

The Heavens 471

Chapter 471: Frost Soil Demon Emperor

His voice echoed out within the void, slamming into the incoming millions of Bridge Slaves. However, it didn't hurt them, but rather bounced off of them, turning into countless echoes. It was as if millions upon millions of voices were responding to Han Shan.

Because of the way he spoke, his aura exploded out in a way that the word 'monstrous' couldn't even begin to describe. Even the greatest heroes could only accomplish half of what was currently occurring!

Meng Hao's mind reeled when he saw Han Shan and the result of his one sentence. He also saw that the Bridge Slaves were not capable of defending themselves against the power of Han Shan. Rather... Han Shan wasn't willing to hurt them.

Or you might even say that he feared accidentally injuring them!

He feared accidentally injuring the person he sought!

Meng Hao thought back to when he had first caught sight of Han Shan, and the expression in the man's eyes when he looked at the Bridge Slaves. It was a searching look, a disconsolate look; it seemed as if he was seeking for the only woman in his life.

It was a woman named Xue'er, his wife.

His lonely search had lasted for three thousand years....

Even as Han Shan's voice echoed about, he suddenly lifted his hand. A grim glow appeared in his eyes as he suddenly made a chopping motion toward the mountain. Instantly, Alcohol Qi roared up.

Meng Hao also had Dancing Sword Qi, but if you compared it to the amount Han Shan wielded, it was like comparing a firefly to the brilliant moon!

Alcohol Qi spread out, filling Heaven and Earth. Inside, figures could be seen, all of them resembling Han Shan. As the Qi continued to multiply, more and more figures appeared, until there were no less than a hundred thousand!

These hundred thousand figures of Han Shan all began to spit out Alcohol Qi. As they did, a vague image started to become visible.

The vague image was a depiction of a world. It was a complete world, with a sky, land, living people. All of it was very realistic, as if this world belonged to Han Shan.

An azure sword suddenly appeared in Han Shan's hand. It chopped down, emitting a monstrous Sword Qi, which spread out and transformed into the image of an azure dragon. Its roar ripped into the void and it began to congeal the Alcohol Qi and absorb the image of Han Shan's world. Then, it shot urgently toward the palace at the top of the mountain.

Deadly ripples spread out as it moved. It focused its power, something that far exceeded the divine abilities of normal Cultivators.

In the blink of an eye, the roaring azure dragon shot through the void shattering everything. At the same time....

A cold snort could be heard from within the palace. The instant the snort echoed, the coldness out in the void increased to a terrifying level.

The azure dragon stopped in mid-air, its body already pure white. In the space of a single breath, it was turned into a statue of ice.

Next, the void began to fill with a sheet of whiteness. The whiteness was frost which appeared out of nowhere. The frost began to merge together into a shapeless mass which spread out in the void. It seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see, with no end, filling the void to create a huge land mass.

A land mass of Frost soil!

The land mass of Frost soil was not ice, but rather, a specific type of soil. It contained dense Immortal Qi, several times more so than Celestial soil.

“Frost Soil Demon Emperor!!” said Zhixiang, her voice hoarse, her face filled with shock and disbelief. She immediately produced an Immortality Bridgestone and crushed it.

However, once she did, her face immediately fell. The teleportation power of the Immortality Bridgestone did not manifest.

Zhixiang’s face drained of blood.

“The Frost Soil Demon Emperor could not possibly be alive! Didn’t he die in battle against the Ji Ancestor?!?!?”

“His corpse was taken away and transformed into one of the Immortality Bestowal Daises on one of the four great planets, Planet South Heaven! His Immortal Divinity was ripped out and refined into one of the Ji Clan’s Nine Treasures, the Frost Lamp!

“All of his disciples and his entire bloodline were taken by the Ji Clan and refined into the Frigid River, which flows through the main gate of the Ji Clan and can never freeze over!”

Zhixiang’s face grew even paler as she murmured these words. Even though her words were soft, they echoed out within the misty body of the qilin beast and drifted over to Meng Hao, who was relatively close to her.

At the same time, a voice echoed out from within the palace. When it did, the Frost soil land mass quaked, and the faces of the surrounding Bridge Slaves were no longer filled with frustration. Instead, they brimmed with viciousness. Their eyes turned red and began to emanate crazed killing intent.

A cold voice could be heard: “Enter my Immortal Demon world, and life or death no longer rests in the hands of the Heavens. With eternal life, what is the point of fate?” As it stopped speaking, it gave a light sigh.

Next, the masses of Bridge Slaves in the area began to charge toward Han Shan. The qilin beast in which Meng Hao and Zhixiang sat roared, along with the dozens of other beasts similar to it that were present, and charged toward Han Shan.

Han Shan gave a dour, bitter laugh filled with grief. It grew louder and louder until it seemed to be the only sound in Heaven and Earth.

“Enter the Celestial Demon world and sever all mortal fate.... I have no such faith!” Han Shan lifted his flagon up to take a drink of alcohol, then turned and shot toward the mountain. As he did, he made another chopping motion.

The movement of his hand caused everything to shake. A massive fissure opened up ahead of him which then transformed into a sword aura that shot toward the mountaintop. As it got closer, it transformed from something amorphous into something with a shape. However, it quickly became white and, like the azure dragon, exploded into pieces.

At this moment, the Bridge Slaves were closing in on Han Shan, millions of them. Han Shan’s eyes were red as he turned to face them. He waved his arm, causing a blast of Alcohol Wind to sweep out across them.

“I don’t want to hurt you. Just bring out my wife.... All of you, don’t force my hand!” He turned and sent more prismatic bands of Sword Qi flying out. In quick succession, nine swords appeared.

The first band of Sword Qi was three thousand meters long!

The second band of Sword Qi was thirty thousand!

By the time the ninth sword appeared, the vast, boundless Sword Qi permeated the entire world of the void. The nine bands of Sword Qi then combined, transferring into an enormous azure Sword Soul which stabbed toward the mountain.

As the Sword Soul neared, it began to turn white. Cracking sounds could be heard as it got closer and closer. It began to turn dim, and frost appeared on its surface, which cracked and collapsed. This exterminated eight bands of Sword Qi, leaving only one behind. This one slashed down toward the palace.

Roaring sounds filled the sky. Everything shook, and the palace twisted as an ancient hand appeared from within its depths. The forefinger of the hand pointed out, and the Sword Qi collapsed.

Han Shan coughed up some blood. He looked up toward the palace, a savage look on his face as he roared: “Bring her out!!”

Meng Hao's mind was reeling, and his breath came in ragged pants. He could only watch the scene, his face blank. Everything that was happening far exceeded the comprehension level of a Gold Core stage Cultivator.

Even Zhixiang was like a cicada in winter, cautious and solemn. She did understand what was happening, but this only served to fill her with more fear. "Sword Immortal Han Shan, a new almighty force who rose up in the Ninth Mountain during the past several thousand years.... And that old man.... He... he looks like the image which hangs in the ancestral shrine of the Sect. He looks exactly like the Frost Soil Demon Emperor...."

It was an old man who had shattered the Sword Qi. He now stood there outside of the palace, wearing a white robe, looking like a transcendent being. His expression was cold, and a mysterious fire burned within his eyes. He gazed coolly down at Han Shan.

"I will give you a single chance. If you can kill all the Bridge Slaves in the space of one hundred breaths, then your wife will appear for you to see. Furthermore, I can guarantee that your wife is not among the Bridge Slaves outside this mountain."

Han Shan glared up at the old man. It was in this moment that the eyes of the Bridge Slaves grew bright red and their faces filled with madness, as if they wished to devour Han Shan alive. It was also in this moment that the first of the Bridge Slaves actually reached him.

"Screw off!" cried Han Shan, his killing intent billowing up to the Heavens. The sword in his hand swept out, causing a prismatic Sword Qi to appear, along with billowing Alcohol Qi. Everywhere it passed, thousands of Bridge Slaves would explode.

His killing will had erupted, and Han Shan was going mad. His guilt, his three thousand years of torment, overwhelmed him with madness. He shot toward the Bridge Slaves.

At some point, a boy had appeared next to the old man. He stood there, smiling and counting aloud, "One, two, three...."

Booms echoed out as Han Shan's slaughter reached a pinnacle. It was as if he possessed no powers of reasoning. Everywhere he went, the only thing that existed was a man and a sword. Vast quantities of Bridge Slaves were being slaughtered.

Sword Qi rocketed up, and a gigantic python was slashed. Mist collapsed, dispersing everywhere.

However, no matter how Han Shan went about the killing, exterminating millions of Bridge Slaves was not easy to do in the space of one hundred breaths. By the time the boy had counted to thirty-seven, there were still many more left.

Han Shan roared as he lifted up his right hand and tilted the alcohol flagon over. Alcohol flew out, transforming in mid-air into multiple flying swords. Apparently, this alcohol flagon did not contain alcohol, but rather, a sword.

One hundred thousand swords appeared. Behind each of these swords was a figure that looked exactly like Han Shan. Each and every one lifted up their swords, and their eyes filled with madness. They scattered, one hundred thousand people slaughtering millions of Bridge Slaves.

Roaring filled the air as massive numbers of Bridge Slaves died. Gigantic beasts were felled and collapsed into pieces. Eventually, the giant qilin beast that Meng Hao was in was slain by one of Han Shan's clones. It was at this point that Meng Hao personally experienced the fearsomeness of the Sword Qi.

It instantly cut the qilin into two pieces. A boom resounded out and blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. He watched as the Sword Qi neared him. He immediately lost all power to fight or struggle. However, just before the Sword Qi hit him, it stopped for a moment, then went around him.

Meng Hao's face was pale. Although the Sword Qi was gone, he was now surrounded by bitter cold. It enveloped him in an instant, and he lost control of his own movements. He fell down onto the surface of the Frost Soil land mass. In that instant, his body... was instantly covered in frost.

A sense of deadly crisis swept over him. He didn't have any time to think; he immediately ignited the Everburning Flame. The power of his Fire-type totem set his Wood-type totem ablaze, adding to the conflagration.

However, even as the Everburning Flame roared into being, the Earth-type totem vortex on his arm suddenly began to suck in the Frost soil!

Chapter 472: The Soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

Despite that, Meng Hao's body was still transformed into a statue of ice. He stood there motionless within the layers of ice; the only thing he was capable of focusing on was ensuring that his mind was not exterminated. However, the vortex on his right arm suddenly exploded with intensity.

Meng Hao could feel the force of the Earth-type power rising up within the vortex. The gravitational force seemed inexhaustible; in fact, you could even say that it approached the point where it could exterminate the power of the Frost soil.

As for Zhixiang, she was an Immortal Divinity who had possessed a physical body. However, at this moment her level of weakness was not much different than Meng Hao's. The Sword Qi avoided her, but she too fell down and instantly became an ice statue. The main difference was that she could hold out for much longer than Meng Hao.

Up above, the boy standing next to the old man smiled and said: "... one hundred."

In the exact instant that his voice rang out, Han Shan's one hundred thousand clones finished exterminating all the Bridge Slaves in the area.

However, it was at this moment that suddenly, within the aura of bitter cold, one figure after another began to appear. These figures were none other than the Bridge Slaves that Han Shan had just slain. They... reappeared with no injuries at all. Not a single was dead.

In fact, when Meng Hao looked out from within the ice statue at the Bridge Slaves, there was one girl who looked familiar.

"So, do you understand?" said the old man coolly.

Han Shan stood there, taciturn. With a bitter look on his face, he lifted up the alcohol flagon and took a drink.

The next person to speak was not the old man, but rather, the boy. "In my world, if you exercise faith in me, you will never die, can never be slain. Isn't that a good thing? Eternal life. Indestructibility. The only requirement is that you rebuild me."

More voices rang out, not those of the boy, but rather, from the surrounding Bridge Slaves, all in unison. It was almost as if all of these Bridge Slaves were one person.

“Exercise faith in me, and you can live forever!

“Exercise faith in me, and you can never be destroyed!

“Exercise faith in me, and you can exist with Heaven and Earth!

“Exercise faith in me, understand my Dao. My Dao is your Dao....”

Next, the old man, the boy and the Bridge Slaves all spoke together.

“I am the spirit of the Bridge of Immortal Treading. You came here three thousand years ago to prostrate yourself before me. You made a promise to me. You wanted everlasting life, limitless life force so that you could cultivate your Solitary Sword Song.

“At that time, you had only ten years of longevity left. My response to you was that you should exercise faith in me.... However, you... went back on your word!” The last three words came out in a roar of endless fury, filled with madness.

