lily's aura was suppressed. The madness in the sea around him was reduced by a small measure.

Meng Hao instantly transformed into a green smoke and vanished.

When he reappeared, he was in mid-air off in the distance.

“So, the Resurrection Lily is what's attracting the Sea Demons!

“Now that I think about it, Master told me about someone who came to him looking for medicine to help with the Resurrection Lily infection. As to whether he is alive or dead now, I have no idea. I just remember that he was from... the Milky Way Sea.

“If I can find him, maybe he could use his understanding of the Resurrection Lily to help me with mine.” After thinking for a moment, Meng Hao vanished again.

Meanwhile, far from the Third Ring, in the depths of the Second Ring....

The water in this area was black, and everything was quiet. Even the surface of the sea was calm, without any waves or even ripples. There was also a black island, upon which sat a cross-legged figure. He had the physical appearance of a Cultivator, except that a spiraling horn stuck out from his forehead. He was surrounded by vast quantities of bones, many of which were the bones of Cultivators.

His eyes suddenly opened, and within each eye, two pupils could be seen. A savage aura exploded out from him.

“Resurrection... Lily....”

Chapter 655: Hunting Sea Demons

A month flashed by.

During that time, Meng Hao swept freely across the Third Ring. Considering the level of his Cultivation base, there were no Sea Demons who could stand up to him. The instant any appeared and got close to him, he would destroy them.

Sometimes he didn't actually even need to do anything personally. He would simply send the Wooden Time Sword tip flying out to circulate around him. A mere thought could send the tip speeding to the attack at any time.

Twenty-five days earlier, a group of adventuring Cultivators, roughly a dozen or more in number, had been speeding along, pursued by two roaring Sea Demons.

Even in the midst of their hopelessness, a black beam appeared. It shot through the two Sea Demons, transforming them into ash. The Demon hearts flew out, and then vanished into thin air.

Twenty days earlier, a haughty-faced man was fighting at close quarters with a Sea Demon, when a black beam suddenly appeared out of nowhere to transform the Sea Demon into ash.

Fifteen days earlier, ten days earlier, five days earlier, similar scenes played out in different areas in the Third Ring. In fact, almost every day such things occurred. Gradually, rumors began to spread about the black sword tip.

After a month of domination, Meng Hao had collected nearly a thousand Demon hearts. Most were low-grade, with only a few being mid-grade.

Meng Hao wasn't very happy with the results, although anyone else would have been wild with joy.

"Chosen from the Sects and Clans of the Southern Domain, Northern Reaches, and Eastern Lands all owe me large quantities of Spirit Stones. My gains in the past month have been too negligible. This doesn't compare at all to conning people." He currently hovered in mid-air, looking out at the boundless sea, wondering how many Sea Demons existed underneath the waters.

"If I could get some high-grade Spirit Stones, or even... ultra high-grade Spirit Stones, then things would be worth it!" He had some ultra high-grade Spirit Stones in his bag of holding, but not many. They were incredibly valuable, and every time he thought about how he had wasted two thousand of them all those years ago, it made him sick.

"Short on money again.... If I had enough Spirit Stones, I could copy more Wooden Time Swords, or maybe even the Time Sword tip. Except, I would need, at the least, more than ten million Spirit Stones to do that." He looked down at the surface of the sea, and clenched his jaw.

"If the Wang Clan Patriarch isn't dead, then danger will be coming my way. The most important thing for me to do now is get stronger as fast as possible. I need to go all out!" Determination appeared in his eyes, and then he vanished into thin air.

Several days later, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on a certain large island within the Third Ring. The entire area around him had long since been cleared, and the Time Sword tip circulated around him. He looked down at his bag of holding as a small mountain flew out.

Sealed inside of the little mountain was a battle-ax, which was none other than the thousand-symbol spirit he had captured.

After looking at it for a moment, he lifted his right hand up into the air, causing the mountain to vanish. The battle-ax instantly began to emit a rumbling sound, and was just about to attack when Meng Hao waved his wide sleeve, causing a huge pressure to envelop the area. He reached out with

his hand, but the battle-ax made a popping sound and transformed into over a thousand magical symbols. Meng Hao's hand grasped nothing but air.

The magical symbols cascaded about, seemingly quite proud of themselves. They swirled behind Meng Hao, where they once again formed into a battle-ax, which then chopped down toward Meng Hao.

"Hex!" said Meng Hao coolly. He didn't even turn his head to look; he simply pointed backward with his left index finger.

The thousand magical symbols trembled and struggled in mid-air. However, when Meng Hao punched out, the battle-ax collapsed into a mass of magical symbols. Then he performed an incantation, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared in the form of a thousand mountains, which covered over all the magical symbols.

Meng Hao performed all these actions smoothly and spontaneously, as if he hadn't been troubled in the least bit. Then, his expression indifferent, he caused the magical symbols to approach him one by one. He imprinted them with Divine Sense, a process that took several hours to complete. After it was all done, his eyes glittered as he allowed the thousand mountains to loosen and free the magical symbols.

The symbols seemed as if they had lost their sentience. They simply floated there, flickering with light, but unmoving.

"Consolidate!" said Meng Hao coolly. Immediately, the symbols formed together into the shape of a battle-ax, which then rotated around him. After exercising control over it for a few moments, Meng Hao then used the same method on the more than twenty thousand-symbol spirits in his bag of holding. He finished a few days later, after which, more than 20,000 magical symbols all whistled through the air around him.

They turned into a vortex of storm winds that emanated an incredibly threatening pressure.

A strange light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes. The incredible power of this treasure was second only to the symbol spirits he had seen in the Stormwind Divide that formed into enormous ferocious beasts.

“However, it wastes too much of my Cultivation base,” he thought after a moment. After consuming some medicinal pills, he sat down to meditate. It wasn’t until dawn of the following morning that he finally opened his eyes.

“The time has come!” he said. Taking a deep breath, he performed an incantation, placing multiple seals onto his body that caused his energy to rapidly weaken. Soon, the aura of the Resurrection Lily once again appeared.

Previously, Meng Hao had assumed that only he could sense the aura. However, after arriving in the Third Ring, he understood that to Sea Demons, the Resurrection Lily was like some hitherto unknown tonic that, if consumed, could provoke incredible transmogrification.

As soon as the aura spread out, the surrounding sea began to churn. Countless glowing red eyes snapped open in the depths of the sea in the Third Ring. In the blink of an eye, the Sea Demons shot with incredible speed in the direction of something they instinctively knew they had to consume.

Some distance away, a multicolored jellyfish was just under the surface of the water, stalking a group of Cultivators, waiting for the right opportunity to attack. However, just in the moment when it was about to make a move, it suddenly trembled and then shot away under the water.

In another location, a group of a few dozen Cultivators were locked in close combat with three Sea Demons. Suddenly, the Sea demons roared, dove down into the water, and vanished.

Scenes like this played out throughout various locations in the Third Ring. Quite a few Cultivators noticed the phenomenon. Some Cultivators up in mid-air were shocked to see waves sweeping across the sea, and the countless Sea Demons swimming through the water.

“Don’t tell me it’s a Beast Tide!!”

Even while so many people were shocked, Meng Hao sat calmly waiting on the island. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, an enormous pincer suddenly shot out from the seawater toward him.

At the same time, multiple Sea Demons burst out from the water to charge toward Meng Hao.

His eyes glittered with coldness as he waved his right hand, causing a thousand-symbol battle-ax to fly out. It swept out, filling the area with the sounds of explosions as it destroyed the Sea Demons.

Even as they died, an additional hundred or more Sea Demons emerged from the water, their visages that of wildness and greed. It was almost like Meng Hao had turned into a whirlpool that caused desire to well up within all the Sea Demons of the Third Ring.

