

THE MAGUS ERA

BOOK 01

Blood Red

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The Magus Era

(巫神纪)

by

Blood Red

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Synopsis

Long ago, there were people who stood upon the earth with their heads held high. They never bowed to anyone because of their indomitable spirit. They were capable of controlling wind and lightning, and conquering dragons and serpents. They seemed strong enough to split the earth and shatter the stars with their fists. They traveled throughout the land and called themselves Magi. Eventually, one of them would become a Supreme Magus! These men are the ancestors of human beings. Their blood is what we all share today.

Qing Long is the former strongest man in the world. He traveled through space and time and was reborn as Ji Hao in the Fire Crow Clan of the Southern Wasteland. It's a complicated world. Forces from both inside and outside of the clan want this young and talented boy to die. Under great pressure, Ji Hao makes a deal with a mysterious man, who resides in his spiritual space, never showing his real face. He gains two drops of blood from a dragon and phoenix. Afterwards, Ji Hao becomes increasingly more powerful.

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Chapter 1: Prologue

The sky was grey with billowing clouds roiling steadily across it.

Thunder crackled and a blinding flash of lightning streaked down from the sky, without making any noticeable sound.

Qiang Liang, a demigod, held an axe and stood upon a gigantic serpent's head, which had been beheaded just now , and was stunned as he gazed at the sky. He saw, hovering over the horizon, a wriggling purple serpent tail, which almost covered the entire vault of the sky.

The serpent was so huge that he couldn't discern its head, and it blocked the entire skyline.

Hiding the sky and covering the earth, the serpent's body was often submerged in dark grey clouds. Lightning occasionally struck the serpent's body, and created a horrible atmosphere; which made the giant, Meng Ming, grimace in pain and shiver unceasingly.

"This crazy bitch has gone mad again, who enraged her this time?!"

While Meng Ming cursed, a mottled, ancient round cauldron slowly descended from the heavens and floated in the air; with a sudden bang, thunder and endless lightning surged out from the cauldron. Soon, the sky returned to normal, and the huge serpent also vanished into thin air.

[TL note: Cauldron: Many cultures, including the ancient people of China and Greece, used cauldrons as ornaments, trophies, sacrificial altars, cooking vessels or tripods, and decorative ceramic pottery.]

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Dark clouds amassed in the sky, torrents of rain lashed onto the earth, and the air was filled with cool mist and showers of water.

A brightly lit crystal pyramid made of glass, illuminated the dark night sky. Dozens of armed men wearing raincoats surrounded the pyramid, and kept a vigilant watch over the place.

Suddenly, the raindrops started to splash rhythmically on the ground, like the beating of a heart. The rain droplets gradually rose more than a foot high from the ground; and the rainfall weaved into dozens of water ropes, silently wrapping around the armed men's necks.

The water ropes swung violently and broke their necks, taking their lives instantly. A dim silhouette suddenly emerged from the fog and walked towards the pyramid gate, step by step. Every step closer to the gate, the hazy stature became clearer and at last turned into a transparent man of water, who stood in front of the pyramid gate.

In a flash, the water man slightly shook his body, transforming into a real person. The figure was tall, slim, dressed in a bright, black armour, and had a handsome physique. He was Qing Long.

Numerous water drops condensed into water ropes, which were wriggling like snakes, and drilled into the pyramid, cutting off all security equipment lines like sharp knives. A large electrical fire emerged from the pyramid; only the lighting system was left intact.

Forcing the three-foot-thick crystal gate open, Qing Long slowly walked into an exhibition hall.

More than a hundred crystal exhibition tables were placed in a circle, under the brilliant lights of the hall. Cross-legged skeletons were positioned on each of those tables; and notably, the exhibition case in the centre, made of bulletproof glass, held a multicolored, translucent round cauldron, the size of human head. A totem of a dragon and phoenix was embossed on its surface.

Qing Long moved closer and quietly observed the cross-legged skeletons.

These skeletons had a similar structure to that of humans; however, the bones of their entire body had a dark golden colour, and were translucent like glass. If they stood up straight, their height might have reached more than two meters. More astonishingly, in addition to the two dark eye sockets on either side of their face, there was a third eye socket located in the middle of their eyebrows, which was slightly larger than the other two.

"Three-eyed people?" Qing Long pulled out a dagger and knocked the skeleton with it.

The skeleton gave off sparks when it was knocked by the dagger, which had been made from a special alloy and was forged at a level comparable to diamonds. Unexpectedly, the dagger failed to leave even a single mark on the skeleton. Qing Long's expression became serious. Humanoid skeletons which were harder than diamonds must be extremely valuable, he thought.

"This time, I came by myself...hmm, worthy." Qing Long turned around and walked up to the exhibition case in the centre;he chuckled and said, "Hey, if you don't show up, I may just take these treasures and leave..."

The side door of the hall opened, and a team of warriors came in through the door. They were wearing long, black trench coats and their bodies were wrapped in flames, lightning, hurricanes, and other odd supernatural visions. Walking in the front was a blonde haired young girl with green eyes, she was slim and pretty. Held in her hands was an oddly shaped jade sword.

"Mr Qing Long, we've heard so much about you." The girl walked towards Qing Long, slightly bowed to him and continued, "In the past few years, more than a hundred of our people have died by your hands, including three of my former Secret Service directors. However, what's inconceivable is, this is the first time that we get to see you in person."

"Ayaya, I'm not that handsome!" Qing Long teased the young girl;

at the same time, he pressed his right hand onto the bulletproof glass case, and shattered it into pieces with his palm muscles.

"Oh God!" People who were standing behind the girl exclaimed aloud, and unconsciously took a step back. They had heard about Qing Long, who came from the Eastern country of Hua Xia, and was known as the strongest man in the world. However, they never thought that Qing Long would be so powerful!

They had done tests a few days ago and confirmed that even tank guns could not break the case. Did Qing Long just shattered it bare-handedly? This was beyond their imaginations - was it even possible for a humans to be this strong?

Qing Long held the three-legged cauldron with both of his hands, which gave an extremely pleasant feeling. Holding the cauldron, Qing Long felt like he was holding the entire universe.

Qing long carefully put the cauldron into his bag, which was tied around his waist, and said, "These treasures are taken from Liang Zhu City, the ancient city of my country. I have to bring them back. According to our rules, the strongest man gets to make the decision. You won't disagree that I reclaim our treasures, will you?"

The smiling girl looked at Qing Long and said with a soft voice, "Mr Qing Long, you might want to know some of our research results...about these mysterious treasures. You may not guess it, but according to our survey, we found that the soil layer, where these treasures were buried, have at least a hundred thousand years of history."

Qing Long subconsciously touched his bag. Thousands of years old antiques? Human history was still in its nascent stage, wasn't it? Was it even possible for those ancient people to create such a beautiful and exquisite treasure with such an inexplicable power hidden in it?

The girl turned over her hand, and revealed the jade sword she

had been holding the whole time.

The jade sword was three feet long and a palm-size wide, carved out of a single piece of jade. Near the hilt, was an odd totem with an erected tower; scarlet eyes floated above the tower, seemingly evil and cold.

"We have tested that this jade sword is made of Hetian white jade, the material was Hetian white jade indeed. As we all know, white jade is a type of nephrite, which is very delicate." The young girl smiled, "However, whether natural diamonds or our laboratory's hardest special alloy, this sword can cut them as easily as cutting a piece of tofu."

The young girl brandished the sword, smiled and continued, "I split a strategic bomber with this sword earlier; across a distance of two kilometres, with my strength, I could split a strategic bomber. Mr Qing Long, I truly can't imagine what would happen if this sword was held in your hands."

Qing Long's complexion drastically changed, he didn't take the girl and her people serious at all, they were just a bunch of cannon fodder to him. But, if this sword was as powerful as she said, this may not be that easy.

"So this is a trap, then?" Qing Long asked. In the meanwhile, he twisted his neck and soothed the joints in his body.

"We've always wanted to have an opportunity to negotiate face to face, with you." The girl said with a charming smile on her face, "In the past few years, you have caused us too much damage. We hope that you will be able to join us. If so, you can have my position or even my superior's position, you only need to ask."

"Of course, in exchange, we hope that we could have your loyalty and your creation, the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]!" The girl's breath became disordered when she spoke the last few words.

[Nine Secret Words] was a powerful magic spell. It could develop

the human body's potential and associate it with the vast and mysterious power of the universe.

The [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] was Qing Long's original magic spell, based on the [Nine Secret Words]. This spell enabled Qing Long to control earth, water, fire, and wind, communicate with the netherworld, travel to anywhere in the world within a moment, and also made him the world's most powerful human being.

"This is, of course, impossible!" Qing Long patted the bag around his waist and said with quirky laugh, "If you have ever heard about me, you should have known that I am the type to seek revenge for the slightest grievance, and I'm also famous for never betraying my ancestors!"

Qing Long's body suddenly transformed into countless sharp wind knives and dashed towards the girl. Those wind knifes soon gathered into a hazy swirl, enveloping the entire hall.

The girl shook her head and sighed helplessly, "I knew it, those damned idiot bosses insisted on spending so much effort in vain!"

With a cold laughter, the girl held out a golden roll of bamboo slips and threw it upward. Along with an earth-shaking thunder, blood-red lights emerged from the dark eyeholes of the cross-legged skeletons.

With a buzzing sound, the red lights quickly converged into a huge blood-red cage, firmly imprisoning Qing Long inside.

The light cage remained motionless as it was hit by Qing Long's wind knives; all of the wind knives shattered into pieces.

Outside, the dark clouds billowed over the eastern horizon and waves of lightning were seen, followed by the unceasing rumble of distant thunder.

On the street, innumerable screams could be heard; people looked up at the sky in fear. They saw the clouds drifting and

changing forms; behind the dense clouds, there was a gigantic purple serpent slithering above.

Inside the pyramid, Qing Long fell down on his knees, blood smeared all over his body. In the light cage, ninety-nine light spears floated in the air, silently aiming towards him; in the very next second, all of those spears pierced his body.

"Damn! Does this weird stuff really have such a strong power?" The girl excitedly caught the golden bamboo slip roll, which fell down from the air and shouted hoarsely, "Qing Long, did you see that? You are the most powerful human...yet you are so vulnerable in front of us!"

"These skeletons, this bamboo slip roll, and that cauldron, they all came from the same place! They are the treasures from thousands of years ago! God, so amazing; according to the methods described on this bamboo slip roll, arranging these skeletons in certain orientations can truly release this much magnificent power!" The girl yelled hysterically.

"What...the...hell is this?" Qing Long moaned in pain and looked up.

"There are records on this bamboo slip roll which say that this is an ancient magic formation, as for the name...sorry, our linguists have yet to decipher that." The girl shrugged and said, "but these skeletons, they are called..."

Suddenly, purple lightning fell from the sky, and struck the crystal pyramid.

All of the crystal glasses were instantly destroyed by the lightning, the girl and her people were burned into ashes, and the round three-legged cauldron started to emit a faint multi-coloured light that wrapped around Qing Long's body. Qing Long roared in pain and his body twitched violently. With blood covering his entire body, he felt as though his lifeforce, the essence of his body and his soul were all being rapidly extracted by the cauldron.

The three-eyed skeletons simultaneously raised their arms and pointed at the sky, as if to cast a counterattack. The blood-red light in their pupils condensed into a huge red dragon and rushed towards the purple lightning.

The dragon vanished in the air once it collided into the purple lightning; at the same time, ninety-nine three-eyed skeletons shook fiercely and exploded into golden dust.

Qing Long was enveloped by a purple ray. He felt an inexhaustible power rush down from the sky and destroy everything in its path. The purple lightning then condensed into a human-sized lightning sphere, flashed across the air and disappeared. After a few seconds, everything subsided.

The public square and the pyramid were gone without a trace, nothing was left.

Qing Long

He possesses unsurpassed wisdom and extremely strong spiritual power. He created the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Word], based on the [Nine Secret Words]. He was known as the strongest human in the world. To retrieve the lost treasure-the round cauldron, which belonged to the ancient city of Liang Zhu-Qing Long fell into a trap and was gravely injured. After that, he was influenced by an unknown power, unexpectedly traveled through space and time, and was reborn as Ji Hao in the Fire Crow Clan.

Hunter

The Southern Wasteland, a boundless primitive jungle.

Poisonous miasma spiralled around the treetops of tall, ancient trees. The miasma reflected the sunlight, creating colorful rays of light that merged into a gorgeous rainbow.

Drifting above was a floating island with a circumference of several hundred miles. Dozens of white-dragon-like waterfalls

roared out from the edges of the island. A hurricane blew across, dispersing the waterfalls into a cloud of mist. Dozens of rainbows were dancing around in the mist, complementing the colorful miasma circling around the treetops.

Ji Hao was standing on the edge of the island, gazing down at the vast Southern Wasteland jungle.

A breeze ruffled Ji Hao's hair. He had a determined and delicate face, and a pair of deep, mysterious eyes that shone brightly. Whenever Ji Hao focused his gaze on a certain area, nine dark purple and golden spell symbols would suddenly appear around the pupils of his eyes. Although it seemed dignified and mysterious, it made others feel uncomfortable to directly look at them.

A simple leather skirt was wrapped around his waist. Two sharp eyebrows struck out from his temple; his nose stood tall and straight, and his lips were angular and broad. From time to time, the corners of his mouth would form a faint mocking smile. This handsome and attractive young man, Ji Hao, didn't seem to take anything to heart.

Ji Hao looked like a pine which was firmly rooted beneath the rocks; no matter how fierce the wind and the rain were or how heavy the thunder and lightning roared, he would seemingly stay immovable and indestructible like a mountain.

A gigantic crow with a wingspan of more than thirty feet stood beside Ji Hao. Its red pupils seemed to be faintly ablaze. The crow turned its head, looking around every now and then.

"Mr Crow, we're just taking a stroll. Relax." Ji Hao patted one of his talons and said, "Later, we will get you a serpent to fill your stomach, then we will go to the Black Wind Valley. Let's see if we can find some 'Wind Dragon Plant' for Abba."

The crow cawed a few times then intimately rubbed Ji Hao's head with his sharp beak.

Ji Hao raised his head and stretched his arms. He yawned and said, "Comfortable, so comfortable. No need to stay with those old grandpas and study grass...tree bark...snake teeth...or poison sacs...so nice!

"Hey, are there really people who do not fear death? Don't these stinky snakes know that this jungle belongs to us, the Fire Crow Clan? This is the Fire Crow Clan's territory!" said Ji Hao. He looked around, then suddenly widened his eyes and pointed down at the jungle.

A group of topless, sturdy two-meter tall men with scars carved all over their bodies were swaggering around in the jungle. They were carrying a variety of hunted prey on their shoulders. Ji Hao looked carefully, there were tigers, leopards and bears; each of them were tens of feet tall like a small mountain of meat.

"Bastards! This is the Fire Crow Clan's hunting grounds. Those animals are ours! These animals, even the smallest one can feed a kid for a whole year. If you have them skinned and cleaned, you could even trade for three young women with those furs!"

Ji Hao shouted out. He opened his arms, interlocked his fingers together, and casted a spell. Suddenly, the waterfall closest to him rumbled and no longer flowed straight down; a mysterious power tilted the waterfall thirty degrees towards those men in the jungle.

Those Black Water Serpent Clan warriors were happily walking in the jungle, while the waterfall transformed into a heavy downpour and fell onto their heads. They saw the waterfall, laughed out loud, and opened their mouths as they headed up to drink the chilly and sweet water pouring down from the sky.

The man who walked in the front had a ten-foot long Single-Horned Serpent coiled around his waist, which swayed its body leisurely. The sudden bath seemed to make it feel incomparably joyful. The Single-Horned Serpent is the Black Water Serpent Clan's special battle beast. Only elite warriors had the

qualifications to have a Horned Serpent as a contracted fighting beast, helping them with killing in battles.

From the torrential rain, the water droplets suddenly turned into lines that slowly formed into transparent water ropes which abruptly wrapped around the men's necks silently.

"Enemies...a sneak attack!" roared the leader, his voice full of fear.

Had they just been attacked by a water-type Maguspriest?

But to sneakily attack enemies with a torrential rain was one of the Black Water Serpent Clan's specialties. In the Southern Wasteland, the Black Water Serpent Clan's archenemy was the Fire Crow Clan who were experts at fire spells. They had never heard of a Fire Crow Clan Magus warrior who could cast a water spell.

Ji Hao changed his hand gesture. The water ropes shook violently and sent the men flying. One after another, they heavily smashed onto the trees and fainted.

Only the leader struggled to stand as he ripped apart the water rope from his neck, and tore it into countless water droplets. A water-tank-sized pit appeared on the tree trunk behind him, clearly showing just how strong his body was.

"The coward who only dares to use sneak attacks, show your face!" The man flung out a long spear and growled angrily.

The Single-Horned Serpent uncoiled itself from the man's waist, nimbly moved around in the heavy rain, and spat out cold black smoke intermittently from time to time.

"Mr Crow! Go!" Ji Hao hopped onto the crow's back. The gigantic crow opened its wings and let out a sharp caw, rushing down towards the furious man.

The floating island was a few miles above the ground. The crow diving at lightning speed reached the forest within the span of a few breaths.

Once the Black Water Serpent Clan's warrior saw the crow coming, his face twisted in fear that hardly looked like a human's. He screamed out, "Fire Crow! Fire Crow! The Holy Land's protector!"

The Fire Crow swiped downwards with his talon. The black, steel-like talon gently struck the man's body, exploding into a cloud of dense bloody mist and splashing everywhere. The Single-Horned Serpent turned around in fear and tried to flee but the Fire Crow opened his beak towards the serpent and spewed out a lava-like, red flame.

The Single-Horned Serpent hissed loudly as it was burnt into a wisp of smoke. Several ancient trees were also set ablaze by the fire, making it look like torches.

After that, the Fire Crow spread out his wings and landed on a branch, which then proudly cawed towards the sky.

Ji Hao patted the Fire Crow's head and leapt down into the woods. Not far away, there was an enormous tree with vines coiling around it. Ji Hao neatly selected several hundred-year-old "Dragon Vines" and weaved them into a rope. He then tied up the fainted men and all the hunted animals together with them.

"Let's bring them back first. Mr Crow, let's go!"

Ji Hao hopped onto the Fire Crow's back again, then whistled sharply. The Fire Crow picked up the captives and animals, flapped its wings, and flew south. With a few flaps, the crow flew high into the sky. Its jet-black plumage started emitting a faint, fiery light. The crow transformed into a stream of flames and flew far into the distance, soon disappearing afterwards.

About an hour later, a majestic mountain blocked their way. On the mountaintop, thousands of mulberry trees stood tall.

Tens of huge bird nests could be seen on the treetops. Hundreds of colossal crows, much bigger than the Fire Crow under Ji Hao's

feet, were hovering around those trees.

They were still a few hundred miles away from the mountain when a stream of flames shot towards them. A three-meter-tall muscular man stood on the flames and growled loudly at Ji Hao, "Hao! You snuck away again? How old do you think you are? You're just a little kid! Aren't you afraid of being snatched away by a large bird?"

Pausing for a second, afterwards seeing the captives and hunted animals in the Fire Crow's talons, the brawny man laughed out loud and waved his fists, "You really are our big brother Ji Xia's son! Just where did you catch these stinky snakes? Now we're going to have enough mining slaves for the mines at the back of the mountain!"

He hesitated for a second, and frowned as he continued, "You should go back first. Brother Ji Xia's distant cousin came...and he brought his people...this guy... is not amiable at all, I'm afraid he has not come with any good intentions..."

Ji Hao's facial expression changed. He tapped the Fire Crow's head. The crow then sped up and headed towards the deep valley below the massive mountain.

Spell Symbols: These marks are unique symbols which contain mysterious power, usually connecting to certain magic, and will appear under the Magus's will.

In mysterious Eastern culture, Magi and Maguspriests usually cast their magic spells by interlocking their fingers together in certain motions while chanting.

Chapter 2: Malice

The Fire Crow rushed out, transforming into a stream of flames. Ji Hao gazed at the valley below while standing on the head of the Fire Crow. The crow cawed and unfolded its wings, gliding through the hundreds of feet wide gaps between mountain cliffs and mountain peaks. Soon after, his view became broad; a magnificent valley appeared in front of him. The valley was hundreds of miles long; the widest part of the valley was over thirty miles.

The adjacent lofty mountainside was known as the Gold Black Mountain, the Holy Land of the Fire Crow Clan. Fire Crows were legendary creatures, known to be the most powerful fighting beasts of the Fire Crow Clan. The ancient, legendary Three-Legged Gold Crow was the common ancestor of both the Fire Crows and the Fire Crow Clan.

Mulberry trees were planted at the end of the valley within an area spanning tens of miles and countless nests were built atop those towering mulberry trees. A large group of Fire Crows were flying silently above the trees.

When Ji Hao and Mr. Crow arrived at the mulberry forest, all the crows hovering in midair stopped and landed on the branches, silently gazing at them. After a while, all those crows slowly spread their wings, moving their chests down to salute Mr. Crow in their own special way.

Ji Hao leapt off from the head of Mr. Crow and whistled. Mr. Crow flapped his wings and darted out, transforming into a stream of flames once again. It circled in the air at thousands of feet from the ground, and flew towards the Gold Black Mountain.

Numerous young Fire Crows silently stared at Ji Hao with their red eyes. The mulberry forest was filled with a strange and solemn atmosphere. Ji Hao waved his hands at the young Fire Crows and

walked away, following a trail which was narrow and meandering; it was less than three feet wide.

The rustling sound of leaves could be heard as wind blew across the branches. From a distance, the mulberry forest seemed to have a circumference of only ten miles; but when viewed from below, it seemed vast and endless.

After running along the trail for a few minutes while leaving a large part of his shadow behind his body, Ji Hao sighted two towering trees which were so thick that it could take hundreds of people to put their arms around them; however, these two trees were completely invisible from outside the forest. The two trees were twenty meters apart from each other. Their branches entwined and formed an archway which emitted a faint, fiery glow. Ji Hao walked through the archway and felt that the air was blazing hot. A meadow of forest came into view.

At the end of the forest, there stood a huge dome made of wood. At the top of the dome, there was a thirty-foot-thick wooden foundation upon which a platform was built. On the platform was the gigantic skeleton of a Gold Fire Crow with a wingspan of hundreds of feet wide. Although there was only a skeleton of this Gold Fire Crow that remained, Ji Hao sensed that the skeleton possessed a mysteriously strong, inexhaustible power which enveloped the entire forest. At first glance, the skeleton seemed like a blazing sun floating in the air. Even more astonishing was the fact that this Gold Fire Crow skeleton had three leg bones.

Ji Hao bowed three times before the skeleton and crossed his fingers to pray for a while in a low voice. After praying, he silently walked to the door and peeked through the cracks between the door and its frame. The rooms were very broad, seemingly large enough to accommodate thousands of people. This was the Fire Crow Clan's council room, accessible to only the leaders and the elders for the discussion of the most important matters of the clan.

The floor was paved with stones; a blazing bonfire was set in a

fireplace that had been built at the center of the room. A skinned beast hung over the fire and was being grilled until it sizzled, having a golden luster. Large droppings of fat dripped down into the flame, and Ji Hao could even smell the thick scent of the grilled meat.

Tens of clay jars were placed next to the fireplace. A few scrawny elderly men and several muscular middle-aged men used these jars to occasionally fill their stomachs with liquor. Tens of sturdy men and the same number of elderly men sat around the fireplace while drinking with solemn expressions; no one was talking. Aside from the sounds of wine being poured and meat being sliced, only the sound of the blazing fire could be heard.

At the time of Ji Hao's arrival, half of the beasts have already been eaten; at the time he looked around for a few minutes, the beast's bones had already been chopped into pieces for the marrow to be extracted and consumed. Those men had also finished the liquor without leaving a single drop.

A sturdy-looking man who was over three meters tall had his eyes narrowed like a snake's and his long hair that was tied in a thick braid laid on his back. He displayed a hint of menace on his face. Suddenly, he grabbed a jar and swung it to the ground, smashing the jar and the underlying stones into pieces. With a loud noise, the silence was broken.

"We ate and drank enough, let's talk!" The man slowly stood up, his skin steaming. In an instant, the room was filled with hot air and seemed much smaller than before.

"Ji Xia, you are not the same as ten years ago; you are no longer the strongest warrior amongst us! Look how skinny you are! After breaking your Magus Acupoints a decade ago, you are no longer a Senior Magus! Now you are just an ordinary person!"

The man was pointing at another man who faced the door.

He continued, "What qualifications do you have to be our

leader!? What makes you think that you are eligible to lead us, the guardian warriors of the Holy Land!? Why do you still comfortably hold the highest power within our clan!?"

The man who was being pointed at slowly stood up. His shoulders were broad and he was tall, far more taller than the provocative man. However, no muscle could be seen on his body. His skin seemed tightly attached to his bones, making him look like a skeleton and could possibly even be blown away with just a single gust of wind.

He was Ji Xia, Ji Hao's father and the former strongest warrior of the Fire Crow Clan!

However, when Ji Hao was born, he had been ambushed by the Fire Crow Clan's sworn enemy, the Black Water Serpent Clan. He had been seriously injured while protecting his own son. From that day onwards, his body had continued to deteriorate year after year. Some of the fellow clansmen even believed that he had already lost his power and strength.

Ji Hao clenched his fists and gazed at Ji Xia. Ji Hao's mind flashed back to that battle, clearly remembering that Ji Xia fought desperately to protect Ji Hao using his own body to block all of the enemies' attacks. Ji Hao had felt his father's boiling-hot blood splash on him at that time. Ji Hao threw a sideways glance at the provocative man.

"So, Ji Mu, my brother, what do you have in mind?" said Ji Xia while calmly smiling.

Ji Mu didn't answer. A boy abruptly jumped up, pointed at Ji Xia's nose, and shouted, "You old waste! Do we need another talk here!? Just take your Qin Yi Clan woman, your little bastard, and get out of here! Let my father be the leader! My father will take care of our Holy Land and our people!"

The boy held his head high, puffed his chest and continued, "The worship ceremony is nearing soon; all the leaders will come to the

Holy Land and worship our ancestors! In front of all those clan leaders, you should relinquish your position and leave the Holy Land!"

"Old waste!? Qin Yi Clan woman!?"

Ji Hao sneered; he kicked the door open and rushed into the room without a second thought.

"Little bastard, who are you talking about!?" Ji Hao shouted. He quickly interlocked his fingers together and spat towards the bonfire. A wisp of flame soared towards the boy.

The unexpected raging fire completely burned the boy's hair and eyebrows into a puff of smoke.

Chapter 3: Challenge

The boy was not prepared for this assault.

Fire Crow Clan's warriors, however, were born with the talent to control fire. The boy cursed in rage; he patted his body and extinguished the flame. Soon, only wisps of smoke were left around his body.

Ji Hao proudly looked at the boy's bald head and loudly said, "Hah, a waste who couldn't even stand a mere handful of fire, who gave you the guts to clamor around here?"

Ji Xia, with his arms folded across his chest, amusingly looked at Ji Hao while he remained silent.

Several elderly men who sat around the bonfire happily nodded and oddly laughed at Ji Hao. These elderly men seemed to be the eldest amongst all the people present.

Amongst a group of muscular men who were sitting in front of Ji Xia, one man stood up. He was not shorter than Ji Xia but was born with a slim stature. Unlike other warriors, no muscles could be seen on his body. His skin was white and tender, and he didn't look like a tribesman of the Southern Primitive Forest at all. His long hair was tied into a braid by three jade rings and had it lay on his back; bright lights flashed through his slender eyes which made him look like a cunning person.

"Wu, do not humiliate our family." His voice was cold, yet feminine and gentle, emanating a gloomy atmosphere.

The boy, whose hair and eyebrows had just gotten burnt, shouted and strode towards Ji Hao. He moved nearly a hundred feet in a single step and then threw a punch to Ji Hao's face. He simultaneously growled, "Bastard! You only dare to attack from behind! I am Ji Wu, son of the powerful Ji Shu!"

The wind brought upon by Ji Wu's fists blew across Ji Hao's long

hair, straightening every single strand backwards, pulling against his scalp and causing great pain.

So powerful!

Ji Hao immediately realized that Ji Wu was at least three times stronger than himself. Physically speaking, it was impossible for Ji Hao to endure this punch.



Ji Hao's fingers changed form and interlocked together; his body flashed, exploding into seven or eight blurred shadows, and moved away. Ji Wu's fist strike thundered in the air without even touching Ji Hao's shadow.

Ji Hao mumbled a spell and tens of arm-thick, fiery serpents flew from the bonfire and rushed, towards Ji Wu under his control.



Ji Xia breathed gently and smiled, looking at those flying fiery serpents, and said, "Honourable Elders, Hao has been learning magic from you all these years; it seems he has already made some achievements."

Several elderly men laughed and nodded triumphantly. An elder whose eyes were shining with a green fiery light said, "Hao has excellent talent in Maguspriest witchcraft. He will most likely become the first Supreme Magus in our Fire Crow Clan in ten thousand years."

Ji Xia and several warriors sitting beside him smiled; while Ji Shu and his followers, who sat in front of them, frowned simultaneously.

Ji Shu, the delicate and beautiful man, growled, "Wu! Ji Hao is a legendary genius, you must be careful!"

In the meantime, Ji Shu threw a glance of discontent towards those elders. These elders were the most respected Maguspriests in

the Fire Crow Clan; their bias towards Ji Hao was completely obvious.

Ji Wu let out a growl and a shield-shaped tattoo on his left arm lit up; a metal buckler emerged out of his arm along with a stream of fire, shielding his upper body from behind. This bronze buckler was exquisitely crafted with a totem inlaid on its surface - a tower with a bloody eye floating above.

"This shield looks so familiar!" Ji Hao gazed at the delicate totem, immediately shocked.

His fingers subconsciously interlocked together; he had only used thirty percent of his power to control the fiery serpents before; but now, all of his force erupted at once.

Tens of fiery serpents suddenly expanded, devouring each other. Soon, three-hundred-foot-long fiery dragons appeared along with the fierce sound of wind, colliding against the shield.��

With a loud buzzing noise, twelve fist-sized twisted spell symbols emerged from the surface of the shield; a three-foot-thick cyan light shot tens of feet away from the shield; the light caused friction when it collided with the three fiery dragons, making a muffled but explosive sound. Ji Wu held the shield and withstood the tremendous power of the fiery dragons. His body slightly trembled but he did not take a single step back.

"Haha, so you are Ji Hao? The legendary child who was able to speak right after birth, learned how to run when you were a day old, and was already capable of controlling flames while being only a month old?"

Ji Wu resisted the flames with the shield and growled, "But why're you so weak? You are too weak, ah, Ji Hao, you couldn't even harm my hair!"

Ji Hao oddly laughed, releasing control of the three rapidly shrinking fiery dragons and looked at Ji Wu, "Harm your hair? Do

you still have any hair that I can harm? Hey, how does being bald feel like?"

Ji Wu got provoked by Ji Hao's words. His eyes turned red and his body suddenly lit up; a faint, fiery light erupted outwards from his head.

While laughing, Ji Hao grasped towards the wall; a spear with a flint spearhead and wooden handle flew out from a wooden shelf and steadily fell into Ji Hao's hands.

With a loud shout, Ji Hao held the long spear which was two times longer than his height, and twirled it around in his hands. An intense power flowed from his palms into the spear; a series of red spell symbols lit up on the spear and a stream of flame erupted from the flint spearhead.

Ji Hao's spear collided hard against Ji Wu's shield. A large fire appeared around Ji Hao and Ji Wu; the spear appeared to be a dragon within the fire. In an instant, Ji Hao attacked more than a hundred times; the spear intensely pummeled the shield; blazing flame and cyan light collided against each other which created a loud piercing noise.

After attacking over a hundred times, Ji Hao stopped and took a deep breath. Ji Wu then pushed the shield forward, the three fiery dragons exploded, and a strong force emitted from the shield. A tyrannical power that was too powerful for Ji Hao to withstand with his physical strength was sent towards Ji Hao's body through his arms.

Ji Hao retreated as the spear was knocked into the air by the tremendous force.

Ji Wu silently waved his right arm and an axe tattoo lit up; a dark, metal axe appeared in his hand. Ji Wu waved the axe, relentlessly chopping towards Ji Hao's head.

Ji Hao looked Ji Wu in the eye; he sensed bloodthirst from

within Ji Wu's eyes. Was this guy really planning to kill him here?

Fingers interlocked, Ji Hao activated multiple magic spells. His body suddenly disappeared. A whirlwind manifested behind Ji Wu and Ji Hao appeared within the whirlwind, catching the spear which was falling from the sky and smashing it onto Ji Wu's back with all of his strength.

Ji Wu was hit by the spear and slammed onto the wall; dozens of weapons fell from the wooden shelf and hit his head.

Ji Hao used all of his strength in this attack. His internal power formed a spot of light which intensely pulsed between his eyebrows; after which all of his power suddenly erupted.

A gentle yet blazing force invaded Ji Wu's body through his bones and muscles, intensely shaking his internal organs. Ji Wu felt the blazing force inside as though a bomb exploded from within his chest; blood spurted from his mouth, quickly turning into flames, and burning on the ground.

Ji Wu looked like a bear that was kicked on the ass by someone else. He shouted and stood up, picking up the axe in an attempt to continue the fight.

"Enough!" Ji Xia stood up and shouted. "Enough! This is a place for clan meetings, not for you brats to fight."

Ji Shu snorted and coldly spoke with a feminine voice, "Big Brother Ji Xia, why not let those brats finish the fight to let us see who will become the victor? The two of us are competing for the position of leader; let our kids compete as well. Just let everyone watch this show!"

Ji Xia took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Everything will be settled according to the rules of our ancestors. In the Ancestral Worship Ceremony in two weeks, we will settle everything with all of our power."

Ji Wu's face reddened in shame. He dropped the shield and the

axe on the ground, pointed at Ji Hao, and yelled, "Ji Hao, will you fight me in the worship ceremony just like a real man? If you lose, you will hide your balls and be a coward for your entire life!"

Ji Hao snorted coldly; he slowly raised his right hand across his neck as he made a slitting gesture, accepting the challenge.

Weapon tattoos: Special magic which allows Magi to fuse with their weapons; the weapons will appear in the form of tattoos on their skin and will materialize in accordance to the Magi's will.

Internal power: Different from spiritual power, internal power is a force that exists and grows in both the physical body and the spiritual world of a Magus. Can be improved through both internal and external means, and is able to transform into physical force.

Chapter 4: Deal

The sun had set; day turned into night as darkness shrouded the Southern Wasteland.

It was a starry night with fist-sized stars shining in the night sky. Mist slowly descended from the colourful stars, nourishing all living creatures.

At the top of the Gold Black Mountain, hundreds of gigantic Fire Crows were standing in a line at the edge of the cliff with their beaks open, silently absorbing energy from the starlight.

Red starlight shrouded the Gold Black Mountain. A huge whirlpool had formed above the mulberry trees of the mountaintop. Streams of starlight energy poured into these trees through the whirlpool.

Ji Hao was sitting on the roof, quietly gazing at this magical night view. His hands were placed on his stomach while his fingers interlocked together, constantly changing motions to absorb the starlight energy. His slim body radiated a faint glow and seemed to have merged with the starlight.

[Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] was a mysterious magic spell, capable of unlocking the deepest potential of the human body, ultimately leading to the unity of heaven and human.

Since birth, Ji Hao had focused on learning the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]. With over a decade of practice, he had already made a few achievements.

His internal power formed a mist-like spot of light, slowly rotating at the space between his eyebrows.

"Hao, get back to bed! Gazing at the sky every night, you can't fly to the sky anyway, can you?"

Ji Xia's good-natured voice resounded in the yard, "But flying isn't too difficult; you will be able to fly when you become a

Supreme Magus!" said Ji Xia as he laughed.

It was a well-known fact that not a single Supreme Magus had appeared in the Fire Crow Clan for the past thousands of years. The Fire Crow Clan could have been equal to the Bi Fang Clan and the Rosefinch Clan, but without the guidance of a Supreme Magus, they could only come under the authority of the Bi Fang Clan.

Although Ji Xia was convinced that his son, Ji Hao, was an unparalleled genius, he still had his doubts about the possibility of Ji Hao becoming a Supreme Magus. Even with his good talent, Ji Hao was merely a Level 3 Novice Magus who had yet to reach the ranks of Junior Magus. After Junior Magus, it would be very difficult to become a Senior Magus and the highest rank of Supreme Magus was unimaginably harder to reach.

"Okay..." Ji Hao lazily said, stopping the movement of his fingers and jumping down from the roof.

A fifty-foot-tall bear covered with red and bronze-like shining fur was lying in front of the wooden gate. The snoring bear opened one of its eyes and gently rubbed Ji Hao with its gigantic paws right after the latter fell right onto its belly.

Ji Hao put an unknown fruit into the bear's mouth which swallowed the fruit without chewing or waking up.

"Fatty, sooner or later you'll be too fat to walk, and you will lose the right to be Abba's mount."

Ji Hao kicked the bear's head but it had already hidden its face with its paws. No matter how hard Ji Hao kicked, it seemed that the bear refused to wake up. Ji Hao shook his head and went inside the house.

Qing Fu was wearing a blue linen dress and was sitting in the corner. She was holding a jade pestle, carefully grinding a herbal paste in a stone bowl. A wisp of cyan smoke spiraled down from Qing Fu's fingers through the pestle and blended into the herbal

paste.

As the residual material from the herb gradually started to melt, the herbal paste became clearer and more viscous, before it ultimately turned into a chunk of jade-like ointment.

"Amma!"

Ji Hao sat in front of his mother, quietly looking at her.

Qing Fu came from the Qing Yi Clan, a small Eastern clan which relied on the Fire Crow Clan for protection. Women from this clan were born as Maguspriests; they were especially good at identifying and refining all kinds of drugs and medicines.

Women from the Fire Crow Clan were equally strong as the men. They're able to carry heavy weapons and hunt wild beasts in the jungle. Women from the Qing Yi Clan were completely different in comparison; with their slim and tender features, and their soft, white skin.

Qing Fu, who is Ji Hao's mother, had been the most talented Maguspriest in the Qing Yi Clan, for the past hundreds years and also the most beautiful woman seen in a century.

However, Qing Fu's beautiful face seemed a little pale today. She was less than thirty years of age, but her hair had already turned gray and her lips were pale.

Similar to the skin-and-bones-looking Ji Xia, Qing Fu also was abnormally thin.

While carefully grinding the ointment, Qing Fu smiled and said: "Hao, I heard that you beat Ji Shu's son today?"

Ji Hao scratched his head as he looked at Qing Fu, and laughed, "I used a sneak attack, but I didn't manage to actually hurt him. If it was a real fight, I would have no chance of winning. But if it happened in the jungle, he would have died thousands time over."

While speaking and laughing, Ji Hao subconsciously showed a

cold and cruel expression for a brief period of time.

Qing Fu looked at Ji Hao, feeling overjoyed. She patted him and gently said: "Ah, if that's the case then I don't have to worry anymore."

"Just don't be like your father who is always trying to solve all the problems peacefully...Is it even possible to survive in the Southern Wasteland without being cruel and heartless?"

Qing Fu finished the ointment which started permeating with an exotic fragrance. She rubbed it slowly into twelve thumb-sized, round cyan pills, carefully putting them into a jade bottle.

"Hao, you must keep those stories I told you in mind. My Qing Yi Clan used to be a powerful and thriving clan in the East. However, one of our leaders, an old lady, was deceived and fooled by the enemy. The entire Clan was almost annihilated. To save ourselves, we had to escape to this Southern Wasteland and rely on the Fire Crow Clan for protection."

Qing Fu continued with a cold expression, "In half a month, if your father can survive at the worship ceremony, it will be fine. But, if he can't ....."

Ji Hao looked down, quietly listening to Qing Fu.

"If your father is killed by Ji Shu during the ceremony, I will accompany him to death. In that case, you should leave the clan and focus on becoming stronger; return and avenge us, your Abba and Amma, by killing Ji Shu and his whole family."

Ji Xia carried a large piece of meat and walked into the room. He looked at Qing Fu, then smiled and said, "Why say these things to Hao? I'm not going to lose the fight against Ji Shu in the worship ceremony. He wants to be the leader amongst our warriors, but, how easy does he thinks that is going to be?"

Ji Hao stayed silent. He hugged Qing Fu and walked upstairs to his bedroom.

In the decennial Ancestral Worship Ceremony, all leaders of the Fire Crow's branch clans will come to the Holy Land in Gold Black Mountain to worship their ancestors. This was the only opportunity to make changes in the higher authority of the clan.

Ten years ago, Ji Shu would not have any chance to win against Ji Xia.

However, the present Ji Xia had lost his Magus Acupoints, which resulted in a serious degradation of his strength. It was even possible that Ji Shu was speaking the truth when he said that Ji Xia's power had fallen back to the level of Junior Magus.

"Facing the aggressive Ji Shu and his people, will Father be alright? What about Mother? And without their protection, what will happen to me?"

"This is not a peaceful place..... In this land, people kill," said Ji Hao to himself. In recent years, he had seen enough of those miserable kids, whose clans had been annihilated by their enemies. For now, Ji Hao would not be able to survive in the outside world by himself.

Power, he had to obtain more power as soon as possible.

Even if he couldn't help his father, he had to enhance his strength as soon as possible and prepare for what might happen in the future.

He closed the door and opened the window, letting the stars lighten the room. Ji Hao lied down on a piece of lion's fur and closed his eyes. His internal power was way bigger in comparison to his peers, which allowed him to easily get into his spiritual space through short meditation.

"Hey, old man! I'm coming! I accept your deal, trade your [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] with my [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], and don't forget what you promised me," said Ji Hao into the air, after getting into his spiritual space.

After Ji Hao had spoken, a white fog formed and turned into a white, round platform, which floated in front of Ji Hao.

A tall figure, who was sitting on the platform with his legs crossed, looked down at Ji Hao.

"Little guy, you will never lose anything or regret it by making this deal with me."

"The unity of heaven and the human": The highest achievement and the ultimate pursue of a Magus, which means to break the limitation of the human body and obtain the tremendous power from nature and heaven.

Bi Fang and Rosefinch: They both are legendary birds in ancient Eastern culture.

Maguspriests: A special group of people among Magi. Maguspriests are good at all kinds of sorceries and magic spells, as well as drug-making. Some of them may not be as physically strong as Magi warriors, however, they usually have great spiritual power.

Spiritual space: The spiritual space is an unique space in the form of spirit, existing each Magus's mind. Magi are able to get themselves into their spiritual space by using their internal power. When a Magus gets into his spiritual space, his body will also be in spirit form. A powerful magus can even gets into spiritual spaces of others.

Chapter 5: Gain

"Just like how both Heaven and Nature have imperfections, the human body too, has its faults. This magic spell will enable you to absorb energy from Heaven and Nature to replenish your strength," chanted the man who was sitting on the platform out loud.

Ji Hao looked up at the blurry figure, who was a gigantic man and seemed to be even a hundred times bigger than the Gold Black Mountain. Ji Hao had been aware of his existence in his spiritual space since the day he was born. However, even after trying his best for the past ten years, he was still unable to see the man's appearance clearly.

The man's dark glossy hair and long beard which were fluttering seemed miraculous and mysterious.

His entire upper body laid bare; a simple apron made from a huge blade wrapped around his waist was the only piece of 'clothing' he had on.

For a decade, this man had wanted to make a deal with Ji Hao, but Ji Hao had always refused to do so. This time, however, Ji Hao and his family were under a great deal of pressure from Ji Shu and his son, so he had to take this risk.

When the man spoke, the sound of raging thunder accompanied his voice. A large number of ancient multicolored symbols that glowed, continuously emerged and floated around his body. These symbols looked like birds, fishes, flowers and insects. It seemed inexpressibly mysterious.

Immediately after the man stopped chanting, all the colorful symbols rushed simultaneously towards Ji Hao and integrated peacefully with his body.

Meanwhile, Ji Hao sensed a jolt coming from his soul; all his

knowledge of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] had somehow been copied by the man. Around the man's body, nine huge balls of light appeared and floated in a circle; each of them had an intense radiance which could be compared to the sun.

Not long after, the light balls merged with the man's body. The merging process shook the man's body slightly, which caused a rainstorm inside Ji Hao's spiritual space. The torrential rain came with lightning and thunder. Ji Hao lowered his head and shivered.

"So amazing!" exclaimed the man.

"Little guy, your [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] is actually capable of improving the soul and using the power of the universe. This is truly mysterious and amazing; I had never thought that in this world, there existed a magic spell as powerful as this."

After hesitating for a moment, he lowered his voice and continued, "If I had known this magic spell earlier, I might have been able to understand and utilize my strength more effectively. I wouldn't have ended being such a loser, who doesn't even has the guts to face the world . . . ."

Ji Hao felt dizzy after integrating with those ancient symbols. His mind and soul were filled with a vast amount of information. He was merely a Novice Magus of the third level, his internal power was far from sufficient to cope with the tremendous amount of information in such a small period of time.

The [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] involuntarily activated before he could even connect with his internal power. All his blood and power rushed towards his abdomen, where his lower dantian existed. His blood and power started to rotate, forming a small whirlpool. Ji Hao could sense a small, yet strong power coming from the whirlpool.

Suddenly a tiny, multicoloured flame bursted out from the whirlpool and several multicoloured symbols flashed momentarily, after which the flame disappeared.

According to the information he had received, this occurrence signified the first step of the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]. The first stage of the spell had the following effects. Firstly, ninety-nine percent of the life energy that his food contained would serve as nourishment for the flame inside his body; secondly, the remaining one percent would nourish his internal power, increasing his own strength.

Even though it was only the first stage of the spell, it made Ji Hao realize how strong and beneficial this spell really was. The first stage enabled him to increase his internal power through devouring. For example, if he could devour a hundred dragons, he would receive the power of one dragon.

"Hey, does this mean I am going to be a glutton?"

While Ji Hao was surprised by the effect of the spell, he whined loudly: "Old man, you want me to devour the entire mountain? How does this work? Does it really mean that as long I am not tired, I can keep devouring endlessly?"

"The more you devour, the stronger you will get!" laughed the man.

With a wave of his hand, two human-head sized drops of blood appeared out of thin air and floated towards Ji Hao.

One drop of blood had a golden glow and the other, a purple-colored glow. The golden blood radiated pride and power, while the purple-colored blood radiated mystery and nobility. From the moment these blood drops appeared, Ji Hao could feel his body getting excited, as if it couldn't wait to merge with those drops of blood.

The man looked down and said, "Little guy, I won't take advantage of you.

"This is something extra that I gift unto you. A drop of dragon blood and a drop of phoenix blood. They won't only be beneficial at

present, even in the future you will be reaping great benefits from them."

The two drops of blood exploded, transforming into gold and purple mist, respectively, and were absorbed by Ji Hao's body.

Ji Hao' body felt as if it was set ablaze, like his blood could boil and evaporate at any moment. It was so painful that he couldn't remain in his spiritual space and was forced to return to his physical body. He had to spend great effort to keep his muscles under control, to avoid crying and screaming from the pain.

On his lean and slim body, fibers of muscles squirmed under his skin. His muscles and bones splintered and reorganized, becoming stronger.

Dragons were born as the most powerful creatures in the world. A newly born pureblood-dragon was strong enough to go one-on-one against a Supreme Magus.

The golden dragon blood completely remodeled Ji Hao's body, making it a perfect human body.

At the same time he sensed a warm stream continuously rushing into his soul, gradually making it stronger and pure.

Phoenixes, however, were born with the purest of souls in the world, making every phoenix a master in magic manipulation. The purple-colored phoenix blood purified Ji Hao's soul and laid the perfect foundation for his future training.

The colorful flames rushed towards Ji Hao's dantian, surprising him by the enormous improvement of his body and soul.

Hunger. . . .

Ji Hao sensed a feeling of overwhelming hunger, which made him almost scream in agony. It felt like there was a black hole in his stomach, crazily devouring his muscles and flesh.

Ji Hao jumped out of his window, hung his arms onto the

framework of the roof and easily landed in the hall downstairs.

Around the fireplace in the hall, twenty pieces of beast meat were hanging and being roasted. A thick layer of a salt-oil-mixed sauce was spread onto the meat.

Ji Hao grabbed the leg of a saber tooth tiger and took a bite.

With a gentle bite, the human-waist thick leg broke into two. With just a few bites, Ji Hao completely gobbled up the entire leg piece.

After having eaten the leg, he felt a powerful stream of heat rushing into the multicolored flame placed in his lower dantian. A small portion of the multicolored flame was absorbed by his body, which felt extremely pleasurable all over his body.

Ji Hao ate the entire stock of twenty pieces of meat that were hanging there and being roasted. Suddenly he heard a muffled sound of an explosion inside his body, after which he abruptly grew about half of an inch as his muscles swelled at the same time.

Ji Hao felt a strong sense of power rushing through his body and was ecstatic.

"Novice Magus. . . . Fourth Level!"

Dantian: Traditionally, a dantian is considered to be a center of life force energy of human body. The lower dantian is particularly important as the an energy center, positioned near the lower abdomen of a human body.

Dragon: legendary creatures in Chinese mythology and folklore. The dragons have many animal-like forms such as turtles, fish, and imaginary creatures, but they are most commonly depicted as snake-like with four legs. In yin and yang terminology, a dragon is yang. Chinese dragons symbolize potent and auspicious powers, which is a symbol of power and strength.

Phoenix: The mythological birds of East Asia that reign over all other birds. The males were originally called feng and the females

huang. But such a distinction of gender is often no longer made and they are blurred into a single feminine entity so that the Phoenix can be paired with the Chinese dragon, which is traditionally deemed male.

Chapter 6: Parents

While Ji Hao was cramming the roasted meat down his throat, Ji Xia and Qing Fu were peeking at him through the slits of their bedroom door.

Qing Fu smiled when she saw that both Ji Hao's body and internal power seemed to have increased in power.

Ji Xia grinned, leapt through the window, then ran towards the dark forest. He had to hunt more beasts for meat because Ji Hao's appetite had increased.

Ji Xia was strong and agile. He dashed through the village without anyone noticing him. After going deep into the jungle, he mumbled to himself: "Good, very good..."

"The more he will eat, the stronger he will get. Excellent, he is becoming a true man!"

Then Ji Xia took a breath and laughed, "Worthy of being my son! Hao has been secretive since he was a little kid...What on earth did he learn from those Maguspriest grandpas?"

"Aahh, what does it matter, it seems like a good thing, he is truly my son..."

At dawn, the jungle was shrouded by the morning fog. People in the Fire Crow Clan village had already awoken and had begun their daily chores.

On the mountaintop of the Gold Black Mountain, thousands of majestic Fire Crows flapped their fiery wings and flew towards the golden clouds in the sky. Down in the valley, countless little Fire Crows were cawing and soaring out from the mulberry forest, ultimately flying above the mountain.

A group of Fire Crow Clan warriors were holding their weapons as they rode their contracted beasts; they headed towards the jungle where they would, as usual, hunt for beasts.

The women in the village were busy as well. They had to skin and clean the recently hunted beasts. Metal ores that were mined by the slaves had to be classified and a large amount of plant filaments were required to be woven. There was always so much work to be done.

The sky was getting brighter.

Ji Hao stood on the roof, facing the East while breathing slowly and deeply. Strands of lavender-coloured vapor seemed to be coming from the far East. Ji Hao inhaled the vapor into his body slowly and carefully. The lavender-coloured vapor was the purest lifeforce energy of the nature, only obtainable at dawn.

Ji Hao muttered the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]: "Lin, Bing, Dou, Zhe, Jie, Zhen, Lie, Qian, Xing."

His fingers interlocked together in front of his chest, continuously changing motions. The purest lifeforce energy had been absorbed by Ji Hao's body and refined into his spiritual power. He quickly started to work up a sweat.

Before the previous night, Ji Hao could only handle a single strand of the lavender-coloured vapor, which could already put a big strain on his body. However, after his body and soul had been improved by the blood of both dragon and phoenix, he had already absorbed thirty-six strands of lifeforce energy this morning. But it felt as if he had yet to reach his limit and could continue absorbing.

"Amazing!"

Ji Hao was very pleased. A faint, fiery light emitted from his head. The deal he made with the mysterious man living in his spiritual space seemed to be the right choice at the moment.

"Hao!"

"Bro!"

Hundreds of younger kids passed by the spot where Ji Hao was standing. They were shouting and running. Each of them carried a

huge stone, which looked the size of a small mountain.

Ji Hao stopped his practice, smiled and waved at these kids.

Those kids dashed out of his sight. On the surface of their stones, there were special markings that shone with an earthy-yellow glow. Those markings were drawn by the elder Maguspriests. It increased the weight of the stones by more than ten times their original weight.

"Aiyaiyai! These kids...they're on the brink of reaching the first level of Novice Magus; soon all of them will become decent warriors!" said Ji Hao while looking at the kids.

Improving physical strength was the most important thing for a Novice Magus. Only a solid body could serve as foundation for future training, which was required to become a Magus Warrior.

The stones carried by those kids were made of Qinggang, the hardest rock in the Southern Wasteland jungle. Each of those stones had been carved into a three-square-foot cube.

Also, the weight of the stone was used to measure strength. The weight of one stone cube was one unit of strength called one 'stone'. A Novice Magus of the First Level had the strength of ten thousand 'stones' and at the Second Level, their strength increased to twenty thousand 'stones'.

Ji Hao was a Novice Magus of the Fourth Level, which meant that his strength was equivalent to forty thousand 'stones'.

"But...That guy Ji Wu...," Ji Hao frowned.

After the fight in the meeting hall against Ji Wu, Ji Hao clearly realized that Ji Wu was far more powerful than him. The strong and fiery light emitted from Ji Wu's body showed that he had reached the Tenth Level, and his internal power might have already been able to be channeled[3]. If he went only two levels further, Ji Wu could advance to the ranks of Junior Magus.

With Ji Hao's current strength and the wizardry he had learned

from the Maguspriest grandpas, it was not difficult for him to transform his body and have a few advantages. However, if he were to fight against Ji Wu face to face, Ji Hao's chances of victory would drastically decrease. Not to mention that even if he won, he would still have to face Ji Shu and his people.

"I have to devour more powerful beasts...," Ji Hao talked to himself.

"How about asking Mr Crow for help? Mr Crow is on a level comparable to a Senior Magus, if I ask him to hunt a hundred of Junior Magus Level beasts for me..."

While Ji Hao was considering this, the smell of roasted meat reached his nostrils.

Qing Fu walked into the yard, waved to Ji Hao, and said, "Hao! Come down. Your Abba has hunted you a serpent earlier this morning, come on in."

Ji Hao looked at Qing Fu, leapt down from the roof, and walked to the hall.

The bronze-furred bear, Ji Xia's contract beast, was lying on its stomach in front of the door, looking at the roasted serpent and drooling.

Ji Xia glanced at the bear, then threw a human-leg-thick firewood towards the bear. The bear was hit by the firewood, howling in pain as it rolled away like a ball of fur.

"Get away, you fatty!" said Ji Xia. "The only thing you understand is eating! Sooner or later you'll be too fat to run; then I could eat you and find myself another contract beast..."

While Ji Xia was yelling at the bear, Ji Hao walked into the hall and glanced at the roasted meat.