“You clearly consented, then went back on your word, all because of the woman who was with you. She begged and pleaded with you to change your mind. Her persuasion distracted you, and then what she did... made you go back on your promise!

“I never imagined that in order to ensure that you would never exercise faith in me, she suddenly would shout out those very words, right in front of you. She became a Bridge Slave....

“That was what woke you up....”

The voice thundered up to the Heavens, roaring and echoing out in all directions. Han Shan’s face was pale and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. This blood was not because of an injury he received; rather, it was from the intense, violent pain he felt in his heart. His memories suddenly opened up. He saw an image of his wife at his side, begging and pleading, grabbing hold of his robe as she tried to persuade him.

But he was obsessed. He wanted eternal life. It wasn't until he saw her walking away in front of him, that he... became clear-headed.

"I've thought about it a lot for the past three thousand years..." sighed Han Shan. He lifted his head, and his eyes were filled with decisiveness and determination. He began to walk forward.

The instant he began to walk, the Bridge Slaves around him began to roar, and once again charged toward him. As they did, Han Shan took a deep breath. His azure sword roared, and of the one hundred thousand clones around him, ten thousand disappeared.

His sword swept about, causing the Frost aura in the area to rise up. In an instant, millions of Bridge Slaves were frozen in place.

When this happened, much of Han Shan's hair suddenly turned white and he grew older. This sword move was the Solitary Sword Song which he had created himself. This song was not something that anyone except him could hear. It was sung in his heart, something only he could enjoy, only he could hear.

The song could only be sung once in a lifetime. That one song did not burn of life force, but rather, took life force and merged it into the song, creating a solo of life!

"My choice that year was a complicated one, and in many ways irrational. It was as if I was bedevilled..." As he strode forward, Han Shan waved his sword again. Ten thousand more clones disappeared and more Bridge Slaves became statues of ice. As of now, his hair was completely white.

At the same time, Han Shan's aura exploded up. Because of his solo of life, his Cultivation base and his life force, all exploded up.

Meng Hao had no idea what realm Han Shan's Cultivation base was in, but as of this moment, his level of power completely exceeded anything that Meng Hao could comprehend.

Life... is simply about how time flows.

Life... is summed up in ten sword blows!

“Later, I wanted to understand if it was really because of your summons....” Han Shan said lightly, walking toward the mountain. He waved his sword a third time. It whistled out, and the frost was unable to block it. It slammed into the mountain, causing the entire thing to shake. The faces of the old man and the boy suddenly flickered.

As for Han Shan, his hair was beginning to fall out, and his body was old and decrepit. He was now far from being middle-aged; he was an old man, his skin sagging and covered with wrinkles. He was no longer majestic and heroic in appearance. However, his eyes and his will were more resolute than ever. They were filled with stubbornness and a lack of regrets.... Even if it meant walking to his death, he would rescue his wife!

“I regret ever bringing Xue’er here.... I originally came with her so that both of us could acquire everlasting life....” His voice was soft as a fourth sword swept out. The names on the mountain were growing dim; the palace on the mountain top was quaking, and cracks appeared on its surface.

“Han Shan, what are you doing?!” cried the old man, his expression bursting with fury and viciousness. Next to him, the boy also wore a savage expression as he glared at Han Shan.

Meng Hao watched on silently from within the ice statue. The vortex on his right arm was madly sucking in the Frost soil. His majestic Cultivation base was slowly beginning to rise up. As this happened, he looked at Han Shan and saw what could only be described as a persistence that would shock Heaven and Earth.

Such persistence was like faith.

“What is my persistence like?” thought Meng Hao.

“I will never forget what happened that day...” said Han Shan. His fifth sword swept out with power to rend the Earth. When it landed on the peak of the mountain, a roar filled the air and the boy was slain.

The boy was filled with disbelief as he transformed into ice. The last thing he heard before his consciousness disappeared was a voice that, despite seeming on the verge of death, was calm and terrifying.

“I also pondered why you called me here,” said Han Shan. “Back when I completed my Solitary Sword Song, it started to snow. My whole world was frozen over. Everywhere my sword touched, became ice. Then I understood. Then, some old memories came to me....”

“I am the Frost Soil Demon Emperor!” A sixth sword blasted out. The boy’s head was completely lopped off, and the palace exploded. Cracks appeared on the mountain top. By now, Han Shan looked ancient; he was surrounded by a thick death aura, and his entire body was withered.

“More accurately, I am his clone. Countless years ago, I was able to evade the pursuit of the Ji Ancestor. I lived in the world of mortals for countless generations until I finally understood it.” His seventh sword descended and the mountain peak began to shatter into pieces. The old man was shaking, and his eyes filled with dread.

It was at this moment, when the mountaintop shattered, that two butterfly Demon Spirits flew out from within, seemingly birthed from the destruction of the mountain. They fluttered in the air as they shot off into the distance.

No one paid any attention to the butterfly Demon Spirits. Han Shan didn’t, the old man didn’t. Not even Meng Hao paid them any attention. Only Zhixiang noticed, but she was locked in ice, and could do nothing but watch as they sped off into the distance.

“I don’t care what your goal is. I only want my wife back.” An eighth sword descended, chopping into the mountain, slashing toward the old man’s body.

The old man seemed to have no inclination to block or fight back against the sword. However, as the sword neared him, the space in front of him suddenly began to grow blurry, and a woman appeared to stand in front of him. She looked up at the sword, and then at Han Shan.

Han Shan suddenly stopped in his tracks. The sword ceased moving. Everything seemed to disappear; the only thing he was looking at was this woman.

She was not consummately beautiful, but rather, exceedingly gentle. She gazed down at Han Shan.

“I won’t go with you,” she said softly. “Nor can I go. I am a Bridge Slave. Starting that year, I became a Bridge Slave for all eternity....” She looked somewhat confused.

“When will the Bridge of Immortality reappear like new...? Sir, on what day will we again lay eyes on you...?” As the woman’s murmuring voice echoed out, the old man began to vanish. As he did, he looked calmly at Han Shan.

“I am the soul of the Bridge of Immortality,” he said. “All of the Bridge Slaves are a part of me. If I give up my memories of this time, then when I die, your wife will become the new Bridge Soul.

“There is no enmity between me and you. All of this was part of our mission, to restore the Bridge of Immortal Treading. Originally, you should have been the Bridge Soul. That is why the esteemed Demon Emperor hid you all those years ago. Now, however, the task will fall to your wife.

“My mission is complete, although not perfectly. My task was to find you and bring you back. This was the final command of the esteemed Demon Emperor before his death: find you, and make you a Bridge Slave.” With that, he faded away.

The instant he disappeared, the confusion in the woman’s eyes faded away. Her eyes were now clear. She saw Han Shan, and recalled her old memories. This was perhaps the first time since she had chosen to become a Bridge Slave, the first time in her everlasting life, that she suddenly saw everything clearly.

With a bitter smile, she looked at Han Shan.

“Kill me, allow me to be released....”

Her words echoed out. When Meng Hao heard them, and saw what was happening, he sighed.

The clearness only lasted a moment. In the moment when a Bridge Slave becomes the Bridge Soul, the Bridge Slave would have one moment of clearness. After that moment, the Bridge Slave would be awake and conscious, but would no longer be the same person they were before.

That person would be the new soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading.

Chapter 473: Frost Soil Success!

At the moment, the vortex on Meng Hao’s right arm was absorbing the power of the Frost soil in the area. This Frost soil, which seemed to be filled with the power to exterminate anything, caused the vortex to gradually begin to coagulate. A glowing white character for Earth was now starting to appear.

When the ancient character for earth became clearer, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base began to roar as a new power began to make Meng Hao suddenly... even stronger!

Every beat of his heart sent blood coursing through his veins. A boundary had been reached, and now his Cultivation base grew more powerful; his Gold Core was even stronger than before.

“It’s still not enough.... The aura of this Frost soil is actually much more intense than that of the Celestial soil.” His eyes glittered with determination as he rotated his Cultivation base. He focused all his energy on absorbing more power from the Frost soil.

“I’ve really struck it lucky here to be able to absorb this Frost soil.... If I can use it to form my Earth-type totem tattoo, who knows how much more powerful it will be than a Celestial soil totem...?” His eyes filled with anticipation.

Roaring filled his body. Despite being stuck in the ice statue, the Frost soil in the area continued to be sucked in, causing it to grow thinner and thinner. However, the effect wasn’t too noticeable; after all, the land mass formed by the Frost soil was enormous.

Zhixiang wasn’t too far away in another ice statue. At this point, she couldn’t help but look from Han Shan and the woman over toward Meng Hao.

“What’s he doing?!” she thought. Because of the shocking scene that had been playing out just now, she hadn’t notice Meng Hao’s aura earlier. However, now she did.

She stared with wide, disbelieving eyes, shaken by Meng Hao’s audacity.

“He’s absorbing... the Frost soil!!

“Frost soil is unique in all the Ninth Mountain. According to the legend, long, long ago, even before Cultivators existed, a land mass was born that was completely white and infinitely cold.

“Eventually, countless years ago, when Cultivators were just beginning to appear in the Ninth Mountain, it gained consciousness. However, as the land of Frost soil expanded, it eventually... turned into a person.

“He swept over the Ninth Mountain and Sea for countless years, and was known as... the Frost Soil Demon! Eventually, he came to be called an Emperor.... The Frost Soil Demon Emperor!

“Now, Meng Hao is actually absorbing the power of the Frost soil! Although this particular area of Frost Soil was created by the Bridge Soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, clearly, this whole area is the work of the Frost Soil Demon Emperor! If it wasn’t, then the Frost soil could not possibly appear!

“What Meng Hao is absorbing is not true Frost soil, but rather an ornamental version of it. However, it still far, far exceeds Celestial soil. There’s really not even any way to compare the two.

“According to the ancient records in the Sect, not including Lord Li, there were three Greater Demons in the ancient Immortal Demon Sect. They were the ones who built... the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

“Isn’t he worried he’s going to take it too far and die!?!?” Zhixiang had really never imagined that the day would come in which she would be envious of a mere Core Formation Cultivator. True, he could slay Nascent Soul Cultivators, but to see him absorbing Frost Soil was shockingly extraordinary, enough to arouse the jealousy of an Immortal.

Even as Meng Hao absorbed the power of the Frost soil, Han Shan’s soft sigh could be heard.

He was looking at his wife, his expression one of warmth. He had heard her words just now, and could also see that her expression was no longer clear, but rather, frustrated again. Deep in her eyes burned a mysterious fire, similar to that which had burned in the eyes of the old man.

“Come be with me, okay?” said the woman softly. There was something very strange in her voice as she looked at Han Shan.

Han Shan closed his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then he smiled, a smile filled with warmth. He knew that the person in front of him was no longer his wife. She had truly become the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading.

He knew that the only thing he could do was to kill his own wife. It would be a release; she would no longer be the Bridge Soul, and she would no longer have everlasting life. She would finally be herself.

Han Shan sighed. He was old now, and his face was filled with wrinkles. His aura was no longer how it had been. He was an old man, seemingly on the verge of death.

Perhaps his azure robe could conceal the loneliness he had felt for so long, but it could not conceal his ancientness, nor his exhaustion.

He had searched for three thousand years, had felt guilty for three thousand years. However, when he finally found what he was looking for, it was like this....

Shaking his head, Han Shan waved his hand. Instantly, the ice surrounding Meng Hao and Zhixiang shattered. Zhixiang immediately retreated backward, blood seeping out of her mouth.

With each step she took, her face grew more pale; the coldness was once again pressing down oppressively onto her.

The instant Meng Hao's ice statue shattered, the Frost soil in the area began to shoot toward him. It transformed into an enormous white vortex that surrounded him.

As the vortex spun, the Frost Soil in the area began to disappear as it was sucked into Meng Hao's body. The coldness was oppressive, and an Earth-type aura rose up to the sky.

The sight of this caused Han Shan's wife, the new Bridge Soul, to glance over at Meng Hao.

Han Shan turned his head to look. When he saw Meng Hao, he suddenly laughed.

"It is what it is," he said. "It seems the two of us are bound by Karma.... Let me bestow a bit more good fortune upon you." With that, he lifted his right hand and then pushed it down toward the Frost Soil land mass. Han Shan's body immediately began to tremble as a white and blue aura began to emanate out from his body and rush down toward the land mass.

As the aura spread out, Han Shan weakened even further, as if his Essence were being drained. He became even older.

The blue and white aura merged into the land mass and instantly, the Frost Soil began to change.