Meng Hao was calm and unhurried as he manipulated the magical symbols. With the wave of a finger, 1,000 magical symbols flew out, surrounding the island, making it impossible for any Sea Demon to get even more than three hundred meters onto the island.

Four explosion-filled hours passed. More than a thousand Sea Demons had charged out from within the shocking waves. They didn't seem to even understand the difference between life and death; disregarding even their own lives, they charged forward relentlessly.

Booms rang out as Meng Hao's hands moved even faster to control the 8,000 magical symbols, which whistled through the air. They formed into various magical items, including the battle-ax, and emanated incredible might.

Another four hours passed, during which time, Meng Hao consumed medicinal pills on three occasions to support the rotation of his Cultivation base. Currently, the island was surrounded by densely packed groups of Sea Demons. There were so many that he almost couldn't see anything else.

The sight was enough to shock anyone who might see it, even Meng Hao. However, he wanted even more Sea Demons. The magical symbols were now 13,000 in number, whistling about to create a droning sound that filled the ears.

From afar, the island appeared to be surrounded by a vortex of storm winds, and a black fog. Outside of the storm winds were endless amounts of Sea Demons that charged forward in their attempts to get onto the island.

The roaring was astonishing, and blood showered about everywhere. Meng Hao was unsure of how many Sea Demons he had killed in the relatively short period of time. The only ones who knew were the parrot and meat jelly.

That was because they were flying around, boring their way in and out all over the place. As the Sea Demons died, they gleefully collected up the Demon hearts.

It was in this moment, however, that a howl split the air from off in the distance. This howl was unique; it sounded like a weeping girl, and it instantly caused Meng Hao to look up. His Divine Sense swept out, and off in the distance, he could see the Sea Demons all trembling and making way for an enormous seven-colored jellyfish which was slowly swimming forward.

On top of the head of the jellyfish, shockingly, was... a white flower!

It was a Whitebone Lily, a flower that looked like bleached bones. It swayed back and forth, causing all the color in the area to vanish and be replaced with only black and white.

As Meng Hao looked over, he suddenly felt the island shake beneath him, as if some enormous creature down below were attacking it.

His face flickered for the space of a few breaths, but he was powerless to support the island. Cracks spread out on its surface, and then the island simply collapsed into countless pieces.

Huge waves rolled out across the seawater as, in the blink of an eye, the entire island sank down into the water. As for Meng Hao, he was also pulled down into the sea.

In that instant, the Sea Demons in the area grew even more frenzied. The world underneath the surface of the waters was their domain, so it was with even more madness that they charged forward.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. The world underneath the surface might be the domain of the Sea Demons, but it was also his world!

He had formed the water character of the five elements totem, and had also practiced cultivation on the bottom of the Violet Sea for a hundred years. Why would he possibly care about the pressure exerted under the sea? His expression was cold as he lifted his right hand to cause 20,000 glittering magical symbols to circulate out. They transformed into twenty magical items which shot toward the Sea Demons and began to slaughter them.

The explosions did not pass out of the seawater, but they did give rise to enormous waves which swept out through the Third Ring. The Cultivators who saw them were shocked, and intrigued about what was happening.

Furthermore, some of the incredibly powerful Sea Demons of the Third Ring were now in motion, heading toward Meng Hao, filled with madness.

Chapter 656: The Resurrection Lily Makes a Move!

Meng Hao was under the water, surrounded by 20,000 magical symbols which swept around him in the form of a tempest. The water seethed, and the Sea Demons were unable to get within even three hundred meters of him.

Of course, the Sea Demons attacked with reckless abandon, impelled by instinct to fight even if they died. Meng Hao's eyes flickered as the magical symbols surged around him, carrying out an incredible slaughter.

Waves surged out, affecting more than half of the Third Ring, and more and more Sea Demons arrived. Soon, even the Third Ring's Seahold city was affected, causing even more Cultivators to look around in shock and wonder what was occurring.

In fact, the waves even crashed into Seahold, the city created by the joint efforts of the three Sects. The sounds of bugles filled the air, and the Cultivators garrisoned there armed themselves and entered battle formation, as if they were preparing to fight some incredible enemy.

The powerful experts within the city emerged one by one, their faces grim and filled with intense harshness. They looked off into the distance at the countless waves that surged toward them.

“Could it be that the Sea Devils of the Second Ring are on the attack?”

“Impossible! The Sea Devils of the Second Ring are few in number. They rarely appear, and almost never enter the Third Ring. To them, the Sea Demons of the Third Ring are like common animals. They view themselves as the emperors and kings!”

“But if it's not the Sea Devils, then what is causing these great transformations in the Third Ring?!”

Everyone was discussing the matter, and as soon as the Sea Devils were mentioned, faces filled with fear.

Outside the city, crashing sounds could be heard as the waves slammed into the city walls.

The sounds could be heard without cessation, and echoed throughout the city, causing the Cultivator's faces to flicker with various expressions.

In the middle of Seahold was an enormous tower nearly three thousand meters tall. The areas surrounding the tower were a forbidden zone which no one could enter without being invited first.

This was a cultivation area set aside for the three Saints. At the highest level of the tower sat a middle-aged man wearing a voluminous red robe, who happened to be surnamed Lin. He had long black hair, and currently stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking out a window. He was frowning, and it was impossible to tell exactly what he was thinking.

"The waves are higher by three meters, and seemingly for no reason," he said coolly. "It seems something has provoked the Sea Demons. They're all heading in the same direction. Are they going to pay respects, or have they been summoned? Or enticed?" His eyes shone with a brilliant light, and as he spoke, his words seemed to cause ripples to spread out in the air.

"In any case, the Sea Demons are not intelligent. It must be desire which is driving them!" He suddenly took a step forward, and then vanished. Shockingly, he reappeared outside of Seahold, far off in the distance. Waves surged beneath his feet as he clasped his hands behind his back and strode forward.

With a single step, he vanished and then reappeared far, far off. Then he repeated the process. It was with incredible speed that he moved, a speed that a Nascent Soul Cultivator could never achieve, not even by bringing harm to their own life.

At the same time that the red robed man proceeded forward, Meng Hao was surrounded by 20,000 surging magical symbols. Blood filled the water around him as countless Sea Demons were completely destroyed. He had no idea how many he had killed, but as he sank down deeper, the Sea Demons that surrounded him seemed endless.

It was at this point that a five-colored bolt of lightning suddenly appeared, shooting through the hordes of Sea Demons. Wherever it went, Sea Demons directly exploded. The lightning itself seemed to be filled with the power to destroy Heaven and Earth. In the blink of an eye, it slammed into the magical symbols that surrounded Meng Hao.

Boom!

A thousand of the 20,000 magical symbols instantly collapsed. It shot onward toward Meng Hao, who immediately looked up. When the island collapsed and began to sink to the sea floor, he had already noticed the approaching Whitebone Lily jellyfish.

However, after sinking down, despite being unhampered by the surroundings, he found himself in a different situation than when he had been in the Violet Sea. Here, his Divine Sense had limitations.

Of course, he was as vigilant as ever, so as the lightning bore down on him, he lifted his right hand and pointed forward with his index finger. The Blood Palm instantly appeared and shot forward.

A boom could be heard as the five-colored lightning bolt spread apart, surrounding the Blood Palm, as if it wished to bore directly into it.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he let out a cold snort. He flicked his sleeve, performed an incantation, and then pointed forward. Immediately, a face appeared in front of him. It looked like Meng Hao's face, although its eyes were closed as it shot forward. This, of course, was the first form of the Blood Immortal divine ability.

Booming filled the bottom of the sea. As the lightning collapsed, the face's eyes opened, and the lips began to speak with a soundless voice.

The soundless voice seemed to rip the jellyfish out into the open. Six ripple-like formless sound waves swept out in front of Meng Hao. The first of them caused thousands of Sea Demons to instantly explode. The second, third, and fourth sweeping ripples caused more than 10,000 Sea Demons to collapse.

