

The Mans Decree Chapter 3081

Though it was common knowledge that the divine turtles were not vicious beasts, it was a difficult endeavor to tame one. However, one man was so impatient that he dove headfirst overboard.

The waters of the Night Sea were so black that it was like diving into a pot of ink. However, the cultivator did not land in the water.

but on the back of a divine turtle instead. Unlike demon beasts would, the divine turtle did not retaliate. Instead, with the cultivator on its back, it began to skim across the Night Sea.

The divine turtle seemed excited. A chessboard-like pattern, glowing faintly, appeared on its shell. With the divine turtle's swift strokes through the water, the cultivator swayed as if he were caught in the fury of a giant wave.

In response, he produced an ordinary-looking longsword and brought it high above his head to drive it into the turtle's shell in a vicious stab. He intended to secure the sword atop the turtle's shell so that he had something to hold on to.

The people aboard the spirit ship began yelling at the sight of the cultivator attempting to pierce the turtle's shell. "Stop!" they shouted. "Do not use force against the divine turtle, or there will be trouble!"

However, the warning came too late. The cultivator had already driven his sword through the turtle's shell.

That man was a Seventh Level Body Fusion Realm cultivator, and the strength with which he had driven his sword was equivalent to thousands of pounds of crushing pressure.

The divine turtle let out an ear-piercing shriek. The glow of its shell lit up the skies, as if the sun itself had exploded. The blinding light caused the onlookers to shut their eyes.

After the light dissipated, they saw that the sword had been broken in half, and the cultivator himself was thrown into the air violently. Then, the divine turtle let out a snort and sent several jets of water forth.

The inky-black jets of water, sharp as rapiers, drew a spray of blood the moment it struck the cultivator.

From the spirit ship, the man clad in robes with an eight trigrams pattern cast out a length of rope at once and pulled the cultivator back. The people aboard the spirit ship began yelling at the sight of the cultivator attempting to pierce the turtle's shell. "Stop!" they shouted. "Do not use force against the divine turtle, or there will be trouble!"

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From the spirit ship, the man clad in robes with an eight trigrams pattern cast out a length of rope at once and pulled the cultivator back aboard. The passengers gathered around to observe the wounds caused by the jets of water.

To their horror, they found that the area around the cultivator's wounds was blackened, accompanied by a noxious stench. It was evident that it was infected.

The man in the robe stepped forward, shaking his head. "It's over. He cannot be saved. Though these peaceful beasts will never strike first, it does not mean they are docile creatures. You shouldn't tame them with the use of force. If you try, this is what will happen to you. The water of the Night Sea is incredibly toxic. As long as there's a wound, one may never fully heal. It will

endanger us all if you attempt to kill these beasts relying solely on your strength. Out here in the Night Sea, they are the true masters.”

The crowd fell silent at his words. It would be much more difficult to tame the turtles without using force.

“Hmph! Ignorant fellows. If we could use force, the experts would have been able to domesticate the beasts, and everyone would have one as a mount now, wouldn’t they? These divine beasts are willing to accept masters, but it’s very metaphysical. I heard that one must not only conquer them but must also obtain their spiritual approval.”

Zordey snorted as he regarded the cultivator who had died a painful death. The death of a cultivator was something trivial to the others.

After all, the frequent battles in the Ethereal Realm resulted in cultivators dying every day. If not for the fact that they were aboard the spirit ship, many of them would have fought over something trivial anyway.

However, the ship may not be able to withstand a fight if one did break out, and all of its passengers would be doomed.

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That was why nobody was allowed to fight on the ship. Besides, none of them disregarded their own life to such an extent as to start a brawl.

Upon learning all of that, several more cultivators threw themselves off the spirit ship in an attempt to tame a divine turtle in order to ride it.

As soon as they landed atop the beast’s shell, however, it let out a cry before darting across the Night Sea, carrying the cultivators with it. The monstrous, bucking waves caused many of them to fall into the dark waters.

Those who fell in hurriedly climbed back aboard the spirit ship. From the grimace on their faces, it was plain that the waters of the Night Sea indeed contained some form of toxin.

As those few that had fallen into the water did not sustain any serious injuries, the onlookers soon grew relieved.

It would be a glorious thing indeed to be able to tame a divine beast. Many cultivators leaped off the spirit ship, to the point of there being one atop every divine turtle surrounding the ship.

With the cultivators on their backs, the divine turtles zipped across the surface of the ocean, forcing the spirit ship to come to a halt. The man in the eight trigrams robe let out a long sigh at the sight of such a spectacle.

