

The Heavens 661

Chapter 661: Seeing Xiaoxiao Again

As the elegant woman left, the surrounding Cultivators began to cry out in surprise. “First-rank Seahold medallion!”

All eyes were on Meng Hao, and especially the gold-colored command medallion he was currently fiddling with.

“A first-rank Seahold medallion... only the Three Saints of the three Sects can give out such a gift!”

“This is only the second time I’ve ever seen that type of command medallion. This person must be an incredibly honored guest!”

As the buzz of conversation spread out, Meng Hao looked down at the command medallion. It was completely gold, and the image of a Seahold was carved on its surface. On the other side were the characters: Sun Soul Society.

A faintly discernible pressure would be felt emanated from within.

Wei Li’s eyes were wide and filled with disbelief. She stared blankly as she followed Meng Hao through the crowd to enter the Seahold. Everywhere they passed, the Cultivators of the three Sects would immediately clasp hands and bow to them with extremely respectful expressions.

Even after they had made their way well into the city, Wei Li’s mind was still abuzz. Finally, she took a deep breath and then looked at Meng Hao. He seemed to get only more and more mysterious to her.

Finally, she couldn’t hold back any longer, and asked, “S-senior.... Sir, don’t tell me you know Saint Sun Soul?”

“No, not really,” replied Meng Hao casually, who was currently looking around. It was evening, but the city still bustled with noise and excitement, like a boiling cauldron.

Wei Li walked on for a few paces, but didn't seem convinced. "That's impossible. If you don't know him, why did Madam Lin personally give you a Seahold medallion? She's one of the revered Saint Sun Soul's two beloved, and she usually never appears in public."

Meng Hao looked back at her with an enigmatic smile. "I gave him a flagon of alcohol a while back."

A serious look appeared in Wei Li's eyes. She wasn't quite convinced, but what had happened earlier was just far too bizarre. On the other hand, to believe what Meng Hao just said, well, it seemed unimaginably fantastic.

"Forget about it," said Meng Hao, smiling. "Now, why haven't you taken me to one of those places that purchases Demon hearts?" Although he didn't act very imperious, Wei Li started to get a bit nervous. She quickly murmured her assent and then began to give an explanation.

"Senior, there are three locations in the Seahold that specialize in Demon hearts. Those would be the three Sea Pavilions belonging to the Sea Divinity Sect, the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Sun Soul Society.

"The prices they give might not be the highest, but they are always honest with all customers. No matter how many Demon hearts you bring, they can convert them into Spirit Stones.

"In addition to the locations run by the three Sects, there is also the Milky Way Auction House, which of course hold auctions.

"Furthermore, there are other random shops throughout the city that buy Demon hearts. Of course, when all is said and done, this is the Milky Way Sea, and usually you can just buy things directly with Demon hearts.

"In fact, Senior, if you plan to purchase a lot of items, I recommend that you... don't exchange your Demon hearts into Spirit Stones right away. The majority of items in the Seahold can only be purchased with Demon hearts."

Meng Hao thought silently for a moment, then nodded his head. "First, let's go somewhere that sells flying magical items."

"Senior, what type do you wish to purchase?" asked Wei Li.

“The best type!” declared Meng Hao loudly.

Wei Li’s eyes began to shine, and she immediately began to lead him off in a certain direction. She really was very familiar with the area. Evening continued to descend as she led him through Seahold for roughly the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Eventually, they came to a stop outside a particularly impressive pavilion.

It was built to look like an enormous, plum-colored airship. Although night was now falling, the entire building glowed with resplendent light. Ripples emanated out, and in front of the doors were two gigantic stone qilins, mighty and extraordinary in appearance.

As for the main door itself, it was roughly fifteen meters tall, and was constructed of deep sea driftwood. Looking at the structure from the outside, it truly seemed as if every bit of building material had been carefully selected, and was imbued with abstruse meaning. There were even magical symbols that were filled with strong spiritual energy. Almost anyone who looked at the building would be shocked by the level of luxury.

“When it comes to magical flight items, there are a total of eleven shops in Seahold where you can find them. The best is the Flying Immortal Sect’s Cloudburst Pavilion. The flying magical items here are often sought after even by outside Clans and Sects.” Wei Li was starting to get somewhat excited. In her world, the Cloudburst Pavilion was a place she could never step even half a foot into, let alone purchase any of the magical flight items inside.

The cost of such magical flight items far exceeded her imagination. The most she could normally do would be to glance in from outside. Now, though, she had a chance to actually enter, which left her very excited.

Meng Hao stood outside the Cloudburst Pavilion, studying it. He could see that the interior was decorated with beautiful extravagance. Bright lamplight illuminated everything, and the floors were actually paved with Spirit Stones.

Four or five customers could be seen inside, proud expressions on their faces as they walked about, listening to the Flying Immortal Sect disciples introduce the various magical flight items.

From the clothing they wore, it was possible to tell that they were wealthy and respected people. At a single glance, it was clear that they came from great Sects and Clans; these were definitely not nameless, rogue Cultivators.

Sitting cross-legged next to the entryway were two old men wearing brocaded robes. Their faces glowed with health, and they sat there meditating with eyes closed. Shockingly, their Cultivation bases were at the early Nascent Soul stage. To have Nascent Soul Cultivators acting as door guards would be enough to strike fear into the hearts of any rascals or thieves.

Inside the shop, three more Flying Immortal Sect disciples could be seen, two men and a woman. They were chatting happily, and occasionally, the woman would chuckle lightly. Her eyes sparkled enticingly, and she gave off an enchanting air.

However, they all completely ignored Meng Hao and Wei Li as they stood there outside the shop. They were used to people standing outside and gazing in with envy and admiration.

Meng Hao was just about to walk in, when suddenly, the sounds of laughing and chatting could be heard behind him. A group of Cultivators suddenly appeared, clustered around a woman. They made their way directly toward the shop.

Everyone on the road scurried to the side to make way for the group, their expressions filled with respect. Each and every Cultivator in the group were Chosen of the three Sects, figures who the others on the road would never dare to offend.

Regardless of whether you looked at them in terms of the clothes they wore, or their dispositions, they were imposing in all aspects.

Despite that, these Chosen of the three Sects were currently smiling, laughing, and gushing all sorts of flattery regarding the woman that they were escorting.

The woman was beautiful, and seemed incredibly delicate. Furthermore, her eyes occasionally flashed with a captivating look, which filled her with a tempting allure.

When the Cultivators that surrounded her managed to catch a glimpse of her smile, it caused their hearts to palpitate with eagerness.

Next to the woman walked a young man with slanted eyebrows and eyes that sparkled like stars. He was exceedingly handsome, and wore a long white robe. Overall, he looked completely dashing, with an extraordinary jade-like face.

“Xiaoxiao,” he said, smiling at the indescribably beautiful and striking woman. “This is the Cloudburst Pavilion of the Flying Immortal Sect. Please, step inside!” As he passed, his cool gaze passed over Meng Hao and Wei Li.

Immediately, the two old men sitting cross-legged in the shop opened their eyes and rose to their feet. The other three disciples also rushed forward. All of them bowed to the young man with deep respect.

“Greetings, Junior Leader.”

The young man nodded. His somewhat arrogant and complacent expression became gentle and refined as he turned to look at the woman named Xiaoxiao. As they all entered the shop, the four or five customers inside quickly clasped hands and bowed deeply.

In contrast to the hubbub inside the shop, Meng Hao continued to stand outside calmly. However, a barely discernible, enigmatic smile tugged at his lips. Next to him, Wei Li had a look of extreme respect as she stared enviously at the woman named Xiaoxiao.

“What a coincidence,” thought Meng Hao. “I never expected to run into her in this place!” This woman was none other than Ji Xiaoxiao, whose promissory Meng Hao still possessed in his bag of holding.

“Come on,” he said coolly, “let’s go in.” Wei Li followed him as he stepped foot into the shop. Nobody paid the slightest bit of attention to them. Everyone circled about the Chosen of the three Sects, respectful smiles plastered on their faces.

Meng Hao waited for a moment, but no one came over to greet him. In the entire first floor of the Cloudburst Pavilion, not a single person even looked at the two of them. Meng Hao’s expression immediately darkened.

“So, this is how the Cloudburst Pavilion receives customers, huh?!” His voice immediately echoed out through the entire Cloudburst Pavilion, drawing the attention of everyone inside. Even Ji Xiaoxiao looked over, although she couldn’t recognize Meng Hao because of his changed appearance.

The Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect frowned but continued to interact with Ji Xiaoxiao, occasionally pointing out various magical flight items.

Of course, the two old men noticed his furrowed brow. Immediately, their hearts began to thump. Looking a bit impatient, one of them pointed to the female Flying Immortal Sect disciple.

“Go deal with it,” he said.

Originally, the woman had been quite excited because of the arrival of the Chosen from the three Sects. She had hoped that her good looks might give her some special opportunities.

But now, having heard the old man’s words, resentment instantly bloomed in her heart. She didn’t dare to refuse the order, though, so, face grim and heart filled with irritation, she walked over to Meng Hao and Wei Li.

She glanced over the two of them, and felt more than ever that they weren’t even worth looking at, and were here to just cause mischief. “What kind of magical flight item do you want?” she asked coldly. “The cheapest magical item here costs fifty low-grade Demon hearts. If you can’t afford it, please leave.”

She couldn’t see Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, but this was the Cloudburst Pavilion of the Flying Immortal Sect. Even if he did have a high Cultivation base, it would be nothing she would hold in awe.

In this place, nobody would ever dare to make a scene.

Wei Li was a bit upset, but at the same time nervous. She looked over at Meng Hao.

“Show me the most expensive thing you have,” Meng Hao said coolly, his expression the same as ever.

“The most expensive?” replied the woman with a light laugh. She couldn’t prevent the look of ridicule from appearing in her eyes. She had worked in this place for years, and had seen far too many people just like this, people who believed themselves to be incredible. In the end, they would always leave ashen-faced and depressed.

The woman laughed coldly. “The most expensive item we have costs 5,000 low-grade Demon hearts. Fellow Daoist, do you want to have a look?”

Meng Hao thought for a moment, then nodded. “Sure, why not.”

“Well, a treasure like that is not something that anybody can just look at,” she replied. “If you want to see it, then according to the regulations, you have to pay a thirty percent down payment. Fellow Daoist, do you really want to look at it?” The ridicule in her tone was quite obvious. At the same time, she noticed that the group of Chosen was heading toward the second floor of the pavilion. Suddenly, she started to get a bit anxious.

“The door is over there, Fellow Daoist,” she said suddenly. “You can see yourself out.” With that, she turned to catch up with the group of Chosen.

Chapter 662: Xu Pingping

To be the subject of such scorn here for no apparent reason caused Meng Hao to frown. If he revealed his Cultivation base, it would instantly resolve the situation. However, it was with great difficulty that he had managed to strike it rich. Therefore, since he could solve the problem with his Demon hearts, he didn’t want to use his Cultivation base to intimidate people.

Almost in the exact moment that the woman went to leave, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding. Instantly, a rush of clattering could be heard as 1,500 low-grade Demon hearts piled up in the middle of the pavilion. They looked like a small mountain.

Glittering light flickered out, forming a resplendent scene. In addition, the sound that echoed out, along with the strong spiritual energy, immediately caused all of the Chosen who were about to go up to the second floor, to subconsciously look back. Looks of shock instantly appeared on their faces, after which bright glows appeared in their eyes.

Ji Xiaoxiao looked back at the Demon hearts. Despite her identity and Cultivation base, she was still shaken inwardly. She clearly knew the value of Demon hearts, and couldn’t stop herself from looking over at Meng Hao.

Next to her, the young man also gaped and began to breathe raggedly. Although he was a Junior Patriarch, the sight of more than a thousand low-grade Demon hearts piled up together was something even he would rarely see.

As for the female Flying Immortal Sect disciple, she was actually the last person to realize what had happened. When she saw everyone looking behind her, she subconsciously looked back. Then she saw the mountain of Demon hearts, and her mind went blank.

Roaring sounds filled her head, and she could scarcely believe what she was seeing. How could she possibly imagine that these two plainly dressed, almost rustic Cultivators, would actually... have so many Demon hearts?!

“S-senior... I....” stammered the woman.

“Is that enough?” asked Meng Hao coolly. “Now bring out your best product.” He waved his right hand.

RUMBLE!

A second mountain of Demon hearts appeared. Then, another rumbling could be heard, and a third mountain could be seen. In total, three small mountains of Demon Hearts now lay on the floor of the pavilion, a total of 5,000 Demon hearts. The resplendent light that shined out from them filled the entire area. Intense spiritual energy made the entire area seem like a Celestial paradise.

The woman’s mind was now roaring, and she was almost incapable of standing up straight. Her face was pale and filled with intense disbelief. She was literally incapable of imagining how the person she had just ridiculed could actually be such an ostentatious moneybags.