It was no longer just white, but glowed with a blue light. Its aura was completely shocking, and the coldness of it exploded up. The entire land mass began to tremble because of this ancient, archaic aura. It seemed to have existed for a very, very long time.

It had seen countless forms of life, and knew the warmth and coldness of the world. It had experienced life and death, and had existed throughout the ages. It seemed as if... this Frost Soil land mass which had previously not been true Frost soil, suddenly had transformed into that unique, true Frost soil which had once existed in the Ninth Mountain!

The white and blue aura was none other than the true power of the essence of Frost Soil Demon Emperor's clone. Now that he had sent out this power, the land mass below truly was the real Frost soil.

The land shook as it suddenly began to crumble in on itself and grow smaller. As it did, it quickly became more refined and pure. If you were able to stand far up above the Bridge of Immortal Treading, you would be able to see this process happening.

The Frost soil which had once stretched out to cover the entirety of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, shrank down in the space of a few breaths. In one moment, Meng Hao could see the edges of the land mass.

After the space of a single breath passed, it shrank down to a mass of blue soil only three hundred meters wide!

The whiteness was gone; it was now pure blue. This was the true Frost soil which had given birth to the Demon Emperor in the Ninth Mountain!

In the blink of an eye, three hundred meters became thirty meters. Thirty meters became three meters. Finally... the three meter wide clump of dark blue Frost soil shot directly toward the vortex on Meng Hao's right arm, merging into it.

Roaring filled Meng Hao's mind as his body slowly floated up into the air. His hair whipped about, and an increasingly intense aura rose up from him.

Zhixiang backed up, her expression one of shock. Considering that she knew Meng Hao was now absorbing true Frost soil, she was thoroughly astonished.

It was at this point that the vortex on Meng Hao's arm completely solidified into a blue Earth character. As soon as it appeared, an enormous land mass of Frost soil magically appeared behind Meng Hao.

Upon the land mass was a huge tree, which blazed with raging fire. Above the tree was a great metallic, golden river. This was a depiction of Metal, Wood, Earth and Fire!

Meng Hao's Cultivation base soared. By now, it had completely sloughed off the Gold core. Meng Hao's aura merged with the magical image behind him as immense power roared through him. As of now, if Xu Bai and Chen Mo, those two late Nascent Soul Cultivators, battled Meng Hao, it was easy to imagine how difficult it would be to determine who would live and who would die!

"Take my legacy, take my sword, and take my flagon," said Han Shan. "Leave this place. If ever the day comes in which you can shake this bridge with your Cultivation base, then don't forget to repay my kindness. If my wife and I are still here when you return, then I hope you can rescue us." With that, Han Shan laughed. He was aged and decrepit now, but his will once again surged, a will which despised Heaven and Earth. He flicked his sleeve, causing an azure sword to appear. This sword had never left his side during the past three thousand years. But now, it turned into an azure beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

He flicked his sleeve again, and the alcohol flagon, seemingly filled with boundless sword will, also flew into Meng Hao's hands. Meng Hao felt his heart stirring. He looked up at Han Shan, somewhat in a daze.

What he saw was Han Shan's back. It looked very much the way it had when Meng Hao first saw him. Lonely, bleak, and desolate...

Han Shan waved his hand, and a cold wind sprang into being. It picked up Meng Hao and the shocked Zhixiang, and carried them off into the distance.

The cold wind was incredibly strong. Neither Meng Hao nor Zhixiang could do anything to resist the power of the wind as it began to carry them off into the distance. Despite the force of the wind, Meng Hao managed to turn his head around for one last look.

Han Shan's gentle voice could just barely be heard.

"Three thousand years ago, it was because of you that I refused to become a Bridge Slave. Three thousand years later, it is because of you that I make the opposite choice. I will accompany you in such a life. What harm is there in that...?"

“I will lose my consciousness. I will lose any chance to return. However, as long as I can be with you, neither life nor death are of any consequence....”

“During these three thousand years, I thought a lot. Legacies and Cultivation bases don’t really matter. What matters, are dreams.... Without you by my side, I have no world.”

“You are my everything.”

“I’m willing. I am perfectly happy... to exercise faith.”

When Han Shan opened his eyes, they shone only with confusion. All of his loneliness and bleakness were gone.

His wife stood next to him. The two of them turned and made their way off into the distance. They were followed by millions of Bridge Slaves, an army of specters... moving further and further away.

“When will the Bridge of Immortality reappear like new...? Sir, on what day will we again lay eyes on you...?”

Chapter 474: Therefore, You Picked the North

“Senior Han Shan....” murmured Meng Hao. He had Han Shan’s sword, Han Shan’s flagon, and on his right arm was a totem tattoo made from Han Shan’s Frigid soil. These were all physical things. However, deep in Meng Hao’s heart existed the image of Han Shan and his wife.

That image was not desolate or lonely. There was no confusion, only... a husband and a wife, accompanying each other as they walked off into the distance.

“I, Meng Hao, solemnly swear a vow here in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. If in this life the day arrives in which I can shake this Bridge of Immortal Treading, then I will without fail repay this kindness!” Within the bitterly cold wind, Meng Hao clasped hands, looked back toward the Bridge Slave specters, and bowed deeply.

To Meng Hao, his principles demanded that he repay kindness. Kindnesses shown could never be forgotten!

Meng Hao continued to meet people who showed kindness to him in life. If he forgot them, then he did not deserve to be a Cultivator. It was the same with enmities.... Enmities must be repaid many times over.

I will do everything in my power to repay my benefactors!

I will bring tenfold vengeance upon my enemies!

If people do not attack me, I will not attack them. But if someone does attack me, that person shall die!

This was Meng Hao.

In Confucianism, there is a concept of a path of justice that contains two parts. One part involves being kind and tolerating others. The other involves taking action when necessary. After entering the Cultivation world, Meng Hao also had his own path.

This path had nothing to do with Cultivation, but rather, personal principles. Meng Hao's principles also contained the concept of justice, a justice with two parts. One was the law of repaying kindnesses. The other was bringing death in response to attacks!

Cultivation is about developing confidence.

Cultivation is about learning how to conduct oneself!

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed for a long, long moment. Next to him, Zhixiang suddenly flew away at top speed, emerging from the cold wind and moving off into the distance. She lifted her right hand, causing a red flower to suddenly appear. She was not attacking Meng Hao; instead, her flower transformed into a sea of flowers that enveloped... a butterfly Demon Spirit that happened to be flying in this area!

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. She laughed as she collected up the butterfly Demon Spirit, her eyes filled with excitement. Suddenly, another butterfly Demon Spirit appeared not too far off in the distance. As soon as it realized it had been noticed, it seemed to suddenly be frightened. It flitted its wings and flew off.

Zhixiang's eyes glittered as she shot pursuit for a moment, but then stopped. This was because Meng Hao had suddenly exploded with Dancing Sword Qi. The threat of the Sword Qi caused Zhixiang to feel quite annoyed. She looked over at Meng Hao. This was not the first time he had done something like this.

She frowned, then suddenly laughed and sped off into the distance away from the butterfly. As she did, her voice drifted back to Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao, although our cooperation has come to an end, based on what you now know, if you're interested, then we can come back to this place in two hundred years to enter the Primordial Immortal Demon Plane!

“Perhaps you might even learn of a way to rescue senior Han Shan while you're there. As for that Demon Spirit, if you want it, I won't fight you over it.” Her body flickered and then transformed into a red beam of light that disappeared off into the void.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he watched Zhixiang leave. He did nothing to stop her, nor did he respond. Instead, he himself shot out into the void toward the Demon Spirit.

Far off in the distance, Zhixiang performed a minor teleportation, reappearing in the void far away from Meng Hao's location. Suddenly, she coughed up a mouthful of blood. Her body began to tremble slightly, and suddenly a ghost image of her own face appeared. Shockingly, this image was Zhao Youlan's soul, struggling to get free!

“I have no intention of merging with your soul, precious darling. However, you need to abide by our agreement. I'll borrow your body for only two hundred years. Two hundred years later, I'll give it back to you.

“Furthermore, I won't borrow your body without offering repayment. I will ensure that you stay at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.” With that she jabbed her finger down onto her forehead.

This movement caused Zhao Youlan's soul to suddenly grow weaker. A look of fear appeared, and it began to shrink back. Eventually it disappeared; there was no ghost image any more.

“I was injured by Frost soil, and twice had bitter cold enter my body. Just now, I even circulated quite a bit of my Immortal Essence in my attempt to get that Demon Spirit. This Meng Hao is as crafty as a fox and diabolically cruel.

“If I didn’t get out of there, there’s no saying that that the kid wouldn’t actually attack.” Zhixiang’s eyes glittered. She wasn’t sure when, but at some point she had actually come to view Meng Hao as a worthy opponent.

“However, the fact that the curse doesn’t affect him will be a great advantage if he helps in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane two hundred years from now. My plan to acquire a Demon Immortal Body will be much more likely to succeed.” With that, Zhixiang slapped her bag of holding to produce the Five Poisons Tribe Immortality Bridgestone. She crushed it, and instantly, her body began to grow blurry. Before long, she was completely gone.

Further back in the void, Meng Hao proceeded along alone. The frigid wind had disappeared completely, and the coldness of the void crushed down onto him. However, to Meng Hao, that coldness actually felt warm.

His Earth-type totem was the unparalleled Frost soil. Compared to that, the surrounding coldness could be regarded as boiling hot.

After his huge success in acquiring the Earth-type totem tattoo, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base had skyrocketed. His speed was now much faster than before. Furthermore, the void could do nothing to impede him; he was quite used to it now.

He chased the butterfly for about an hour before catching it and putting it into his bag of holding. With that, he stopped and began to think.

“Two Demon Spirits. One can be used to get the Crow Divinity Tribes into the Black Lands. As for the second... I can decide what do to do with that one in two hundred years when the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens!” With that, his eyes filled with determination, and he proceeded onward.

As he moved, he pulled out Han Shan’s sword. The sword seemed commonplace, completely ordinary. But Meng Hao had seen this sword slice open Heaven and Earth, chop through the void, and unleash the shocking aura of the spirit of a mountain.

“This is an Immortal’s Sword!” He ran his left hand across the smooth blade, causing a drone to echo out. The drone contained feelings of grief, farewell, and the hope to reunite.

Hearing the drone caused Meng Hao to think about Han Shan. He sighed.

“Compared to senior Han Shan, I am tiny and weak. Right now, I can’t wield you. However, you were gifted to me by him. From now on, you... are my sword!

“I promised senior Han Shan that I would save him in the future. Now, I promise you that when I do save him, I will bring you with me. The day that I succeed in rescuing him, I will return you to senior Han Shan.”

The droning faded away. The azure sword slowly grew quiet. Then, it transformed into an azure beam of light that flew into the air and shot back toward Meng Hao. He did nothing to stop it. The azure glow hit him, causing a drop of blood to appear on his forehead.

The drop of blood touched the azure sword, and instantly Meng Hao could sense a clear connection between the two of them. His eyes glittered and he extended his right hand. Instantly, the azure sword’s aura rose up to the Heavens as it shot off into the distance.

It moved so quickly that Meng Hao couldn’t see it clearly. It shot directly toward a three thousand meter wide rock that was approaching. In the blink of an eye, it shattered the rock into pieces. A boom echoed out, and even before the shattered pieces could explode outward, the sword shot back to hover in front of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao stared in shock and extended his right hand. The sword slowly began to shrink down until it was about the size of a fingernail. Meng Hao swallowed it, causing the sword to merge into him. This was now one of Meng Hao’s trump cards, something that, if kept in his bag of holding, would strip it of the element of surprise when being used.

Even as the shattered remnants of the thousand meter rock shot toward him, Meng Hao pulled out his chunk of Immortality Bridgestone, the one that had transported him here to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. He crushed it in his hand, and instantly, he faded and disappeared.

The North region of the great lands of the Western Desert were rapidly turning into a vast body of water. In the most low-lying of the areas, violet lakes could be seen. The violet rain continued to pour down in buckets. It only continued to grow heavier.

The sky was dark, and no sunlight was visible whatsoever, making it seem like dusk. The whole scene turned into an oppressive weight. A coldness spread out everywhere, a coldness that could exterminate life.

The mountains were all deathly silent. No signs of life could be seen anywhere. The entire Western Desert North region was now devoid of spiritual energy. Rotting corpses of beasts could be seen scattered about in the rainwater.

Off in the distance, a group of people could be seen moving rapidly through the air. This was a group of about four or five thousand people, all in the process of migration. They were silent, their faces sallow. In recent days, migrating groups like this were a common sight in the Western Desert North region.