It was indeed a serpent. Its muscles were semi-transparent and its bones were metal-like, which meant that this serpent was a peak-level Novice Magus beast.

There were countless beasts living in the jungle, but beasts which reached this level were quite sparse and hard to hunt.

"Abba!" Ji Hao walked to the fireplace and took a seat.

"Hao," Ji Xia looked at Ji Hao and smiled, "You ate all of our meat last night. I was afraid that your hunger hadn't satiated yet. Here, I got you a White Qui Serpent."

White Qui Serpents were highly toxic, skilled in subterfuge and very difficult to hunt. Its bone marrow contained huge amounts of power.

Qing Fu walked inside, rubbed Ji Hao's head and said, "Hao, you ate that much meat yesterday, I saw your strength increase, which is a good thing. Here, you should eat more."

Ji Xia and Qing Fu looked at Ji Hao with broad smiles on their faces. It seemed that they had no intention of asking Ji Hao about his behaviour last night.

Ji Hao looked at his parents and felt deeply touched. They never questioned him; they had always been protecting and supporting him as much as they could.

Yes, they were his parents and as far as he was concerned, they were the greatest people in the world!

"Okay, I'm just a bit hungry! Abba...Amma..., thanks!" Ji Hao laughed.

He grabbed a knife and cut a bucket-thick tail from the serpent off, stuffing it through his throat without even chewing.

Once Ji Hao ate the serpent tail, he sensed that the serpent's bones and muscles turned into a stream of heat, rushing towards the flame in his dantian. Soon, a small strand of the flame was absorbed by his body.

Ji Xia and Qing Fu had noticed that Ji Hao's muscles were swelling. At the same time, sounds of his bones snapping could be

heard. Ji Hao even looked slightly taller than before.

They laughed happily.

Ji Xia said, "Good, very good, Hao, just eat whatever you want; Abba can hunt you anything!"

Qing Fu rubbed Ji Hao's head with a smile on her face.

Then, someone knocked the door.

They heard a mocking voice, "Is Qing Fu, the Maguspriest, at home? I have some drug-making problems that I would like to consult with her."

Chapter 7: Defiance

Ji Hao opened the door and saw Ji Wu who was standing in front of the door, shaking his body impatiently. His arms were crossed around his chest.

"Ha!"

Ji Wu arrogantly looked down on Ji Hao who was a lot shorter and thinner than himself, laughing out loud and speaking aggressively, "Ji Hao, I'll kill you at the worship ceremony!"

Ji Hao looked up at Ji Wu, the corner of his mouth twitching; he sneered, "Kill me? Who was nearly beaten to tears by me yesterday? You wanna kill me? Haha, I don't think so!"

Ji Wu grinded his teeth and glared at Ji Hao; he looked so angry that his eyes nearly popped out of his eye sockets. Yesterday, he was beaten till he coughed up blood by Ji Hao who was thinner, weaker, and at a much lower level than himself in front of his own father and all those elders in the clan. For him, this was his greatest humiliation; he couldn't even face his own father after that!

"You bastard!" Ji Wu angrily waved his fist, attempting to punch Ji Hao.

At that moment, a beautiful woman walked out from behind Ji Wu, gently grabbed his arm and pulled him backwards. The woman was slim yet full of strength.

As a result of her gently pulling, Ji Wu staggered tens of steps backwards and fell to the ground. Ji Wu sat on the ground, utterly embarrassed.

"Amma! I'm going to kick this little bastard's ass!" Ji Wu shouted out.

"Hey, you little bastard, who are you talking about?" Ji Hao crossed his arms, looked at the woman standing in front of him

and laughed.

Ji Wu was going to say something else but the woman scolded him loudly, causing Ji Wu to shut his mouth fearfully.

The woman narrowed her eyes and examined Ji Hao from head to toe for a while, then said with a sneer, "Such a pretty boy, as pretty as your Amma. But you're so thin and weak. Look at your skinny arms and legs, you should be careful, don't let those beasts in the jungle break your legs."

Ji Hao looked back at the woman. She was a bit taller than Qing Fu. Compared to Qing Fu, who had a gentle and mild character, this woman seemed to have a terrible temper. This was a beautiful, sexy woman with attractive breasts, hip, bright red lips, and sharp dark brown eyes, giving off a charming yet dangerous vibe.

"I don't believe that there exists a beast in this world who could break my leg!" Ji Hao stared at the woman's voluptuous breasts, and said, "But Appa, you're the one who should actually be careful. Those stinky snakes from The Black Water Serpent Clan have often been coming and pestering recently. Appa, imagine, if you were to be kidnapped by those guys, there would be at least a hundred of stinky snakes coming to your bed every night."

The woman's expression suddenly turned darker. 'Appa'? Did she look like those ugly old women in the village? And don't even mention what Ji Hao said about those stinking snakes.

"You son of a bitch!" growled Ji Wu, "How dare you talk to Amma like that!"

The tattoos on both of his arms lit up, a shield and an axe emerged from his arms, which he held in his arms.

Just as Ji Wu was going to attack Ji Hao, a huge bear showed up suddenly. The bronze-furred bear standing straight behind Ji Hao seemed like a small mountain. The bear stared at Ji Wu and drooled as if it was staring at a piece of roasting meat.

"Da...Damn!" The shock of seeing the bear rooted Ji Wu on the spot. He felt like a frog which was being preyed on by a serpent, and he couldn't move even a little bit. He took two steps back while trembling and nearly fell to the ground again.

Despite the bear being fat and lazy, it was Ji Xia's contracted beast. The bear's strength had nearly reached the level of Senior Magus. How could a Novice Magus like Ji Wu face the Bronze Bear and not be frightened?

The woman waved her finger in the air; the scary atmosphere created by the bear was soon expelled. She looked at Ji Hao with a cold expression and said, "You little bastard, how old do you think you are? Do you know the things that men and women do? Hah, Qing Fu, I came here for you; are you going to let this little bastard keep talking nonsense here?"

"Hehe..." The woman sneered and waved her hand. A gray mist sprayed out from her sleeve towards Ji Hao's face.

Ji Hao smelled a terrible scent, quickly recognizing seven different highly toxic herbs from it, including the 'Bone Etcher Plant' and the 'Duan Chang Grass'.

Ji Hao stepped back swiftly, creating an outburst of wind. The bronze-furred bear growled and stood up again. A gale wind blew out from its gigantic mouth, blocking the mist for one second. The woman flicked her finger, turning the mist into two strands of smoke which dashed towards the bear's nostrils.

"Jiang Yao, you should know that I only know how to make potions that save lives...I know nothing about your poisons," Qing Fu sighed. A green mist sprayed through the windows of Ji Hao's family house, wrapping the gray mist. The gray mist and the green mist quickly devoured each other, turned into a white fog and dissipated in the air.

Jiang Yao's beautiful face turned sour and said coldly, "Qing Fu, I'm surprised that after they broke your Magus Acupoints and

dropped you to the Junior Magus Level, you actually managed to make some improvement in potion-making."

Qing Fu stayed silent. Ji Hao stood behind the fat bear, dragging its short tail to keep it from attacking Jiang Yao; he said, "Indeed, my Amma dropped from the Senior level, but she's still a genius on potion-making. She has always been concentrating on healing and detoxifying our people who needed it with her potion-making knowledge. It's only natural for her to make certain breakthroughs."

Jiang Yao sneered again and yelled, "Ji Xia, big brother! I came all the way to visit you and you are just gonna let this kid deal with me here?"

Ji Xia stayed silent. Qing Fu said, "Jiang Yao, are you visiting us or challenging us? If you want to talk, we will talk at the worship ceremony. If you want to compete against me in potion-making, we will do that at the worship ceremony too. How about that?"

Jiang Yao laughed and glared at Qing Fu. She said in a soft yet dramatic voice, "Okay, we shall do what you said. You and me...we have a lot of catching up to do at the ceremony. After all, my husband, Ji Shu, is going to become the leader amongst the Fire Crow Clan warriors!"

Ji Hao coughed and said, "Hey! My Abba, Ji Xia, is the only leader of the Fire Crow Clan!"

Jiang Yao smiled maliciously. She suddenly turned her slim waist and raised her arm, and clawed towards Ji Hao with her dark-green fingernails.

Jiang Yao's fingernails created a sharp wind and scratched Ji Hao's face from feets away; he couldn't open his eyes. The wind had a nauseating smell, obviously, there were something highly toxic on Ji Yao's fingernails. While clawing, Jiang Yao yelled, "You little rat! This is how you speak to elders?"

Jiang Yao was a Senior Maguspriest and was quite adept at using poison. Ji Hao stepped backwards while he couldn't even keep his eyes open.

Qing Fu suddenly showed up in front of Jiang Yao. She opened her mouth and spewed a thumb-sized, white jade pearl which shone with a faint white light. The jade pearl heavily hit on Jiang Yao's palm.

Jiang Yao screamed, drawing back her hand quickly as if she had touched a flame. She covetously looked at the jade pearl and said, "Mu Sheng Pearl, such a treasure...It's a shame Qing Fu, that your Magus acupoint had been broken. Now, you're just a waste. You don't deserve a treasure like this! I'll be expecting you at the ceremony."

Jiang Yao finished her words and put her right hand on Ji Wu's shoulder. Suddenly, their bodies bursted into streams of fiery lights and then disappeared.

Qing Fu put the Mu Sheng Pearl back into her mouth. She staggered, nearly falling to the ground. Ji Hao opened his eyes, he noticed that there was a wisp of blood in the corner of Qing Fu's mouth.

Ji Hao's eyeballs suddenly turned blood-red for a moment and went back to normal.

Ji Xia's voice came from the room, "Hao, come in, you haven't finished your meal."

Ji Xia took a breath and said in a lower voice, "How dare they show up here and treat us like that? Do they really think that I'm trash?"

Ji Hao silently walked back to the lobby, grabbed a piece of meat and started to gobble it down.

Appa: Old ladies. In China, children sometimes call their grandmas as 'Appa'.

Chapter 8: Different Races

Serpent species have tremendous physical strength, with the White Qui Serpents being especially powerful. The physical strength of a peak-level Novice Magus level White Qui Serpent was ten times better than that of a Level 10 Novice Magus.

Ji Hao had eaten an entire White Qui Serpent which improved his physical strength to another level. He stretched his body in the yard and shouted to the sky. He sensed great power rushing through his bones and muscles.

Yesterday, Ji Hao had become a Level 4 Novice Magus. Today he had gained another forty-thousand 'stones' of strength after eating an entire White Qui Serpent.

Ji Hao laughed aloud happily. If he could devour ten more beasts like this White Qui Serpent before the worship ceremony, Ji Wu would no longer be a threat to him.

"A White Qui Serpent has forty-thousand 'stones' of power," Ji Hao said to himself. After having exercised in the yard for a while, he took a deep breath and gave an ear-piercing whistle towards the Gold Black Mountain. With the great internal power gained from practicing the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], the sound of his whistle reverberated throughout the jungle without fading.

From a towering mulberry tree on the Gold Black Mountain, a gigantic Fire Crow rose high in the air. The crow hovered around the tree and flew towards Ji Hao while its feathers emitted a faint fiery light.

The crow folded its wings, transformed into a beam of light and arrived above the yard in the span of few breaths.

Ji Xia stood in front of the door, nodded sincerely to the Fire Crow, and said, "Mr Crow, thanks for always keeping an eye on Ji Hao."

The Fire Crow was hovering in front of Ji Xia. He narrowed his eyes, tilted his head and cawed at Ji Xia.

Ji Hao hopped onto the crow's head; he laughed and said, "Mr Crow! Let's go somewhere further today! Do you remember where we found the nest of the 'Golden-Winged Bees'? Let's go!"

With a long-lasting piercing sound, the Fire Crow soared straight up into the sky, and flicked his wings as it transformed into a light stream, disappearing quickly into the clouds.

Qing Fu slowly walked to the door, watching Ji Hao and the crow disappearing; she frowned and said to Ji Xia, "Jiang Yao came to our home and tried to attack Hao today...Xia, these people really want us dead!"

Ji Xia nodded; he mounted the bronze-furred bear and left. He didn't say a word, but a faint flame appeared around his head.

The bear roared with a few threads of saliva hanging on the corner of its mouth, dashing towards the jungle. Ji Xia whistled a few times, from which a group of muscular warriors came out from the nearby cabins as they heard the call. They rode different contracted beasts and followed Ji Xia.

Qing Fu leaned against the door frame while she was still frowning, and stared at the sky. A wisp of dark-green smoke appeared between her eyebrows for a fleeting moment.

"Jiang Yao..." she whispered.

Up in the air, the crow was flying towards southwest. Ji Hao patted the crow on his head. The crow stopped advancing immediately; he hovered in the air, turned his head around as it looked at Ji Hao and cawed at him. He looked quite puzzled.

"Mr Crow, I know we have our ancestors' rules to obey so I can't ask you to deal with Ji Shu and his people for me; but if I do it myself, no matter what you see, you won't tell anyone, am I right?" smirked Ji Hao while patting Mr Crow's head.

The Crow blinked its eyes and cawed loudly, showing a sly look to Ji Hao.

"Good! Good! What are we? We're bros! You have known me since I was a baby; now there are some people who want Abba, Amma, and me to die. You wouldn't let them, would you?"

Ji Hao stood up, looked back at the Gold Black Mountain and muttered, "I am known for always seeking revenge for even the smallest grievances. An eye for an eye! I don't want to wait until tomorrow."

Ji Hao pointed at a direction; the crow opened its wings and swerved in the air. It flew slowly and quietly, to where Ji Hao had pointed. Its fiery feathers turned back to normal.

After a quarter of an hour, the crow quietly landed on a mountain hundreds of miles away from the Gold Black Mountain. Ji Hao leapt down from the crow's head, after which he dragged a pile of vines off. An entrance to a cave became visible upfront.

It was a cave hidden behind the pile of vines. The cave was nearly one hundred meters in radius. Dozen of big clay vats were placed orderly in the cave. Every one of these vats was sealed with clay. Ji Hao checked them one by one, then chose one and carefully carried it on his shoulder afterwards.

After Ji Hao brought the vat out of the cave, he covered the entrance again with the vines. He held the vat in his arms and hopped onto Mr Crow's head. The crow flapped his wings and rose silently to the sky. After a few minutes, the crow landed in a valley which was a few miles away from the cave.

The valley was quiet and clean; white cobblestones were everywhere.

Ji Hao seemed very familiar with this place. He walked to a gigantic stone at the center of the valley and violently kicked it.

The entire valley shook slightly. With a thundering noise, the

gigantic stone moved and floated in the air. In the span of a few breaths, the cobblestones nearby converged towards this gigantic stone and formed a pure-white stone giant ultimately.

The stone giant started to creak its body. Stones on its body began to rapidly move inward and its body was constantly being compressed. Soon, this stone giant became as short as Ji Hao, and its face and body became human-like.

"Hao...You naughty kid! You...looking for me?" The stoneman had a rough yet clear face. It popped its eyes and looked at Ji Hao. Suddenly, its eyes moved and locked onto the clay vat which Ji Hao held in his arm.

"Bo...oze...booze! Go...good! Wh...what you...want me to...do for...you...this time? Shield...you...again?" The stoneman smacked its lips and tensely shook its head.

"Last...time, I al-almost got killed by the old...old tree! I want two...vats, or I'm...out!"

"Hey, Stone! Where did you learn how to bargain? Who taught you this?" Ji Hao looked surprised at the stoneman, handed the vat over to it and continued, "Okay! I'll get you another one tomorrow. Here, this is yours, and you only need to do me a small favor."

The vat contained fruit wine which had a bright-orange colour and smelled wonderfully, and had a few fruits mixed in it. The stoneman opened its mouth and drank all the wine delightfully in only a single breath. He then smashed the vat to pieces and yawned, satisfied.

"All...right...To do...what?" The stoneman beat its own chest and said, "Are we going to...to chop the old tree's branches? Or...or steal the mean woman's eggs? Or...or something else?"

JI Hao narrowed his eyes and smirked, "No! We're not playing those childish games this time. Some people want Abba, Amma and me dead. I'm going to kill them before that, and you will shield

me. That's it."

Ji Hao paused for a second, slapped the stone man's shoulder and said, "Stone! We need two more helpers. Where's the evil girl? Is she at home at the moment?"

"Caw!"

The Fire Crow was quietly preening beside Ji Hao. When he heard Ji Hao speak about the "evil girl", he shivered and cawed loudly.

A vat: a large open vessel for holding or storing liquids

Chapter 9: Calculation

At a clearing in the dense jungle, a natural hot spring was bubbling.

The spring water was so clear that one could see down to the bottom. There was a layer of white sand on the bottom of the pool. Near the mouth of the spring, a black flagstone had been set at the side of the pool. The spring water was constantly gushing out of the pool, flowing through few cracks on the stone surface and seeping into the ground.

Ji Wu was comfortably sitting in the warm water with his eyes closed and a smile on his face. His skin occasionally emitted a faint fiery light.

Jiang Yao, held a three-meter-long red serpent and circled around the pool while muttering a bizarre ancient spell. Her voice gradually grew louder. Suddenly, she sliced the serpent's neck with a black jade knife in her hand. Hot blood poured onto the stone and formed a dozen strange spell symbols on the stone surface.

Seven huge muscular women were standing around the pool, throwing medicinal packages made of all kinds of herbs into the water. In addition to the medicinal packages, they sometimes threw in odd things such as, an arm-long beast fangs, poison sacs from unknown creatures, and a variety of insects' bodies or carapaces into the pool.

Following Jiang Yao's voice, the clear springwater gradually changed colour, turning into a pool of blood-red, thick liquid. Wisps of red smoke drilled into Ji Wu's skin. Ji Wu's body then began trembling. His tranquil expression also became twisted.

A few miles away, Ji Hao stood on a treetop and smiled as he watched Jiang Yao and Ji Wu.

The stoneman was sauntering under the tree. It felt annoyed that

its body was too heavy for it to climb trees. Yet it was very curious about what they were seeing from up there. The only thing it could do was frequently look up at Ji Hao and hope that he would speak a few words.

Next to Stone was an old tree. This tree had human-limb-like branches and a mouth-like, large tree hole, from which it sipped fruit wine from a vat that it had wrapped with its branches.

Whenever Stone walked near the old tree, the tree would lash its butt with branches. However, Stone could not sense any pain as its body were made up of stones.

Sitting next to Ji Hao on the treetop was a breathtakingly beautiful girl. Leaves and vines decorated her body which made her look like a woodland fairy. She held a longbow with a charming smile on her delicate face. Her facial expression kept changing at every moment. Sometimes she frowned and pondered seriously, and in the next moment, she would suddenly raise her eyebrows and giggle.

The girl was riding a leopard which had fire-red fur with silver spots on it. This thirty-foot-long leopard was standing on a kid's-fist-thick branch, but the branch didn't even shake a bit. The beast seemed as light as a phantom and as graceful as a prince.

The stoneman was a 'Stonemlin'. The 'Stonemlin' once was an ancient stone down in the valley. Somehow, the stone had learned to absorb the life force energy from nature. Year by year, it started to grow a human-like spirit and eventually learned how to turn itself into a human shape.

The old tree was a 'Treeman'. Slightly different from Stone, this old tree was born from seeds and had grown into a mundane tree. However, this ordinary yet special tree was born with a strong spiritual power and one day, it had unexpectedly gained sentience. Since then, it had always known how to strengthen itself with the natural life force energy. After years of practicing, the old tree

became a mobile Treeman with human-like limbs.

The girl named Heng Luo at Ji Hao's side was a little girl and a deity from nature. She was a 'Nymph', which was a magical creature. Heng Luo was born from the accumulation of natural life force energy and spiritual power, making her have the talent to control beasts, identify all kinds of plants, and communicate with all living creatures. She was the guardian of the jungle; the vitality of the jungle and that of her were tightly connected to each other.

Ji Hao never liked to hang around with the kids in the village. Ever since he had learned to walk, he had spent nearly all his time in this jungle. In these years, Stone, the Treeman, Heng Luo, and few other special creatures became his true friends.

Mr Crow was also standing on the treetop beside Ji Hao and Heng Luo. He turned his head sideways and cawed at them.

Heng Luo nodded; she touched a branch near her with her slim finger. Suddenly, a green sprout on that branch started to grow rapidly, quickly turning into a big flower. An intense fragrance came, along with the voices of Ji Wu and Jiang Yao from the flower.

In the jungle, every plant could become the eyes and ears of Heng Luo.

Ji Hao squatted down next to Heng Luo, quietly listening to what Jiang Yao was saying to her son.

Jiang Yao walked rapidly around the hot spring pool and constantly threw things into the water. Meanwhile, she was harshly speaking to Ji Wu.

"Wu, you're a son of mine. Your grandfather is the Master Maguspriest and a powerful leader in the Bi Fang Clan. You have noble blood, which is far better than that of the people of this humble Fire Crow Clan. How could you lose your fight against a kid four years younger than you?"

"Amma!" Ji Wu grimaced in pain then said. "He attacked me from behind! That little bastard...I won't let him have another chance at the ceremony. I will split him!" While speaking, Ji Wu waved his arms in the air excitedly.

"That's right. My son, you belong to our Bi Fang Clan, you should be way better than those Crow's people. You should kill the little bastard at the ceremony...You're my son, you can never lose to a boy of that lowly Qing Yi Clan woman!" Jiang Yao said in a cold voice.

"Qing Yi Clan woman?" Heng Luo curiously looked at Ji Hao and asked, "Is that your Amma? Hao, I like your Amma, I like her smell."

Ji Hao listened to the sounds coming from the flower and slowly answered, "I like Amma too, but it seems some people don't..."

"But Wu... No, do not kill him. You will make the blood oath with Ji Hao at the worship ceremony. If one of you loses the fight, he will become the slave of the other."

"You will enslave that little bastard! You understand?" Jiang Yao paused then continued.

"I have enough slaves! Abba eliminated dozens of small clans these years, I have hundreds of slaves! I don't want him to be my slave. I want to kill him, Amma!" Ji Wu yelled when he heard what Jiang Yao said.

"You silly boy, you will enslave him." Jiang Yao narrowed her eyes and her voice turned vicious. "Enslave him... If I can't kill Qing Fu at the ceremony, we will trade Ji Hao's life for two of her treasures!"

Ji Hao heard what she said through the flower. He raised his eyebrows and applauded to this 'perfect' plan.

"Wonderful...Her husband wants to replace Abba and become the leader; she wants Amma's treasures; her son wants to kill me!

What a nice family!"

While laughing, Ji Hao pointed towards the spring pool.

The Treeman opened its tree-hole mouth wide, swallowed the vat, moved its gigantic body, and slowly walked towards the pool.

The mouth of the spring: A hole where the spring water comes out from underground.

Carapaces: Hard outer covering or case of certain organisms such as arthropods and turtles.

Blood oath: A blood oath is when one would shed their own blood and offer it onto an altar or whatever they believed right and swore to uphold a certain task, no matter what. Also it was when a person would shed blood, usually, they'd cut their hand and then shake hands in agreement with a task they swear to uphold.

Chapter 10: Kill

Inside the hot spring pool, the blood-red water suddenly turned viscous. A dozen of twisted spell symbols emerged from the water.

The strong efficacy of Jiang Yao's magic spell and drugs caused great pain to Ji Wu. Ji Wu felt as if countless sharp knives had been stabbed into his body. He couldn't stop trembling and crying in pain. He had almost jumped out many times but he had always been pushed back by Jiang Yao.

Jiang Yao's hands were slim and slender, yet strangely powerful. She pressed her hand against Ji Wu's shoulder making Ji Wu unable to move even an inch no matter how hard he struggled.

"Amma! Amma! It hurts! It really hurts! Burning! It's Burning! Amma!" Ji Wu let out a sharp cry followed by waves of wailing. His nose was running, his upper lip hot with a rivulet of mucus, tears around his ears and neck.

"Hang on! Wu! Hang on!" Jiang Yao said with an ice-cold expression on her beautiful face. She gnashed her teeth and continued, "You must let everyone know that my boy is better than Qing Fu's son! You must beat him at the ceremony!"

"I'm helping you channel your internal power and advance to Level 11 Novice Magus. This is the only way to make sure you will win!" Jiang Yao growled, "That little bastard, Ji Hao. I heard that he has been learning Novice Maguspriest witchcraft, he can't be that easy to beat. You have to advance!"

The sound of flames came from inside Ji Wu's body. Soon, a small flame spurted out from between his eyebrows. Fiery light beams appeared from within it and slowly spread to the rest of his body, eventually wrapping Ji Wu's whole body.

Jiang Yao proudly raised her eyebrows, laughing in great delight. Those muscular women that were standing from the side also

laughed out loud and started to talk about how talented Ji Wu was. They said that Ji Wu was a genius, who could advance to level 11 at such a young age. This was truly rare even in the Bi Fang Clan.

Jiang Yao held her head high when she heard their words.

Ji Wu was still trembling. His muscles began to swell and his bones started to creak. His body was slowly growing bigger. After a few seconds, Ji Wu lost his consciousness under great pain.

Forcibly breaking through a level by using drugs and magic spells instead of persistent training can be extremely painful because the body would not be strong enough yet to handle such tremendous power.

"Wu! You're my son, you have to win!" Jiang Yao showed a brutal expression. "This is not only about your Abba but also about my reputation!"

While she was speaking, the sound of heavy footsteps came from the jungle. The seven strong women picked up swords and axes, lining up in front of Jiang Yao to protect her.

Near Jiang Yao and her people, a towering tree swayed and creaked as Treeman walked out from behind that tree.

Treeman opened its mouth, sprayed a cold mist in the direction of Jiang Yao and her people, then started to roar. Treeman's roar created a great gust of wind, which caused the fallen leaves to blown to the sky. A dozen of green spell symbols appeared on his trunk. Once those symbols appeared, the gale started to blow even harder.

Jiang Yao looked at Treeman and made an odd gesture to him. It seemed as if she had used a certain magic spell against Treeman.

"Treeman, guardian of the jungle, I am Jiang Yao, daughter of the Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan. Let us obey the agreement between my ancestor and the god of nature. You should just leave. Do not enrage me!" Jiang Yao said. Her spell seemed not

to have worked at all.

Treeman took a big step forward and spoke in a shrill voice, "The Bi Fang...Clan? This jungle belongs to...The Fire...Crow! This is my...jungle!"

"My jungle!" It pointed at the hotspring pool with its long branch to emphasize.

Jiang Yao glanced at the bubbling red water in the pool while frowning. Ji Wu was lying unconsciously in the water and his body was wrapped around by a faint fiery light. In maybe a few hours, Ji Wu's body would have absorbed enough power from the water and make a breakthrough to the next level, at which point his internal power could be channeled. At that time he would definitely win against Ji Hao.

But if Ji Wu got out of the pool now, he might not be able to advance by himself. Additionally, the magic spell and the drugs she had used were strongly effective which meant that they could not be used to strengthen Ji Wu again, not until a year later.

Furthermore, Ji Wu was injured by Ji Hao yesterday which could make Ji Wu lose again. If so, all her efforts would be in vain.

"Is this your jungle? I am Jiang Yao. Now I need this place." She pointed to the pool and said coldly, "Name your price."

Treeman stayed silent for a while, then slowly walked to the seven women in front of Jiang Yao. More green spell symbols emerged from his tree trunk, two green flames blazed up above his mouth-like tree hole. It had opened its 'eyes'.

Treeman let a roar out. Cold mist sprayed out from its mouth towards a wide area. The seven women had suddenly been frozen by the mist. After that, the Treeman waved its arm-like branches and struck those frozen women away.

Treeman was at least one thousand years old. Its body was as solid as steel and extremely powerful. Those strong women had

been struck and smashed onto the ground. Their bones had even gotten exposed and blood had been sprayed everywhere.

"You bastard! I will chop you and burn you as firewood!" Jiang Yao shouted and stepped back as she quivered.

Jiang Yao was a powerful Senior Maguspriest. However, although she was proficient at all kinds of witchcraft, as far as close combat was concerned, she was no better than even her son, Ji Wu.

Treeman roared and walked towards Jiang Yao with big steps.

Jiang Yao staggered backwards. Her lips turned white in fear. She even forgot to use her Maguspriest witchcraft, only crazily waving her arms. A large multicoloured smoke was released from her sleeves and quickly wrapped around Treeman's trunk.

The multicoloured smoke was made of a variety of highly poisonous herbs; a single breath of it could poison a hundred people to death. However, all the different types of poison from the jungle were ineffective against Treeman.

Treeman quickly walked through the poison mist up to Jiang Yao, jerked out a branch and pierced her chest.

Jiang Yao screamed and twisted her body oddly. Her body suddenly changed into a doll hanging on the branch which was carved out of wood and looked exactly like Jiang Yao.

Treeman stared at the doll; the doll suddenly started to burn. Within the flame, a slender bird eye quickly appeared and disappeared.

Along with a loud noise, the doll exploded. The explosion stirred the atmosphere tempestuously and blew Treeman a mile away. It let out a roar, its bark was shattered and the green wood inside was exposed to the air. A large amount of sap poured out as if it was bleeding.

Treeman howled in pain, raising an 'arm' in rage as it growled.

"Ouch! It Hurts!...Ten...!Booze...!Ten!"

Jiang Yao stood up from behind a plant near the hot spring pool. She constantly coughed up blood. She grabbed Ji Wu and intended to flee.

From within the jungle, Ji Hao blinked his eyes and silently rushed out as swiftly as a leopard while leaving a series of afterimages behind him, approaching Jiang Yao.

Chapter 11: Frame

Ji Hao was wearing a leather armour with his face painted black. The leather armour was made of serpent skin which was used only by the Black Water Serpent Clan warriors.

Ji Hao silently and windingly rushed through the jungle, which was also the special method used by the Black Water Serpent Clan warriors in attacking.

While leaving a series of afterimages behind him, Ji Hao quietly appeared behind Jiang Yao who was still coughing up blood. He waved his arms forward, while he channeled the force of the [Nine Secret Words]. The steam of the red spring water suddenly froze, it turned into dozens of black ice-knives and stabbed towards Jiang Yao's back.

"Fire Crow woman...Die!" Ji Hao's voice was hoarse and old, sounding like a ninety-year-old man.

The [Nine Secret Words] allowed Ji Hao to precisely control every part of his body. He had just slightly twisted his vocal cords using his internal power and changed his voice.

Ji Wu had just been dragged out of the pool by Jiang Yao. He hadn't completely awakened until he saw Ji Hao murderously rushing towards him like a black serpent.

Ji Wu was deeply shocked by Ji Hao. He had difficulty opening his mouth yet couldn't make any sound. Only the moment when those black ice-knives were about to pierce Jiang Yao's body, Ji Wu screamed frighteningly out loud.

"Amma!"

Jiang Yao's body trembled as she turned around subconsciously. A dozen of black, sharp ice-knives were shining with a cold light. The nearest knife-tip had nearly touched her skin.

Jiang Yao's pupils shrank till they were pinhead-size. She

subconsciously pulled Ji Wu up and shielded herself from the attack. Ji Wu began to scream and tremble with fear immediately. All of the ice-knives accurately plunged into his body.

Those ice-knives melted quickly in his body, causing a large amount of blood to spurt out from his chest and belly. He even forgot to take a look at the face of his attacker. Instead, he painfully turned his head around, showing a puzzled expression, and screamed "Amma!" again.

Even Ji Hao was astonished because of Jiang Yao. He glanced at her face.

This woman had shielded herself with her own son!

This reminded Ji Hao of the battle from ten years ago at the Gold Black Mountain when assassins from the Black Water Serpent Clan had attempted to kill Ji Hao. Qing Fu and Ji Xia had blocked all the attacks with their own bodies and saved his young life.

In comparison, Jiang Yao was unbelievably selfish.

"Woman...You have surprised me..." Ji Hao laughed oddly. A black snake ejected from around Ji Hao's waist and flew towards Ji Wu's throat with its big mouth opened.

Ji Wu was a Level 10 Novice Magus, far more stronger and difficult to kill than an ordinary person. Though he had been stabbed by a dozen of ice-knives, the knives had all but missed his heart and these weren't enough to kill him.

But this snake was a 'Three-Step Viper' found by Heng Luo, which was extremely poisonous. Any ordinary Novice Magus wouldn't be able to run further than three steps before dying immediately after being bitten by a 'Three-Step Viper'.

"Amma! Amma! Help!" When he saw the snake which was flying towards him, Ji Wu cried hopelessly with blood all over his body.

Jiang Yao was dragging Ji Wu behind her and running like hell. She waved her arm and left a dense black mist behind her. The

viper rushed into the mist and was corroded into a pool of blood only within a second.

Ji Hao was frightened when he saw that the viper had died only in a second. He let go with a sudden yell, nearly exposing his real voice. He quickly moved his body and avoided the black mist.

"What a cruel woman. But I like you...O beautiful Maguspriest...You could be worth a fortune!" Ji Hao oddly laughed out loud. Meanwhile, he pulled out a long sword which had a strange shape and stabbed it towards Ji Wu's heart.

This sword had been his loot. Ji Hao had gained it when he hunted the Black Water Serpent Clan warriors in the jungle with Mr Crow. The Fire Crow warriors preferred heavy and gigantic weapons. Light weapons like this could only belong to sneaky fighters of the Black Water Serpent Clan.

Ji Hao flicked his wrist, the withy sword suddenly reached Ji Wu's chest while producing a hissing sound.

"Amma! Help!" Ji Wu screamed again with a terrible smell coming along with it. He looked at the sword which was about to penetrate into his chest, becoming so scared that it caused him to pee on himself.

Jiang Yao shook her body and almost doubled her speed. She waved her arm backwards again, more poisonous power had been thrown towards Ji Hao. In the meantime, a dozen of black-winged scorpions rushed out from Ji Yao's clothing, and flew towards Ji Hao with a loud buzzing sound.

"Black Ghost Scorpions?" Ji Hao said coldly. "Woman, you're quite talented...But it's not gonna work!"

Though Ji Hao had intentionally said that in a relaxing voice, he still drew back subconsciously and tried to avoid these scorpions. Black Ghost Scorpions were also highly poisonous. Different from the Three-Step Viper, this type of scorpion didn't kill enemies

immediately. Instead, the venom of the Black Ghost Scorpion will make enemies suffer from extreme pain. People that had been bitten by the Black Ghost Scorpions eventually died in great pain. Even Senior Magi couldn't stand a single bite from the Black Ghost Scorpion.

Ji Hao waved the sword and split these scorpions into pieces.

Jiang Yao didn't stop fleeing. Meanwhile, she turned her head and shouted, "Black Water Serpent Clan? I, Jiang Yao, I will remember you! You old bastard, I have memorized your voice! "

Inside the jungle, Stone was hiding behind a tree. He grabbed a 'Dark Bronze Vine' which had been growing for at least five hundred years and was harder than steel. A dozen of white spell symbols were sparkling on Stone's body.

Jiang Yao ran into the jungle with Ji Wu grasped by her hand.

"Booze!" Stone roared and whipped Jiang Yao with the Dark Bronze Vine.

The vine hit right on her chest. Jiang Yao and Ji Wu were thrown away by the tremendous power and flew towards the spring pool, followed by the sound of bones breaking.

Nearly a mile away, on the top of a tree, Heng Luo kneeled on a branch and pulled her bow. She aimed at Jiang Yao's throat and took a deep breath. Then a 'Human-faced Ghost Spider' was accurately shot towards Jiang Yao's neck.

Jiang Yao quickly noticed the spider. She casted a curse then jerked out a palm-sized red bone from her sleeve and crumbled it. Once she crumbled the bone, a huge flame spurted out along with a thundering noise. Soon, the flame wrapped Jiang Yao and Ji Wu, turning into a fire-red, single-legged Bi Fang bird. The bird rushed into the sky, becoming a beam of fiery light; after which they had disappeared without a trace.

"Damn!" Ji Hao had just split the last scorpion. He furiously

looked at where the Bi Fang Bird had disappeared.

"Jiang Yao! This isn't over!"

Ji Hao yelled towards the sky. He threw the few leather armour pieces and the sword on the ground. After that, he sharply whistled and quickly drew back into the dense jungle.

Since Ji Hao and his friends failed to kill Jiang Yao and her son, he had to leave some traces and let them suspect the Black Water Serpent Clan of launching that attack. It should seem as if Ji Hao had nothing to do with this attack.

Chapter 12: Spying

During a star-filled night, a floating island was drifting through the sky above the Gold Blaco Mountain.

Three gigantic Fire Crows were lazily suspended over the mountaintop and were occasionally yawning. Their feathers were emitting a faint fiery light, lightening the entire mountain. Within this faint fiery light, it wouldn't be possible for enemies to launch a sneak attack during the night.

In Ji Hao's home, Qing Fu and Ji Hao were sitting around the fireplace. The bonfire was blazing; a half-peeled and already cleaned 'Four-Armed Bear-Gorilla' was being grilled. The fat of the meat constantly dropped into the fire. The aroma of the meat made the fat bear, which was lying on its own stomach outside the door and in a deep slumber, salivate.

During daytime, Ji Hao had brought a large amount of honey from the Golden-Winged Bees' nest. He had spread the sparkling honey on the grilled meat. The rich sweet aroma of the honey was very pleasant. Ji Hao took a bite of the meat after which he had happily closed his eyes.

"Hmm, this is so good!" Ji Hao handed the meat to Qing Fu.

"Amma, the Golden-Winged Bees' honey is really helpful to you," said Ji Hao with a cheery smile on his face.

The 'Golden-Winged Bees' were no weaker than any of the beasts in the jungle. They attacked huge beasts, collected the essences of their bones and made honey out of it. Therefore, the Golden-Winged Bees' honey contained a lot of internal power from those beasts. For Maguspriests like Qing Fu, the Golden-Winged Bee's honey could largely enhance their spiritual power.

Qing Fu took a small bite of the meat. She narrowed her eyes, puzzlingly glanced at Ji Hao.

"Hao, did you really go for the honey today? I thought..."

"What?" Ji Hao calmly chopped a piece of meat off and started to gobble. The meat had quickly been absorbed by the flame in his Dantian and transformed into his own power.

"Haha" Ji Hao laughed, took a sip of the self-made cassava wine and said, "I heard that Jiang Yao and Ji Wu have been attacked. Amma, you don't think it was me who attacked them, do you? I'm not capable of that...Ji Wu maybe...But Jiang Yao, no, she's too powerful and I definitely wouldn't want to challenge her."

Qing Fu showed a cunning smile and took also a sip of wine from the little jar carved out of stone. She said, "Hao, indeed, you couldn't possibly beat Jiang Yao. But, who knows...You never hung around with the kids in the village, you must have many friends out there in the jungle..."

"Ah...Haha..." Ji Hao paused for a second then intentionally laughed out loud. After that, he did not say another word. Half of the Four-Armed Bear-Gorilla was eaten up by Ji Hao within an hour.

Ji Hao patted his belly and wiped his mouth satisfyingly, then went back to his room upstairs.

"Amma! I'm going to bed. Abba didn't say when he would come home. You don't have to wait for him tonight."

Qing Fu smiled, slowly stood up and massaged her own waist. She picked up those Four-Armed Bear-Gorilla's bones which had been thrown all over the floor by Ji Hao and carefully put them into a corner. The Four-Armed Bear-Gorilla was the same level as a Junior Magus. Its bones were one of the perfect materials for making all kinds of Maguspriest tools.

While picking those bones, Qing Fu muttered, "It can't be Hao...Hmm, can't be...But, it would be even better if it really was him."

In the attic, Ji Hao laid on the ground and gazed at the faint fiery light which wrapped the entire Gold Black Mountain through the window. After a quarter of an hour, he heard Qing Fu put the fire out and shut the light, after which she had gone into her bedroom.

Ji Xia wouldn't be at home tonight. He was together with a group of warriors from the clan who were close to him, visiting a few Master Maguspriests and elder Magi who had always taken a neutral attitude towards the affairs of the clan.

Ji Hao had waited until he heard Qing Fu breathing peacefully in her room and made sure she had fallen asleep. Ji Hao then stood up carefully, and quietly took out a red crow feather from a dark corner of the attic.

Ji Hao bit his own finger and drew three ancient spell symbols on the feather with his blood, then started to mutter a spell. The feather quietly blazed up and soon turned into a palm-sized black crow. The crow flapped its wings and flew out of the window.

Ji Hao sat down on the ground with his leg crossed. His eyes were glowing bright red. The feather came from Mr Crow's wings. With Ji Hao's magic spell he could see everything the small black crow would see. Ji Hao controlled the black crow to fly towards Ji Shu's campsite with his spiritual power.

On another side of the valley, Ji Shu and his people had built a campsite near the entrance. Nearly a hundred of tents were built with logs and animal skins. The little black crow perfectly blended in the dark sky, and silently landed on top of the biggest tent.

This campsite was only for temporary rest, the tents were roughly covered by animal skins. The black crow peeped down through the gap between two pieces of sewed skins.

Two huge clay vats were placed on the ground. One of the vats contained a bubbling red liquid surrounded by a blazing flame. Ji Wu was sitting in the vat that was boiling in the hot liquid.

His face contorted in pain. His mouth had been widely opened trying to utter something but couldn't make any sound.

Another vat contained a green liquid. Countless poisonous insects were squirming within the liquid. Jiang Yao was sitting in that vat and gnashing her teeth. Wisps of black smoke came out of her ears and nose.

In the attic, Ji Hao sneered. This green drug-liquid was pretty effective; it turned the extravasated blood inside Jiang Yao's body into smoke and excreted it.

Unlike Ji Wu, who was nearly fainted and couldn't make any sound, Jiang Yao cursed with a hint of venom in her voice, "They were Ji Xia's people! Ji Xia and the Black Water Serpent Clan! They were working together! This is the Gold Black Mountain, how could those stinky snakes get here?"

"Ji Shu! If you're a man, you should kill Ji Xia at the worship ceremony! And I, I will kill Ji Hao and Qing Fu by myself!" She ferociously growled. "Ji Xia has ganged up with your enemies, sneaked into your Holy Land and tried to kill me!"

Ji Shu was standing at the side without saying a single word. His arms were crossed in front of his chest. His face remained expressionless.

There were two other men, who were also standing with him. One of them was tall and strong, and had a face similar to Ji Shu's face. The other man was also tall, he had a delicate face with a long beard which nearly reached the ground. He had the exact same eyes as Jiang Yao.

The bearded man heard Jiang Yao's curse, after which he violently slapped her face. Jiang Yao then spat out some blood. The blood mixed with the green drug-liquid, and looked absolutely horrendous.

"Stupid!" The man said coldly, "How could I have such a stupid

daughter?"

"Ji Shu, It seems that among those Master Maguspriests and elder Magi, there are some people who do not want us to take Ji Xia's position," said the man who looked like Ji Shu.

The man sighed and continued, "In the ceremony, you should just seize the scepter, but do not kill him."

He hesitated a bit, then spoke in a gruesome tone, "After the ceremony, we will find a way to kill them all."

Chapter 13: Frightened

"Abba!" Jiang Yao looked at the bearded man timidly.

Jiang Yao's father? The Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan, Jiang Bo? Ji Hao had been concentrating on their talk.

"You're just too stupid. That's why you could only marry Ji Shu. Your sister was much wiser than you so she deserved to marry that lord!" Jiang Bo yelled at his daughter in front of Ji Shu and the other man.

The corners of Ji Shu's mouth suddenly twitched downward after he heard what Jiang Bo had said. Although Ji Bo was talking to Jiang Yao, from his words, it was easy to tell that Ji Shu wasn't a big deal to Jiang Bo. His stupid daughter, Jiang Yao, married him but Jiang Yao's sister who was a lot smarter than her, had been engaged to a man who was much more influential than Ji Shu.

Ji Shu had been hurt by Jiang Bo's words, but he didn't say anything. After all, the Bi Fang Clan which had dominated the Southern Wasteland was incredibly powerful. Since Jiang Bo was their Master Maguspriest, Ji Shu wouldn't even dare to offend him.

The other man glanced at Jiang Yao with a look of dissatisfaction on his face. He slightly stretched his body, then a loud noise came from inside his body. His bones were as hard as iron, able to mimic the sound of a hammer hitting on an iron whenever his joints clicked.

"My people checked the place where they had been attacked. We used seven kinds of sharp-nosed and well-trained animals, but couldn't find any trace of the attackers," said the man in a low voice. "In the Black Gold Mountain, only those few old bastards could do this."

Jiang Bo spoke coldly, "So, those old men from your clan still

want Ji Xia to be the leader. Which means even if you can beat Ji Xia at the ceremony, you can't kill him. Or it'll be hard to earn loyalty from your people."

The strong man sighed, shook his head and said, "Not only that, we can't let people know that Jiang Yao and Ji Wu have been attacked either. Even though we know it wasn't the Black Water Serpent Clan, we can't do anything about it."

"What?" Jiang Yao screamed when she heard what the man said. She seemed to have forgotten that she just had been slapped by her own father.

"Abba! So, are you not gonna avenge me?" She paused for a second, then popped up her eyes and shouted in an astonished tone, "What? It wasn't the Black Water Serpents who attacked me? Did the Fire Crow Clan people attack me? I thought..."

Jiang Bo didn't even let her finish her words and slapped her again harder than the last time. Jiang Yao felt like her face was almost smashed. She coughed out some blood, then passed out.

"How could I, Jiang Bo, have such a stupid daughter?" Jiang Bo shook his head and said. "The worship ceremony is coming. Ji Shu is going to be the leader of your Fire Crow warriors. If people find out that his wife and son had been attacked and seriously injured under his protection, how can your people be convinced to follow him."

Ji Shu stomped the ground and nodded to Jiang Bo. "I will find out who did this after the ceremony," said Ji Shu.

Jiang Bo nodded and maintained his cold demeanor; he said, "For now, the most important thing is that you have to become the leader of your Fire Crow Clan warriors."

Back in the attic, Ji Hao chuckled. Ji Shu and Jiang Bo, how perfect their plan was.

Ji Hao interlocked his fingers together, while lightning flashed

through his eyes. In the meantime, on the top of the tent, lightning appeared on the black crow's feathers. Its body quickly turned into a flame ball that had merged with the lightning. Soon, the small crow transformed into a palm-sized ball of flame and lightning.

Ji Hao gathered all of his internal power and somehow sent the power to the lightning-flame ball. The ball absorbed Ji Hao's power, swelled to the size of a head then quietly fell into the tent. The lightning-flame ball dropped into Jiang Yao's vat, splashing a lot of thick green drug-liquid out then quickly sinking to the bottom.

People in that tent were all shocked. Jiang Bo subconsciously transformed into a beam of fiery light, rushed out and growled, "Who was it?"

Ji Shu stepped back at first, pausing for a second. Then he dashed towards the vat and put his hand into the liquid, and tried to take the ball out of the vat. The strong man that had been standing beside him was a lot quicker than him, he had already grasped the lightning-flame ball in his hand when Ji Shu had moved.

"Wu Guan Pi Li, Tie Jia Fei Xiong, Ji Ji Ru Lu Ling." The man held the ball in his hand and casted a spell.

Ji Hao sneered with his eyes closed. He flicked his fingers and the lightning-flame ball which had the accumulation of all his internal power exploded in the man's hand, followed by a thundering noise.

The man hummed and staggered backwards. His entire body was wreathed in flames and lightning. He tightly held his hand in front of his chest to keep the lightning-flame ball from blasting out and hurting the rest of the people.

The man was quite strong. Ji Hao couldn't exactly tell how strong he was. Ji Hao had used all his power and created a lightning-flame bomb, but it only caused a few burns on his skin.

Jiang Yao and Ji Wu's vats exploded at the same time. The thick

drug-liquid splashed everywhere. Both of them had already been badly injured, now they had once again been hurt by the vat's fragments, making them spit out even more blood. Especially Ji Wu, who had fallen on the ground with blood spurting out from those penetrated wounds on his belly and chest.

"Wu!" Ji Shu dashed to Ji Wu's side and pressed his hands on Ji Wu's wounds, and tried to stop the blood. He didn't even take a glance at Jiang Yao who was also lying on the ground and constantly coughing blood.

Jiang Bo came back inside the tent with a long face.

"Who did this? Who attacked us from the dark?" Jiang Bo roared in fury. Meanwhile, his delicate face showed a trace of fear. As the Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan, he had been attacked without any sign which was driving him crazy.

Ji Shu's people heard the explosion; they quietly came out of their tents and became vigilant to their surroundings.

Ji Hao's attack hadn't disturbed any of the Fire Crow Clan people, but Ji Shu and his people would definitely have an uneasy sleep tonight.

Ji Hao proudly laughed in the attic.

These Magi, indeed, had tremendous physical power. Nevertheless, without practicing their spiritual power, they couldn't understand those witchcraft such as the one Ji Hao had just casted. Even a Senior Magus like Ji Shu wasn't that hard to beat, Ji Hao thought.

He lied on the bed with a smile on his face, and silently absorbed the energy of the starlight to replenish his internal power.

Chapter 14: The Day

Nothing worth mentioning happened in the next few days before the Ancestral Worship Ceremony. Ji Shu, Jiang Bo, and their people had kept their mouth shut and didn't let anyone know about the attacks.

People in Gold Black Mountain had started their busiest time of the decade preparing for the ceremony. Leaders of every branch clan had come to the Holy Land in the Gold Black Mountain with their people. The smell of grilled meat and strong liquor filled the entire valley every day and night.

The Fire Crow Clan used to be a powerful and thriving clan. There were legendary Magi such as the Magus King and the Divine Magus among their ancestors. Even though none of the Fire Crow Clan Magi went beyond the senior level for a thousand years, the clan had still remained large. The Holy Land in the Gold Black Mountain was the center of the Fire Crow Clan, which was surrounded by nearly a thousand of branch clans.

The largest branch clan had a population of around a million, while the smallest one had a population of at least ten thousand. Each of these branch clans controlled a batch of small clans which were relatively weaker and had to depend on other clans for protection. During these days, leaders of nearly a thousand branch clans had arrived in the Holy Land one after another, which had kept Ji Xia very busy.

However, although Ji Xia was extremely busy, he hadn't forgotten about Ji Hao. He continued to hunt a lot of beasts to satiate Ji Hao's appetite.

'Four-Armed Bear-Gorilla', 'Single-Horned Pixie', 'Golden-Head Baboon', 'Winged Black Tiger', 'Soul-Eater Leopard' ... All kinds of beasts were being hunted and had been continuously sent back home where it was eaten by Ji Hao. Qing Fu's special drug, which

could largely enhance both his internal and spiritual power, was being added to the meat.

It had only been half a month. Yet Ji Hao had already absorbed an abundance of physical strength and life force energy from nearly fifty beasts' bodies with the special skill he had gained from the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]. A couple of those beasts were on the level of Junior Magi. The small multicoloured flame in his Dantian had grown into a blazing fire. His body had also grown a foot taller and became much stronger.

The day had finally arrived.

Before the sun had risen, more than a thousand of gigantic Fire Crows had flown from those towering mulberry trees onto the top of the Gold Black Mountain.

Bright fiery light was being emitted from their feathers, making them look like a thousand of small suns which even caused the clouds in the sky to dissipate. A dozen of floating mountains which were drifting through the Gold Black Mountain had suddenly been burnt by those fiery crows and turned into wisps of smoke.

Those Fire Crows started to caw. The thundering sounds had even shook the entire Gold Black Mountain. Down in the valley, countless black crows had raised from the mulberry forest, making it seem like a floating black river, hovering around the Gold Black Mountain.

Black and red feathers fell from the sky along with earsplitting sounds.

Ji Hao was standing in the yard while chanting the [Nine Secret Words] in a low voice. His hands were interlocked together and constantly changed motions. He then started to walk in a particular pace. He had just eaten a 'Double-Headed Serpent' which was at the same level as a Junior Magus and was about to transform into a flood dragon. The multicoloured flame in Ji Hao's Dantian quickly turned the serpent's body into power and energy.

Ji Hao triggered his internal power, and absorbed the strength from the flame.

His internal power had formed a mist-like, purple light ball which appeared between his eyebrows. The light ball had started to expand and contract after he had absorbed so much of physical strength and spiritual power from the flame. Meanwhile, it was becoming solid and golden.

Ji Hao had been delighted when he had noticed this change.

After he had been reborn in this world as Ji Hao, he had been learning and practicing the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] which he had created by himself in his previous life. With the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] and the strong life force energy that existed in this world, he had made the same achievements in his previous life which had taken him thirty years of time.

More astonishingly, although his internal power light ball hadn't completely turned solid and golden yet, he could already sense that his internal power was at least a hundred times stronger than it had been in his previous life; also, it was a lot purer than before. After all, his internal power had mainly been gained from those powerful beasts living in the jungle.

Soon, the power and the strength of the serpent had been fully absorbed by Ji Hao's body. He took a deep breath, slowly opened his mouth, and breathed out a blast of hot air. His breath was like a high-pressured hot steam, which suddenly filled the air and raised the temperature in the yard. The fat bear, which had been snoring aside the wooden door, was instantly jumped awake and roared at Ji Hao.

Ji Hao laughed out loud. He had never felt better. Although it had only been half a month, what he gained through the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] had been far more than ten years of practice.

"Hey old man, thanks!" He had gotten into his spiritual space and shouted to the air.

'Dong!'! 'Dong'! 'Dong'!

Ji Hao heard the Fire Crows cawing and drums beating. A thousand war drums were beaten at the same time down in the valley, causing thundering echoes and the ground to shake.

'Whuu, Whuu...'

The Dragon Bone Horns were blown. Long ago, one of the Fire Crow Clan ancestors had slaughtered a dragon. After that, they made a set of Dragon-Bone Horns from the dragon's throat bones which were considered as one of the most important treasures of the clan.

Today was the day of the worship ceremony. Ten of the most powerful Maguspriests were blowing the Dragon Bone Horns. Along with the sharp sounds, wisps of white smoke soared into the sky and formed a few mist-like gigantic dragons which hovered around the mountain.

"Hao, let's go to the Ancestral Temple in the Holy Land." Qing Fu walked out from the door and said to Ji Hao. She was wearing a long dress made of self-woven linen. Her beautiful long hairpin was coiled into a bun and locked by nine wooden hairpins.

Ji Hao gazed at those wooden hairpins. These hairpins were in the shape of needles, but were longer and bigger. These wooden hairpins were in three different colours which are black, white, and cyan. If one looked carefully, some smoke-like marks and tiny spell symbols were rolling over inside those wooden hairpins.

These hairpins were brought from the Qing Yi Clan by Qing Fu when she had married Ji Xia. They were famous and powerful Maguspriest tools called 'Thorns of Life and Death'. They had been passed down to a few generations before Qing Fu. The 'Thorns of Life and Death' were capable of both saving and killing people. Ji Hao had once seen Qing Fu cure badly injured warriors with the white and cyan thorns, but this was the first time he saw Qing Fu taking the three black thorns with her.

"Amma, I heard that Jiang Yao was injured quite badly, she may not show up today," Said Ji Hao to Qing Fu, who had a real serious look on her face. A strange but pleasant smell of herbs came from her sleeves.

"Hao, you're too young to know about women," Qing Fu smiled and said. "Today is the day of the Ancestral Worship Ceremony. As long as Jiang Yao is alive, she will show up and will definitely challenge me."

Ji Hao heard her words and stayed silent. He took a leather armor from Qing Fu's hand. The two of them then walked out with the fat bear.