The other Chosen from the three Sects who currently stood on the stairs were also panting. Their eyes were wide as they stared at the Demon hearts. They dearly wanted to grab them for themselves.

Ji Xiaoxiao also stared in shock. She looked at Meng Hao, and gradually, a burning fervor rose up in her. As for the young man next to her, he took a deep breath as he stared at the Demon hearts.

The entire pavilion was filled with complete silence.

It was at this point that a peal of laughter could suddenly be heard coming from the second floor. A young woman walked out, wearing a set of revealing clothing. She seemed to be innately seductive; as she walked out, a fragrant aroma preceded her, and her forehead was adorned with a five-colored crystalline pattern. Even before Meng Hao could say anything to her, a charming smile could be seen on her face. An aura of maturity emanated out from her, filled with an intense attractiveness.

She walked slowly down the stairs, completely ignoring the Chosen as she passed them. In contrast, all of the Chosen bowed their heads and clasped hands to her.

As for the Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect, when he saw the woman, he immediately lowered his head respectfully.

“Earlier today, I heard the magpies calling, so I knew that an honored guest would come to call. I’ve been waiting all day, although it was nothing more than resting, really. Now the honored guest is here.

“I am Xu Pingping. Greetings, Fellow Daoist.”

Meng Hao glanced at Xu Pingping and saw that she had a late Nascent Soul Cultivation base. She hid it well, but to Meng Hao’s eyes it was clearly visible.

His glance instantly caused Xu Pingping’s heart to quiver. His look gave her the feeling that he could see through every defense she had, all the way into her heart. It seemed almost like all her secrets could be thoroughly revealed, no matter how she tried to hold them back.

Instantly, she became nervous, although her expression did not change in the slightest. Her demeanor continued to be one of maturity and charm.

“Fellow Daoist, please come up to the second floor,” she said with a smile. “I’m sure that the Cloudburst Pavilion has everything that you need.” In both terms of her wording and her inner feelings, she was extremely respectful to Meng Hao.

He nodded, then walked up ahead to climb the stairs. Wei Li followed, her heart pounding. Everything that she had seen so far today had opened up a new world to her. She was both nervous and excited as she trailed after Meng Hao.

She was just about to step foot onto the stairs when suddenly she hesitated and quietly said to Meng Hao, “Senior, the Demon hearts....”

“No one in Seahold would dare to take my Demon hearts,” said Meng Hao slowly, continuing up the stairs. When his words echoed out into the ears of everyone present, their hearts trembled.

Such wording was incredibly domineering.

Xu Pingping's eyes glittered. When she thought back to Meng Hao's penetrating glance just now, she couldn't help but be a bit more cautious than before.

As for the Chosen on the staircase, be they from the Flying Immortal Sect, or other Sects, without even thinking about it, they backed up to make way for Meng Hao. When he neared Ji Xiaoxiao, she looked up over curiously.

In return, he completely ignored her and proceeded on to the second floor.

Xu Pingping followed. As she passed the Chosen, she suddenly stopped and looked back at the two Nascent Soul Cultivators, as well as the other Flying Immortal Sect disciples whose job it was to receive guests.

"The two of you screw off," she said coolly. "Go back to the Flying Immortal Sect immediately." The two old Nascent Soul Cultivators tremblingly voiced their acknowledgement.

"The other four of you can also screw off. Go to the Flying Immortal Dungeon, where you will be punished for half of a sixty-year cycle!" Immediately, the Flying Immortal Sect disciples' faces went deathly pale. They began to tremble, and appeared to be completely filled with terror.

"And as for you..." she said, looking at the dazed female disciple standing in the middle of the pavilion. "If I get in any trouble from the Sect because of you, you pathetic, dog-eyed slut, well, you wouldn't be able to pay me back if you had ten lives. You're expelled from the Flying Immortal Sect. Get out of here. The farther you screw off, the better." With that, she turned and continued on to the second floor. When she passed Ji Xiaoxiao, she nodded and smiled.

The Cloudburst Pavilion only had two floors. The second floor was roughly the same size as the main hall. It was grand and imposing, and had an incense burner directly in the center. It was carved with strange creatures, and the smoke that wafted out from it made the second floor seem almost as if it were filled with mist.

After stepping foot onto the second floor, Meng Hao sat down in a nearby chair. Wei Li stood next to him, looking around. Her heart was nearly bursting with excitement; she had never imagined that one day she would be able to stand in a position like this.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. He sat there, eyes closed, unspeaking. Moments later, Xu Pingping approached, her smile seemingly covering up the bitterness she felt inwardly.

"Senior, you left so many Demon hearts sitting in the main hall, I can't help but be a bit nervous."

Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked at her with an enigmatic smile. As soon as his gaze fell upon her, she got a bit more nervous, and even her smile started to feel a bit forced.

"I want a magical flight item," he said calmly. "The best you have."

"I already have everything prepared, Senior," said Xu Pingping. She clapped her hands three times, after which three women clad in delicate gauze skirts floated out from the smoke of the incense burner. Each of them carried a silver platter, which they held up high as they respectfully approached.

By this point, Ji Xiaoxiao and the others had arrived on the second floor and were looking over from off to the side. Obviously, they were less interested in the magical flight item and more interested in Meng Hao.

The items on the three silver platters included a reddish, copper short sword, a violet wooden boat, and a flying shuttle.

Xu Pingping looked at Meng Hao and smiled.

"Red Copper Sword," she said. "It expands when it rushes against the wind, becoming three thousand meters long. Nine levels of ghost images will appear inside of it, and it can accommodate three hundred passengers. It also contains a swarm of 10,000 short swords.

"Violet Wooden Boat. It can accommodate two hundred passengers, and has no offensive spell formations, nor any defensive spell formations. However, its speed... is similar to a First Severing Cultivator. Unfortunately, it consumes Spirit Stones at a high rate, one low-grade Spirit Stone for every three breaths of time!

"Soul Flying Shuttle. It is only nine meters long, with average speed. However, its most powerful advantage is its Wind Blade function. Every hour, it can produce a single Wind Blade. As long as you have enough Spirit Stones, there is no limit to the number it can produce.

“These three items are the highest level flying items that we manufacture here at the Cloudburst Pavilion. Which one would you like, Fellow Daoist?”

When the Chosen from the three Sects saw the three magical flight items, their faces filled with longing. They well knew that these items were incredible.

Meng Hao frowned slightly. Others might view the items as high quality, but considering the level of his Cultivation base, they didn't quite meet up to his expectations.

Seeing Meng Hao's frown caused Xu Pingping's heart to quiver, and she started to pant a little. His frown, coupled with what had happened earlier, caused her to start to formulate some speculations about Meng Hao.

She hurriedly continued, “Although, I actually advise you not to purchase these items, Fellow Daoist. They seem incredible, but are actually relatively ordinary. Despite being expensive, they are standard manufacture items; in the lands of South Heaven, you will find quite a few people who own them.”

“Oh?” said Meng Hao, looking at Xu Pingping.

“Senior,” she said softly, her eyes glittering, “if you have enough Demon hearts, then the Cloudburst Pavilion can offer you a one-of-a-kind precious treasure!” She raised her right hand and performed an incantation, then pointed at the incense burner.

Immediately, the incense burner began to rumble, attracting all eyes in the room. Suddenly, vast quantities of smoke poured out from inside, within which could be seen, shockingly, an illusory bronze war chariot!

The war chariot emanated an air of ancientness, and was surrounded by crackling lightning. It was also covered with cracks that made it seem as if it had experienced the baptism of flames of war and countless battlefield bloodbaths.

An indescribable pressure spread out from it, and visible on its surface were numerous flying beasts that almost looked alive. Although no one else could tell, when Meng Hao looked at them, they almost seemed alive.

To his eyes, all of the beasts were living, and struggling, letting out roars that caused his mind and heart to tremble.

He made a slight “eee?” sound, then reached his right hand up to touch his left eye. Then he blinked nine times, causing the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way to circulate inside of him. When he looked at the war chariot this time, the flying beasts all merged together to transform into a black wing!

Unfortunately, there was only one.

Meng Hao looked away and closed his eyes. After a moment he opened them again and looked at Xu Pingping.

“How much?” he asked.

Xu Pingping’s heart was trembling. Things were not quite going according to her plan for this item. Then she thought of Meng Hao’s actions earlier, and she started to regret.

“Fellow Daoist, this item isn’t for sale. It’s....”

Meng Hao’s face immediately darkened, and suddenly, a shocking pressure emanated out from him to envelop the entire area. It almost seemed as if a storm were coming.

Chapter 663: Rich and Headstrong!

Meng Hao looked at Xu Pingping for a moment, then retracted his energy. The second floor returned to normal. However, the pressure just now had caused sweat to begin to stream down her back. The feeling she got was the same as that you might feel when facing some ancient beast.

However, the only one to feel the pressure had been Xu Pingping, and no one else. Neither Ji Xiaoxiao nor the Chosen from the three Sects had felt anything. The only thing they had noticed was the change in Xu Pingping’s expression.

“Name a price,” said Meng Hao coolly. To hear himself saying such words caused Meng Hao’s heart to surge. In his hundreds of years of practicing cultivation, his money purse had always been empty. Even when he occasionally fell into some profit, it would inevitably be sucked away by the copper mirror.

But now, he finally had the confidence derived from achieving the dream he had kept in his heart since childhood....

I'm rich, fools!

Next to him, Wei Li's eyes shone brightly. She continued to have the strong feeling that Meng Hao was almost glowing, emanating an indescribable aura that battered against her face.

Xu Pingping, feeling somewhat intimidated by Meng Hao's display, nervously said, "It really isn't an issue of the price...."

"6,000 low-grade Demon hearts," said Meng Hao, lifting his chin up proudly.

"That's...."

"Not enough? How about 8,000?" Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, but inwardly, that surging feeling grew more intense. To suddenly go from being broke to rolling in wealth gave Meng Hao the feeling that he could buy the entire shop if he felt like it.

This was a confidence that had nothing to do with Cultivation base. The more confident he felt, the more powerful his words became.

I'm REALLY rich, fools!

Even Xu Pingping, who was so experienced and knowledgeable, was shocked by the confidence and power in his words. Her eyes went wide, and she sucked in a deep breath. 8,000 low-grade Demon hearts was an extremely high price!

Wei Li stared blankly at Meng Hao with wide eyes. Mentally, she was calculating how much 8,000 low-grade Demon hearts were worth in Spirit Stones.

As for the Chosen of the three Sects, and Ji Xiaoxiao, when they heard Meng Hao's words, their jaws dropped and they stared in shock. As of now, they suddenly realized that he really did exude the air of a rich person....

The eyes of a few of the female disciples began to shine brightly as they looked at Meng Hao. Although they hadn't noticed before, they could see now... this guy was incredibly handsome and had an extraordinary air. He was elegant and dashing, clearly different from the average person.

Although Meng Hao's tried to keep his expression the same as usual, anyone who looked at it would feel as if the following characters were clearly written there:

I'm Mr. Moneybags!

Xu Pingping's eyes were wide, and her heart was pounding. "I think...."

"Still not enough?" said Meng Hao. Waving his hand in imitation of the rich folk he remembered from Yunjie County, he cleared his throat and said. "No problem. 10,000 low-grade Demon hearts works for me."

When he saw the shock on the faces of the bystanders when they heard this, Meng Hao felt quite pleased inwardly, even more so than if he had just experienced an increase in Cultivation base.

Xu Pingping gasped. Ji Xiaoxiao's eyes were fixed on Meng Hao. As for the Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Chosen from the three Sects, all of them gaped with wide eyes and slack jaws.

Xu Pingping struggled visibly for a moment before replying, "Senior, this war chariot was delivered to us only recently. Apparently, it appeared on the border between the Second and Third Rings. I haven't even notified the Sect about it yet."

Meng Hao's expression was calm, but his eyes flickered. He definitely did not mind being addressed as Senior.

"If my speculations are correct, Senior, you have come to the Milky Way Sea because of the Sea Devils in the Second Ring, as well as... the legendary ancient battleship!"

"This bronze war chariot is filled with ancientness, and is obviously an object from ancient times. For it to appear here indicates that there is a high possibility it originated from the ancient battleship."

“I only have one request, Senior. When you go searching for the ancient battleship, can you take Junior with you? You don’t have to provide me with any assistance. As long as I step foot onto it, all obligations will have been fulfilled.

“In return, I will sell the item to you for 5,000 Demon hearts.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“And what if I don’t go looking for the ancient battleship?” he asked coolly.

Without hesitation, Xu Pingping replied, “If that is your wish, Senior, then I will have to resign myself to such an outcome.” She quickly performed an incantation with her right hand and then pointed toward the incense burner. Instantly, the smoke inside parted, and the bronze war chariot flew out, almost as if it were trying to escape the pavilion.

Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing the war chariot to immediately stop in midair. It was irresistibly pulled down, shrinking down to the size of the hand of an infant as it landed on Meng Hao’s palm. He immediately put it into his bag of holding.