However, it was at this moment that a bright beam of light could be seen off in the distance, along with an oppressive aura. It moved at high speed through the air, causing a loud booming sound. It seemed matchless aggressive.

The beam moved with incredible speed toward the group of migrating Tribe members, instantly catching their attention. All of them looked up toward the figure within the beam. The Five Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Tribe instantly looked shocked.

“Yi Chenzi!!”

“He completely slaughtered seven or eight Tribes in the area recently! He uses the people he kills as blood sacrifices to further his cultivation!”

“If Heaven wishes to exterminate our Tribe, then all we can do is be cautious. How come we have to run into this damned Yi Chenzi!”

This approaching beam of light was none other than Yi Chenzi, who Meng Hao had chased in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. In the midst of the chase, the Bridge Slaves showed up, giving rise to a huge tempest. Otherwise, the man would have been killed by Meng Hao.

His head was very small, but he was quite tall and looked like a rat. His appearance made it so that others could recognize him instantly. He flew through mid-air, a vicious expression on his face.

Half a month earlier, he had returned from the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. When he reappeared, he found himself in the same place where he had left, which was on the border of the Western Desert North region. He was not pleased with his journey into the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, and had been left with a thorough fear of Meng Hao.

That was actually the reason he'd come back so early; he could only sigh at his misfortune in running into Meng Hao. Back in the Western Desert, he kept trying to figure out where Meng Hao came from, fearful of running into him again.

After much thought, he came to the conclusion that there was no way Meng Hao could possibly be from the North region. After all, the Cultivation base of the Tribes in the North region was the weakest of all. It had been years since someone had appeared who could be considered Chosen of Heaven. Yi Chenzi also figured that the North region would be most severely affected by the Apocalypse, and would have the greatest collection of migrating Tribes. It was quite suitable for him.

Therefore, he came to the north.

Chapter 475: Return

Booming sounds echoed out as the group scattered. It took only about two hours for vicious looking Yi Chenzi to hold up five severed heads and then begin his blood sacrifice of the rest of the Tribe down below.

The blood sacrifice lasted for two days, after which Yi Chenzi waved his hand to collect up all the spoils. After performing the blood sacrifice, his Cultivation base was creeping toward a breakthrough.

“All I have to do is kill a couple dozen thousand more people, and I can have my breakthrough and reach the late Nascent Soul stage! I don't know the name of this particular Tribe, but they sure were vicious. Of the four or five thousand people, all of them turned out to have Cultivation bases. They must have left the ordinary Tribe members behind to let nature run its course.” Yi Chenzi's eyes flickered as he pulled out a jade slip. Inside was a map which depicted the Western Desert North region and described it in detail.

“I can't afford to provoke the great Five Poisons Tribe, or the great Scorching Ice Tribe. Without a late Nascent Soul Cultivation base, gaining a victory against them would waste too much of my Cultivation base.

“Damn this violet rain. If it weren't for the blood sacrifices combined with a bit of Celestial soil, I would have run out of spiritual energy and then died.” Mumbling to himself, Yi Chenzi licked his lips and then looked over the jade slip again.

“Five Crow Divinity Tribes? They used to be the great Crow Divinity Tribe, which means they should have sent a representative to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. They just went to war against the great Five Poisons Tribe.

“This is the Tribe! It’s hard to say how many people they have left, but they used to be a great Tribe. And since they were able to fight back against the Five Poisons Tribe, they must have a lot of resources at their disposal. Most important is that if their representative to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins didn’t die there, then he probably came back with some Celestial soil. Maybe I can get a bit more Celestial soil for myself.” Eyes glittering with a ruthless glow, he was just about to go through with his plan to travel to the five Crow Divinity Tribes when a tremor ran through his body.

“The person the five Crow Divinity Tribes sent to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins couldn’t possibly be that damnable bastard Meng Hao, could it? I couldn’t possibly be that unlucky, could I?” After thinking about it for a moment, he suddenly laughed at how overly cautious he was being. Twenty three people went to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. Not counting himself, there were twenty two, all scattered about throughout the whole of the Western Desert. The chances of running into Meng Hao again were extremely small.

Having reaching this point in his train of thought, Yi Chenzi’s eyes filled with cruelty. His body flickered as he shot off into the distance. During his traveling, he would occasionally run into other Tribes which he instantly slaughtered. His entire path was one of blood sacrifices.

Along the way, his Cultivation base grew stronger and stronger. At the same time, his temperament grew more and more ruthless. This was even more the case as he felt himself getting closer to the point of breakthrough. His massacres grew even more savage.

He also moved with greater and greater speed. Soon, he was getting very close to the five Crow Divinity Tribes.

“I can already smell the odor of flesh and blood....” said Yi Chenzi, licking his lips as he whistled through the air. Suddenly, a mountain appeared up ahead.

The mountain was bare, and beneath it could be seen a body of water. It wasn’t extremely large, more a large lake than a sea.

The mountain stuck up out of the middle of the huge lake. At its peaks, a large group of huts had been erected to provide protection against the rainwater. This was the location of the Crow Divinity Tribes. It was now a full five months since Meng Hao had left.

Of the two thousand Tribe members, there were only a bit more than a thousand left. Several hundred Tribe members had died in the past five months, their life forces exterminated. They had been buried in the mountain, accompanied by weeping, and the funeral dirges of their fellow Clan members. Everyone knew that it wouldn't be long before the entire mountain... existed at the bottom of the sea.

Every day, a Tribe member was sent down the mountain with the specific task of measuring how much the water had risen. This way, they could calculate roughly how much time was left.

"The water has risen less than a meter since yesterday," said the Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder. He sat in a hut next to the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather.

The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather's hair was gray, his face sallow, and his body emaciated. He sat there silently, looking out at the seemingly endless violet rain. When he spoke, his voice was bitter but low, in order to prevent many people from hearing his words. "Five months. Perhaps the exalted Sacred Ancient has already left us. The power of the Thorn Rampart vine is fading.... If he left, that's fine. However, he promised he would return to us with hope." The man's voice was hoarse, and his expression blank.

"Hope...." said the Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder. He looked around at the other Tribe members in the huts. They were silent and gloomy. Their eyes were open, but didn't seem to look very different than if they were closed. Many of them had bodies as thin as firewood.

None of them had any hope at all.

As the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth faded, as the violet rain fell harder, life was exterminated. This made it difficult for the ordinary Tribe members to survive. Even the Cultivators felt their Cultivation bases withering, making it difficult to maintain their place in their current stage.

"He'll come back," said the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather softly. He didn't speak very loudly, but his voice was filled with passion. He believed what Meng Hao said, and he trusted that Meng Hao would definitely return.

The Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder let out a soft sigh and was about to say something more when suddenly his expression flickered. He looked up into the air. At almost the exact same moment, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather suddenly lifted his head up. Within his withered body, his

Cultivation base once again began to rotate. His dismal eyes suddenly began to shine with an aggressive glow.

It wasn't just these two. Behind them were two other Tribe members whose Cultivation bases exploded out threateningly as they looked up into the sky.

During these five months, they were always on guard, always filled with extreme vigilance. Three groups of people had come to attack them, and two had been repelled by the Thorn Rampart vine. As time passed, though, the Thorn Rampart vine began to weaken. In the end, it was submerged by the lake and disappeared.

By the time the third group came, the Crow Divinity Tribes were forced to fight. During the battle, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather wasted much of his Cultivation base to kill an opponent of the early Nascent Soul stage. His action had ended the conflict.

After all, in this Apocalypse of Heaven and Earth, mutual loss and death were equivalent.

In the blink of an eye it seemed, a fourth group had come against them. This time, it was only one person; however, in the current circumstances, one person was even more dangerous!

This one person approached in a beam of light, emanating a shocking aura. Booming sounds echoed out which carried the power of the peak of the mid Nascent Soul stage. Obviously, this person was just a hair away from the late Nascent Soul stage.

When the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather sensed this Cultivation base, his face flickered with shock. Next to him, the Crow Gloom Tribe Grand Elder was even more astonished.

The faces of the two behind them instantly turned ashen.

Considering their level of power, even if the five Crow Divinity Tribes went all out, they would still be unable to protect themselves.

When Yi Chenzi saw the more than thousand remaining members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes on the mountain peak, he frowned.

“How could there be so few?” he said with a cold harrumph. Such a small number of people left him feeling that this trip had been somewhat of a waste. Nonetheless, he continued on toward the Tribes.

“Not many people, but there’s no need to waste,” he said, his eyes glinting with cruelty. As he neared, he stretched out his hand and pointed a finger.

Immediately, ripples spread out, transforming into a gigantic hand made of black mist. It shot directly toward the mountain.

Seeing the black hand approaching, the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather immediately shot forward at top speed. In the blink of an eye, he was up in mid-air. Roaring, he waved his right hand, causing explosive totemic power to explode out.

His Metal-type totem roared with power as it shot toward the black mist.

A boom rattled out, and the black mist hand collapsed. The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather coughed up a mouthful of blood as he tumbled backward. When he reached the mountain peak, more blood came out of his mouth, and his body withered. His Spiritual Energy was almost completely dried up. As he laughed bitterly, the rest of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes rose to their feet, looks of despair filling their eyes.

“Don’t tell me your Cultivation bases are all withered?” said Yi Chenzi arrogantly. “Well, even if they were normal, killing you would be a simple thing for me. I can’t believe the great Crow Divinity Tribe is so weak! Where are your totemic Sacred Ancients? Where are your magical weapons? You’re so weak you can’t even handle a single blow. A Tribe like this doesn’t even deserve to exist. However, dying in the Apocalypse isn’t as good as being a blood sacrifice to advance my cultivation!” Yi Chenzi actually had a special method for dealing with totemic Sacred Ancients, which was one reason he had been able to sweep across the Western Desert and exterminate so many Tribes.

Wu Chen stood among the crowds. His body trembling, he shouted, “When the exalted Sacred Ancient returns, he will definitely not let you go! If you dare to raise a hand against the Crow Divinity Tribes, then you will face the wrath of the Sacred Ancient!!”

His echoing words immediately caused the fire of hope to burn within the eyes of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes.

“The Sacred Ancient will definitely return!”

“The Sacred Ancient will come back carrying hope!!”

Yi Chenzi laughed scornfully. “Your Sacred Ancient is going to come back? So, even your Sacred Ancient abandoned you. Even if it does come back, I can seal it and make it watch as I sacrifice all of you.” He raised his hand again.

This time, ripples spread out in four directions to transform into four black mist hands. They linked together into something that looked like a black dragon bursting with killing intent. They immediately shot toward Crow Divinity Mountain.

Just as despair filled the faces of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes, just when the hand was almost upon them, four tentacles suddenly erupted out from the water below. They moved with incredible speed toward the four hands. At the same time, thorns suddenly spread out around the mountain, completely encircling it.

Unfortunately, the weakness and exhaustion of the vines and the thorns was readily apparent.

It was at this moment that, about four hundred kilometers away from the five Crow Divinity Tribes’ mountain, up above a rushing river, an area of distortion suddenly appeared. It was like a tear in the very air that opened up into a hole.

From within the hole, a figure emerged. He wore a green robe and had long black hair that whipped about in the wind. He was handsome and had an energetic demeanor. This was... Meng Hao!

He had returned in much the same manner as he had left, having been teleported back some distance from where he left. Generally speaking, this was normal. The return spot was usually within about five hundred kilometers of the point of departure.

Meng Hao rubbed the bridge of his nose as he looked around. Having confirmed his position, he sent his Spiritual Sense out. He immediately sensed the vine, and through it, could see in image of what was happening currently in the Crow Divinity Tribes.

Meng Hao’s eyes immediately filled with with an unspeakable, raging anger. When he spoke, his voice was like like a freezing wind. His Cultivation base exploded out, immediately causing much of the rain in the vicinity to turn into ice!

“Yi Chenzi!!!”

Chapter 476: How Could You Be Here!?

Outside of the Crow Divinity Tribes' mountain, explosions filled the air. The Thorn Rampart spread around the mountain, forming a protective layer. Vines shot out to fight against Yi Chenzi.

Amidst the booms, the four black mist hands collapsed. Yi Chenzi's eyes suddenly glittered, filling with ruthlessness.

“So, you have a protective treasure like this! You're truly worthy of being a former great Tribe,” he said with a laugh. “Unfortunately, in this violet rain, your vines are like a lamp that's running low on oil.... If I add it to the blood sacrifice, the results will be even better.” It was at this point that a black moon suddenly appeared behind him.