The fourth and fifth ripples seemed to open a path that revealed the enormous jellyfish off in the distance. The Sea Demons in front of Meng Hao all scrambled clear as the sixth ripple shot directly toward the jellyfish. The water seethed and distorted to form the face of Meng Hao, which rumbled toward the jellyfish.

A brilliant, five-colored glow spread out from the jelly-fish, which transformed into a five-colored shield that shot out in defense. A huge boom could be heard, which transformed into an even more intense attack that spread out in all directions. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, and was just about to directly slay the bizarre jellyfish when suddenly, he sensed an incredible force shooting toward him. The intensity of the force caused him to tremble inwardly. The magical symbol tempest around him shuddered, and another thousand symbols instantly collapsed.

As the force neared Meng Hao, his eyes glittered. Giving up any plans to slay the jellyfish, he spun around. His right hand clenched into a fist, which then punched directly toward the incoming force.

A bang could be heard, and the seawater exploded out in all directions. It was as if two enormous, incredibly shocking fists had slammed into each other in the middle of the water.

A deep growl could be heard as an enormous figure retreated backward from the force of Meng Hao's punch.

It was at this point that Meng Hao could clearly see the Sea Demon that was the source of the powerful force from just now.

It was a giant!

A three thousand meter tall giant, with two heads and scale-covered skin that was completely blue. Its eyes, however, were bright red as it stared at Meng Hao.

This was what had caused the island to collapse!

Shockingly, located behind the giant could be seen a Whitebone Lily, swaying back and forth!

The Whitebone Lily was a ghastly white color, and looked completely shocking. That was especially true because, when he looked at it, Meng Hao could almost see a human face, staring back at him with a strange expression.

The gaze was filled with many emotions, with avarice and with... concentration, almost as if it were... staring at something like itself.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. As of this point, he had seen two bizarre Sea Demons in the Milky Way Sea's Third Ring, both of whom had strange Whitebone Lilies on them.

In fact, when Meng Hao looked at the Whitebone Lily, he could clearly sense that the Resurrection Lily inside of him felt provoked, and even emanated the desire to attack.

Apparently, the pressure from Meng Hao, as well as the intensity of the current danger, had caused it to intentionally allow some of its aura to seep out into his blood vessels.

Meng Hao's mind trembled. He had been fighting with the Resurrection Lily for years, and although he always succeeded in suppressing it, he only did so with the use of force. This was the first time that the Resurrection Lily had given up on any resistance, and merge its aura with Meng Hao of its own initiative.

As the aura merged into him, a bizarre light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes. He did not resist, but rather, allowed the aura of the Resurrection Lily to spread out within him. Instantly... a five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him!

The flower formed into a face that was split into two parts. One part looked like Meng Hao, as mild as jade; the other looked as vicious as a wicked spirit!

Two faces, five petals, five glowing colors. In the blink of an eye, the light spread out to fill the sea floor. As it did, Meng Hao's mind suddenly trembled, and a strange glow appeared in his eyes. As of that moment, he could... sense the energy of Heaven and Earth!

This was not the first time he could sense the energy of Heaven and Earth, but this was the most direct connection he had ever felt. He almost felt... as if he were favored by Heaven and Earth, as if his existence was approved.

With every breath he took, the power of Heaven and Earth flowed into him. Regardless of whether it was spiritual energy or Demonic Qi, or other types, anything that could be of benefit to him flowed in.

The feeling was indescribable, as if Heaven and Earth would do anything for him.

The power was boundless!

It felt like his destiny grew deeper, as if the Heavens had opened their eyes to gaze upon him. It was like any living thing that wished to harm him would become an object of loathing to Heaven and Earth.

The indescribable feeling was like a mysterious premonition.

“The day the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors, flowers bloom and flowers descend, one thousand years.... Don’t tell me that it really is impossible to kill it!?” The realization hit Meng Hao, but he had no time for consideration at the moment.

Almost in the same moment that the five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him, the hosts of Sea Demons around him went into a frenzy. Their eyes were red, and seal marks appeared on their bodies.

The seal resembled the face of a spirit, almost like the earliest version of the Resurrection Lily, except white. However, if you looked closely, you could see that it was not the Resurrection Lily, but, shockingly... a Whitebone Lily!

“This Whitebone Lily definitely has some direct connection with the Resurrection Lily. But why are there so many Whitebone Lilies in the Milky Way Sea!? It seems like almost every single Sea Demon has one!” His mind trembled as he looked around at all of the Whitebone Lily seals, and his scalp began to grow numb.

“I wonder if it has something to do with the Reverend Silverlamp of the Milky Way Sea that Master spoke of?!” Meng Hao’s face flickered as he once again looked around at the enormous giant and the jellyfish, and realized that they were different from the other Sea Demons.

What existed on them was not a mark of the Whitebone Lily, but an actual, living flower.

Currently, the two Whitebone Lilies were swaying back and forth, and looked as if they were about to bloom, each of them with three petals.

Chapter 657: Saint Sun Soul of the Three Sects

“I remember Master told me that Reverend Silverlamp came to him seven hundred years before, asking for help in solving the problem of the Resurrection Lily. Master was able to help a bit, but couldn’t truly solve the problem. Then, Reverend Silverlamp returned a few hundred years later, having dispelled the poison of the Resurrection Lily!

“Could it be... that these transformations in the Sea Demons in the Milky Way Sea have something to do with Reverend Silverlamp?”

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and his eyes flickered. However, he knew that he could not let himself feel anxious, but rather, needed to allow time for the clues to appear. Right now, the constant slaying of Sea Demons, coupled with the level of his Cultivation base, had left him feeling quite exhausted. Considering how many Sea Demons there were in the area, even if he kept killing them for days, he still wouldn't be able to kill them all.

Also, he knew that since the drastic changes in the sea would cause widespread repercussions, it wouldn't be too long before outsiders came to investigate.

"Well, first I'll just have to kill you!" he said, turning toward the enormous giant. If the giant hadn't destroyed the island, then Meng Hao wouldn't be in his current situation under the water.

He quickly exercised control of the magical symbols, sending them spreading out to clear a battlefield. The giant approached, roaring, surrounded by bubbles as it charged.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort and then clenched his right hand into a fist.

"First Heaven Destruction!" he said, his eyes glittering. An illusory image appeared on his hand; it almost looked as if two hands had appeared and merged together. This was a Daoist magic that Meng Hao had acquired in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, the Nine Heavens Destruction.

After leaving the Demon Immortal Sect, he had occasionally contemplated it inwardly. After that, when he met with Guyiding Tri-rain, he was enlightened regarding the matter of vibrations. That caused the seed to sprout in his mind, and he then thoroughly understood.

The Nine Heavens Destruction was vibration!

The fist descended and water exploded. The bubbles collapsed, and Meng Hao's fist shot like lightning to slam directly into the giant.

Bam!

"Second Heaven!" Meng Hao punched again, and the water seethed, exploding out to create gigantic waves.

“Third Heaven!” Killing intent flickered in his eyes as the fist descended. The giant let out a bloodcurdling scream that echoed out despite its location on the seafloor. Meng Hao’s fist slammed into the giant’s chest, causing a huge hole to explode out.

Within the mangled flesh, a crystalline stone about the size of an infant’s hand could be seen. It almost looked like a heart. Meng Hao’s right hand stretched out to immediately grab the resplendent crystal, then wrench it away. The giant shook violently. At the same time, the illusory Resurrection Lily behind Meng Hao savagely enveloped the giant and then flickered as a ghost image appeared over the Whitebone Lily. It appeared as if some sort of invisible fight were taking place.