He stood up, completely ignoring Xu Pingping. Accompanied by Wei Li, and beneath the burning gazes of the Chosen of the three Sects, he walked in the same manner as the number one moneybags of Yunjie County, Steward Zhou. He clasped his hands behind his back and strolled toward the stairs.

It was when he stepped foot onto the first stair that Meng Hao finally looked back at Xu Pingping.

“Give me a voice transmission talisman,” he said.

Xu Pingping instantly went wild with joy. Panting, she took out a voice transmission talisman and respectfully handed it over.

Meng Hao put the talisman away and, escorted by Xu Pingping, walked down the stairs and left the Cloudburst Pavilion.

Outside, the sky was already dark, and the sea breeze blew against his face. Wei Li was sweating, and a bit in a daze as she glanced back and forth between Meng Hao and the Cloudburst Pavilion.

Considering how late it was, Meng Hao chose not to go to any more shops, but instead relied on Wei Li's assistance to find a place to stay. In the end, he rented a private residence with its own main gate.

The residence was actually an Immortal's cave, and the most expensive type available in Seahold. It had a defensive spell formation, as well as a passageway connecting it to the seafloor, where there was a special chamber designed for secluded meditation. Despite being on the seafloor, the meditation chamber still fell under the general defensive spell formations of Seahold, which meant that no sea beasts would come near it.

At first, Meng Hao planned to actually purchase the residence, but after further thought, he couldn't bear to spend so many Spirit Stones, and decided instead to rent it.

The residence had many rooms, which meant that Wei Li had her own private room. As the night wore on, she thought back to everything that had happened during the day, and also about how Meng Hao had saved her. Subconsciously, she had allowed Meng Hao's visage to be deeply imprinted into her mind. However, she knew that there was a vast gap between them in terms of status and identity, and after considering the matter for a while, she sighed and then closed her eyes to meditate.

As for Meng Hao, he sat cross-legged in his own room, surrounded by quiet. Around the time of the third watch, he suddenly opened his eyes.

"I'm finally rich," he murmured. "It's too bad that Steward Zhou has long since passed away. If I have a chance in the future, I'll find some of his descendants and pay back those three pieces of silver that I owe.

"Or... nah, I'm rich now! I'll pay back a little bit extra." He smiled and patted his bag of holding.

Then he lifted up his hand, upon which appeared the bronze war chariot.

It was impossible to tell how many springs and autumns the bronze chariot had passed through, but it was covered with flecks of rust, and filled with an air of ancientness, as if it had been buried in the darkness for countless years.

Looking at it caused a strange feeling to well up in Meng Hao. It almost seemed as if the bronze war chariot were currently retelling the stories of the bloodbaths it had witnessed, as if it were describing an explosive, bloodthirsty bellicosity of some long forgotten age.

The beasts carved on its surface looked like dead things, but in Meng Hao's eyes, they were alive. It was as if they had been sleeping for tens upon tens of thousands of years, waiting for the day in which they would awaken and then roam carefree in Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he sent out some Cultivation base power through his right hand into the bronze war chariot. Immediately, faint ripples emanated out, and the war chariot began to expand in size.

Meng Hao was prepared for this, and quickly stepped out into the courtyard. Then he raised up his right hand. With a rumbling sound, the war chariot flew up into the air, continuing to expand until it was roughly nine meters large.

Ripples spread out, and the war chariot glowed with light. The ripples, however, seemed to be filled with decay, and the glow was somewhat dim.

Meng Hao's body flickered to reappear inside of the war chariot. His right hand touched its side, and he sent out more Cultivation base power. The war chariot trembled and then began to speed up into the air.

It moved with such incredible speed that Seahold quickly became a tiny dot below him. Although the war chariot screamed through the night air, it didn't vibrate or shake even the least bit.

In exactly this same moment, Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged meditating in the tall tower in the middle of Seahold. Next to him was the elegant and poised Madam Lin, who gripped a huge feather in both hands, which she was using to perform a conjuring. The feather emanated an aura of rot and decay. At the same time, swirling white lights wafted through the air, to be breathed in by Saint Sun Soul, who currently wore a black robe.

Even in the middle of the cultivation, Saint Sun Soul's eyes suddenly opened, and he looked off into the distance.

"What's wrong?" asked Madam Lin, looking over at him.

“Nothing,” he replied. “That troublesome fellow from before is testing out a magical item. Hmph. The both of them are equally mediocre.” His face grew dark, and it was hard to tell exactly what he was going on in his mind.

“Didn’t he give you a flagon of alcohol as a gift?”

As soon as Saint Sun Soul heard the word ‘alcohol,’ his face twitched.

“He was actually threatening me,” he said.

Madam Lin stared in shock, but didn’t respond. As for Saint Sun Soul, he didn’t bring up the matter of the alcohol again.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was up in mid-air, frowning. He stood there in the war chariot, examining it with a puzzled expression.

“This thing is about as fast as a First Severing Cultivator. However, it expends a lot of Cultivation base power. Too bad I can actually move much faster without it.

“Furthermore...” His eyes flickered as he looked at the rust marks on the chariot, which were actually slowly growing larger. “The more I use it, the more the damage spreads. Soon, the rust will fill the whole thing, and it will be useless.” With that, Meng Hao lifted up his right hand and then slapped it down onto the chariot.

A boom could be heard, and the chariot trembled. Low-pitched roaring sounds emanated out from within, and illusory figures began to surge out.

They were the images of fierce beasts, each one unique. There was a giant ape, a horned lion, even a two-headed giant bear. The various fierce beasts all lifted their heads up and roared.

However... they all were restrained by amorphous chains which connected them to the war chariot. Also... all of their eyes were closed!

Not a single one had opened its eyes.

As soon as they appeared, an intense pressure appeared in the area. Even still, the frown on Meng Hao's face deepened. He had just noticed that the rust was spreading through the war chariot even faster than before.

Chapter 664: War Chariot!

"At the most, I can use it only ten more times." Meng Hao examined the rust. It almost looked like rot, that, wherever it went, caused the bronze to turn into scrap metal.

"I almost feel like I'm not using it properly," he murmured to himself. "If using it damages it, then... huh?" Suddenly, his heart trembled.

"Not using it properly?" His eyes glittered, and the trembling of his heart increased in intensity as he thought back to the scene revealed by Immortal Shows the Way, back in the Cloudburst Pavilion.

After a moment's thought, Meng Hao once more slapped the war chariot. Instantly, the beasts surrounding the war chariot vanished, and chariot began to shrink down. Soon it was yet again the size of an infant's hand, resting on his palm.

He floated there in mid-air, and after a moment of detailed inspection, he suddenly began to pick up on some clues.

"Its surface is inscribed with ancient magical symbols that don't seem to be an actual part of the war chariot....

"And then there are the chain carvings. They don't seem to merge perfectly with the original chariot, as if they were added later." His eyes glittered for a moment before he suddenly closed his right eye. He blinked nine times and also unleashed the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way, pouring it into his eye. Immediately, the bronze war chariot's appearance changed.

It was no longer a war chariot, but rather, a mass of ferocious beasts. They were intertwined together such that, from a distance, they looked like a black wing!

The black wing was indistinct, but Meng Hao was sure that it was actually the wing of a butterfly!

His heart trembled, and he took a deep breath. He circulated some more Qi of Immortal Shows the Way, then focused closely... on the butterfly wing.

The instant he looked at it, a roaring filled his mind. The world in front of him shattered, almost like a mirror breaking. Within that breaking, the mirror turned into countless flickering images that Meng Hao couldn't see clearly.

However, there was one image that instantly branded itself into his memories!

He saw a land in which clouds roiled in the sky, filled with crackling lightning. A man wearing black garments stood in the war chariot, looking down coldly at the lands below.

It almost seemed as if the man were the Heavens, the will of the sky itself.

An interminably rotating vortex could be seen on his forehead, and in his right hand was a string of blank, white prayer beads that seemed to be waited to receive sealing marks.

As for the war chariot in which the man stood, it looked very similar to the one Meng Hao had just recently acquired, except that there were no magical symbols on it.

Beneath the war chariot was an endless sea, in the center of which was an enormous tree that towered up into the sky. Sitting at the crown of the tree was a small boy who smiled as he looked out over the world.

Fluttering in the air around the boy were nine butterflies. Off in the distance were countless living things practicing cultivation.

Everything was very quiet and peaceful....

Meng Hao's mind roared, and then the vision faded away. He panted, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes as he looked at the war chariot in his palm.

"That vision...." His eyes flickered, and after taking a few breaths, he lifted up his left hand and pushed it down onto the bronze war chariot to slowly wipe away a magical symbol.

In total, there were ninety-nine magical symbols on the war chariot.

A gentle but also ferocious light rose up from Meng Hao's hand. He continued to rub the war chariot until he finally succeeded in wiping away a magical symbol. By this point his face was pale. It didn't seem difficult to wipe away the magical symbol, but actually, he had wasted a significant amount of Cultivation base power to do so.

As soon as the magical symbol was wiped away, the bronze war chariot trembled. Sounds like howls erupted out from within, as if some ancient sleeping giant was suddenly beginning to awake.

When the sound reached his ears, Meng Hao's spirit was shaken.

"These magical symbols and chains were actually added later. If it wasn't done as a seal, then it was a method to try to control the chariot due to a lack of understanding of its proper usage.

"That improper usage is actually the source of the damage!" He took a deep breath, and was just about to wipe away a second magical symbol when suddenly, his hand stopped, and a look of doubt could be seen in his eyes.

"Why is it that only I could see the images on the war chariot? Anyone who saw them would know that something was different about it on the inside." His eyes flickered as he looked down at his own torso.

After a long moment, he slowly murmured, "Immortal Shows the Way... Choumen Tai!"

The reason he could see the images on the war chariot, and also know the correct way to use it, was all because of the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

"Could it be that this is an Immortal treasure?" He thoughtfully lifted his left hand up again and began to slowly wipe away a second magical symbol.

The bronze war chariot began to glow with even more intensity, and the howling from inside grew clearer.

Next, Meng Hao wiped away a third magical symbol, then a fourth. When he wiped away the tenth magical symbol, the bronze war chariot began to emit a droning sound, and expanded until it was thirty meters large.

The glow emanated out in all directions, as well as a pulsing pressure. Even Meng Hao could feel that he was affected by the intense pressure, which made it impossible to get close to the chariot; he was instantly forced back a bit.

His eyes shining brightly; having erased ten magical symbols, his Cultivation base was virtually exhausted. After closing eyes for a while to recover, he frowned.

“The more magical symbols I wipe away, the more difficult it gets.” His body flickered as he shot toward the war chariot. As he neared, a ring of yellow light suddenly appeared around the chariot.

It quickly began to expand out, filling Meng Hao’s mind with a sense of danger. He shot backward, quickly emerging from within the yellow light. Then he forced out a bit of the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way to circulate through his body, then shot back in his original direction.

This time, no circle of yellow light appeared. He moved with incredible speed, arriving at the war chariot in the blink of an eye. He didn’t have very much Immortal Qi in his body, and it wouldn’t last long before vanishing.

He placed his hand onto the war chariot. After a moment of thought and rest, he rotated his Cultivation base, pouring power into the war chariot. However, the power seemed to disappear like a rock sinking down into the ocean. There was no reaction whatsoever from the war chariot.

Meng Hao stilled his Cultivation base, and then, without the slightest hesitation, sent out some more Immortal Qi. It was only a sliver, but the instant it flowed out from his hand into the war chariot, the entire world seemed to start rumbling.

A gigantic vortex appeared up in the sky, booming as it spun. Countless bolts of lightning crackled out in all directions. The entire area seemed to have suddenly gone wild, as if all Heaven and Earth were suddenly collapsing.

Meng Hao suddenly felt as if he were fusing with the war chariot, becoming one with it. Then he saw the image of the black-clothed man with the vortex on his forehead, the one from his vision moments ago.

At the same time, a thrumming sound could be heard from the chariot as the images of countless ferocious beasts appeared up ahead. All of them were fastened with chains, and let out soundless roars. They began to run forward, pulling the war chariot with them through the sky. It transformed into something like a shooting star that flew off into the distance with indescribable speed.

The speed with which it moved caused rumbling booms to fill the sky as it shot forward. Yellow ripples emanated out, sweeping through the night sky, filling it with a yellow glow.

At the moment, black-robed Saint Sun Soul suddenly stood up within the tower in Seahold. A look of astonishment appeared in his eyes as he suddenly vanished and then reappeared outside in mid-air. He looked off into the distance, his expression changing multiple times.

“What magical item is that!?” he gasped. Moments ago, his Cultivation base had twitched with a feeling of terror. The feeling was not something he was completely unfamiliar with; it was something he might experience when facing the Sect’s ancestral legacy treasure.

“Is that a legacy treasure?” he thought to himself.