This moon radiated darkness, and was instantly surrounded by a seething mist. The sight of it made Yi Chenzi seem like some sort of devil. His aura roared up into the sky as he shot at high speed toward one of the vines. As the vine swept toward him, Yi Chenzi licked his lips and then pointed out with his finger.

Suddenly, a black moon magically appeared on his fingertip. When it touched the vine, a roaring sound filled Heaven and Earth. The vine trembled, and then exploded. Massive amounts of viscous fluid sprayed about in all directions. The rest of the vines let out sad and shrill calls.

Yi Chenzi laughed a loud, arrogant laugh. Emanating potency, his expression one of contempt, he neared the mountain's peak. As he closed in, the other vines, ignoring their injured state, once again move to defend.

The vine was a simple life form. Even after fusing with the Thorn Rampart, it was not very intelligent. However, it never forgot the mission assigned to it by Meng Hao before he left.

Protect the Crow Divinity Tribes....

In its primitive mind, it knew that it would accomplish its mission even if it meant dying the cruelest death in the process!

Several vines whistled through the air toward Yi Chenzi, who let out a cold snort and flicked his sleeve. The black moon appeared in front of him, emanating a black glow which spread out rapidly in all directions. As soon as the vines touched the black glow, they began to melt. Anguished screams could be heard, causing the more than one thousand remaining members of the Crow Divinity Tribes to clench their fists tightly. Grief and indignation filled their eyes.

They knew that the only reason the vines were dying in battle was to protect them.

As the vines were melted by the black glow, and the miserable shrieks echoed out, suddenly, a black beam of light shot out from the violet lake beneath the mountain. It moved with such incredible speed that, in the blink of an eye, it pierced through Yi Chenzi's black glow and shot directly toward his forehead.

Yi Chenzi's expression flickered as a profound sense of deadly crisis filled him. Eyes wide, he let out a roar, the waves of which turned into an attack that battered against the beam.

Then, the black moon once again magically appeared in front of Yi Chenzi. It shot toward the black beam of light, and when they hit each other, a huge boom filled the air. The black moon collapsed, and the black beam of light continued on toward Yi Chenzi.

This black beam was a sharp thorn. This thorn was different from the others; it emanated a strong life force. Actually, this was the main life force essence formed by the amalgamation of the vine and the Thorn Rampart.

Unfortunately, the exterminating power of the violet rain had weakened the vines to a tremendous degree. The same was true of this life force thorn. The fact that it had been blocked twice gave Yi Chenzi enough time to prepare. Even as the thorn shot toward him, he dodged to the side. The sharp thorn cut his cheek as it shot past. Yi Chenzi suffered a flesh wound, but nothing serious.

His eyes turned red as a savagery appeared that hadn't been present before. A bloodthirsty glow radiated out as he licked some blood out of the corner of his mouth. His entire expression radiated killing intent.

"Any living thing that harms me gets turned into a blood sacrifice..." His eyes flickered with a cold glow as he waved his hand toward the violet lake below. A booming sound could be heard as water exploded up. Ripples radiated out as a thirty meter long vine trunk was wrenched up out of the water by Yi Chenzi.

“So it’s you.... Well, time to die!” He licked his lips, and cruelty glowed in his eyes. He raised his left hand, causing a black moon to magically appear.

He was just about to send it chopping down toward the vine trunk when the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather and the other powerful experts of the Crow Divinity Tribes teleported out to block Yi Chenzi.

“Screw off!” cried Yi Chenzi haughtily. He waved his right hand immediately causing the Greatfather and the others to tumble backward, blood spraying from their mouths, bodies shaking.

Just when the looks of despair appeared on their faces as they realized that they were powerless to fight back, the howl of a wolf rose up. Big Hairy, Hairy #2, and the rest of the Greenwood Wolves shot out from a cave in the mountain. Their expressions were listless, but they flew through the air toward Yi Chenzi.

There was also a red, winged crocodile and an enormous lizard, joined by a flock of black crows and a cloud of green mosquitos. All of them looked downcast, and their auras were weak. Under the continuous onslaught of the violet rain, with its life force of extermination and weakening of spiritual energy, they had been quite seriously injured.

Even still, it was without hesitation that they shot out, filling the sky. The sight was shocking, even to Yi Chenzi, whose pupils constricted.

However, it only took a moment for him to sense the aura of the neo-demons. Then, his expression filled with scorn and cruelty.

“Shrimp soldiers and crab generals,” he said. “Useless troops!” Filled with haughtiness and cruelty, Yi Chenzi waved his left hand to pull the vine trunk up into the air. Then he shot forward, flashing an incantation with his right hand. Multiple black moons magically appeared and shot forward.

Roaring filled the air, echoing out. Blood sprayed out of Big Hairy’s mouth, and his body was sent tumbling backward. Hairy #2 and the other Greenwood Wolves let out miserable cries as they shot backward like kites with their strings cut.

The black crows and the mosquitos were instantly sealed by a misty wind. Were they at their peak it might have been a different story. Now, however, no matter how they struggled, they weren’t able to free themselves from the mist wind.

The winged crocodile and the lizard also let out mournful cries. The power of this black moon divine ability sent them tumbling backward, their bodies on the verge of falling apart.

Yi Chenzi's laughter filled the air. None of the neo-demons, none of the Cultivators, were capable of resisting him even the slightest bit. They couldn't even get close to him. The vine trunk, which was floating there in mid-air, was snatched up by Yi Chenzi. It was now only a hair's breadth away from death.

All of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes up on the mountaintop had looks of despair and misery on their faces. The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather wiped the blood off of his mouth and gave a long, bitter sigh.

His expression filled with arrogance, Yi Chenzi said, "When Yi Chenzi wants to exterminate a Tribe, no one can escape being part of the blood sacrifice!" Looking scornfully at the neo-demons and the Tribe members, his mouth twisted into a cruel smile. He lifted his left hand up and slowly clenched it into a fist.

The vine trunk struggled, but as Yi Chenzi clenched his fist, all it could do was writhe. It was clearly moments away from exploding.

"Die!" cried Yi Chenzi, laughing heartily. However, it was at this moment that a piercing sound suddenly could be heard from off in the distance.

"You die, b*tch! You little rat! Are you trying to get me in trouble with Meng Hao, b*tch!?!? Dammit, Lord Fifth just went out to get some lunch! You think that means you can wipe this place out?" As the shrill cry echoed in the air, a multicolored streak whistled through the air toward Yi Chenzi's rear end. As it neared, the sound of a ringing bell also could be heard.

Yi Chenzi at first stared in shock. Then his face fell. Having no time to continue to crush the vine, he dropped it, allowing it to fly away.

An incredible sense of deadly crisis appeared once again. Yi Chenzi's body flickered as he fell back. As he did, a multicolored blur shot through the air in the position he had occupied moments before.

Cold sweat broke out on Yi Chenzi's forehead and his heart filled with doubt and dread. He could clearly see that if he hadn't dodged away, the multicolored streak would have charged directly into where his rear end had just been.

Thinking about what the horrific result would have been caused even ruthless Yi Chenzi to gasp.

"Dammit, what is that thing?"

The multicolored glow materialized into the parrot, who glared threateningly at Yi Chenzi.

"Bitch, you dare to try to get me in trouble?! I'll screw you! Screw you to death!" A bizarre glow appeared in the parrot's eyes as it squawked at Yi Chenzi. Its expression and its voice, coupled with its actions moments before, caused Yi Chenzi's scalp to grow numb.

Shouting, the parrot charged forward at incredible speed toward Yi Chenzi. Yi Chenzi gasped and fell back in retreat, flashing an incantation gesture with both hands. Immediately, a black moon magically appeared in front of him as he attempted to defend himself.

A boom filled the air as the parrot slammed through the black moon. In the blink of an eye, it appeared in front of Yi Chenzi. As it neared, Yi Chenzi could see that it was actually turning through the air... to shoot directly toward his rear end!

"What is it trying to do!?!?" Yi Chenzi was scared witless. At this critical juncture, his body suddenly transformed into a mist that shot off to reappear three thousand meters away in the distance. Once again, the parrot's attack met with no results. Immediately, it grew furious.

"Haiyaaa! You dare to dodge me!? Lord Fifth is definitely going to screw you!!"

The parrot's appearance, and its actions, caused all of the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes to stare up in shock.

Yi Chenzi wiped the sweat from his brow. As of this point, he realized that there was more to this Tribe than met the eye. It seemed weak, but it had vines and neo-demons and then this fearsome thing that apparently liked to attack rear ends.

Even as Yi Chenzi was filled with shock, the Parrot, enraged by its two fruitless attacks, suddenly let out a mighty, squawking howl. “Beloved concubine!!”

As soon as the two words rang out, a cloud mass shot toward them from the sky off in the distance. It moved with incredible speed as it neared. Within this cloud mass was none other than the enormous Outlander Beast.

“Outlander!!”

The roar of the Outlander Beast shook Heaven and Earth. Yi Chenzi’s eyes went wide, filling with astonishment and fear. He was instantly sent tumbling backward, his eyes shining with disbelief.

“Dammit, there’s an Outlander Beast here. Just... just what Tribe is this? They even raise Outlander Beasts! I can’t stay here. Dammit! If I had known about all of this I would never have come here. They don’t have many people, but they’re incredibly difficult to exterminate.” Yi Chenzi’s scalp was numb as he unhesitatingly fell back. He immediately transformed into a wisp of green smoke as he utilized his escape art to shot thousands of meters away in the blink of an eye.

The instant his body reappeared, a cold snort could be heard off to the side. It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly appeared, having just employed minor teleportation.

When Yi Chenzi saw Meng Hao, his face immediately filled with shock and then, he screamed. Since returning from the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, he had never screamed like this. It was filled with terror and dread, fuelled by the massive trembling of his own soul.

“You.... How could you be here!?!?”

Chapter 477: Moon....

The instant Meng Hao appeared, everyone on the mountain saw him. Immediately, the Crow Soldier Greatfather began to tremble, and a look of excitement shone in his eyes.

The other powerful experts next to him were the same. To them, Meng Hao’s appearance finally gave them some bit of hope.

If these men acted in such a way, there is no need to even describe how the despair in the hearts of the other Tribe members was suddenly swept away by excitement.

“Sacred Ancient!”

“The exalted Sacred Ancient has returned!!”

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, we offer you respect upon your safe return!!”

The voices of more than a thousand people called out, seemingly unburdening themselves of the great pressure that had been weighing down on them. It turned into a huge roar like that which you might hear coming from a crowd of ten thousand. They were joined by Big Hairy and all the other neo-demons, who after seeing Meng Hao lifted their heads up to the sky and howled with excitement. The sound of it all shook Heaven and Earth.

Yi Chenzi’s face was instantly devoid of color. He stared blankly at Meng Hao, his mind buzzing. Then he screamed as he backed up. He didn’t even notice the parrot approaching with a look of disdain.

When the parrot slammed into his rear end, a blood-curdling shriek filled the air. He felt pain... intense pain that he had never experienced before in his life, unspeakable, unforgettable.... In addition to the pain was a feeling of humiliation that caused Yi Chenzi to lift his head up and shriek.

Even as his voice echoed out, the parrot excitedly shot back for another round. Scared out of his mind, Yi Chenzi immediately transformed into a green smoke as he prepared to flee at top speed.

It was impossible to describe how much he regretted having come to this place. It was a deep, utter regret. How could he have ever imagined that a tiny Tribe like this, would actually... be full of crouching tigers and hidden dragons!?

“Dammit, dammit.... this place has a wicked vine, tons of neo-demons, a perverted parrot, that shocking Outlander Beast, and most ridiculous of all, that Patriarch Bloodface!” His heart was filled with sorrow to the point that he was about to cry. He had already decided that he would flee this place and never again in his life ever step even half a pace into the Western Desert North region.

However, even as his body turned into the green smoke, just when he was about to flee, Meng Hao lifted his right hand. Instantly, a freezing wind blew out which contained the power of Frigid soil. In that instant, Yi Chenzi in his green smoke was instantly frozen in place in mid-air.

His body was then forced out of the smoke. The astonishment and disbelief on his face was apparent as he wondered how his opponent could have become so much more powerful in such a short time. He could even nullify the effects of his escape art.

As his body was forced out of the smoke, Meng Hao's cold face radiated icy killing intent. He shot forward, clenched his hand into a fist and punched Yi Chenzi directly in the chest.

Yi Chenzi had no way to avoid the blow. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and the sound of cracking bones could be heard coming from his chest. With a miserable shriek, he was sent tumbling backward.