All of this happened in only the space of a few breaths. Meng Hao grabbed the Demon heart and then backed up. The Whitebone Lily trembled and then shattered into pieces, which the five-colored Resurrection Lily instantly consumed. The Resurrection Lily looked even more ferocious, as if it had been reborn; the five-colored petals all grew even more resplendent.

“Time to go!” Meng Hao growled. His voice instantly echoed out to the parrot, who had been silently going around collecting Demon hearts. It instantly flickered, returning to Meng Hao’s side. Meng Hao then transformed into a green smoke and a black moon, which shot up toward the surface of the water.

Hordes of Sea Demons tried to obstruct his path, and the jellyfish went into even more of a frenzy, shooting out countless lightning bolts. However, none of it was able to hinder Meng Hao even the slightest bit. He quickly performed an incantation, causing the more than 10,000 magical symbols to spin around him into a tempest that emanated black fog. Then, he directly shot out of the water.

In that instant, countless Sea Demons flew out as well. However, they were incapable of stopping him as he shot up into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

At the same time, he forcefully suppressed the aura of the Resurrection Lily. It didn’t matter whether the Resurrection Lily was willing or not, nor how much it struggled; it was completely pushed down by Meng Hao.

He moved with incredible speed until he was around 3,000 meters away. Finally, he was about to check how many Demon hearts he had acquired, when suddenly, his expression flickered as he noticed a red cloud speeding toward him from off in the distance.

Shockingly, within the red cloud could be seen a huge face. It rumbled as it shot toward Meng Hao, emanating an aura of Spirit Severing which seemed to cover everything.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered and he raised his hand, causing the magical symbols to shoot up into the air in the form of a tempest, which then moved directly to intercept the red cloud face.

A huge boom rattled out. The cloud dispersed, and Meng Hao's magical symbols collapsed. As they scattered about, Meng Hao shot backward, his face grim. He looked off into the distance to see a middle-aged man wearing a red robe, striding forward with an expressionless face.

He glanced coldly at Meng Hao, his gaze sharp. The Spirit Severing aura within Meng Hao could now be seen, his energy pulsing brightly.

The red-robed man's eyes narrowed slightly. Then he saw all of the tempest magical symbols, and he immediately understood that the person in front of him was not weak.

However, 'not weak' meant little to him.

"Your first offense was to cause chaos in the Milky Way Sea!" he said coolly. "I don't care where you got those symbol spirits, they belong to the three Sects. Outsiders are not permitted to possess them. That is your second offense.

"Two crimes. Allow me to explain your punishment..." The red-robed man waved his hand, employing some special technique that instantly caused all of the magical symbol spirits to tremble and then wrest themselves free from Meng Hao's control and shoot to the side of the red-robed man.

"I am a Saint, and these objects belong to me. Thus, I will take them back. Now, produce all of the Demon hearts you acquired and then get the hell out of the Milky Way Sea!

"I'll give you three days. If you're still in the Milky Way Sea at that time... well, I happen to be lacking a puppet mount." A cold gleam could be seen in the man's eyes, as well as a look of superciliousness. His aura was one that invoked profound reverence, and made it seem that his words were like the will of Heaven when spoken out on the Milky Way Sea.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He had never seen this red-robed Cultivator before, but with a single glance at his Cultivation base, he could tell that he was different from Patriarch Huyan. This man was apparently at the Second Severing level.

In that case, the man's identity was obvious.

"Can't we talk this over?" asked Meng Hao.

"No. No talking it over," replied the red-robed man calmly.

"But, I don't want to hand over the Demon hearts," said Meng Hao coolly, "nor the symbol spirits."

The red-robed man responded with a cold snort and a cool detachment. He waved his right sleeve, causing more than 100,000 symbol spirits to rush out from within. In the blink of an eye, they blotted out the sky and cast everything into shadow.

"Well, then you can just stay behind. Whatever Sect or Clan you belong to can come to me and pay a ransom price to get you back." With that, the 100,000 symbol spirits spread out into the air and shot toward Meng Hao.

As they neared, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, causing an enormous bronze wheel to fly out. It was covered with magical symbols which instantly glowed with brilliant light as it began to rotate.

At the same time, a sense of the power of Time appeared. It spread out to fill the area, causing the magical symbol spirits to suddenly reveal ancientness. They began to move slower, allowing Meng Hao to casually move forward through their midst.

"A Time treasure!" thought the red-robed man.

At the same time, Meng Hao performed an incantation and then pointed forward. Instantly, the Time Sword Formation appeared. As it rotated, it transformed into the shape of a lotus, which caused the raging power of Time to sweep out in all directions. It seemed to be working in unison with the Wheel of Time as Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, causing it to fly toward the red-robed Cultivator.

"A Time treasure..." the red-robed man said coolly. "It seems I underestimated you." He waved his right hand through the air, causing a tremor to run through the 100,000 magical symbols. Instantly, 10,000 of them exploded, causing an immaterial explosion to rip through the power of Time. The rest of the symbols continued to shoot toward Meng Hao.

“Mountain Consuming Incantation!” Meng Hao proceeded forward, extending his right hand and then pushing it down toward the sea. Instantly, the seawater roiled, and from its depths rose up a trembling mountain. The mountain shattered into countless fragments which then shot out in front of Meng Hao, reforming together into the shape of a small mountain.

After coming to the Third Ring, this was Meng Hao’s first time using a real mountain to fight an enemy with the Mountain Consuming Incantation.

As soon as the art appeared, the massive collection of 90,000 magical symbols fought back against the mountain. Booming sounds could be heard, but Meng Hao continued to proceed forward. He was now roughly three hundred meters away from the red-robed man.

The man frowned, then performed an incantation with his right hand. He pointed up to the sky, causing the bright gleam of swords to shoot up into the sky from nearby Seahold.

Three swords flew through the air, emitting a droning sound. Their incredible speed was such that they rapidly became invisible.

Many of the Cultivators in the Sea City saw what was happening, and were completely shocked. Their faces flickered as they came to the conclusion that the Saint had encountered a formidable foe!

Almost simultaneously, the three swords appeared in front of the red-robed man. They didn’t pause for even a moment, but rather, shot directly toward Meng Hao.

The red-robed man’s voice was cool as he said: “These three swords of mine were forged with a Sky-Sun Bone, something rarely seen in the Milky Way Sea, even in ten thousand years. It borrows the power of the stars and refines it into an undying strength that can overcome any obstacle.”

As the three swords neared, Meng Hao waved his right sleeve, causing the Time Sword tip to fly out. It moved with incredible speed, piercing through the air, sending out ripples of Time power as it headed toward the red-robed man.

Shockingly, a strand of silk was connected to the the sword tip, flashing coldly in the sunlight.

“This sword tip of mine comes from a 70,000 year old Spring and Autumn Tree,” said Meng Hao coolly. “The rest of the sword was destroyed by an Immortal, but the tip is eternal. Time did not

harm the sword tip, and I refined it into a treasure. It can kill and exterminate countless forms of life, and nothing can stand up to it without withering away.

“The silk behind it is something rarely seen in Heaven and Earth. If the silk remains unbroken, I cannot be killed.”

When the sword tip appeared, the red-robed man’s three swords seemed to hold back.

The red-robed man’s pupils constricted as he stared at the sword tip. He could sense the incredible power of Time emanating off of it. He felt that if he got too near it, he would begin to wither, and his life force and longevity would be reduced.

“You’re a Time Cultivator,” said the man, looking at Meng Hao.

“You’re Saint Sun Soul of the three Sects!” replied Meng Hao.

Chapter 658: Hometown Alcohol

The red-robed man was none other than one of the three Saints of the Milky Way Sea, Saint Sun Soul of the Sun Soul Society!

He was fond of red garments, and his three swords could shake Heaven and Earth. The last time the Demon Tide arrived to destroy Seahold, he single-handedly wielded his three swords in defense. The Sword Qi penetrated all the way to the Second Ring.