Who knows where we'll end up if the divine turtles continue to push us along? It would prove fatal if we were to lose our bearings in the Night Sea!

Soon, however, the cultivators climbed back onto the ship, looking disgruntled. None had managed to domesticate the divine turtles.

"Could you tame a divine turtle, Kai?" Quinley asked him, blinking as she did so. Kai felt his heart melt upon hearing her address him in such a coy tone in front of Zordey.

Quinley was usually cold and curt. The frosty aura she emanated kept most people at bay. With Kai, however, she became a demure woman. Since I have chosen to follow him, I must do everything in my power to please him.

"I'm not sure." Kai shook his head. He was unsure if he could tame a divine turtle. After all, he had never attempted to.

Though he emanated the aura of the beast race, the divine turtles were different from the demon beasts. He did not know if his aura would have any effect on them.

"You're all useless. Stand aside!"

Following that derisive bellow, Montane Daemon started forward, his black cape whipping in his wake. The crowd hastily made way. Zordey's expression turned unpleasant at the sight of the old man.

He's the one who slapped two of my guards and a servant to death at the dock. Puzzled by Zordey's expression, Kai asked, "Are you still afraid of that old man? I don't recall you speaking up at the dock when he killed your people."

Hearing that, Zordey was displeased and let out a snort. "Hmph! Why would I be afraid of him? The Zupakie family fears no one around these parts. I was

only unwilling to act at the dock to prevent delaying our setting sail. Once we return to shore, I'm going to take that old man's life!"

Zordey was not going to let Quinley witness his fear.

However, Montane Daemon seemed to have heard him as he whipped around to regard Zordey. The harrowing gleam in the old man's eyes sent a shiver down Zordey's spine when they locked gazes. In an instant, his brow was drenched with sweat.

However, Montane Daemon did not say a word. Instead, he leaped off the spirit ship. Only when Montane Daemon was safely off the ship did Zordey dare mop his brow.

"Who the hell is that old man to have frightened you so much?" Kai asked Zordey with a grin.

Abandoning all pretense, Zordey explained, "That old man is Montane Daemon. Elusive and impossible to predict, the only thing we know about him is his extreme cruelty. I also heard he eats the hearts of children."

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"He eats the hearts of children? Could that old man be a transformed demon beast or a Demonic Cultivator?" Quinley asked in shock upon hearing that. After all, such an act was too appalling. No human cultivator would ever do something like that.

Zordey shook his head. "I'm not sure. No one knows if that guy belongs to the demon race.. His aura is very peculiar."

"Peculiar?" Kai was taken aback. He couldn't understand how someone's aura could be strange. Zordey explained, "This Montane Daemon has an ever-changing aura. What you sense from him today will be entirely different tomorrow."

Upon hearing that, Kai couldn't help but frown. Seriously? Something like this can actually happen?

Every individual possessed a unique aura. When encountering someone familiar, even if the other party's face was covered with a veil, their identity

could be discerned by checking their aura as long as they didn't deliberately hide or alter it.

However, it would be impossible to distinguish someone by their aura if they could change it at will.

Could this guy be like me, possessing auras of three different races in his body? While Kai pondered, Montane Daemon had already landed atop a divine turtle.

"Sweetheart, let's have a nice ride." Looking utterly relaxed, Montane Daemon sat cross-legged on the divine turtle's back.

However, the divine turtle growled and dashed ahead, thrashing around in an attempt to dislodge Montane Daemon from its shell. Still, Montane Daemon remained steadily seated as if he were glued to the turtle's shell.

Just like that, the divine turtle struggled for half an hour. Gradually, it started to slow down, yet it still failed to shake Montane Daemon off its back. Despite its fatigue, the divine turtle showed not signs of yielding and continued to writhe.

At that moment, a faint white light emanated from Montane Daemon. The white glow was gentle, much like the first rays of dawn, which were warm and comforting.

Everyone was astounded to feel the soothing sensation Montane Daemon's white radiance brought about. After all, he was a ferocious-looking man, yet he was capable of emitting that pure brilliance and serene aura.

Kai was shocked to his core after witnessing that. This Montane Daemon's aura changed so rapidly!

Enveloped by the glow, the divine turtle quieted down and stopped squirming. Eventually, it roared and raised its head, signaling its total submission.

"D*mn! That old guy really managed to tame the divine turtle."

"Who is he? That pure light earlier was so comforting."

"Amazing! He's incredible!"

The crowd was surprised to see Montane Daemon subduing the divine turtle.

Still, many among the onlookers recognized Montane Daemon, and even they were similarly astonished because his reputation had never been well. As ruthless as he was, he incredulously gave off such a gentle aura.