Countless Fire Crow Clan people had gathered and had lined up in the valley. Hundreds of Maguspriests and elder Magi were walking at front of the line and were blowing the horns, leading their people towards the Gold Black Mountain.

Magus king and Divine Magus: Both are Magi levels. Magus king and Divine Magus are beyond the Senior Magus.

Flood Dragon: Flood Dragon is a mysterious creature capable of many forms. Most often it was regarded as a kind of dragon. In Chinese old legend, serpent kind and fish kind are capable of transform into flood dragons by practising their own spiritual power and life force energy. Once they successfully transformed, they will gain a supernatural power and will be immortal.

Chapter 15: The Ancestral Worship Ceremony

When the sunlight had completely warmed up the Gold Black Mountain, all the Fire Crow Clan people had arrived at the Ancestral Temple, and were waiting outside.

Under the sunshine, gigantic crows were cawing and hovering above the temple. A couple of old crows lazily leaned their heads and looked down from their nesting tree.

Ji Hao was also standing outside of the Ancestral Temple with a group of children.

The Ancestral Temple of the Fire Crow Clan didn't exactly look like a temple. It had been built on the mountainside, just below a sheer cliff. It was more of a cave. Ji Hao and the other Fire Crow's people were standing in front of a square entrance. From the entrance, one had to walk through a thousand-foot-long hallway where the holiest place, the location of the ancestors of the Fire Crow Clan people's burial remains, was located.

People were standing there orderly and quietly, with a serious look on their faces.

A dozen of Elders and Maguspriests were standing in front of the crowd, carrying trays which were carved out of jade, and were holding gold, precious stones and other treasures in it.

Ji Hao hadn't even heard of some of those treasures. He could sense a strong spiritual energy coming from those sparkling precious stones. The mysterious energy even caused a splendid, multi-coloured sunglow in the sky.

After the sun had reached its zenith in the horizon as it spread its light and gave life to everything it touched, the Master Maguspriest of the Fire Crow Clan, Ji Kui, came forth from the crowd. He was wearing a cloak made of dragon skin, a helmet

made of dragon skull and a string of sharp beast teeth. He held a blood-jade dagger and walked towards the entrance of the temple. Then, he turned around and waved to the crowd.

After that, all the Maguspriests who had come from thousands of branch clans walked out, lined up and kneeled behind Ji Kui. After that, they began to chant an ancient and obscure magic-spell.

Ji Hao shivered and looked around. He sensed a strange cold air which pervaded around him along with those Maguspriests' voices, as if he had been surrounded by ghosts. Both his body and soul felt cold as ice.

Right at that moment, Ji Hao heard the sounds of screaming and wailing. Ji Xia and a thousand of sturdy warriors were bringing thousands of slaves from the back of the mountain. Those slaves were skinny, wounds all over their bodies and their eyes were filled with fear and hopelessness.

"You bastard! Fire Crow Clan, we, the Black Water Serpent Clan, will prey on you until the last one of us dies!"

"No...You can't kill me...My father...My father is an elder of the Black Water Serpent Clan!"

"My great ancestor, please take my soul now, please don't let the evil have my soul!"

However, no matter how hard those slaves shouted and struggled, they couldn't escape from Ji Xia and his people's control.

Soon, the man who had claimed that his father was an elder of the Black Water Serpent Clan had been pinned down to the ground in front of Ji Kui.

"Son of a Black Water Serpent Clan Elder, our ancestors would love to have your soul!" Ji Kui said coldly and pressed his hand onto the slave's chest. The slave was around a foot taller than Ji Kui. However, he painfully screamed when Ji Kui's hand touched

him, after which his body quickly went limp. Ji Kui stabbed the Blood-Jade dagger deep into his chest, and pierced through his heart. In the meantime, Ji Hao had noticed that a few spell-symbols on the dagger's surface started to shine and a blast of hot air came out from the dagger.

The slave began to twitch uncontrollably. His muscular body rapidly shriveled and turned into a wisp of black smoke, ultimately blown away by the wind. All his bones, muscles, blood and life force had been sucked into the dagger.

Other slaves who had witnessed this man's death started to struggle even harder than before. Some of them even cried out in fear.

Ji Kui remained cold. He continued killing thousands of slaves one after another. The dagger became blood-red, those mysterious spell-symbols were shining with a bright light. The air was turning hotter and hotter. People had even started to sweat.

Suddenly, a whirlwind came out from the entrance of the Ancestral Temple, which blew across the feet of every Fire Crow People.

Ji Hao was very nervous. He clenched his fists and gazed at Ji Kui.

This was only the decennial worship ceremony. Ji Hao had heard that at the centennial worship ceremony, the Master Maguspriest would kill ten thousands of slaves at the very least.

However, the dagger had already become truly miraculous after Ji Kui had taken thousands of people's lives with it. It was floating in front of Ji Kui and shining with a bright fiery light which seemed like a blood-red sun. The light constantly grew and shrank, just like the beating of a heart. Ji Hao sensed a strong life force coming from the fiery light.

The Maguspriests who were kneeling behind Ji Kui continued

chanting the magic spell louder and louder with excitement on their faces.

Though this was Ji Hao's first Ancestral Worship Ceremony, he had heard a lot about the standard procedure before. First, the Master Maguspriest would kill slaves in front of the entrance, letting the dagger absorb the life-force and souls from those human sacrifices. Then he will send these souls and life forces along with other oblations into the temple, offering them to the ancestors.

The mysterious being inside the temple might be the souls of Fire Crow people's ancestors, or other unknown things. They would devour the oblations and grant 'gifts' to the Fire Crow people.

People who could receive the 'gifts' would be randomly chosen from the crowd of the Fire Crow's people.

In the history of the Fire Crow Clan, there had been a newborn child who got all of the 'gifts' from a worship ceremony. The 'gifts' allowed him to open up a hundred of 'Magus Acupoints', making him as powerful as a Senior Magus. That child was the last Divine Magus of the Fire Crow Clan.

Ji Kui was about to walk into the Temple when Ji Shu walked out and said something aloud.

"Respected Master Maguspriest, I have something to say and I want to say it in front of our ancestors," said Ji Shu.

The corner of Ji Kui's mouth twitched. He looked at Ji Shu and said in a very cold tone, "According to the rules of our ancestors, anybody can talk about anything at the ceremony. But, Ji Shu, if you're planning to say something not important, you should be prepared to take the punishment from our ancestors. Are you aware of that?"

Ji Shu bowed to Ji Kui, smiled and answered, "Of course it is important. I'm talking on behalf of the entire clan. Someone

should let others have the important position if he is no longer qualified for it."

Ji Shu then raised his arms and yelled, "Ji Xia, my brother! You're the leader of the Holy Land warriors, which means you are the leader of warriors from a thousand of branch clan! But, do you think you still deserve this position?"

Ji Shu waved his arm and roared, "Let us obey the rules of our ancestors. Ji Xia, my brother. I'm now challenging you! Do not blame me, this is for all of us."

Ji Xia snorted. He calmly went up to Ji Shu with his spear.

"Abba! Hold! Ji Shu, my dear uncle, have you forgotten that your son still has a fight against me?" Ji Hao's voice broke the silence.

"In front of our ancestors and all our people, we shall have a match!"

Chapter 16: The Bloodline

Ji Hao crooked his finger provokingly towards Ji Shu.

"Haha! This is my son! Hey, this is my boy!" Ji Xia proudly laughed out loud, took two steps back and said to other people.

Ji Shu's face twitched. He also took few steps back then shook his head with a sneer on his face.

"Xia, my brother. Do you understand why I have challenged you in front of our ancestors? That's because I'm stronger than you, in every aspect. Even my son is stronger than you. I shall become the next leader."

He then turned around, and faced the crowd. He raised his arms again and said loudly, "This is the rule of the Southern Wasteland! People with enough strength gets to lead! Do we need another word here..."

The thousands of Fire Crow Clan people who were standing there remained silent. The Fire Crow Clan people were honest and simple, you could see what was going on in their minds just by taking a look at their faces.

Some people had their face filled with anger. Those were Ji Xia's people or those who had been very close to him.

Some people were nodding and whispering to each other. These people didn't seem to know Ji Xia well, but had not bad relationship with Ji Shu and his branch clan. Simply judging from the natural rule of the Southern Wasteland, Ji Shu's words didn't seem to be wrong.

Some people seemed indifferent towards this fight. They were neutral, neither related to Ji Shu or Ji Xia. Their own branch clans were neither too powerful nor too weak. This power struggle had nothing to do with them.

And there were another group of people, who seemed too

nervous to even take a breath. Obviously, they were Ji Shu's people.

Ji Hao glanced at all these people, laughed out loud and interrupted Ji Shu's talk. He said, "Ji Shu, my dear uncle. If my Abba's Magus Acupoints hadn't been broken, I doubt you even would dare to think like that. Cut the crap! Ji Wu! Come out!"

Ji Shu's facial expression changed, he subconsciously shut his mouth after he heard that.

Ji Wu held his shield and axe, walking out along with striking metal sound.

He seemed well-prepared for this fight. Besides his shield and axe, he was also wearing a steel armour. The same totem had been carved on the surface of the armour - a tower with a blood-red eye floating on top of it.

Additionally, he was also wearing a pair of long steel boots, which even covered his knees. The heavy steel boots clashed the rocks and ignited sparks when he walked.

This pair of boots was weirdly shaped. Two of spiral-shaped metal spearheads were welded on the kneecaps, which seemed capable of leaving puncture wounds anywhere on a human body.

"Haha! Ji Hao, today is the day! Prepare to die!" Ji Wu yelled at Ji Hao. "Have you seen my armour and boots? How do you plan to fight against me with the crap you're wearing?"

Meanwhile, Ji Wu's armour and boots had started to emit a faint light. Ji Hao sensed a great power coming from his body.

A hubbub was started in the crowd. Some people whistled sharply to express their attitude.

Compared with Ji Wu, who was armed to the teeth, Ji Hao was only wearing a simple leather armour. This leather armour was made of lion skin, hunted by Ji Hao himself in the jungle. Qing Fu had sewn this armour and she had also attached a few spell

symbols on it.

This kind of leather armour was the standard equipment of the Fire Crow Clan Warriors. For thousands of years, they fought and showered blood with their leather armours, after which they had finally built a homeland in this jungle.

The steel armour which was being worn by Ji Wu was too good to be made by a Fire Crow Clan craftsman. To fight against one of their own at the worship ceremony with an armour made by some outsiders had completely enraged the simple-minded Fire Crow Clan warriors. A couple of of them had even started to yell at Ji Wu.

"Hey, son of Ji Shu! Don't humiliate your old man! Take off that iron shell!"

"Son of Ji Shu! Show us what you really got, the iron shell doesn't count!"

"Ji Wu is his name, right? Such a good name, but such a coward! Hao's a few years younger than him...Why on earth does he need those to fight against Hao...What a coward..."

Ji Wu was ashamed into anger. His face had turned red and he couldn't let a word out.

Ji Shu was utterly embarrassed, he turned his head around and angrily glanced at his people. Jiang Yao was standing amongst those people and was glaring at Ji Hao. It was Jiang Yao who had given the armour and the boots to her son to ensure his victory.

However, she had never thought that the good equipment would make Ji Wu be despised by others. She thought Ji Wu had the bloodline of the Bi Fang Clan which was much nobler than the Fire Crow Clan bloodline. And her husband, Ji Wu's father, Ji Shu was going to become the leader of the Holy Land's warriors. Ji Wu deserved a better equipment. Such things were quite normal in the Bi Fang Clan.

Jiang Yao was right about to say something for Ji Wu. However, Ji Wu uttered a growl and waved the axe, dashing towards Ji Hao. Ji Hao gazed at Ji Wu and couldn't help but exclaim silently.

Ji Wu had been badly injured only two weeks ago, but he didn't show even a trace of that at present. Ji Wu seemed to have recovered perfectly. Only Jiang Bo could cure Ji Wu in such a short time.

Not only that, Ji Hao had sensed a great power coming from Ji Wu's body. The bright fiery light emitted from Ji Wu's body clearly showed that Ji Wu had advanced to Level 11 Novice Magus and had triggered his bloodline power. A Level 10 Novice Magus had the strength of a hundred-thousand 'stones'. Once he or she triggered the bloodline power, at least fifty-thousand 'stones' of strength would be added to his or her strength.

The first time when Jiang Yao had been trying to advance Ji Wu, they were interrupted and injured again by Ji Hao and his friends. Now, Ji Wu had successfully advanced, which couldn't possibly be Jiang Yao's work. It had to be Jiang Bo.

"Ji Wu, my brother. You surprise me! I see you have begun activating your bloodline power."

Ji Hao gazed at the fiery light wrapped around Ji Wu's body. That was a pure blood-red fiery light. But, how could this happen? Ji Shu, what's wrong with you and your family?

"Little guy, get away! Or you'll be killed!" A voice came from Ji Hao's spiritual space. It was the mysterious man who had made a deal with him.

Ji Hao turned around, faced the crowd and said aloud, "This is the Ancestral Worship Ceremony of our Fire Crow Clan. How could an outsider, who had triggered the bloodline power of the Bi Fang Clan bloodline fight me here, at the ceremony?"

Ji Hao's words brought waves of angry shouts from out the

crowd. Thousands of Maguspriests popped up their eyes and glared at Ji Wu.

Ji Wu suddenly froze right when his axe was about to reach Ji Hao's head.

Ji Hao laughed out loud and suddenly moved, punching Ji Wu's face with all his strength. Ji Wu felt like his skull had been smashed by Ji Hao's punch. Few teeth flew out from Ji Wu's mouth. Ji Wu fell heavily on the ground, spat out blood and was in a state where he couldn't even move an inch.

Chapter 17: Senior Magus

Ji Hao laughed out loud. He rushed towards Ji Wu, who was lying on the ground and moaning in pain.

The blood-red light, which was quite special and powerful, was still wrapped around Ji Wu's body. Ji Hao had been studying about all kinds of mysterious witchcraft from a few Maguspriest grandpas since he had been a little kid. He was very familiar with the few different kinds of bloodline powers.

What he saw coming from Ji Wu's body - the pure and bright blood-red light - was definitely the Bi Fang Clan bloodline power! Ji Wu was a descendant of the Fire Crow Clan, how could he trigger the Bi Fang Clan bloodline power? Without a doubt, he had betrayed his ancestors and his clan. Especially when this had happened during the worship ceremony.

Ji Hao snickered when he tried to imagine what those Elder Maguspriests were thinking at the moment.

"Stop!" Ji Shu shouted when Ji Hao was about to hit Ji Wu again. Ji Shu raised his arm and pushed his hand towards Ji Hao from a distance.

Ji Hao instantly felt a great power coming towards him. The temperature of the air had suddenly been raised due to this power. Ji Hao groaned in pain and smelled the scent of his hair burning.

A great fire blazed up from the air, quickly wrapping around Ji Hao's body. At that moment, spell-symbols on Ji Hao's leather armour suddenly lit up and countless finger-thick green vines grew from the ground which rapidly developed into a green cocoon, and shielded Ji Hao from the fire.

The vine-cocoon negated the increase of temperature caused by Ji Shu's power and put the fire on his hair out. This was the Green Guard spell, a secret magic which could only be casted by

Maguspriests from the Qing Yi Clan. The spell would automatically activate when its owner suffered from a life-threatening situation. Once it was activated, the spell would rapidly absorb the forest's life force energy, enabling it to grow into a vine-cocoon to protect its owner.

Qing Fu's Green Guard spell had just saved Ji Hao's life. Ji Hao breathed heavily and took a few steps back while dragging the cocoon back along with him.

Ji Shu's body was glowing with a fiery light. On his skin, three fist-sized red light balls were shining near his heart, chest and lower belly. Around these light balls, more than twenty light spots were also brightly shining on his skin. These were Ji Shu's Magus Acupoints. The Magus Acupoints were present inside the body of a Magus from the time they were born. However, it required a tremendous amount of effort and power to awaken these Magus Acupoints. Each of the awakened Magus Acupoints could store abundant amounts of power and energy. Once a Senior Magus started to use his or her power, their Magus Acupoints would be triggered and appear on his skin as light spots or light balls.

Ji Shu had an embarrassed expression on his face. He gazed at Ji Hao without saying a word.

Ji Xia took a step forward, waved a big axe and brought a hot gale forward. The fire, which had still been burning around the vine-cocoon, was blown out by the gale. Ji Xia walked up to Ji Hao and guarded Ji Hao behind him, while he glared at Ji Shu.

"Ji Shu, my brother! Aren't you ashamed?" said Ji Xia.

Ji Hao sighed in relief. He tapped a vine near his hand, the cocoon quickly shrank and turned into countless green light spots, after which it disappeared.

A half of Ji Hao's hair was burned, wisps of black smoke were coming out from his hair and skin. His arms and legs, which hadn't been covered by the armour, were blistered from the burn.

Ji Shu had only slightly used his power to attack Ji Hao, yet Ji Hao had nearly been burned into ashes. If he had not been protected by the Green Guard spell, which was casted by Qing Fu with all of her power, Ji Hao would certainly have been killed.

People in the crowd saw Ji Hao's burning wounds.

"You shameless one! How could a Senior Magus attack a kid?"

"Ji Shu, you humiliated our ancestors!"

"What a loser...Ji Shu...You're a loser and your son...He is a traitor! He awakened the bloodline of the Bi Fang Clan!"

"Is our bloodline not as good as the Bi Fang Clan bloodline? You married one of their women, which is fine. But your son...your son abandoned our bloodline! You bastard! Are you even one of us?"

Hundreds of Fire Crow people started to yell at Ji Shu. Although the stronger one always wins which was the law of the jungle, in the Southern Wasteland, among the clan people, no one could tolerate such things as a Senior Magus attacking a kid.

Ji Shu was a powerful Senior Magus while Ji Hao was only a Novice Magus, who was also a child. Ji Shu had used his power to attack Ji Hao, which could even disgrace the entire Fire Crow Clan.

And even worse, his son had awakened the Bi Fang Clan Bloodline!

In the Southern Wasteland, clans attached great importance to the inheritance of their bloodline. A kid who had awakened the bloodline of another clan had appeared at the Ancestral Worship Ceremony, in which, according to the Fire Crow Clan people, was not far off from betraying the whole clan.

Thousands of warriors pulled out their weapons and glared at Ji Shu and his people. Some of Ji Shu's people had even taken a few steps away from Ji Shu.

Jiang Bo had blended himself in the crowd of Ji Shu's people

dressed as a warrior. He was apoplectic in rage when he had realized what just happened. With an expression that was full of rage, he glanced at Jiang Yao, wishing that he could beat her to death right now. Ji Wu had awakened the Bi Fang Clan Bloodline, who could make him do such a stupid thing other than his stupid mother?

How would Jiang Bo deal with this? Seriously speaking, what Ji Wu did could also be interpreted as the Bi Fang Clan challenging the Fire Crow Clan at their worship ceremony, which could even start a war.

Among the subordinate clans of the Bi Fang Clan, the Fire Crow Clan was the most powerful one. If Ji Wu accidentally caused a war between the Bi Fang Clan and the Fire Crow Clan, as the Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan and Ji Wu's grandfather, he would have to take the blame. At that time, he might even lose his position and all his power.

Jiang Bo frowned and slightly moved his lips. At the same time, Ji Shu heard someone whispered something in his ear.

He hesitated a bit, then suddenly raised his foot and stamped heavily on Ji Wu's head.

"Wu!" Jiang Yao saw this, screamed and soon passed out. Everybody stopped shouting and talking, the atmosphere became solemn and quiet. People looked at Ji Wu's body being stomped on. Ji Wu's head had exploded; his body was still twitching, blood spurted out from his broken neck mixed with brain matter.

"Dear Master Maguspriest and other elders Magi, this was my fault. I haven't taught my son well," Ji Shu gnashed his teeth and spoke word by word. "He betrayed our ancestor's bloodline, he is damned. Now he died."

Ji Shu then took a deep breath, tore his own wrist with his fingernail. Warm blood poured out from his wound and seeped into the ground.

"I swear on my blood and my soul, I didn't betray our clan. The traitor is dead, now I'm still challenging Ji Xia."

Ji Kui and the other Maguspriests glanced at Ji Wu's body while nodding at the same time.

Ji Kui touched the dagger that was floating in front of him, and slowly said, "In front of our ancestors, any of the Fire Crow Clan people is qualified to challenge another. Whether for the position of the leader, or my position, you are qualified to fight for it only if you're one of us."

Ji Kui raised his arm and pointed at Ji Xia, and said, "Xia, take it. You had used it to defeat your own father and become our leader. Now let us know if you're still qualified to lead our warriors!"

"Yes!" Ji Xia answered loudly. He then shook his body, a golden red flame bursted out from within his skin, turning him into a blazing fiery man.

A head-sized light ball was brightly shining in his lower belly, along with forty-two bright red light spots which were symmetrically distributed in his arms and legs.

Ji Hao opened his mouth full of surprise and subconsciously stepped back.

"Abba, I thought you had been demoted from the senior level...Now...You are still a Senior Magus?"

Ji Xia looked at Ji Hao and smiled. He then turned to Ji Shu, whose face had taken a ghastly expression.

"Ji Shu, my brother. Let's do this! Indeed, my Magus Acupoints were broken by enemies, but I gave up on those broken 'caves'. During this decade, I have awakened another forty-nine Magus Acupoints."

After a deathly silence, thousands of Holy Land warriors raised their arms and weapons, shouting and cheering for Ji Xia.

Chapter 18: Violence

"Haha! Haha! Hahaha!" Ji Hao raised his arms and shouted. His eyeballs suddenly turned red.

Ji Hao was deeply astonished by his father, who was so talented and powerful.

He clearly remembered ten years ago the battle against the Blackwater Serpent Clan in the Ancestral Temple at the Gold Black Mountain that had occurred. Ji Xia and Qing Fu had been sneak-attacked by assassins. Ji Xia only had around twenty awakened Magus Acupoints at that time, every one of them had been punctured by poisonous weapons.

If this had happened to any other Senior Magus in the Fire Crow Clan, it would be impossible for him or her to recover from such a damage. Normally speaking, damaging even the tiniest Magus Acupoint could disable a Senior Magus.

However, it had only taken Ji Xia a decade to awaken another forty-eight Magus Acupoints. He had given up on those damaged caves, and instead found a way to awaken those inconspicuous Magus Acupoints in his arms and legs. Not only did he not get demoted from the Senior Level, he had become even more powerful than ten years ago!

No wonder those elders and Maguspriests in the Black Water Serpent Clan called Ji Xia their most horrible enemy in a thousand years. He had risen again after all of his Magus Acupoints were broken, and had become even more powerful!

"Xia! My brother! You're the strongest warrior in our Fire Crow Clan!"

"Hey! Xia! You're our leader! Only Xia is qualified to lead us!"

"Beat him! Xia! Beat him to death! Break his neck! Tear him apart!"

The same as Ji Hao, countless Holy Land warriors waved their arms and weapons and growled, half-cheering and half-raging. Their faces turned red, some of them had even activated their internal power that wrapped themselves in fiery lights and cawed like crows.

"Ba-Bastard!" Ji Shu's voice was trembling. He had just stomped his own son to death, now he saw Ji Xia showing his power, which had nearly broken him down. He felt waves of scorching heat inside his chest, he shivered and almost coughed up blood.

"Ji Xia! Your Magus Acupoints were broken...How could you...You..." said Ji Shu, who could only barely stand. Ji Xia now had forty-nine awakened Magus Acupoints, while himself had only thirty-two of them, which meant that Ji Xia might be more powerful than him.

He was so confident about defeating Ji Xia and taking the position of the leader only a while ago. Now he felt as if that was almost a joke.

"Our bloodline granted us power!" Ji Xia was breathing calmly, his skin was glowing as magma. "Feel the power inside our bloodline, listen to the voice of our ancestors. As long as we're alive, we are protected by our bloodline, which means there is always hope!"

"Good! Xia!" Said Ji Kui, who was standing near the entrance of the Ancestral Temple. Ji Kui nodded appreciatively towards Ji Xia and continued, "The power of the bloodline is the most precious gift we have from our ancestors. As long as our bloodline continues, everything will be possible!"

Ji Hao popped up his eyes, staring at Ji Xia. Is this the magic power of the bloodline?

According to Ji Hao's knowledge from his previous life, even injuring the tendons and vessels could disable a Senior Magus, not to mention destroying all of his or her Magus Acupoints. However,

in this world, the magic power of the bloodline had enabled Ji Xia to completely recover from the truculent injury within only a decade!

"The power of the bloodline..." muttered Ji Hao. He then felt his power starting to surge and his physical strength starting to increase; he felt like his body had become a black hole, constantly attracting and absorbing power, strength and life force energy from everywhere.

Ji Hao sensed that the multicoloured flame in his dantian had quickly doubled in size. The flame acquired all those power and strength, then turned into beams of lights, moving along his body, into his muscles, his blood, and his bones. Ji Hao heard a clear dragon's roar from within his body, then he noticed that his muscles had begun to swell.

"Cut the crap! Let's fight!" Ji Shu madly shouted out. His body transformed into a beam of dazzling fiery light and shot across the sky. After a while, he landed in the forest that was tens of miles away from the temple and the crowd.

"Fight!" Ji Xia laughed out loud, leapt up and flew towards the forest. Before Ji Xia landed steadily, Ji Shu shouted out, bursted his body into flames, and dashed towards Ji Xia.

Four strong arms heavily clashed against each other. They then clashed hundreds of times against each other in the following moment.

The earth was shaking intensely; the jungle within the radius of a few miles around had been ablaze; the towering ancient trees had instantly been burnt into ashes; the mountain started to crack; the rocks had been burnt into lava which splashed around by the waves of impact of their clashes. Some of the lava even splashed miles away.

Ji Xia and Ji Shu were madly hitting each other with their bare fists, without using any tricks or dodging. A thundering noise

lingered in people's ears.

This was how warriors fought in the Southern Wasteland. They would show no fear to their enemies; they did not dodge or flee; they used their strength to fight against their enemies, to smash and kill their enemies!

Ji Xia's face had been ripped off, blood spurted out of his wounds and teeth exploded out from his mouth. But, new teeth were constantly growing back and wounds were constantly healing themselves.

Ji Shu's skull was cracked and his face was even hollowed. Ji Xia's punches were much heavier than his. Fragments of Ji Shu's bones flew out from the wounds on his face. However, Senior Magi had tremendous amount of life force energy contained in their internal power which allowed self-healing.

Both Ji Xia and Ji Shu had Fire Crow Clan bloodline power. Their bodies were wrapped in a bright gold-fiery light, which dazzled the eyes of those who were relatively weaker; many in the crowd could only see a sweeping fire and light.

Along with an abrupt and almighty bang, Ji Xia took a deep breath then heavily punched Ji Shu for over a hundred times.

Ji Shu's chest had exploded; his ribs were cracked and broken into pieces. He flew backwards like a cannonball.

The mountain shook again, Ji Shu's body heavily smashed into a hill miles away from the forest. The hill was blasted away and quickly burned into lava. Ji Shu laid in the lava and vomited blood; he couldn't move an inch.

The forest had already become a lake of lava in a circumference of twenty miles. Ji Xia stepped on a fiery light ball and floated over the lake while coldly looking at Ji Shu.

"Ji Shu, my brother, you are not my rival. The position of the clan leader seems to still belong to me!"

A fire was blazing under Ji Xia's foot, the wounds on his face quickly healed.

"Ji Xia, my brother, I have to give it a try, shouldn't I?" said Ji Shu. He laughed wildly, a fiery light beamed out from his left arm, and an oddly shaped wooden stick appeared in Ji Shu's hands. The stick was engulfed in flames.

"I happened to get a new inherited magic treasure...My brother, try blocking this!"

Ji Shu raised himself from the magma lake, his wounds also quickly healed itself.

Chapter 19: Inherited Magic Treasure

On another mountainside not far away from the Gold Black Mountain, a scrawny elderly man and a well-groomed middle-aged man were standing on a tree side by side, watching the battle between Ji Xia and Ji Shu.

The elderly man was bare naked from the waist up. His body was covered with a dozen of black, mouth-opened snake tattoos. Every time he moved his body, the tattoos seemed to squirm around his body, looking hideous and disgusting.

A two-feet-long, black thin snake coiled around the elderly man's neck and gazed at the Gold Black Mountain with its green eyes; its forked tongue constantly flicked out from its mouth and hissed; a black horn on its forehead was shining under the sunlight.

The well-groomed middle-aged man was a lot taller than the elderly man. He was wearing a tight leather armour made of serpent skin and carrying an eight-feet-long sword. His angular face twitched occasionally.

Another ten-feet-long horned serpent was leaning against a branch with its tail coiled around the middle-aged man's waist. This black serpent was gazing at the Gold Black Mountain the same way as the snake. It was gazing at those gigantic Fire Crows which were floating above the mountain.

The elderly man's skeleton-like face twitched abruptly when he saw that Ji Shu had been knocked into the air by Ji Xia's punches and crashed into a hill. He muttered, "This Ji Xia...we couldn't kill him ten years ago...He will definitely cause us more trouble..."

The middle-aged man frowned. He clenched his fists and cracked his knuckles.

The elderly man let out a big heavy sigh and murmured, "Ten years ago...when we had broken Ji Xia's Magus Acupoints, we

thought we had disabled him...But...we had never thought that...He has awakened so many of his Magus Acupoints even after that...Him...the descendant of a Fire Crow Clan Divine Magus...this power...this potential...He is a great threat to us..."

The middle-aged man gave a defiant snort, gnashed his teeth and said, "What is the big deal about being a descendant of a Fire Crow Clan Divine Magus? We killed his father and seven of his brothers twenty-five years ago; we besieged and killed his grandfather and all his uncles fifty years ago!"

The man headed up and continued, "Now, among the entire Fire Crow Clan, only Ji Xia has the purest bloodline descended from a Divine Magus! I, Black Water Jiao, will not let him live another decade!"

"Jiao, you're right. We can't let him live anymore. Over the past decade, Ji Xia and his people did a whole lot of damage to our clan. We have already lost a few fertile hunting grounds." The elderly man nodded and said in a very low voice.

"Yes...That's why I truly wish Ji Shu could be the leader. Grandpa, though I don't like Ji Shu, that devious bastard...But, I hate Ji Xia even more!" Black Water Jiao petted the serpent's tail, which was coiled around his waist, and said sepulchrally.

"My big brother was killed by Ji Xia. I will rip his heart out of his chest with my own hands. I will take his heart to our highest Black Water Serpent!"

The horned serpent hissed, put its head on Jiao's shoulder and licked his face with its black forked tongue.

Meanwhile, Ji Shu was standing on a fiery cloud and floating in the air. He was holding the wooden stick and laughing madly. The stick was an over two-meter-long wooden cane, which looked like a branch that had just been chopped off from a tree. The cane was green, with a dozen of smaller branches that had fresh leaves growing on them.

This cane seemed full of vigor. It didn't really look like a cane but instead looked more like a tree which was rooted beneath the earth and contained great life force.

Ji Shu held the cane tightly and waved, a large tricoloured flame bursted out from the cane along with a loud, blazing sound.

The tricoloured flame looked like a piece of coloured blaze; a white flame was at the outer layer, a cyan flame was at the middle layer and a red flame was at its core. The tricoloured flame turned into head-sized flame balls, which constantly rained on the ground. The rocks and earth which were touched by those flame balls were instantly burned into wisps of smoke.

Ji Shu's body was wrapped in hot air, and looked like a shadow shaking on the surface of the water. People couldn't even see his face clearly.

People who were standing in front the Ancestral Temple and watching this fight were frightened by this wooden cane. The tricoloured flame was so powerful. It heated up the air and made people sweat. Some people's hairs and eyebrows started to burn by themselves. It also destroyed the trees within the radius of hundreds of miles.

Ji Hao looked astonished at the cane. Such an amazing power, he thought. Ji Shu had only held it with his hands, but the power of the cane already had affected everyone and everything in a few hundred miles around without even being unleashed!

If Ji Shu unleashed its power with all his strength, this cane might kill every enemy within the radius of hundreds of miles.

"What the hell is this?" Ji Hao's heart jumped up. He started to worry about Ji Xia.

"It's an inherited magic treasure" said Qing Fu. Ji Hao didn't even notice that Qing Fu had come and stood behind him. Qing Fu gripped Ji Hao's shoulder, and seemed extremely nervous.

"The inherited magic treasure...even the weakest inherited magic treasure was made by a powerful Senior Magus who had at least a hundred of Magus Acupoints awakened. Each one of the inherited magic treasures was at least passed down through generations for at least a thousand years. It had been nourished by the blood and spiritual power of Senior Magi from generation to generation, then eventually formed," Qing Fu muttered. "Any of those inherited magic treasures is capable of boosting a Senior Magus' power by ten times..."

"Ten times? Then...Abba...If Ji Shu's power is enhanced ten times...Abba...Then..." Ji Hao turned to Qing Fu and said hoarsely. He subconsciously tightened his body when he heard what Qing Fu had said.

Qing Fu's face was pale. She gnashed her teeth and snorted, "Hao, you and your Abba have the purest bloodline descended from one of the Fire Crow Clan Divine Magi. For sure, your Abba has his own inherited magic treasure. But...but, this inherited magic treasure in Ji Shu's hands, it's way too powerful...it should've never been held by him..."

Ji Xia was standing on the lava. He growled and waved his left arm, a shield made of nine huge dragon scales appearing on his arm. A spear with a spearhead made of red dragon-horn and the handle made of golden mulberry wood appeared in Ji Xia's hand as he made a grasping motion in the air.

He held the spear tightly and knocked on the shield, then shouted at Ji Shu, "Shu! Let's see what you've got!"

Ji Shu sneered. He bit his own tongue and spat a mouthful of blood onto the wooden cane. Tens of gigantic phoenixes with wingspans of over a thousand feet wide flew out from the cane along with a long howl. Those phoenixes released huge flakes of flames from their beaks and dashed towards Ji Xia.

Ji Shu's body had transformed into a fiery light ball hidden in

those phoenixes' flames and flew towards Ji Xia. He came up to Ji Xia, raised his arms and heavily smashed the cane onto Ji Xia's head.

Chapter 20: Bullying

Magic treasures...Inherited magic treasures...

Ji Hao stared nervously at his father. His head was filled with countless thoughts.

Ji Shu rushed towards Ji Xia, lifted the cane wrapped by a tricoloured flame and heavily hit on the dragon scales shield which caused a ripple to form.

Ji Hao heard a loud bang and the ground vibrated, nearly making him fall over. The shockwaves rushed across the surface of the lava lake at supersonic speed and crushed through layers of splashed lava to miles of height. Glowing hot lava waves rolled like boulders across the surface of the mountain and torched the trees on the surrounding mountaintops.

Ji Xia held the shield and muttered a magic spell. The nine dragon scales orderly lit up, spurting countless beams of fiery lights from the naturally formed marks on their surface. The light beams interweaved into a cocoon of light, wrapping Ji Xia inside.

Along with sharp bird cries, tens of phoenixes started ripping the light cocoon with sliver of flames, which caused an ear-piercing noise mixed with a thumping sound. People who were witnessing this fight had to crouch down and cover their ears with their hands.

"Kill!" Ji Xia shouted out while Ji Shu was madly attacking him. His spear transformed into a dazzling light beam as he thrusted it towards Ji Shu.

Ji Shu's body suddenly exploded into countless hair-thin threads of fire. The fire threads erupted and soared upward to thousands of feet higher than the gathered splattering sparks. Ji Shu's body appeared again.

"My brother!" Ji Shu laughed out loud proudly and said. "This is

Suiren Cane, the legendary ancient demigod, Suirenshi's magic cane. Have you seen this magical flame? It's different from our fire...This is the Shamisen fire...This can eradicate everything! Its power...is inexhaustible!"

Ji Shu waved the Suiren Cane with a sneer and continued, "As you've seen...As long as I'm holding this magic cane, no one can harm me! No attack can hurt me! My brother! You can't even hurt me even for a tiny bit!"

After that, Ji Shu's body transformed into a tricoloured flame again while he swiftly descended towards Ji Xia along with those fiery phoenixes.

Ji Xia took the spear back, snorted and also bit his own tongue, spitting a mouthful of blood on the dragon scales shield. A sonorous dragon roar came from the shield. The shield then separated itself from Ji Xia's arm, floated above Ji Xia and spurted a thick, lava-like flame, shielding Ji Xia behind it.

Meanwhile, the shield started emitting a bright fiery light, a thousand feet long fiery dragon appeared in the sky, hovering above Ji Xia and the shield.

Ji Xia held the spear to his chest and whispered a magic spell. A bright fiery light began surging out from within his body and wrapping around him.

"Useless, my brother. Just useless...Even if you unleashed all of your bloodline power...You're just a Senior Magus, how could you withstand the blow of the ancient demigod's inherited magic treasure?"

Ji Shu then laughed aloud and lifted the cane again. While the people were still seeing the shadow of the Suiren Cane flashing in the flames, Ji Shu had already thrown a hundred of heavy hits towards Ji Xia with it.

The blazing flame from Ji Xia's shield turned into a wall of flame

and spread to the surrounding areas.

Ji Hao felt a great pain in his eyes caused by the dazzling fiery light. He couldn't even keep his eyes open.

Suddenly, an explosion sound came from inside the flame-wall, following which the wall quickly dissipated into the air. Ji Hao forcibly opened his eyelids and looked carefully at the sky. He saw that the dragon scale shield had been shattered into pieces and the fiery dragon was split up. As for Ji Xia, he didn't have enough time to trigger his bloodline power; his body was now wrapped by the tricoloured flame and his chest had been pierced with a hole.

It seemed that all of Ji Xia's ribs were broken; a head-size hole had been burnt through his chest; the skin and muscles of his chest were burned into ashes; a large amount of blood was spurting out from his wounds, quickly burning out in wisps of smoke.

Ji Xia had vomited blood and flew backwards. His eyes had lost focus.

Ji Xia was hit and sent flying across tens of miles, then heavily smashed onto a cliff. The cliff collapsed instantly. Rocks that fell from the cliff were quickly burned into ashes by the tricoloured flame, which was still wrapped around Ji Xia's body.

Ji Shu gnashed his teeth, transformed into a fiery light again and followed Ji Xia. Tens of phoenixes flew up to Ji Xia ahead of Ji Shu, and spurted flame flakes onto Ji Xia's face from a distance.

"My brother! Get up and fight! You won't let me win this easily will you?" Ji Shu rose his arms intended to hit Ji Xia once more. Meanwhile, he was still shouting at Ji Xia. "Come on! You're a strong man! You won't give up, will you?"

Everything had happened quite fast. No one, not even Ji Kui and the other elder Maguspriests had seen this coming. With the horrible power of the Suiren Cane, Ji Shu had defeated Ji Xia in only a second while Ji Xia had been under the protection of his

own inherited magic treasure.

Ji Hao looked around. Everyone was shocked and showed no signs of reaction. Even if Ji Shu didn't dare to kill Ji Xia in front of all these people, once he hit Ji Xia again with that cane, Ji Xia would be completely disabled without any possibility of recovering from the injury.

Only Ji Hao had been prepared for Ji Xia's defeat from a long time ago. Before Ji Shu had finished his talk, Ji Hao shouted out with all of his strength: "We lost! My Abba lost! Ji Shu, my uncle! You're the leader now! All of the Fire Crow Clan warriors will follow you now!"

Ji Hao's voice had even damaged the eardrums of a few people nearby.

Ji Kui seemed awakened by Ji Hao's voice. He quivered his body, harshly shouted to Ji Shu: "Stop! Ji Shu! You already have won!"

Ji Shu paused for a second. Several phoenixes were already flying towards Ji Xia; Ji Xia's face was about to be torched by the flame flakes darted out from their mouths. If Ji Shu retracted the power now, he would still be able to save Ji Xia.

But he paused only for a second, then afterwards raised the Suiren Can again and pretended that he couldn't control it anymore. He yelled dramatically: "Oh no...This magic treasure is way too powerful...I lost control of it..."

Those phoenixes didn't stop their attack on Ji Xia.

A figure appeared abruptly in front of Ji Xia. She stood on a huge leaf and quickly waved her arms. Countless vines and flowers sprouted from the air then rapidly grew into a thick green wall, while shielding Ji Xia and herself behind it. That figure was Qing Fu, Ji Xia's wife.

The flakes of flame deeply cut into the green wall and soon burned through it. Ji Hao saw Qing Fu's body shivering; her hair

was set ablaze and blood oozed out of her body orifices.

"Ji Shu...Damn you!" Ji Hao clenched his fists in anger and growled hysterically. His parents were about to be swallowed up by the flame, while he was too weak to do anything to prevent it!

At that moment, Ji Kui and other eight elder Maguspriests appeared in front of Ji Xia and Qing Fu. They raised their arms simultaneously, a large amount of huge Gold Crow feathers fell from the air and quickly built a feather-wall which blocked the flame.

Ji Kui looked at Ji Shu straight in the eyes and said calmly: "According to the rule of our ancestors, Ji Shu, you have defeated Ji Xia. Now you're the leader of our Holy Land warriors."

Ji Shu's face was hideously twisted. He held the Suiren Can tightly. Those fiery phoenixes, which were hovering around him dissipated into the air one after another.

He rose the cane, held his head high and laughed wildly.

"Yes, I have defeated Ji Xia! Now I'm the leader! From now on, I will take the responsibility of protecting our Holy Land! As for that weak, waste of a man...He is not qualified to lead our warriors!"

"My Master Maguspriest, you shall leave those war issues to me from now on...I don't want you to be bothered with those things. All you need to do now are...perhaps try to improve your drug-making skills, keep in touch with our ancestors' souls...More importantly...rest well." Ji Shu gave a glance at Ji Kui and said arrogantly.

Ji Kui and other elder Maguspriests stared at Ji Shu in surprise, then twitched their mouth corners but couldn't let a word out.

Most of the crowd remained silent. Only Ji Shu's people had started shouting and cheering.

Suirenshi (������): The inventor of fire. Suirenshi was supposed to have lived approximately 10,000 years ago. He was

neither an emperor nor a god, but a mythological demigod. As the story goes, there was a forest in western China with a tree that "shone" throughout the day and night. Suirenshi visited that forest looking for that tree. He came to this big tree and saw many woodpeckers pecking away at it. Suirenshi noticed that as the woodpeckers' beaks drilled into the trunk, sparks would fly, lighting up the tree. He decided to break off two branches and jabbed one stick against the other in quick succession. Eventually, he got the sticks to spark. As he added more and more sticks, he built a fire. When he returned to Henan Province, he taught the people how to start a fire to keep warm. Also, at that time, people were eating raw meat and vegetables and getting sick. With fire, they learned to cook their food before eating, greatly reducing illness from eating raw food. In addition, cooked food was more delicious. The people were very appreciative of Suirenshi's discovery/invention of how to make fire.

Chapter 21: Enemy

The bonfire in Gold Black Mountain was blazing hot. Thousands of gigantic Fire Crows were floating above the mountain with their wings opened, ceaselessly cawing.

The dragon skin drums were being beaten by the warriors. Vigorous and powerful drum beats were widely heard for about hundreds of miles away throughout the jungle.

The decennial Fire Crow Clan Ancestral Worship Ceremony carried on. Ji Kui was guiding people into the Ancestral Temple to bring their offerings to the ancestors one after another. The souls of the ancestors had been awakened and were enjoying those offerings. If they were satisfied with the offerings, they would bestow 'gifts' to the chosen people.

The lava lake created during the fight between Ji Xia and Ji Shu had already cooled down. Two 'sludges' wriggled slowly across the congealed lava lake with their black, sticky sludge-like bodies.

The rough and hard rocks were quickly softened and turned into the soil by the 'sludges'. Thick mud unceasingly welled out of the ground and spread to the surrounding areas.

Tens of Treemen were slowly swaying their towering bodies and sowing plenty of seeds into the soil. With their power, these seeds would soon sprout and grow up; this damaged part of the jungle would quickly turn green again. These Treemen had made an agreement with the Fire Crow Clan, which meant that they were under the clan's protection and were also working for the clan.

However, all of these had nothing to do with Ji Hao.

Ji Hao was sitting in his family house, wistfully staring at Ji Xia and Qing Fu who laid on the bed side-by-side.

Both of them were in a coma and had fever. Their faces were red and their breaths were scorching hot. The room had been turned

into a stove by the hot air breathed out through their mouths; even the soil in the yard had dried up.

Ji Tu, one of the greatest Maguspriests in the Fire Crow Clan, was sitting beside Ji Xia and Qing Fu with his legs crossed. He continuously put different herbs inside their mouths; in the meantime, he gestured and muttered a magic spell. With his gestures and spell, the herbs in Qing Fu and Ji Xia's mouths quickly transformed into liquid and were swallowed by them. Once the herb-liquid had flowed into Ji Xia and Qing Fu's stomachs, their breaths immediately cooled down a bit.

"Suiren Cane...the legendary ancient demigod's inherited magic treasure." After a while, Ji Xia and Qing Fu's body temperature had barely returned to normal. Ji Tu stopped the gestures and the spell, started to rub a herb stick, frowning and letting out a sigh.

"Suirenshi was a legendary demigod...He lived too..too long ago. Us old Maguspriests who are responsible for the historical inheritance...we have only heard about his name..." Ji Tu looked at Ji Hao and said slowly. "As far as we know, Suirenshi had mainly lived in the legendary central plains, never heard that he had been in the South...His Magic cane showed up here...in the Southern Wasteland...It's unexpected..."

"My Abba, Amma...their injuries...Will they be fine?" Ji Hao interrupted Ji Tu's talk, asking him what concerned him the most at the moment.

"It's hard...very hard...very hard..." Ji Tu shook his head and said. "We have no idea how powerful the Suirenshi was...even if Ji Shu has only brought a tiny little bit of its power out...the damage...is not something that we could endure..."

Ji Tu helplessly glanced at Qing Fu and Ji Xia, thought for a while and continued, "The Shamisen fire is still burning them from the inside...Either they withstand the fire with their own bloodline powers then wake up, or find a powerful Divine Magus

who is good at fire-related witchcraft to pull the Shamisen fire away from their bodies...I...I could only cool them down temporarily with drugs and spells to keep them alive...barely..."

Ji Tu seriously looked at Ji Hao in the eyes and continued, "But...to resist the fire with drugs...Hao, you have learned about drug-making from us for years...you should know that this can only keep them alive for...only for now...in fact, the fire is still ceaselessly consuming their...life force."

"So they will eventually burn to death?" Ji Hao stared at Ji Tu and asked.

Ji Tu sighed and muttered, "We can only wish your Abba, Amma will pull themselves through...and...I'm heading back now. I will try to find other ways...me and the other elders...there will always be a way to save them...like...like later after the ceremony, we will force Ji Shu to use the Suiren Cane and try to take the fire back..."

Ji Tu left a pile of cold-natured herbs, and slowly walked out with his crutch.

Ji Hao sat down and crossed his leg, quietly gazing at the faces of his parents. He held Ji Xia's hand, Ji Xia's palm was as hot as a piece of red hot iron.

Such a horrible fire force. Ji Xia might hang on for a longer time; as for Qing Fu, she had naturally been restrained by fire, which meant she could hold on for several days at most. She would never survive this. Ji Hao gazed at the wrinkles in the corners of Qing Fu's eyes, suddenly feeling great fear.

If those Maguspriests went to talk to Ji Shu about saving his parents, Ji Shu would only need an excuse or simply refuse to do so, then his parents would be dead for sure. Even if Ji Xia could withstand the fire with his own bloodline power then wake up, Qing Fu would still never be able to make it.

"Hey! Old man, Old man!" Ji Hao got into his own spiritual space

and yelled at the air. Since there was no hope of those Fire Crow Clan Maguspriests curing his parents, he could only count on that mysterious old man.

Soon, the vague figure appeared in the air, looked down at Ji Hao and asked, "Hey, little guy. What happened today? You hardly come to me like this..."

Ji Hao quickly described the situation to the man. He explained how Ji Xia and Qing Fu got hurt, "Amma went to save Abba, but got burned by that fire too...Even our greatest healer was unable to find a way to save them...Old man, do you have any idea how to save my parents?"

The man frowned and murmured, "Suirenshi? I might heard of him...but wasn't interested. No idea about him...This Shamisen fire...what kind of fire is it?"

Ji Hao held Ji Xia's hand, pulled a wisp of Shamisen fire out from his palm and sent it into his spiritual space.

The man glanced at the flame, raised his eyebrows and said, "Ahh...this kind of fire...yes, I know about it. This is made from three different kinds of purest processed-fire, which were extracted and purified from the underworld, the earth core, and the human body. These three kinds of processed fire were compressed by some great power and forcibly turned into a natural fire - the Shamisen fire."

"Can it be removed from my parents' bodies?" Ji Hao looked nervously at the ethereal figure. This mysterious man had recognized the composition of the Shamisen fire with only a glance while the elder Maguspriest, Ji Tu, had no idea about it at all. Ji Hao was now putting his last hope in this man.

"Sure, simple!" The man looked oddly at Ji Hao and said, "Drag the fire force into your own body and absorb it with the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]. My magic spell is able to transform anything in this world into your personal power and strength...Little guy,

how could you be even more muddle-headed than I am?"

Ji Hao was sharply struck by the man's words. He suddenly realized that he could cure his parents all by himself. The [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] could transform anything into his personal power and strength, why wouldn't it be able to deal with the Shamisen fire?

When Ji Hao showed an expression of great joy, the man heavily snorted.

Ji Hao then had been dragged out of his own spiritual space. He opened his eyes and saw a young pretty girl who was wearing a neat leather armour. The girl kicked against Ji Hao's chest without saying a word.

The girl was very powerful. Ji Hao had been kicked away and hit through the wall, and fell on the ground.

In the yard, the fat bear was tightly held down by several muscular men. Though the bear was struggling and roaring intensely, it couldn't get rid of those men.

Before Ji Hao had been able to stand up from the ground, the girl had already followed him to the yard, took out a dagger and stabbed towards his heart.

Chapter 22: Jiang Xue

"Hey! You crazy girl!"

Caught by surprise, Ji Hao fell hard on the ground. He threw a glance at that dagger; its surface was blue and sparkling; obviously, it had been dipped in some kind of poisonous liquid. Ji Hao numbed the pain, grabbed the girl's wrist, and spun her around with lightning speed, after which he flipped the girl's wrist with his left hand. The girl's wrist dislocated along with a click. In the meantime, Ji Hao's right hand hit on the girl's chest. He spread his fingers and sent a wisp of internal power towards the girl's heart.

Followed by a loud bang, a flame spurted out from Ji Hao's palm and burned the girl in the chest. She screamed in pain and spat out a mouthful of blood from her small, cherry-like mouth.

A lot of yellow spell-symbols appeared simultaneously on the surface of her armour. Ji Hao sensed that a great power of the earth, that had been released from the armour and wrapped around the girl's body.

Ji Hao felt as if his fists were hitting on some kind of light-shield, even creating sparks. His following attacks were all blocked by that invisible light-shield, and were unable to harm the girl again, not even for a little bit.

The girl quickly stepped back in a flurry. At the same time, Ji Hao leaped and strode forward with his eyes fixed on her.

Every step of Ji Hao caused the ground to tremble within the radius of tens of feet, causing the girl to lose her balance and fall on the ground.

The girl looked down and cast a fearful glance at her burnt armour.

"I am Jiang Xue! My father is Jiang Shu, an elder Magus of the Bi Fang Clan! How dare you wound me? You lowly kid!" She then

looked up at Ji Hao and yelled at him aggressively.

Ji Hao didn't slow his pace even after he heard what Jiang Xue had said. He had even started to chant a magic spell that he had learned from those Fire Crow Clan elders in a whisper.

In the Southern Wasteland, there were no any specific differences between Maguspriests and elder Magi of clans. Some of powerful Magi even served their clans as both. Generally speaking, Maguspriests were mostly those who were good at all kinds of mysterious and powerful witchcraft. They also had the responsibility of communicating with their ancestors' souls and ensure the bloodline inheritance. Almost every Maguspriest was psychic. Maguspriests could be seen as the most powerful force of a clan, while elder Magi were mainly responsible for dealing with all kinds of administrative affairs of their clans. Although Maguspriests had slightly higher status in the clan than elder Magi, all elder Magi were still powerful and influential beings among their own clansmen.

Was Jiang Xue's father an elder Magus of the Bi Fang Clan?

"So...Your father is an elder Magus of the Bi Fang Clan...But...so what?" Ji Hao quickly walked up to her, looked down at her eyes and said harshly, "According to the rules of the Southern Wasteland, you broke into my house without any permission, which means it'll still be reasonable even if I kill you!"

"Don't you dare!" Jiang Xue screamed out of fear. But she then stood up and yelled at Ji Hao, "My father is Jiang Shu! One of the top ten elder Magi of the Bi Fang Clan! Don't you dare hurt me now!"

She gasped and continued, "You killed Ji Wu! I had just been engaged with him last year! It will be reasonable too if I kill you to take revenge for him!"

"Ha!" Ji Hao raised his eyebrows and laughed. He just had realized that this little girl was trying to take revenge for that dead

kid, Ji Wu; that was why she had broken into his house and had attempted to kill him when he was talking to the mysterious man in his spiritual space.

"I didn't kill Ji Wu. It was his own father, Ji Shu. Ji Shu killed his own son! What does that have anything to do with me?" Ji Hao pointed at Jiang Xue and yelled back. "You crazy girl. Even vengeance is not an excuse for you to break into my home! Even if I kill you now, your elders can't say that I was wrong."

Jiang Xue's facial expression changed fleetingly. But then she smiled.

Ji Hao acutely sensed that somebody was behind him. He quickly interlocked his hands together and casted a spell. His body suddenly exploded into countless fiery light dots that gathered together tens of feet away. Ji Hao's body reappeared at the spot where those light dots had gathered.

A muscular man, who had been holding the fat bear down with a couple of others, now stunningly stood where Ji Hao had been standing only a second ago, with a spear held in his hands. If Ji Hao hadn't dodged away, his heart would have been pierced by now.

However, Ji Hao had dodged too quickly; neither Jiang Xue nor the man had been able to see clearly how he had done that.

"You're just a Novice Magus! I...I'm a Junior Magus warriors! How could I...How could you...Bastard! No wonder they say that you're the most talented kid in a thousand years!" the man shouted out.

Jiang Xue stared jealously towards Ji Hao.

Ji Hao had just transformed his body into light dots and avoided a sneak attack. What he had cast was a very difficult Maguspriest type of witchcraft. Only Maguspriests who were beyond the Junior Level could cast a witchcraft like that. As for those Magus

warriors, no matter how strong their bodies were, they could never cast this kind of witchcraft unless they had learned how to control their spiritual power.

But Ji Hao was a Novice Magus who hadn't even awakened his bloodline power[2] yet. How could he cast a powerful witchcraft like that?

Jiang Xue's pretty face went sour and her mouth corner twitched downward. She glared at Ji Hao and yelled, "You? The most talented kid? It's not possible! I, Jiang Xue, I'm the genius of the Bi Fang Clan! I'm at the top level of Novice Magus...But...but I couldn't..."

Ji Hao glanced at her surprised. Is this crazy little girl on the twelfth level??