It was completely shocking, and frightened the Demon hordes into retreat.

Meng Hao had learned of these things before coming to the Third Ring. Therefore, when the red-robed man appeared, he easily guessed who exactly he was.

At the moment, Meng Hao’s Time Sword tip pressed on toward Saint Sun Soul, even as Saint Sun Soul’s three swords stopped 7 inches away from Meng Hao, emanating a frigid aura.

The two of them stared at each other as they carried out their invisible struggle. This was no battle of magical techniques, but rather, a contest of Divine Will. Any observer would not be able to see or

hear anything. However, to the two of them, everything was rumbling violently, lightning crackled, and the world seemed on the verge of collapse as even the wind moved in reverse.

Red-robed Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao, and his pupils slowly constricted. “You’re not a match for me.”

“And you can’t kill me,” replied Meng Hao calmly.

Saint Sun Soul looked back at Meng Hao silently. He had to admit that what Meng Hao said was true. He really had no way of killing him. Meng Hao’s Cultivation base was very strange, and although he couldn’t say exactly why, it gave him the feeling that Meng Hao could trample all of the Sea Cities in the Milky Way Sea.

It was as if... he had some indescribable, unknown connection to the whole place.

Saint Sun Soul suddenly raised his right hand and flicked his sleeve, causing the three swords to instantly vanish. When they reappeared, they were circulating around him.

Simultaneously, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and the Time Sword tip flew back to rotate around him.

Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao and then slowly said, “In the past, I swore an oath to never again kill a Cultivator. My sword will only kill the Outsiders!

“You may stay in the Milky Way Sea, but that aura of yours displeases me. If I discover you have anything to do with the Sea Devils of the Second Ring... well then, I will be forced to use the precious treasure of the Sun Soul Society ancestor and its Dao Seeking power to destroy you.”

Meng Hao looked back at the red-robed man. Although it was only moments ago that they had drawn swords on each other, he didn’t find him to be detestable. In fact, he could sense that the man was proud, and not the type to speak falsehoods.

People such as this, while simple, had unshakable principles.

“I’ll do as I please,” said Meng Hao coolly his eyes shining with a bright, cold light.

Saint Sun Soul's eyes gleamed with a similarly cold light. His face cold, he gave Meng Hao a final deep look, then turned to depart.

Before he could leave, Meng Hao quickly said, "It took a lot of effort for me to collect those magical symbol spirits."

Saint Sun Soul stopped and looked back. "These symbols belong to the three Sects."

Meng Hao didn't respond immediately. Instead, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a bottle gourd with alcohol in it. He tossed it over.

Saint Sun Soul caught it. When he looked down to examine it, he stared in shock.

"That's bit of alcohol from my hometown," said Meng Hao unhurriedly. "I took some with me when I left."

Saint Sun Soul looked at the alcohol flagon, then looked back at Meng Hao. He thought for a moment, his face expressionless. Then he turned to leave. As he did, he flicked his sleeve, causing the 10,000 magical symbol spirits he had taken to suddenly flicker as he severed his connection with them. Then, they flew back to swirl around Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked away, then turned into a beam of colorful light that vanished in the blink of an eye.

Several days later, on a relatively small island in the Third Ring, Meng Hao sat cross-legged, the 10,000 magical symbol spirits circulating around him like a shield.

The parrot was in front of him, glaring at him angrily, as was the meat jelly, who stood next to the parrot.

The three had been facing off against each other like this for nearly ten breaths of time.

"Five creatures with fur or feathers. No discussions and no wiggle room. When Lord Fifth risks life and limb, it's not for nothing!"

“Yeah. Lord Third wants three bullies! No discussions! When I say three, I mean three!”

Meng Hao was silent, and a pained expression could be seen on his face. After a long moment, and seemingly completely against his will, he forced himself to nod. Seeing Meng Hao like this caused the parrot to laugh proudly. Then it tossed out a feather, which flew off not too far into the distance, then exploded with a popping sound. Instantly, it transformed into a heaping mountain of Demon hearts.

The meat jelly also looked extremely proud of itself. It opened its mouth and spit out a multi-colored cascade of lights that transformed into a second mountain of Demon hearts.

Meng Hao laughed inwardly. He was all too familiar with these two nitwits. Their demands were simple, but Meng Hao knew that if he agreed too quickly, or gave them the feeling that he didn't care, then it would only lead to more trouble.

Therefore, he intentionally pretended to consider and struggle in order to please the two ninnies.

Having dealt with them, Meng Hao's eyes shifted to look at the two mountainous piles of Demon hearts. There were clearly well over 100,000 of them.

Furthermore, it seemed that nearly half were mid-grade Demon hearts. There were even some high-grade hearts, which vastly increased the value of the collection.

“I wonder if I can use Demon hearts to duplicate things with the copper mirror?” he thought, his eyes glittering. He lowered his head thoughtfully. Currently, the greatest danger he faced was the deadly threat of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“That old codger's Cultivation base is just too high, so I'm not a match for him at all. The only thing I can do... is figure out a way to escape from him next time I run into him.” He looked over at the Time Sword tip.

“If I had ten or more sword tips, I could form them into the Lotus Sword Formation. With that, maybe I could take him by surprise.... Unfortunately, I don't have enough Spirit Stones.” He frowned, but then his eyes began to shine with a bright light.

“I can duplicate Wooden Time Swords, though. Given the level of my Cultivation base now, I should be able to seal seven sixty-year cycles of Time into the sword. If I had over a hundred of them...

“Then I could unleash the third form of the Lotus Sword Formation. I wonder how powerful that would be.” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao immediately produced a Wooden Time Sword. Then he took a deep breath and began to seal Time into it.

During the half month that followed, rumbling booms occasionally echoed out. Meng Hao’s brow was furrowed the entire time. On the last day, though, his frown disappeared. Floating there in front of him was now the only Wooden Time Sword that he possessed.

The veins of wood were clearly visible on it, and when the power of Time emanated out from within, it contained the ripples of seven sixty-year cycles of time. Meng Hao had no other magical item that possessed as much power of Time.

“All the other Wooden Time Swords were destroyed in the process. This is my only one left, but it was worth it.... It’s a good thing that in the end, I only need one instance of success!” With that, he pulled out the copper mirror and began to duplicate it.

Unfortunately, it required a vast amount of Spirit Stones to duplicate a Wooden Time Sword with seven sixty-year cycles of Time. This time, the pain Meng Hao felt in his heart was real. By the end, he used all of the Spirit Stones in his bag of holding to make ten copies.

Including the original sword, he now had a total of eleven.

After a moment’s thought, he tried to use the Demon hearts to duplicate some things. After putting seven or eight Demon hearts into the mirror and then observing the results, he stopped.

“They’re no different than Spirit Stones...” he thought with a frown. Originally, he had assumed that although the Demon hearts seemed very similar to Spirit Stones, they must have some other unique function.

After all, they were Demon hearts, not Spirit Stones.

“I’m able to attract large quantities of Sea Demons here in the Third Ring. But that’s unique. Other people would probably be able to save up a few hundred Demon Hearts at the most.

“People really come risk their lives here for a trifling few hundred Demon hearts?” A contemplative look appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“That Saint Sun Soul also mentioned wanting Demon hearts. Considering the level of his Cultivation base, and his status, he wouldn’t care about a few million Spirit Stones, much less a few hundred Demon hearts.... Therefore, Demon hearts must have some use of which I’m unaware!” After further thought, Meng Hao was sure that there must be something he had overlooked. After a bit more consideration, he rose to his feet, his eyes glittering. He then waved his sleeve to collect up all the Demon hearts.

He remained on the island for a while thinking. Finally, his eyes flashed and flew up into the air, heading off into the distance at top speed.