Meng Hao’s heart was filled with shock. The strand of Immortal Qi that he sent out from Immortal Shows the Way caused the war chariot to leave Seahold behind in the blink of an eye. Although there was still seawater underneath him, he had no way to tell whether or not he was still in the Third Ring.

This stretch of sea looked very strange, and the waters, almost black. Everything was quiet; not even a single ripple could be seen on the surface of the water, much less any waves.

“Where... where did that speed come from!?” said Meng Hao with a gasp. He looked down at the war chariot, a look of shock on his face.

“This is a precious treasure!

“Unfortunately, only the power of an Immortal can make it work. This treasure... will not even recognize my Cultivation base.” He sighed. The only Immortal Qi he had was from Immortal Shows the Way. He could use bits of it to employ the Celestial Vision technique, but to use it in battle was like trying to put out a burning horse cart with a single cup of water.

“Immortal Qi.... So this thing really is an Immortal treasure. It only works when fueled by Immortal Qi....” As he considered these matters, his heart suddenly trembled as a bizarre notion appeared in his mind.

“Is the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way really Immortal Qi? Is it possible... that it really isn’t Immortal Qi, but rather, something else....?” Before he could consider the idea very much, he suddenly looked down at the sea below.

The previously still waters were now suddenly filled with ripples. A crocodile appeared, three hundred meters long... heading in his direction.

Crocodiles were not something that would normally appear in the sea, but there was one here right now. It was completely black, and its eyes were somber and cold. On its back were countless ferocious looking bumps and lumps.

Sitting cross-legged amidst the bumps and lumps was a man wearing a dilapidated set of clothing. His expression was cold as he... looked up at Meng Hao.

In the instant in which he looked at Meng Hao, the man’s eyes filled with a bloodthirsty killing intent.

“Cultivator?” he said, his unpleasant voice hoarse and grating. When he opened his mouth to speak, blackened teeth could be seen. To Meng Hao, his entire person seemed to radiate complete vileness.

An aura of Spirit Severing suddenly exploded out of him. At the same time, the crocodile suddenly lifted its head up and roared, also exploding with a Spirit Severing aura. The seawater was in chaos, and a pulsating, fishy stench rose up.

“This is the Devil Sea,” said the man. “Now that you’re here, you won’t be leaving.” With that, he made a grasping motion, causing the air in the area to condense. An incredible pressure then weighed down.

Meng Hao gaped. “Devil Sea?”

Chapter 665: The Dawn Immortal Once Again

Meng Hao gave a cold snort as he looked at the young man and how he caused the air in the area to seemingly collapse under the pressure of a gesture. Meng Hao was just about to make a move when he stopped. He stood there in the war chariot, motionless.

He allowed the thunderous roaring to descend upon him, but then, even as it neared, the war chariot automatically emitted a yellow ring of light. The ring expanded out and then slammed into the collapsing air.

A boom rattled out, followed by cracking sounds. Everywhere the yellow ring of light passed was left completely calm and tranquil.

A red glow appeared in the eyes of the man on the crocodile. He then leaped into the air and shot toward Meng Hao, followed by the crocodile, who opened its gaping mouth as it ferociously charged out of the water.

The man closed in, and he didn't perform an incantation, but instead reached his hand out in a claw-like gesture. Instantly, his fingers all turned pitch black and began to emanate a black fog. The black fog from his five fingers swirled and twisted, transforming into a vicious flood dragon that then charged toward Meng Hao.

A boom echoed out as the flood dragon slammed into the expanding yellow ring of light, and was deflected away. The snapping crocodile also hit the yellow ring, whereupon it let out a bloodcurdling scream as its teeth were shattered. It then retreated at top speed.

Meng Hao gave a faint smile. As for his opponent, he retreated backward a bit, a look of anxiety and doubt on his face as he stared fixedly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's smile turned wide and splendid. As of now, he realized that the war chariot truly was a precious treasure. As long as he was inside it, it would activate defense powers even if he didn't imbue it with Immortal Qi.

"There is neither any enmity nor hatred between us," said Meng Hao. "Why engage in magical combat? I came here by accident, so I'll take my leave now." With that, he placed his hand onto the war chariot and then circulated Immortal Shows the Way, and was about to send the war chariot speeding away.

Suddenly, though, the expression of man in the dilapidated clothing grew even more vicious. He lifted his head up and let out an ear-piercing shout. At the same time, his body began to distort and expand. In the blink of an eye, his skin was replaced by black scales. At the same time, his shape began to change, until he didn't look like a person, but rather... a black flood dragon!

His body flickered again, and he was now over three hundred meters long. His eyes radiated savagery and avarice as he stared at Meng Hao there in the war chariot.

“You will stay,” said the flood dragon. As it spoke the language of humans, black flames accompanied the words. “Consuming you will help improve my Cultivation base. As for that treasure of yours... that also will stay behind.”

The black flames spit out by the flood dragon emanated a green glow along with a rotten stench that seemed to indicate they were imbued with poisons. They shot toward Meng Hao at top speed.

A sea of flames surrounded him, emanating intense heat and power that caused everything to ripple and distort. Waves undulated on the surface of the sea below, as if it couldn't bear the level of heat. The crocodile had long since retreated off into the distance; it floated there in the water, staring at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face darkened as he looked coldly at the flood dragon on the other side of the black flames. He lifted up the hand that he had placed onto the war chariot, and ceased to rotate Immortal Shows the Way.

“I thought you were a Cultivator, but it turns out you're a Sea Demon,” said Meng Hao calmly. “Since you're looking to die, I guess I'll help you fulfill your wish.” Meng Hao's personality was fully on display; the calmer he was, the greater his desire to kill.

Even as he spoke, Meng Hao started to move forward. He stepped out of the war chariot and entered into the black sea of flames. Seeing that he dared to emerge left the flood dragon astonished, and he immediately began to back up.

“I can be crafty too!” said Meng Hao. He waved his hand, and another sea of flames sprang up. These flames were red, and sprang up high into the sky around Meng Hao. As soon as the red flames touched the black flames, an intense rumbling sound could be heard. At the same time, Meng Hao emerged on the outside.

The flood dragon's face fell, and he continued to move backward in retreat. However, before he could get very far, Meng Hao turned into a green smoke. As for the flood dragon, his heart was pounding in his ears. The fact that Meng Hao dared to emerge from the war chariot was obviously not a good thing. Even as he retreated, Meng Hao suddenly appeared behind him.

A hand raised up, and a fist descended.

The fist seemingly landed on nothing but air. However, a huge rumbling could be heard, and the flood dragon felt as if a mountain were crushing down onto him. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and a look of astonishment appeared on his face. He let out a miserable shriek.

At the same time, the crocodile opened its mouth wide and charged, ignoring any danger whatsoever as it shot toward Meng Hao.

“Trifling First Severing Cultivation base,” said Meng Hao. “You’re not the first one I’ve killed like that.” Not even deigning to look at the crocodile, he punched backward.

BAM!

A tremor ran through the crocodile and then, starting from its head, it began to shatter. In the blink of an eye, the shattering spread out through its entire body. A final bang could be heard as it exploded into bloody pieces.

A fist-sized black Demon heart transformed into a black beam of light that flew into Meng Hao’s hand. He put it into his bag of holding and then looked at the flood dragon. The flood dragon’s trembling increased in intensity.

He took a deep breath, and then turned around. Clouds suddenly circulated beneath him, a divine ability which would enable him to shoot down into the waters below.

Meng Hao’s right hand flickered in an incarnation gesture, and he pointed out.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

Demonic Qi appeared, transforming into numerous invisible, thin strands that wrapped around the flood dragon. It instantly stopped moving, which left the flood dragon scared witless. Even as he struggled, Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing ten Wooden Time Swords to fly out one after another and then pierce through the flood dragon.

A bloodcurdling shriek echoed about as the flood dragon began to rapidly wither. His expression was one of intense fear as he could feel his life force rapidly disappearing.

Feeling death approaching, he suddenly shook and then spit a pearl out of his mouth. The pearl was about the size of a fist, and was not black, but completely and utterly white.

As soon as the pearl appeared, it emanated a soft glow, along with a thick, fragrant aroma. The spiritual energy in the area even grew stronger. A powerful shockwave spread out, causing rumbling booms as the dragon shook free of the binding strands, forced back the wooden swords, and then shot down toward the sea, carrying the pearl with it.

In the blink of an eye, he splashed into the water and then disappeared.

A strange light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes. He looked at the white pearl, and the first thought that ran through his mind was that he was sure he could sell the thing for an exorbitant price.

As soon as the thought entered his mind, the last trace of his hesitation disappeared as he flashed through the air, circulating Immortal Shows the Way as he stepped foot onto the war chariot. His hand touched the chariot, and it instantly began to vibrate and shoot down toward the sea.

In the blink of an eye, he was underwater. Everything around was pitch black, but it only took a moment for Meng Hao to catch sight of the vicious flood dragon up ahead, feeling quite confident that he had just escaped disaster.

Even as the flood dragon felt as if he had managed to scrape out an extra life, he suddenly heard a rumbling sound. He turned, and his eyes went wide and filled with shock when he saw the thirty meter war chariot!

It wanted to dodge out of the way, but was too slow!

Bang!

The war chariot directly struck the flood dragon, causing it to let out a miserable howl. Then, its body began to break apart into pieces. It exploded, and the white pearl flew out. Shockingly, inside the pearl could be seen a miniature flood dragon, its face covered with terror and astonishment.

The pearl and the miniature flood dragon shot off at high speed, but no matter how fast they could go, it was too slow compared to Meng Hao's war chariot.

Meng Hao instantly shot in pursuit. Inside the white pearl, the flood dragon's face was unyielding and filled with madness. It then let out a miserable cry that it amplified with Divine Will.

“Dawn Immortal, save me!!”

When Meng Hao heard the name ‘Dawn Immortal,’ his mind instantly trembled. It was a name he would never forget. However, this was not the time and place to think about it in detail. His eyes glittered, and he pushed the war chariot in pursuit. His hand stretched out and he grabbed the white pearl.

The struggling of the flood dragon made no difference. Meng Hao sealed the pearl and then quickly put it into his bag of holding.

However, in that instant... a faint sigh could suddenly echoed about in the darkness of the seafloor.

It was a single sigh, but it instantly caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb. Cold sweat broke out all over his body, and his face fell. Suddenly, the Resurrection Lily inside of him seemed to go mad.

It seemed as if, regardless of anything, it wanted to reveal itself and let out a cry to be noticed by whomever had just made the sigh.

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and he instantly caused the war chariot to begin moving. He began to build up the Immortal Qi, and was just about to speed away when a tentacle suddenly shot toward him from within the deep sea.

Immediately, an intense feeling of crisis rumbled through Meng Hao. At the same time, the struggling of the Resurrection Lily reached a peak.

BOOM!

Meng Hao released the entirety of his Immortal Qi, causing it to enter the war chariot. It rumbled, and then shot at incredible speed up and out of the water, transforming into a beam of light that quickly disappeared. Almost simultaneously, a gigantic tentacle erupted from the surface of the sea.

As he shot away, Meng Hao had just enough time to glance back at the enormous tentacle before the world turned blurry.

What he saw caused Meng Hao's mind to quiver and tremble with confusion.

"What... what is that...?" His face was pale white, and his expression one of disbelief. Given his Cultivation base, his experiences, his level of focus, in the Milky Way Sea, only the ancient Underworld Ship could cause his expression to change in such a way.

However, there was now something else!

In fact, because of his own condition, what he saw caused him to be even more astonished than the ancient Underworld Ship.

"That's... the Dawn Immortal?"

Chapter 666: The Mother of the Resurrection Lily!

What he saw was a gigantic black tentacle, smooth and glossy, almost whip-like in appearance.... Furthermore, at the very end of the tentacle were a few black leaves.

This was not the tentacle of some beast! It was the branch of a plant!!

Anyone else probably would not realize it, but because of his own situation, as soon as Meng Hao saw it, he knew that this... was...

A Resurrection Lily branch!!

From this single branch, Meng Hao had no problem reaching the conclusion that deep in the black, dark depths of the sea was... an incomparably enormous Resurrection Lily!!

What he was seeing was simply a branch, but it was able to stretch up from deep within the sea; he could only imagine how large and terrifying its main trunk was. The frightening speed with which it moved caused Meng Hao to pant. It could even match up to his war chariot!

Furthermore, Meng Hao knew that the only reason he could get away was that his original position was actually not very far away from the surface of the water. Although it seemed he and the branch had emerged from the water at the same time, the war chariot would have actually been no match for the Lily's frightful speed.

“How many colors does it have...?” thought Meng Hao, panting. By now, the war chariot had left the black area of the sea. The waters below looked normal, and up ahead, he saw storm winds. Meng Hao knew that he was now near the edge of the Third Ring, and was not far from Seahold.

He took a deep breath and thought for a moment. The sky up above was turning light as he put the war chariot away into his bag of holding. Then his body flashed as he headed toward Seahold at the fastest speed he could muster.