She seemed a year or two younger than Ji Hao, how could she be that powerful? But the Bi Fang Clan was one of the most powerful clans in the Southern Wasteland; their elder Magus' daughter must have had a lot of good tutors, Ji Hao thought.

"Yeah...that's what everybody says...That I might become the first Supreme Magus in a thousand years," Said Ji Hao proudly and threw a sideways glance at Jiang Xue in the meantime. "I started to learn all kinds of witchcraft from those Maguspriests since I was only three months old, and I casted my first spell, [Gathering Poisonous Bugs], when I was three years old."

Ji Hao laughed out loud and continued, "So...You broke into my house with your people, what do you really want? Did the Bi Fang Clan want a war with our Fire Crow Clan? Are your elders planning on killing me - a future Supreme Magus? Whatever it is, I'm not done with you...Our Maguspriests won't let you just leave."

Jiang Xue's facial expression changed again. She gnashed her teeth, and panickedly glanced at Ji Hao.

Ji Hao's words were fair and reasonable. Anything could get

serious when it involved the relationship between two clans.

Jiang Xue was scared by Ji Hao's speech and didn't know how to respond. She had never been through any of this.

Back in the yard, the fat bear was still struggling and trying to get rid of those couple of Bi Fang Clan warriors. One of them had left to attack Ji Hao earlier. The fat bear took this chance and forcibly stood up; the bear let a roar out and threw two warriors away. Before the other two had realized what had just happened, their chests were smashed by the bear's palms.

The fat bear slowly rose from the ground, held its palms high and roared at Jiang Xue's face. Its sticky slobber poured out from its mouth and its beady eyes suddenly turned red.

"Ji Hao! I'm not finished with you!" Jiang Xue glared at Ji Hao and said. "I'm not here to take revenge for Ji Wu. I'm just visiting your Abba and Amma on behalf of my aunt, Jiang Yao."

She sneered and continued, "I'm just sending my best wishes to your parents. And you? You let your beast hurt my guards! I will tell my Abba and aunt about this."

Then she gnashed her teeth and quickly walked out of the yard with her guards.

Ji Hao watched her leave. His heart sank.

The worship ceremony was not over yet, Ji Shu hadn't formally become the leader either. However, the revenge had already begun.

Chapter 23: Conspiracy

The Fire Crow Clan Ancestral Worship Ceremony had come to a conclusion.

Only one thing bothered the clan Maguspriests - during the ceremony, none of their people had received a 'gift' from the ancestors. Normally, if a clan lost their ancestors' blessing and protection, bad things would soon start happening.

In Ji Shu's campsite, tens of people were cheerfully sitting around a bonfire and holding jorums, gobbling grilled meats and drinking liquor.

Jiang Bo was sitting in the middle, while holding a jorum with a triumphant grin on his face. The man sitting next to him was the middle-aged man Ji Hao had seen through the spying-crow's eyes that other night. Jiang Bo and the middle-aged man clinked their jorums then drained off the liquor.

After that, the middle-aged man took a deep breath. He wiped his face with his hand and said, "I had lost the fight against Ji Xiong, Ji Xia's father, decades ago...He ended up breaking tens of my ribs at the ceremony...I had never gotten...the position of the leader."

"But now," he shrugged his shoulders and continued satisfyingly, "Ji Xiong is long gone...But I, Ji Huan, am alive and living so well! My son, Ji Shu, beat his son and has become the leader; finally!"

A sexy young woman, who was wearing only a leather skirt, came and filled Ji Huan's jorum with liquor. Ji Huan narrowed his eyes, and caressed his hand up her inner thigh.

Jiang Bo then slowly said, "Now, Ji Shu has become the leader of the Fire Crow Clan warriors. There are...some things that we couldn't do before. But now, everything becomes more convenient. Ha, I suddenly feel that there will be a great future for Ji Shu...and us."

Ji Shu was sitting next to Ji Huan, holding a blood-red jade axe and remaining silent.

That axe was three feet long, embossed with patterns of a few three-legged Gold Crows surrounding the sun, and seemed nothing special. There weren't any spell-symbols on its surface; it was not even a Magic tool.

That axe was the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane', the symbol of the highest authority of the Fire Crow Clan. With this 'Fire Crow Axe Cane', Ji Shu could mobilize the warriors from thousands of branch clans and subsidiary clans to attack any enemy.

The fighting force of the Fire Crow Clan was tremendous. Not to mention those great warriors, merely thousands of senior level gigantic Fire Crows were able to destroy any small clan.

Ji Shu gazed at the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane', opened his mouth slowly and said in a gloomy voice, "I sacrificed my own son for this."

He kept seeing Ji Wu in his mind. He saw how Ji Wu's head had exploded, the blood and brain matter mixed together had soaked his boots. He felt a great heartache. That was his own son who had his blood in his veins. He had killed his son for this axe, for this power.

Ji Huan let out a great snort, and grabbed the axe from Ji Shu's hands. He carefully stroke the axe with a greedy yet cold expression on his face. "It's just a son. Ji Shu, I have seven sons, you and your brothers. You just need to get yourself a few more," said Ji Huan coldly.

"That's right, Shu." Jiang Bo gazed at the axe out of the corners of his eyes and agreed. "I will send you a few beautiful Bi Fang Clan women once I get back. Shu, you're young and strong, you will have as many sons as you want!"

Ji Shu stayed silent, and continued with staring at the bonfire

with a sullen face.

Jiang Bo narrowed his eyes and continued, "As for Jiang Yao...I know she is always jealous, never letting you touch other women. I will talk to her about this, she'll understand..."

Jiang Yao got inside the tent without making any sound. Her face was as pale as a ghost. She gazed at Jiang Bo in the eyes and spoke word-by-word, "I'm okay with this. But...Ji Xia, Qing Fu, and their damned son, Ji Hao, they have to die! For my son!"

Ji Huan and Ji Shu both threw a glance at her then looked away without saying anything. Jiang Bo frowned and said with a sneer, "We've talked about this, we can't kill them right now. As you've seen, those few old men are still holding a negative attitude towards Ji Shu. Now we..."

"If you don't let me get revenge for my son, I'm telling everybody what you're planning to do!" yelled Jiang Yao.

"You won't dare!" Jiang Bo jerked up his body and pointed at Jiang Yao angrily.

"Try me!" Jiang Yao held her head high, stared at her father, and also spoke with a sneer.

"If it wasn't for you...awakening the Bi Fang Clan bloodline power inside Ji Wu..." Jiang Bo furiously yelled at his daughter.

"Bi Fang Clan bloodline is way powerful than that of the Fire Crow Clan; I wanted to make my son stronger, was I wrong? I wanted my son to win against that bitch Qing Fu's son, what was wrong with that?" Jiang Yao interrupted her father and yelled back.

Jiang Bo glared at Jiang Yao and growled, "You shouldn't have done that before the worship ceremony! You shouldn't have let those old men know about it! Any...Any clan in the Southern Wasteland won't accept a kid who has awakened another bloodline! You...you almost ruined our plan!"

Jiang Yao stared at Jiang Bo, gnashed her teeth and said viciously, "But now...Ji Shu has already become the leader...Even Ji Kui and the other old men aren't able to change that...no matter what. I, I want them to die now! All three of them! Especially that damned Ji Hao!"

Ji Shu held his jorum, poured a mouthful of liquor into his mouth and swallowed slowly. He looked at Jiang Yao and said in a low voice, "I will handle this. Soon...Jiang Yao, you should save your little tricks."

"Little tricks? Don't you dare to look down on me!" Jiang Yao's pale face almost went blue, she glared at Ji Shu with a creepy smile on her face and said.

Jiang Bo dashed up to Jiang Yao and slapped her face. Jiang Yao fell to the ground, coughed up blood and cried in pain.

Jiang Bo looked down at her and growled, "How smart do you think you are? You send Jiang Xue, that little bitch to Ji Xia's home... Do you have any idea what would have happened if Jiang Xue had killed Ji Hao? He is the son of the former leader who had just left his position yesterday!"

Jiang Yao snorted with her head still held high. She said, "Does the Fire Crow Clan even dare to turn against the Bi Fang Clan? If so, we can just wipe out the entire Fire Crow Clan!"

Ji Shu covered his eyes with his hand when he heard what Jiang Yao said. Ji Huan opened his mouth but couldn't even let a word out. They just discovered that this woman could really be unreasonable.

Other Fire Crow Clan people in the tent had all started to twitch their faces. If Jiang Bo hadn't been there, some of them might already have had this stupid woman chopped.

Ji Shu looked at Jiang Yao for a while, then let out a heavy sigh.

"Allow me a few days. I will send Ji Xia out of the Black Gold

Mountain to guard someplace else. This is well within my power."

"Once Ji Xia has left the Black Gold Mountain, we will find a way to do what you want to do."

Jorum: A large drinking bowl.

Chapter 24: The Contract

A group of warriors were walking out of Ji Hao's home and complaining loudly.

"He had to borrow power from an 'Inherited Magic Treasure' to beat our brother Xia...I can't believe he's our leader now..."

"'Inherited Magic Treasure'...Hmm, if many of our elders hadn't made...sacrifices in order to protect our homeland and lost those ancient 'Inherited magic treasures' of our own...How could that bastard have won?"

"Look at his delicate face...He doesn't even look like a man...such a coward."

"That man doesn't have a good reputation...You should hear how other clans talk about...what he did..."

All these people were warriors from the Holy Land. They were also close friends of Ji Xia, who always treated each other like brothers. They would rather die than follow Ji Shu. But they couldn't do anything to change the fact that Ji Shu had beaten Ji Xia at the ceremony and became their leader.

A lot of people came for Ji Xia and Qing Fu, who were still in coma. Everyone flew in rage once they saw what Ji Shu had done to Ji Xia and Qing Fu. For decades, Ji Xia had led them and fought against the enemies, conquering many lands. All of the Fire Crow Clan people admired him deeply for his contributions to the clan.

As for Qing Fu, she had amazing medical skills. She had cured countless ill and injured people. In the Fire Crow Clan, she was even more famous than Ji Xia.

These people were clearly aware of the fact that Ji Shu had intentionally harmed Qing Fu and Ji Xia. They had made up their mind, they would never follow Ji Shu's lead.

After the last guest had left, Ji Hao sat down beside Qing Fu. He

put his hands on her temple and channeled the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell].

Wisps of Shamisen Fire were pulled out of Qing Fu's temple and absorbed by Ji Hao's palms. Ji Hao felt a burning sensation in his Dantian, and had soon began to sweat. Luckily, the Shamisen Fire was swallowed by the multicoloured flame in his Dantian before it could do any harm to Ji Hao's body.

The faint multicoloured flame suddenly grew bigger. Ji Hao surprisingly felt that his strength was improving quickly.

"It's the dragon blood." Ji Hao heard the mysterious man's voice coming from his spiritual space. "The dragon blood gave you a perfect human body, which means your physical strength won't get limited by your body. Hmm...You should eat more, you know? You could even be as powerful as a Senior Magus at this stage, if only you ate enough."

Ji Hao showed no interest towards the advice of the man. How much would he have to eat in order to become as powerful as a Senior Magus?

Soon, Ji Hao had pulled out all of the fire force from within Qing Fu's body; he then did the same with Ji Xia.

After Ji Hao had dealt with the fire force inside their bodies, he stood up, interlocked his hands together and channeled the power of one of the secret words, [Zhe].

Once Ji Hao channeled [Zhe], the bodies of Ji Xia and Qing Fu started to tremble. Ji Hao had taken control of their bodies with the power of [Zhe], released their bloodline powers and life force which were naturally contained in their bodies.

Then he changed his hand gesture. The air surrounding their bodies started to glow, and transformed slowly into a faint light-river, flying into Ji Xia and Qing Fu's bodies.

[Zhe] was the most mysterious secret word among the [Nine

Secret Words], which contained the strongest life force in the world. Ji Hao carefully controlled the power of [Zhe], and sent the life force carefully into Ji Xia and Qing Fu's bodies, continuously healing them.

Ji Hao then unleashed his spiritual power and observed inside their bodies. He noticed that even their damaged Magus Acupoints were slowly healing due to the power of [Zhe]. Ji Hao might even cure these "dead" Magus Acupoints.

Ji Xia and Qing Fu's bodies were wrapped by the warm, faint light. Their facial expression gradually changed from that of suffering to being pleased.

Ji Hao looked at his parents and let out a sigh of relief.

Then, he heard a knocking sound coming from the window. He turned his head around, and saw that a two-foot tall crow was standing on the windowsill, knocking against the window with his beak.

Ji Hao walked up to the window, patted his head and fed it a piece of dry meat. He then gently asked the crow, "Do the grandpas want to see me?"

The crow nodded and cawed, flapped his wings and flew away. Ji Hao glanced at his parents who were quietly laying on the bed then leaped out of the window, following the crow to the mulberry forest down in the valley.

In the wooden dome, where Ji Hao had fought Ji Wu for the first time, Ji Kui, Ji Tu and tens of other elder Maguspriests were sitting around a bonfire. Ji Kui saw Ji Hao coming, tapped the ground next to himself and said with a warm smile on his face, "Come, sit here, Hao."

Ji Hao sat down next to Ji Kui, looked around and noticed that all the Maguspriests were wearing serious faces. Ji Hao said respectfully, "Dear grandpas, is there anything that you want to

say to me?"

Ji Kui dropped his eyelids and said, "You know...Ji Shu is one of your father's cousins. Specifically, we have a hundred and twenty-seven different Fire Crow Clan branch-bloodlines in total, except your dad, Ji Shu and his people have the purest bloodline among the others."

Ji Kui let out a heavy sigh and continued, "However, they're too close with the Bi Fang clan...Some of their...some of the things they did...we can't agree with. We thought they would do no good to our clan. That's why they had never gotten the chance to compete for the highest position."

"Grandpa, but this time...Abba..." Ji Hao gave a bitter smile and said.

Ji Kui put his scrawny hand on Ji Hao's shoulder, paused for a second, then said seriously, "It's already happened, let us see what they really want. But, the most important thing at the moment, is...Hao, we all feel that you're going to have great achievements in the future, you're talented and kind...So we won't let anything happen to you. We must ensure that!"

"But Ji Wu's death was partly because of me. Ji Shu, Jiang Yao, and their people, they won't let it easily go," Ji Hao said candidly.

Ji Kui gave a mysterious smile, then said, "We know that...We, received permission from our ancestors at the ceremony...Hao, although you're not a Senior Magus yet, our ancestors said that you can already make a contract with a Fire Crow. The crow will become your companion beast, you will fight side-by-side, always protecting and supporting each other."

Ji Hao eyes popped up as he stared at Ji Kui, he couldn't believe what he just had heard. Fire Crows were mysterious and powerful creatures of the Gold Black Mountain. Even his father, Ji Xia, was not qualified enough to make a contract with a Fire Crow, but now he had been told that he could make one.

"Grand...grandpa, how...how did our ancestors know about this..."

"Er...we're Maguspriests, we do as our ancestors told us..." Other Maguspriests gave the same mysterious smiles and said, "Exactly, the will of our ancestors are always delivered through us...So...Hao, if we say that you can make a contract with a Fire Crow, it's because our ancestors have said so..."

Ji Hao was fully aware of what these grandpas had done for him. He nodded and stayed silent.

The heavy wooden door then opened. A gigantic fire crow, the one always flying around in the jungle with Ji Hao, slowly walked in.

The crow saw Ji Hao and cawed pleasantly. A drop of blood raised from his mouth, transformed into an odd spell symbol in the air and quickly flew into the skin between Ji Hao's eyebrows.

Ji Hao suddenly sensed Mr Crow's power, which made his blood boil. He slightly shook his body; a golden fiery light darted out from his back, quickly blazing up into a flame.

Chapter 25: Information

When the sun was rising, Ji Hao was standing in the yard, gazing at the rosy sun.

Last night, with the help of Ji Kui and the other elders, Ji Hao made a companion beast contract with Mr Crow. Mr Crow was nearly a thousand years old; he was even more powerful than some ordinary Senior Magi.

Once the contract was made, Mr Crow's vast bloodline power had gushed into Ji Hao's body in a rapid stream. Mr Crow's power had instantly awakened Ji Hao's bloodline power, promoting him to the Level 11.

Ji Hao slowly stretched his arms and legs in the yard.

Inside his body, tens of red-colored vein-like lines had appeared; these lines had interwoven and formed into meridians. Ji Hao's blood was continuously flowing through the meridians. Even without having to jump into his spiritual space, he could perceive those faint light spots which were twinkling on his meridians. These spots were the Magus Acupoints contained in Ji Hao's blood, passed on through the Gold Crow bloodline. None of them had been awakened as of yet.

With the flowing of Ji Hao's blood, these red-coloured meridians were continuously growing firm. Not long after, it had slowly started to absorb power from Ji Hao's blood.

Along with this series of move, Ji Hao sensed that a vast and mysterious power was hidden inside his body. He felt as if he only needed to improve his strength a little bit more, or maybe just wait until the right moment, this magical and great power would burst out of his body. This was a gift he received from his Gold Crow bloodline.

In the room, Ji Xia and Qing Fu were still sleeping.

Even though Ji Hao had dealt with the fire forces, their bodies and souls were badly injured by the fire.

Ji Hao was trying to cure their bodies and souls with the power of the [Nine Secret Words], which would take a few days. They needed to rest, which was why Ji Hao hadn't woken them up yet.

The fat bear was lying near the door on its own stomach. Mr Crow had currently shrunk his body into one-foot tall, stood on the bear's head, and picked a piece of meat. After he had made the companion beast contract with Ji Hao, he was allowed to freely shrink or enlarge his body size.

After a while, the gate of the yard was unexpectedly pushed open by a young man who was wearing a simple leather armour,while holding a spear and carrying a wooden shield. The young man walked into the yard, took a glance into the window and nodded towards Ji Hao.

"Hao, how's my uncle and auntie?" Said the young man.

Ji Hao turned around, looked at the young man for a while, and answered, "Abba...and Amma, they've had Ji Tu's medicine earlier. Now they're getting better...They just need to rest. They'll...they'll be ok."

The young man was Ji Hao's distant cousin, Ji Hu. Ji Hu was three years older than Ji Hao. Judging from the blood relationship, Ji Hu and his families were just distant relatives of Ji Hao and other people in their clan. However, compared to Ji Hao, whose close relatives had mostly died in battle, Ji Wu came from a large and thriving family, which was quite influential in the Gold Black Mountain.

As for Ji Hu himself, he was also talented and powerful. He had already reached the seventh level as a Novice Magus. During the last few times when they had gone hunting in groups, his good performance had caught much attention.

Normally, Ji Hao wouldn't spend his time with Ji Hu or any other kids in the village. He had always been either concentrating on studying Maguspriest witchcraft from those elders, or he had been hanging around with Heng Luo and his other non-human friends. The fact that Ji Hu had abruptly showed up, made Ji Hao wonder what he did want from him.

"Hao, we were all pissed off when we saw Ji Shu wounded uncle Xia," said Ji Hu with a deep frown, "Our Fire Crow Clan warriors should never hurt their own people! We don't want to follow his lead...We..."

Ji Hao stared at Ji Hu who was talking loudly and angrily; many thoughts flashed through his mind.

Ji Hu then took two steps forward, put his mouth close to Ji Hao's ear and said mysteriously, "Few days ago, I went up into the mountains and searched for little eagles. You know what I found? I found two 'killing vines', at least hundreds of years old! You know that the 'killing vine' can even bring the dead back to life... That pair of vines were guarded by a human-faced centipede. I tried to take them for uncle Xia and auntie Qing Fu, but it was too risky for me to challenge that centipede by myself... Why don't we go together? Let's go get those 'killing vines' and cure my uncle and auntie!"

"'Killing vines'?" Ji Hao pretended to be surprised that Ji Hu had found two 'killing vines'. He grabbed Ji Hu's shoulder and said, "Really? Let's go get them! But...human-faced centipede? I'm afraid that even the two of us together will not be able to kill that..."

Ji Hu patted his own chest and said in a low voice, "Of course not, so I brought Feng and Shui. The four of us, together! That centipede is doomed!"

"Hao, we must cure uncle Xia. As long as uncle Xia is here...he'll lead us to fight against Ji Shu...Then Ji Shu will never get what he wants! Not here, the Gold Black Mountain!" Ji Hu then continued

with an enticing tone.

Ji Hao threw a sideway glance at Ji Hu. Such a perfect and naive plan, only kids would buy it.

Ji Shu had the Fire Crow Axe Cane held in his hands, which meant he had the highest power within the clan. Even Ji Kui and the other elders couldn't do anything to change that. How could it be as easy as Ji Hu had said?

Ji Hao stayed silent for a while, then held Ji Hu's hand with both of his hands and said anxiously, "Ji Hu, my brother, then let's go get those vines now! I really want to save my parents!"

He paused, then lowered his voice and continued, "Let's sneak out, don't let others find out what we're doing...I'm afraid that there are Ji Shu's people in the village..."

"Ha, you're very thoughtful. If someone tells Ji Shu, he will send people to hold us back! You know...we're only kids, we can't bear to fight against those elite warriors."

Ji Hao nodded to Ji Hu, then whistled. Mr Crow flapped his wings and landed on Ji Hao's shoulder.

Ji Hu took a glanced at Mr Crow. There were countless small crows like this out there, as weak as ordinary birds. Nothing to worry about, he thought.

"Let's go. Hopefully, we can make it quick and come back early. Hmm...Hao, come, this way...We better don't let others see us. Let's take that trail in the woods..." Ji Hu led the way and got into the woods.

Around half an hour later, they met with the other two young men and sneaked out of the valley, then headed up towards the mountains.

Chapter 26: Ambush

The air was clean and fresh.

Ji Hao walked behind Ji Hu. He was looking at his surroundings.

There were towering trees, coiled by thick, dragon-like vines. Moss was growing on rocks with all kinds of insects crawling over them, and there were also mushrooms that were huge and colourful. The Black Gold Mountain had always been full of vitality.

This was the first time Ji Hao observed this mountain from such a close range, aside from the time he had been two years old and sneaked up towards the mountain with Mr Crow for the very first time.

They waded across two brooks, trod a path through a few trees and bushes, and then finally arrived at a flowering meadow.

The meadow had a circumference of hundreds of feet. Wildflowers were blooming in the high grass. Under the sunshine, the meadow looked like an emerald gem.

Once they arrived at this meadow, Ji Hu and the other two young men subconsciously tightened their bodies, and had a trace of murderous glint appear in their eyes.

"Such a beautiful place." Ji Hao stopped and murmured. "The Feng Shui here must be pretty good...If one could be buried here...He'd be happy in his next life."

"Feng Shui?" Ji Hu asked curiously. His forehead had started to sweat. "What Feng Shui? There isn't even a brook here!"

"Haha." Ji Hao laughed out loud and looked at Ji Hu, "Don't you know about Feng Shui? Well...forget it then...It's too complicated to explain it to you; even more complicated than trying to explain the fact that you wanna kill me!"

Ji Hu had been looking at Ji Hao with a smile. His expression changed suddenly after hearing what Ji Hao had said. Ji Feng and Ji Shui, who were closely following Ji Hu, simultaneously pulled out their knives and axes, and chopped towards Ji Hao's back.

Both of their knives and axes were huge and heavy, forged by themselves with black iron, and in addition to that, both Ji Feng and Ji Shui were Sixth-Level Novice Magi. They waved their weapons full of force, causing two sharp gusts of winds which cut off all the flowers and grasses in the surrounding ten feet.

At the same time, Ji Hu let out a growl and thrust out his spear which was aimed to pierce Ji Hao's heart.

All three of them attacked Ji Hao at almost the same time. Ji Hu was already showing a victorious smile on his face. In his eyes, Ji Hao was already a dead man. Half a month ago, Ji Hao had only been a Level 3 Novice Magus. And although he had learned some Magic Spells from those elders, he would never be able to survive this.

However, he could never have imagined how things had changed over the last half-month. While they were attacking Ji Hao, Ji Hao suddenly rose high into the air and floated, then heavily kicked backwards with both of his legs.

Ji Feng and Ji Shui hadn't seen this coming; Ji Hao's feet slammed heavily onto their chests and sent them flying backwards. Ji Feng and Ji Shui then fell hard on the ground like mashed fruits. They were vomiting blood and couldn't even stand up back.

Ji Hao then stood still in the air while facing forward, and glared at Ji Hu. He grabbed Ji Hu's spear, which was stabbing towards him with all of Ji Hu's strength; Ji Hao grabbed that spear and twisted his palm. The spear broke into three parts, right in front of Ji Hu's face.

"Hao! Listen to me!" Ji Hu yelled trembling, and staggered

backwards.

"Why?" Ji Hao then flew up to Ji Hu at lightning speed, and threw a punch towards Ji Hu's face.

"My Amma has told me, if someone tries to kill me, then I have to kill him! This is the rule of the Southern Wasteland!" Ji Hao's punch hit Ji Hu's head accompanied with a flame. Ji Hu's body stopped, after which strands of flames burst out from the pores of his skin. In the blink of an eye, Ji Hu was scorched, and fell on the ground.

"Kill him! You two!" Jiang Xue's voice came from the woods. Along with the voice, Jiang Xue rushed out of the woods. She was wearing the same leather armour she had worn the last time, while holding a bola in her hands.

"You douchebags! The three of you couldn't even kill a kid! Kill him!"

Ji Feng and Ji Shui had seen that Ji Hu was killed by a single punch of Ji Hao; they struggled back up, glared at Ji Hao and screamed, "Ji Hao! You killed our brother Hu! God! You killed Hu! You killed our brother! You...You killed one of our own people! You've committed a grave offense!"

Ji Hao took a lazy glance at Jiang Xue, who was rushing towards him full of rage. Then he turned around and darted towards Ji Feng and Ji Shui.

"What did Jiang Xue gave you to kill me? How dare you help an outsider and hurt your own brother? You're right, it's a grave offense. But I was only defending myself. It was you...who committed a grave offense!"

Ji Hao sensed a great power being released from the meridians inside his body; soon, a golden flame surged out from his back. All of the plants near him rapidly withered.

Ji Feng and Ji Shui stared at the blazing flame with shock. The

flame showed that Ji Hao had already broken through to Level 11 and had awakened his bloodline power; they couldn't believe their own eyes. Only half a month ago, Ji Hao had still been way weaker than themselves.

Ji Feng and Ji Shui were in a daze for a short while, after which they screamed out and threw their weapons away, flying backwards in a hurry.

"Ji Feng! Ji Shui! Come and fight me like real men! What are you doing? Are you trying to humiliate our ancestors?" Ji Hao growled. He interlocked his hands together, casted a spell, then waved his arms forwards. Spears of flame darted out from his palms and struck against Ji Feng and Ji Shui's backs.

Ji Feng and Ji Shui were sent flying by the flame spears. They let out a howl and fell hard onto the ground; half of their bodies had been burnt.

Just after this, Ji Hao sensed a sharp wind coming from behind him. He turned around and saw Jiang Xue with four Bi Fang Clan warriors waving their weapons and rushing towards him. Their weapons were shining with a fiery light, making it look like four fiery dragons.

Along with the sound of sharp gusts of wind, the air around those warriors bursted into flames. Ji Hao saw four figures of Bi Fang birds in that flame. Obviously, these warriors belonged all to the group of elite Senior Magi of the Bi Fang Clan.

Ji Hao retreated quickly.

Facing these four Bi Fang Clan elite Senior Magi, he sensed that the air pressure was rapidly increasing, which even made him feel hard to breathe.

However, their powers were far weaker when compared to Ji Shu's light palm strike at the worship ceremony.

Nevertheless, Ji Hao still couldn't risk taking this attack. After

all, he was just a Novice Magus. He gazed at those warriors, and retreated as quickly as he could, while trying to gather his bloodline power as much as possible in the meantime.

Jiang Xue followed those warriors and yelled viciously, "Kill him! Kill him! This damn bastard! You killed Ji Hu...I...I hadn't even married him yet...You killed my fianc��e! You ruined my reputation!"

"Haha!" Ji Hao laughed out. People in the South Wasteland were traditional and superstitious; indeed, the fianc��e being killed before the wedding ceremony would completely ruin a girl's reputation.

While Ji Hao was laughing, he heard Jiang Xue's ear-piercing scream.

A wisp of black shadow flashed through the air. The bola in Jiang Xue's hands suddenly exploded into pieces. A few faint yellow spell symbols were just about to emerge from the surface of her leather armour but before that, the armour had been torn by the black shadow.

Jiang Xue was sent flying sideways, coughing blood.

Feng Shui: Feng Shui is a Chinese philosophical system of harmonizing everyone with the surrounding environment. It is closely linked to Daoism. The term Feng Shui literally translates as "wind-water" in English. Feng Shui is one of the Five Arts of Chinese Metaphysics, classified as physiognomy (observation of appearances through formulas and calculations). The Feng Shui practice discusses architecture in metaphoric terms of "invisible forces" that bind the universe, earth, and humanity together, known as Qi. Historically, Feng Shui was widely used to orient buildings, often spiritually significant structures such as tombs, but also dwellings and other structures in an auspicious manner. Depending on the particular style of Feng Shui being used, an auspicious site could be determined by reference to local features

such as bodies of water, stars, or a compass.

Chapter 27: Black Water

The four Bi Fang Clan warriors had been wearing a mocking smile on their faces while attacking Ji Hao. However, the moment they heard Jiang Xue screaming, they all turned away their spearheads which had merely been inches away from Ji Hao's face.

Their smiles vanished and their faces turned blue when they realized that Jiang Xue was being attacked. They shouted with trembling voices and rushed towards her, dashing with all their strength. Jiang Xue's father was an elder Magi of their clan; if anything happened to her while she was under their protection, their entire families could even be annihilated by her father.

A figure appeared suddenly. It was an elderly man standing between Jiang Xue and those warriors. The older man was scrawny, topless, with a two-feet-long, one-horned black snake coiled around his neck. His deathly pale skin was covered by tens of Black Snake Tattoos.

"Go away!" A warrior shouted at the older man. The blazing flame behind him transformed into a pair of fiery wings and spread out in the air. The warrior doubled his speed and flew up to the older man; at the same time, he held his sword high and chopped it hard towards the older man's neck.

The older man was grinning deviously at the warrior. He stayed still, with his eyes fixed on the warrior. The snake coiling around his neck raised its head while hissing at those warriors, after which it spurted out a wisp of cold black smoke from its mouth.

All four Senior Magi warriors were instantly turned into four black-coloured ice-sculptures by that black smoke. Their bodies had been wrapped in half-foot-thick black ice shells; the blazing flame behind them had disappeared without a trace.

Mr Crow had quietly been standing on Ji Hao' shoulder. He spread his wings and fluffed his feathers when he saw that black

snake, and cawed ceaselessly at it.

The one-horned snake swayed, uncoiled itself from the elderly man's neck, and then rapidly enlarged its body into a several hundred feet long serpent, while making a hissing sound.

The temperature of the air dropped suddenly, freezing even all the nearby plants.

"Hey, my old friend, he's only a kid. Why're you so nervous?" The elderly man asked the serpent.

The forked tongue of the serpent darted out from time to time; it went near the old man's ear and hissed something to him.

The elderly man's expression turned grim after that. He showed a trace of respect, turned towards Mr Crow and said, "Kid, I didn't know that you're carrying a Fire Crow with you. Those old guys in your clan...Are they dumb or what? What makes you qualify to make an agreement with a Fire Crow?"

Ji Hao glanced back. He saw that the Black Gold Mountain was only tens of miles away from him, which meant that he was still within the central area of the Fire Crow Clan. If he only made a loud noise, those Maguspriests, elders, and Fire Crows would be able to hear him, and would come to tear this old man into pieces.

He was slightly assured, turned around and said to the elderly man, "What does that have anything to do with you? You stinking snakes... How dare you sneak into our Holy Land?"

The older man sneered and said, "What's the big deal about your Holy Land? I'm already here...It means that I'm not afraid of you...at all. But I've never thought that such an interesting story was transpiring around here...Haha!"

Once the older man had finished his talk, another man rushed out of the woods and darted up to Jiang Xue, who was lying on the ground behind the elder man.

It was Black Water Jiao with his One-Horned Serpent coiled

around his waist. Jiao grabbed Jiang Xue's neck and pulled her up from the ground. Jiang Xue screamed out, but Jiao slapped her hard. She then coughed up blood and didn't dare to make any other sound.

Jiao looked at Jiang Xue in the same way that a horse dealer looked at his animals. He ripped her clothes into shreds, squeezed her breasts and pinched her butt, then pulled her head close with his other hand and carefully watched her face.

Jiao spread his hands across her body and said, "This young woman is quite pretty. I heard that her family is influential in the Bi Fang Clan...And...she's a virgin! She's gonna be worth a fortune if we sell her to those slave dealers!"

"I finally got myself a nice piece! Haha!" Jiao's face flushed red with excitement.

"Slave dealers?" Ji Hao looked at Jiao, who was thrilled. Ji Hao then took a glance at Jiang Xue, who was trembling, with tears remaining in the corners of her eyes. Ji Hao stepped cautiously backwards, then said to Jiao and the older man, "Glad that you've got something you like. I should head back home then. Goodbye!"

Jiao paused for a second when he heard what Ji Hao had said. The older man then said to Ji Hao, "Hey kid, I thought you would want to help this girl, even risk your own life. I mean...that's what your Fire Crow warriors do, right? Are you really gonna leave now?"

"Do you think I'm stupid?" Ji Hao shrugged and pointed at them, "You two, I suppose both of you are Senior Magi. And your fighting beasts, I bet they're on the same level as you. I am a Novice Magus. My only companion here is Mr Crow. I might be able run away in front of your faces...if I try my best. I would only get myself killed if I try to save her."

Ji Hao laughed out and continued, "I'm not stupid, ok? Besides, she had been trying to kill me earlier. Why on earth should I rescue

her now?"

Ji Hao then quickly took tens of steps backwards, and pointed at Jiang Xue, saying in the meantime, "Her father is Jiang Shu, an elder of the Bi Fang Clan. She is also the daughter-in-law of the Ji Shu, the leader of the Golden Crow's warriors,...well, though Ji Shu has already killed his own son...Anyway, this girl could be worth a lot of money. Do ask for a right price!"

At this time, Ji Hao had already moved to the woods. Jiao and the older man took a step towards him. Mr Crow suddenly let out a caw; his wings started to emit a fiery light. Jiao and the older man then stopped hesitantly.

"Good, little guy." Said the older man, "Never thought that your Fire Crow Clan had a smart kid like you." The elderly man gnashed his teeth and stared at Ji Hao. "You're going to be harder to beat, even harder than your Abba. The Fire Crow Clan people...are very lucky."

Ji Hao didn't respond. He withdrew back into the forest.

Mr Crow expanded its body, grabbed Ji Hao and transformed into a beam of fiery light, then flew towards the Gold Black Mountain.

Jiao and the older man took Jiang Xue, and also left the meadow quickly. They found a brook, jumped into it and soon disappeared within the water.

Back in the meadow, the four black ice-sculptures suddenly shattered into pieces. The cold air, which had been released from the sculptures, froze the entire meadow, including the bodies of Ji Hu, Ji Shui, and Ji Feng.

The voice of the old man resounded through the air, "What a smart boy...He'll be really hard to deal with...But, since the Bi Fang Clan have got themselves involved with the affairs of the Fire Crow Clan...We, the Black Water Serpent Clan...will soon get our

chance..."

After a while, a few Fire Crow warriors found the frozen meadow. They stood on the backs of the Fire Crows while silently looking down at those bodies.

A bit later, a horn being blown resounded throughout the entire Gold Black Mountain. However, the elderly man and Jiao were long gone, and the Fire Crow warriors had no way of tracking them.

Chapter 28: Transferred

Three days later, Ji Xia and Qing Fu woke up. Although they had almost been healed completely, they still felt very weak.

Ji Xia told everyone that Qing Fu had used up all the power of the 'Thorns of Life and Death' to counterbalance the Shamisen Fire in order to save Ji Xia and herself.

Inside the council meeting dome, the leaders and elders of the Fire Crow Clan were sitting around a bonfire. Ji Shu held the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane' in his hands. Besides Ji Hao, everyone else was looking gloomy at the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane'. Ji Hao was sitting behind Ji Xia, and was staring at Jiang Yao who was sitting next to Ji Shu wearing a grim face.

"We, the Fire Crow Clan, have the best warriors in the Southern Wasteland. However, we don't have good weapons and equipment which are equivalent to their abilities," said Ji Shu, who looked down at the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane' in his hands.

"But those nice equipments are not for free. We need a large amount of gold, jade, and valuable minerals to trade for those weapons and equipment." Ji Shu looked around at the people surrounding him and continued coldly. "Before the worship ceremony, I have been hunting in the Cold Stream Valley. I found a rich lode of both gold and jade there."

"Cold Stream Valley? I know that place, it's less than two hundred miles away from the Mountain of Springs. We have a mine in the Mountain of Springs, which produced eight-thousand pieces of gold last year," said Ji Xiao, after Ji Shu had finished talking. Ji Xiao was Ji Hu's father, and was also an influential person in the clan.

Ji Shu nodded and said, "I've sent people to investigate the Cold Stream Valley. We discovered that the mine in the Mountain of Springs is just a small branch lode of the central lode in the Cold

Stream Valley. As long as we have enough slaves to work in there, we will get at least two-hundred-thousand pieces of gold, and thirty-thousand pieces of jade, out of that Valley."

Ji Kui took a deep breath and said to Ji Shu, "Ji Shu, what do you have in mind?"

Ji Shu raised the 'Fire Crow Axe Cane', looked at Ji Xia who seemed tired and pale, and said, "My brother, you are the most powerful man among all these people; you're also extremely responsible. Such an important property must be guarded by you. So, I will send you to guard the Cold Stream Valley."

"That great lode means a lot to our clan, you're the only one who can take this responsibility. I know that the Cold Stream Valley is a bit far from the Gold Black Mountain. My brother, you should take your family with you." Ji Shu continued before Ji Xia could respond.

Ji Xia took a glance at the shining 'Fire Crow Axe Cane' then bowed to Ji Shu and said, "Sure. I will be on my way with my people. Please send slaves to open up the mine as soon as possible."

Ji Shu smiled and said softly, "Sure. We won't delay to open up that mine. After all, we're talking about a big profit."

Ji Xia stood up, stayed silent for a while, then said, "Three days ago, Senior Magi of the Black Water Serpent showed up near our Holy land. Ji Hu, Ji Feng and Ji Shui are missing...This..."

"I will look into this. My brother, you're no longer the leader. You don't have to worry about this kind of things anymore. Just focus on guarding the Cold Stream Valley," said Ji Shu coldly, with a frown.

Ji Hao stood up, and dragged Ji Xia's arm.

Ji Shu, Ji Xiao, Jiang Yao, the father of Ji Feng, and Ji Shui simultaneously threw a glance at Ji Hao. Especially Jiang Yao, her beautiful face was as twisted as that of a ghost; if she hadn't been

trying so hard to control her rage, she probably would already have exploded.

Ji Hao looked at her twisted face and intentionally said, "Ji Shu, my uncle, according to the rule of the Southern Wasteland, if a man dies, all of his properties can be inherited by his brothers. I've met Jiang Xue a couple of days ago, and I found her really pretty. I'd like to have her. Uncle Ji Shu, why don't you just give her to me?"

Ji Hao then wiped his own nose, showed a simple and honest face, and continued, "Although Ji Wu died before he had married Jiang Xue, it was a bit...unlucky. But, she's really pretty, so I wouldn't mind."

Jiang Yao's face turned even darker in rage. She clenched her own fists so hard that her nails had dug into her flesh. Her arms were trembling; she even broke one of her fingers off.

Ji Shu stayed silent for a while, then smiled grudgingly, and said, "Hao, you're right about that rule...But, although Wu's dead, he still has a few more cousins...You're just a distant cousin of his...I think...it's not yet your turn to have Jiang Xue."

Ji Hao sighed, threw up his hands, and said, "Ah...yes, yes, I forgot about those kids. I understand, I do. But...Jiang Xue's really pretty, I really fancy her. So...please do give her to me after those kids too, have died."

Ji Mu, who was sitting behind Ji Shu, almost stood up when he heard what Ji Hao had said. Ji Mu was one of the blood-related brothers of Ji Shu; his sons were those cousins they were talking about. In his eyes, Ji Hao had just cursed his sons to die.

Ji Shu put his hand on Ji Mu's shoulder, and pressed Ji Mu back in his seat.

Ji Shu then said harshly to Ji Xia, "Alright. Things are all settled! Ji Xia, my brother, you should make your trip to the Cold Stream

Valley now. You only have two months to get everything ready in the Cold Stream Valley. That lode is highly important to the development of our clan. You can't let that lode fall into the hands of the Black Water Serpent Clan!"

Ji Xia tapped his own chest, and spoke in a low voice "As long as I'm alive, the Cold Stream Valley will be ours."

Ji Xia then walked out of the meeting dome. Ji Hao followed Ji Xia and also walked out.

When they trod through the mulberry forest, Ji Hao laughed out loud and said, "Abba! Have you seen the faces of Ji Shu and his family? Haha!"

Ji Xia sighed, patted Ji Hao on his head, then said, "Ji Xiao and I... We have been close when we were young. But now...He has gotten something else in his mind. To work with the Bi Fang Clan might bring profit to them...But have they ever thought about our clan?"

Ji Xia remained silent for a little while, then murmured, "Hu, Feng, and Shui...Those three kids were quite talented. But they ganged up with outsiders and attempted to hurt their own people...They deserved to die...Such a shame..."

Ji Hao didn't say anything. Ji Shu and his people seemed very calm during the past three days. Ji Hao knew that they were planning something big.

Two hours later, Ji Xia's troops left the Gold Black Mountain and headed into the Northern jungle, accompanied by low and deep roars of beasts.

Cold Stream Valley was ten thousand miles away from the Gold Black Mountain. It wasn't easy for them to reach the valley within two months.

Chapter 29: Qing Ying

Ji Hao was sitting on the head of a Four-Tusked Mammoth, curiously looking at his surroundings.

The Four-Tusked Mammoths were the most common beasts to carry burden in the Southern Wasteland. Adult Four-Tusked Mammoths could grow up to a height of sixty feet from shoulders to toes, and a hundred of feet in length. Adult Four-Tusked Mammoths could also become as powerful as warriors at the Junior Magus Level.

The mammoth Ji Hao was sitting on, was the leader of the mammoth group, and was over a hundred feet tall. It was shaking its head, while tearing those towering trees that were in the way into pieces with its four huge teeth and opening up a broad road in the dense jungle.

"Good, big guy!" Ji Hao tapped the head of the mammoth delightfully, and scratched the soft skin behind its ears. The mammoth raised its head pleased, and let out a great sneeze, which started up a fierce wind that blew down a few big trees standing hundreds of feet away.

Walking behind the mammoths' leader was its partner, a female mammoth. Similar to the mammoths' leader, this female mammoth was also a lot bigger than the other mammoths in the group. The female mammoth was carrying a platform on its back, on which a shack had been built. Qing Fu was sitting in the shack, looking at Ji Hao with a smile.

Ji Xia was standing on the female mammoth's head, continuously talking to other warriors of the troop.

"Be careful! There are a lot of highly poisonous miasma and bugs in this jungle, don't get yourselves hurt! Don't let the Human-Eating Vines attack you from behind! Follow up! Don't fall behind!"

The jungle in the Southern Wasteland could be very dangerous. Even a powerful Senior Magus might get seriously injured when traveling alone through the jungle. As the team leader, Ji Xia had to pay extra attention to his people, and constantly remind them to be careful.

Ji Xia was leading a powerful troop. Besides himself, there were three other warriors who had just reached the Senior Level; they were Ji Ying, Ji Lang and Ji Bao; all three of them were close friends of Ji Xia. Other than them, there were also fifty Senior Magi warriors and six hundred Novice Magi warriors in the troop.

Jiang Yao was standing on the mountaintop of the Gold Black Mountain, looking at the troop which was disappearing in the jungle. "Ji Xia! Qing Fu! And that damn little bastard, Ji Hao!" Her face was twitching hideously.

"My 'Thorn of Life and Death'! Qing Fu! You wasted your inherited Magus treasure to save lives! You stupid bitch!"

"You're gonna die! All of you! Wu, my son! My precious son!" Jiang Yao trembled and growled ferociously.

Jiang Bo was standing behind Jiang Yao, glaring at his daughter coldly. "Look at what you've done! We could've killed all of them quietly! You caused us all these problems! Ji Hu, Ji Feng, and Ji Shui are dead now. Don't you think that their fathers will blame us for that?"

Jiang Bo gnashed his teeth and continued, "Do you know what's more troublesome? That girl, Jiang Xue! I told you to keep an eye on her! Keep an eye on her! But you! You...you sent her to kill Ji Hao! On purpose! Now Ji Hao is still alive, and Jiang Xue has gone missing! How should I tell that old bastard Jiang Shu about this?"

Jiang Yao grinned hideously; that creepy laugh even made Jiang Bo shudder. Jiang Yao stared at her father, gnashed her teeth, and said, "It doesn't matter...We've already gotten what we wanted from the Fire Crow Clan, haven't we? What that Lord wanted...we

can supply continuously from now on..."

A trace of delight showed up on Jiang Bo's face. He nodded and said with a smile, "That's true. As long as we can serve and please that Lord...There will be a lot of benefits for us, which others can't even imagine. These little troubles and frustrations are preparing us for an eternal glory that will make all our troubles at present, seem like nothing."

Jiang Yao stared Jiang Bo in the eyes, gnashed her teeth, and said, "I want Ji Xia, and his entire family to die! You! You will never be able to hold me back!"

Jiang Bo stayed silent for little a while, then slightly waved his hand and said, "You can do whatever you want, just don't let those Fire Crow Clan elders find out. It's about time to get this over with."

Half a month later, Ji Xia's troop had gone far away from the Gold Black Mountain. They had traveled through mountains, crossed rivers and fought against groups of crocodiles and poisonous snakes. They even met countless strange creatures that they had never seen before.

During their journey, they had met tens of branch clans of the Fire Crow Clan. Ji Xia's troop gained plenty of supplies from these clans. Each of these branch clans sent a part of their elite warriors to join Ji Xia's troop. At this point, the troop had now become a few times larger.

At present, Ji Hao was sleepily sitting on the mammoths' leader's head. The mammoth pulled a pile of vines apart with its ivory tusk; a beautiful great lake was revealed after that.

The lake was huge, and stretched over thousands of miles away. By the lakeside, there were white and fine sand beaches. A few huge turtles were lying on a beach and were enjoying the sunshine. Countless white birds were flying above the lake, picking up fishes from time to time.

On a black big stone which was only less than a mile away from Ji Hao, a hundred-foot-long Flood Dragon was coiled up and was snoring there. The Flood Dragon heard the mammoth and the people, snorted and took a lazy glance at Ji Hao, then fleetingly jumped into the water and disappeared.

Ji Hao gazed stunned at where the Flood Dragon had disappeared to.

It was a real Flood Dragon, with white scale and a beard; it had a single horn at the middle of its forehead and there were three claws beneath its belly. Ji Hao was captivated by its perfect body shape.

"A little Flood Dragon! Fled away, such a shame. Otherwise, we could have had it chopped. The Flood Dragon's meat...is the most delicious thing in the world," said Ji Xia, while he looked at that black stone and complained. "I've had Flood Dragon meat once when I was a little kid, and my father had still been alive. That flavor...oh my...Hao, if you ever get the chance, you have to try the meat of a Flood Dragon!"

Ji Hao experienced all sorts of emotions when he heard what Ji Xia said. Was the Flood Dragon, a legendary powerful creature, only a kind of food to warriors like Ji Xia?

Suddenly, a green shadow flashed through the jungle; an arrow silently appeared in front of Ji Xia's face.

Ji Xia laughed out loud, slightly flicked his finger and shattered the arrow into pieces. Then he shouted out, "Ying! Haven't you eaten yet? I felt no strength coming from this arrow! Or...Did your wife drain you?"

"My big brother! Don't misguide the kid! Is this Hao? I only saw him once when he was only an infant."

Along with the voice, a tall and slim-built young man dashed out of the woods. He was running really fast, even leaving a great

series of shadows behind him. Following this young man were another two hundred young warriors, who were also tall and slim-built.

All of these young warriors were holding longbows, and had big leather bags containing sharp arrows tied around their waists.

Ji Hao stared at the young man who was talking to Ji Xia, and soon recollected all the information about him. "Uncle! Are you tired from coming all the way here?" Said Ji Hao.

That young man was Qing Ying, Qing Fu's blood brother, and the leader of the warriors of the Qing Yi Clan.

Ji Hao happily looked at Qing Ying.

The warriors that were standing behind Ji Xia leapt off from the back of the mammoths one after another, opened their arms and hugged those Qing Yi Clan warriors.

Chapter 30: Fainted

After the Qing Yi Clan warriors had joined Ji Xia's troop, the troop started moving forward faster than before.

The Qing Yi Clan warriors were born in the jungle. The primitive jungle was like their own backyard. Additionally, the Maguspriests of Qing Yi Clan were the best at communicating with all kinds of magical creatures of the jungle and dealing with those poisonous miasma.

The two hundred elite warriors that had come with Qing Ying were leading the way at the forefront. The troop didn't encounter any problems due to their guidance.

"Wooo-hoo!" Qing Ying let out a shout as he ran up and jumped to grab a long vine, swinging over the troop and then dropping himself onto a towering tree. He effortlessly found a couple of bird eggs in a nest, and poured them straight into his mouth.

Qing Ying wiped his mouth after he was satisfied, then swung backwards. He flipped a few times in the air and quietly landed beside Ji Hao. Qing Ying gave Ji Hao two bird eggs and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey, Hao! Don't be so quiet! Why're you sitting here all day? You don't even look like a young man, you know? You look like those elders in the clan. Come on, follow me! Let's hang out! Look, over there! It's a nest full of Iron Beak Parrots!"

Qing Ying shouted out abruptly and pointed at a tree miles away.

Ji Hao was still turning his head to look at the tree while Qing Ying had already hopped on a branch and shot an arrow; the sharp arrow whizzed through the air. A faint cyan light appeared behind Qing Ying, and formed a pair of cyan wings which was rapidly flapping in the wind. The arrow was wrapped by a wisp of cyan smoke and darted miles away in the blink of an eye.

The tree that Qing Ying had pointed at was thousands of feet tall. Tens of the beautiful Iron Beak Parrots were hovering and chirping around a huge nest built on a branch of the tree. All of those birds suddenly howled simultaneously and was shot down by that one arrow drawn by Qing Ying.

"Wow! Amazing!" Ji Hao popped up his eyes and exclaimed out loud. His eyesight was great, which allowed him to see clearly that all of those parrots had been pierced by the arrow through the middle of their eyes and were falling from the air; all of their feathers had remained undamaged though.

"Of course!" Qing Ying leapt off and said proudly. "Hao, I, your dear uncle! I'm the most handsome man, the best shooter, and the youngest Senior Magus in the Qing Yi Clan!" Yelled Qing Ying while he was leaping between branches.

Qing Ying didn't stop boasting; he quickly got under the towering tree and picked up those dead parrots. However, he soon started screaming and fleeing backwards, because a large group of Ghost-Faced Bees were madly chasing after him.

"Help! Xia! Brother! Help me! Damn! Bees! I hate these crazy bees! Why did they make a nest in the grass?!"

Qing Ying put his arm around his own head and ran towards Ji Xia. The Ghost-Faced Bees were not highly venomous; however, once stung by this kind of bees, the wounds inflicted would itch like hell. Usually, people couldn't help but keep scratching their skins after having been stung by the Ghost-Faced Bees; sometimes they would even scratch their own skin off.

Ji Xia walked up to Qing Ying half-laughing and half-annoyed. He grabbed Qing Ying and threw him into the troop, then opened his mouth and spurted a large stream of fire which burned those bees into ashes.

Qing Ying took a seat next to Ji Hao; he had not yet recovered from that fright. "Damn! Those mad bees..." Qing Ying complained

loudly.

Ji Hao looked at him, laughed and said, "Uncle Ying! I thought you're the youngest Senior Magus in your clan! How could you be frightened by a group of bees?"

Qing Ying held his head high while looking at the rosy sun, and said shamelessly, "Of course I'm the youngest Senior Magus... I just... haven't been able to awaken my Magus Acupoints... yet."

Qing Ying had brought the troop a lot of fun during the journey. He was always jumping around like a monkey, making all kinds of small troubles, which made people laugh.

Day after day, the troop was still traveling through the jungle. Qing Ying loved hunting. He hunted a lot of beasts for Ji Hao to eat with his excellent hunting skills. Sometimes, Qing Ying just simply wanted to shoot something. Ji Hao was practicing the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell], which allowed him to devour as much as he wanted.

The two of them made a perfect team based on hunting and eating animals. With the power of the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell], Ji Hao was growing stronger and stronger. His body gained greater power and his blood that contained the bloodline power coursed through his meridians in streams, much quicker than before.

Ji Hao's body had been improved by the dragon's blood. The potential of his body was far greater than that of an ordinary human being. Added with all the beasts he had recently devoured, Ji Hao's physical power had already gone far beyond the Novice Level. However, he intentionally suppressed his strength and power, keeping his grade at the eleventh level as a Novice Magus.

Soon, they had traveled for fifty days. It was a quiet afternoon, a few Qing Yi Clan warriors flew back and shouted loudly.

"Brother Ji Xia! Brother Ying! We're only fifty miles away from

the Cold Stream Valley!"

Qing Ying was bored, and was sitting on the mammoths' leader's head, with his bow held in his hands. He let out a cheering sound when he heard those warriors, and darted away through the trees, disappearing quickly into the jungle while leaving a series of cyan-coloured afterimages behind him.

Ji Xia and Qing Fu stood up and looked into the jungle.

With these mammoths, they could reach their destination two hours at the latest.

Ji Hao also stood up and looked into the jungle. The Cold Stream Valley, where Ji Shu wanted them to come, was just beyond it. Ji Hao had made up his mind that no matter how difficult this would be, he was going to make Ji Shu and his people regret their decision, and make them accept the consequences.

Ji Hao took a deep breath, turned around and smiled to Qing Fu, then tried to say something to her. Suddenly, a ball of fire bursted out from his chest. He felt as if a volcano had just erupted inside his body; a large amount of hot air was released from his internal organs and steamed his bones and muscles. Ji Hao spat a mouthful of hot blood and made grasping motions towards Qing Fu, but he fainted afterwards.

The leather armour Ji Hao was wearing was completely burned by his high body temperature. Tens of twisted blood-red spell symbols emerged from the smooth skin of his slim yet sturdy body. Those spell symbols were continuously pulsating and quickly disintegrating one after another.

"Is the magic seal casted by Maguspriest Ji Kui disappearing? This...Ji Kui had said that this magic seal would gradually disappear after Hao's physical strength reached beyond the Junior Level!" Qing Fu and Ji Xia exclaimed simultaneously.

Ji Hao saw countless phantoms flashing through his eyes; his

ears were buzzing and he couldn't hear Qing Fu or Ji Xia.

"Gee, the Senior Magi blood? Hm...little guy, that couple, whom you call Abba and Amma...They love you so much...the ties of blood... Even I am jealous of you!" The voice of the mysterious man reverberated from Ji Hao's spiritual space.