"How could he be so powerful?!?!" Yi Chenzi was scared out of his mind. A droning sound filled his body as Meng Hao's cold voice suddenly rang out.

"Before, you dared to steal things that belong to me. I let you get away once, how could I possibly let you do so again today?" He immediately charged Yi Chenzi again and punched him a second time.

A boom could be heard. Yi Chenzi coughed up more blood, and his face went pale. Before he could even say anything, Meng Hao's fist once again slammed into him, injuring not just his physical body, but also his Nascent Soul. Even his totem tattoos seemed on the verge of collapse.

At this critical moment, Yi Chenzi let out a piercing howl. His Spiritual Sense suddenly emanated out, and the evil magic in his body began to circulate. Suddenly, a black moon appeared on his forehead. As soon as this happened, all of his Spiritual Sense converged onto the black moon, causing it to begin to rotate. Shockingly, a reflection of the black moon appeared on Meng Hao's forehead as well.

Yi Chenzi coughed some blood out of his mouth then shouted, "Sense Slaying!"

The moment the words left his mouth, the inverted image of the moon on Meng Hao's forehead shattered, and an intense power surged into Meng Hao's mind. In response, Meng Hao let out a cold snort. The power was fierce, and was obviously Yi Chenzi's trump card. If Meng Hao hadn't already formed his Earth-type totem tattoo, then his mind would be reeling right now.

Instead, he quickly recovered. His own Spiritual Sense was far more powerful than Yi Chenzi's. Backed by the power of four of the five elements, the effect of Yi Chenzi's attack was easy to dispel.

Another fist descended, and Yi Chenzi's body exploded with blood and gore. His shocked Nascent Soul flew out, surrounded by the protection of the black moon.

"How could he be so powerful! Why? Why?! Dammit, he must have seized some blessing in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins." Even as his terrified Nascent soul tried to retreat at top speed, Meng Hao snatched Yi Chenzi's corpse and put it into his bag of holding.

As Yi Chenzi's Nascent Soul tried to flee, suddenly, the Outlander Beast arrived. A boom filled the air as it struck out. Yi Chenzi's Nascent Soul screamed and then spit out a mouthful of Nascent Soul life Qi. The Nascent Soul itself grew fuzzy and extremely weak. The black moon shield collapsed, and the other protective treasures that he had pulled out moments ago also were destroyed.

"Despicable!" shrieked Yi Chenzi. "You people are despicable! I demand a one-on-one duel!!" His face twisted with fear as he was surrounded on three sides by the Outlander Beast, the parrot and Meng Hao.

"One-on-one duel? Yeah right, b*tch! Lord Fifth always wins by outnumbering the enemy. Who's gonna duel you, b*tch! How could you be so naive?" The parrot squawked as it charged once again in attack. The Outlander Beast roared and struck out. As for Meng Hao, he did nothing except for seal off Yi Chenzi's escape route with freezing wind every time he tried to flee.

It was at this point that the meat jelly suddenly let out an excited shout. "Don't kill him! I have to convert him! I've been looking for someone as evil as this for years! I've always wanted a challenge like this!" The meat jelly's eyes glowed and filled with excitement.

"What's your name? Fear not! Come come. Tell Lord Third your name."

A boom filled the air as the Outlander Beast struck out again. Yi Chenzi's Nascent Soul was injured again. More life Qi sprayed from his mouth. The Nascent Soul was incredibly weak at this point, and his eyes were filled with desperation. With an angry cry, he tried to perform a minor teleportation, but even as he did, the air around him froze like ice, blocking the minor teleportation. Next, the parrot charged toward him.

A miserable scream rose up into the sky. The scene was tragic beyond compare. Even the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes were shocked.

“Let me go, I was in the wrong! Let me go....”

Boom! The Outlander slapped out playfully.

“Give me a chance, I will... aaiiii....”

The parrot, manly and vigorous, pierced him through.

“I...”

“What’s your name? Eee? You’re not answering me! So, you look down on me, eh? Despise me? You, you, you, you are simply too evil! You are too immoral! I must convert you! I will convert you. Why won’t you say anything...?” The meat jelly continued to blabber on continuously.

Within the space of about ten breaths, Yi Chenzi’s Nascent Soul continuously let out miserable shrieks of despair. The parrot and its concubine, and the meat jelly, were tormenting him until he was about to collapse.

In the end, Yi Chenzi let out a furious roar and chose to self-detonate. However, in the moment before he did, the Outlander Beast opened its mouth and swallowed him down. A faint explosion could be heard, after which the Outlander Beast opened its mouth and burped out some mist.

This was the way in which Yi Chenzi was ultimately killed. He was not cut down by Meng Hao, but rather toyed to death by the parrot, Outlander Beast, and meat jelly.

“Ahh? He died?” The parrot seemed to think that it was a pity.

“Ai. I can’t believe he died before I was able to convert him.” The meat jelly had a pained expression on its face as it sighed.

The Outlander Beast wore a strange expression as it looked back and forth between the meat jelly and the parrot. It said nothing.

Meng Hao turned and headed back toward the mountain, surrounded by his neo-demon horde. He waved his hand and instantly, totemic life force flowed out in all directions, fusing into the neo-beasts as well as the vine trunk.

They immediately began to recover. As they did, Meng Hao produced a large collection of medicinal pills to treat not only the wounds of the neo-demons, but also strengthen the weakened Crow Divinity Tribe members, who instantly looked much more energetic.

“Greetings exalted Sacred Ancient!” The more than one thousand Tribe members all began to kneel and kowtow to Meng Hao. Even the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather got to his knees to kowtow. When they lifted their heads back up, their faces were filled with anticipation. They were aware of Meng Hao’s goal in going to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, and now, they all looked at him with anxiety.

“I’ve brought back hope,” he said, looking around at them. “We will migrate... to the Black Lands!” The surrounding Tribe members gasped and began to tremble. Tears streamed down their faces and they cried out in joy from the bottoms of their hearts.

A few days later, the Crow Divinity Tribe’s life-saving migration began.

With the fall of the violet rain, life force was exterminated and teleportation portals stopped working. Spiritual energy was scant, which made it so that the Crow Divinity Tribes had to travel on foot. There was no way for them to fly through the air.

Furthermore, there were still ordinary Tribe members with no Cultivation bases. That made it impossible to travel at any high rate of speed.

For a Cultivator to fly from the Western Desert North region to the Black Lands in the South region would take many years. To walk... would take a thousand. There was no time for that. The only way migrate successfully.... would be to acquire a flying machine that could carry one thousand people.

They needed a flying machine that could be powered by Spirit Stones, not the spiritual power of Heaven and Earth. Only a large flying machine like that could facilitate their migration and make it a reality.

Before departing, Meng Hao looked back at the mountains. After having returned, he hadn’t seen the Black Bat. From what Gu La had told him, it had disappeared only a few days after he left for the Realm of the Bridge Ruins. As to where it went, nobody knew.

“You fled without my permission. Well, I can find you if I wish.” Meng Hao look at the mountains, his eyes glittering. Then he turned and walked off into the distance with the Crow Divinity Tribes.

Chapter 478: Soulsearh

Most Rogue Cultivators would not have a large reserve of Spirit Stones. But to the five Tribes that once made up the great Crow Divinity Tribe, a Tribe which had passed down legacies for many years, well, Spirit Stones...

Were something they had a lot of!

They might not have enough to keep a large flying machine going for many years, but it would at least get them half way. After the arrival of the violet rain, the spiritual energy grew scarce to the point where it virtually didn't exist. Therefore, Spirit Stones, which were in fact an expendable resources, became the only way to replenish spiritual energy. Therefore, some were wasted in this way.

Thankfully, the fact that there were not many Cultivators in the Crow Divinity Tribes meant that the consumption was reduced by quite a bit. At the moment, there were plenty remaining. Currently, the main problem was how to acquire a large flying machine that wasn't powered by the spiritual energy of Cultivators.

Meng Hao looked around thoughtfully at members of the Crow Divinity Tribes as they trudged along. “Right now, many Tribes are migrating through the Western Desert North region. A treasure like that... would certainly be incredibly expensive if it were to be purchased!”

It was already the tenth day of the Crow Divinity Tribes' migration. These mountains were where the Tribes had lived from generation to generation. Other than occasional Tribe members who went out to travel in the great lands of the Western Desert and never came back, or a few random other members, most members of the Crow Divinity Tribes never left the mountains.

The rain continued to fall heavily. Everyone, both Cultivator and ordinary Tribe member alike, had to do everything possible to prevent the rainwater from touching them. Otherwise, their life force would slowly be burned away.

Even the neo-demons were the same, although they were able to hold out much longer. Anything that was alive, though, would slowly die if exposed to the rain.

When the thorns were broken off of the vines, they became something like bark, which were then used to make articles of clothing that resembled woven, rush raincoats. These coats became an essential item to the Tribe members.

The migration included not just the thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribes, but also Meng Hao's neo-demon horde. Thankfully, the neo-demons could survive inside Meng Hao's bag of holding, which made things much easier.

That was a special trait of neo-demons. Unfortunately, Cultivators could not survive inside of a bag of holding. Therefore, the road they had to travel along during the migration was difficult and packed with frustrations.

The sky above was dark and filled with the sound of falling rain. They moved in silence along a road that seemed to have no end.

A month later, they entered the borders of the mountains. Meng Hao led the way, wearing a woven rush raincoat like everyone else. It draped about him like a cloak, covering his entire body. He also wore a wide, conical hat, which made his appearance very bleak.

The Wild Giant panted as it walked along behind Meng Hao. It's massive frame was too big to fit inside a bag of holding, so it was forced to walk along in the outside world. Gu La walked next to the Wild Giant, coughing, his face pale. His life force was dimming, but luckily, it showed no signs that it would sputter out.

However, in this violet rain, he, like the other Cultivators, were gradually becoming like mortals.

One could imagine, that before too long, they would be Cultivators who could not perform any magic whatsoever. At that time, they... truly would be mortals.

A black crow suddenly appeared. It flew through the air, shrinking in size until it was small enough to land on Gu La's shoulder.

Gu La looked at the bird for a moment, and then said, "There's a Tribe that's been following us for three days...."

The Crow Scout Tribe Greatfather turned to look behind them. Frowning, he said, "It's most likely a local Tribe called the Grand Fusion Tribe. They are a mid-sized Tribe...."

The Outlander beast, the parrot, and the meat jelly had once again fused into one body. At the moment, it was the voice of the parrot which said, "Do you want Lord Fifth to go screw them?"

Meng Hao didn't reply. He continued to walk, pulling out a jade slip. The jade slip was simple and unsophisticated; it was something he had acquired from Yi Chenzi's bag of holding, a description of the blood sacrifice magic that Yi Chenzi had cultivated.

It also described the method to cultivate the black moon totem, as well as his escape art. In addition, it detailed a vicious magic known as the Blood Sacrifice Soulsear, a brutal and ruthless technique that left the victim alive but crippled.

Meng Hao had been studying it thoughtfully during the traveling, and now understood it quite well.

When the others saw Meng Hao acting like this, they didn't say anything more. The group of a thousand continued to walk for seven or eight days until they reached what looked like a sea.

More precisely, it was an enormous lake. This was the very edge of the mountains, and before the rain had come, was actually an enormous basin that led out of the mountains. Before, it had been filled with neo-demons as well as lush vegetation. Now, it was nothing more than waters stretching out as far as the eye could see.

Meng Hao looked out at the lake for a moment, then turned. "They're here," he said coolly. The other turned with vigilant eyes to stare back in the direction they had just come from.

The members of the Crow Divinity Tribes scattered out, creating a wide, open space. Their eyes flickered with displeasure, especially the members of the Crow Fighter Tribe. After Meng Hao's return, he had branded them with his Frost soil totem, causing their Cultivation bases to advance, returning them to where they had been before.

Not too much time passed before footsteps could be heard, mixed with the sound of grunts and growls.

A tribe of roughly three thousand people appeared, many of whom were mounted on fierce beasts that looked somewhat like lions. They charged across the ground as they approached.

Among their numbers were five Nascent Soul Cultivators, one of whom was in the mid Nascent Soul stage. All five of them were covered with totem tattoos, although their faces were somewhat wan and thin. Nonetheless, they radiated fierceness as they approached. The thousands of Cultivators all came to a stop about three hundred meters away to stare darkly at the Crow Divinity Tribes.

The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather stepped forward, his eyes gleaming coldly. He had been nearing death before, but after returning, Meng Hao had give him some medicinal pills to restore his life force. His voice was cold as he said, "You must be the Grand Fusion Tribe. We are the Crow Divinity Tribe. You've been following us for some time. If you just happen to be traveling in the same direction, then please be on your way."