He arrived back at his residence before the sky was completely lit. He sat down cross-legged, his expression dark and unstable. The events of the night had left him quite shaken.

“That flood dragon called itself a Devil. It must have been one of those so-called Sea Devils.

“A black sea. That must be the Second Ring of the Milky Way Sea.... I never imagined that that... a terrifying Resurrection Lily would be hiding at the bottom of the Second Ring!

“Was that... the Dawn Immortal?

“No wonder the Resurrection Lily inside of me was going crazy!

“How exactly are the Third Ring and the Second Ring connected? The Third Ring has Demons with Whitebone Lily seals on them. The Second Ring has Devils that can turn into people, and venerate the Dawn Immortal!

“And then, there’s that Reverend Silverlamp. Where exactly is he...? There are so many mysteries in the Milky Way Sea. First, there was the Underworld Ship and then that ancient battleship. And now, the Dawn Immortal has made an appearance!” He continued to think, and a complex expression appeared on his face. However, soon his eyes began glittering brightly.

“Things just keep getting more complicated and dangerous. I need to be even more careful regarding the matter of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. I wonder who is more powerful, the Dawn Immortal or the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch?” As soon as the question appeared in his mind, he knew the answer.

“Of course it’s the Dawn Immortal!” Although he had no proof, Meng Hao was sure he was right.

He sighed inwardly, then closed his eyes. He ceased focusing on the frustrating matters, and began to meditate.

It was now early morning, and sunlight flickered down onto the sea. The crystalline, shimmering waters surrounded Seahold, which looked like a giant, slumbering beast that was opening its eyes and awakening. Gradually, the city began to bustle with noise and excitement.

Many people came and went, most of whom were not residents of the city. Some came to recuperate or resupply, some came to sell Demon hearts, others left the city to go hunting. People were everywhere.

When Wei Li came to pay respects, Meng Hao opened his eyes. After tidying up a bit, he had Wei Li take him to a shop that specialized in clothing.

He was finally able to put aside the worrisome events of the previous night. The feeling of being a rich person once again conquered all. He even considered purchasing a set of clothing for Wei Li.

Although the quality of the clothing was good, when he saw how it didn't match her mask, he decided to save some Spirit Stones and not buy it after all.

Wei Li felt a bit wronged, but she didn't dare to say anything directly to Meng Hao. She could only follow along irritated as Meng Hao flaunted his superiority.

Everyone in the shop was in awe of Meng Hao and his domineering attitude. He walked around with a trail of people following. If he saw something he liked he would simply point, and someone would rush to package it up for him.

"It feels really good to be rich," he thought. He left the store looking completely different than before. He wore a long robe that was as blue as the sky and emanated ripples of magical force. When the sun fell on it, it looked even more beautiful and delicate.

The sleeves were embroidered with silver dragons, and the materials of the entire garment were harvested from an impressive Sea Demon. It had a variety of built-in functions, and overall, made Meng Hao quite pleased.

He also purchased a gold belt trimmed with violet decorations, as well as some jade pendants. Each and every item was quite expensive. When he walked down the street, the people he passed couldn't help but look at him. Meng Hao let out a long, emotional sigh.

Wei Li walked along behind him, pouting and glaring at his back.

“Alright, let's go buy a bag of holding!” he said, swishing his sleeve. Internally, Wei Li gave a cold harrumph. Now that she was more familiar with Meng Hao, little remained of the awe she had felt for him before. Instead, her deepest impression towards him was that he was a haughty moneybags.

When Meng Hao stepped foot into the shop specializing in holding items, his clothing, coupled with his handsome features, plus the obvious domineering air of a rich person, caused everyone in the shop to immediately look over at him with glowing eyes. They knew that a big spender had arrived, and they immediately greeted him.

Meng Hao looked around and then immediately voiced his desire to buy ten bags of holding.

After they left the shop, a bit of hope flickered in Wei Li's eyes, and she couldn't hold back from asking, “Senior, why did you buy so many?”

“For fun!” replied Meng Hao earnestly.

Wei Li gaped. She suddenly had the feeling that the person in front of her was not the person who had saved her. He seemed... a different person completely. If he wasn't a different person, how could there be such a disparity?

Meng Hao cleared his throat, quite pleased at Wei Li's shock. He patted his bag of holding, then waved his hand and lifted his chin in much the way that Steward Zhou used to.

“Okay, let's go buy some magic rings!”

In the magic ring shop, Meng Hao's domineering air once again shocked everyone present, both customers and employees alike. They gaped in astonishment as, in a single breath, he bought three hundred magic rings.

All of the magic rings had a single function; they could self-detonate.

All you had to do was throw one of the rings out, and it would explode. Furthermore, the cumulative force of three hundred explosions would be incredibly terrifying. Such rings were expensive, and the shop didn't have very many. However, Meng Hao decided to buy however many they did have.

In the end, he could only sigh and leave, shaking his head the entire time. He glanced around Seahold, thinking about how there was nothing here that he couldn't buy.

It was in such a manner that Meng Hao spent the entire day, with Wei Li leading him around. Soon, word began to spread. Many people were talking about how an incredibly rich fellow had appeared in Seahold.

Soon, evening was falling. Having accompanied Meng Hao all day, Wei Li was a bit tired. However, from Meng Hao's expression, he didn't seem to be any more tired than he had been at the beginning of the day. Wei Li could only smile wryly.

"Senior, NOW where do you want to go?"

"Let's go to the Sun Soul Society's Demon heart exchange shop," he said. The day had passed in a very fulfilling fashion for him, and he had finally fulfilled his desire to live like a rich person.

He hoped that he could continue to live such a life in the coming days, and it was with completely high spirits that he continued to walk along.

"Senior, you're going the wrong way, it's this way," said Wei Li, looking at Meng Hao a bit grudgingly.

Meng Hao stopped in place and then turned around.

It was evening, and the two of them walked through the city under the light of the setting sun. Meng Hao wore his blue robe, and all ten of his fingers were adorned with rings. He stood straight and tall, looking incredibly impressive; obviously he was rich and respectable.

However, it also was also fairly obvious that he had just recently stumbled into his wealth.

The Sun Soul Society's Demon heart exchange shop was located in the city center of Seahold. The structure itself was very strange. It was pure white and looked like a skull. Quite a crowd was gathered inside.

Despite the late hour, people continued to go in and out of the shop to exchange their Demon hearts for Spirit Stones to be used in cultivation.

When Meng Hao entered, his heavily bejeweled figure immediately attracted a lot of attention.

Instantly, everyone began to talk about it.

"That guy is...."

"I saw him earlier today. He's the super rich guy I was just telling you about. He went to the Magic Ring Pavilion and purchased more than three hundred magic rings in a single breath!"

"So, that's him! I heard that a lot of the shops in Seahold were completely sold out today!"

"Who is he? How could he possibly have so many Demon hearts?!"

Meng Hao's expression was the same as usual. He entered the shop and looked around, eventually catching sight of a Sun Soul Society disciple. When the man saw Meng Hao looking at him, he quickly approached, clasped hands, and bowed.

"Greetings, Senior. How many Demon hearts would you like to exchange? If it's a small quantity, I would be happy to help you. If it's a large quantity... well, in that case, I can take you to the second floor, where a Sect Elder will receive you."

"Second floor, then," said Meng Hao placidly.

The Sun Soul Society disciple's eyes began to shine brightly when he heard this. He quickly transmitted a message to the Elder, at the same time leading Meng Hao toward the staircase.

Everyone watched on enviously as Meng Hao and Wei Li walked up to the second floor. As soon as they arrived, a smiling, white-haired old man walked out.

“I am Sun Yunliang. Greetings, Fellow Daoist.” When he saw Meng Hao’s clothing, and the rings on his fingers, he knew exactly what kind of person he was dealing with. His smile grew even more resplendent, and he said. “Come come, please, follow me.” He led Meng Hao to a chair, after which two maidservants appeared with teapots to serve him tea.

“This is a local specialty, Skysea Tea,” explained Sun Yunliang, smiling. “It grows only in the Second Ring, and there are only seven parent trees that produce it. Please give it a try, Fellow Daoist. What do you think?”

Meng Hao smiled and then lifted the cup up to examine the tea. He took a sip, after which his eyes misted up, and his expression grew radiant. His scholar’s aura suddenly became especially prominent. Despite his current state of luxury, it was impossible to completely block. It was almost like he suddenly became a different person. After a long moment, he put the teacup down. The mistiness in his eyes faded away, and they then began to glow with admiration.

“Ah, the cleansing of disquiets both past and present, the livening of the spirit that can only come from... excellent tea!” said Meng Hao.

Sun Yunliang smiled broadly, and a strange gleam flickered in his eyes. At first glance, he could tell that Meng Hao was newly rich. However, when he spoke of the tea, his entire person emanated a light and pleasant air. The air that Meng Hao now emanated caused the old man to suddenly question his previous judgement.

Wei Li stared in shock at Meng Hao. What had occurred just now yet again caused her to think that she was yet again dealing with a completely different person.

At this point, Sun Yunliang directly asked, “Fellow Daoist, how many Demon hearts did you come here to exchange? The exchange rate today is one low-grade Demon heart for six hundred low-grade Spirit Stones.”

Meng Hao was just about to reply when suddenly, footsteps and voices could be heard coming up the stairs from the first floor.

“Don’t worry, gentlemen. When I, Zhou, make a promise, the results are never disappointing. I can get you seven hundred Spirit stones for one low-grade Demon heart.”

When Meng Hao heard this, he had to bite his tongue to hold back from speaking. He lifted the teacup and took a sip.

Sun Yunliang's face twitched, and glared toward the staircase.

Chapter 667: Gamble Royale

A middle-aged man was currently smiling as he led a group of seven older men up to the second floor.

The seven old men wore long brocaded robes, and in a single glance, anyone could tell that they were famous and extraordinary figures. Their eyes were bright and shining, and their Cultivation bases extraordinary. All were at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. Although they smiled, their smiles were filled with unyielding pride.

“After you, Fellow Daoists!” said the middle-aged man with a sincere smile. His expression was one of excitement as he led the seven old men up to the second floor. He caught sight of Meng Hao and Wei Li, but after a glance, completely ignored them.

Sun Yunliang was originally frowning, but when he saw the seven old men, his eyes immediately grew bright. Laughing loudly, he rose to his feet and hurried over to receive them.

“So, it turns out to be the Seven Tycoons of Seahold!” said Sun Yunliang, continuing to laugh as he clasped hands and bowed. “Your presence brings light to our humble establishment!”

The seven old men all smiled and clasped hands in return.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he continued to sip tea. As for Wei Li, after she saw the seven old men, her pupils instantly constricted. Her voice filled with awe, she turned to Meng Hao and said, “Senior, these seven men are all famous shopkeepers here in Seahold. Their Cultivation bases are extraordinary, and they control vast amounts of Demon hearts....”

“The Demon heart exchange shops set up by the three Sects here in Seahold do not just cater to the masses of ordinary Cultivators. There is a strict requirement of the various shops in the city that they exchange Demon hearts on a yearly basis.

“Of course, as for which particular Sect they pick to do business with, that is up to them. The three Sects have no say in the matter...”

Meng Hao lifted his teacup up and took another sip. His eyes seemed a bit clouded, even empty, as if he weren't present mentally. Wei Li wasn't even sure if he had heard her speaking.

Joy filled the heart of Sun Yunliang as he looked over at the middle-aged man, and his eyes flickered with admiration. The middle-aged man looked quite excited, and treated the seven shopkeepers with incredible courtesy.

The whole group laughed and exchanged pleasantries as they walked over to the area with the seats. Sun Yunliang was just about to have one of the maidservants serve some tea when the middle-aged man frowned and looked over at Meng Hao and Wei Li. Then, he directed his attention to Sun Yunliang and transmitted, “Elder Sun, who are these two?”

“Customers who arrived earlier to exchange some Demon hearts,” he responded via the same method.

When he heard this, the middle-aged man felt a bit more at ease. At first, he had taken the people to be friends of Sun Yunliang. “Elder, the Seven Tycoons are honored guests, shouldn't you have someone from downstairs take care of these other loafers?”

Sun Yunliang hesitated for a moment, then turned to Meng Hao, clasped hands, and smiled.

“Fellow Daoist, I truly beg your pardon. Would you mind going downstairs? I'll arrange for someone to help you exchange your Demon hearts. What do you say?”

When he heard Sun Yunliang speaking, the cloudiness in Meng Hao's eyes vanished, and he put down his teacup. Instantly, one of the maidservants stepped forward from the group led by the middle-aged man, and collected it up.

Meng Hao frowned, rose to his feet, and looked over at Sun Yunliang. “Fine,” he said. “By the way, what is the current exchange rate?”

“Set your mind at ease, Fellow Daoist,” he said with a smile, “the price is set at six hundred Spirit Stones for one Demon heart.” With that, he clapped his hands together, and a Sun Soul Society

disciples immediately came up from the first floor. After giving Meng Hao a respectful bow, he gestured for Meng Hao to follow him downstairs.