“Since I don’t know,” he thought, “I guess I’ll need to find someone who does.”

As he flashed through the air, he changed his appearance and reduced his Cultivation base to the Nascent Soul stage. After speeding along for a few days, he suddenly stopped and looked off into the distance.

Not too far away, he spotted a several hundred meter wide whirlpool, within which was an enormous seahorse. It roared as pulses of coldness emanated out from it, causing everything around it to freeze.

Hovering in mid-air in front of the seahorse were two people, a man and a woman. The man was old and hunchbacked. He had a Cultivation base at the early Nascent Soul stage, and wizened features. His face was pale, and he clutched a pearl in his hand, which emanated pulses of flame power. It transformed into a rain of fire that filled the entire area, including the spot occupied by the seahorse.

Next to the old man was the woman, who wore a mask that made it impossible to see what her face looked like. However, from the rest of her skin that was visible, it was possible to determine that she wasn’t very old.

Her Cultivation base was at the early Core Formation stage, and although she watched intently as the old man fought back against the Sea Demon, deep within her eyes flickered intense hatred.

Seeing the old man's pale face, she said, "Senior, let's just forget about it. Why don't we go find a weaker Sea Demon...."

"We've been out here for months," said the old man through gritted teeth. "This is the first Sea Demon we've found. How could we possibly let it go!?" He spit out a mouthful of blood, causing the pearl he held to turn bright red. Next, a sea of flames exploded out, causing steam to rise up from the seawater below. The seahorse, which was caught up in the flames, roared. Intense coldness exploded out from it as it charged forward into the fire. Immediately more than half of the sea of flames was extinguished.

The old man's face flickered, and he clenched his jaw. However, it was in this exact moment that suddenly, a bright beam of light approached from off in the distance.

Inside the beam, of course, was Meng Hao.

His sudden appearance shocked the old man. The face of the young woman next to him also flickered. As for the old man, when he saw that Meng Hao's Cultivation base was at the early Nascent Soul stage, he relaxed a bit, but at the same time, also frowned.

"Fellow Daoist," he said, "please keep your distance. I discovered this Demon, so according to the custom, it belongs to me."

Chapter 659: I Struck It Super Rich!

With a faint smile, Meng Hao stopped and didn't get any closer.

The old man frowned and exchanged a look with the young woman. Then he focused his strength on controlling the magical items in front of him, and causing the sea of flames to descend once more.

The seahorse roared, and a blue light spread out from its body. It seemed to be going all out; the light exploded in all directions, and everywhere it passed turned into ice, even the sea of flames. The ice sealing caused the old man's face to fill with shock. His pearl completely froze over, after which he shot backward at top speed. He grabbed the young woman and then made to leave. Unfortunately, he had been injured, and the blue light was too fast. At the moment, he seemed incapable of escaping....

An expression of struggle appeared in the old man's eyes, but it lasted only for the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. He looked at the young woman, preparing to throw her back into the blue light to block its way.

In that moment, Meng Hao lifted his hand up and pointed his finger out. The expanding blue light suddenly stopped moving, allowing the old man and the young woman to escape from the area.

At the same time, Meng Hao waved his hand again, causing a Wooden Time Sword to fly out. It shot like lightning toward the seahorse, and stabbed it through in the blink of an eye. It was only one sword with seven sixty-year cycles of Time power, but as soon as it pierced the seahorse, a bloodcurdling shriek could be heard, and the seahorse began to wither up.

Its eyes filled with terror, and it began to sink down into the water. However, even as it did, Meng Hao let a certain bit of aura seep out, which caused the seahorse's eyes to go red. It instantly charged him again. The old man and the young woman watched on in astonishment as the Wooden Time Sword stabbed it through seven or eight more times.

The howls of the seahorse echoed out in all directions as its body rapidly withered. In a short moment, it was transformed into a desiccated corpse floating on the surface of the sea....

Meng Hao neared the corpse of the seahorse, then pushed down on it with his right hand. Immediately, a Demon heart flew into his hand. Up in midair, the old man and the young woman looked at Meng Hao with complex expressions. They looked as if they were on guard, especially when it came to the shocking sword he had used.

When Meng Hao looked up at them, the old man pulled the young woman into a position behind him, and also began to rotate his Cultivation base. He then clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

“Many thanks for your assistance, Fellow Daoist,” he said, slowly backing up at the same time. He was obviously terrified of Meng Hao's sword. “That mid-grade Demon heart is yours. If fate ever allows us to meet again, then I'll definitely repay you.”

Meng Hao shook his head. “Don't be in such a hurry to leave,” he said. Then he sent the Demon heart flying toward the shocked old man, who caught it without even thinking about it. He looked at the Demon heart and then looked back at Meng Hao, his heart filling with anxiety and doubt.

The young woman stared fixedly at the Demon heart in the old man's hand and began to pant. The hatred deep in her eyes flickered again; she was obviously well aware of what the old man had almost done to her earlier.

“Fellow Daoist, you....” the old man said hesitatingly.

Choosing to not beat around the bush, Meng Hao said, “The two of you have pretty strong Cultivation bases. That Demon heart seems to be virtually the same as a mid-grade Spirit Stone. Why do you care so much about it?”

His words left the old man completely at a loss. The young woman also looked at Meng Hao with a quizzical expression.

The old man was quiet for a moment, then looked at Meng Hao and said, “Fellow Daoist... don’t tell me this is your first time in the Milky Way Sea?”

Meng Hao nodded.

The old man took a deep breath, then muttered a few things to himself as he put the Demon heart away.

“You’re right,” he then said. “The spiritual energy in this Demon heart is similar to a mid-grade Spirit Stone. However, one mid-grade Spirit Stone couldn’t buy you any Demon hearts at all!

“In the Three Sects’ Seahold, there are special locations that purchase Demon hearts.

“As for the exact value, it fluctuates. If I recall correctly, when I last left Seahold, one low-grade Demon Heart was worth 500 low-grade Spirit Stones!

“There were even some places that would pay 1000!”

When Meng Hao heard this, it didn’t matter that he had such a high Cultivation base, his mind filled with a roaring sound anyway. His bag of holding contained about 80-90,000 low-grade Demon hearts. If you calculated it out, they were worth... 80-90,000,000 low-grade Spirit Stones.

That number sent great waves crashing about inside of Meng Hao’s mind. His brain trembled, and he almost couldn’t believe it. During his entire life, he had never possessed so many Spirit Stones. He immediately began to breathe heavily.

“How much did you say?” he blurted without even thinking about it.

“Low-grade Demon Hearts range in value from several hundred to a thousand Spirit Stones....” said the old man. He didn’t seem to think anything about Meng Hao’s reaction was strange. Anyone who heard about the matter for the first time would be astonished.

“What about mid-grade Demon hearts?” Meng Hao followed up immediately.

The old man hesitated for a moment and rubbed his bag of holding, but continued on with his explanation: “Their value fluctuates too, but not too much. One mid-grade Demon heart is worth about 10,000 low-grade Spirit Stones!”

Meng Hao’s mouth went so dry that he couldn’t speak. Within his bag of holding were more than 30,000 mid-grade Demon hearts. After he calculated the number, his mind once again filled with roaring.

Now, he suddenly understood why people risked their lives to come here.

“I’m rich!” he thought. “I really am super rich!” Meng Hao couldn’t control the excitement that exploded out within him. The fact that his lifelong desire had suddenly been fulfilled caused his heart to begin to pound rapidly.

The old man looked at Meng Hao and continued, “Of course, there are even more rare Demon hearts, the high-grade variety. I’m actually not sure exactly how much they are worth, because they only appear in auctions.

“However, I do remember that at the last auction I attended, a high-grade Demon heart was sold for the incredible price of 670,000 Spirit Stones!”