Chapter 31: Wake

Ji Hao felt utterly powerless.

He saw a simple and crude cave, with tens of torches placed on the wall. He also saw a primitive altar that was carved out of a whole piece of stone.

A huge Three-Legged Gold Crow totem was painted on the wall with unknown beast blood mixed with mineral pigments. Under the firelight, the Gold Crow's eyes were shining with a magical light, looking down at Ji Hao.

Ji Hao sensed the wild and ancient vibe of this cave; he felt like he was wrapped by an intangible atmosphere; and he heard countless voices were whispering in his ears.

"My dear ancestors. I, Ji Xia, am giving my blood to my child, to increase his power and strength, to wish him a better future. My dear ancestors, please bless my child. Please make him stronger than me; make him the best warrior in the Southern Wasteland! I want him to regain the glory of the Gold Crow and to retrieve the status of our clan!"

Ji Xia was praying loudly. He put Ji Hao on the altar, looking down at him. His eyes were full of affection. He grinned then pulled out a bone knife and quickly cut his own wrist with it.

Qing Fu was sitting beside Ji Xia. She had now stood up and started to recite an ancient spell. She looked pale and weak. Along with her voice, a strange humming noise came from the air.

Ji Xia's blood was dropping from his wrist. Those blood drops hadn't fallen onto the altar directly; instead, they were floating above Ji Hao. Every drop of blood was slowly wriggling and changing shape under Qing Fu's control. At last, those drops of blood gathered into a head-sized Gold Crow with great heat and intense light.

Qing Fu then cut her own wrist as well, send her blood into the Gold Fire Crow.

"My dear ancestors, gods and ghosts. I, Qing Fu, am begging your pity. Please bless my son with health, safety and happiness."

After her blood melted into the blood-crow, countless spell-symbols started to emerge from the blood-crow. Qing Fu's face became even more pale.

The newborn Ji Hao was lying on the altar, gazing at his parents stunningly.

The blood-crow slowly descended from the air, merging into Ji Hao's body.

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Followed by a thunderous bang, a gust of cold wind broke into the cave with countless black ice-knives wrapped in it.

A couple of badly mutilated human bodies were thrown into the cave by the sharp wind. Those were the guards of the Fire Crow Clan Mother Temple. Their muscular bodies were almost torn to pieces by the ice-knives and shocked expressions were frozen on their simple and honest faces.

Qing Fu and Ji Xia turned their heads around. They saw a bucket thick, a hundred-foot-long and one-horned black serpent wriggled into the cave while it was releasing cold air and venom out of its huge mouth. The serpent saw Ji Hao, who was lying on the altar; its gigantic tail then heavily smashed towards Ji Hao.

Ji Xia had just given more than half of his blood to Ji Hao, which largely reduced his power. Once he saw that serpent, he let out a growl; two streams of flames then rushed out from both of his arms. A dragon scale shield and a mulberry-wood spear appeared in the flame. The shield blocked the serpent's tail that was only inches away from Ji Hao's tiny body; at the same time, the spear pierced the serpent's head at a lightning speed.

"Who are you! How dare you have invaded our Holy Land!" Ji Xia shouted out. His voice showed a trace of confusion. "How did you get in? This is our Mother Temple! This is the Fire Crow Clan's Holy Land!"

While Ji Xia was shouting at the serpent, the serpent's body exploded into a cloud of black smoke. A black figure emerged from that smoke and waved its hands toward Ji Xia. In the next second, over twenty black ice-knives darted out from that smoke and punctured all of the Magus Acupoints which were glowing brightly on Ji Xia's chest. Blood spurted out from his wounds, splashing all over Ji Hao's body.

Qing Fu let out a scream, then pulled three black, long needles from her coiled hair and threw them towards that black figure.

The three black needles pierced the figure's body; it let out a howl, opened its mouth and breathed out a wisp of cold air. The cold air suddenly transformed into three thumb-thick ice-knives then went through the three Magus Acupoints on Qing Fu's chest.

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Beside a blazing bonfire, the little Ji Hao was staring at Ji Kui curiously with his bright, watery eyes. Ji Kui was wearing a bone armlet and a leather cloak.

"Those damn stinky snacks! I curse their souls to be burnt by the Gold Crow fire and never be set free... Oh, look at our little one, such a talented Maguspriest. His spiritual power is already as strong as an ordinary Maguspriest even though he's only a newborn... Such a lovely creature... They've almost killed you!"

Ji Kui then bit his own finger and drew a set of complicated spell symbols on Ji Hao's body with his blood.

"Xia, You haven't finished your blessing ceremony. Your and Qing Fu's blood has missed the perfect moment to merge with our little one's body. I could only seal your blood inside his body with

my magic spell. This magic seal will gradually disappear after his physical strength goes near the Junior Level, and your blood will be slowly absorbed by his body after that."

"Don't worry, nothing could ruin his talent... My magic seal might affect his warrior practice, but he'll still be a powerful Maguspriest. Such a powerful soul, such a talented Maguspriest..."

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Ji Hao groaned, then opened his eyes. He saw a black cave ceiling; he also felt the soft fur beneath his body. There was a bitter taste that remained in his mouth, which was so familiar. That was the medicine made by Qing Fu.

The fat bear put its head near Ji Hao's face and gave a large grin when it realised that Ji Hao had woken up.

"Hey, fatty. Where's Amma?" Ji Hao looked at the slobber that hung at the bear's mouth corners and asked. He then pushed the bear's head aside.

The internal heat inside his body was resealed. He sensed that the Senior Magi blood from his parents was floating above the multicoloured flame in his Dantian; and the flame was working hard to transform the Senior Magi blood into beams of multicoloured lights, then was absorbed by his body.

Ji Hao felt an inexhaustible power from his body. He looked at the cave wall next to him, then chopped it with his hand.

His hand deeply cut into the rock wall. He felt like that he was cutting a piece of tofu with a sharp knife.

His strength hadn't seemed to have significantly improved; however, his body had become much more solid. There was still ninety percent of Senior Magi Blood which hadn't been released yet; as for the released Senior Magi Blood, more than half of it was waiting for it to be transformed by the multicoloured flame.

"Senior Magi Blood, so powerful!" Ji Hao leaped up from the

ground and waved his fists.

He looked around, then walked out of the cave. He saw a brook that was rapidly flowing towards the East; a beautiful and broad valley was quietly lying under the starlight.

Thousands of slaves moved their bodies while singing a work song, busily lumbering with sweat streaming down their backs.

A haughty voice came from not far away.

"Ji Xia, you're no longer the leader! You're just like us now! What makes you think you could talk to us like that?"

Chapter 32: The Cold Stream Valley

"What do you mean 'talk to you like that'? Look at what you've done!"

"It has been nearly two months since you've been given this job! The Mountain of Springs where you and these slaves came from are only hundreds of miles away from here. And these slaves haven't even built up their own shelters by now!"

"You had plenty of time and all these people! But you haven't even started building the mine hole! What have you all been doing these days?"

"I'm not finished yet. Could you please tell me where the food for these slaves are? Where are the meat for our fighting beasts and beasts of burden? Where are all the equipment we're gonna need for exploration and mining work? You just wasted the whole two months here!"

Under the starlight, Ji Xia was waving his arms and yelling at two men who seemed lazy and haughty.

The two men were wearing metal armours that were very rare in the Southern Wasteland. Ji Hao heard Ji Xia's voice; he then stopped walking, quietly watching them from the shade of the cave. He sensed strong power from the heavy swords worn around their waists. Faced with Ji Xia's reprimand, the two men just showed arrogant faces and seemed to not take Ji Xia's words seriously at all.

"Ji Xia, you're allowed to say whatever you want. We have sent five thousand slaves to you as what we've been told. From now on, you're responsible for the mining work in the Cold Stream Valley, as well as all the other affairs around here which has nothing to do with us."

The two men laughed out loud and whistled sharply. Two 'iron

claw bald eagles' with the wingspans of tens of feet soon landed in front of them. The two man hopped on the eagles backs; the eagles then rapidly rose high into the air, hovered around and flew towards the Gold Black Mountain.

Ji Xia raised his right arm angrily, then he paused; his arm froze in the air.

Before, if Ji Xia found any man muddling through his work, he would never hesitate to slap him hard in the face. However, as the two men had said, he was no longer the leader of the Holy Land warriors at this point in time, which meant he had no right to do so.

Mr. Crow abruptly landed on Ji Hao's shoulder.

Ji Hao then walked up to Ji Xia, looked at the two eagles which were gradually becoming smaller in the sky, and said, "Abba, are they Ji Shu's people? Do you want me to shoot them down?"

Mr. Crow cawed loudly, spurting wisps of fire from his beak.

Qing Ying quietly showed up beside Ji Hao. He pulled out an arrow and started yelling excitedly while he was waving that arrow.

"Yes! Hao's right! Let's shoot those bastards down! I only need a single shot for that from this distance!"

Ji Xia laid his arm down, tapped Ji Hao's head and said smilingly, "Don't. That was their own fault for not doing their jobs well. But we can never violate the rule of our clan. We can never take the initiative to hurt our own people."

Ji Hao gazed at Ji Xia's pale face. His mind flashed back to what he saw at the time when he fainted. He clearly remembered that Ji Xia blocked the attack with his own body; the boiling hot blood of Ji Xia splashed on his body and face. Ji Hao could never forget this.

"Sure, I won't do anything to them. Unless they do something to me first." Ji Hao smiled at Ji Xia, then turned around and started

to observe this valley carefully.

The starlight was bright and clear. Where Ji Hao had stood was the center of the valley. This valley was tens of miles long and miles wide; a thousand-foot-wide stream was rapidly flowing through the middle of the valley. By the streamside, there were piles of gold and jade pieces.

The water of the stream was ice-cold. Though Ji Hao was a mile away from the stream, he could still sense the chill from it. Ji Hao could hear the swish and gurgle of water washing out those gold and jade pieces by the streamside; those gold and jade pieces shone with an alluring light.

"Such an amazing lode!" Said Ji Hao.

"Indeed, it's a surprisingly large and rich lode. After we got here, your Amma did some exploration; she found out that the mineral resources here were buried relatively shallow, which will be easy to dig. We can easily get a hundred thousand pieces of gold and tens of thousands pieces of jade from this valley." Ji Xia then frowned and continued, "But those bastards from the Mountain of Spring only sent us five thousands of slaves with nothing else."

All kinds of knocking noises resounded throughout the valley. Thousands of slaves were singing their working songs and were busy at building their shelters. On the other side of the valley, tens of stilt cabins were already built up.

On the cliff, tens of Fire Crow Clan warriors were working hard on building the watch post. A few long vines were dropped down from the cliff and it pulled thick logs up to the cliff from time to time.

Near the entrances of both sides of the valley, a group of warriors were supervising hundreds of slaves building the wall. The slaves laid the foundation of the wall with thick logs; then filled two lines of logs with rocks and clay. This kind of wall would be firm enough to block the attacks from beasts.

The Cold Stream Valley was in the extreme North of the Fire Crow Clan's territory. The valley was surrounded by primitive jungle. A lot of dire beasts were living in the surrounding jungle of the Cold Stream Valley, added with other unpredictable dangers; if they don't build this wall as quick as possible, these slaves' lives would be in great danger.

Qing Fu came with a few warriors.

She smiled when she saw Ji Hao and intimately patted his head. Qing Fu then handed a fist-sized piece of red jade to Ji Xia and said, "Xia, this lode not only produces gold and jade. I asked these warriors dug thirty feet deep and we found this."

Ji Hao looked at that red jade piece curiously. That red jade was translucent and contained great heat; there seemed to have some kind of liquid flowing inside it. Under the starlight, this red jade piece was shining with a bright fiery light.

"Hmm? 'Fire Jade Pith'? This is the treasure which can largely and rapidly improve the power of Senior Magi with the natural abilities of fire control, and also is a kind of excellent material for making magus tools." Ji Xia popped up his eyes and said delightfully. "If we send this to the Clan as tribute, one piece of 'Fire Jade Pith' can be worth more than thousands of pieces of gold and jade!"

"We have to let those elder Maguspriests know that we have found the 'Fire Jade Pith' here as quick as possible. Tell them that they should send more warriors to guard this valley. And, Xia, you need to start hunting with Ying after the sunrise. The Mountain of Spring people haven't brought any food for these slaves." Said Ji Fu in a low voice.

Ji Hao took the 'Fire Jade Pith' from Ji Xia's hand then sent his spiritual power into the jade piece. He suddenly sensed a great power which rushed into his body from his palms. He felt like that he was drawn into a lake of lava and almost screamed out.

Ji Hao was half-shocked and half-surprised. This piece of red jade was not 'Fire Jade Pith', instead, it was a piece of 'Fire Essence Crystal'. In Ji Hao's previous life, he had seen hundreds of powerful warriors fighting for a small piece of a 'Fire Essence Crystal', which was less than one percent of the piece in size he was holding right now.

This was truly precious. The Cold Stream Valley was a great treasure indeed.

No matter who guarded this valley well, and sent the gold and jade to the clan as he had been required, he would earn the reward and thankfulness from the clan. Would Ji Shu be so kind to let Ji Xia have this credit?

Chapter 33: Savage

The fat bear immersed its entire body in the stream, after which it slapped its huge bear palms hard onto the surface of the water. The water splashed and brought up a five-foot-long fish, which was pure white and without scales. The fat bear opened its drooling mouth wide, caught the fish, and swallowed it instantly. After that, it let out a few cheers.

In the valley, one group of slaves were still working hard to build shelters and the wall; the remaining slaves had already started making simple stone tools for mining work under the supervision of a few Fire Crow Clan warriors.

Ji Hao stood on the wall which was nearly finished, and frowned while looking at those slaves who seemed to be lifeless.

In the Southern Wasteland, the mining work had always been extremely dangerous and heavy. Even a strong man with a healthy body would probably be disabled after working in the deep and dark mine shaft for two or three years. However, there were very few healthy men among the slaves Ji Hao was looking at. Nearly half of them lacked an arm or a leg. The rest of them were either children or old people. There were even a few sick people who couldn't walk straight.

Half of them couldn't last even a minute in the mineshaft. Where did Ji Shu find all this garbage? Ji Hao thought.

Ji Hao sighed, then shouted to Ji Ying who was supervising those slaves, "Uncle Ji Ying, I just pity those poor kids! Set them off into the jungle to find some fruits instead. They can do nothing around here anyway."

Ji Ying was holding a whip with which he lashed at the ground annoyed, then took a glance at those poor scrawny kids who couldn't even carry a piece of wood, and growled, "Damn Ji Shu! When I become stronger, I'll have to kick his ass and teach him

some rules!"

"Take these useless kids away! The two of you! Send them to the back of the valley where there is a piece wood with wild fruits. Let them fill their stomachs, after which they will have to bring all those fruits back to us!" Ji Ying said to a couple of warriors who were standing behind him.

Ji Hao shook his head then turned around, and looked into the dense jungle. In the morning, right after the sun had come out, Ji Xia had gone into the jungle and started hunting with a group of warriors. Feeding thousands of people wasn't easy at all, and would need at least hundreds of big animals to be hunted.

A few slaves were carrying huge stones even taller than themselves on their backs and gasping heavily. They walked beside Ji Hao step by step, then put those stones into the wall heavily. These slaves were bare naked, without even a leaf to cover their private parts. Tattoos of crocodiles on their skins showed that they had come from the Blood Crocodile Clan which was a subsidiary clan of the Black Water Serpent Clan.

The Fire Crow Clan and the Black Water Serpent Clan had been fighting against each other for decades; it was not uncommon for them to capture and enslave people from each other or their subsidiary clans. Ji Hao checked the few slaves working beside him with his spiritual power, and discovered that they were all Novice Magi under the second level.

"Yohohoho~ Yo! hoho~"

A strange shouting sound came from the jungle. A few figures flashed through the jungle then countless trees started shaking. A couple of spears darted out of the jungle along with the ear-piercing sounds of sharp winds created by them.

In the next second, a few slaves were speared and nailed on the fence wall.

"Enemies..." While Ji Hao was shouting, a tall and strong man rushed out of the woods and ran up to Ji Hao. This man was almost naked; his waist was wrapped around by a small piece of fur, and his whole body was covered with thick black hair. He was holding a wooden stick in his hand.

The wooden stick he was holding in his hand had the same thickness as Ji Hao's lap and the same length as Ji Hao's height, and was covered with dried blood. The man was only an inch shorter than Ji Hao, but his shoulder was half a feet wider than Ji Hao's shoulder, which made him look like a human-like chimpanzee. He raised the stick high in the air then let out a growl and smashed it down towards Ji Hao's head at the same time.

Ji Hao grabbed a spear which was leaning against the wall beside him, then let out a growl as well.

The appearance of enemies was too abrupt, and had left Ji Hao no time to cast any witchcraft or magic spells; he could only fight back with his physical strength.

All of the black hair that covered the strong man's body stood straight, and a cloud of black smoke appeared faintly behind his body. Inside the smoke, a red tiger head was roaring silently. A wisp of powerful black smoke then surged out from the stick and transformed into a tiger claw, which slapped towards Ji Hao's face with great speed.

Obviously, this strong man was a Junior Magus warrior. Only magi at the Junior or higher level could transform their powers into a certain shape. Usually, the strength of a Magus would go beyond twenty-thousand 'stones' when he or she reached the top level as a Novice Magus; once he or she advanced to Junior Magus, his strength would grow to at least thirty-five thousand stones; added with his or her bloodline power, the punch of a Junior Magus would at least be two times stronger than a top level Novice Magus.

Before Ji Hao could stimulate his internal power, the spear clashed against the stick.

The strong man stared happily at Ji Hao. He only saw a ball of faint light shining behind Ji Hao, which meant that Ji Hao had already started to make the connection with his bloodline power but hasn't awakened it yet, and Ji Hao was only a Level 12 Novice Magus tops!

"Die...Meat...Delicious kid..." The strong man murmured, his arms started swelling, which showed that he had used all his strength.

"Savage! Damn cannibal savage! Fight! Fight! Kill them all! Damn! Ji Hao! Step back! Quick!"

Bang!

The spear and the wooden stick simultaneously exploded into pieces. The explosion hadn't hurt Ji Hao at all. He slightly shook his arms and looked at the strong man. He discovered that the man was not as powerful as he had thought.

Contrary to Ji Hao, both of the palms of the strong man had been broken into several pieces; blood spurted out from his wounds. He stared at Ji Hao in shock while he was sent flying backwards.

"Kill!" Ji Hao growled. He was half-shocked and half-surprised.

He was controlling his power and strength intentionally and keeping himself at the eleventh level as a Novice Magus. However, he had only used six percent of his physical strength just now and completely beat a Junior Magus up.

"The magical [Bu-Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] made me gain extra strength; the dragon blood gave me a perfect human body; and the Senior Magi blood from Abba and Amma, it was so powerful!" Ji Hao cheered silently in his head.

He then let out a growl, grabbed a pair of axes from the hands of two warriors and rushed towards the strong man.

Tens of savages rushed out of the woods while screaming and shouting. Ji Hao waved the axes and broke through the crowd of savages like a whirlwind. Soon, the tens of Level 5 and Level 6 Novice Magi savage warriors were all chopped into pieces by Ji Hao. Blood splashed everywhere.

"Kill!" Ji Hao growled hoarsely. His pupils turned red. More savages rushed out of the woods continuously. Ji Hao madly rushed towards them.

Hundreds of savages were slaughtered by Ji Hao in the blink of an eye. The ground was littered with body pieces.

Suddenly, an angry growl came from the jungle. A three-meter tall man who was plump and sturdy rushed out. Three red light spots were brightly shining on his chest, which meant that he was a Senior Magus who had three Magus Acupoints awakened!

The Senior Magus savage grabbed a savage warrior who was running beside him and threw him hard forward.

The poor savage warrior let out a deep howl while darting towards Ji Hao like a human cannonball. Ji Hao sensed a strong wind coming along with the human-cannonball when it was still tens of feet away from him. He felt a strong chest pain that made him unable to even breathe.

Chapter 34: Four Eyes

"Break!" Facing the poor savage warrior who had been thrown at him as a human cannonball, Ji Hao dropped the axes, interlocked his fingers together then silently casted a spell; at the same time, he thrusted his hands forwards with his palms facing the savage warrior who was about to hit him.

The spell and hand gesture casted by Ji Hao made a connection with the vast nature power, which had now gathered into an invisible wall, shielding Ji Hao behind it. The poor human cannonball warrior exploded into a red cloud of mist accompanied by a loud bang once he collided against the invisible nature-powered wall.

The air shock waves even sent Ji Hao flying backwards.

Mr. Crow didn't take any action. He gripped Ji Hao's shoulder and gazed at the jungle behind the savage Senior Magus with his red and beady eyes without even taking a glance at the savage Senior Magus.

"Juicy little kid...You smell so good...Must be tasty!" The savage Senior Magus roared and strode towards Ji Hao. He was nearly a hundred feet away from Ji Hao; however, with a single step, he was now standing right in front of Ji Hao.

"Go away! You disgusting fat!" The horrible smell of the savage Senior Magus almost made Ji Hao throw up. He overlapped his hands with a frown and quickly stimulated his internal power. Soon, all of his internal power had condensed into a thumb-sized fiery lightning ball on top of his palm.

The fiery lightning ball then swelled into the size of a human head. Followed by an earth-shaking thunder, a ten-foot-long lightning darted out of the fiery lightning ball and struck right onto the huge fat belly of the savage Senior Magus.

The lightning instantly burned the dense black hair on the belly of the savage Senior Magus, and his dirty, oily skin laid bare. Countless sparks of lightning wrapped his body and made loud crackling noises. Some of the lightning sparks struck the ground and left hundreds of fist-sized holes.

The savage Senior Magus held his own stomach with trembling hands and staggered a few steps back. Although Ji Hao would never be able hurt the savage Senior Magus with his own physical strength, he had channeled the [Nine Secret Word] and borrowed power from the nature, which temporarily yet largely improved his power and strength. Even so, he still failed to cause any harm to the body of the savage Senior Magus. But he had successfully forced the savage Senior Magus back.

"Little bastard! I'm going to eat your brain!" The savage Senior Magus let out a roar and stamped down hard on the ground, causing an intense shaking which nearly made Ji Hao fall down.

Ji Hao rapidly retreated.

"Savage! This is our Fire Crow Clan's territory! Are you trying to get yourself killed?" Ji Ying flew towards Ji Hao with a spear held in his hand. His body was wrapped by a stream of fire which made him look like a fiery shooting star. He then landed in front of Ji Hao and firmly shielded him behind himself.

The spear made of mulberry wood was sparking and the obsidian spearhead was releasing a flame membrane. Ji Ying then lunged his spear at the chest of the savage Senior Magus for hundreds of times in the blink of an eye.

However, Ji Ying's attacks seemed to hardly hurt the savage Senior Magus. The savage Senior Magus stood firmly on the ground and put his palms together; a mace tattoo on his right palm lit up, and then a mace appeared in his hand.

Ji Ying only had two awakened Magus Acupoints, while the savage Senior Magus had three of them. Judging from their

physical strengths, Ji Ying was not the rival of the savage Senior Magus at all. The mace and Ji Ying's spear struck against each other; the impact pushed Ji Ying backwards and made him fall hard to the ground. A small part of Ji Ying's leather armour broke into pieces by the slight touch of the mace.

Along with a sharp wind, Ji Lang, who was guarding the back of the valley flew up to Ji Ying. Similar to Ji Ying, his body was wrapped by a stream of fire as well. He flashed across the air and switched position with Ji Ying, then leaped up and jammed his knees hard onto the face of the savage Senior Magus.

The face of the savage Senior Magus was smashed instantly. Blood spurted out from out his eyes and ears. He howled desperately, threw his mace away, and turned around, fleeing backwards with his face buried in his hands.

At this time, Ji Ying already stood back up. He held his spear tightly and dashed towards the savage Senior Magus at a lightning speed. In the next second, the spear went through the chest of the savage Senior Magus and pierced his heart. The savage Senior Magus screamed out, twitched a few times then fell onto the ground.

Thousands of savage warriors rushed out of the woods. However, all of them froze when they saw the savage Senior Magus lying on the ground and covered with blood. They were stunned at the sight of the savage Senior Magus, the most powerful warrior within their tribe. Their best warrior had been beaten, which had frightened them badly. They didn't know what to do next.

The savages were the robbers living in the jungle of the Southern Wasteland. They didn't have a homeland, they didn't know how to plant or raise animals. Neither did they have any idea about Maguspriests or elder Magi. They would eat every old or weak member of their own tribes. Just like wild animals, they moved around the Southern Wasteland jungle, robbed every clan they met and ate whatever they could find, including people.

The savage Senior Magus was the leader of this savage tribe, and was also the most powerful warrior among them. The rest of the savage warriors started yelling and screaming when they realized that their leader had already been knocked down.

Inside the dense jungle, a tall figure in black was standing in the shadow of a tree and murmured as it was dissatisfied, "Told you. These trashes are useless. They're even more stupid than animals! We have to do it ourselves if we want the prize."

The tall figure then walked out of the shadow and said, "Let's make it quick. The two Senior Magi just had their Magus Acupoints awakened, they're not bad. Besides, they're tall and pretty, those old ladies are gonna like them. They'll be worth a fortune!"

Another tall future walked out as well and said, "Let's do it together then. Catch them alive as quick as possible. And that little guy, he can cast a spell at such a young age...more importantly...look at that delicate face, someone's gonna pay a lot for that."

Ji Hao picked up the axe which was thrown on the ground by himself earlier and chopped the neck of the savage Senior Magus. He used all of his strength, chopped the neck of the savage Senior Magus hard for nearly a hundred times then finally beheaded him.

The body of the savage Senior Magus was still twitching intensely even after that. A while later, a huge stream of blood spurted out from his broken neck and the twitching stopped.

"Such a strong life force! And he was a Senior Magus with only three awakened Magus Acupoints!" Ji Hao exclaimed silently.

Then Ji Hao heard these heavy footsteps coming from the jungle. He suddenly sensed a murderous vibe.

Ji Hao then raised his head and saw two men walking out of the jungle. Both of them were over three meters tall and had worn full

metal armours. Except their faces, all of their body parts were well protected by the exquisitely crafted armours, including fingers.

Their faces had an odd bronze colour. One of them was holding a bola and the other one was holding a heavy sword.

Ji Hao stared at the faces of the two men in shock - Both of them had an additional pair of eyes located above their eyebrows. They were four-eyed people!

"Fight! Fight with your full strength! Damn! It's the Jia Clan warriors!" Shouted Ji Ying and Ji Lang simultaneously.

Mace:A mace is a blunt weapon, a type of club or virge that uses a heavy head on the end of a handle to deliver powerful blows. A mace typically consists of a strong, heavy, wooden or metal shaft, often reinforced with metal, featuring a head made of stone, copper, bronze, iron, or steel.

Bola: A type of weapon in use during the Clone Wars and later the Galactic Civil War, consisting of weights attached to an interconnected cord. The weapon was capable of wrapping around an individual's neck and breaking it.

Chapter 35: Invulnerable

Ji Hao felt as if an electric current had passed through his body; there were goosebumps over his entire body and the tiny hairs on his body were all standing up. He detected all sorts of emotions contained in the shouts of Ji Ying and Ji Lang; tension, shock, and even a slight trace of fear.

Ji Lang and Ji Yang held their head high and their weapons tight, while taking three steps forward and faced the two clansmen of the Jia Clan bravely. They might not be aware of the fear buried deep inside their own hearts, but Ji Hao certainly was.

"Uncle Ji Ying, what the hell is the Jia Clan?" Ji Hao looked at the two four-eyed men walking quickly towards him and shouted to Ji Ying.

"Withdraw! Hao! Back!" Ji Ying gripped his spear and growled. Streams of fire spurted out from his body, his body turning almost translucent in the raging fire. "They're monsters from the Jia clan! Stay away from them!"

"Hehe...hehe..." The Jia Clan warriors curved their lips and chuckled in disdain.

Looking at the inhumane enemies, Ji Hao took a deep breath. The purple light spot which was condensed by his internal power appeared between his eyebrows and started rotating rapidly, continuously drawing the surrounding power of the nature into Ji Hao's body.

Ji Hao's body trembled a bit, after which he started reciting the [Nine Secret Words]. At that moment, Ji Hao's silhouette became hazy and indistinct. Followed by a muffled thunder in the air, Ji Hao pointed his left hand towards the sky and his right hand towards the earth. His pupils were shining with a chilling cold light. At the same time, a chilling wind blew across the air.

The ground under the feet of the two Ji Clan warriors started moving like water. Tens of arm-thick thorns of dirt thrusted out from the ground. The tips of these thorns were shining with the same chilling cold light as that in Ji Hao's eyes. Under the control of Ji Hao's power, the hardness of these thorns were greater than that of steel.

However, these sharp and hard thorns shattered into dust against the armours of the Jia Clan warriors. The Jia Clan warriors stood still, but their armours were shining without even a trace left by those thorns. Their mocking laughter turned louder and their eyes, colder.

"Ji!" Ji Hao snapped. All the plants in the vicinity began to shake suddenly. Hundreds of towering trees withered and collapsed, and large patches of grass were rapidly scorched. Only a few plants near the two Jia Clan warriors were wrapped by a green light and started growing madly; their leaves and vines expanded over hundreds of times in the blink of an eye. Under the influence of Ji Hao's magic power, these leaves and vines became as hard as rebar and coiled around the bodies of the Jia Clan warriors like serpents.

Those huge vines continued coiling around the Jia Clan warriors and wrapped them into a large green cocoon, after which it started wriggling and wringing, making a gravely raucous noise.

"Such a boring trick!" A cold and glib voice came from within the green cocoon. Just when the voice faded, the cocoon blasted open due to the power from the inside; countless pieces of leaves and vines were blown away by the power of the impact. The two Jia Clan warriors calmly broke loose from the cocoon and continued striding towards them.

"Hao! Step back!" Ji Lang growled. "These Jia Clan people are monsters! Only a Senior Magus can deal with them!"

Ji Hao didn't listen to Ji Lang. He interlocked his fingers together and channeled the [Nine Secret Words] in order. The power of the

[Nine Secret Words] allowed Ji Hao to connect his own internal power to the power of nature. The nature power around him started rotating like an invisible whirlpool. A small spark emerged from the air then started a great fire around Ji Hao. Nine arm-thick and tens of feet long, fiery snakes darted out of the blazing fire and rushed towards the Jia Clan warriors, emanating great heat.

The fiery snakes hit right onto the chests of the Jia Clan warriors, but they didn't even blink when it happened. They only threw a mocking glance at Ji Hao and kept advancing. The nine fiery snakes exploded with a loud bang at the very next second, shedding sparks and smoke, and fell with a great splashes of fire near their heavy armours, failing to leave even a trace on them.

Ji Hao attacked the Jia Clan warriors over three times with all of his best sorceries. The lethality of his attack was even greater than that of an elite Junior Warrior's attack. However, the two Jia Clan warriors weren't harmed even a little bit. Ji Hao couldn't sense any magic power from the two Jia Clan warriors, which meant that they took all of attacks only with their strangely strong defensive capability.

"Shoot!"

Growls of a few Qing Yi Clan warriors came from behind Ji Hao. Tens of long arrows hurtled towards the Jia Clan warriors.

The Jia Clan warriors gave a scornful laugh, then closed their eyes. The Qing Yi Clan warriors were the best archers in the Southern Wasteland. The tens of arrows hit onto closed eyes of the Jia Clan warriors almost simultaneously, which gave Ji Hao a spurt of great joy. However, after less than one second, his heart sank heavily; he felt cold and hopeless like he was drowning in the Cold Stream in the middle of the valley.

All of the Qing Yi Clan warriors guarding the Cold Stream Valley were middle-level Junior Magi, even some elite Junior Magi. The

arrows shot by them could easily puncture tens of towering trees over miles away. But just now, their arrows had clashed against the eyelids of the Jia Clan warriors!

The Jia Clan warriors blinked and shook off the dirt left by smashed arrows. After that, they took a few big steps forward, and walked up to Ji Ying and Ji Lang.

Ji Hao stared at the two Jia Clan warriors nervously. What kind of freaks were they? Even their eyelids were indestructible, like iron walls and had shattered the arrows of the best archers in the Southern Wasteland! Ji Hao thought.

Ji Ying rushed out ahead of Ji Lang. He leapt up from the ground, held his spear high and pierced towards one of the Jia Clan warrior's heart. At the same time, the spearhead spurted out a raging flame.

Ji Ying injected all of his power into his spear, causing a great might to be emitted from the spear. The earth started shaking intensely and the soil melted rapidly. Not long after, a thin layer of lava covered the ground near Ji Ying and spread towards the surrounding areas.

The Jia Clan warrior who was facing Ji Ying held the bola in his left hand and took a step sideways then twisted his body at a weird angle, and dodged Ji Ying's attack. The spearhead sliced through the air, an inch away from his face, but didn't touch even a hair of his.

Ji Ying had missed his target. Before he had landed back on the ground and was able to adjust his posture, the Jia Clan warrior threw a punch at his throat instantaneously. Ji Ying let out a very muffled moan, lost his breath and showed the whites of his eyes.

After that, the Jia Clan warrior raised the bola and heavily hit against the back of Ji Ying's head with it. Ji Ying shouted out in pain, fell hard on the ground, causing his body to tremble continuously.

"Ji Ying!" Ji Lang growled and jumped up, rushing towards the Jia Clan warrior who was standing in front of Ji Ying. The other Jia Clan warrior seemed to have already foreseen his plan; once Ji Lang moved his feet, he put a heavy shield, which had abruptly appeared from nowhere in front of his partner. Ji Lang hadn't seen this coming, he collided hard against the shield; his head broke instantly and blood spurted out.

Ji Hao's pupils constricted to the size of pinpoint when he saw what happened.

The attacks of these two Jia Clan warriors were so clean and straight. It seemed like they had practiced this thousands of times.

Ji Ying and Ji Lang, two powerful young Senior Magi were each knocked down by a single attack. Ji Hao felt as if the Jia Clan Warrior weren't even humans, they were instead akin to fighting machines!

Chapter 36: Crisis

"Ha! Hehe..."

"Yo hohoho!"

"Ho ho! Ho!"

Seeing Ji Ying and Ji Lang lying on the ground as they tried to struggle back up with faces covered in blood, all of the Savages who were badly frightened by Ji Hao's slaughter and dumbstruck by the death of their leader, started shouting and jumping for joy.

Due to the generally low intelligence of these Savages, their behaviour was completely animal-like. Once their leader was defeated, they would turn and flee right away. But if their leader gained the upper hand in a battle, they would become the most ferocious warriors and tear every single enemy into pieces!

The terrifying enemies that just killed their leader had been knocked down by their honoured guests, granting boundless courage to these scattered Savages who were just about to run. They picked up their weapons before turning around then glaring at Ji Hao and the Cold Stream Valley behind him while shouting and clamouring.

"Human! A lot of humans! Meat! Delicious meat!"

"Olds, chewy! Youngs, tasty!"

"And women! Hey! Women! Hehe...women, mine!"

The Savages were drooling and yelling as they cautiously approached Ji Hao. Their strides constantly widening and their courage ever so increasing. Suddenly, one of them growled. Thousands of Savages started rushing towards Ji Hao and the Cold Stream Valley with their weapons raised high.

"Hao! Step back! Quick!" A warrior of the Qing Yi clan shouted at Ji Hao from the top of the unfinished wall.

Tens of Qing Yi Clan warriors pulled their out bows and shot hundreds of arrows in the span of two breaths.

Wisps of arrows whistled through the air and flew into the crowd of Savages like an intense rain. The remarkable shooting skill of the Qing Yi Clan warriors allowed every single arrow to wind a unique path through the air like a wriggling snake.

The arrows went through one, then two, then three, then even more to the Savages' throats. Each of the arrows pierced, at least, three Savages' throats. One of them even punctured the throats of fifteen madly running Savages before finally falling to the ground slantingly.

Immediately, blood splashed everywhere, covering heaven and earth.

A few Savages who were running in front of the crowd fell to the ground. They howled and struggled painfully with their hands around their punctured necks, then died soon.

The momentary courage of the Savages was now gone without a trace. Those Savages that luckily survived the arrows started screaming terrifyingly; they dropped their weapons and fled in the opposite direction of the Cold Stream Valley with all of their remaining strength.

The two armoured Jia Clan warriors frowned and shook their heads.

"These useless wastes! These Savages are no better than animals! They're not even qualified to be slaves! We have to do this ourselves!" Said the Jia Clan warrior who held a bola in his hands. He then sneered and continued, "The two of us are enough to capture the entire valley!"

The Jia Clan warrior with heavy shield and sword let out a sneer as well, and said, "We still need these Savages to send all these captives out of the valley for us. We can't let those archers kill all

of them!"

The Jia Clan Warrior hung his shield on his belt then held his sword with his left hand, and crooked his middle finger of his other hand towards Ji Hao. He slightly raised the left corner of his upper lip and said with a mocking smile, "Hey, little kid, such a young Maguspriest. you're really good! Come, let us see what else you got!"

Ji Hao took a deep breath. His black pupils suddenly turned into a golden-red colour; nine spell symbols of the [Nine Secret Words] emerged around both of his pupils. The power of the [Nine Secret Words] began to drag the nature power into Ji Hao's body, even darkened the sunlight tens of feet around Ji Hao.

The Jia Clan warriors curiously looked at Ji Hao and showed no signs of attacking. Obviously, they didn't take Ji Hao serious at all, they were just curious about what Ji Hao was going to 'perform' for them.

"Hao! Back! You can't deal with 'em!" Ji Ying shouted. He was hit hard on the back of the head by the bola warrior and almost lost his consciousness; he had now leapt from the ground and raised his blazing spear, and stabbed towards the Jia Clan warrior's neck. The spear left a huge arc of fiery light in the air.

The life force of the Senior Magi were extraordinarily strong. The heavy bola's punch might've smashed the head of an ordinary man; however, Ji Ying only felt dizzy after he was hit by the bola, and soon recovered from it; he rose and fought again with his full power.

At the same time, Ji Lang, whose forehead was cracked and broken with face covered in blood, leaped high in the air as well. He took out a black dagger and stabbed towards the other Jia Clan Warrior's face.

In the meanwhile, he also shouted to Ji Hao, "Hao, draw back! Quick! Everyone stay back! Back! Back!"

Ji Hao calmly looked at Ji Ying and Ji Lang, yet he didn't move.

Mr. Crow quietly stood on Ji Hao's shoulder and ruffled his feathers. He fixed his eyes onto the dense jungle, where all these enemies came from and totally ignored the two Jia Clan Warriors.

Ji Ying and Ji Lang made their counterattacks simultaneously. However, the two Jia Clan Warriors suddenly stretched out their arms at exactly the same moment, and grabbed the necks of Ji Ying and Ji Lang, smashing them hard to the ground.

The earth shook intensely; Ji Ying's and Ji Lang's body was deeply buried into the ground.

"Kill!" Ji Ying roared from the hundreds of feet deep hole his body buried into, then jumped out of the hole with his body wrapped by a blazing fire, and rushed towards the Jia Clan warrior again.

"We're Senior Magi from the Fire Crow Clan!" Ji Lang spat out a mouthful of blood and also jumped out of the other hole. His dagger had gone missing when he was pummeled into the ground; he had now clenched his fists and threw punches to the Jia Clan Warrior instead.

"They're way stronger than you! Way stronger!" Ji Hao gnashed his teeth and growled in a low voice. "Why're you have to be so stubborn? Do you have to risk your lives against these guys?!"

Both of the two Jia Clan warriors took a step aside and easily dodged the attacks of Ji Ying and Ji Lang. Their actions were so unified, which gave a weird feeling that was very hard to explain. They avoided Ji Ying and Ji Lang's attacks with merely a simple step; then crooked their arms and leaned their upper body forward, striking hard against Ji Ying and Ji Lang's lower bellies simultaneously with their hard, hammer-like elbows.

Ji Ying and Ji Lang were sent flying backward instantly like cannonballs; their body sliced through the air, started a sharp air

steam even cut a tens of feet long and five feet wide ditch into the ground. The two of them then heavily fell to the ground near Ji Hao's feet; their eyes widened and blood gushed out of their mouths.

This time, they were seriously injured and couldn't rise again even with the strong life force of Senior Magi.

The Jia Clan warrior with a sword then crooked his finger and sneered at Ji Hao again: "Come on, little guy, let me see what you got!"

"You think I'm stupid?!" Ji Hao showed his middle finger to the Jia Clan warriors without caring whether they could understand the meaning of this hand gesture. He then grabbed Ji Ying and Ji Lang with both of his hands and resealed the power inside his body, transformed into a stream of fiery light and disappeared.

In the next second, Ji Hao appeared near the entrance of the valley with Ji Ying and Ji Lang held in his arms.

"Retreat!" Ji Hao shouted while running madly toward the end of the valley. "Uncles, retreat! The enemies are too powerful! We have to wait for Abba and the other warriors to come back! Retreat! Just leave these slaves here!"

Tens of Qing Yi clans warriors quickly drew close to Ji Hao; other Fire Crow Clan warriors who were guarding the valley followed Ji Hao and ran toward the end of the valley as well.

However, two figures then broke into the valley like a tornado. They bursted into the crowd of Fire Crow Clan and Qing Yi Clan warriors, sending tens of them flying; these warriors then fell hard on the ground thousands of feet away and coughed up blood ceaselessly.

Ji Hao stopped running; because he saw the Jia Clan warriors were waiting in front of him with that mocking sneer on their faces.

They moved too fast, Ji Hao didn't even clearly see how they broke into the valley.

Chapter 37: Puppet

Ji Hao was stopped by the two Jia Clan warriors. The slaves near Ji Hao were all curling up on the ground and trembling in fear.

From the Cold Stream that was flowing at the side, the fat bear jumped out abruptly. The bear's fur was soaking wet. It leaped high in the air, raised its huge paw and slapped toward one of the Jia Clan warriors.

"Fatty! Get away!" The corners of Ji Hao's eye twitched. He let out a growl anxiously.

The bear's beady eyes turned into blood-red; thick strands of viscous white saliva hung from the corners of its mouth; every single of its hairs had risen on end like steel needles; and the huge bear paw created a gust of fierce wind. The bear showed no signs of stopping.

The Jia Clan warrior aimed at by the bear raised his head, throwing a sideways glance at the bear with that mocking smile that remained on his face. He then quickly took a large step sideways, moved right under the bear's body, and punched the bear's belly with his right fist.

This punch sent the gigantic bear flying into the air. The bear flew a mile away like a small flying mountain, then fell into the Cold Stream. The water rapidly turned red and then the bear slowly floated up, drifting down along with the flow then getting stuck at several giant stones in the middle of the stream.

At the end of the valley, swirls of dust rose thousands of feet high in the air. Tens of Fire Crow Warriors who were guarding the end of the valley were rushing towards Ji Hao and the others.

They shouted loudly when they saw the two Jia Clan Warriors; looming fiery lights appeared behind their bodies. They raised their arms and threw their spears towards the Jia Clan warriors

across a distance of miles.

Tens of Mulberry wood spears were all wrapped by blazing fire and darted toward the two Jia Clan Warriors in different paths, blocking all the possible sides that the Jia Clan warriors might go to dodge the attack.

The Jia Clan warrior with the sword turned his head then showed a creepy smile to Ji Hao who had a very serious expression. The Jia Clan warrior then took the shield which hanged around his waist and raised it high then casted an odd spell. The shield suddenly emitted an eye-piercing light; the light soon formed an immense light-shield in front of the two Jia Clan warriors.

In the next second, all the spears shattered against the light-shield along with a thunderous noise, while the light-shield stood firmly without even shaking.

Ji Hao noticed that there was a familiar totem embossed on the surface of the Jia Clan warrior's shield - A tower with a blood-red eye floating on top of it. That eye was shining with a blood-red light, very life-like. Ji Hao gazed at that eye, shivering subconsciously.

Another Jia Clan warrior dropped his bola and soothed the bone joints of his fingers. He thrusted his hands towards the tens of Fire Crow warriors who were rushing towards him and his partner. His ten fingers then started flicking like he was playing a pipa.

The air near his fingertips then started popping; countless fist-sized, dagger-like sharp gusts of winds darted out from near his fingers and suddenly hit on those Fire Crow warriors' bodies.

Every single flick of the Jia Clan warrior sent hundreds of gusts of wind towards those Fire Crow Clan warriors; these dagger-like wind broke their bones, pierced their arms and legs, and hollowed their chests. Those Fire Crow warriors had not been prepared for this; they were trembling intensely and vomiting blood, seemingly as weak as grasses under the attack of these strange wind. Soon, all

of the Fire Crow warriors were sent flying backwards by the rain-storm-like sharp gusts of wind.

"So vulnerable! I'm disappointed. Haven't met any real rival yet." Said one of the Jia Clan warriors.

The other Jia Clan warrior stopped flicking his fingers. Wisps of smoke rose from his ten finger tips, which caused by the friction between his fingers and the air.

Ji Hao gnashed his teeth and glared at the two horrible enemies.

The shield was nothing but a magus tool with extraordinary defensive power. However, Ji Hao didn't sense even a trace of magical power from the guy who just knocked tens of Fire Crow Clan warriors down by flicking his fingers, which meant that he only popped the air using brute force and easily smashed a Fire Crow Clan warrior team.

Mr. Crow stretched his wings and slightly moved his claws which were gripping Ji Hao's shoulder; a trace of cruelty flashed through his blood-red pupils.

Ji Hao patted Mr. Crow and slightly shook his head. He had known Mr. Crow since he was a newborn baby; he clearly understood the meaning of Mr. Crow's actions.

There are still more powerful enemies hidden in that dense jungle all this time, which was why Mr. Crow didn't pay any attention to the Jia Clan warriors and kept a vigilant watch at the jungle.

"You're very powerful. However, this is our Fire Crow Clan's territory." Ji Hao stared at the two Jia Clan warriors who wasn't even gasping for breath after all this, and said seriously. "No matter where you came from, you have invaded our territory, you..."

"This place is far, far away from the center of your Fire Crow Clan, we're not afraid of the retaliation from your clan at all. Are

you trying to stall us? Little guy, I have to admit that you surprised me. This cleverness of yours will make you worth even more!" The Jia Clan warrior wielding a sword interrupted Ji Hao's words. He looked at Ji Hao up and down with his four cold eyes.

The other Jia Clan warrior picked up his bola, waved it then grinned and said to Ji Hao, "You'll be worth a fortune. I feel like I'm looking at piles of gold and jade. We can live a happy and comfortable life for a long while."

All the warriors guarding the Cold Stream Valley were knocked down this time; groups of Savages rushed into the valley.

These Savages had no sense of rules��they started damaging everything once they got into the valley.

Thanks to Ji Shu and his people, there were nothing like food or equipment worthy to be robbed in the Cold Stream Valley. The Savages rummaged for a while then fixed their eyes on those slaves who were still curling up on the ground.

"Meat! Smell so good!" Savages rubbed their hands and walked toward those slaves. They have fought hard for quite a while; at this point, they were all starving. The Savages could eat all living things; now these slaves who were powerless to resist were the best food for them.

The sound of friction came from the jungle. Three enormous metal beings swiftly walked out of the jungle along with cracking branch sounds.

Ji Hao looked at the three gigantic things stunningly - They looked like three huge metal spiders; their bodies were over twenty feet tall and the spider legs were nearly a hundred feet long, which allowed them to move surprisingly fast.

Soon, the three metal spiders got into the Cold Stream Valley. They opened their mouths and made an ear-piercing sound. The Savages who were approaching those slaves started screaming

immediately and tried to block the sound by covering their ears with their hands. Then they left those slaves and fled.

The three metal spiders quickly walked up behind Ji Hao while driving Savages away and slowly lowered their bodies.

The body of the metal spider in the middle opened a crack abruptly; a cold voice came from inside of it.

"Bind all the captives. Now we only need to wait until the others come back and take care of them too, then we can finish this perfect hunt."

The voice paused for a second, then chuckled, "It's worth the wait. We have waited in the damn jungle for over a month. I'm very satisfied on our harvest this time."

Pipa: A plucked string instrument with a fretted fingerboard

Chapter 38: Counterattack

Ji Hao's heart was in utter confusion.

Ji Hao could explain the full metal armours which were worn by the Jia Clan warriors with his previous life knowledge, but these three incomparably exquisite and agile walking metal spiders were completely beyond Ji Hao's imaginations.

"Haha, you southerners are really ignorant. I bet you've never seen anything as terrific as this. Hm, once we sell you at a good price, us, the 'Blood Fang', can purchase another two best quality 'Sword Edge Spiders', then it'll be even more convenient for us to travel around the Southern Wasteland Jungle."

The Jia Clan warrior with shield and sword sensed Ji Hao's astonishment and confusion, he pointed at the metal spiders and boasted, "Hey, little guy, these are Sword Edge Spiders, fighting puppets crafted by Xiu Clan master craftsmen. They run very fast, has good defensive quality, and... we're very satisfied with their large-scale lethality. They're the most suitable equipment for traveling in this rough mountainous area."

"Toba, you talk too much." Along with a metallic friction sound, a metal ladder stretched out from the metal spider's body. A young man, who was tall and thin, wrapped a cloak around himself and slowly walked down the ladder.

Ji Hao looked at the young man, popped up his eyes.

The young man was only two-fists-long shorter than the Jia Clan warriors. He had an extremely slim body shape. At first glance, his waist even was no thicker than the Jia Clan warriors' arms.

The young man's skin was as white as the best mutton fat jade; his face was like an exquisitely carved sculpture, breathtakingly beautiful but had a slight trace of evilness. Ji Hao even felt that this young man was too pretty to the point of being unable to look

like a human. The purple cloak he was wearing was also extraordinarily ornate. Ji Hao recognised the texture of the cloak; it was the best quality silk. On its surface, there was a complicated pattern embroidered with multicoloured silk threads by using a complicated embroidering process.

In the Southern Wasteland, people mostly use hides to make clothes; even the most primitive self-woven linen was very rare. Abruptly seeing a luxurious cloak like this, Ji Hao got a strange feeling of having traveled in space and time once again.

More astonishingly, on the forehead of the young man was an erect eye located between his eyebrows. The erect eye was a circle bigger than his other eyes, and was rolling agilely in his eye socket; circles of looming blue lights was flashing in the erect eye.

"Three...three eyes?" Ji Hao was stunned, gazed at the young man.

"Hm, what's wrong with three eyes?" All three eyes of that young man narrowed down simultaneously, and looked at Ji Hao coldly then said. "As my captive, little guy, your attitude should be more respectful. For example, if you kneel down right now, I can make you suffer less."

The young man then frowned and continued, "What's with that look? Do you think I'm a freak? To me, you people are the freaks, monsters, barbarians, dirty and stupid savages! Stinky jungle apes!"

"Toba, Toao, what are you waiting for? Just tie this kid up. We can use him to treat his father later... His father is different from those two new Senior Magi. You don't want to deal with a powerful Senior Magi with over forty awakened Magus Acupoints, do you?" The young man then twitched his mouth corners downward and showed a face of disgust, waved his hands and said.

The 'Sword Edge Spiders' were really a high-speed equipment; they got into the Cold Stream Valley in only a span of a few breaths

after they walked out of the jungle. Until the three-eyed young man showed up in front of Ji Hao, a troop rushed out of the jungle.

There were over two hundred of sturdy men with fierce looks in the troop. All of these men were over two-meter tall and wore simple metal armours; their skins were as dark as iron; their right hands held heavy shields and their left, held swords and other types of weapon.

These men were walking swiftly and orderly; they separated into groups of three and moved alternately and covered mutually. Every move that these men made left Ji Hao an 'elite troop' impression. They followed the metal spiders and got into the Cold Stream Valley, started to tie those injured Fire Crow Clan warriors with vines and gave commands to those Savage warriors.

The three-eyed young man heard the troop, subconsciously taking a glance back and loudly giving an order, "Kill all old, sick and disabled people! It's a shame to waste food on those garbages. Tie all the strong warriors and slaves up. This time. we're gonna make a good price."

Toba and Toao had also been distracted by the troop for a moment.

Ji Ying and Ji Lang were severely injured, and Ji Hao was merely a Novice Magus. Though Toba and Toao have always been very cautious, they presently dropped their vigilant state.

Ji Hao took this chance. He dropped Ji Ying and Ji Lang who were still coughing up blood from time to time, and chanted the 'Nine Secret Words' in a whisper. Once Ji Hao's voice faded, the ground under Toba and Toao's feet suddenly became a pool of slurry. Toba and Toao shouted out, fell into the slurry pool unprepared and was soon submerged in the slurry pool.

The three-eyed young man turned his head back when he heard the noise, and stared at Ji Hao as if he had seen a ghost.

Three 'Sword Edge Spiders' eyes emitted a piercing red light; they then leaped high into the air and speared toward Ji Hao's chest with their long metal legs. The 'Sword Edge Spiders' moved fleetingly, Ji Hao couldn't even see them move clearly.

Luckily, Ji Hao had no need for defense. Mr Crow enlarged his body into his real size in the blink of an eye; streams of fire darted out from every single feather on his wings; he then flapped his enormous wings towards those metal spiders thrice. Instantly, cracking sounds emerged from within the metal spiders' bodies; all three of them were then sent flying by the fierce air flow.

The metal spiders were sent flying miles away, and fell hard to the ground. Their bodies were still wrapped by a blazing fire then soon became glowing red, finally turning into a puddle of iron melt.

Mr Crow then flew high into the air and grabbed toward the three-eyed young man's head with his huge sharp claws.

The three-eyed young man raised his head panickedly, blue light flashed across his erect eye; then a sharp gust of cyan wind emerged out of his erect eye. The cyan wind quickly formed to thousands of feet wide and started rotating rapidly.

The cyan wind wrapped around Mr Crow's body and rotated him high into the air. Numerous sharp wind knives struck his steel-like hard feathers, creating sparks from its collision.

Wisps of hot blood dropped from the air. Mr Crow was harmed by the wind created by the three-eyed young man's erect eye.

Angry roars came from the slurry pool. Toba and Toao tried everything to get rid of the slurry; however, there was nothing to hold or step onto in that pool. It seemed that they couldn't

get out of that slurry pool for a while.

Ji Hao found out the weakness of the Jia Clan warriors - They had enormous physical strength but knew nothing about magical

power and witchcraft.

Going from one extreme to another. If the Jia Clan warriors only had physical strength, then what about the three-eyed young man? Ji Hao thought.

"Kill!"Ji Hao let out a growl. His body then transformed into thousands of fire sparks and appeared behind the three-eyed young man in the next moment. He interlocked his hands together, casted a spell then his palms struck on the three-eyed young man's back with all of his power.

All three eyes of the young man nearly popped out of his eye sockets. A stream of blood spurted out from his mouth; he even felt as if his internal organs were about to fly out of his body through his mouth.

"Bastard!"

Toby and Toao finally sank to the bottom of the slurry pool. They stomped hard on the bottom and leaped high into the air, heavily landing on the ground beside the slurry pool.

Mutton fat jade: Creamy white Chinese nephrite is referred to as 'mutton fat jade', and most of it is found near the city of Hotan in China.

Chapter 39: Stalemate

"Ba...B*stard!"

The three-eyed young man cursed in a trembling voice; he was vomiting blood, and soon, his nose and ears also started bleeding.