Meng Hao smiled, albeit faintly, and his expression was calm. First they had taken away his tea and tried to shoo him away. If the price they gave him was acceptable, he could have accepted the matter, but instead, they offered him a different amount of Spirit Stones than the seven old men.

Continuing to smile, he sat back down.

The action caused Sun Yunliang to instantly frown. In his mind, Meng Hao wasn't acting very sensibly.

The middle-aged man was starting to look a bit impatient. As far as he was concerned, Meng Hao would surely be exchanging no more than a few hundred Demon hearts at most. "Friend," he said, "this shop is owned by the Sun Soul Society. I myself am an honor guard of that very same Sect. This... is not the place for you to cause a disturbance. To go downstairs of your own accord is much better than being assisted to do so."

He had seen many such people, people who couldn't possibly compare to the Seven Tycoons. Each one of the seven had vast amounts of Demon hearts, and he himself had expended quite a bit of effort in order to attract them here.

"Go ahead and try," said Meng Hao coolly.

The words instantly caused Sun Yunliang's expression to turn serious. The middle-aged man frowned, suddenly unsure of who exactly Meng Hao was.

The seven old men didn't look very pleased. They could exchange their Demon hearts at any shop they wished. The main reason they had selected this location was because of the diligent attention paid them by the middle-aged man. Of course, even more important was the fact that the exchange rate here was slightly better than at the other two Sects.

After all, the Saint currently in command of the city was none other than Saint Sun Soul.

The old man who occupied the center position among the seven calmly said, "Elder Sun, Honor Guard Zhou, the seven of us have very limited time. We can't stand around waiting for very long. Why don't we consider doing business another time?"

The words immediately caused the man named Zhou to feel very anxious. He was just about to drive Meng Hao away forcibly when suddenly Elder Sun stepped forward.

“Fellow Daoist,” he said, looking at Meng Hao, “the Spirit Stones aren’t an issue. I make the decisions here, so how about I give you seven hundred Spirit Stones per Demon heart? What do you say?”

Hearing this, Meng Hao felt a little bit embarrassed. Smiling, he rose to his feet and was about to go downstairs when suddenly, the old man standing in the right-most position among the seven sneered.

“So, it turns out anybody can get seven hundred Spirit Stones,” he said. “Well, then, Honor Guard Zhou. How many Spirit Stones will we be getting?”

Immediately, the other six old men began to nod. The shops run by seven of them were backed by their own various Sects and Clans. Furthermore, they were intelligent people who would definitely take advantage of any opportunity they saw come their way.

“If that man can get seven hundred Spirit Stones,” said another of the old men, “then we should get at least eight hundred per Demon heart. In any case, it is unacceptable that we be given the same price as a random passerby. Honor Guard Zhou, that was your promise to us, was it not?”

“Correct,” said another man. “Honor Guard Zhou, the reason we demand more Spirit Stones is because we will be exchanging a huge amount of Demon hearts. In fact, we have more Demon hearts than you usually exchange in several months down on the first floor. If someone with a trifling few hundred Demon hearts can get the same price as us, how can we maintain any face?”

Sun Yunliang’s face flickered as he realized he was in somewhat of a predicament. As for Honor Guard Zhou, his face was also quite unsightly as he glared over at Meng Hao and Wei Li.

“Elder Sun, this really is a bit inappropriate, don’t you think?” asked another of the men.

Sun Yunliang hesitated for a moment, then sighed inwardly. However, before he could even open his mouth, Meng Hao began to speak.

“So you guys have a lot of Demon hearts?” he asked the seven men.

“More than you, I can assure you,” said the first man who had spoken, his voice cool.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed. He gave a cold harrumph and then flicked his sleeve. “Do the lot of you dare to have a little competition?” he asked. “The loser will forfeit all of the Demon hearts to the winner.”

His words caused the expressions on the faces of the seven old men to flicker. They looked over at Meng Hao, and suddenly, the atmosphere grew very stifling. Sun Yunliang hastened to step forward and clasp hands to both parties.

“Gentlemen, there’s no need to get angry. All of this is my fault, for not providing proper introductions. Fellow Daoist, these are the Seven Tycoons, who run the seven largest businesses in Seahold. Every year, they exchange a huge quantity of Demon hearts.

“Why don’t you give me a bit of face, and just drop the matter? How about it?”

Having heard this, Meng Hao’s face flickered imperceptibly. Yet again, he gave a cold snort. However, this time, his words were a bit softer. “Very well, Elder Sun, for you, I can let the matter drop.” With that, he turned to head downstairs.

The eyes of the seven old men flashed as they stared at Meng Hao. Suddenly, one of them flickered and reappeared directly in front of Meng Hao, blocking his way. “Hold it right there!”

“What are you people trying to pull??” growled Meng Hao. An alarmed and suspicious look flickered in his eyes. From the time he was young, he had grown accustomed to conning people. Furthermore, after all the hundreds of years, he had also grown quite used to putting on an act. It was an ability that had long since seeped down into his bones.

The seven old men might be shrewd and astute, but if they thought they could figure Meng Hao out by looking at his expression, well, that was simply impossible.

Honor Guard Zhou laughed coldly, his eyes were filled with scorn.

Sun Yunliang frowned as he looked at Meng Hao, and then turned back to the seven old men.

The old man who blocked Meng Hao's way stood there, eyes glittering, unspeaking. As for the six other old men, their expressions were that of excitement. Suddenly, one of them said, "You said you wanted to have a competition, so let's compete. The loser will turn over all Demon hearts to the winner."

Sun Yunliang once again clasped hands and bowed. "Seven Tycoons, this Fellow Daoist came to exchange a few hundred Demon hearts. He may have spoken some sharp words, but I implore the seven of you to give me a bit of face...."

Meng Hao sighed in relief audibly, then walked around the man who blocked his way. Followed by Wei Li, he headed toward the staircase. As for the cold smile which twisted the side of his mouth, nobody could see it.

According to his estimation, the seven old men would definitely fall into his con. As it turned out, he was completely correct. By now, because of their probing for information, the old men were certain that even if Meng Hao did have a good collection of Demon hearts, it couldn't possibly match up to their own.

Sure enough, Meng Hao had only walked down six stairs when two of the seven old men suddenly flickered, appearing in front of him to block his way.

"Careless talk can lead to a lot of trouble," said one of them. "Since you brought up a competition, a competition is what will take place."

Meng Hao's face looked unsightly, and he stood there silently for a moment. His face grim, he turned and headed back up the stairs.

Sun Yunliang smiled bitterly and gave Meng Hao an apologetic look. As for Honor Guard Zhou, the ridicule in his expression was quite obvious.

Meng Hao gritted his teeth, and, looking like he was getting ready to go for broke, said, "How do we compete?"

One of the seven men stepped forward, a lofty expression on his face. "I alone will suffice," he said, lifting up a bag of holding.

“Inside this bag of holding are 13,000 low-grade Demon hearts. Fellow Daoist, how many Demon hearts do you have?” With that, he tossed the bag of holding over to Honor Guard Zhou, who accepted in and then scanned it with Divine Sense. He nodded, and then, in order to ensure impartiality, produced a stone slab.

It was three meters tall and carved with nine dragons. When Honor Guard Zhou placed the bag of holding onto the slab, the first dragon began to glow with light, making it look very lifelike. As for the second dragon, it was thirty percent lit.

“On the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale,” said Sun Yunliang, “each dragon represents 10,000 low-grade Demon hearts.” With that, he produced an identical stone slab for Meng Hao’s use.

The old man competing with Meng Hao loftily said, “I wonder how many Demon hearts you have, Fellow Daoist. Please produce them so that we can widen our knowledge.”

The other six old men looked at Meng Hao with enigmatic smiles, seemingly completely confident of the outcome.

Honor Guard Zhou’s smile grew even more radiant. He hadn’t liked Meng Hao from the beginning, and now, the ridicule in his gaze was even more obvious than before. He couldn’t wait to see Meng Hao’s expression in reaction to what was happening.

Chapter 668: It Feels Great

Wei Li looked over nervously at Meng Hao. She truly was worried about what would happen if Meng Hao lost. The price he would pay would be incredible....

Meng Hao’s face was expressionless as he pulled out a bag of holding and tossed it onto the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale. As soon as the bag of holding touched its surface, one of the dragons carved onto the stone slab started glowing with a bright light.

Everyone watched closely as the scene played out, especially the seven old men. Their expressions flickered, and then quickly began to shine with happiness.

They weren’t worried about losing; they were worried that Meng Hao’s bag of holding wouldn’t have very many Demon hearts in it. Seeing that it had 10,000, they knew that even after splitting it up, the seven of them would make a tidy profit.

As smiles appeared on the faces of the seven, Honor Guard Zhou's eyes went wide and he felt a bit of regret. Before, he had assumed that Meng Hao would have a few hundred Demon hearts, or at the most a few thousand. However, it turned out that he actually had 10,000.

His regret quickly vanished, though, as he realized that there was no way Meng Hao could win. He would lose in the end, and then the Seven Tycoons would have more Demon hearts to exchange.

It was in this moment that the second dragon started to glow, until it was half-lit. That indicated that Meng Hao's bag of holding had 15,000 Demon hearts in it.

"You lose!" he said immediately. Joy and excitement appeared on his face, although he appeared to be struggling to suppress it.

"Said who?" laughed the old man standing in front of him. "The competition is between you and the seven of us. The contest isn't over until it's over, and no one is allowed to interfere. In this competition, one party must hand over all Demon hearts to the other in the end." The other six men all started nodding.

The first old man walked back a few steps, and a second old man proudly stepped forward. He produced a bag of holding, then looked contemptuously at Meng Hao as he tossed it onto the stone slab.

A buzzing sound could be heard, and the stone slab began to vibrate. The dragons on its surface almost seemed alive, and were emanating pulsing ripples. The second dragon was now completely glowing, making it look very lifelike. Furthermore, the third dragon was also fully lit.

"A total of 30,000 Demon hearts!" said Honor Guard Zhou excitedly.

"Do you have more?" asked the old man, looking at Meng Hao.

The other six men were doing the same thing. All of them were imagining a situation in which Meng Hao had a few more Demon hearts, but not many, and the competition would end on a relatively anti-climactic note.

Meng Hao's expression was grim as he slowly placed his right hand into his robe. Then, he pulled out another bag of holding, which he threw over to the stone slab. As soon as it landed, the third dragon completely lit up, as did ten percent of the fourth dragon.

Honor Guard Zhou gasped and looked over at Meng Hao. “31,000...”

Sun Yunliang’s eyes were wide, and he almost couldn’t believe it. Inwardly, he was laughing bitterly. If he had known Meng Hao possessed so many Demon hearts, there would never have been such a commotion.

Even the seven old men were shocked. Each of them possessed over 10,000 Demon hearts, but none had an accumulation that exceeded 20,000. And yet, their opponent unexpectedly produced 30,000. As of now, they couldn’t help but start to form various speculations about him.

It only took a moment, though, for the seven men to exchange glances. All of their eyes were burning with passion, as they realized that they were actually much more interested in this contest than they had been before. Considering that their opponent had around 30,000 Demon hearts, if they won, it meant each of them would get approximately 5,000. The mere thought of it caused their hearts to begin to thump rapidly.

Then, the seven of them began to chuckle. It was at this point that the second old man stepped back and the third walked forward. He waved his right hand, causing a bag of holding to fly out. Immediately, the fourth and fifth dragons lit up, although the fifth was only ninety percent lit.

“49,000 low-grade Demon hearts!” said Honor Guard Zhou, who then looked over at Meng Hao. It wasn’t just him. Everyone, including Wei Li, were now staring at Meng Hao.

“I refuse to believe that you can continue to compete,” said the third old man, his voice cool.

Meng Hao said nothing. It seemed as if he had an endless supply of bags of holding in his robe. He produced yet another, which he tossed out, causing the fourth, fifth, and sixth dragons to completely light up!

The bag of holding turned out to have 30,000 Demon hearts in it!

Honor Guard Zhou’s mind was spinning, and he was breathing heavily. He stared blankly at the six glowing dragons on the stone slab.

“60,000... Demon hearts!”

The faces of the seven old men flickered, and they stared dead at Meng Hao. Then they exchanged glances, and reached a consensus. In their opinion, this had to be the last bag of holding their opponent would produce.

“60,000 Demon hearts! No wonder he was so domineering!”

“I never imagined that he would have so many Demon hearts. However, compared to the seven of us, he can’t match up!”

“The best would be if he had 70,000, then each of us would get 10,000. That’s quite a hefty profit. Well, even if this guy has someone powerful backing him, does he really think he can fight back against the seven of us altogether?!”