At that moment, a man around thirty years old with pensive eyes jumped down from the most luxurious cabin at the top of the ship, uttering, "You truly live up to your name, Mr. Daemon! With your ever-changing aura, if you could also change your appearance at will, no one would be able to recognize you."

At the sight of the newcomer, many hastily stepped aside, showing profound respect. Even Zordey's expression changed, displaying evident tension.

"Do you know this man?" Taking in the changes in Zordey and the others' countenances, Kai figured his identity must be extraordinary.

"Of course. This man is called Fayzon Leaveden. He's the head of one of Demon Seal Alliance's subbranches, mainly responsible for exterminating the Demonic Cultivators showing up in this area," Zordey whispered.

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"Demon Seal Alliance?" Hearing the name "Demon Seal Alliance," Kai, Quinley, and Cloud furrowed their brows.

Since Kai had killed a few members of the Five Slayers from Demon Seal Alliance, they reckoned he might already be on the latter's hit list. The abrupt appearance of the head of a Demon Seal Alliance's subbranch might complicate the situation.

"What's the matter? Haven't you heard of Demon Seal Alliance?" Seeing their reactions, Zordey assumed they were clueless about Demon Seal Alliance's existence.

"We've heard of them, but he's just the head of a subbranch, so why does everyone appear to be so afraid of him? Even you seem wary," Kai inquired.

This time, instead of boasting, Zordey bobbed his head. "I'm indeed scared of him too. The influence of Demon Seal Alliance spans the entire Ethereal Realm, so even the head of a subbranch can throw his weight around in this region. I wouldn't dare cross him. I can confidently say that others share my sentiments. Do you know why the business of the dock's spirit ships is so thriving, yet there isn't any competition for this commercial activity, and no one

dares to board the ships forcibly? Everyone has to purchase the tickets compliantly,” Zordey said mysteriously.

“Why is that?” Kai asked.

“That’s because Demon Seal Alliance is backing the owner of this dock’s spirit ship transportation business. With their support, who would dare compete or board without a ticket? I advise you to stay away from that Fayzon. He may look young, but he’s very formidable and ruthless!”

While discussing Fayzon, Zordey was visibly anxious as he was afraid Fayzon would hear him.

Kai fell into deep thought. It seems Fayzon’s cultivation level must surpass Body Fusion Realm. If he’s a First or Second Level Tribulator, I may still match up to him. Even if I don’t, I can flee. However, if he’s stronger than that, it’ll be challenging to deal with him. Moreover, with Quinley and Cloud by my side, I can’t possibly abandon them and leave them to their own devices, right?

Amidst Kai’s rumination, Fayzon had reached the bow of the ship. A trace of envy flashed across his eyes when he saw Montane Daemon riding the divine turtle.

“It’s you, Mr. Leaveden. Aren’t you going to tame one and have some fun with it?” Montane Daemon greeted Fayzon with a smile, looking as if they were closely acquainted.

“Of course, but I aim to tame one bigger than yours.” After glancing around, Fayzon leaped toward the largest divine turtle present.

The greater the size of the divine turtle, the more powerful they were and, in turn, more demanding to bring to heel. At that moment, Fayzon was clearly targeting the largest divine turtle to outdo Montane Daemon.

“Hahaha! You’re indeed a brash and spirited young man, Mr. Leaveden, wanting to tame the biggest among the divine turtles on your first attempt!” Montane Daemon chortled.

Others also shifted their attention to Fayzon. “I wonder if the head of a Demon Seal Alliance’s subbranch is capable of taming that divine turtle.”

“I think it’ll be a breeze for him. After all, any person who can become the head of a Demon Seal Alliance’s subbranch must be outstanding.”

“That’s not necessarily the case. This largest divine turtle will be very tough to subdue.”

The onlookers debated heatedly. Some had faith in Fayzon’s abilities, while others doubted him. A few even started placing bets on the outcome.

Cloud stepped forward and asked Kai in an undertone, “Mr. Chance, do you think that guy will succeed?”

After observing for a moment, Kai shook his head. “Very unlikely.”

As soon as he finished saying that, Fayzon was tossed into the air by the divine turtle. Witnessing that, several individuals dressed in robes bearing the eight trigrams symbol instantly panicked.

“Mr. Leaveden!”

They jumped up at once, bounding over in Fayzon’s direction.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, the divine turtle shot out a few water columns from its nostrils. In mere moments, three men dressed in robes bearing the eight trigrams symbol were killed, their bodies plummeting into the Night Sea.

The rest of them hurriedly escorted Fayzon back to the spirit ship.