When Meng Hao heard that, he went even more wild with joy. He had nearly 10,000 such high-grade Demon hearts in his bag of holding. All of a sudden, he felt as if an enormous golden ingot had fallen directly onto him.

Moments later, though, his face suddenly flickered when he remembered that among the seven or eight Demon hearts he had used to test out the duplication powers of the copper mirror, four had been high-grade Demon hearts.

He suddenly felt a twisting stab of pain in his heart.

“That means... I... yet again wasted more than 2,000,000 Spirit Stones? Fudge! That’s....” He had the sudden impulse to scream and curse. After taking a few deep breaths, he told himself that it wasn’t any worse than the matter with the 2,000 ultra high-grade Spirit Stones. After a bit of time, he calmed himself.

“Is there a type of Demon Heart even more precious than what you’ve already mentioned?” he asked. “Something similar to ultra high-grade Spirit Stones?” He happened to have exactly just such a Demon Heart in his bag of holding, the one he had acquired from the Whitebone Lily giant.

The man thought for a moment and then replied, “No such thing exists. Well, perhaps my Cultivation base isn’t high enough, or maybe I just have never encountered someone with access to such riches. However, in the Third Ring, there is something called a Whitebone Demon heart. They are incredibly rare precious treasures. Something like that would be priceless.”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. He was almost certain that the Demon heart in his bag of holding, the one that was the size of an infant’s hand, was the Whitebone Demon heart that the old man had just mentioned.

“One more thing,” said the old man. “And probably the most important. In the Three Sects’ Seahold, most items can only be purchased with Demon hearts. That’s another reason why I value them so much.

“With this mid-grade Demon heart, I now have enough saved up to acquire Fortification Pill Powder. With that my... my apprentice can safely continue on through the Core Formation stage.” Having finished speaking, the old man backed up and bowed once again to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a faint smile, and nodded. He was in an excellent mood now, and the only thing he could think about was going to Seahold to trade his Demon hearts for Spirit Stones.

“With so many Spirit Stones,” he thought, “I feel quite confident that I can... duplicate a hundred Wooden Time Swords that contain seven sixty-year cycles of Time. Then I can unleash the third form of the Lotus Sword Formation!” He took a deep breath and suppressed his excitement. He well knew that no one other than him would ever be able to possess one hundred Wooden Time Swords. Be it in the past, or in the future, it would be something completely rare, perhaps even absolutely unique.

It was only because of... the copper mirror, and its Heaven-defying duplication ability. Without that, it would be impossible to forge one hundred Wooden Time Swords. Every time he attempted to seal Time into the swords, a failure would leave the sword completely destroyed. Furthermore, the rate of failure was simply far too high.

“Actually, I might even be able to duplicate the Time Sword tip!” he thought, the brightness in his eyes growing even brighter. He was just about to turn and leave, when suddenly, the young woman gritted her teeth and then, seemingly throwing all caution to the wind, clasped hands and bowed toward Meng Hao.

“Senior,” she said, “please allow me to offer my respects.”

Meng Hao had already begun to leave when he heard the young woman’s words, and looked back.

Simultaneously, the old man’s face flickered, and he reached an arm out to hold back the young woman. A cold gleam of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

“Fellow Daoist, my apprentice is immature, please forgive her. Farewell!” With that, he grabbed the young woman and prepared to leave. He had already sealed her Cultivation base, making it impossible for her to speak. However, her eyes radiated despair, almost as if she wished she could die as the man pulled her away.

Meng Hao frowned. He had already realized that these two people were not apprentice and Master. In fact, based on his experiences, he had already formed some speculations about the old man’s true motivations.

Originally, he didn’t want to interfere, but after seeing the despair in the young woman’s eyes, he suddenly recalled the image of another woman.

“The look in her eye back in the Black Sieve Sect Blessed Land was exactly the same as this,” he thought.

“Hold on a moment,” he said. Sighing to himself, he suddenly appeared directly in front of the old man.

The old man's face flickered again. He hadn't sensed anything at all just now. Moments ago, Meng Hao had clearly been behind him, but now, all of a sudden, here he was. The old man's heart began to thump.

"Let her finish," said Meng Hao. The old man had just given him some valuable information, so Meng Hao wasn't willing to simply attack him.

The old man stood there silently for a moment, then loosened his grip.

A tremor ran through the young woman as her Cultivation base was restored. An unprecedentedly bright light appeared in her eyes, a light filled with hope. She once again gave Meng Hao a deep bow.

"Senior, it's your first time to the Milky Way Sea. There are many things you don't know, and the Three Sects' Seahold has very strict rules. Regarding where to stay, outsiders would have a very hard time figuring out matters on their own.

"Senior, I grew up in Seahold, and know the place inside and out. If it would please you, I'm willing to act as your guide. I can save you a lot of time, if you're willing."

Chapter 660: The Alcohol is Quite Strong

The woman's words caused the old man's face to grow very unsightly. He once again clasped hands to Meng Hao.

"Fellow Daoist, my apprentice doesn't understand the way of things. Please, don't take offense. Seahold might be large, but everything there is handled in an open and clear way. Once you go, Fellow Daoist, you will naturally understand."

The young woman bit her lower lip, and said nothing more. She simply gazed at Meng Hao with a pleading look.

The old man was starting to get a bit worried. "Fellow Daoist," he continued, "I answered all your questions without holding anything back. My apprentice is merely homesick. However, if we Cultivators wish to make progress, must step out of our comfort zones. That's why I took her out into the world, to gain some experience."

Meng Hao looked over the young woman and the old man, and then sighed inwardly.

“In the cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevails. I can’t do anything about that. However,” he said, shaking his head, “when it comes to our actions and decisions, there is an unwritten truth; habitual unjust behavior can prevent you from reaching Spirit Severing.”

“Many thanks for helping me achieve my aim!” said the old man, reaching out to grab the young woman.

“Senior!!” continued the young woman, “when you had a weak Cultivation base, didn’t you ever have a benefactor that was willing to help you...?” Before she could finish speaking, the old man’s hand latched onto her, and she immediately became like a puppet, capable only of shedding tears filled with despair and the desire to die.

When Meng Hao heard her words, he suddenly said, “Did I say you could leave?”

The words were simple, but as soon as the old man heard them, his mind trembled. The Nascent Soul inside of him began to tremble, and beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He immediately stopped in place and slowly turned around, an expression of disbelief and shock on his face as he looked at Meng Hao.

It was in that instant that he realized that the Cultivation base of the person in front of him far, far exceeded his own.

Meng Hao’s voice was cool as he said, “This young woman has a unique physique suitable for certain dual-party cultivation techniques that extract the Yin to strengthen the Yang.... Your goal is nothing more than to use that power to break through a Cultivation base blockage.” With that, he lifted his right hand, causing ten mid-grade Demon hearts to fly toward the old man.

“Normally I wouldn’t interfere in such a matter,” he continued slowly, “but having encountered this young woman, it seems the two of us are connected by destiny. Thank you for answering my questions just now. Take these Demon hearts and leave.”

The old man struggled inwardly for a moment, but in the end, released the girl and collected up the Demon hearts. With a bitter smile, he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then hurried off into the distance.

Meng Hao's Cultivation base was beyond his comprehension, and the gap between the two of them far too large. The old man didn't even have the nerve to feel resentment, but rather, simply resigned himself to his fate.

As the old man made his way off into the distance, tears flowed ceaselessly down the young woman's cheeks, and she bowed over and over again to Meng Hao.

"Thank you for your kindness in rescuing me, Senior. I grew up on my own in Seahold, and will spare no effort to aid you." The gratitude she felt was clearly visible in her eyes. She had just evaded a huge calamity, and as a result, her voice quavered as she spoke. It seemed that all the courage she had shown just now completely vanished, and turned into weakness.

"What's your name?" asked Meng Hao, looking her over.