The seven old men chuckled as the fourth and fifth of their number stepped forward at the same time. The two of them tossed out bags of holding, which, as soon as they landed onto the stone slab, caused a blinding light to shine out. It wasn’t the just the sixth dragon which lit up; the seventh did too, and even fifty percent of the eighth.

“75,000 low-grade Demon hearts!” said Honor Guard Zhou, his amazed voice echoing about.

The fifth old man laughed heartily. “Fellow Daoist, however many low-grade Demon hearts you have, bring them out. We’ll keep up with you until the end.” His expression was proud, and his heart was filled with joy that he could not cover over.

The others also smiled complacently as they pondered what it would be like to split up all of Meng Hao’s Demon hearts.

Meng Hao blinked, and then reached yet again into his robe. The eyes of the seven men narrowed as Meng Hao produced another bag of holding, which he tossed over to the stone slab.

A rumbling sound echoed out as the seventh and eighth dragons lit up. Only the ninth dragon remained dark.

Seeing this, the seven old men burst into hearty laughter. Even Honor Guard Zhou let out a sigh of relief. Clearly, Meng Hao only had 80,000 Demon hearts, otherwise, the ninth dragon would already have begun to shine with light.

Sun Yunliang had long since begun to pant, and his heart was pounding. When he saw Honor Guard Zhou's expression, he truly wished he could simply step over and slap the man across the face. "What an idiot! Someone who possesses 80,000 Demon hearts is not someone to provoke lightly. Perhaps he just didn't dare to fight against the power of the seven combined. But now we have this situation here in the Sun Soul Society. He definitely won't give up!"

"This farce is over," said the sixth old man. "Fellow Daoist, it's time for me to teach you a lesson. Never forget, there are always Heavens beyond the Heavens you know, and there are always people out there who are better than you." He didn't even step forward. He simply tossed out a bag of holding. It landed with a bang onto the stone slab, causing the eighth dragon to light up completely, along with seventy percent of the ninth dragon.

"87... 87,000 low-grade Demon hearts!" gasped Honor Guard Zhou.

Meng Hao's brow furrowed, and he felt around in his robe. However, he did not produce another bag of holding. All of the low-grade Demon hearts that he possessed had been there in his robe.

When she saw the expression on Meng Hao's face, Wei Li's heart began to pound. The expressions on the faces of the seven old men were of completely complacency. One of them stepped forward, and reached out toward the bags of holding which Meng Hao had placed onto the stone slab.

"Did I say you could touch those?" said Meng Hao. He waved his right hand, causing a mild attack to fly out that pushed the old man back. The old man's face flickered, and as he looked over at Meng Hao, the other six old men stepped forward, displeased expressions clouding their faces.

"Being a sore loser, Fellow Daoist?" asked one.

"Even if you are, it doesn't matter," said another. "You must admit your defeat. You lost, so those Demon hearts belong to us now."

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. Then he smiled, a faint, bashful smile.

“The competition isn’t over yet, so how could I have lost?” His words caused the hearts of the seven old men to suddenly sink, and they exchanged flabbergasted looks.

“You have more low-grade Demon hearts?”

“Low-grade Demon hearts? No, I’m out,” replied Meng Hao. It was at this point that he slapped the bag of holding at his side, from within which unexpectedly appeared another bag of holding. This was one of the special bags of holding that he had purchased in Seahold.

Hefting it, Meng Hao looked at the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale. “Why don’t we use something else other than this slab? It would be a shame for an incredible treasure like it to be damaged.”

Hearing this, the seven old men could only stare in shock at the bag of holding in Meng Hao’s hand. Then, however, one of the old men sneered. “The stone slab only has nine dragons, but if the number exceeds 100,000, then they will change color. To date, I have never heard of anyone being able to use Demon stones to damage a Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale.”

Meng Hao looked over at Sun Yunliang, who hesitated for a moment before smiling wryly and nodding his head.

“Very well, then,” said Meng Hao, tossing over the bag of holding. When it landed on the stone slab, it caused a boom to ring out that was audible even down on the first floor. At the same time, the ninth dragon completely lit up.

Looks of concentration appeared on the men’s faces.

Next, the first dragon began to change color, turning blue.

The sight of it caused the faces of the seven old men to fall.

After that, the second dragon, the third dragon, in fact, all of the nine dragons turned blue.

Then they changed color again, starting with the first and going all the way to the ninth, until they all glittered with bright violet light.

The seven old men were trembling, and looks of shock and disbelief covered their faces. A few even said, "Impossible!"

However, the changes didn't stop with the violet light. Once more, the dragons began to change color, this time to orange.

"Orange light... that's... that's orange light!" The minds of the seven old men were spinning, as if they were being struck by lightning. They shook, their eyes blank with astonishment.

However, the light was not finished changed. Once again it began to transform, for the fifth time, causing the dragons, one after another, to shine with a glow the color of blood!

The changes in color left the people in the area completely and utterly shocked. They stared with wide open mouths, their minds roaring, as the nine dragons turned completely the color of blood. And then...

The nine dragons flickered brightly, as if... they were about to change to yet another color.

However, the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale had apparently reached its limit, and the color couldn't change. A rumbling sound filled the building, and soon was audible even outside. Shockingly, the sound was coming from the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale itself. Cracking noises could be heard as, in the full vision of everyone present, it suddenly... completely disintegrated!

Meng Hao cleared his throat. As he looked around at the shocked people around him, he thought to himself that being rich... felt great!

Chapter 669: You Cheated!

In the moment in which the stone slab exploded, Saint Sun Soul sat in his tower in Seahold. His eyes suddenly snapped open, and he sent his Divine Sense down into the city. It immediately locked onto the location where Meng Hao was.

After examining the situation, his face twitched again.

"Trying to compete in Demon hearts with him? Those seven are courting death!"

“He mustn’t be given any opportunity to flip out. If he seizes the moral high ground, he’s bound to cause a crisis to develop...” Saint Sun Soul looked up at the bottle gourd which was placed off to the side, and felt a bit of a headache coming on. When he thought about the alcohol inside, his face grew unsightly.

He flicked his right sleeve, and immediately, a person approached from outside the tower. Once inside, he immediately dropped to his knees and kowtowed.

“Greetings, Master.”

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long, violet gown. His expression was one of veneration, and his eyes sparkled with energy. His Cultivation base was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, not far from Spirit Severing.

“Go to the Sect’s Demon heart exchange pavilion,” said Saint Sun Soul coolly. “There’s a man there I want you to invite here. Remember to be extremely courteous. Treat him as politely as you treat me.”

The middle-aged man immediately nodded, but the fact that his Master spoke no more caused him to pause for a moment.

“Master, what is name of this respected member of the senior generation?”

“Just go, you’ll recognize him.” Saint Sun Soul didn’t appear to want to discuss the matter further.

The middle-aged man stood up and, feeling a bit perplexed, left the tower.

Meanwhile, back on the second floor of the Sun Soul Society’s Demon heart exchange shop, Meng Hao stood there with hands clasped behind his back. He looked down at the shattered remnants of the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale, and then looked over at the old men, who stood there as dumbstruck as wooden chickens, completely speechless.

They were struck thoroughly and completely senseless. Their heads filled with unprecedentedly large crashing waves, and they felt as if their minds were about to be torn into shreds.

Then, they began to calculate....

“Changing colors once indicates a complete doubling in the number of Demon hearts....

“In total, there were six changes in color, which means that the number of Demon hearts would be six times the amount before.... Before, there were 80,000 demon hearts. Don’t tell me that his bag of holding actually has 500,000 Demon hearts!?!?”

“If you changed 500,000 Demon hearts into Spirit Stones, that... that would be....

“Over 300,000,000!!” Their minds roared as they looked over at Meng Hao, terrified.

“No way!!

“The Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale does indeed have a limitation. According to the standard of low-grade Demon hearts, it’s supposedly able to accommodate 1,000,000. 500-600,000 wouldn’t cause it to shatter. Something’s going on here!” The old men gasped and looked over fixedly at Meng Hao.

However, before they could figure out where the problem lay, Honor Guard Zhou and Elder Sun, despite being thoroughly shaken, also suddenly realized that something was off. They too looked over at Meng Hao.

The eyes of nine people all turned red.

As of now, the expressions of the seven old men were that of complete exasperation as they finally considered... the possibility of losing.

“You cheated!!” they roared, their voices hoarse.

If they lost, their Demon hearts would become Meng Hao’s. It was a vast sum that they fundamentally couldn’t accept. After all, these weren’t their Demon hearts, but rather, the property of the various Sects and Clans that they represented.

“You definitely cheated! The Demon Heart Scale can accommodate 1,000,000 low-grade Demon hearts. I don’t believe that your bag of holding has more than 900,000!

“I don’t know how you did it, but it’s definitely not fair! Such actions deserve death!” The killing intent in the old men immediately grew more obvious.

“Do you, or do you not, dare to compete one more time!? Take the Demon hearts out of your bag of holding, and we can compare numbers directly!

“If you don’t dare, then it proves you cheated! To behave so treacherously in front of us means that you won’t step foot alive out the front door of this Demon heart exchange pavilion!”

The seven old men were acting in a very domineering fashion. They strode forward, their Cultivation bases unleashed, transforming into an intangible tempest which spread out in all directions.

Wei Li’s face was pale, and were she not hiding behind Meng Hao, she wouldn’t be able to take it, and would directly explode.

The old man who had reached out to take Meng Hao’s bags of holding just now suddenly produced another bag of holding which he tossed onto the stone slab. The nine dragons flickered, and suddenly, a blue light appeared.

However, it wasn’t completely blue. Only about half of the first dragon had turned blue.

“98,000 low-grade Demon hearts. This is all the Demon hearts I possess. Do you dare to gamble again?!”

Honor Guard Zhou and Sun Yunliang stood off to the side silently watching. This time, even Honor Guard Zhou didn’t react; he didn’t want to be involved with the matter any more.

Meng Hao coldly looked over the seven old men, then waved his right hand. Instantly, all of his bags of holding flew out from the rubble of the destroyed stone slab. Seeing this, the several old men roared and closed in on him.

However, before they could get close, Meng Hao opened the last of the bags of holding, and expressionlessly removed a Demon heart. It emanated with bright colors, along with dense spiritual energy. Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing the Demon heart to fly over to Sun Yunliang.

“Elder Sun, would you mind appraising that for me?” he said coolly.

The seven old men stopped in their tracks and looked at the Demon heart in Sun Yunliang’s hand. Their faces fell. They didn’t need to look closely at it. Based on the spiritual energy, as well as its color and size, it was easy to determine....

“Mid-grade Demon heart!!” Sun Yunliang gasped. His words instantly crushed any last bit hope the seven old men had to come out on top.

Sun Yunliang took a deep breath and gazed at the Demon heart. His face flickered through various emotions, and then he turned to stare at the bag of holding in Meng Hao’s hand. The seven old men were doing exactly the same. All of them were inwardly forming speculations about what was going on, which caused their faces to become more and more unsightly.

“The price of mid-grade Demon hearts doesn’t fluctuate very much,” said Sun Yunliang. “A single one is worth 10,000 Spirit Stones, or ten low-grade Demon hearts. Of course, it doesn’t work the other way around.” He looked up at Meng Hao and then slowly said, “Fellow Daoist, how many mid-grade Demon hearts do you possess?”

Meng Hao didn’t say anything in response. He simply waved his sleeve, causing a glittering, crystalline waterfall to spill out of his bag of holding. The entire area instantly filled with dense spiritual energy. The second floor turned into something like a land of Immortals.

10,000 mid-grade demon hearts piled up all around. Immediately, everyone present began to pant, and their minds shook.

“10... 10,000 mid-grade Demon hearts. That’s equal to 100,000 low-grade Demon hearts. They could be traded for... 100,000,000 Spirit Stones!” Sun Yunliang struggled to maintain his composure as he spoke.

Honor Guard Zhou, on the other hand, felt his vision growing dim, and he almost passed out. How could he ever have imagined that the person he scorned so openly would end up having so many mid-grade Demon hearts?

As for the seven old men, they trembled in place and looked almost as if they had just aged ten years.

“There is no need to directly compare,” said Sun Yunliang, looking over at Meng Hao. He clasped his hands and bowed courteously. “Fellow Daoist, you are the victor.”

Wei Li stood behind Meng Hao, her mind reeling. She knew Meng Hao was rich, but she had never imagined that he would be... THIS rich.

Meng Hao lifted his right hand, collecting up the bags of holding belonging to the seven men. The old men watched on with red eyes. Their killing intent was even more intense now, and seeing Meng Hao dare to take their bags of holding put them in the mood to go all out and attack.

“Hold on a minute!”

“Fellow Daoist, you certainly do possess more Demon hearts than us. However, you still haven’t explained the matter of the cheating earlier!”

“Even if you do have 10,000 mid-grade Demon hearts, that’s still not enough to destroy the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale! You cheated, which means the bet doesn’t stand! We refuse to accept this!” Of course, the seven old men were now resorting to sophistry, and they knew it. However, what else could they do? There was no way they could simply allow Meng Hao to take away their Demon hearts.