The power Ji Hao gained from years of cultivation on the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] was full of variety, which meant that Ji Hao could choose what kind of power to use when he casted an attack. The power he used to hit the three-eyed young man just now was wild and strong; like the heaven falling and the earth cracking; like the eruption of a volcano. The power burst suddenly, directly causing tremendous damage to the three-eyed young man's internal organs.

Toba and Toao finally got out of that slurry pool. They wiped clean the slurry off their faces embarrassedly, then saw their leader sent flying by Ji Hao's punch and seemed to have been seriously injured.

"Die!" Toba raised his sword. A fierce cyan wind gathered around the sword; a cyan phantom of the sword appeared a few feet away from the sword edge and chopped toward Ji Hao.

Toao picked up his bola and darted towards the three-eyed young man as well, leaving his shadow behind him. He stretched his arms and threw out his chest that made it seem that he was going to shield the young man with his own body.

Sharp cawing came from the sky. Mr Crow, who was sent away by the wind from the young man's erect eye was now diving from above. His wings shook and ejected numerous blazing black feathers towards Toba and Toao. Those feathers descended from the air like raindrops; every single feather left tens of feet of a long trail of black smoke.

Toba and Toao simultaneously let out roars half-angrily and half-

sorrowfully. Faced with Mr Crow's attack, they took a deep breath as they firmly stood.

Several smooth lines lit up on the surface of their armours; tens of fist-sized spell symbols then emerged from its surface and started to flash with a piercing light. They kept their heads down and let those blazing feathers hit their bodies.

Followed by thundering noises, the feathers overwhelmed their bodies. Mr Crow was cawing sharply; tens of feet long fire stream spurted out from his blood-red eyes. Toba and Toao's bodies were trembling intensely; the spell symbols on the surface of their armours were rapidly flashing. From time to time, feathers broke through the spell symbols' light and struck the armours, leaving deep cuts on them.

Every second, Mr Crow threw over ten thousand feathers towards Toba and Toao. These feathers had an unknown source, seemingly like an incessant river flow, flushing through the armours of Toba and Toao. The armours of Toba and Toao were lashed by the feathers; large fire sparks often broke out near their bodies and armour fragments kept falling on the ground.

Suddenly, Toba let out a howl. His shoulder pauldrons were completely damaged by the feathers; three six-foot-long blazing feathers pierced through his shoulders and had gotten stuck in his scapulas.

The three feathers were wrapped by a golden red flame, which burned Toba's shoulder. The stinky stench of burnt meat pervaded throughout. Toba's face wretchedly twisted in pain.

Toao had now forgotten to cover the three-eyed young man; instead, he opened his arms and tried to catch the feathers which were flying towards Toba.

Ji Hao darted behind the three-eyed young man who was coughing up blood and trying to flee. Ji Hao's fists moved at a lightning speed and brought out tens of phantoms, punching

towards the young man. The young man's body trembled violently, blood continuously spurted from his mouth.

"Die!" The young man who was nearly pummeled by Ji Hao's punches abruptly turned his head around, the erect eye between his eyebrows suddenly lit up; a tens of feet long, sharp wind-knife emerged out of that eye along with an ear-piercing sound.

However, once the young man turned his head, Ji Hao quickly smacked his face; before the wind-knife darted out, the young man was whirled by Ji Hao's smack. The sharp wind-knife from his erect eye then sliced the air merely an inch away from Ji Hao's face, darting ten thousand feet away in the blink of an eye.

The wind knife was incomparably sharp; it split all of the rocks and plants in its path. Tens of unlucky Savage warriors who were standing in its path didn't even make any noticeable sounds before they were sliced into two by the wind-knife.

Along with a cloud of crimson mist, the wind-knife exploded into a cyan whirlwind ten thousand feet away. It rotated with hundreds of palm-sized wind-knives and shattered everything around hundreds of feet, slowly subsiding afterwards.

Ji Hao was slightly shocked by the power of the wind-knife. "This wind-knife has such a scary power. If one casts a wind-knife like this in a battle, it probably can kill at least hundreds of enemies." Ji Hao thought in his mind.

Ji Hao didn't wait until the three-eyed young man realised what was happening; he grabbed the young man's cyan long hair and threw a kick to the vital part between his legs skillfully. Before, the young man kept on shaking his head and tried to fight back but now he stooped down instinctively and using his hands, he covered the vital parts between his legs which were tremendously damaged.

"Kneel down! You, kneel down!" Ji Hao growled and kicked the young man with his right leg.

Within the span of a single breath, Ji Hao had thrown at least a hundred heavy kicks on the young man's shanks. Along with loud thuds, Ji Hao felt that his toe bones were nearly shattered. Finally, with a cracking sound, the young man's shank bones broke into pieces.

"Damn bastard!" The three-eyed young man screamed out; tears and snot gushed out simultaneously.

Ji Hao took out a dagger and stabbed it into the young man's mouth while he was screaming and cursing; he started cutting the inside of his mouth. Ji Hao shook his wrist, feeling as if he was cutting a piece of leather using a blunt knife; he spent a lot of effort and finally sliced the young man's tongue. The young man's body intensely trembled from great pain, suddenly becoming limp and losing all resistance.

Mr Crow cawed and landed on the ground, opening his beak and releasing a breath of golden red flame towards Toba and Toao.

Toba and Toao howled simultaneously when they saw that the three-eyed young man was captured by Ji Hao. They ignored Mr Crow's flame and rushed out like they were running away from certain death; they went up to Ji Ying and Ji Lang who were badly injured and were lying on the ground, then pulled Ji Ying and Ji Lang up and held them in front of their chests.

Mr Crow suddenly popped up his eyes when it saw that Ji Ying and Ji Lang was about to get burned by its fire. It then widely opened his beak and inhaled the fire back.

'Bang!' The fire was drawn back inside Mr Crow's lung and soon exploded inside his body. Two wisps of smoke puffed out from its nostrils. Mr Crow was being choked by the smoke and started cawing loudly; tears gushed out of his blood-red eye sockets.

Ji Hao held the dagger against the young man's temple, and twisted his wrist; the dagger tip cut the young man's soft skin open; if Ji Hao pushed just a bit harder, the dagger would pierce

through the young man's head.

"Release! Release them!" Ji Hao looked at Ji Ying and Ji Lang, who was grabbed in Toba and Toao's hands and growled. "If you don't want this three-eyed kid die, you better release them now!"

"You release our captain first! Now!" Said Toba and Toao. Their eyes turned red and their bronze skin turned slightly black. "Besides the two of them, we have many more of your people!"

The underlings of the three-eyed young man, who walked out of the jungle earlier as a troop have now showed up; each of them held a Fire Crow Clan warrior or a Qing Yi Clan warrior in their hands. All of those warriors were terribly injured by Toba and Toao and were powerless to resist.

"Kill three first!" Ji Hao was about to say something but Toba interrupted him and shouted out.

Three dark-skinned muscular men growled and chopped the heads of the warriors held in their hands off backhandedly.

"Kill!" Ji Hao roared in rage, then stabbed the dagger into the right eye socket of the young man, wholly digging out one of his eyeballs without any hesitation.

"You think that I won't dare to kill a man? Let's die together!" Ji Hao roared and threw the eyeball on the ground, smashing it into a paste.

Toba and Toao stared at Ji Hao stunningly as if they were seeing a ghost. The Cold Stream Valley suddenly became deathly silent.

Chapter 40: Release

Cawww~~~

Mr Crow descended from the air, its feathers were stained with blood. It stretched its wings, hovered above Ji Hao continuously cawing, while watching the still-twitching bodies of the three Fire Crow Clan warriors. The eyes of Mr Crow had turned from red into garnet, as if his pupils were soaked in blood.

Ji Hao used his left hand to grasp the throat of the three-eyed young man while using the dagger in his right hand to make random cuts on the young man's chest and arms.

Blood-soaked slashes continuously appeared on the three-eyed young man's body. He was suffering from the pain, cursing and desperately struggling the whole time. The vertical eye between his eyebrows frequently opened and closed to the point of making a whirring noise. But no matter how much he struggled, he was unable to escape Ji Hao's grasp.

"Three-eyes! Move again and I will dig out this eyeball too!" growled Ji Hao while hitting the third eye hard using the hilt of the dagger. Three-eyes screamed out in pain, tears gushed out from all three eye sockets. After that he stayed still, not daring to make even a single movement.

"You are inviting disaster to your clan, kid!" roared Toba, while grabbing Ji Ying's neck in his hand.

"Di Luo is our captain and the blood brother of Blood Fang's leader. The Blood Fang is....."

Before Toba could finish his speech, Ji Hao moved his dagger with great speed and before one could blink, he chopped three fingers off from the right hand of Di Luo. The three-eyed man, Di Luo, instantly howled furiously.

"Di Luo huh? Not a bad name! Sounds prestigious!"

The spell symbols of the [Nine Secret Words] rapidly flashed through Ji Hao's eyes. An invisible power surged around Ji Hao's body, his long hair danced madly in the air as if they were snakes. Ji Hao's appearance transmitted a strangely cold vibe which made others shudder subconsciously.

"Whatever your Blood Fang may be, it is unrelated to me. Whoever this kid is, whose brother or son he is, what does that have to do with me?" Ji Hao swung his arm and left a deep slash mark on Di Luo's beautiful, sculpture-like face. After that he said with a cold voice, "Release my uncles or my next strike will leave him castrated!"

"B*stards!" screamed Di Luo again. After hearing what Ji Hao said, he also started to struggle.

Mr Crow ruthlessly flapped its right wing, a fiercely burning feather appeared in front of Di Luo's body, burning his gorgeous cloak into ashes. Soon after, all of his clothes got burnt into a wisp of smoke, baring his white, tender, maiden-like body.

"Cawww!" Mr Crow cawed sharply.

Ji Hao had known Mr Crown for years, he perfectly understood his language. He laughed, while maintaining the cold look on his face.

"Mr Crow, are you saying that I should cut it in half first? Excellent idea! Well, what do you think, should I cut it sideways? Or vertically?"

Ji Hao made an evil face, held the dagger near his crotch and said,

"Toba...Toao!"

The vertical eye between Di Luo's eyebrows suddenly closed. Only one eye on his face was left open and the eyeball was anxiously rotating around in his eye socket. He was trembling intensely and sweat poured down on his body as if they were

streams of the lake.

"Release them!"

"Di Luo! Listen to us! Him and us, we both must release the hostages at the same moment! Or we will kill more from his side!"

"Kill ten! Either you release Di Luo now or we will kill ten more! Even if you castrate him, we can always find some medicine that can make his body part grow back! Kill ten more! Kill ten more! Release Di Luo or you are going to watch your people getting killed by us, one by one!" Toba yelled.

The Blood Fang's warriors, who were standing behind Ji Hao, let out growls from their mouth. They raised their weapons simultaneously and readied to behead the warriors taken captive.

"Growl!"

A great roar came from far away, like a tiger's roar which could shake the entire jungle and shock all the animals living in it. On a mountaintop miles away, thousands of towering trees suddenly exploded into splinters of wood. After that, half of the mountain collapsed. Another mountain standing at the side was blown into the air by an enormous power and burst into pieces.

Toba and Toao were shocked, all eight of their pupils had shrunken to the size of a tiny dot. Yellow and silver spell symbols began to flash rapidly on their bronze skins. A similar occurrence was taking place on their faces.

The collapse of the mountain caused a cloud of dust to be formed, which was rapidly spreading around. Soon, the sound wave reached the valley and flew across it like a tornado. The slaves who weren't standing firmly, were carried into the air by the fierce wind caused by the roar; they flew away like leaves blown by the wind.

The sound of arrows piercing through human bodies could be heard. Countless arrows appeared in the air, they were coming so

fast that it couldn't even be seen clearly. The Blood Fang warriors then started to howl as they fell to the ground, one after the other. The powerful arrows pierced through their bodies through their throats, the area between their eyebrows, or eye sockets and stuck on the ground; blood splashed everywhere.

An ear-piercing rustling sound came from out of the valley. A sturdy silhouette rose high into the air from the mountaintop which just collapsed by half, landing heavily on the Cold Stream Valley and leaving a huge arch of fiery light behind him. The ground shook intensely caused by the heavy landing. It was Ji Xia, landing in front of Ji Hao with only a piece of fur wrapped around his waist. With a thundering noise, the ground near Ji Xia's feet fractured and tens of fist-sized gold and jade pieces popped out from the cracks.

Toba and Toao's pupils shrunk again, they threw a glance filled with greed at those jade and gold pieces, and nervously looked towards Ji Xia.

"Let's exchange hostages" Ji Xia said gently. "Let Ji Ying and Ji Lang go, and we can give this three-eyed kid back to you."

Consecutive ear-shattering sounds could be heard. It was Ji Bao leading the other tens of Fire Crow Clan warriors; they leaped high in the air from a mountaintop miles away and bounced into the Cold Stream Valley like fleas. On a mountainside farther away, Qing Ying was leading a batch of Qing Yi Clan warriors hiding among the branches. Hundreds of long arrows were aimed at the vital parts of Toba and Toao's bodies.

"Will you let us leave safely?" Toba tightly grabbed Ji Ying's throat and said coldly.

Ji Xia patted his own chest and spoke in a gentle voice, "I swear on my ancestors' soul, only if you don't hurt Ji Ying and Ji Lang, I will let you take this three-eyed kid and leave safely. But if I ever see you again, I will chop your heads off and offer them to my

ancestors' souls as obligations!"

"I believe your promise, you barbarian!" Toba and Toao loosened their grips simultaneously and pushed Ji Ying and Ji Lang hard toward Ji Xia. After that, while staring at Ji Xia, they said, "We will come back. This kid dug one of Di Luo's eyeballs out. We, the Blood Fang, will take revenge for it!"

Ji Hao loosened his hand and gave Di Luo a kick, which sent him flying towards Toba and Toao. With a thud sound, Di Luo crashed onto Toba's Body.

"We will be expecting your revenge... Hmm, this Di Luo guy here said that you have been waiting outside the Cold Stream Valley for over a month? Were you waiting for us?" asked Ji Hao.

Toba held Di Luo in his arms and said with a bitter voice, "Yes, a month ago we came here to attack you. We failed because we underestimated your power. Next time, we will bring more warriors with us."

Di Luo fainted, his face had a blue tint. Toba and Toao inhaled deep and covered Di Luo. Surrounded by the remaining tens of Blood Fang warriors who luckily survived the arrows, they ran into the jungle at their highest speed.

Only after the Blood Fang retreated into the jungle did Ji Hao quickly pull out a feather from Mr Crow's tail, held it in his hand and flicked his fingers. The feather transformed into a small black spy-crow under Ji Hao's magical power. The small crow flew into the sky, following Toba and Toao into the dense jungle.

"Woah! This magic trick is not bad!" praised Ji Xia. "It seems that even Grandpa Ji Kui doesn't know how to do this!"

Ji Hao was focusing on the spy-crow; he smiled and didn't say a word.

Chapter 41: Conspire

"Haha! haha! hahaha!"

In the jungle, Di Luo who was being carried by Toao was laughing maniacally while blood kept on flowing from his mouth, spasmodically.

"Toba! Toao! I can't believe that a bunch of barbarians hurt me so badly! We, the Blood Fang, have caught and sold over a million slaves in this Southern Wasteland jungle. No one was ever able to hurt me, not even a little bit! But this time, I've been wounded severely!"

"Captain, we'll definitely return and we will bring Captain Di Sha and his team with us!"

Toba snapped the thick vines in their path, while comforting Di Luo with a solemn voice.

Di Luo continued to laugh insanely for a while, after which he gnashed his teeth and started to curse Ji Hao viciously.

"Stop!" commanded Di Luo suddenly.

Toba, Toao, and the tens of warriors who were walking behind them, stopped immediately. Toao put Di Luo carefully down.

Di Luo frowned and focused his gaze on a five-finger-wide, exquisite, cyan bracelet around his left wrist. A faint, cyan light flashed through the bracelet and a beautiful, silk cloak appeared in Di Luo's hands.

Tens of miles away, Ji Hao's spy-crow was hiding behind tree branches and watching them. When the spy-crow saw the bracelet, its pupils instantly shrunk.

In the Cold Stream Valley, Ji Hao was controlling the spy-crow with his magic power. When he received the vision from the spy-crow, he grinded his teeth and his heart started to beat faster.

"Spatial Bracelet? The legendary Spatial Bracelet? In my previous life, the Spatial bracelet was a precious treasure, existing only in legends. Even in this life which is filled with magic, it seems rare because no one, not even the most knowledgeable elder Maguspriest in the Fire Crow Clan has mentioned it, not even once! Does this Di Luo guy really possess the spatial bracelet from the legends?" exclaimed Ji Hao in his head.

His heart was pounding in his chest, the veins on his forehead formed dark, visible lines and his blood boiled from excitement. He had a strong desire to mount Mr Crow and go immediately after Di Luo. He wanted to kill him and snatch his spatial bracelet!

But he immediately abandoned that thought.

The Cold Stream Valley was a big mess at the moment. Qing Fu was busy healing the injured warriors, with sweat dripping down her face.

Ji Xia was leading Ji Bao, Qing Ying and the other warriors, in a chase after the Savage Warriors who were fleeing in every direction. It looked similar to chasing a group of chickens.

Ji Xia had sworn on the souls of his ancestors that he would let Di Luo and his underlings leave unharmed, so there was no way he would break his promise.

But even if Ji Hao could chase after Di Luo, there was simply no way for him to snatch that spatial bracelet. No matter how attractive the bracelet seemed, he lacked enough strength to deal with Di Luo and his underlings. Even if Mr Crow helped him, it still wouldn't be enough.

The spy-crow slightly shook its head; its pupils were glowing faintly.

Di Luo was cursing unceasingly in a low voice. He pulled a two feet long, black metal centipede out from his bracelet, dropped it on the ground and mumbled an incantation. One by one, a series of

spell symbols started to glow on the centipede. Under influence of the spell, the centipede's body started to expand rapidly.

Within the span of a few breaths, an over three hundred feet long, gigantic metal centipede appeared in front of Di Luo and his people. Di Luo waved his hands silently and hopped on the centipede's back, followed by Toba, Toao and the other tens of warriors. Under Di Luo's control, the centipede strode swiftly through the jungle, while carrying Di Luo and his underlings, quickly leaving the Cold Stream Valley.

About seven minutes later, the metal centipede had already covered twenty miles. It crawled, through a cliff, into a river valley, where it quietly lied on the riverside beach.

The spy-crow flew across the river valley and landed gracefully on the branch of a small tree in front of the river. Its blood-red eyes were fixed on the centipede.

Sigh

Back in the Cold Stream Valley, Ji Hao was sitting in front of a cave, wiping the sweat on this forehead and sighed, feeling relieved. Fortunately, Di Luo and his people didn't go too far.

With his current power, the maximum range he could control the spy-crow was twenty miles. If Di Luo had moved a bit farther, then Ji Hao wouldn't have the ability to observe their activities, through the spy-crow.

After receiving the new vision through the spying-crow, his body quivered subconsciously.

"Damn bastards!"

"Ji Mu! Ji Xiao! You ganged up with outsiders and tried to kill your own clansmen!"

In the river valley, tens of sturdy Fire Crow Clan warriors were quietly standing on the beach, looking coldly at Di Luo and his people, who were all injured and disheveled looking.

Standing in front of the Fire Crow Clan warriors was Ji Xiao, the father of Ji Hu, the kid killed by Ji Hao two months ago. He was quite an influential Senior Magus among the Holy Land warriors of the Fire Crow Clan.

Standing beside Ji Xiao was Ji Shu's brother, Ji Mu, who had thrown the first stone at Ji Xia for the position of the leader before the Ancestral Worship Ceremony. He, too, was a powerful Senior Magus.

Ji Xiao stared at Di Luo and his people, gnashing his teeth, and said: "Ji Mu, are these the old friends you talked about? Didn't you say that they'll avenge my son? Is this a joke? Look at them! They're like a group of drowned rats!"

Ji Xiao stamped his foot hard and yelled, "I gave them huge amounts of gold and jade, and they came back like this?!"

Ji Mu's pupils were shining with a deviant light. He patted Ji Xiao on the shoulder and opened his arms, walking toward Di Luo.

"Di Luo, my brother, my old friend, it seems the attack didn't went well? I thought you had given your word that you were going to invade the Cold Stream Valley!"

Di Luo didn't reciprocate the hug Ji Mu was giving. Instead, he stepped back with a face filled with disgust, and yelled harshly: "This is all your fault! You gave us the wrong information! Toba and Toao were more than able to beat the three persons who recently became Senior Magus! The only obstacles would be Ji Xia and Qing Fu, who according to you were badly injured and had lost their powers!"

"Not only is that not true, you never even mentioned that the little bastard already made an agreement with a gigantic Fire Crow!" Di Luo puffed and continued.

Di Luo glared at Ji Mu with his two remaining eyes and said with his teeth gnashing: "I could've invaded the Cold Stream Valley,

killed your enemies, and made a fortune for myself at the same time! But because of your incorrect information, we underestimated their power and ... and I lost three fingers and an eye! You... you have to compensate me accordingly!"

"Ji Mu, I want ten times of the advance payment, or I'll let you know how horrible our Blood Fang can be!" Di Luo pointed at Ji Mu and yelled.

Ji Mu's eyes stared at him, his rugged face seemed to have frozen.

"You... You surely made a mistake, didn't you?"

"Only the Magi who made great contributions to the clan are qualified to make an agreement with the Fire Crows of our clan. Even Ji Xia didn't acquire the required qualification, how could the kid...?" murmured Ji Mu, with a sullen face.

After murmuring for a while, he turned around, pointed his finger at Ji Xiao, and said, "Xiao, my brother, if you want to avenge your poor son, Hu, I'm afraid that you have to do the thing you're not willing to do. This time, however, you will have to do it!"

"Mu, I... I'll never attack our brother Ji Xia, I..." Ji Xiao said, with a trembling voice. His face was twitching intensely, his body was shivering uncontrollably, sweat pouring down from his forehead.

"I just want to avenge Hu, my dear son, but I'll...I'll never do anything to brother Xia!"

"But you already did." Ji Mu looked at Ji Xiao in the eye and slowly said, "Xiao, you standing right here means that you've already done something to Ji Xia..."

Ji Mu stared at the distorted face of Ji Xiao and continued with a soothing voice, "Well, you don't need to deal with Ji Xia, you only need to handle the others. As for Ji Xia...there is someone else willing to finish him."

"Who?" Ji Xiao blurted out.

"Me, of course."

A hoarse voice came from the rapidly flowing river.

A water-tank thick, horned black serpent slowly rose from the river.

Chapter 42: Counterplan

The spy-crow silently transformed into a wisp of black smoke and dissipated in the air along with the whirling wind.

Back in the Cold Stream Valley, Ji Hao leapt from the ground and darted towards Qing Fu. He put his mouth near her ear, preventing others to overhear them; he whispered what he had witnessed through the spy-crow's eyes in the river valley.

Qing Fu was recovering the energy of the severely injured Fire Crow Clan warriors with her cyan coloured 'Thorns of Life and Death' needle.

When she heard what had transpired in the river valley, she stopped healing and slowly stood up while massaging her waist. Her eyes glimmered in a profound cold light.

"Hao, go get your Abba; we have some work to do," said Qing Fu.

The sun slowly moved across the sky and went under, behind the hills in the west.

The sky was adorned by countless little stars.

Multicoloured starlight formed a mist-like glow visible to human eyes, and descended from the sky. Countless creatures living in the jungle raised their heads and absorbed the power contained in the starlight.

Now and then, loud and imposing roars reverberated from the depths of the valley.

Ji Hao was sitting on the branch of a tall, majestic tree. Next to him was a girl, who sat on the back of a red leopard. This was none other than his friend Heng Luo, a nymph, also known as the "goddess" of the forest. She was carefully spreading poisonous liquid onto hundreds of long arrows.

A jade jar having the size of a human head, was placed on her lap.

The jar contained a light-cyan, crystal-clear poisonous liquid which emitted a faint herbal smell. Under the starlight, some tiny spell symbols emerged from the surface of the liquid, twisting like little snakes. It caused a beautiful glow to flash across the liquid, disappearing quickly.

"Hao, I thought your Amma only knew how to save people! I never knew that she could make such powerful poison!"

While speaking, Hong Luo dipped a leaf into the liquid and dripped a drop down.

The drop of poison fell onto the jade-like shoulder of Stone, who was standing under the tree. The poison burned a hole through his shoulders while emitting a faint, cyan smoke, instantly.

"Booze...," growled Stone as it became annoyed.

He pressed his stone-made hand onto a huge rock which crumbled into dust. Next up, he pressed it back on his damaged shoulder. The hole, created by the poison drop, healed instantly, without leaving as much as a scratch.

Treeman lifted its enormous head, while a rustling sound could be heard coming from his trunk. It seemed as if he was trying to say something, but no one was able to understand him. Finally one of his branches bended, without breaking, and dipped into the jar. The branch contained a drop of the poison and moved towards a huge hole in the tree, which basically functioned as Treeman's mouth.

Strands of black smoke, along with a sizzling sound rose from within Treeman's mouth. He began to tremble in pain and the few leafs hanging on his branches, drooped. He glanced at the jar, his eyes filled with reverence, and muttered, "Qing Fu...Maguspriests...woman...scary!"

Suddenly, the branches and leaves above Ji Hao began to shake. A nearly thirty-foot tall, muscular ape jumped down heavily. Its

entire body was covered with black fur and in its hand it held a huge wooden stick.

The ape pointed at Ji Hao, grinned and mumbled, "Hao... You kid... booze... I... stronger... I want double of stone's booze... Hao... I won't go crazy drunk this time... You...got to give me more!"

Mr Crow quietly landed on Ji Hao's shoulder and cawed gently. Ji Hao waved his hands and said in a resolute tone, "Of course, as long as you guys help me get rid of my enemies, I'll supply the best booze and grilled meat, as much as you want!"

"Mr Crow, thanks." He then patted Mr Crow and said in a low voice.

Mr Crow had spent the whole day traveling across the forest, bringing the strong non-human friends of Ji Hao to him. Heng Luo, Stone, and Treeman, were all strong creatures, even stronger than ordinary Senior Magi like Ji Ying and Ji Lang. If they didn't have that much strength, it would have been impossible for them to beat Jiang Yao so hard, a couple months ago.

As for that black ape, he was the most powerful among Ji Hao's friends. Even if Heng Luo, Treeman, and Stone combined their powers, they couldn't rival the black ape.

It was a pitch-black night.

Near the entrance of the Cold Stream Valley, three blood-stained heads of beasts were placed on a jade altar aligned. In each of the heads, a cyan, wooden knife had been stuck.

Qing Fu was standing in front of the altar, with all of her ten fingers bleeding. She was drawing a series of odd spell symbols, using her own blood and whispering a mysterious spell. Her beautiful face was shrouded by a strange, faint white fog. The fog was rising and falling around her body, blurring her slim silhouette. It made her look like a ghost, which was existing in

both this world and another mysterious yet spooky world.

Small grey whirlwinds came from every direction, swirling towards the valley.

Following Qing Fu's whisper, about seven minutes later, thousands of grey whirlwinds in different sizes appeared from the forest. They circled around the altar, causing the air to freeze. Soon, a thin layer of ice appeared on the surface of the Cold Stream, freezing even the plants nearby.

Ji Hao was staring at Qing Fu while rubbing the red leopard's fluffy tail and said, "Hey evil girl, didn't you just say that you didn't know my Amma can make such powerful poison? Even I didn't know my Amma was so good at mystical 'spirit magic'."

Bang!

Along with a bang, immense green flame spurted out from the orifices of all the three beast heads on the altar, simultaneously. The green flame growed bigger and bigger, slowly forming a ferocious face. Soft yet creepy sounds came from the jungle, after which a heavy fog surged out from the jungle and flowed across the plants like water.

Some strange figures emerged from the fog; they opened their mouths widely towards the sky and swallowed the starlight power.

Every hair on Ji Hao's body stood erect. He gazed dumbfoundedly at those unbelievably mysterious beings and couldn't even speak a word.

The Fire Crow Clan Maguspriests normally didn't know much about how to communicate with those mysterious beings of the jungle. Instead, they mastered all kinds of different witchcrafts which could directly cause great harm to enemies.

Though Ji Hao had been learning Maguspriests' witchcraft since he was a little kid, he had never seen anything like this.

"The phantoms of the jungle, and the gods and the ghosts of the

mountains, rivers, caves ,and marshes, please accept my gift, please respond to my request."

Qing Fu whispered the spell and started dancing in a strange rhythm around the altar.

Ji Hao felt like there were thousands of invisible figures dancing along with his mother. Small gusts of wind blew out from beneath every leaf and grass.

Ji Xia arrived and walked towards the altar with a somber face. Behind him were thousands of Savage Warriors who were captured by Ji Xia and his subordinates during the day. Every one of them had taken Qing Fu's drug making them lose consciousness, and had followed Ji Xia like walking corpses.

"We offer these lives to you, the gods and the ghosts in this jungle," Qing Fu said. She then pulled out a cyan wooden knife and waved it in the air.

Ji Xia pulled out an axe and swung it toward those Savage Warriors. The next moment, tens of human heads were sent flying high into the air, blood sprayed up and covered the night sky.

All of the grey whirlwinds, which were circling around the altar, rushed up and drained the blood. Those Savages' bodies shrunk rapidly, turning into ashes within the span of few breaths and were blown away by the wind.

Within just a few breaths, thousands of Savage Warriors were all drained and turned to ash, not leaving even a trace of blood.

Suddenly, Ji Hao let out a sharp whistle and waved his hands towards Qing Fu and Ji Xia.

"Abba! Amma! I saw them!"

A red light flashed through Ji Hao's pupils. Tens of miles away, seven spy-crows had the same red lights flashing through their pupils.

Chapter 43: Snipe

"Grumble..."

Stone murmured something to itself then lied down on the ground; he huddled up, closed his eyes, and turned into what seemed like a pile of ordinary stones.

Treeman stood on Stone's body, tens of tendril-like roots plunged deeply into the ground. Similar to Stone, he too closed his eyes and turned himself into an ordinary tree. He leaned against another tree, that looked ancient and majestic.

Hong Luo gently patted the red leopard she was riding on; the leopard then dashed out like a ghost having no weight. Lithely and agilely, the leopard trod on the tips of the branches and leaped miles with a few jumps. In the blink of an eye, Heng Luo and her leopard disappeared in the jungle, like a drop blending with the sea without leaving even a single trace.

The black ape patted its own chest, looked around for a while and hid while carrying its huge wooden stick on its shoulder into a big tree hole. Similar to others, the ape, too, was a powerful creature nourished by the jungle. It took a deep breath and merged its internal energy with the natural energy of the jungle. As such, even powerful Maguspriests wouldn't be able to detect its presence.

Ji Hao leaped through the branches while holding a long spear. After a while, he arrived at Ji Xia's location. He quietly stood beside Ji Xia and stared into the forest.

Qing Fu and the altar were covered by a fog, which quickly turned translucent and gradually disappeared along with Qing Fu and the altar in it. By now, the grey whirlwinds, the fog and all those weird figures, had all merged with the dim light of the night. The jungle became quiet, spreading a tranquil yet extremely eerie atmosphere.

A three-hundred-feet-long, metal centipede crawled silently out of the dense jungle.

Di Luo was standing on the centipede's head, gnashing his teeth and was cursing something. He suddenly raised his head, staring at Ji Hao and Ji Xia, stunned. Toba and Toao, who were standing behind him were also struck speechless by the presence of Ji Xia and Ji Hao.

"Damn... Don't...don't you people sleep?" Di Luo pointed at Ji Hao and growled irritated.

Behind them, tens of Blood Fang warriors were sneaking silently out of the jungle. Obviously, they were on their way to ambush Ji Xia's troops during the night. Without a doubt, they were all dumbfounded as well when they saw Ji Xia and Ji Hao.

This was obviously not how it was planned!

According to Di Luo's plan, these well-trained Blood Fang warriors would ambush the Fire Crow guards at the entrance of the valley. Afterwards, they would break into the valley, create chaos and draw Ji Xia out of the valley and into the jungle where they would encircle him and launch a sneak attack.

But, why were Ji Xia and Ji Hao not sleeping so late in the night, and instead standing straight up here?!

"Abba and me... we have been expecting you!"

Ji Hao sneered at Di Luo who was standing on the metal centipede's head with a shocked face, then let out a shout towards the jungle behind the metal centipede, "Oi, you, hiding in the darkness, come out!"

The jungle was deadly silent. Ji Mu and Ji Xiao were hidden behind the trees. They glanced at each other; they weren't sure whether Ji Hao truly discovered their presence or if he simply was bluffing.

On a tree beside them, a tank-like thick serpent coiled its body,

lowered its head slowly and stared at Ji Shu and Ji Mu in the eyes. Black Water Jiao was standing on the head of the horned snake, while his left hand was tightly wrapped around Jiang Xue's tender neck.

Jiang Xue kneeled on the huge serpent's head, eyes filled with tears, piteously looking towards Ji Mu and Ji Xiao.

"Oi, what's wrong with you two? Just do it! We all want Ji Xia to die, don't we?" Jiao looked at Ji Xiao and laughed mockingly, and continued, "Once Ji Xia dies, no one in the clan could ever be a threat to you... And by killing Ji Xia, we can also destroy a terrifying enemy of our Black Water Serpent Clan; isn't that a good thing?"

Hundreds of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors silently walked out; they were all wearing snakeskin armours, holding similar-looking daggers which were dipped in poisonous liquid, and carrying long swords which were poisoned too.

Black Water Jiao lifted one of his fingers, stroked the delicate face of Jiang Xue, and said, "Someone gave me the whereabouts of Ji Xia in exchange for this little girl, which is how I found this place. I brought my best warriors along with me...to kill Ji Xia! Once he is killed, you can have this girl back!"

Ji Mu narrowed his eyes and looked at Jiang Xue, showing a trace of excitement. He said "Of course we'll bring her back, she is the daughter of Jiang Shu, one of the elder Maguspriests of the Bi Fang Clan!"

He then turned to Ji Xiao and said, "Xiao, my brother, since we failed to get Ji Xia into the jungle and let Jiao ambush him, let's instead launch a frontal attack!"

The thick-horned serpent uncoiled itself from the tree and slithered out of the jungle as fast as black lightning.

Black Water Jiao laughed out loud on the serpent's head, pointed

his finger at Ji Xia and said coldly, "Ji Xia, it has been a long time. Do you remember Black Water Mang? The man you killed? That was my elder brother! I came here to avenge him!"

"Black Water Mang?" Ji Xia snorted scornfully, shook his head, then said, "I slaughtered too many of your vile snakes; it's impossible to remember each of them!

"Does your Black Water Serpent Clan have to be so shameless and gang up with these monsters? Do you have any idea, how many of our clansmen they've captured and sold? Not only from our Fire Crow Clan, but from your clan too, and your subsidiary clans! They've taken our brothers, sisters and friends from us!" Ji Xia shouted at Black Water Jiao while pointing his finger at Di Luo.

Jiao laughed in rage, then responded, "Of course I know! Indeed, they're the enemy of the entire Southern Wasteland. But, as long as I get to kill you, what's the big deal about working with monsters? Remember, I am the blood brother of Black Water Mang! By the way, Ji Xia, your father was killed by our ambush!"

The horned snake opened its large mouth and spewed a strand of black fog out. Everything in the path of the black fog froze instantly. Thick layers of ice covered the ground and huge rocks shattered due to being frozen.

Ji Hao could feel a bone-piercing coldness. Even though he was quite far from the fog, a thin layer of ice still rapidly appeared on his skin.

At the same time the snake spewed the fog, Jiao pulled out a long sword and pointed the sword tip at Ji Xia. "What are you waiting for? Let's attack together...Finish Ji Xia!" growled Jiao. "I'll chop his head off and use it as a mug; my ancestors would love that as an offering!"

Inside the jungle, three Senior Magi from the Black Water Serpent Clan grinned hideously; the horned serpents coiling around their waists, bolted out simultaneously and expanded their

bodies to hundreds of feet of length. The three Senior Magi hopped onto the serpents' heads and planned to rush out of the jungle.

At this moment however, Treeman, who was standing three hundred feet away from those Senior Magi and pretending to be an ordinary tree, suddenly opened its flame-like eyes, emitting a muffled roar. Countless fist-thick vines darted towards those Senior Magi and their serpents, whipping and smashing against their bodies.

The three Senior Magi were sent flying right away; all of them screamed out in pain. Treeman didn't stop attacking; countless vines lashed out on their bodies like a storm and splintered their snakeskin armours.

Ji Mu reacted very fast; he flew up to Treeman as soon as Treeman moved, pulled out a heavy axe and chopped towards Treeman.

However, the dirt under Treeman's feet suddenly bursted out; a huge white arm thrusted out from the ground and heavily pounded on Ji Mu's chest; Ji Mu was sent flying backwards swirling, smashing onto two trees before finally falling into the jungle.

Ji Xiao growled, half in shock and half in fear; he was thrown into confusion and didn't know what to do.

Before Ji Xiao could make up his mind, hundreds of light spots emerged from the night sky along with rustling sounds; those where hundreds of poisoned arrows, which were flying towards the jungle. The faint herbal scent emitted from the arrowheads was so intoxicating.

Chapter 44: Hurt

Those arrows were shot by Heng Luo from hundreds of mile away.

Together with those flying arrows, the jungle started to move. All the plants seemed to have awakened sentience. They were shaking their branches in order to confuse those warriors hidden in the jungle. The shadows of the branches had completely merged with the shadows of the arrows, and even the powerful Senior Magi couldn't tell the direction from where the arrows would come.

"Damn!"

Followed by a light whistle, a Black Water Serpent Clan warrior shouted out.

An arrow flashed across his face leaving a small cut on it. The next moment, however, this hair-thick small cut suddenly enlarged, and expanded into a palm-wide cut.

Black, pus-like blood gushed out from the laceration; the skin and flesh on his face were rapidly decaying. This warrior instantly started wailing and screaming. He tried to scratch his own face, but his hands corroded soon as well; he watched as his own fingers turned into droplets of black blood and dripped down onto the ground; even his bones were completely corroded.

A great wave of cries and screams burst led out from the crowd of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors who were hiding in the dark jungle and waiting for orders to launch the attack. These warriors fell to the ground one after another, and their bodies melted quickly into puddles of black blood. Three huge horned serpents were darting around agitatedly, continuously hissing with their black fork-shaped tongue hanging out.

Some of these warriors were hit by the arrows in their vital parts,

whereas most only got their faces or fingers scratched. However, the poison, made by Qing Fu was too powerful. In the span of a few breaths, the poison took the warriors' lives through mere scratches.

Over a hundred snakeskin armors were left lying on the ground, soaked in the black pus-like blood, corroded by the poison in the blood, and made sizzling noises.

"Shameless! Bastards! How dare you stab us in the b...!" yelled a Senior Magus who was sent flying in the air by Treeman's branch. However, once the poor man opened his mouth, a thick vine shoved into his mouth and broke all his teeth, nearly reaching his stomach through his throat.

Another Senior Magus, who was also beaten hard by Treeman earlier, shouted. The horned serpents stopped fleeing immediately, turned around and pounced on Treeman with their jaws wide open.

From a distance, the three horned serpents shot out a large amount of venom towards Treeman.

The two flame-like green eyes of Treeman were gleaming. It opened its treehole-like mouth and blew a thick, cold fog towards the serpents. At the same time, the plants around him started to squirm madly; leaves and small branches shot out towards those serpents.

Treeman ignored the venom of those serpents. He was an ancient tree to begin with, which meant that none of the vipers or venomous miasmas in this jungle could ever hurt him.

Two of the horned serpents were beaten back by the bullet-like leaves and branches. The third serpent, however, managed to approach Treeman and bit hard on one of his roots. A piece of tree bark was bitten into pieces, along with cracking noises. The serpent slacked its jaws, coughing out a mouthful wood splinters embarrassingly. There was no blood or flesh inside Treeman's

body except wood. The serpent tried to inject its venom into Treeman's body, but failed.

Following that, a one-hundred feet tall, silhouette rose from under Treeman's roots. It was none other than Stone who had just punched Ji Mu's chest. Now it raised its foot high and stomped hard on the bodies of the three serpents.

Bang!

The three serpents were stomped deeply into the ground.

The surrounding jungle shook intensely for miles; hundreds of big trees jumped up. These trees couldn't bear such strong vibrations; their roots were broken and their trunks, splintered.

When Stone pulled his foot up again, a deep crater was left on the ground. The three serpents raised their heads, shooting venom and cold poisonous gas angrily towards Stone. But, none of their attacks worked. Stone lifted its huge foot again and stomped the three horned serpents deeper into the ground.

"Ho~~~!"

Stone let out a roar displeased; great earthly power gushed out of his mouth.

The three horned serpents were as powerful as ordinary Senior Magi, with strong life-force and nearly indestructible bodies. Although they had been stomped by Stone twice now, they were still holding their heads high and attacking Stone unceasingly from the deep crater.

Stone was furious, it decided to choose the most simple, direct, and violent attacking method. He stooped down, used a barrage of punches on the ground, enlarged the crater big enough to contain his own body then jumped into it, madly waving his ten-foot thick, huge stone-made fists and smashing those three horned serpents.

The three poor serpents were desperately spewing venom and cold poison gas towards stone. Normally, a slight wisp of their

poisonous gas could kill a strong man easily but on Stone, it was completely ineffective. The heavy fists of Stone smashed on their bodies continuously; breaking their horns and bones, shattering their scales, and crushing all of their internal organs.

The thundering punches didn't stop. The three horned serpents lost the power to resist, quickly sinking hundreds of feet deep into the ground under Stone's relentless strikes, like wooden piles driven by a piledriver.

"What kind of monster is this?!" shouted those three Senior Magi. They were still suffering from Treeman's lashes, and haven't gotten a chance to fight back yet, withstanding the attacks only with their extremely strong Senior Magi bodies. At the same time, they watched their serpents being killed brutally by Stone.

Before their voices faded, a sharp roar was caught in their ears. A huge tree suddenly bursted up. A tens of feet tall, muscular ape leapt high into the air and raised his huge wooden stick, swinging towards the three Senior Magi.

That huge wooden stick seemed nothing special, but while Ape was waving it, a few natural formed spell symbols suddenly lit up. All of the nearby plants started emitting a bright cyan light; thousands of light streams quickly converged towards the wooden stick.

After a short while, the originally grey wooden stick turned into a cyan dragon shaped light.

"Booze! A hundred!" growled Ape, followed by a loud and sonorous dragon-roar. Then the dragon-shaped cyan light heavily smashed against the three Senior Magi's bodies.

The Senior Magus who was running in the front let out a muffled cry; one of his arms had twisted and swelled, finally exploding into a mass of blood mist which sprayed hundreds of feet outwards. The wooden stick was so powerful that even the body of a Senior Magus was bursted open in a single hit.

While the Senior Magus was screaming in both pain and shock, the wooden stick had arrived again and hit his chest, shattering his armour; after which bone-cracking sounds came from his body. He flew back and collided against the second Senior Magi, then the third one. All three Senior Magi of the Black Water Serpent Clan were instantly sent flying thousands of feet high in the air, rushing straight towards the sky, higher and higher like shooting stars.

The power of Ape's hit was incredibly tremendous; the three Senior Magi's bodies clashed in the air, bursted with large fire sparks, then finally fell into the jungle miles away.

Ji Xiao was badly frightened by this sudden attack, he screamed out in shock and fled back into the jungle. But soon after he got into the jungle, a skinny arm thrusted out from the air, grabbing Ji Xiao's neck and pressing him hard to the ground.

Chapter 45: Push

The jungle of the Southern Wasteland was vast and boundless; the abundant life force of this jungle generated and nourished powerful creatures like Heng Luo, Stone and Treeman; inevitability, there must be other powerful and mysterious beings living in this jungle.

Ji Xiao was pressed hard on the ground by the skinny arm, which nearly broke his neck. He struggled with all of his strength, even making the ground vibrate. However, the skinny arm held his neck tightly and didn't even move a bit.

A wisp of black smoke rose from the ground into the air, a scary figure slowly emerged from the smoke. It was black and skinny, looking like a human at the first glance, but the six crooked horns on its head clearly showed that it was nothing but a monster.

The whole body of this creepy monster was shining with a metallic luster; its black skin was tightly attached to its bones and its stomach was hollowed. A head-sized ball of green light was shining and floating in his stomach. Within the light, a looming face was visible.

Black Water Jiao was standing at the side, looking stunned at this powerful monster, that had emerged from the black smoke. Although Ji Xiao was slightly weaker than Black Water Jiao, he still was a powerful Senior Magus. The fact that the skinny monster caught Ji Xiao so easily made it obvious that this monster was a lot stronger than him, thought Black Water Jiao.

"Creature of the jungle, why are you fighting against me? Don't you know about the powerful Black Water Serpent Clan?" Said Black Water Jiao loudly. In the meantime, he bit his own tongue, spat some blood towards the skinny monster, and mumbled a spell.

"Offerings!" A hoarse voice came from the air. Two green flames were ablaze in the eye sockets of the skinny monster, it stared at

Black Water Jiao in the eyes but didn't make any sound.

While Black Water Jiao was perplexed, another monster came out of the smoke; this one was a huge white skeleton and a lot bigger than the skinny monster.

This skeleton monster was hundreds of feet broad and nearly a hundred feet tall; except for the white bones, nothing else could be seen on its body. Every time it moved, an ear-piercing metallic friction sound came from its body. The body shape of this skeleton monster was similar to a tiger or lion, but it had a human-skull-like head, only a lot bigger.

"Human..... We are following our agreement..... Whoever offer us blood and lives, we fight for them!" said the skeleton, while two wisps of smoke were rotating in its eye sockets.

While the skeleton was talking, a colourful mist-like phantom lizard quickly crawled out of the skeleton's body and stood on its head, hissing at the Horned Serpent which was coiled next to Black Water Jiao's feet.

The horned serpent raised its head and hissed back at the phantom lizard, with its ten feet long black fork-shaped tongue darting out from time to time.

"Warriors of the Black Water Serpent Clan! Kill Ji Xia! Kill our enemy!" shouted Black Water Jiao. He was focused on Ji Xia all the time, so had no idea about what had happened in the jungle. He suddenly seemed to have realised something when he saw the two monsters and the phantom lizard, instantly shouted out and gave the attack order.

Di Luo, Toba, and Toao, who were stunned and stood on the metal centipede's head, were suddenly smacked awake by Black Water Jiao's voice and realised that they were still on a mission. Di Luo let out a ear-piercing shout, while pointing his finger at Ji Xia.

Followed by Di Luo's shout, Toba and Toao raised their weapons

in the air, and rushed towards Ji Xia at a lightning speed. They moved so fast that their bodies sliced through the air and left a series of afterimages behind them. There were only tens of the remaining Blood Fang warriors running behind them. However, when facing them, Ji Hao felt like a large troop was coming towards Ji Xia and himself.

Ji Hao clenched his spear, while he looked at Toba and Toao nervously. Ji Xia pressed his hand on Ji Hao's shoulder and said smilingly, "Hold! Trust your Amma. Hao, your Amma is quite a nice lady, but once she gets really angry, even I become scared of her!"

A cloud of grey mist gushed out of the jungle, as if to prove what Ji Xia had just said, and enveloped the jungle within the radius of ten miles. Toba and Toao's movement became muddled as if they were drunk.

They were only hundreds of feet away from Ji Xia and Ji Hao; they could have rushed towards Ji Xia and Ji Hao within the span of a few breaths. But after the grey mist appeared, they started to feel like they were running on an endless path. Toba and Toao ran at their highest speed for quite a while, but still were hundreds of feet away from Ji Xia and Ji Hao, who didn't seem to have moved at all.

At this moment, countless vague and twisted figures started to emerge from the mist. Every single one of them was giving an incomparably evil vibe. Their faces were blurred; no one could clearly see what they looked like but all of those warriors in the mist had a strange feeling. These terrifying beings with huge, widened eyes, stared at them in a similar way like how wolves stared at their preys.

A few whirlwinds formed in the mist, pulling all tens of Blood Fang warriors inside. A short while later, the whirlwinds subsided and tens of armours and weapons were left lying on the ground. Those warriors were all gone, without leaving even a single hair.

Di Luo was dumbfounded at what had happened to his warriors. He casted a few gusts of wind-knifes from his erect eye; the wind-knifes circling around his body firmly shielded him at the core. However, facing the grey mist and those unbelievably mysterious scary beings, he was at a loss what to do.

"Maguspriest's magic? Is this what those Maguspriests do?" murmured Di Luo with his teeth gnashing; his eyes showed fury and confusion.

"Granddaddy, where are you? These monsters and ghosts of the jungle... I can't deal with them... Where are you? Only you can disperse them, then we can kill Ji Xia!" Black Water Jiao looked up at the sky, murmuring unsettlingly.

In another deep valley, which was three hundred miles away from the Cold Stream Valley, a Fire Crow with the wingspan of over five hundred feet was quietly floating in the air.

The Fire Crow was shrouded by a faint fiery light; under its belly, three sharp claws were sparkling brightly. An elderly man wearing a leather cloak and a bone helmet was silently standing on the head of the Fire Crow, looking down coldly.

Different from the other scrawny Maguspriests in the Fire Crow Clan, this elderly man was strong and sturdy, even a bit taller than Ji Xia; his height reached over four meters, and he seemed like a giant. Holding in his hand, was a twenty-foot-long bone cane; the thinnest part of this bone cane had human-leg-size thickness. It didn't really look like a cane, instead, it was more like a mace, powerful enough to break a city wall.

A thousand-feet-long horned serpent was coiled and floating in the air, spewing poisonous gas towards the Fire Crow. Another elderly man, who attacked Jiang Xue together with Black Water Jiao months ago, was standing on the horned serpent's head. He stared at the other elderly man standing on the Fire Crow's head while his eyes showed a slight trace of fear.

"Ji Zhuo, never thought you'd come here. What is your Fire Crow Clan doing? Even you showed up in person, protecting Ji Xia. Then why did you let Ji Shu get the position of Holy Land warrior's leader?"

"That is our clan affair; it has nothing to do with you vile bugs!" Ji Zhuo snorted and growled.

"Go away, or die here. Though it's not easy to kill you, I'm always willing to try!" continued Ji Zhuo.

While speaking, Ji Zhuo stomped his foot on the Fire Crow's head. The Fire Crow opened its beak, spewing out a thick, lava-like stream of gold flame from its beak that set even the sky ablaze.

Chapter 46: A Small Frustration

Inside the jungle, the three Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magi and their horned serpents were beaten terribly by Ape, Treeman, and Stone. Although there were with only three of them, Ape, Treeman, and Stone, have easily gained the upper hand in this fight.

Ji Xiao was already badly frightened and confused; added with being sneak-attacked by the skinny monster, he had now completely lost his bearing. He was madly swinging his arms and legs, struggling with all his strength; by doing so, he even dug a deep huge hole on the ground. However, no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't stand and break away from the skinny monster's control which stayed as still as a rock, grabbing his neck tight.

Di Luo, Toba and Toao had currently become extremely careful, and wouldn't dare to rashly launch an attack. This was the first time that they had encountered such a large-scale Maguspriest's magic which was casted by a real and powerful Southern Wasteland Maguspriest.

Hundreds of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors rushed out of the jungle. They were waving their swords and making hissing-like sounds to communicate with each other.

The jungle was currently filled with a dense fog which created an incomparably eerie atmosphere. Those Black Water Serpent Clan warriors ran into the fog unprepared. Their speed slowed down as soon they got into the fog. Their pace became disoriented and their feet, heavy; every step made was so difficult that it seemed as if their feet was glued down to the ground.

The laughter of Qing Ying came from every corner of the jungle. Along with his voice, countless arrows whistled towards those warriors from every direction. Every single arrow struck right on

the face of each of those Black Water Serpent Clan warriors, none of the arrows missing its target. The poison imbued on the arrowheads made those elite warriors melt into liquids within the span of a few breaths.

The current situation was extremely unfavourable for the warriors of the Black Water Serpent Clan. The way this was going, it wouldn't take too long for them to be completely annihilated.

"Ji Xia!" A crazed shout came from the jungle. Ji Mu who was sent flying by Stone earlier, now walked out of the jungle in great strides, waving his axe. With his body wrapped by a blazing golden red flame, he looked as if he was on fire.

The grey fog around Ji Mu's body quickly disappeared. The mysterious powers hiding in the fog kept themselves away from Ji Mu in fear. The Fire Crow bloodline passed through the ancient Gold Crow, was highly harmful to those mysterious beings of the jungle. Therefore, though they possessed great strength, those mysterious beings wouldn't dare to attack Ji Mu head on.

"Mu! What is all this?" Ji Xia clenched his spear so tight that the spear even started making a creaking sound. "You ganged up with those monsters; even the archenemy of our Fire Crow Clan! Only for killing me?

"Have you forgotten? In the Southern Wasteland, how many clans disappeared in this vast jungle only because they spent too much power to fight against their own people? I don't need to name a lot, just the Yan Jiao Clan which was extremely powerful at that time, they...," Ji Xia's gentle voice was now filled with confusion and sadness.

Ji Mu waved his axe in the air and sent a great wave of fire which sent fire sparks everywhere and split off the ground, causing a thousand-foot-long crack on the ground, and set the rock and soil within the crack on fire.

Tens of arrows darted towards Ji Mu from every direction,

however, all of the arrows were burned into wisps of smoke once they touched the blazing fire wrapped around Ji Mu's body.

"Save your talk!" Ji Mu growled. "The Fire Crow Clan will only become stronger under the lead of brother Ji Shu! Yan Jiao Clan? I know about them. They died only because they didn't have the power great enough to support them!"

"Is Bi Fang Clan the power you're talking about?" Ji Xia growled harshly. "We are the offsprings of the Gold Crow, the people of the Fire Crow Clan! Why do we have to give the reign to unreliable outsiders and let them decide our fate?"

Ji Mu stayed silent, approaching Ji Xia step by step. His skin slowly turned transparent, under which, seemed to have lava flowing. The ground he trod across quickly turned into lava, dispersing the dense grey fog for miles around.

Ji Mu walked nearly a mile forward, and got close to Ji Xia then shouted out, "Di Luo, my old friend! Come, let's finish him together! Brother Ji Shu hurt him badly months ago; he hasn't fully recovered yet. Let's kill him together, now!"

Pausing a second, Ji Mu's face twisted, and said with a hideous grin, "I assume that you haven't met Ji Xia's woman yet. Kill him, his woman won't let you down; she must be worth a fortune!"

Ji Xia roared in rage, large fire fragments spurted out from his body and tens of his awakened Magus Acupoints started emitting an eye-piercing light. "Mu, I have nothing else to say to you! I will kill you! Now! Here!" Ji Xia growled.

While Ji Xia was growling in anger, Ji Hao dashed out with his spear held in his hands. At every step forward, blooming lotus-like flames burst out from the air under his feet. Ji Hao's speed was several times faster than usual.

"Kill!" Ji Hao let out a great shout. Small fiery light spots were ejected from Ji Hao's spearhead, hitting the throats of tens of peak-

level Novice Magi, and sent them flying one after another. Blood splashed everywhere.