"Wei Li.... Junior's name is Wei Li," she replied softly, lowering her head to conceal the sorrow she felt because of her name.

Meng Hao nodded, but did not ask for any further details. Then, he flicked his sleeve, sweeping up the young woman to fly off into the direction of the Three Sects' Seahold, which was notated on the map he possessed.

Wei Li hesitated for a moment as she flew alongside Meng Hao. She looked around at the mist that surrounded them, and felt the incredible speed with which they were moving, something she had never experienced before. Her voice soft, she finally said, "Senior... are you... are you a rogue Cultivator?"

"Why do you ask that?" replied Meng Hao calmly.

"In the Third Ring, all the Nascent Soul Cultivators are either rogue Cultivators, or belong to Sects and Clans that provide special flight treasures. Such treasures make it possible to avoid a lot of trouble, and also allow you to meditate and practice cultivation while traveling."

Wei Li hesitated again, worried that she might somehow offend Meng Hao with her words. "Furthermore, upon entering Seahold, if you have such a flight treasure, you won't be interrogated."

"So that's how it is," said Meng Hao. After a moment's thought, he said, "Well, after I get to Seahold, I guess I'll just have to buy a few." He realized that he truly didn't have any sort of special

flight treasure. Considering that it was possible to practice cultivation while riding such a treasure, Meng Hao started to feel somewhat excited.

Wei Li's eyes went wide, and she almost went on to tell Meng Hao that such flight treasures were extremely expensive. However, she didn't dare to actually open her mouth on the subject. Then she thought about how he had casually produced ten mid-grade Demon hearts, and she realized that he most likely had an incredible social standing.

After a long moment, she looked over Meng Hao's plain and unadorned robe, and then said, "Senior... you should probably change into a different set of clothing. In Seahold, you can purchase Daoist garments crafted from Sea Demons. According to the rumors, the highest quality garments can even resist an attack from the Spirit Severing level.

"If you prefer simple and unadorned clothing, Seahold has those too. However, regardless of whether it's in terms of the quality of material, or the defensive capabilities, such garments are unique to the Milky Way Sea. Every year, people come from various outside Sects and Clans to have them custom made."

Meng Hao looked down at his robes and nodded. He had never really paid much attention to his attire, but after listening to the young woman's words, he realized that they made sense.

"Hmm, yes. When we get there, I'll buy a few sets."

"Senior, there's also the matter of bags of holding. In the Milky Way Sea, you can get special holding treasures with a capacity a hundred times normal. Some even have other mysterious properties.

"In fact, the highest quality holding items can even store spiritual energy. That way, if you ever run low on magical power, you will have at least one chance to open your bag of holding."

"Such items exist?" asked Meng Hao. It all sounded so new and interesting to him. He nodded.

"Okay, when I get there, I'll buy a few."

"Senior, do you have any voice transmission talismans on you? None? You should definitely buy some of the voice transmission talismans available in the Seahold. That way, you can communicate directly with anyone on the outside, no matter where you are in the Milky Way Sea."

“Alright! I’ll buy several!”

“Senior, considering the level of your Cultivation base, you probably don’t need magical rings, but I still suggest that you buy a few....”

“Excellent. I’ll definitely purchase a handful.”

“Senior, if you plan to stay in the Third Ring for a long time, you might want to buy an Immortal’s cave in the city. Of course, the prices vary depending on the location....”

“I’ll buy the best one!”

As they traveled, Wei Li continued to evaluate Meng Hao from top to bottom. If it were any other situation, Meng Hao wouldn’t really pay attention. However, considering how many Demon hearts he had in his bag of holding, and the number of Spirit Stones he could trade them for, his heart surged with joy.

Filled with the feeling of being rich and imposing, and accompanied by someone describing all the amazing things he could buy, roused his spirit. He flicked his sleeve and decided to buy everything.

Several days later, Meng Hao peered at Seahold from some distance away as they approached. He had already lost track of how many things Wei Li had described to him, nor could he remember exactly what he had said he intended to buy.

However, Wei Li was very professional, and she had long since taken out a jade slip to keep meticulous records.

Up ahead, the Seahold looked matchlessly huge. It was like an ancient sea beast, slumbering upon the surface of the water. At the moment, it was evening, and the city was ablaze with lights. A cursory examination left Meng Hao with the impression that at least 100,000 Cultivators were inside.

The area was surrounded by patrolling Cultivators of the three Sects. Also visible in the middle of the city was a huge tower, adorned with resplendently glowing pearls. They also emanated invisible ripples that no one but Meng Hao could see, which spread out to cover the entire city.

The entire city was surrounded by a towering wall, part of which stretched down below the surface of the water. The wall was completely black, and looked very somber and ominous. Vicious-looking spikes encircled the city, upon which were impaled the dried-up corpses of Sea Demons.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Within Seahold he could sense, at the very least, hundreds of restrictive spell formations. Clearly, if he attempted to charge directly into the city, it would be impossible.

If they were activated, these restrictive spell formations could easily destroy a Spirit Severing Cultivator.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. However, Meng Hao could also sense an aura deep within the city that caused his scalp to grow numb. It seemed to be partly the aura of a Cultivator, and partly the aura of a magical item.

It was impossible to distinguish clearly, but Meng Hao was certain that whatever thing emitted this aura... vastly exceeded the power of Spirit Severing.

After glancing the city over, his eyes came to rest on the huge tower in the middle of the city. In that very moment, red-robed Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged in that very tower, meditating. Suddenly, his eyes opened.

His gaze passed out from within the tower until it reached Meng Hao off in the distance. Although Meng Hao had changed his appearance, he still recognized him.

The two of them were separated by quite a difference, but they could both sense each other looking at each other. After a moment, they retracted their gazes.

Seeing that Meng Hao had stopped in mid-air, Wei Li looked at him and said, "Senior?"

After a moment, she continued, "Senior, do you have an identity medallion?"

"If you do, then you can just enter directly. If you don't, well, that will be a bit more troublesome...."

Meng Hao frowned. He did not have an identity medallion, and currently, they were standing directly in front of the city gate. Inside, three men sat cross-legged, meditating. In front of them

stood a dozen or so Cultivators clutching command medallions. Occasionally, they would glance around with cold expressions.

It was already evening, but there was still quite a line of people outside, waiting to enter the Seahold.

When Meng Hao and Wei Li arrived, the three old men all opened their eyes at the same time. In that moment, Meng Hao could sense the fluctuating ripples coming from nearby restrictive spell formations.

He knew that if he showed even the slightest bit of malice, those spell formations would activate.

“Senior,” said Wei Li, “if you have no identity medallion, then I can go into the city first to buy one for you. Unfortunately, the price will be quite high. Also, I will only be able to get the most common type of identity medallion, which will cause problems later. However...” Even as she was in the middle of speaking, a bright beam of light suddenly flew out from within the city.

Inside was a beautiful woman wearing a pink garment. She was elegant and poised, and as soon as she appeared, the Cultivators in the city gate bent at the waist to bow deeply.

“Respects, Madam Lin!”

At the same time, respectful expressions appeared on the faces of the other Cultivators in the area. One after another, they clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Madam Lin!”

The poised and stately woman nodded and smiled. She passed through the crowds of people until she reached Meng Hao. As for Wei Li, she nervously backed up. Meng Hao’s expression was completely normal as he watched the woman everyone called ‘Madam Lin’ approaching. She stopped in front of him, and, as everyone watched, gave him a curtseying bow.

She didn’t speak, but she smiled and handed a gold-colored command medallion to Meng Hao.

“Someone asked me to pass you a message. The alcohol is quite strong.” She smiled and gave Meng Hao a deep look, then turned to leave.

As she walked away, everyone in the crowd turned to look at Meng Hao. Wei Li stared blankly at him, eyes wide.