Given that his Cultivation base was at the mid Nascent Soul stage, the sound of it echoed out completely clearly.

No one responded to the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather's words. Of their five Nascent Soul Cultivators, the one with the mid Nascent Soul stage Cultivation base was an old man wearing a black robe, who carried a Feng Shui compass in his hand. After glancing at the compass, he suddenly looked up at the crowd of people in front of him. Eventually, his gaze came to rest on Meng Hao, whose Cultivation base was obscured. In this man's estimation, the person who was the greatest threat to him personally was the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather. After a moment's thought, he clenched his jaw. Killing intent and greed instantly shone in his eyes.

"That guy has it! As for everyone else, do not leave a single one alive!"

In conjunction with his words, the Tribe members at his side roared as they pulled out Spirit Stones from which they quickly absorbed spiritual energy. The neo-demons they rode also roared, and then the entire group of three thousand people charged toward Meng Hao. The five Nascent Soul Cultivators flew forward, using power from their Cultivation bases that they were normally reluctant to part with.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he gave a cold snort. He waved his right hand, instantly causing the power of Frost soil to magically appear. A frigid wind blasted out along with Frost soil. He instantly moved forward with a minor teleportation, reappearing directly next to one of the early Nascent Soul Stage Cultivators. He waved a hand, causing the power of his Fire-type totem tattoo to boil out. Attacked with both freezing cold and burning hot, the early Nascent Soul stage Cultivator's body instantly exploded.

The sight immediately shocked the entire Grand Fusion Tribe, causing their expressions to fill with astonishment. This was something that they couldn't possibly have predicted would happen. Meng Hao's attack had exterminated one of their Priests!

The black-robed old man gasped, and his heart started to pound. However, he had little time for consideration. He burst into action, heading directly toward Meng Hao.

The Cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribes chose this moment to launch their assault.

Meng Hao attacked swiftly and violently. He teleported, reappearing directly in front of the black-robed old man. His right hand lifted up, and a flame sea roared up. Then he lowered his hand, and the golden rain of this Metal-type tattoo appeared. As it shot forward, the black-robed old man performed an incantation with two hands. Shockingly, a nine-headed liger suddenly appeared in front of him, roaring as it shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave another cold snort and punched out with his right hand. A boom echoed through the air as the nine-headed liger exploded into pieces. A cold wind gusted out as Meng Hao appeared again in front of the black-robed old man. The old man's face immediately fell. He pulled out a Spirit Stone to replenish his spiritual energy, shooting backward at the same time. Meng Hao's eyes flickered and he pointed out with his finger. The black-robed man's face filled with astonishment as he realized that his body and even his Cultivation base had been sealed. Meng Hao approached calmly and took the Feng Shui compass out of the man's hand. He looked it over, whereupon his face grew dark.

On the Feng Shui compass was a bright dot, indicating Meng Hao's location.

"Where did you get this thing?" asked Meng Hao coolly.

The black-robed old man had recovered control of his body. Panting, but not speaking a word, he backed up.

"Not going to tell me? Well, I'll just keep it." With that, he slapped his bag of holding. Instantly, his neo-demon horde emerged. "Other than the neo-demons, leave none of them alive."

Thousands of neo-demons blotted out the sky and shot forward, whereupon miserable shrieks began to fill the air.

During this great migration in the Western Desert, it was a situation of “if you don’t die, then I don’t live.” There was no room for benevolence. If they showed mercy, the Crow Divinity Tribes would be destroyed.

In the moment when Meng Hao had decided to protect the Crow Divinity Tribes, his heart had grown cold regarding any enemy who attacked them. Since they had chosen to attack, they would die.

As he strode forward, his body suddenly turned into a green smoke as he used Yi Chenzi’s escape art. He immediately appeared in front of the black-robed old man. He lifted his hand and the Lotus Sword Formation appeared.

After returning from the Realm of the Bridge Ruins, the power of Time had returned to its normal level. However, the world was now one in which the power of extermination and the lack of spiritual energy were constantly making almost undetectable attacks on the life force of Cultivators. The power of the Lotus Sword Formation spread out, instantly causing a sixty-year cycle worth of time to fade away from the black-robed old man.

“This is....” his face immediately fell, and his mind reeled. His life force was already weak enough as it was. For a sixty-year cycle worth of time to vanish made him even older than he had been before. He was also shocked to discover that while the amount of spiritual energy he consumed when employing divine abilities could not be replenished fast enough via Spirit Stones, this young man against whom he was matched hadn’t used even a single Spirit Stone at all.

It was with incredible speed that Meng Hao neared him. His right hand lifted up and suddenly a strange, mysterious glow appeared that resembled a black moon. Even as the old man’s life force was vanishing, the moon came to rest on the top of his head.

“Soulsearch!”

A bloodcurdling scream could be heard coming from the old man’s mouth. His body shook violently, and just as he was trying to struggle, the Lotus Sword Formation once again spun, sucking away yet another sixty-year cycle of life. The old man’s eyes went wide as he felt his memories slipping away like flowing water as Meng Hao looked them over.

Meng Hao’s face suddenly grew dark and icy.

Chapter 479: Seeking to Perish

Within the memories of the black-robed old man, Meng Hao saw many complicated things. They were his recollections of his life. Even as the man screamed and trembled, a death aura slowly spreading out from him, Meng Hao found what he was looking for.

The Feng Shui compass was one of many distributed throughout the Western Desert by the Heavenly Court Alliance. Because the Crow Divinity Tribes had not left their mountains during the Apocalypse, they were not up to date on everything that was happening in the outside world, and were unaware of this aspect.

Actually, more than half of the Tribes in the Western Desert had such a Feng Shui compass.

It served only one purpose; it would reveal the location of any Demon Spirits within the area.

Because Meng Hao had two Demon Spirits in his bag of holding, his position was visible on the compass.

Having detected a Demon Spirit, the Grand Fusion Tribe came with killing intent, hoping to slaughter them and take the Demon Spirit.

Meng Hao's face was grim. He flicked his sleeve, and the Lotus Sword Formation rotated. A shrill scream could be heard as the old man's body grew ancient. He wanted to evade, but after the Soulsearch, his mind had been severely damaged. Even his Nascent Soul was weak and on the verge of collapse.

As Meng Hao turned to walk off, a banging sound could be heard as the man's body turned directly into ash. Body and spirit were destroyed underneath the Time power of the Lotus Sword Formation.

The battle didn't last for very long. With Meng Hao's powerful Cultivation base, it didn't matter that the Grand Fusion Tribe had Spirit Stones to counter the effects of the waning spiritual energy. Their three thousand Tribe members quickly turned the ground into a river of blood.

Meng Hao felt no sympathy for them whatsoever. He knew that if his own Cultivation base were not strong enough, then the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes, including himself, would be the ones to form a river of blood.

The bags of holding and other resources of the Grand Fusion Tribe became fuel to keep the Crow Divinity Tribes going for longer. As for the thousands of neo-demons, thanks to Meng Hao's Demonic Qi, they capitulated and became part of his neo-demon horde.

After assigning more than a thousand of the neo-demons to be mounts for the Tribe members, they crossed the huge lake and once again continued with their migration.

However, dark clouds filled Meng Hao's heart. Because of the matter of the Feng Shui compasses, he knew that their migration would now be even more difficult. No matter how he tried to hide or seal the Demon Spirits, he was incapable of preventing the compass from detecting them.

Thankfully, the memories of the black-robed old man had revealed to Meng Hao the various announcements made by the Black Lands Heavenly Court Alliance during the time that he was in the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.

For example, he knew that as for the great Tribes with Spirit Severing experts, they were welcomed into the Black Lands with no stipulations whatsoever.

Because of that, most great Tribes naturally didn't care too much about Demon Spirits. Even those that did care somewhat, did not care so much that they would spare no price to get one.

"The Tribes that need the Demon Spirits the most are the mid-sized Tribes. Or Tribes like the Five Poisons Tribe, who don't have a Spirit Severing expert." Meng Hao was lost in thought regarding these matters as they crossed the lake and then continued onward.

Time flowed by. Three months later, the Crow Divinity Tribes were now far from the mountains that had been their home. Meng Hao's neo-demon horde once again numbered 20,000.

In Meng Hao's estimation, the neo-demon horde was one of the biggest factors in his ability to protect the Crow Divinity Tribes. Right now, the Crow Divinity Tribes were not capable of engaging in battle with the powerful mid-sized Tribes on their own. When it came to dealing with the great Tribes, their biggest advantage was that Meng Hao was a Demon Sealer, a status which placed him above even a Grand Dragoner.

Demonic Qi allowed him to attract and control more neo-demons; this often made his ability to change the course of a battle even stronger.

The three months of travel were anything but peaceful. After the Grand Fusion Tribe, they encountered three more mid-sized Tribes. Without exception, all of those tribes came after them with bloodshot eyes and killing intent, determined to seize a Demon Spirit.

After three battles, three Tribes were exterminated.

Meng Hao's neo-demon horde reached 20,000 in number, and the Crow Divinity Tribes did not lose a single member. In each of the three battles, it was Meng Hao and the neo-demons who did the fighting.

"Grow strong through battle," said Meng Hao, looking back at the mountains far behind.

They were now in a wide plain.

"By continuous battle, we acquire more resources and more neo-demons. If one day I can build my horde up to 100,000 neo-demons, then we would be able to shake even great Tribes." His eyes glittered with determination.

The Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather, the Crow Gloom Grand Elder, Gu La, and the others all saw Meng Hao's decisiveness, and it caused them to sigh with relief.

To them, Meng Hao was not just a Sacred Ancient, but also, the sole hope of the Crow Divinity Tribes.

"Esteemed Sacred Ancient," said the Crow Soldier Tribe Greatfather with an anxious frown, "if we continue on this path, it will only be a few months before we reach the lands of the mid-sized Eternal Universe Tribe. Their totem is a blue-faced Ghoul, and their Tribe members are cruel and savage. There is no way to know if they are still there. If we want to avoid them, we can make a detour, but that will take us into the lands of the Five Poisons Tribe."

"There's no need for detours," said Meng Hao coolly. His eyes shone with killing intent. "If the Eternal Universe Tribe is still there and has malicious intentions, well, I still need more neo-demons, and can use them to bolster my horde."

On this road of migration, Meng Hao had long since grown used to killing.

“So...” said the Crow Gloom Grand Elder, his eyes shining with a fierce glow.

“Proceed onward!” replied Meng Hao calmly. His decisions were the decisions of the Tribe. Originally, there had been more than a thousand members of the five Crow Divinity Tribes. However, during recent battles, hundreds of enemies had surrendered, opting to become slaves in order to save their own lives. The Tribe, which now numbered nearly two thousand members, continued onward in formation.

Time passed. Two months later, they faced a river of violet rainwater. Further off in what had once been a flat plain was a crudely constructed city.

The city wasn't extremely large, but seemed capable of housing over 10,000 people. It was made from rocks and dirt which were covered with fading magical symbols. In the very middle of the city were nine enormous statues. The statues, all clustered together, had vicious-looking faces, like Ghouls.

This was none other than the Eternal Universe Tribe. They were a mid-sized Tribe, but this was the Western Desert North region. The Tribe had experienced quite a few internal conflicts as they tried to decide whether or not to migrate. In the end, they had chosen to send a vanguard up ahead, leaving some members of the Tribe behind to decide later whether or not to migrate.

At the moment, the Eternal Universe Tribe's Greatfather, High Priest, Grand Elder, and other important members were standing on the city wall, staring excitedly off into the distance.

“Are you sure?” growled the Greatfather.

“Absolutely sure,” replied the High Priest, who held a Feng Shui compass in his hand. A bright dot could be seen on its surface. “They're very close. This migrating Tribe is most likely the Crow Divinity Tribe, and they have a Demon Spirit!”

“According to the scouts, they are about two thousand strong. Some of that number includes ordinary Tribe members. They also have about one thousand neo-demons.

“They have one mid Nascent Soul Cultivator and two of the early Nascent Soul stage. The rest are Core Formation or lower. According to the intelligence we gathered regarding their war with the Five Poisons Tribe, they lost all of their totemic Sacred Ancients, which is why they are in such a state of deep decline.

“Considering that the spiritual energy has become so scarce, their road will end here in death!”