"Abba! We have nothing to say to these heartless bastards! Since they've already come, they should leave their lives here!" Ji Hao slaughtered tens of enemies, then shouted to Ji Xia.

Intentionally, Ji Hao flew closely past Ji Mu's body.

Ji Mu's pupils rapidly shrunk. He raised the axe and hacked towards Ji Hao subconsciously while yelling, "Ji Hao! You're pretty hard to kill!"

The flame spewing out of the axe was about to swallow Ji Hao's body. However, the next moment, a sharp caw came from Ji Hao's shoulder. Mr. Crow, who was firmly standing on Ji Hao's shoulder, expanded its body suddenly and smashed its tens-of-feet long claw hard on the axe.

Bang!

Followed by a huge bang, Ji Mu screamed out and staggered backwards. He couldn't bear the tremendous power of Mr. Crow.

At the same moment, the skeleton monster which was quietly waiting at the side for an opportunity, rushed over. It pressed its huge bone paw on Ji Mu's body. Ji Mu instantly cried out and soon, blood mixed with pieces of internal organs, gushed out of his mouth. Although it looked as if the skeleton had only pushed him gently, Ji Mu felt like he was being smashed by tens of huge mountains.

"Ji... Xia!" Ji Mu let out a wail, grabbed a piece of dark-red jade from the bag, wrapped around his waist, and crushed it. A sharp bird call then came from the jade piece along with Ji Mu's body transforming into a stream of fiery light and rushing high into the air, and disappearing in the blink of an eye.

"Such a shame!" Ji Hao looked at the sky and said, "As a person of the Fire Crow Clan, he used the treasure of the Bi Fang Clan to save

his own life! What can be more shameless than this?"

Mr. Crow fluffed its feathers and glared at the faint fiery light which was fleeting across the sky. As Ji Hao said, a Fire Crow Clan member using a life-saving tool made by a Bi Fang Clan Maguspriest; nothing could be more shameless and could make him more furious than this.

Black Water Jiao was standing on the horned Serpent's head and worryingly looked around. "Why hasn't granddaddy come yet? What had happened to him?"

Di Luo, who stood near Black Water Jiao also looked around in distress. Suddenly, he let out a scream and threw out a sharp gust of cyan wind from his erect eye, rushing towards Ji Xia, along with Toba and Toao.

"You, the snake-riding barbarian! Let's kill this guy!" While rushing, Di Luo laughed hideously and yelled, "I want to see what his woman looks like!"

Ji Hao raised his spear, pierced another tens of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors to death, then swung the spear towards Di Luo's heart with his hand behind his back.

Chapter 47: Failure

In the other valley, the Three-Legged Fire Crow was soaring in the air spewing flames which was as pure as a multicoloured glaze towards the gigantic horned serpent. The great heat of the flame melted the mountains that laid at the side and burned parts of the jungle into ashes.

The horned serpent was currently coiled on the ground��emitting a blue light from its horn and fending against the Fire Crow's flame. In the meantime, gusts of dark blue, cold wind blew out from the horned serpent's mouth, attacking the Fire Crow from every direction.

The Fire Crow quietly floated in the air with a looming red light emerging from its black feathers. On the edges of every single feather, a few spell symbols flashed and splashed fire sparks, then disappeared quickly. Only with the heat emitted from those feathers was the Fire Crow able to disperse all of those cold gusts of wind.

"Haha!"

Ji Zhuo laughed out loud. He was holding an oddly-shaped shield made of a beast's skull in his left hand and a huge bone cane in his right. His body was wrapped in blazing flames which made him look like a fiery god; every single move of his produced a monstrous flame.

"Black Water Gui, haha, you're one of my old friends. Do you remember your Abba and uncle? It was me who killed them!" Ji Zhuo waved his bone cane and casted streams of flames randomly while provoking his enemy.

The deathly pale face of Black Water Gui had almost turned blue. In his hands was a short, black bone cane; and on his skin were numerous snake tattoos wriggled as if they were alive. A huge gust of wind blew out from his body; soon after which, a large cloud of

dark-blue ice crystals quickly emerged in the air and immediately condensed into several ice walls in front of him.

Usually, Black Water Gui's ice walls were incomparably firm; even tens of ordinary Senior Magi with their combined power couldn't harm even a little bit of his ice walls.

However, Ji Zhuo was way too powerful. With only a slight hit, Ji Zhuo shattered several tens-of-feet-thick ice walls. At every moment, Black Water Gui released hundreds of ice walls and shielded himself from every direction, however, Ji Zhuo waved his bone cane for a thousand times at the same moment as him.

Ice walls were continuously being shattered. Ji Zhuo was excited, even starting to roar and curse. Lava-like thick flames started circulating through his body, emitting an eye-piercing light and producing an even greater heat. He was stimulated by the fight and released all of his power, even his sturdy body swelled bigger.

Followed by a muffled explosion, the huge bone cane broke through tens of ice walls and directly hit Black Water Gui's chest.

Instantly, Gui let out a howl. His scrawny body was sent flying and his chest was smashed. His pale skin quickly turned red, and wisps of lava gushed out from every one of his pores.

"Hah, Black Water, you..." Ji Zhuo raised the bone cane and laughed proudly. But in the next moment, his laughter suddenly stopped and his expression changed; his body intensely shook and he staggered a few steps back.

With a nigh inaudible swishing sound, a black jade knife which was only as thick as a bean and as long as a finger, rapidly rose high into the air, transforming into a beam of black light; it flew back into Black Water Gui's hand. Just now, the jade knife had pierced the Ji Zhuo's left ankle. A black line emerged from his left ankle towards his thigh; where it passed, the flame wrapping Ji Zhuo's body quickly disappeared; a thick layer of ice instead appeared on his left leg, replacing the flame.

"This again!" Ji Zhuo mumbled annoyingly. "You never launched a frontal attack, you bastard! I hate you vile bugs! One day, I'll destroy you all!"

Black Water Gui grinned wantonly, grabbed the jade knife, and let out a sharp roar. Following his voice, the horned serpent which was fighting against the Fire Crow turned around and dashed towards Gui, carrying him on its head and fleeing towards the deep jungle at its highest speed.

The Three-Legged Fire Crow cawed sharply, attempting to chase them. Ji Zhuo sat down on the ground, gasping, and said feebly, "Don't bother... That old bastard was injured quite seriously. He won't be able to come out and make trouble for quite a while... My old friend, haven't you realised that I, too, am badly hurt?"

Ji Zhuo patted his frozen thigh and said with a weird smile on his face, "I'm badly injured and can't make it back to the Gold Black Mountain. The nearest Fire Crow Clan territory is the Cold Stream Valley; I'm going there to take a rest!"

Ji Zhuo then let out a caw-like shout and hopped onto the Fire Crow's head. The Fire Crow flapped its enormous wings and soared high into the air, leaving a beam of fiery light behind it. It then hovered around, diving towards Cold Stream Valley.

In the Cold Stream Valley, Toao threw a punch towards Ji Hao's spear which was about to pierce Di Luo's back. The spear shook intensely and nearly broke from the great power hidden in Toao's punch. Ji Hao's arms quivered, and he quickly retreated in large strides.

With his current power, Ji Hao couldn't hold off the strength of a Senior Magi yet. A slight punch from Toao nearly ruptured his internal organs. A stream of blood gushed out from his throat, and he couldn't help but to spit out a mouthful of blood.

In his lower dantian, the multicoloured flame was quietly blazing. Part of the Senior Magi blood released from Ji Kui's magic-

seal while Ji Hao was in a coma, was now quickly turning into beams of multicoloured light and being absorbed by Ji Hao's body.

Soon, Ji Hao's internal wounds were healed by the multicoloured light. He took a deep breath, stretching his neck and cracking his bone joints. His strength had just improved by ten thousand 'stones' after being nourished by the Senior Magi Blood.

"Break!" Ji Hao didn't risk fighting against Toba and Toao closely. He hid in the dense fog and interlocked his hands together; he gathered natural power and sent it towards them.

At this moment, Ji Xia was surrounded by Di Luo, Toba and Toao, in addition to Black Water Jiao and his serpent. The four of them launched their attacks towards Ji Xia simultaneously. Punches, daggers, wind-knifes, poisoned gas, and cold air; all kinds of attacks were thrown at Ji Xia, hitting his body like raindrops in a rainstorm. Within the span of a few breaths, Ji Xia was beaten black and blue.

However, a sphere of white-cyan light slowly rose from Ji Xia's head. Within the light, the Mu Sheng Pearl, Qing Fu's inherited magic treasure, appeared and quickly released a large amount of life force energy, which was then absorbed by Ji Xia's body and started to heal him. With the energy released by the Mu Sheng Pearl and the strong life force of a powerful Senior Magus, Ji Xia's wounds quickly healed. All of the attacks released by the four people and the horned serpent seemed to have failed to cause any harm to Ji Xia.

Once Ji Xia was healed, Ji Hao rushed over along with the vast power of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]. Followed by the rumbling of thunder, tens of fist-thick lightning bolts abruptly fell on the four people's heads.

The besiegement from the four people was abruptly interrupted by the lightning. Di Luo fled backwards, frightened; but once he turned around, he noticed a skeleton monster standing right in

front of him. The skeleton showed a terrifying grin and pressed Di Luo down to the ground with its huge bone paw.

Under the skeleton's paw, all of Di Luo's bones started creaking. He was then sent flying by the skeleton and smashed against a large tree from nearly a mile away, falling unconscious.

Toba and Toao instantly stopped attacking Ji Xia, turned around, and rushed towards Di Luo.

Black Water Jiao showed hesitation, and took a few steps back subconsciously. By then, he was the only one left to deal with Ji Xia.

A sharp caw came from the jungle farther away. Black Water Jiao's face suddenly turned deathly pale when he heard the caw. "Did Granddaddy lose? To whom? Whom!? Retreat! Retreat! This is a trap! Damned Ji Mu! How dare you lie to me!" yelled Black Water Jiao.

Black Water Jiao then jumped onto the serpent's head and tried to flee; however, before he could make it into the jungle, three black 'Thorns of Life and Death' flashed across the dense fog, and pierced through the bodies of Black Water Jiao and his horned serpent. Black Water Jiao let out a great howl, and his face turned dark immediately.

"Re..re..retreat!" He screamed out of panic, and then ran into the jungle with the hundreds of remaining Black Water Serpent warriors.

By now, a well-planned ambush had failed completely. Ji Hao shouted, chasing the enemies into the jungle under the cover of Mr. Crow.

Chapter 48: Punishment

Late at night, bonfires were blazing in the Cold Stream Valley.

Qing Fu, holding a flagpole made of white bones with long, white streamers tied onto it, lithely walked around Cold Stream Valley like a fairy who only appeared during the night. She was waving the flagpole and whispering an ancient mysterious spell, sending those mysterious beings of the jungle back to where they came from.

The skinny black monster and the white skeleton monster, both the strongest amongst the mysterious beings, were mumbling something. They had consumed the blood of two gigantic beasts; they walked with satisfaction into the fog and disappeared slowly.

Gusts of whirlwind blew in every direction. Murmurs resounded throughout the air. The mad slaughter that occurred in Cold Stream Valley tonight stimulated the nearby mysterious beings who had yet to calm down from the commotion.

Upon a blazing bonfire, three, near a hundred-foot-long, skinned horned serpents were being grilled. The pure white serpent meat sizzled; large drops of fat fell continuously into the flames, emitting an extremely attractive scent.

Ji Hao happily sat beside the bonfire, gobbling a huge piece of serpent meat in his hands.

Stone was sitting quietly next to Ji Hao. Every time Ji Hao finished a piece of snake meat, it crushed the bone for Ji Hao. Once the bone was crushed, glittering, translucent marrow seeped out, along with a thick scent. Ji Hao then opened his mouth, caught the falling marrow which contained great life force energy and internal power, and swallowed it.

In Ji Hao's lower dantian, the multicoloured flame temporarily stopped transforming the Senior Magi blood; instead, it was

working hard to transform the power and energy contained within the serpents' bodies. All three of the horned serpents were as powerful as an ordinary Senior Magus; their muscles and blood contained large amounts of power, which was highly beneficial to Ji Hao.

After finishing another portion of serpent meat, Ji Hao stood up, stretched his body and slowly performed a martial arts routine, as if no one else was present there.

Multicoloured light beams were circulating through his body simultaneously with a great heat. Ji Hao felt extremely hot, and sweat continuously poured down his body. After absorbing part of the power contained within the serpent's body, his physical strength was further improved. His joints cracked while he moved and made a subtle sound akin to metals clattering.

"Stone, keep an eye on this serpent meat for me. This is an award from Granddaddy, and I won't waste even a little bit of it!" said Ji Hao while delightfully looking at the serpent's meat. He only needed two days to swallow all of the meat and absorb the power contained within them. By that time, his power will have definitely improved to another degree.

Stone responded with a muffled voice, turning its huge stone head to survey the area. It seemed as though no matter who came near this meat, it would send that person flying.

Near another bonfire, Ji Zhuo sat on the ground and leaned against a giant stone, one of his legs was covered in a thick layer of ice. He narrowed his eyes, staring at Ji Xiao who kneeled in front of him and looked as if he wouldn't dare to move even a little bit. Ji Zhuo was fiddling with a piece of gold which was found in the stream. In Ji Zhuo's hands, the hard piece of gold quickly changed forms as though it was piece of clay.

"Xiao, regarding bloodline, the ancestor of your cousin was my fifth brother." After a period of silence, Ji Zhuo said in a low voice,

"Considering this, we are close relatives."

Ji Xiao knelt on the ground, trembling, and was dripping with perspiration.

"That little brother of mine, Xiao Wu, do you know how he died?" Ji Zhuo looked up to the starry sky and continued, "It was six-hundred years ago. To save a mine that was producing fire copper, my brother fought against five thousand Black Water Serpent Clan warriors together with three hundred of our clansmen. He killed eight hundred and fifty of the enemies, exhausted himself and was killed in the end."

While speaking, Ji Zhuo suddenly threw the piece of gold towards Ji Xiao's head. The head of a Senior Magus was very hard. The gold lump was smashed flat onto his head, almost enveloping Ji Xiao's entire head.

"Those Black Water Serpent Clansmen chopped Xiao Wu's head off, turned it into a mug and even now, it is still placed on the altar of their ancestral temple!" Ji Zhuo angrily growled in a low voice, flames flashing across his pupils. "Xiao Wu is one of your direct ancestors, his head is still placed on the altar of the Black Water Serpent Clan Ancestral Temple. And you, you colluded with those vile snakes and attacked your own clansmen!"

Ji Hao, having already filled his stomach with serpent meat, slowly walked over and stood beside Ji Zhuo with arms crossed around his chest, and coldly staring down at Ji Xiao.

Ji Xiao glanced at Ji Hao, plucked the flat gold piece from his head, and shouted hoarsely, "But Ji Hao killed Hu! My only son! Hu!"

"Hu wanted to kill me! I swear on the ancestors' souls; Hu, Feng, and Shui, the three of them colluded with Jiang Xue and tried to kill me. Uncle Xiao, do I look like an idiot who just waits for others to chop my head off when someone tries to kill me?" Ji Hao looked at Ji Xiao whose face was reddening, half-ashamed and half-

enraged.

Ji Xiao opened his mouth but didn't say anything.

"You knew Hu was going to kill me, didn't you?" Ji Hao continued with a calm face.

Ji Xiao stayed silent, however, his distorted face showed that Ji Hao was telling the truth.

"Granddaddy, Uncle Xiao knew about the fact that Hu colluded with outsiders and attempted to kill me, but he didn't stop his own son. I killed Hu in self defense; he then colluded with the archenemy of our Fire Crow Clan and tried to kill me, Abba, and Amma. What did the Bi Fang Clan give him for this?" Ji Hao continued while staring at the pale, darkened face of Ji Xiao.

Ji Zhuo took a deep breath, grabbed a stone from the ground and hit Ji Xiao's head, yelling, "What did the Bi Fang clan give you for this?"

The stone shattered into dust on Ji Xiao's head. Ji Xiao then murmured, "Once we kill brother Xia, the Black Water Serpent Clan will release Jiang Xue. Ji Mu's son will marry Jiang Xue instead of Ji Wu, and one of Jiang Yao's sisters will become my wife and bear my children."

"Ji Shu has already turned himself into a dog of the Bi Fang Clan, and you're planning to get a Bi Fang Clan woman as your wife! Then from now on, should the Bi Fang clan rule the Holy Land of our Fire Crow Clan, or should it be our own clansmen?" Said Ji Hao while laughing mockingly.

Both Ji Zhuo and Ji Xiao didn't say anything. Ji Hao looked at Ji Xiao and continued slowly, "You colluded with outsiders and betrayed our own clansman. Uncle Xiao, you shall die for your mistakes."

Ji Xiao quivered intensely then madly jumped up from the ground, pointing his finger at Ji Hao and yelling, "What did you

say? Little bastard, what qualifications do you have to decide whether I should die or not? Are you one of the elder magi? Are you one of the Maguspriests? How did Ji Xia educate you?"

All of Ji Xiao's awakened Magus Acupoints were blocked by Qing Fu with the 'Thorns of Life and Death' right after he was captured. Qing Fu also reduced his physical strength with a special drug, therefore, Ji Xiao now wasn't any different from ordinary clansmen.

Ji Hao threw a punch at Ji Xiao's face, easily knocking him down; he grabbed his neck, and walked towards the deep valley.

"Granddaddy, am I right? No matter why Uncle Xiao did all of this, he should die for his sins. So, he has to die. After all, we have to follow our ancestors' rules!" said Ji Hao with a cold voice as he walked.

Ji Xia stood up quickly beside the bonfire, attempting to stop Ji Hao-he still thought about the friendship between Ji Xiao and himself, and he cannot bear to kill Ji Xiao like this. After all, Ji Xiao was a powerful Senior Magus. In the Southern Wasteland, any Senior Magus was an extremely valuable force.

However, Qing Fu appeared in front of Ji Xia, opened her arms and stopped him.

Ji Xia was going to say something, but Ji Zhuo grabbed him, pulling him down to his seat.

"He did the wrong thing, so he has to bear the punishment. Xia, you're a good brother and a good commander, however, you'll never make a good clan leader!" said Ji Zhuo.

"This kid, Hao, is much better than you!"

Chapter 49: Interrogation

At the end of the valley, Ji Hao forced Ji Xiao to face the Black Gold Mountains and kneel.

Ji Xiao tried to struggle and resist a few times, however, his Magus Acupoints were sealed and his physical strength was reduced by Qing Fu's drug; he could never break away from Ji Hao's control. He knelt down facing the Black Gold Mountains, ten thousand miles away. His emotions stirred, and he howled towards the sky in shame and anger.

"Uncle Xiao, save the scream, it won't help you," said Ji Hao, fiddling with a dagger made of blood-jade. His fingers flicked rapidly and the dagger rotated quickly between his fingers; a circle of blood-red shadow appeared, which shone under the starlight.

"Since Grandpa Ji Zhuo is here, no one can save you. Both you and I know about his temper. Uncle Jie's head was chopped off by Grandpa Ji Zhuo himself when Jie fled from the battle against the Black Water Serpent Clan." Ji Hao patted Ji Xiao's shoulder and said in an honest tone, "The mistake you made is far more serious than fleeing from a battle."

Ji Xiao gasped, and said with a trembling voice, "Hao, all of this was because of Hu. Why did you kill him? Indeed, he tried to kill you...but couldn't you just wound him and...warn him? Why did you have to kill him?"

"Because he didn't show any mercy when he tried to kill me" said Ji Hao coldly, while staring at Ji Xiao with a mocking smile at the corners of his mouth. "My dear uncle, haven't you realised? The issue between you and me is not because of Hu. In fact, Hu's death was only an excuse that you gave to yourself. You're young and strong, as long as you get yourself a couple more wives, you can have even a hundred sons."

"The biggest issue between you and me is Ji Shu, Jiang Yao who

is supporting Ji Shu, and the entire Bi Fang Clan who is supporting Jiang Yao!" Ji Hao looked into Ji Xiao's faltering eyes and said word by word, "In the name of our ancestors' souls, you should examine your own conscience and see if I'm telling the truth."

Both of Ji Xiao's arms were pushing against the ground and supporting his body, large amounts of sweat dripped down his forehead in streams. He breathed heavily and trembled intensely.

"I...Ji Shu..." Ji Xiao's eyeballs slowly rotated in his eye sockets, losing focus. His healthy face was now deathly pale and darkened.

"Zhe!"

Ji Hao whispered the [Nine Secret Words] and interlocked his fingers together, then gently pressed his finger onto the area between Ji Xiao's eyebrows. Ji Hao's pupils changed to a golden red colour; nine spell symbols slowly rotated around both of his pupils. A strange powerful force capable of soul control was sent from Ji Hao's pupils deep into Ji Xiao's eyes.

Most of the Senior Magi in the Southern Wasteland neglected cultivating their souls. On the contrary, Maguspriests who concentrated on the practice of all kinds of witchcraft, have always worked hard to nourish their souls through special and mystical methods; by doing so, they could slowly increase their spiritual power and use it to cast all kinds of witchcraft. Maguspriests capable of communicating with gods, ghosts, and other mysterious beings, could only slowly improve their souls with all of their efforts; not to mention Senior Magi like Ji Xiao, who had never even attempted to improve the power of his soul. Although Ji Xiao also had a relatively powerful soul, the power of his soul was only nourished by his own spirit blood, thus he could only rely on his strengthened body. The level of his soul and spiritual power were no better than the soul and spiritual power of three-year-old Ji Hao.

At this time, Ji Xiao was already hopeless; the power of his soul

scattered, which allowed Ji Hao to easily take control of his mind.

"Uncle, the mistake you made is unforgivable. You have to die. Why don't you tell me what you know before that? Why must Ji Shu take the position of commander from my Abba? What is he planning? Just tell me everything you know!"

Ji Xiao slightly quivered, eyes staring without focus. Following the soft voice of Ji Hao, he slowly opened his mouth.

Ji Hao controlled Ji Xiao's soul carefully, digging out all the secrets buried within Ji Xiao's heart. Gradually, Ji Hao's facial expression turned strange. Did Ji Shu try everything to get the position of commander for this? Thought Ji Hao.

"No wonder Ji Mu knew those slave dealers before. They really are old friends. Damn Ji Shu, you surely found yourself a good way to earn a fortune!"

Although the Fire Crow Clan had already become an auxiliary clan of the Bi Fang Clan, due to the absence of powerful high-level Magi, such as Magus Kings, for thousands of years, the firm foundation of the Fire Crow Clan was still there. With a large number of branch clans and a vast territory for hundreds of thousands of miles around, the Fire Crow Clan was still a very powerful and thriving clan in the Southern Wasteland.

Surrounding the Holy Land in the Black Gold Mountains were thousands of branch clans of the Fire Crow Clan. The population of the smallest amongst these branch clans was over a hundred thousand and within this, there were at least eight to ten Senior Magi in one hundred thousand warriors.

As for branch clans with large populations, for example Ji Shu's clan, had over a million people and hundreds of Senior Magi.

After Ji Shu became the leader of the Holy Land warriors, with the exception of Elder Magi and Maguspriests, all of the warriors including Senior Magi, Junior Magi and Novice Magi, had to

follow Ji Shu's lead and do whatever he commands.

Long ago, Ji Shu started to secretly work with slave dealers, capturing and selling many people from smaller clans. By now, with Ji Shu's leadership and the support gained from a few Elder Magi and Maguspriests in the Holy Land, it allowed his small-scale slave trading business to quickly expand.

Before, when Ji Xia and other former leaders held the highest power within the clan, the Fire Crow Clan had always been lenient towards the small clans of the Southern Wasteland. As long as those clans were willing to pay a certain amount of taxes, they would be under the protection of the Fire Crow Clan.

However, as Ji Shu planned, those taxes were not even worth mentioning. All the Fire Crow Clan's branch clans would become his slave suppliers and continuously supply slaves to him.

According to Ji Xiao, Ji Shu would even choose to start a war if he couldn't get the number of slaves he wanted. He would not only fight against the archenemy, Black Water Serpent Clan, but would also attack the small clans which bordered the Fire Crow Clan and had no enmity with the Fire Crow Clan. These small clans would all become Ji Shu's prey.

"He's going to set the entire Southern Wasteland into turmoil." Ji Hao finished his interrogation and asked, "How dare he even plan this? Only with the support of Jiang Bo? Is Jiang Bo even powerful enough to withstand the repercussions?"

Ji Xiao smiled bitterly, shook his head, and kept quiet.

Although Ji Xiao colluded with Ji Shu a long time ago, he was neither from Ji Shu's clan nor a close relative; how could Ji Shu trust him and let him know all of his most important secrets?

"Goodbye then, my uncle!" Ji Hao raised the dagger and said, "By the way, your spirit blood won't be wasted, not even a little bit. My Abba and Amma need it to recover."

After eating a portion of horned serpent meat, Ji Hao's physical strength had vastly improved.

He injected all of his internal power into the jade dagger.

A faint light quietly flashed through the air. When the light faded, Ji Hao had already thrown nearly a thousand stabs towards Ji Xiao's chest, finally cutting open his chest and piercing into his heart.

Ji Xiao, whose soul was still under Ji Hao's control, let out an ashen smile. A golden-red flame was blazing in his heart, drawing all of his power and blood inwards, which then condensed into a sphere of golden-red Senior Magi blood containing all of Ji Xiao's power and life force, and slowly seeped out of his heart through the cut.

"Old man! Now I have the spirit blood from Ji Xiao, can I give the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] to my Abba and Amma?" In his own overcast spiritual space, Ji Hao shouted to the air.

A dense fog started circulating, slowly condensing into a vague figure who was looking down at Ji Hao.

Spirit Blood: Blood that contained powers, only possessing by Senior Magi and above level magi.

Chapter 50: Afterwinds

"Ha!"

Followed by a great roar, a six-foot-long sword which was seized from a Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magi flashed across the air along with a beam of cold light, separating a gigantic tree trunk from its roots. Ji Hao leapt high in the air and threw a heavy punch onto the tree trunk; the over two-hundred feet tall tree slowly fell down.

Tens of slaves rushed over, chopping off all the branches with axes and knives and stripping bare all of the tree bark. Then the four-tusked mammoth that waited on the side rolled up the stripped tree trunk with its long snout, carried it to a mine hole under the cliff, and put it down in front of the entrance for later use.

"You have to produce another two multicoloured flames in order to give the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] to your parents."

Ji Hao let out a sigh, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and waved the long sword towards another gigantic tree.

Ji Hao has been wanting to give the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] to his parents for over half a month. Ever since he gained all of Ji Xiao's spirit blood a couple of days ago, he wanted to give the magic spell to them even more.

However, his plan fell through after listening to the mysterious man's words. To practice the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] required a multicoloured flame, identical to the one in Ji Hao's lower abdomen, as a trigger. The mysterious man only had one spare multicoloured flame, which was already given to Ji Hao. Unless Ji Hao could improve his practice on the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] to the peak level and produce other multicoloured flames with his own flame, he could never impart this powerful and magical spell to any other person.

As for the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], which was created by Ji Hao in his previous life, it was completely different from all other kinds of witchcraft that the Southern Wasteland Magi practiced in.

Ji Hao had no idea about how to clearly explain the origins of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] to his parents. When he was a little boy, he tried to discuss the magical power of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] with Qing Fu. However, Qing Fu couldn't even understand the [Unity of Heaven and Man], which was the most basic theory of the Mantra Dan.

Therefore, he couldn't impart the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] to his parents. The Southern Wasteland Magi and Maguspriests had their own knowledge system and practice methods.

"So, I have to practice harder. To live well in this Southern Wasteland, I need to be stronger and more powerful!" murmured Ji Hao in his mind.

He couldn't improve the powers of Ji Xia and Qing Fu with his magic spells, instead, he could only improve himself as much as possible!

Ji Xiao's spirit blood was absorbed by Ji Hao's body. A human-head-sized sphere of Senior Magi blood floated above the multicoloured flame in Ji Hao's lower abdomen; powerful beams of multicoloured lights were continuously circulating in Ji Hao's body and improving his physical strength.

Ji Hao suppressed the desire for advancement, keeping his bloodline's power from bursting out, and only concentrated on improving his physical strength.

He took a deep breath and slowly stimulated his internal power. A strand of extremely pure internal power circulated through the muscles and blood vessels in Ji Hao's arm, and infused into the sword in his hand. Along with a sharp swishing sound, a blinding

light flashed along the sword edge. Ji Hao held his breath and swung the sword; another huge tree, which took five people to wrap their arms around it, was cut into two. With only a slight kick from Ji Hao, the tree trunk slowly fell down with a creaking noise.

Loud bird calls came from the sky. Tens of Windstorm Rocs were flapping their wings and diving from the sky.

Standing on the backs of those Windstorm Rocs, were a squad of armed Fire Crow Clan warriors; hanging from their claws, were huge cages woven from vines filled with young and strong slaves.

Ji Ying, Ji Lang, and Ji Bao stood on the ground, waving and shouting towards those Windstorm Rocs, directing them towards the landing spots. Those gigantic birds gently put the cages down, then slowly landed on the ground.

Another batch of Fire Crow Clan warriors, who were waiting nearby, rushed over, ripped the cages open and drove the slaves out. A few especially strong and unruly slaves started yelling and tried to resist as soon they got out of their cages. Tens of long spears instantly hit their bodies, knocking them down onto the ground; whilst they ceaselessly struggled, trembled, and cried.

"Ho! Ho!"

Outside of the Cold Stream Valley, over a hundred Fire Crow Clan warriors were riding all kinds of contracted beasts and swept past the entrance of the valley.

The troop leader held a long spear, with a one-foot-square flag tied on it which fluttered in the wind. Painted on that flag was the totem of the Fire Crow Clan's Three-Legged Gold Crow. On both sides of the valley, over two-hundred-foot-tall walls were built.

In contrast to the old wall, which was built with logs and mud days ago, these two new walls were built with gigantic stones; and lava was poured into the gaps between the stones, combining the

stones into one. The defensive capability of these two new walls were ten times better than the old walls made from logs and mud.

The walls were greatly filled with patrolling Fire Crow Clan warriors. By now, the number of elite warriors who were guarding the valley on the walls was over three thousand.

"Ting, ting..."

Metal striking sounds continuously resounded from one of the caves. A great flame spewed out of the cave, burning all the plants within the circumference of hundreds of miles into ashes.

A workshop was built in one of the caves by hundreds of Fire Crow Clan warriors. Large amounts of metallic materials were transported to the Cold Stream Valley from nearby branch clans. In the workshop, Fire Crow Clan craftsmen were busy forging all kinds of tools. Heavy swords and axes for lumbering, hammers and crooked chisels for opening mineshafts, as well as other tools in need. All of those tools were continuously forged during the past couple of days.

In the past, Cold Stream Valley only had a few thousands old or weak slaves sent from the Springs Mountain; however, within these past couple of days, thirty thousand strong slaves were sent to the valley from every nearby branch clan.

Under the cliff on the north side of the valley, twenty mineshafts were opened in a line. Slaves were mining while loudly singing a work song.

Each of those stripped logs were cut into three pieces, sent into the mineshaft, and used to support the roofs of the shaft. Baskets of soil and rock mixed with large amounts of gold and jade pieces were being sent out of the mineshafts.

The weak and old slaves gathered beside the Cold Stream, carefully picking the gold and jade pieces out.

This mine under the Cold Stream Valley was extremely rich and

rare. Within every basket, only forty percent was composed of rocks and soil, the rest were pieces of gold and jade. The smallest piece amongst them was as big as a human fist.

In past few days, two small mountains of gold and jade pieces were piled up in the Cold Stream Valley. The gold mountain was twenty feet tall and over two hundred feet in diameter, while the jade mountain was tens of feet tall and over a hundred feet in diameter.

Under the sun's rays, the pieces of gold and jade were shining and illuminating each other. Ji Zhuo, who was sitting on a big stone and supervising the mining work, smiled from ear-to-ear with a mouthful of glistening, white teeth. From time to time, he flaunted his frozen leg to the nearby clansmen.

Due to Ji Zhuo's presence, the allied force of Blood Fang and Black Water Serpent Clan was destroyed. By now, all the Maguspriests and Elder Magi in the Holy Land had clearly been informed of the amazing resources of the Cold Stream Valley mine, especially the discovery of Fire Essence Crystal.

Such a rich mine, its importance was obvious.

Ji Shu had been strangely cooperative during these past couple of days. He not only transferred a large number of elite warriors to the Cold Stream Valley to join Ji Xia's troops and guard the valley, he also quickly sent the slaves, craftsmen and all kinds of necessary materials from the nearest branch clan.

Ji Xia calmly accepted Ji Shu's goodwill, and didn't let those elders know about the fact that Ji Mu colluded with the Black Water Serpent Clan and tried to kill him.

In Ji Xia's mind, the clan was always the top priority.

"Abba was right...whatever Ji Mu did could be completely irrelevant to Ji Shu. We can never defeat Ji Shu by letting everyone know about what Ji Mu did. He only needs to heartlessly

kill Ji Mu, and easily blame everything on him."

"Rather than this, why don't we just keep silent for a while and get ourselves some actual benefits," thought Ji Hao.

Ji Hao gasped, turning around to look at the Cold Stream Valley.

Presently, Cold Stream Valley was guarded by twenty thousand elite warriors who came from every branch clan, and ten thousand slaves were working hard in the mines. This valley had already become the Fire Crow Clan's most powerful stronghold.

While smiling, Ji Hao swung the sword backwards, cutting another gigantic tree into two.

Thousands of miles away, inside the deep jungle, Jiang Yao stood on the head of a Bi Fang Bird and slowly descended from the air. Her beautiful face was as twisted as a ghost.

Roc: Mythical bird of prey, that possesses enormous size and strength.

Chapter 51: Collusion

In a deep valley, a smelter around ten feet in radius was spewing a great flame.

With a metal-clattering-like noise, a three-meter-tall sturdy man, who was bounded by chains and shackles, was being dragged towards the smelter by two Jia Clan warriors.

Every time the man struggled, blinding lightning bolts flashed and darted out from the chains that wrapped around his body.

Followed by an electricity-like sound, the powerful lightning struck the sturdy man's body, making his hair stand up and body twitch intensely. "Monsters! You monsters! Fight against me like a real man! Do you dare! Do you even dare!" the man roared in rage. He was so angry that he even went hysterical.

"I like this guy!" A nearly four-meter-tall Jia Clan warrior quickly walked over. He was wearing heavy armour, as solid as a fort; however, he didn't make any noticeable sound while walking. He raised a bullhorn-shaped heavy axe, neatly hit the back of the chained man's head, and knocked him unconscious.

"Look how powerful he is! Look how tall and sturdy he is! Haha! He's as energetic as a mad bull! He has got to be worth a fortune!" The Jia Clan warrior waved his axe and boasted proudly to others standing around.

Nearly a thousand Jia Clan warriors were gathered in the huge valley, sitting or hunkering on rocks. Each of them had four eyes which were shining with cold lights. All of those Jia Clan warriors laughed out loud when they heard their fellow clansman.

Two other Jia Clan warriors dragged the unconscious man to the smelter. A short man - with the height of five feet whose bulging mouth resembled a large ape and red-speckled skin exhibited a strange, light-green colour - stood beside the smelter and chuckled

creepily. He pulled a searing iron rod out of the smelter and branded the area between the chained man's eyebrows.

Spell symbols lit up on the surface of the searing iron rod. The unconscious man suddenly woke up in pain and started howling. He struggled with all of his strength, however, the iron rod remained still, as if it was rooted in his skull. After quite a while, the searing iron finally left his skin.

A palm-sized, blood-red brand was burned onto the chained man's forehead - a tower reaching towards the sky, with an open, blood-red eye floating above it.

Along with a sizzling sound, countless tiny, blood-red lines rapidly spread out from the vertical eye and pierced into the chained man's bones, muscles, and internal organs. The chained man started quivering violently, streams of cold sweat pouring down his body.

The blood-red lines, which radiated a vile and evil atmosphere, slowly disappeared after drilling into the man's skull, taking full control of his body and mind. By now, the chained man had lost the power to resist; he was dragged away by two Jia Clan warriors and thrown aside as if he were a bag of garbage.

Another chained man, who was also struggling hard, was dragged up to the smelter by Jia Clan warriors and branded on the forehead by the evil, chuckling man.

The sizzling sound didn't stop. Hundreds of Southern Wasteland warriors were branded by the seal of disgrace and turned into slaves against their own wills.

A long and beautiful bird song came from the sky. A Bi Fang bird with the wingspan of over two hundred feet, gracefully descended from the sky; it gently grabbed a sharp rock with a single talon. The bird slowly folded its wings, elegantly lowering its body down.

Jiang Yao slowly walked down from the bird's back. Two tall and

muscular Jia Clan women walked up to her, throwing a disdainful glance at her, who was much shorter than themselves, and mumbled in a deep voice, "Follow us. The leader has been expecting you for quite a while."

Jiang Yao followed them, walking towards the centre of the valley. After a bit of walking, a gorgeous tent built under the cliff appeared within their sights.

Tens of well-dressed men lazily stood outside the tent relaxedly, chatting and laughing in low voices. Each of these men had a vertical eye located in between their eyebrows; wind, frost, lightning, and other supernatural visions flashed across their pupils.

These men, noticing Jiang Yao nearing, instantly straightened their bodies and assumed serious faces but they couldn't help but to stare up and down at Jiang Yao's body. A few even started swallowing saliva; their lust and greed were completely obvious.

Jiang Yao threw a scornful, sideways glance towards these men and slowly walked into the tent as if she were a resplendent queen.

The tent seemed only thirty feet in diameter from the outside, however, if seen from within, the inner space of this tent could accommodate over a thousand people and host a party for them at the same time. The floor was covered with thick but soft, white carpet; exquisitely crafted knives, swords, and shields were hung as wall decorations; and tens of extremely exquisite and complete, gold and jade-inlaid armours were placed in the corners of the tent.

Di Luo, who had previously lost an eye and had one arm severed by Ji Hao during the chase a few of nights ago, embarrassingly stood in the tent. Lazily sitting on a huge, golden chair beside him was a middle-aged man who looked very similar to Di Luo but had a huge scar on his face.

"Di Sha, you didn't fulfill your promise!" Jiang Yao walked into the tent, looking at the middle-aged man with a sneer on her face

and said, "If I knew you people were so useless, I would have given up on you and cooperated with your competitors instead."

Di Sha, the middle-aged man, slightly waved his hand and slowly said, "Dear respectable Maguspriestess, let's cut the crap. In the Southern Wasteland, we, the Blood Fang, are not only the most powerful group, but we also have the best background with the strongest power supporting us."

"You have no choice. To get what you want, you, and the whoever standing behind you, can only cooperate with us" Di Sha shrugged and said calmly.

The vertical eye on Di Sha's forehead suddenly opened, radiating an eddy of darkness. The light emitted from hundreds of tallow candles dimmed instantly, and the tent was soon filled with darkness. An evil power enveloped the entire inner tent space, emanating a great pressure which made everyone feel as though a huge mountain was descending from above.

"You can't blame us for that failure. The information you gave us was completely wrong. Those people are much more powerful than you've described. That little guy's gigantic Fire Crow, that woman named Qing Fu, who knows how to cast large-scale magics, and that oddly, powerful old man unexpectedly showed up... Too many coincidences and surprises occurred during our mission. Look at my poor brother; look at what you did to him."

Di Sha put on a troubled expression while burying half of his face into his hand, barely squeezing out a hint of sadness as he let out a sigh. "Look at my dearest little brother, my Di Luo. He hasn't even married yet! But, but he lost his beautiful eye! My good god, do you have any idea what that means to us, the noble Yu Clan people? He lost an eye; he can never find a woman willing to bear his offspring, not in this life!"

Jiang Yao breathed deeply, then took out a bottle from her sleeve. The bottle was made of black jade and contained about an

ounce of clear medicinal liquid which emitted an extremely strange scent - a scent that seemed to be the combination of the thick smell of blood, a nice herbal aroma and the horrible stench of numerous types of poisonous insects. This strange scent slowly filled the entire tent.

"This is the Wu Xian medicine, well, not the real legendary magical medicine though. This bottle was made by the most powerful Maguspriest alchemist in the Southern Wasteland." Jiang Yao threw the bottle to Di Sha and blandly said, "Take this medicine, it will heal all kinds of wounds, no matter how serious it is."

"Now, Di Sha, seriously," said Jiang Yao coldly, while staring at Di Sha, "Apart from the things we did to show the others, when can you get me the pure blood of Ji Xia and his son like what you promised before?"

Chapter 52: First Encounter

"Ha!"

Hot steam rose from Ji Hao's head, while his blood vessels swelled and bulged under his skin. Ji Hao leapt down from a gigantic tree which reached towards the sky, and threw a heavy punch towards the carriage-sized head of a Blood-eyed Bear which approached the level of a peak Junior Magus.

The Blood-eyed Bear roared madly to the sky, swinging its tens of feet long arms towards Ji Hao, which started two gusts of fierce winds.

There were countless wild beasts living in the Southern Wasteland jungle. This Blood-eyed Bear was as powerful as a peak-level Junior Magus. To achieve this level, it must have experienced innumerable fights and bloodshed; one could never tell how many times it survived from grave danger. The bear sensed Ji Hao's power which was not very strong; the bear felt that this tiny human here was just as weak as the prey that it had slaughtered and eaten thousands of times.

Ji Hao breathed deeply and let out a great growl; at the same time, he tightened his arms, his power flowed through his tendons and muscles even making a tweedle-like noise. Followed by a loud bang, the paws of the Blood-eyed Bear were shattered by Ji Hao's punch.

The bear howled in panic; in the next moment, Ji Hao lightly punched the bear's head, blowing its huge head open; brain matter splashed everywhere. A pungent, bloody odor slowly permeated through the jungle.

"Ho!"

Ji Hao shouted towards the sky. Multicoloured lights flashed continuously through his muscles, blood, bones, and internal

organs, like a river of light which flowed inside his body. A great heat emitted from the multicolored flame in his lower dantian and spread to the other parts of his body. Ji Hao's physical strength was quickly and continuously improving.

Normally, the physical strength of wild beasts is far greater than Magi of the same level. The Blood-eyed Bear was an extremely powerful inhabitant in this jungle; however, this beast, which was many times stronger than a peak level Fire Crow Clan Junior Magus, was just killed by Ji Hao using only his physical strength.

Ji Hao opened his mouth, spat out a wisp of white steam as far as hundreds of feet away, grabbed the bear's body which was nearly eighty feet long, and threw it to Qing Ying who stood hundreds of feet away and held his long bow. With a swishing sound, the bear's heavy body was sent flying towards Qing Ying, like a small mountain.

Between Qing Ying's chest and dantian, a sphere of looming light was shining, which meant that he was about to his first Magus Acupoint; however, Qing Ying let out a scream as he saw the bear's body which was hurling towards him, dropping his bow and arrows in a flurry, raising his arms and catching the bear's body with all of his strength.

"My dear god! Sister! Your son is a freak! He just can't stop embarrassing me!" Qing Ying complained loudly. His body was quivering intensely; he barely caught the bear's body, quickly taking tens of steps back, then finally steadied his feet.

"Hao! I, your uncle, am not one of your Fire Crow Clan crazy warriors! I'm an archer from the Qing Yi Clan, an archer! Do you understand?" yelled Qing Ying while dropping the bear's body. His face was slightly flushed.

Senior Magi from different clans have very different specialities.

The Fire Crow Clan warriors were extremely strong, their explosive force was even more powerful. The potential of the Fire

Crow Clan warriors' physical strength was ranked in the top ten amongst all the clans of the Southern Wasteland.

On the contrary, Senior Magi from the Qing Yi Clan were experts in all types of archery skills; generally, their physical strength was no better than even thirty percent of the physical strength of their fellow Fire Crow Clan warriors; however, they had the highest speed amongst the warriors of the entire Southern Wasteland.

Ji Hao wiped the sweat from his forehead, sensing the multicoloured flame in his lower abdomen which was growing brighter and bigger, laughed happily out loud and said, "Uncle! Don't blame me! You should practice your physical strength more! My Amma said you're too slim and tender. This way, you're going to make women feel as though you're not reliable and it'll be hard for you to find a good wife!"

Qing Ying's face darkened, he jumped up and started yelling at Ji Hao.

The angrier Qing Ying got, the happier Ji Hao became. Ji Hao laughed even louder; his loud laughter reverberated through the jungle along with the morning breeze.

It had been more than half a month since the Black Water Serpent Clan and Blood Fang attacked the Cold Stream Valley. Thereafter, the Fire Crow Clan promptly sent troops and, added with the presence of Ji Zhuo, the Cold Stream Valley was quiet and peaceful. During the last half month, not a single suspicious person was found.

Therefore, Ji Hao focused on training his physical strength and went hunting in the jungle with Qing Ying and a group of clansmen every morning.

The portion of Senior Magi blood from Ji Xia and Qing Fu, which was released from Ji Kui's magic seal when the seal accidentally broke, was fully absorbed by Ji Hao's body during the past night. By now, Ji Hao's physical power had surpassed any ordinary

Junior Magus.

The human-head-sized, golden-red spirit blood, which floated above the multicoloured flame at the moment, was from Ji Xia's body.

Ji Hao had done the math; once his body fully absorbed Ji Xia's spirit blood and if he consumed a certain amount of beasts during this period, he would never be able to keep his Gold Crow bloodline power from strengthening like what he was doing now. He had to completely awaken his bloodline's power and start training as a peak level Novice Magus.

Ji Hao was anticipating the special talent his bloodline's power would grant him.

The Three-legged Gold Crow was one of the few legendary, powerful creatures alive during the ancient times. Every kind of special talent passed on through the Gold Crow bloodline could create an entity powerful enough to look down on the whole world. If one could inherit more than one of those special talents, he would become even more powerful.

While Ji Hao gazed at the jungle and thought about all those special talents, a gentle and gracious voice came from further within the jungle, "My friend over there, please be careful. An evil creature is coming towards you."

Before the voice faded, a gust of fierce wind suddenly arrived with a pungent scent. The black wind kicked up a countless amount of small stones and blew towards Ji Hao; wisps of strange, green flames were attached to those stones. The chill of the black wind pierced Ji Hao's bones; Ji Hao's body froze after being touched slightly by the wind, he soon lost control of half of his body.

Ji Hao let out a shout, nine spell symbols simultaneously appeared around his pupils; his Yuan Dan started rotating quickly, the pure internal power was quickly sent to his whole body; under

the stimulation of this power, Ji Hao felt his blood boiling. His body instantly heated up, a looming fiery light appeared and enveloped his body.

The black wind collided into the looming fiery light, making a loud popping noise; countless stones exploded, the explosive force of every single stone was as powerful as the heavy punch of a wild beast that reached the level of a Junior Magus. Ji Hao could handle the explosive power of one or two stones easily; the explosive power of hundreds or even thousands of stones was completely endurable for Ji Hao with his current physical strength.

However, tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of stones were flying towards him along with the fierce wind. Under great pressure, Ji Hao staggered back; the looming light that enveloped his body was now shaking, seemingly about to be crushed the black wind.

With a swishing sound, a nearly hundred-feet-long, gigantic scorpion, with a pair of transparent wings on its back and a pure black shell decorated with dark green patterns, darted out of the jungle. The poisonous scorpion saw Ji Hao from quite a long distance, then opened its mouth and blew another gust of fierce black wind towards Ji Hao along with countless stones and wisps of green flames.

Qing Ying let out a growl, then the shouts of Qing Yi Clan and Fire Crow Clan warriors came from different directions; tens of arrows darted towards the scorpion from every direction, blocking every possible route. However, the scorpion moved extremely fast, even the arrows of Qing Yi Clan warriors couldn't stop it before it attacked Ji Hao.

"Evil creature! How dare you hurt people again!" The gentle and graceful voice came again. Along with the voice, an over ten-feet-tall young man, wearing a white long robe made of flax and hair hung loosely, flew out of the jungle with a gust of cool wind under his feet. The young man raised his hand, sending a beam of cyan

light towards Ji Hao. The cyan light transformed into a round, light shield in front of Ji Hao, blocking the black wind, green fire, and stones of the scorpion.

Following that, the young man swung his arm again; a huge golden cube rose from the ground into the sky, rotated in the air and then heavily hit the head of the scorpion.

Followed by a thundering crash, the golden cube smashed the scorpion's head and even left a large pit tens of feet in radius on the ground.

Ji Hao stared at the young man in shock and surprise. He was so excited that his hands were even trembling. The young man just controlled the power of nature with his own power, manipulating the great natural power which was hundreds of times stronger than his own. The witchcraft this young man just used was based on the same theory as the Mantra Dan!

Similar to Ji Hao, this young man was practicing in controlling nature's power, which was vastly different from the Southern Wasteland witchcraft.

Yuan Dan: Existing in Ji Hao's spiritual space in the form of a sphere, without a true form. It was condensed from his internal power, can be channeled, and release power under his will.

Chapter 53: Po

The scorpion's head was shattered instantly by the golden cube.

The vitality of this powerful, poisonous insect was especially high. The scorpion's body still twitched incessantly; its long legs embedded into the ground while slashing a few deep ditches in the ground.

"This is a Devil-Wind Scorpion. Generally, this kind of scorpion is around ten feet long, and all of them are wild and hard to kill," said Ji Hao. He was squatting beside the scorpion, watching the sturdy young man neatly cut open the carapace on its back and continued, "This is the first time I've seen such a huge Devil-Wind Scorpion."

"It has become a spirit beast," said the young man. He opened the carapace on the scorpion's back, displaying the translucent, light-silver coloured meat inside its body.

"Don't waste it!"

Saliva gushed out of Ji Hao's mouth once he saw the meat. Ji Hao was beaten so hard by this scorpion with explosive stones that he couldn't even fight back, which meant that this scorpion must be as powerful as an ordinary Senior Magus and its meat could largely improve Ji Hao's power. Its meat was a treasure to Ji Hao.

Seeing that the young man was about to throw the meat away, Ji Hao leapt onto a tree and picked hundreds-of-feet-long leaves then put them on the ground. The young man smiled, sliced the meat off and neatly placed them on those leaves.

Qing Ying came over with a few warriors. Those warriors scattered around while staying alert. Only Qing Ying walked close to the huge scorpion curiously, pulling out a dagger out and heavily knocking on the scorpion carapace.

The dagger ignited large amounts of fiery sparks against the

scorpion carapace. Although Qing Ying's dagger was badly abraded, it failed to leave even a trace of a cut on the scorpion's carapace.

"Such a hard carapace! It can be the perfect material to make armour! Must be indestructible!" yelled Ji Hao.

The sturdy young man laughed, nodded to Ji Hao then gently said, "My young friend, I was careless just now and almost let this evil creature hurt you. Since you like this scorpion carapace, then let me make it into an armour for you as a gift which will protect you in the future."

While speaking and laughing, the young man cut open those long legs of the scorpion. Thirty-six fist-sized, green, transparent beads rolled out of its legs. Blown by the morning wind, these beads flew into the air and started to rotate.

"Wow!" Qing Ying exclaimed, "Can Devil-Wind Scorpions grow these kind of beads inside their bodies? I've never seen something like this before! Even the most knowledgeable elder in the clan has never talked about this!"

"These are Scorpion-Dragon Beads. Ordinary Devil-Wind Scorpions are nothing but poisonous insects no matter their size. They can't have these kind of beads inside their body for sure." The young man was picking those beads up and putting them in his sleeves, he smiled and said to Qing Ying, "However, this scorpion was different. It had become a spirit beast by absorbing nature's power, learned how to practice its own power and pursued higher achievements; by doing so, it could produce these thirty-six beads."

"What will do you with those beads?" asked Ji Hao curiously.

The young man picked up the last bead and put it into his sleeve, then smiled and nodded to Ji Hao and said, "My name is Po. I'm an ascetic traveler, traveling around the world. The Southern Wasteland is my last stop of this travel."

"I've traveled through the Middle Land, the Eastern Wasteland, the Northern Wasteland, and the Western Wasteland. Sometimes when I gazed into the sky, I perceived that there are some mysterious principles of the planetary orbits. Afterwards, I conceived an powerful, ancient, heavenly fighting strategy called the [Primordial Celestial Life Transformation Art], therefore, I thought I might be able to imitate the principles of the planetary orbits and create a treasure which requires thirty-six thousand scorpion-dragon beads. This is the last thirty-six of them, I finally got them all."

Ji Hao opened his mouth, but didn't say anything. He stared at Po, stunned.

'In order to fulfill his own inspiration, he decided to create a treasure, gathering a total of thirty-six thousand scorpion-dragon beads, for which he needed to kill a thousand cold-wind scorpions which were as powerful as Senior Magi!

'How many places he had been to, to gather all those beads?!

'How fertile could this land be, to hide that many spirit stage Devil-Wind Scorpions?' said Ji Hao in his head.

"A thousand Devil-Wind Scorpions! You're so patient!" exclaimed Ji Hao.

"Wasted so much time." Po scratched his own head and smiled honestly, "My Shifu also said that I waste too much time making treasures. If I hadn't wasted this much of time and focused on my daily practice instead, my power would be far greater than it is now. But if I gave up on treasure-making and only concentrated on practicing daily, how boring would that be?"

Ji Hao raised his thumb towards Po, thinking his words were very reasonable.

The basic theory for daily practice is to cultivate one's heart and mind, and to coordinate the human power with nature's power. Po

did what he felt like doing and obsessed in treasure-making; one might say that he wasted his time, however, what if the treasure-making was another training method?

The troop was heading back to the Cold Stream Valley. Warriors walked in the front and carried the scorpion meat on their shoulders, while singing a Southern Wasteland song. Ji Hao was dragging the empty scorpion carapace, ardently chatting with Po.

Po had traveled through countless places, his experiences were incredibly rich. The sceneries he talked about were all strange sights that were even hard to be imagined by the Southern Wasteland's people, such as the endless sea in the East, the forest in the North, the barren land of the West, as well as the boisterousness of the Midlands.

"Hao, my young friend, the world is vast. You must go out and see it. Don't waste this strong body of yours which was nourished by the nature." Po was a frank and straightforward person with an extremely bright smile on his face; after a short while of chatting, he already viewed Ji Hao as his close friend.

"When I get the chance, I'll certainly venture out of the Southern Wasteland!" said Ji Hao seriously. "I want to know how this world really looks like...hmmm...Po, you said that the Midlands were flourishing, how is it like now?"

Po frowned, shook his head and said, "The last time I passed the Midlands, it was suffering from a war. Everyday, thousands of people get robbed, countless women raped, and innumerable children become slaves or killed."

"My strength is limited. I tried my best to save those people, but I couldn't save all of them. Amongst this vast world, I, Po, am only an ascetic traveler. I'm too weak to save this world and all of the suffering people," Po curled his lips downwards despondently.

"The Midlands! I've heard about it; it's the broadest and greatest area in this world!" Qing Ying said curiously, "Po, according to you,

the Midlands are in a mess, just like our Southern Wasteland!"

"The Midlands are in a much bigger mess than the Southern Wasteland!" said Po seriously, while looking at Qing Ying, "The Southern Wasteland is a peaceful, quiet paradise."

'We've just been through a great fight against the Blood Fang and the Black Water Serpent Clan; hundreds people died in that fight. Can this chaotic Southern Wasteland be a peaceful, quiet paradise?' thought Ji Hao.