“Well then, I’ll just have to make you accept it,” said Meng Hao calmly. He waved his hand, causing the remaining 20,000 mid-grade Demon hearts in his bag of holding to fly out. They piled up everywhere, nearly completely filling the second floor.

The eyes of the seven old men widened as Meng Hao then sent the high-grade Demon hearts flying out from the bag of holding. The splendor of the high-grade Demon hearts caused them to instantly become the focus of all eyes on the second floor.

The spiritual energy they produced transformed into a pillar-like aura that shot up into the air above Seahold. Wild colors flashed in the sky, and the wind and clouds roiled.

Every Cultivator in Seahold instantly looked over in stupefaction. The buzz of conversation instantly rose up from all areas of Seahold.

Back in the Demon heart exchange pavilion, Sun Yunliang stared with slack jaw at the high-grade Demon hearts. He picked one up and looked at it closely, then hoarsely said, “This... this... is a high-grade Demon heart!!”

Such items were considered treasures, and were rarely seen. A single one would normally be sold at auction, and in all the past years, he had only seen less than a hundred.

“The starting auction price for high-grade Demon hearts is 500,000 Spirit Stones. They can be exchanged for 50 mid-grade Demon hearts, or 500 low-grade Demon hearts.... There are 10,000 here... that means they are worth... worth... 5,000,000,000!!”

Honor Guard Zhou’s vision now went completely dark.

As for the seven old men, their faces were deathly pale, and their minds filled with roaring. How could they ever have imagined that they were actually gambling with someone so enigmatic and impossible to predict?

They, who had Demon hearts worth a few dozen million Spirit Stones, were betting about who was richer... with someone who had 5,000,000,000.

Meng Hao cleared his throat, then waved his hand. Immediately, all of the Demon hearts flew back into his bag of holding, including the roughly 100,000 belonging to the seven old men. The seven old men lifted their heads up and roared. Their eyes were red as the complete power of their Cultivation bases exploded out and they charged Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression suddenly turned cold.

“Screw off!”

Two words caused minds of the seven men to feel as if they were filled with lightning. Blood sprayed from their mouths. They weren’t able to even get close to Meng Hao before they were sent tumbling backward. They looked at him and coughed up blood, their expressions filled with unprecedented looks of astonishment and fear.

“Spirit... Spirit Severing!!” Their faces drained of blood, and they began to tremble violently. This time, Honor Guard Zhou really did pass out, falling flat onto the ground.

Sun Yunliang gasped, stepped forward, and then bowed with clasped hands. “Junior offers greetings, senior!”

Chapter 670: Crisis Approaches

Right in the middle of Seahold, Meng Hao unleashed his aura, causing the seven old men to scatter backward, blood spraying from their mouths. In that same moment, a jagged black cloud filled with crackling lightning flew through the air in the Fourth Ring, right outside of the Flying Immortal Sect.

Then, the cloud dissipated to reveal an old man wearing a long black robe. His features were ancient, and the feeling of time seemed to circulate around him. He hovered in mid-air, looking down at the surface of the sea with an abstruse light glimmering in his eyes.

If Meng Hao were here, he would recognize him immediately. This old man... was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

“No more delays,” he said coolly. “This time... I’ll definitely wrest away his Dao foundation. If this clone gets defeated, then I’ll simply lock down on the location and come here with my true self via greater teleportation. Even if the Immortality Bestowal Dais does notice, I will achieve my aim!” A sharp gleam appeared in his eyes, which contained both determination and a desire to slaughter.

“There are no traces of him whatsoever in the Fourth Ring. Before coming here, none of my auguries could produce any clue to his position. However, I was able to determine that he is still in the Milky Way Sea!

“If he’s neither in the Fourth Ring, nor the Outer Sea, then that means he must be... in the Third Ring!

“The Third Ring... is a forbidden zone for Dao Seeking....” He frowned, then suddenly flew directly down toward the Flying Immortal Sect.

He remained inside for only the amount of time it takes an incense stick to burn. After he flew out, the entire Flying Immortal Sect suddenly burst into activity. Saint Flying Immortal had issued

orders. More than half of the Flying Immortal Sect disciples flew toward the Flying Immortal Sect Sea City in the Third Ring.

Tens of thousands of disciples soared through the air, each one of them clutching a jade slip that contained an image of Meng Hao, along with a bit of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's Divine Sense.

Even as the Flying Immortal Sect disciples entered the Flying Immortal Sect Sea City, checks were made of the Third Ring entrance records. However, no traces were found of Meng Hao. After that, the Flying Immortal Sect unleashed all the power it could muster, along with all of its ships, to begin to travel through the Stormwind Divide. They were on their way to the Third Ring to accomplish their task.

Meanwhile, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was paying a visit to the Sea Divinity Sect. Although it was impossible to determine what exactly he promised them, when he left, Saint Sea Divinity issued orders that caused tens of thousands of Sea Divinity Sect disciples to spring into action. They transformed into countless sword auras that shot toward the Sea Divinity Sect Sea City, jade slips in hand. After a thorough check was made of the records of entry into the Third Ring, the tens of thousands of disciples began the process of entering the Third Ring, exactly as the Flying Immortal Sect disciples had.

Even Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity, two Spirit Severing experts, joined the forces who left the Sect and entered the Stormwind Divide.

Two of the three great Sects were driven into action by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. However, because Saint Sun Soul of the Sun Soul Society was stationed in the three Sects' Seahold in the Third Ring, it was impossible for an agreement to be reached. Therefore, although the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was able to check their records, no forces were mobilized.

After thinking about the matter for a moment, a gleam of insight appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. "This kid is extremely cunning. However, the more I think about it, the fact that there are no records makes it even more likely that he's in the Third Ring!"

He left the Sun Soul Society's headquarters and then entered the Stormwind Divide.

"I've already flung out an inescapable dragnet into the Third Ring. I can't believe that Meng Hao... will disappear under the noses of tens of thousands of disciples from two Sects!"

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity have already promised to go to the Third Ring. Their Cultivation bases are ordinary, but with their Sect’s legacy treasures in hand, they are forces not to be trifled with.

“Nobody understands the Third Ring better than them. Meng Hao, if you can escape them, then I’ll admit your superiority.

“It won’t just be them looking for you either. I’m confident that I can win over the Sun Soul Society. Then, a hundred thousand disciples from three different Sects will be looking for a single you.... And as if that weren’t enough, I’ve also posted a handsome bounty. When the time comes, all the Cultivators in the Third Ring will be my eyes and ears!

If only one person tracks you down, then I will know!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch strode through the Stormwind Divide. Everywhere he went, the black mists spread away from him, opening a path. It was as if nothing dared to stand in his way.

“This time, I must succeed. Too much time has passed, and the Ji Clan is growing suspicious....” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face was grim. How could he ever have suspected that a trifling member of the junior generation would turn out to be so troublesome, and even defeat him twice in a row?

It was in the same moment that the tens of thousands of Flying Immortal Sect and Sea Divinity Sect disciples flew into the Stormwind Divide that, back in the Third Ring, in the Sun Soul Society’s Demon heart exchange pavilion in the three Sects’ Seahold, Meng Hao made a grasping motion that caused all of the Demon hearts to fly into his bag of holding.

The seven old men were as mute as cicadas in winter. Their faces were pale, and they didn’t dare to do anything to hinder Meng Hao. The pain that filled their hearts had long since seeped out to completely inundate them.

Panting, and eyes burning with passion, Sun Yunliang suddenly spoke up. “Senior, if you wish to exchange those Demon hearts, please rest at ease, the Sect will definitely give you a satisfactory price!” He knew that if he personally could handle the exchange, it would count as an incredible meritorious service to the Sect.

Such meritorious service might even prompt a personal reaction from Saint Sun Soul, and could potentially affect his Cultivation base. He might even have a chance to enter the Spirit Severing stage!

Even if he couldn't, he would definitely become famous within the Sect.

“Can your Sun Soul Society alone handle this many Demon hearts?” asked Meng Hao, looking at him.

Sun Yunliang gaped for a moment, then made some calculations. His face looked a bit unsightly as he realized that even employing all the resources of the Sun Soul Society, it still might be a difficult task to exchange Spirit Stones for so many Demon hearts.

In his moment of hesitation, a bright beam of light flew urgently toward the pavilion. It was Saint Sun Soul's apprentice, who, with a flash of minor teleportation, appeared on the second floor. As soon as he arrived, he saw the seven ashen-faced old men. Then his gaze fell upon Meng Hao.

All it took was one glance for him to ascertain that this was definitely the member of the senior generation to whom his Master had referred.

The reaction was a type of intuition on his part. After a sharp intake of breath, the middle-aged man instantly clasped hands and bowed.

“I am Han Feng of the junior generation. Greetings, senior. I come on orders from my Master to invite you to have a chat with him.”

As soon as the man arrived, Sun Yunliang's face flickered and he clasped hands in greetings. When the seven old men saw him, looks of awe appeared on their faces, and they also bowed.

Meng Hao looked at the middle-aged man, and his eyes narrowed slightly. Then he turned his head to look at the tower that rose up in the middle of Seahold.

“Your Master is Saint Sun Soul?” he asked coolly.

“My Master is indeed Saint Sun Soul,” replied the man, his tone respectful.

Meng Hao looked back at Sun Yunliang. “I'll be with Saint Sun Soul,” he said. “You get the Spirit Stone situation sorted out and then come looking for me. How many Demon Hearts I give you will

depend on how many Spirit Stones you can afford offer.” Saint Sun Soul’s apprentice gaped in response to Meng Hao’s words, and Wei Li stood there nervously.

Sun Yunliang immediately sent a message. He didn’t provide specific details; he just related the information about how many Demon hearts Meng Hao had. The apprentice’s eyes went wide, and he gasped.

Now he understood why his Master had sent him here.

“How could he possibly have so many Demon hearts?” he thought. It was with even more reverence that he escorted Meng Hao as they flew off toward the tower.

Wei Li was with them, and the closer they got to the tower, the more nervous she got. In the short period of time in which she had followed Meng Hao, she had seen more incredible things than she normally would have seen in her entire life.

That was especially true of the scene that had just played out regarding the Demon hearts, which seemed as if it might cause her heart to stop beating entirely. She had known Meng Hao was rich, but could never have imagined... that he was THAT rich.

Perhaps his wealth couldn’t compare to that of an entire country, but it was no exaggeration that it could rival a great Sect.

Soon, the three of them reached the tower. Meng Hao turned to look back at Wei Li.

The apprentice immediately clasped hands and bowed.

“Senior, don’t worry. I, of the junior generation, will arrange accommodations for this Fellow Daoist.”

Meng Hao nodded. Seeing that Wei Li did not object, he turned and flew directly toward the top level of the tower, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

When he reappeared, he was inside the tower.

Black-robed Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged behind a wide table, his face expressionless. Next to him was the elegant and poised woman, his wife. She was sniffing a flagon of alcohol when Meng Hao appeared. She looked at him and smiled warmly.

“You offered me some alcohol,” said Saint Sun Soul. “Now, I’d like to offer you some in return.” Even as he spoke, his wife brought the alcohol flagon over. She then produced two glasses, into which she distributed the alcohol. After that, she sat down next to Saint Sun Soul and looked over curiously at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao said nothing as he sat down directly across from Saint Sun Soul. He picked up the glass of alcohol, looked it over, then drank it in one mouthful.

When the alcohol entered his mouth, it felt freezing cold, and made his entire body feel as if it were being frozen. It even seemed as if the alcohol were about to extinguish the flame of his life force.

The coldness entered his Qi passageways and spread throughout his entire person. Even his Cultivation base was frozen in the blink of an eye. His Divine Sense slowed down, and he almost began to slip into slumber. It was even hard to think.

He was so cold that frost appeared on his skin; it almost seemed like the alcohol in the cup could turn him into a statue of ice.

This alcohol would most certainly kill any ordinary Spirit Severing Cultivator who drank it. However, Meng Hao’s fleshly body was far too powerful for that. Although his Cultivation base and Divine Sense had been frozen over, his fleshly body only vibrated slightly. In a short moment, thousands of these vibrations occurred. The frequency of the vibrations seemed to accord with some great Dao, and within the space of about ten breaths, white steam began to rise up from the top of his head. It filled the entire top level of the tower, and even caused the walls to make cracking sounds as they frosted over.

A serious expression appeared in the eyes of the elegant woman, and although Saint Sun Soul’s face was expressionless, his eyes were cold as he stared at Meng Hao.

“Your alcohol isn’t very strong, at least, not as strong as mine.” Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce, not another gourd bottle, but Han Shan’s bronze alcohol flagon. He also pulled out a glass which he then filled with alcohol and slid across to Saint Sun Soul.

“Please, be my guest,” he said coolly.

Saint Sun Soul's face twitched as he looked down at the glass. He hesitated, which was something he rarely did.