The Greatfather’s eyes shone with a bright light. “Heaven will not exterminate our Eternal Universe Tribe! Such a fine gift has been delivered right up to us. Notify the rest of the Tribe. We attack in full force. After we get that Demon Spirit, we will leave this place no matter the cost. We will meet up with the vanguard force and go to the Black Lands!” The Priest and the others around him all looked very excited.

The nearly 10,000 members of the Eternal Universe Tribe emerged out onto the plain, filled with the desire to slay Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribes and take their Demon Spirit.

Meanwhile, across the plain was a bleak area which at one time had been filled with poison. These were the lands of the Five Poisons Tribe, a place where outsiders never entered.

The Five Poisons Tribe had long since chosen to migrate. However, it was not the entire Tribe that did so. Only four of the branches of the Tribe had left; the Scorpion Branch had chosen to stay behind.

At this moment, the Scorpion Branch’s High Priest held a Feng Shui compass in his hand. For a long moment, he silently looked at the dot representing a Demon Spirit.

“We need to think of a way to notify the migrating branches that a Demon Spirit has appeared. If they can come up with a way to rob it, excellent. Unfortunately, our Scorpion Branch....” He shook his head. “So, the Crow Divinity Tribes left their mountains after the war, and even managed to get a Demon Spirit.... It doesn’t matter who chooses to tangle with them. Our Scorpion Branch has already decided to die here in their ancestral land. There’s no need to step into turbid waters.”

Meng Hao and the Crow Divinity Tribes traveled on for seven days. Suddenly, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. His expression was calm as he slapped his bag of holding. Immediately, the vine trunk appeared and burrowed down into the ground. Moments later, thorns shot up from the soil, completely encircling the two thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribes. They spread out to connect up above, forming a dome.

It was like an upside down bowl, completely protecting the Tribe inside.

All of it took only a moment to accomplish as, up ahead, a black cloud mass could be seen. Within the cloud were tens of thousands of neo-demons. Bright beams of light were thousands of Cultivators. The ground shook as thousands of Cultivators rode neo-demons to follow.

Everything trembled and the sky grew dark. The whole time, the violet rain continued to fall!

No words were exchanged. The incoming eight thousand Cultivators whistled through the air. The tens of thousands of neo-demons let out roars that spread out in all directions.

“He thinks he alone can hinder our army of tens of thousands? He overestimates his power! Eternal Universe Tribe Cultivators, hear my command. Slaughter all of these people! Do not leave a single one alive!”

Roaring filled the sky as the army charged into battle. Four Nascent Soul Cultivators shot toward Meng Hao at top speed, filled with killing intent.

Chapter 480: A Massive Defeat for the Eternal Universe Tribe!

Meng Hao’s expression was as calm as ever as he faced up against nearly ten thousand Cultivators and tens of thousands of neo-demons. Behind him, the Thorn Rampart covered the two thousand members of the Crow Divinity Tribes like a dome. He took a deep breath and then pointed his hand toward the ground.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a while now,” he said coolly. “Righteous Bestowal!” Instantly, this land which was cut off from spiritual energy, suddenly seethed with Demonic Qi. As Meng Hao waved his hand, the Demonic Qi exploded out.

The Demonic Qi instantly caused the approaching neo-demons to begin to tremble. Their expressions were that of fear as they suddenly stopped moving and began to emit plaintive shrieks.

The sudden change caused the expressions of the aggressive, violent members of the Eternal Universe Tribe to immediately change.

This was the first time that Meng Hao had unhesitatingly unleashed all the power of the Demonic Qi he had at his disposal. This was a power that did not belong to Grand Dragoneers, but to Demon Sealers. This was a truly momentous Heavenly power!

Cultivators could not sense this Qi, but to the neo-demons, it couldn’t be clearer.

What they saw was Meng Hao, seething with shocking Demonic Qi. The Qi soared up into the sky; even the violet rain seemed to be distorted by it. Meng Hao was the center of a storm of Demonic Qi that burst out in all directions.

In the world that only the neo-demons could see, Demonic Qi roared up from Meng Hao, transforming into a massive figure. This was a figure composed completely of Demonic Qi, and it looked like... Meng Hao.

As of this moment, Meng Hao did not appear to them to be a Cultivator, but rather a Greater Demon of Heaven and Earth!

This Demon could shake the world, and had monstrous Demonic Qi. It was like a king who arrived and made any land he stepped on part of his domain.

The neo-demons in the horde were shaking so badly that even their souls trembled. Suddenly, memories within their blood were awakened. The neo-demons suddenly began to cry out. The sounds of their cries were filled with reverence and allegiance.

They submitted before the master of the neo-demons, before an aura of a Greater Demon, an aura that was just like that of their own ancestors!

The tens of thousands of neo-demons of the Eternal Universe Tribe, regardless of their level, were all roaring continuously, their expressions filled with veneration and respect. They were no longer charging across the ground, but rather prostrating themselves on it! The neo-demons who had been flying in the sky also fell to the ground.

Regardless of how their Masters tried to control them, they all acknowledged their allegiance to Meng Hao, without exception.

This scene caused the members of the Eternal Universe Tribe to pant with shock. Before they even had time to react, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the shocking Demonic Qi to surge toward each and every one of the neo-demons.

As the Demonic Qi entered their bodies, their roars grew frenzied and their bodies grew larger and fiercer. Their auras were now many times more powerful than before. All of them even began to show signs of Ancestral Awakening!

One of the neo-demons in the horde was a blue-faced Ghoul neo-demon. It lifted its head to the sky to roar; as of this moment, it no longer walked along on all fours, but rather stood up on two legs. Its blue, hairless body emanated shocking ripples. Its eyes became bright red, and it grew nearly ten meters taller. Even more shocking, a horn suddenly grew out of its forehead.

The spiraling horn crackled with arcing sparks of lightning, and it emanated an astonishing aura. The appearance of this neo-demon very closely resembled the nine statues back in the Eternal Universe Tribe's city.

Its appearance immediately caused the members of the Eternal Universe Tribe to be filled with shock. Their hearts trembled and cries of astonishment filled the air.

“Sacred Ancient! It... it looks exactly like the Sacred Ancient!!”

“Who is this person? He causes our neo-demons to mutate and go out of control....”

Amidst the commotion, Meng Hao's calm, bizarre voice echoed out: “From now on, you follow me. To battle!” In response, the tens of thousands of neo-demons roared, shaking themselves loose from their masters and turning on them with vicious expressions. It seemed... they really were switching sides.

At the same time, Meng Hao waved his arm, causing his own 20,000 neo-demons to suddenly appear, howling to the sky. They instantly shot toward the Eternal Universe Tribe members.

Nearly 60,000 neo-demons all absorbed Demonic Qi, which caused a variety of mutations. They quickly surrounded the eight thousand trembling Cultivators, all of whom had completely lost their will to fight. One can well imagine the end result of the battle.

Meng Hao's face was calm as he watched the savage slaughter erupt. Booms and screams filled the air. At the same time, the five Nascent Soul Cultivators shot toward him, emanating killing intent.

These people were all of the early Nascent Soul stage; to deal with people like that, Meng Hao didn't even need to don the Blood Immortal mask any more. His hand flashed with an incantation gesture and he pointed forward. Instantly, the power of Frost soil shot out, followed by a raging sea of flames, a gigantic tree and a golden rain. Totems of four of the five elements exploded out as he pointed.

Before the five approaching Nascent Soul Cultivators could even get near to Meng Hao, their bodies trembled under the attack of his four great totems.

Blood sprayed from their mouths and their faces filled with astonishment. It was at this point that two roaring figures suddenly shot through the air toward Meng Hao, sending out ripples in all directions. Any neo-demon that got in their way was transformed into a cloud of blood; none were capable of even causing pause for these two figures.

It was two old men, filled with intense killing intent as they closed in on Meng Hao.

“He’s a Grand Dragoner! Kill him and the neo-demon horde will disperse!”

As they neared, Meng Hao slipped on the Blood Immortal mask. Instantly, Blood Qi exploded up, completely changing his aura. Radiating killing intent, his body flickered as he turned into a black moon. A wisp of smoke could be seen as he suddenly appeared directly in front of the two old men.

For him to appear in this way was bizarre and shocking. They almost couldn’t believe what they were seeing with their own eyes, and their hearts filled with foreboding.

As the faces of the old men fell, Meng Hao casually clenched his right hand into a fist and then launched a blow!

Boom!

One of the old men was sent tumbling backward. He quickly summoned seven or eight magical treasures to try to defend himself, but they were crushed, the fragments of which slammed into his chest. Blood sprayed from his mouth and the totem tattoos on his body flickered.

At the same time, Meng Hao turned. Black moons flashed within his eyes and suddenly, a black moon like an eye magically appeared on his forehead as he looked at the other old man. This old man urgently employed divine abilities, and was instantly surrounded by Ghouls. This was actually the Greatfather of the Eternal Universe Tribe; the man Meng Hao had struck moments ago was the High Priest.

When the Greathfather's eyes met Meng Hao's, his expression flickered and his mind filled with roaring as suddenly, the reflection of a black moon appeared on his own face. He felt stabbing pain in his Sea of Perception, as if a great invisible blade were stabbing into it.

He let out a miserable scream. Unable to attack, mind filled with buzzing as he shot backward in retreat.

This black moon eye was none other than Yi Chenzi's life saving treasure. However, in Meng Hao's hands its might far exceeded what it had in the hands of Yi Chenzi. Although Meng Hao did not cultivate the blood sacrifice magic, after putting on the Blood Immortal mask, the power of his Blood Qi far exceeded that of Yi Chenzi's.

He needed no blood sacrifices. Everytime he killed a person, the redness of the mask would grow deeper.

Bloodcurdling screams could be heard continuously as 60,000 neo-demons ruthlessly attacked and killed the besieged Eternal Universe Tribe.

What shocked the Eternal Universe Tribe most was that within the neo-demon horde was a flock of extremely bizarre black crows. They didn't attack anyone, but rather flew around, seemingly absorbing something. However, it didn't take long before the corpses on the ground began to twitch and rise to their feet.

The dead came back to life and stood up. Within the eyes of each corpse could be seen the image of a crow. Immediately, the corpses charged toward their former Tribe members in attack.

Most astonishing of all was that these corpses... still had Cultivation bases!

Although they could only use their Cultivation bases instinctively, these corpses did not fear death. Even if all they had left was a head, they would still try to bite their opponent. The battlefield instantly grew even more brutal.

The situation quickly grew hopeless, causing some of the Eternal Universe Tribe members to bite their tongues and spit out blood. After performing quick incantations, they pointed up to the sky.

“Exalted Sacred Ancient, help us!”

The High Priest, the five nascent Soul Cultivators, and the rest of the Tribe members all bit their tongues and spit out blood. One by one they roared up into the sky: “Exalted Sacred Ancient, help us!”

The voices of thousands of Tribe members joined together, transforming into a thunderous sound that rolled out in waves, shaking Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, a roar could be heard from the sky off in the distance.

It was a black cloud, within which was a living Ghoul!

Its skin was blue, and it was fully three hundred meters in length. It had a spiraling horn, and its body was covered with scales. This neo-demon Sacred Ancient’s aura shot out explosively, and when it appeared, it stared toward Meng Hao with its red eyes.

“You an aura similar to mine....” The creature roared, and then shot its claw-like hand directly toward Meng Hao.

At the same time that the Ghoul roared, another roar could be heard. “Outlander!”

It was none other than the Outlander Beast. It suddenly shot through the air to slam into the Ghoul.

Amidst the resulting boom, the parrot flapped its wings and let out a shriek. Its eyes glowed with a look of disgust and detestation.

“Dammit! No fur or feathers! You, you, you.... Why don’t you have any fur or feathers!?!? Beloved concubine, put it to death! This damned bastard has no fur or feathers, that’s the most heinous of crimes! Show no mercy! AAHHHHH! You dare to not have fur or feathers!”

In response to being slammed into by the Outlander Beast, the Ghoul roared and fell back. The Outlander Beast whistled through the air to slam into it again. The parrot was off to the side, continuing to call out excitedly.

On the ground, Meng Hao chuckled. He had been waiting for quite some time for the Eternal Universe Tribe to come. How could he not have made certain preparations? He lifted his right hand

to perform an incantation gesture and suddenly, a blood-colored face magically appeared around him. It spread out and then shot forward in attack.

The attack instantly slammed into the several Nascent Soul Cultivators, causing blood to spray from their mouths. They retreated, faces filled with astonishment. It was at this point that the thorns suddenly began to spread apart. From within, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribes as well as the several hundred slaves, all emerged, shouting battle cries.

At this point, Meng Hao knew that the Eternal Universe Tribe was completely defeated.