Ji Hao was stimulated by Po's words, he couldn't wait to go to the Midlands and see what that legendary land looked like with his own eyes.

Soon, the troop arrived at the Cold Stream Valley. From a distance away, Ji Hao yelled towards the valley, "Abba, Amma! We have a guest here! Get the booze and the grilled meat! Let's welcome our honoured guest!"

Pausing for a second, Ji Hao continued, "Our guest has come from outside the Southern Wasteland!"

Followed by a long clarion sound, a batch of Fire Crow Clan warriors opened the heavy gates of the wall, walking out in a line.

Chapter 54: Presented Medicine

Bonfires were blazing in the Cold Stream Valley. Hundreds of skinned wild beasts were being grilled upon the bonfires while making sizzling noises; a thick aroma spread to the forest around. Most of the Southern Wasteland clans were friendly and hospitable; the guests that came from afar would always be treated with the utmost cordiality.

Huge vats of cassava-wine brewed by the Fire Crow Clan's women were carried out from the cellar, emitting a bewitching aroma. All of the Fire Crow Clan Warriors raised their large clay bowls, laughing and shouting, urging Po to drink.

Po was a strong and sturdy young man who also had a straightforward and outgoing personality. Every time when the Fire Crow Clan warriors urged him to drink, he bottomed up his bowl without any hesitation.

Straightforward men were most preferred by the Southern Wasteland Warriors; therefore, Po quickly gained the affection of all the present Fire Crow Clan warriors especially Qin Ying, Ji Ying, Ji Bao and Ji Lang, who were about the same age as Po and curious about the world outside of the Southern Wasteland. They surrounded Po and asked him continuously about the outside world.

Ji Hao was sitting beside Ji Bao, smilingly looking at Po, whose clothes were nearly soaked by the cassava-wine; he raised his clay bowl from time to time and toasted to Stone and Treeman who were sitting behind him like two small mountains.

"Speaking about the Middle Land...Two hundreds years ago, I was stuck at a bottleneck while trying to achieve greater achievements as a Senior Magus. At that time, I couldn't find any way to practice and increase my power further, thus i decided to travel to the Middle Land to take a look at that legendary place,"

said Ji Zhuo loudly. His face was flushed red by the bonfire. While drinking the wine, he had started narrating his own story.

"I traveled with a caravan, trudged for two years, finally arriving in the Middle Land." Ji Zhuo glanced at Po then continued in a low voice, "There were tens of powerful Senior Magi and Maguspriests among us in the caravan, but still we ended up losing quite a few companions during the journey. Hao, our guest here traveled through the Middle Land, and came to the Southern Wasteland alone, he is an incredibly powerful man."

Ji Hao curved his eyes, looked at Po and smiled to him.

When Ji Hao first saw Po, he sensed the differences acutely between Po and himself.

Ji Hao had been practicing the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] since he had been a little kid, because of which he had already gained a Yuan Dan by condensing his internal energy. By condensing his internal energy further, he could advance his Yuan Dan into a Golden Dan any moment now. At that point, he would surpass the achievements of his previous life and reach a new level. If Ji Hao's current power could be compared to a flowing river, then Po's power would be a vast sea which was broad, deep and unfathomable.

Such a powerful ascetic traveller; no wonder he could travel through the whole world alone, thought Ji Hao.

"Hao, I'll give you a mission!" Ji Zhuo slapped on Ji Hao's shoulder, put his mouth near Ji Hao's ear, lowered his voice and said mystically, "Our guest is so powerful and talented, it'll be amazing if he could leave our clan a few of his offsprings. Later, I'll ask them to send us a few carefully chosen girls from the Gold Black Mountain. You go ask Po, whether he's willing to leave us a few of his offsprings."

Ji Hao got choked with a mouthful of wine when he heard Ji Zhuo, and nearly spat out a stream of blood.

Just now, Po had been arm wrestling with Qing Ying with his sleeve rolled up; whoever lost the arm wrestling fight had to bottom up a bowl of a wine. While Ji Zuo was talking to Ji Hao, Po's facial expression changed suddenly and he took a glance towards Ji Zhuo and Ji Hao in panic, at the same time, his face instantly reddened as if painted with blood. Obviously, Po's five senses were extremely sharp which allowed him to catch every word said by Ji Zhuo.

In the Cold Stream Valley, a huge party was going on which was filled with booze and delicious meat; everyone was revelling in it.

At some unknown moment, a group of young girls from the Fire Crow Clan showed up at the party. All of them were wearing neat armours, bared their fair legs while swinging their spears and shields. They danced around the bonfire next to Po, showing their youth and vitality and displaying their strong and vigorous bodies to Po.

Quite a few times, some of those girls danced near Po passionately and touched his unsophisticated face.

Po's expression gradually became weird he started to twist his body as if his butt was being grilled on a fire. After some time, he suddenly emitted a few groans, dropped his clay bowl and fell on the ground. While he breathed out wine fumes and snored like thunder, he fell into a deep sleep.

Hao laughed out loud, pointed his finger at Po and yelled, "Po is drunk! Drunk! Haha! You should stop urging him to drink!"

While laughing, Ji Hao grabbed Po from the ground, carried Po on his shoulder and ran fast towards a row of cabins in the deep valley.

"Oy, Kid! If you don't like these sturdy girls of our Fire Crow Clan, you can just tell me what type of girl you like! We also have delicate and pretty girls amongst our Southern Wasteland clans! I can get you whatever you like!" Ji Zhuo rubbed his own neck

regretfully, looked at the back of Ji Hao and suddenly yelled out.

Ji Hao chuckled when he heard Ji Zhuo while Po, that was on Ji Hao's shoulder, shook his body. "It scared the hell out of me. Fortunately, I've been through this kind of things in the North, East and West for many times, and gained some experiences!" murmured Po in a low voice.

Hearing Po talking to himself, Hao laughed even louder in happiness.

The night was coming. Bonfires in the Cold Stream Valley quietly dimmed. All of the wine and meat had been eaten by those warriors. The valley became quiet, only the metal-clattering sounds made by the slaves who were still working in the mine were reverberating through the valley.

The sun traveled through the sky, slowly going down towards the West. Ji Hao sat side by side with Po on the highest cliff around the Cold Stream Valley, looking at the vast and borderless primitive jungle, feeling the breeze blowing through his body and sensing the most subtle vibrations of nature's power.

A strange yet beautiful glow was circulating around Po's body; a great, vigorous and boundless power was gushing out of his body through the glow, spreading to the surrounding areas. The power enveloped the entire area, illuminating all, both the powerful and weak creatures, for thousand miles around.

Ji Hao merged his own spiritual power into Po's spiritual power. Usually, Ji Hao's spiritual power could only spread to tens of miles away. The farther his spiritual power went, the weaker it would become, and the less information could Ji Hao get from it.

However, with the support of Po's spiritual power, the spiritual power of Ji Hao was now traveling around thousands of miles around, as if it was a fish swimming in a vast sea; through his own spiritual power, he was feeling the lightning and thunder; seeing flowers blooming and withering; sensing the flowing water, and

the wind which rolled the clouds over.

Inexhaustibly profound and mysterious information about the power of the nature flashed into Ji Hao's mind. Suddenly, Ji Hao gained a deeper understanding of the nature's power. Po's spiritual power was like a key to Ji Hao which seemingly opened a gate in Ji Hao's mind, guiding him to perceive this world.

"There is a huge difference between us, he's so much more powerful than me!" Ji Hao was sensing every single subtle movement of the nature; in the meantime, he smiled bitterly and murmured in his head.

The spiritual power, also called soul power or psychic power of Ji Hao could only extend tens of miles far; if he tried to envelop an entire area like Po was doing now, the area would only be miles in radius. However, Po easily covered the mountains and jungle for thousand of miles around with his spiritual power.

Po's spiritual power was over ten thousand times greater than Ji Hao's current spiritual power. Besides, Po seemed very comfy at the moment; perhaps he was only using ten percent of his power; or might be one percent, or even lesser.

Po was concentrating on his roaming mind he suddenly laughed out and said, "Hao, my young friend. I've never thought that I'd meet someone as interesting as you during my journey. Since you've already sensed the nature's power, your future won't be limited to this Southern Wasteland for sure. There's a bigger world waiting for you."

"After I finish this trip, are you willing leave the Southern Wasteland with me? My Shifu is Yu Yu, a Daoist priest; if you're interested, I will recommend you to my Shifu, and you'll become his disciple. With his guidance, you can perceive the vast and mysterious power of the universe; you'll gain a great and endless contentment by doing so," said Po.

Before Ji Hao responded, Po took out a fist-sized jade bottle and

put it in Ji Hao's hand.

"I've noticed that both, your Abba and Amma, have injuries inside their bodies. Their Magus Acupoints were broken by someone else with some evil witchcraft which is very harmful to them," continued Po.

"Since we found each other amiable at the first glance, I should do this favor to you. This six life-saving pills were concocted by the brother of my Shifu, capable of reversing life and death with the nature's power. This might make your Amma and Abba fully recover from their injuries."

Ji Hao's heart started beating faster; subconsciously, he seized the jade bottle.

"Po, my brother. Thank you, thank you!"

Chapter 55: Medicine

"My mind flowing like a river, my body flying like a cloud; I'm coming and going, follow my heart, never stained by any dirt..."

Po was singing a simple and unsophisticated melody, leaving the Cold Stream Valley and walking towards the South.

The territories of the Fire Crow Clan were in the northern side of the Southern Wasteland. Ji Hao couldn't even begin to imagine that there were countless mysterious and powerful creatures, as well as unlimited numbers of thriving and powerful clans living in the southern parts. Furthermore, there existed even a mystical country which was built by the ruler of the entire Southern Wasteland.

"My young friend, if everything goes well, I will return here in three years. We found each other congenial when we first met, I assume that my Shifu will also be glad to take you as his disciple. Till then, you will be brother!"

The appointment was in three years!

In three years, if Po successfully finished his journey, he would come back to the Fire Crow Clan, take Ji Hao out of the Southern Wasteland and introduce him to Yu Yu, the Daoist priest, as a disciple.

Ji Hao stood on top of a mountain, gazing at the back of Po. Po was carrying a huge wine calabash in his left hand and in his right hand, a large and freshly grilled beast-leg; both the wine gourd and grilled beast leg were lightly swinging, following his pace. Every movement of Po emitted a natural and unrestrained vibe.

A black armour, as thin as a Cicada's wing, was tightly wrapped around Ji Hao's body. Po stayed in the Cold Stream Valley for two extra days making the carapace of the Devil-Wind Scorpion which was killed by him a few days ago into this magical armour for Ji

Hao.

The carapace was extremely hard, however, with Po's magical treasure-making methods, it became as soft and flexible as water; on the other hand, Po injected numerous spell symbols into the carapace which weighed a million 'stone', turning it into a light-weight armour. Ji Hao didn't feel even a little bit inconvenient or uncomfortable by wearing it.

Ji Hao was stunned by Po's incredible treasure-making skills. 'Compared to Po, those tool-making masters in the Fire Crow Clan would be too ashamed to keep living that they might crash themselves up against a cube of tofu', thought Ji Hao. Fortunately, there weren't any traces of Tofu found by Ji Hao as of yet. Otherwise, he would certainly send one to each of those elder Maguspriests.

After having waited till Po went into the jungle and disappeared, Ji Hao took a deep breath, jumped nearly a hundred feet high into the air, leapt and glided through soaring cliffs. He landed agilely in the Cold Stream Valley.

Some people or things could be so special that it only takes a short amount of time to be engraved in one's heart. Po was such a special person. His lenience, honesty, generosity, charm, and rich experiences made Ji Hao view Po as a trustable friend and a reliable big brother.

"Abba! Abba! Where is Amma!" shouted Ji Hao.

The valley was now bustling, filled with busy slaves. Ji Hao found Ji Xia near a mineshaft, who was directing the construction of the mineshaft. Ji Hao interrupted Ji Xia's work and dragged him towards the cabin they lived in.

Ji Xia quickly left a few words to Ji Ying and another couple of warriors, smilingly caught up with Ji Hao and said, "Hao, that friend of yours, has he left? Hmmm, this Po is such a great kid. But, why doesn't he like our Fire Crow Clan girls? Such a shame,

such a shame..."

Ji Hao was laughing but didn't respond to Ji Xia's words.

Soon, Ji Hao and Ji Xia got back to the cabin they lived in. Qing Fu was sitting in front of the door, carefully grinding some herbs with a pestle. The mining work of the Cold Stream Valley had already started to progress smoothly; each day, there were more slaves getting injured during work. Qing Fu was the only Maguspriest skillful at healing and medicine-making, therefore, she had been extremely busy lately. She had to make large amounts of life-saving medicine daily.

Seeing that Ji Hao was dragging Ji Xia and coming over, Qing Fu smiled to him, wiped the sweat from her forehead and said, "Hao, don't disturb your Abba. The mining work is important. If you have nothing to do, why don't you go find your uncle and catch some birds?"

Ji Hao stayed silent and helped Qing Fu up, dragged them into the cabin then closed the door carefully.

The expressions of Ji Xia and Qing Fu turned serious. "Hao, what is it? Have you found anything wrong?" asked Ji Xia with a low voice.

Ji Hao took the jade bottle out from his sleeve, which was given by Po, handed it to Qing Fu and said, "Amma, take a look at this. Po gave this to me before he left. He said that this is a life-saving medicine that was given by an elder of his and that this will be good for both of your injuries."

Qing Fu looked at Ji Hao, smilingly shook her head and said, "Hao... Me and your Abba-...our Magus Acupoints were broken, the injuries went deep into the bloodline. I doubt that ordinary medicine could heal-..."

Ji Hao pulled the plug out of the bottle, after which beams of golden lights darted out from the bottle opening. Qing Fu choked

back her words, staring at the bottle being stunned. She poured two round pills out from the bottle, while gazing at them.

The two bird-egg-sized, golden pills were rolling over on Qing Fu's palm; wisps of soft golden light that was ceaselessly gushing out wrapped around the two pills. Nine dragon-shaped, purple spell symbols could be seen wriggling, like living creatures, on the surface of each pill.

"This medicine...is alive?" Qing Fu stared at the pills and asked. The appearances of these pills have completely subverted her knowledge about medicine pills. In the Southern Wasteland, not a single type of medicine-pills looked like this. These two pills were like some magical beings; totally different from the medicine-pills Qing Fu knew about.

"Amma! Dead or alive, just take them!" said Ji Hao. He then grabbed a pill and thrusted it into Qing Fu's mouth.

"Haha!" laughed Ji Xia, he then grabbed the other pill from Qing Fu's palm and put it into his own mouth without any hesitation.

Ji Hao had no idea about the effect of these pills, neither did he know how they tasted like. The only thing he noticed was that a layer of faint, golden-purple mist suddenly gushed out of Qing Fu and Ji Xia's faces.

The golden-purple mist soon disappeared, then quickly reappeared, a phenomenon that repeated itself for nine times. Afterwards, followed up by a sizzling sound, wisps of purple smoke puffed out from the heads of Ji Xia and Qing Fu, and condensed into a purple cloud above their heads which was around ten feet in radius.

An odd glow started to sparkle on the skins of Ji Xia and Qing Fu; large amounts of black-coloured blood began to seep out from their pores.

Ji Xia's brawny body began to change; all of his muscles swelled

as if they were inflated; in the meanwhile, the face of Qing Fu, which was pale and sallow like a forty-year-old woman's face, quickly turned into being ruddy and tender as the face of a sixteen-year-old girl; the grizzled hair of her suddenly became black and shining.

"Thi...this seems to be wor...working!" stammered Ji Xia, "Hao, Abba's Magus acupoints...ho...those broken Magus acupoints... I feel them!"

"There are four more! Take them all! Quick!" Ji Hao poured the other four round pills out, then neatly thrust all of them into Ji Xia and Qing Fu's mouths.

Qing Fu stamped her foot anxiously, and said, "Hao, save one! Save one! Let Amma have a close look!"

However, Ji Hao ignored the academic spirit of Qing Fu, putting two round pills into her mouth as quickly as possible.

Qing Fu let out a muffled groan, stopped yelling at Ji Hao and fell on the ground; similar to Ji Xia, her body started to quiver intensely.

Red and cyan light soon lightened the entire room. Ji Xia's body was now wrapped by a golden flame, while Qing Fu's body was coiled into a large green cocoon by countless vines which suddenly emerged out of nowhere.

A while later, a sliver of the flame upon Ji Xia's head condensed into a Three-Legged Fire Crow. Along with the faint caw of the fiery, three-legged crow, a sphere of green mist upon Qing Fu's head started rotating fast, soon transformed into a breathtakingly beautiful, cyan-colored Luan.

Ji Hao laughed out loud. Since he had been a little kid, he often felt depressed by the injuries of his parents. Now, he felt an unprecedented joy; all of the haze in his heart had gone, not leaving even a single trace.

While laughing, Ji Hao sat down on the ground with his legs crossed, concentrating on the practice of the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]. The multicoloured flame in his lower abdomen was a lot more active than usual, and started transforming the Senior Magi Blood of Ji Xiao at a speed which was tens of times faster than yesterday.

A thundering sound came from Ji Hao's body. Just now, the worry hidden deep down in his heart had disappeared; at the same time, he felt that he could no longer suppress his physical strength. Finally, Ji Hao fully activated the power of his bloodline. An eye-piercing fiery light appeared behind his body, within which two narrowed fiery eyes slowly emerged.

Wine calabash: Ancient Chinese people usually use calabashes as wine containers.

Luan: A mythical bird, looks similar to the phoenix, but smaller.

Medicine pill: In ancient China, pills were usually round and in dark colors, concocted from herbs and shaped like beads.

Chapter 56: Awakening

Wrapped by a raging fire, Ji Hao felt that his mind had left his body, and he fell into dreamland.

...

In the clear blue, boundless sky, tens of gigantic, Three-Legged Gold Crows with wingspans of over miles length were floating in the air. Each Gold Crow was cinctured by a golden fiery light. Tens of golden halos were sparkling like treasure beads, decorating the sky.

Lying under the blue sky were lofty mountains, high ranges, and the vast primitive jungle, partly covered in mist.

Over ten thousands of naked people, with shaggy hair and dirty faces, were standing on top of a mountain. In their raised arms were a few bleeding prey being held high, desperately looking up at those Gold Crows which were motionlessly floating in the air.

A white-haired and bearded elderly man, with a wisp of blood hanging in the corner of his mouth, raised his trembling arms and shouted hoarsely to the largest Gold Crow, "Oh powerful being, created and nourished by nature, please, pity us, our humble, vulnerable clansmen!"

"We don't have sharp claws and teeth, neither do we have great power to fight against our predators."

"We don't have keen eyes, neither do we have powerful wings to run from all kinds of deadly dangers."

"We couldn't find enough food, our clansmen starved to death one after another; we couldn't build a shelter, storms and lightning are continuously killing our people. Too many of us died for nothing."

The largest Gold Crow headed down slowly, looking calmly and peacefully down at the elderly man and said, "Human, your kind

was favored by the nature; you have the most powerful bloodline, rivalling the dragons and phoenixes...Human, what can we do for you?"

"Power! And hope!" shouted the white-haired elderly man, "We only need the power to survive!"

The Gold Crow stayed silent, quietly looking at the people on top of the mountain.

Accompanied with a great roar, a smilodon rushed out from the jungle, smashed tens of weak men to death with its huge paw, swallowed them afterwards, and burped in satisfaction. Finally, it turned and walked slowly back into the jungle.

A tank-thick, skewbald serpent wriggled out of the jungle, opened its jaw towards to the crowd and lightly took a breath. Tens of people were sucked into its mouth while crying and shouting; they were swallowed whole by the serpent.

A large group of vultures quacked and dived towards the group of people, disregarding the tens of Gold Crows which were floating high in the air and didn't release even a bit of their power. Each one of the vultures grabbed one or two humans, and flew with great speed towards another mountain some distance away.

"Power, and hope," the largest Gold Crow sighed and said, "We can share our power with you, please share your hope with us."

"With the heaven and earth as our witness, let us make this unbreakable pact. We, the Gold Crows, will give the power within our blood to you. We will guard you in this jungle, help you to survive and to breed. In exchange, you will shield our souls, and keep us away from...from that frightful and eternal darkness."

.....

Tens of Gold Crows raised their heads and cawed to the sky simultaneously. Their bodies started to radiate; countless golden blood drops seeped out from the roots of their feathers. Each drop

of blood then transformed into a human-head-sized Gold Crow and rushed down.

People who were standing on top of the mountain opened their arms, welcoming those falling Gold Crows into their chests.

Those small, Gold Crows, which were transformed from blood drops, rapidly seeped into the chests of these people, turned into hot golden light streams and flowed quickly around inside their bodies. Amongst thousands of interwoven meridian channels of human bodies, tens of dim channels gradually lit up.

Wisps of golden light streams ceaselessly seeped into those lit-up meridian channels, and set those channels ablaze with its great heat. Stimulated by the golden light stream, bean-size Magus Acupoints started to glow on those blazing channels.

At first glance inside each person's body, the tens of blazing meridian channels formed a totem which looked similar to a Three-Legged Gold Crow.

Soon, all the people on the mountaintop seemed to have been set ablaze. Their bodies were all wrapped by faint golden flames which were growing more and more dazzling; on their skins, light spots emerged one after another. Stimulated by the Gold Crow blood, their Magus Acupoints were quickly awakening; nourished by the blood of the first generation of Gold Crows, the Magus Acupoints of these people became extremely powerful in the span of tens of breaths.

Each of the tens of meridian channels contained tens to hundreds of different-sized Magus Acupoints.

All of these Magus Acupoints awoke at the same moment, spurting out roaring golden flames which turned every person on the mountaintop into a golden, fiery man.

A winged black tiger rushed out of the jungle heading towards those 'frail' humans as usual.

However, those people, who would not utter even a slight sound when being killed and swallowed by it, all roared out now. A man, whose body just doubled in size and reached a height of five meters, rushed towards the black tiger with big steps and threw a heavy punch to the tiger's head.

In the next moment, the tiger exploded into a cloud of blood mist and fire sparks.

A stream of raging flame darted out from the man's fist which was swinging in the air sprayed to tens of miles away like a river of lava and crashed against another mountain at some distance. The tens of thousands feet tall mountain blew up suddenly and melted by the stream of flames, leaving a huge lake of lava, with a hundreds of miles radius, on the ground.

"Power!" Everyone on the mountaintop raised their arms high, let out thunderous shouts and cheered towards the Gold Crows floating in the sky.

The largest Gold Crow calmly looked down at the people, who were submerged in ecstasy, and said: "Humans, listen! You have abandoned the infinite possibilities of your own bodies and instead chose to inherit the power of us, the Gold Crows. Therefore, from now on, you shall call yourselves the offspring of us, the Gold Crows. You're going to build altars to consecrate us, send us your offerings on time; you shall praise the name of our Gold Crows species every day and night!" The voice of the Gold Crow reverberated throughout the sky.

Afterwards, wisps of gold and purple mist rose from the jungle and the air, drawing towards the tens of Gold Crows floating in the air.

The Gold Crows opened their beaks happily, and breathed the golden and purple mist in. Their bodies started to grow bigger, and the lights cincturing them became brighter; the glow emitted from their pupils became more and more profound which made them

look like gods, standing high above the masses; Who could never be violated by anyone or any kind.

...

"The Fire Crow Clan's people are not really the offspring of the Gold Crows. Our ancestors only gained drops of blood from the Gold Crows, awakened their meridian channels, and imitated the meridian channels of the Gold Crows. What they gained from the Gold Crows was only a cultivating method of the Gold Crow kind," murmured Ji Hao.

"Humankind is just humankind. The meridian channels contained in the human body are incalculable, while the Gold Crow body only contained tens of them. The potential of humankind should be hundreds, thousands, even over ten thousands of times greater than that of the Gold Crows."

"We shouldn't count on the outside forces; we can only count on our own bodies for the greatest achievements."

Ji Hao smiled; he suddenly understood that the bloodline power of the Gold Crow species wasn't enough to make him strong. The only path to the top was to practice harder and harder and to discover the infinite potential hidden within his human body.

Ji Hao opened his eyes. Fiery lights darted out from his pupils; he felt his blood was boiling, flushing inside his body like a tide. Tens of meridian channels were blazing inside his body. He felt a great pain within his eyes and a burning sensation in his feet; additionally, he felt that there was a sphere of flame stuck in his chest which he had to release.

Along with a loud bang, the flame which was blazing within Ji Hao's body suddenly bursted out. A Three-Legged Gold Crow slowly opened its wings within the flame.

With the help of those powerful Senior Magi spirit blood, Ji Hao skipped past the eleventh and twelfth levels of Novice Magus, and

completely activated his bloodline power within a short moment. He gained three special talents of the Gold Crow bloodline and became a Junior Magus.

Smilodon: A large Sabre-Toothed Cat of the Pleistocene Epoch

Chapter 57: Encounter

"Yoho~~"

A dimly lit flame was glimmering silently; a pair of wings condensed from the flames and had a length of few tens of feet were slightly shaking on Ji Hao's back. Ji Hao flew across the dense branches towards Qing Ying, who was standing miles away. He moved like a fierce gust of wind while leaving afterimages behind him.

Qing Ying held his longbow and pulled the bowstring with a serious expression on his face. The bow's string shook suddenly, creating a continuous buzzing noise; rain of arrows flew towards Ji Hao from every direction, leaving uncountable arcs and straight airstreams in the air.

Ji Hao laughed out loud. The gale, created by the arrows, vanished once it blew across the dimly lit flame wrapped around Ji Hao's body. Ji Hao felt as if he had transformed into a fish who was swimming in the sea without any resistance; no matter how fast he moved, he could no longer feel any air resistance.

Arrows, without arrowheads, darted one after another through the air, an inch away from Ji Hao's body; the arrow-feathers brushed past his body and face, making a slight swishing sound. Ji Hao chuckled and agilely dodged over two-hundred arrows with a few rise-and-fall movements, drawing a mile closer to Qing Ying.

Speed!

Ji Hao had completely activated his Gold Crow Bloodline's power; the tens of Gold Crow meridians were now blazing inside his body; at the same time, he had gained three special abilities.

The first one was Surging Light Flame Wings that he was using right now. Ji Hao's speed had been extremely fast even before he had activated his bloodline's power but after activating the Surging

Light Flame Wings his speed had increased by ten times, even faster than a ghost. The arrows, which were shot by Qing Ying using all his might, were only slightly faster than Ji Hao.

The second special ability that Ji Hao had gained, was the Gold Crow Pupils. The ancient Gold Crows were magical creatures, which were created and nourished by the vitality and energy of the sun. They had been flying above the sky, looking down at the earth similar to the sun. Every place where sun rays shone, were within the sight of the Gold Crow. Not even dirt or ash particles could hide from the Gold Crows' eyes.

The Gold Crow Pupils could see everything, from the heaven to the underworld, penetrating through evil and darkness; additionally, there were immeasurable and unpredictable variations of this powerful ability. In the past one thousand years, a couple of genius warriors of the Fire Crow Clan inherited the Surging Light Flame Wings; however, no one had inherited the Gold Crow Magic Pupils within tens of centuries. Ji Hao had become the first one who inherited the Gold Crow Magic Pupils within a millennium.

Flames flashed across his golden pupils; Ji Hao clearly saw the trajectory of every slight gust of wind within the area with a radius of twenty miles. He also observed the path and speed of every arrow that had been shot by Qing Ying.

His Surging Light Flame Wings shook suddenly. Ji Hao had memorized the trajectory of every single arrow and easily dodged all of them, moving miles closer towards Qing Ying.

Qing Ying shouted out annoyed, "Hao! Don't blame me if I hit you too hard! I'm the most handsome archer of the Qing Yi Clan and the youngest Senior Magus! I just can't lose to you, a kid!"

While shooting, a sharp gust of wind wrapped around Qing Ying's body. He pulled three arrows out, fitted them to his bowstring, and took a glance at Ji Hao; in the following moment,

the three arrows disappeared simultaneously, followed by a swishing sound.

Qing Ying had just casted his special shooting skill he inherited from his ancestors. The three arrows had completely vanished in the air without leaving even a trace; only the shrill whistling sound was reverberating through the jungle, as if there was a Wind-Dragon flying and roaring in the sky.

None of the ordinary warriors could see the trajectories of the arrows shot by Qing Ying with his special skill; however, a golden fiery light was shining in Ji Hao's pupils. He clearly saw the three arrows which were wrapped by three fist-thick, cyan gusts of wind, wriggling towards him like three Wind-Serpents.

Ji Hao flapped his fiery wings with all his might, instantly disappearing as it left only a trace of shadow on the tip of a branch. In the next moment, Ji Hao reappeared two miles away, while evading the three arrows. By now, he was only hundreds of feet away from Qing Ying.

"Dear uncle, take this!" Ji Hao opened his mouth towards Qing Ying. A sphere of golden fire, which was hidden in his chest for quite a long while, had transformed into a fiery dragon and suddenly spurted out from his mouth. Once the fist-thick fiery dragon was spewed out by Ji Hao, it bursted into a huge flame with nearly a thousand feet in radius, roaring towards Qing Ying.

Qing Ying screamed out, grabbed his bow and leapt high into the air like an ape, finally landing lightly seven miles away.

While rotating, the flame spewed out by Ji Hao crashed against the hill Qing Ying was standing on; the thousands of feet tall hill suddenly turned into a large piece of cyan smoke and dissipated in the air. The great heat melted the rocks and metals contained within the soil into lava that flowed everywhere.

This was the third special ability Ji Hao had gained from the Gold Crow bloodline, the sphere of natal fire, condensed by the power

and energy of his body, which could transform into a fiery dragon and burst out within a very short time period. The lethality of Ji Hao's natal fire was as powerful as the flame casted by a Senior Magus with his or her bloodline power fully activated.

With Ji Hao's current power, he could only cast the natal fire once, after which he would be exhausted. The name of this special talent was Gold Crow Breath. Though it couldn't be used often in daily fights, it could be his most powerful trump card for the purpose of saving his life or launching a sneak attack. Who could ever imagine that a kid who has just become a Junior Magus, could manage such a powerful and sudden attack?

Qing Ying stood on a tree far away, gazing stunned at the mountain that had been burnt into ashes.

"Mon...Monster! Ji Xia is a big monster, and Hao, you're even a bigger monster than your Abba!"

After that Qing Ying shouted out in frustration towards the sky, "I, Qing Ying, am the most handsome archer of the Qing Yi Clan and the most handsome Senior Magus in the history! No! Hao, I won't be able to go hunting with you from tomorrow on. If I don't awaken my first Magus Acupoint and become a real Senior Magus within half a month, I'll chop my own head off and swallow it!"

Jumping and cursing for a while, Qing Ying carried his longbow and darted towards the Cold Stream Valley.

Obviously, Qing Ying was badly frustrated by Ji Hao's huge improvement; he probably won't come out again until he became a real Senior Magus. Anyway, there was only a slight push needed for Qing Ying to awaken his first Magus Acupoint; if he could concentrate on practicing for a few days, he would certainly advance to the genuine Senior level.

Ji Hao laughed loudly with his arms crossed around his own chest. 'It felt quite good to kick the ass of this proud uncle of mine,' thought Ji Hao.

His resonating laughter resounded throughout the jungle. Ji Hao then waved towards Mr Crow which was hovering around in the sky and dimmed his Surging Light Flame Wings, trod on those interleaving branches, and dashed towards the northern jungle.

The most important thing about practicing on [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] was to eat a large amount of food and supply energy for the multicoloured flame. Ji Hao had just made a breakthrough and became a Junior Magus. At the moment, he needed to eat as much as possible to replenish the power and energy of his body.

There was too much work for Ji Xia to do in the Cold Stream valley. Every day, Ji Xia was scurrying around the entire valley; therefore, Ji Hao couldn't bear to ask Ji Xia to go hunting for him, neither did he want to bother other clansmen. He could only hunt by himself for the food that he needed.

In the blink of an eye, Ji Hao had already traveled nearly a hundred miles far away from the Cold Brook Valley. He flew across the branches similar to a gust of wind. He moved so fast that even his silhouette couldn't be clearly seen.

Ji Hao's nose twitched, fingers interlocked together. He was carefully sensing the scents left by powerful beasts. He had already lost interest in beasts at the Novice level; now he needed beasts that were at least similar to the Junior Magus level to quickly improve his power.

Accompanied by a metal-clashing sound, three Sword Edge Spiders crawled out of the dense jungle.

Tens of short, hideous, and ugly men, who were less than five-foot-tall and with odd speckles on their skins, were sitting on the backs of the three Sword Edge Spiders. As soon as they saw Ji Hao standing on a branch, they raised their bow-like weapons and aimed at Ji Hao.

Followed by a few popping sounds, tens of fist-sized, round metal bullets covered in thorns, were shot towards every vital part on Ji

Hao's body.

Ji Hao glanced at these odd-looking men in astonishment, then jumped down from the branch and landed on the ground. He pulled his long sword out and rushed towards these men at full-speed.

The six-feet-long sword seized from the Senior Magus of the Black Water Serpent Clan, created a beam of cold light and flashed across the air. The light could be seen going through, and the next moment the long legs of the three Sword Edge Spiders were all cut off.

Five odd-looking men coughed blood up and were sent flying, rapidly revolving.

"Run! Run! Run! Fast!"

The rest of the ugly men shouted out with their arms around their own heads and fled into the jungle.

Behind Ji Hao, tens of metal round bullets hit on a tree and penetrated the thick tree trunk which took tens of people to hold their arm around it.

Bang!

The metal bullets exploded; countless metal thorns blasted the three into pieces, slowly falling on the ground.

Chapter 58: Avoiding The Bait

Tens of ugly men with speckled light-green skin were running madly in the jungle while cursing with high-pitched voices. From time to time, they turned their heads around and used crossbow-like weapons to shoot at Ji Hao.

Fist-sized metal bullets swished towards Ji Hao. Blasting out from those metal bullets, were poison thorns, lightning, ice-cold air or hurricanes. Each of those bullets' explosion shattered tens of towering ancient trees into pieces.

However, all those bullets failed to harm even a hair on Ji Hao. A pair of red, fiery wings were slightly shaking on Ji Hao's back. He trod through the air and easily dodged all those bullets, leaving fragments of illusionary silhouettes behind. The jungle behind him became badly damaged because of the thunderous bangs of the metal bullets.

"Run! Run!"

Those ugly men screamed. While running, they sometimes lowered their bodies and ran with both their arms and legs, just like hyenas;this caused their speed to suddenly double.

Nevertheless, Ji Hao followed them closely behind. It seemed that no matter how hard they were running, they could never escape Ji Hao.

About an hour later, they saw a ray of sunlight in front them. The jungle ended there, and the bright daylight poured down without any hindrances.

Great rumbling of a waterfall that would even make one's heart shake could be heard. The dense watery mist rose high into the sunlight. The sunlight spread on the rolling watery mist and brought up tens of small rainbows which were shaking and transforming shapes along with the wind.

An over twenty miles wide, rapidly flowing river split the jungle into two. In front of Ji Hao, the riverbed abruptly broke into a thousands of feet high cliff. The river was running down the cliff, forming a spectacular waterfall.

How mysterious and unpredictable nature could be! Right above this magnificent waterfall, a lean, ancient banyan tree with an age that couldn't be determined, had rooted on one side of the river while its aerial roots had grown across the river and inserted firmly into the ground at the other side of the river.

This strong, ancient banyan had grown into an arch bridge above this great river.

Furthermore, naturally or artificially, tens of floating hills were tightly coiled around by the aerial roots of this huge banyan which were so gigantic that took hundreds of people to wrap their arms around it. Those hills could no longer float around, instead drifted above the waterfall. Amongst these hills, the smallest was only hundreds of feet in radius, while the largest one was nearly seven miles in radius.

Blown by the roaring wind, these hills were slightly swinging in the air. Countless aerial roots of the ancient banyan were dragged and straightened by those hills; every time when the wind blew through those straight aerial roots, a beautiful silvery, harp-like sound would be created.

The tens of ugly men fled onto the bridge formed by the roots of the banyan, cursing and running towards the other side of the river. The last man turned around and threw six fist-sized, red metal bullets in a row towards Ji Hao.

The metal bullets bursted instantly up and turned the jungle into a sea of flame for miles around, swallowed innumerable towering trees and casted a formidable blast wave transversely towards the waterfall, which caused a great wave to surge high into the air and brought tens of round rainbows up under the rays of the sun.

Ji Hao walked fearlessly into the flame with his body wrapped by an invisible power, twisting and dissipating all the nearest flame. A faint, fiery light circled around Ji Hao's body which reverberated till three feet away from his body. Ji Hao walked effortlessly through the flames, stood on the edge of the jungle and waved smilingly at the ugly men.

"I'll see you later," said Ji Hao.

Ji Hao Paused for a second, laughed out loud and continued, "Go tell this to whoever sent you, if they want to draw me out, better find a couple of young and pretty girls. Sending a bunch of stupid ugly things like you only made me sick."

Those ugly men had already ran thousands of feet away on the ancient banyan tree trunks, were suddenly stunned when they heard Ji Hao. They turned around, looking at Ji Hao confused and seemed clueless about what to do.

This was not according to the plan. Why had Ji Hao stopped chasing them and returned to the edge of the forest?

On the other side of the river, tens of Jia Clan warriors wearing heavy armours rushed suddenly out of the jungle while shouting towards Ji Hao discomfitingly. All of them were holding ropes, nets, and other heavy weapons. Some of the warriors with bad tempers even raised their weapons high and swung towards the jungle aside. Suddenly, hundreds of trees were uprooted into the air and destroyed by the violence of those Jia Clan warriors.

Above the waterfall, on a thousands of feet round floating hill, a well dressed three-eyed man, Di Sha sneered, turned around and seemed to leave.

"Respected Maguspriestess, you never mentioned that this little guy is so smart! He isn't even like one of your Southern Wasteland boys; he may be as shrewd and crafty as some as his peers within our Yu Clan!" said Di Sha.

"You have to raise the payment, or you can figure out how to draw the kid out of that damn valley by yourself."

Jiang Yao who stood beside Di Sha with her teeth gnashing growled, "Di Sha! You have this many people! I gave you that much of compensation! You..."

"My dear respected Maguspriestess, since we're old friends, you should understand my principle. The warriors of the Blood Fang do not belong to me, they belong to the great lord who's supporting me. Therefore, I would never risk their lives!" Di Sha interrupted Jiang Yao's speech.

"Di Luo was fooled by your good words, so he risked it once. We all saw what he got in return from that; he lost an eyeball and an arm. I, his elder brother who's five hundred years older than him, would never do such a stupid thing," continued Di Sha.

"Do you want me to forcefully attack a fortress within the Fire Crow Clan's territory which is guarded by ten thousand elite warriors and an old guy with a Three-Legged Fire Crow? Am I that stupid? I'll never let my warriors die for that little personal enmity of yours."

Di Sha smiled, then continued in a low voice, "Or, why don't you do it yourself? Only if you can kill that Fire Crow flying overhead that kid, I can capture the kid alive."

Jiang Yao frowned, thought for a while then shook her head. Kill Mr Crow? That was too hard. Fire Crow Clan's Fire Crows had the highest speed among all kinds of fighting beasts, not even the Bi Fang birds of the Bi Fang clan could compete with them. It was way too difficult to get them killed.

Di Luo darted out of the woods, while pointing his finger at Ji Hao, jumping and shouting in rage. Bothe, the eyeball and the arm, he had lost had already grown back.

More Jia Clan warriors rushed out of the jungle along with

thousands of black skinned warriors. They leapt onto the ancient banyan, quickly approaching Ji Hao.

However, they stopped quickly because Mr Crow had descended from the sky, grabbed Ji Hao's shoulder and brought him into the air. None of those Jia Clan warriors had the power to fly; they could only glare at Ji Hao, their enemy who was flying in the air.

Ji Hao laughed at Di Luo, who was cursing and shouting on the other side of the river, and said, "Di Luo, right? Are you trying to deal with me with using such a poor little trick? Don't you feel that you're a little naive?"

While Ji Hao was laughing, Mr Crow carried him and rose into the air, transformed into a beam of fiery light and flew towards the Cold Stream Valley.

Ji Hao jumped onto Mr Crow's back while his laughing face suddenly darkened.

'Di Luo and his underlings were still patrolling around the Cold Stream Valley. They, and the people supporting them hadn't given up on attacking us yet,' thought Ji Hao.

This time, Ji Hao easily saw through their decoy, however, other clansmen of the Fire Crow Clan and Qing Yi Clan were not as vigilant as Ji Hao was; they could be tricked and captured alive which would be a huge problem.

Chapter 59: Asking For Help

The Blood Fang's people had once again showed up outside the Cold Stream Valley.

Not only Ji Xia, but also Ji Zhuo had burst into anger. He had taken his contracted Fire Crow and searched the surrounding jungle for days, however, he didn't find even a trace of the Blood Fang; therefore, Ji Zhuo could only proudly tell Ji Hao that the Blood Fang's people were frightened by his existence and had already fled.

Ji Hao didn't think that it was this simple though; but he either could find any evidence revealing the schemes of the Blood Fang so he could only bury all the questions deep down his heart for now.

The next half-month had been strangely quiet and peaceful, with nothing abnormal happening.

Ji Hao had started to practice regularly according to a schedule, just like in his old days in the Gold Black Mountain.

At dawn before sunrise, Ji Hao would already get up, sit on the mountaintop with his legs crossed and practice by purifying his Yuan Dan while waiting for the first strands of the purest life force energy which the forest only releases during sunrise.

After finishing his morning practice, he would go hunting with Qing Ying and hundreds of clansmen to supply food to the entire Cold Stream Valley.

Each day, Ji Hao would eat large amounts of beast's meat during lunch and practice his physical strength in the afternoon. Within only half a month, Ji Hao had managed to completely stabilize his bloodline power which had been fluctuating after he upgraded to the Junior level. Every day, large amounts of Senior Magus' blood was being transformed by the multicoloured flame and absorbed by Ji Hao's body. The Gold Crow Bloodline power of Ji Hao had

been continuously and steadily improving, as well the power of his three special abilities.

During nighttime, Ji Hao would either learn drug-making skills from Qing Fu or practice fighting skills under Ji Zhuo and Ji Xia's tutelage.

Both Ji Zhuo and Ji Xia were exemplary great warriors of the Southern Wasteland; they did not have any specific fighting skill; every attack they launched followed the instincts of their bodies, imitating the wild beasts living in the jungle. What they had been pursuing was to cast the fastest attack through the shortest route, killing their enemies as efficiently as possible.

Under Ji Zhuo and Ji Xia's strict training, Ji Hao gradually had surpassed the artistic, complicated and ingenious attacking skills inherited from his previous life and became mature, fearless and decisive.

The fighting skills passed on from his previous life and the instinct of killing and fighting of his current life slowly merged together by the power of his soul, subliming into a special, powerful 'fighting skill' of Ji Hao. By practicing intensely during this half month - although Ji Hao's power level didn't improve much - his fighting and destructive power had improved by ten times.

At present, at dusk.

Ji Hao stood on the wall, provoking a Silver Double-headed Snake with ring-shaped speckles covering its body.

The ten-foot-long poisonous snake moved as fast and light as a gust of wind; its body was wriggling quickly, and it seemed as if it would dart out any moment. However, Ji Hao had his eyes fixed on the snake while he held an eight-foot long, thumb-thick branch with which he lightly tapped and whipped on the snake. No matter how quickly the snake moved or how hard it tried to attack Ji Hao, it could not even move an inch towards Ji Hao.

A large group of Fire Crow Clan and Qing Yi Clan warriors had surrounded Ji Hao while praising him loudly.

"Hao is truly worthy to be the son of Brother Ji Xia and Sister Qing Fu, such a young Junior Magus! I doubt even the Bi Fang Clan has any kid as talented as him!"

"Aye, compared to Hao, I'm so ashamed. I'm ten years older than Hao and still only a Level 12 Novice Magus!"

"Tell me about that! I could chop this 'Double-headed Black-ring Viper' to death but I do not dare; how does he dare to play with such a highly poisonous viper like this?!"

Following their voices, on a high watch tower a hundred feet away from the crowd, a Qing Yi Clan warrior suddenly shouted out, leaned half of his body out of the tower and pointed his finger at the dense jungle below.

"Oy! Over there! Something has happened! I saw blood glistening under the sunlight! Fresh human blood! Someone has been hurt over there!"

Along with the rustling sound of branches and leaves, miles away in the jungle, a nest full of sparrows flew high into the sky in panic. All of the warriors on the wall shouted out; there had to be someone running and fighting in the jungle and scared those birds.

Ji Hao took a deep breath, suddenly thrusting the branch forward. Followed by two popping sounds, both of the snake's head were smashed by the branch. Ji Hao then kicked the still squirming, viper down the wall, leapt hundreds of feet high into the air, grabbed a fender pile of the watching power and swung into the tower.

"Whoo~ho~~", the warrior in the watchtower let out a long and resonating shout.

In the Southern Wasteland, this kind of shouting sound meant that this area was under the domination of a certain clan, telling

the enemy to not come anywhere near; on another hand, the special rhythm of this kind of shouting sound could also lead the direction for their own clansmen and friends, guiding them to safety with the shouts.

The creaking sounds of branches kept coming from the jungle ceaselessly; after the time span of around tens of breaths, a man covered in blood staggered out of the jungle while rushing towards the entrance of the Cold Stream Valley, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

The man had run less than a hundred feet away from the jungle and was still over two miles away from the Cold Stream Valley. Ji Hao activated his Gold Crow pupils and easily saw his face. The man's upper body laid bare and a blood-red leopard totem was tattooed on his hairy chest.

It was a person from the Fire Leopard Clan. The Fire Leopard Clan was a middle-scale clan, under the protection of the Fire Crow Clan. Their territory was located in the northern side of the Fire Crow Clan's territory. The Fire Leopard Clan clansmen were all brave and skillful fighters; they were very close to the Fire Crow Clan. For years, every time when the Fire Crow Clan fought against the Black Water Serpent Clan, the warriors of the Fire Leopard Clan had always been in the frontline as the vanguards.

"It's our brother from the Fire Leopard Clan!" shouted Ji Hao, he then leaned his upper body out of the tower and shouted to the warriors standing on the wall, "Go save him!"

"Ho! Ho!"

A couple of warriors let out great shouts and rode on their contracted beasts. They leapt down from the wall and moved rapidly towards the injured Fire Leopard Clan warrior at their highest speed.

"Hehe..."

A vicious laughter came from the dense jungle behind the Fire Leopard Clan warrior. Followed by a swishing sound, two arrows darted out of the jungle and approached the back of the Fire Leopard Clan warrior in the blink of an eye.

"Do you even deserve to use bow and arrows in front of me? I, Qing Ying, am the most handsome archer of the Qing Yi Clan and the youngest Senior Magus in the history!" Qing Ying's voice came from afar. Along with a sharp whistling sound, a phantom of an arrow flashed through the air, flying towards the back of the Fire Leopard Clan warrior.

The cyan arrow turned in a half-circle pathway, accurately hitting the two arrows coming from the jungle onto the ground.

The Fire Leopard Clan warrior stumbled and fell hard on the ground; his head bounced on the ground, leaving a deep pit and a rising large cloud of dirt.

He raised his bearded face embarrassedly and screamed with a hoarse voice, "Help us! Help our clan! The scumbags of the Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan were both attacking us together! Good God! A couple of days ago, the Gold Black Mountain transferred all our young and strong warriors away!"

After hearing the cries of the man, the Fire Crow Clan warriors all roared out in rage.

Chapter 60: Reinforcements

"All of our adult warriors were transferred away by the Gold Black Mountain," growled the Fire Leopard Clan warrior hoarsely. The man had tens of serious injuries on his body and even a few bones were broken. He had struggled to the Cold Stream Valley with only a sliver of hope in his heart.

"Only three hundred weak warriors were left in the clan! The enemies from the Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan are many! Many!" the man shouted.

He grabbed Ji Xia's arms with a pair of bleeding hands, gnashed his teeth and cried, "Ji Xia, the great leader! Help my clan! Save my clansmen! We are the largest branch of the Fire Leopard Clan; half of all the old ones, children and women of the entire Fire Leopard Clan are within our branch!"

Ji Xia frowned and said resolutely and decisively, "The Fire Leopard Clansmen are our brothers and sisters! If there's anything happening to them, we have to help! The Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan are just a bunch of dogs of the Black Water Serpent Clan! We can easily crush their heads!"

"Abba, the mine of the Cold Stream Valley is highly important. You have been ordered to guard this place, you can't just leave the valley and lead the troop to fight. Abba, I've already grown up, I can fight for our Fire Crow Clan as well. Abba, let me go this time."

Ji Xia gaped in response as he became stunned while looking at Ji Hao from head to toe.

Ji Hao held his head high, puffed his chest out, looked Ji Xia in the eyes and said, "Abba, though I'm young, I'm much smarter than lots of the uncles in the clan. Besides, I'm a Junior Magus already! I'm even more powerful than many uncles in the clan!"

The nearby standing Fire Crow Clan warriors looked at Ji Hao

with complicated expressions in their eyes.

It had been only half a month but Ji Hao's power had been improving as fast as a fire arrow. While kids his age were still training at the most basic level of Novice Magi, Ji Hao had already become a Junior Magus that was much more powerful than most of the ordinary clansmen.

In the Southern Wasteland, becoming a Level 5 Novice Magus would make a man qualify to fight in battle as a Magus. If one made it to the Junior Level, then he or she would become a core warrior that the clan could rely on.

"My boy, Hao, how old do you think you are? But...you wouldn't get yourself hurt, Abba trusts you in that!" Ji Xia slapped his own head and laughed aloud, "Hao, my good boy, though you're still a kid, you act like a grown man!"

"Ji Ying, Ji Lang, Qing Ying! The three of you are to take two thousand Fire Crow Clan warriors and one hundred Qing Yi Clan warriors and go help our brothers of the Fire Leopard Clan! Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan...how dare these trash touch our territory! The Cold Stream Valley could use more mining slaves! Go capture some strong men alive!" shouted Ji Xia out with a deep breath.

In the Southern Wasteland, once the leader gave the command, all the warriors would immediately prepare to fight without any hesitation or delay. Within a quarter of an hour, two thousand elite warriors rode on their contracted beasts directed by the wounded Fire Leopard Clan warrior and rushed into the jungle along with sharp whistling noises.

The situation was urgent. Under Ji Hao's arrangement, three Four-tusked mammoths were running in front of the troops as vanguards, crushing all those towering trees in their way, opening a broad and flat path for the troops.

"Two hours, uncle. We only need two hours to get to your clan!"

Ji Hao sat on the fat bear's back and talked to the Fire Leopard Clan warrior sitting behind him, "Do you have any idea about why the Gold Black Mountain transferred your warriors away?"

The Fire Leopard Clan warrior shook his head without any clue. Such things had never happened before. The Southern Wasteland Jungle was highly dangerous; all the clans had to keep their vigilance towards not only sneak attacks from their enemies, but also to the threats from all kinds of wild beasts living in the jungle.

Usually, when the Gold Black Mountain transferred warriors from other clans, they would always leave enough warriors to make sure that that the clan could protect itself. But this time, nearly all of the thousands of the elite Fire Leopard Clan warriors were transferred away by the Gold Black Mountain, leaving only three hundred of the weakest warriors to guard the clan. This was equal to murder in the Southern Wasteland. However, the Fire Leopard Clan, as a loyal ally of the Fire Crow Clan for thousands of years, had still sent all their warriors out without any hesitation.

"Heng Luo, can you bring us more companions?" While Ji Hao tightly grabbed the hair of the fat bear and leaned his body, he shouted at Heng Luo, who was riding a red leopard and running beside him, "Powerful companions! Those weak and small ones will be useless!"

Heng Luo raised her longbow high, dark-green hair fluttering behind her. She opened her mouth, and uttered a silent call towards the sky.

Circles of air-ripples could be seen in the sky, spreading towards the surrounding. Soon, long and reverberant roars came from the surrounding jungle; as one fell, another rose. The branches and leaves ruffled because of gusts of strange winds which blew out of the jungle. A short while later, some strange and mysterious silhouettes appeared on both side of the troops, and moved forward with the troops at the same speed.

These silhouettes had shapes similar to beasts, however, their bodies were all wrapped in a weird, dense fog, and couldn't be seen clearly. They were no ordinary living creatures, neither were they ghosts; they were some mysterious and powerful beings, produced by the natural magical power, and nourished by the life force energy of the jungle.

Only Heng Luo, the guard and soul of the jungle, was capable of calling these mysterious and magical creatures out. In fact, many of the Gods worshiped by small Southern Wasteland clans, were these kind of beings.

Stone, who was sitting on a four-tusk mammoth's back, raised its gigantic fist, while slowly punching his own chest in a strange rhythm. The loud and clear punching sound resounded through the jungle within hundreds of miles radius. Soon, the same impassioned, loud punching sounds came from the mountain, tens of miles away.

"Brothers...I heard my brothers!" murmured Stone, "Hao, I found...three of my...brothers, more...powerful than me! Hm...they asked me...about what booze...is, and...and how does the grilled...meat taste like!"

"Hahaha! Tell them! Tell them that they'll have as much booze and grilled meat as they want! Tell them the meat is really delicious! They can even come and live with us, the Fire Crow Clan! My Abba and Amma are the most hospitable people in the world!" Ji Hao grinned from ear to ear. Magical creatures like Stone were extremely rare amongst the entities in this jungle, but Stone called three of them out in one go...what a surprise!

Stonemen's thoughts were as simple as a piece of paper; if you only had enough booze and delicious meat, seducing them would become the easiest thing.

Years ago, after having a bowl of wine and a piece of honeycomb from Ji Hao, Stone became Ji Hao's best mate and shielded him

hundreds of times when Ji Hao hung around in the jungle.

Treeman was also sitting on a four tusk-mammoth's back; if he would move by itself, it would very slow. He glanced at Stone, who looked very proud at the moment. In order to not be outdone, Treeman also raised his branch-like arm, and released countless green light spots from his arm. Those light spots were drifting profusely and disorderly towards the surrounding forest like a group of butterflies.

The four-tusk mammoths didn't slow down, running forward like hurricanes. About half an hour later, the forest in front of them suddenly shook, the earth trembled and the mountains swayed. Two gigantic ancient trees, which didn't look different from the other nearby trees, suddenly opened their green-flame-like eyes, and slowly pulled their roots out of the ground; their long roots quickly coiling together into four 'legs'.

Ji Hao was totally stunned. Is the old tree planning to slaughter the entire jungle? thought Ji Hao.

He remembered that the body of Treeman himself was no more than a thousand feet, but these two ancient giant trees were nearly double the size of Treeman, which implied that their power must also be at least double than that of Treeman!

"Whoa~~ Let's go get them all!" Ji Hao let out a long roar, and waved his fist excitedly in the air.

The black, huge ape, who was following the troops, leaping through the branches all the time, sniffed scornfully, standing down on a huge tree, and uttered a great and sonorous howl.

Less than a minute later, the same sharp howls came from the distant forest.

Chapter 61: Wild Fire

From a long distance away a great fire could be seen and the scent of blood hung oppressively in the air.

Ji Hao was standing on a large tree, hiding behind branches and leaves, while looking at the valley miles away.

This valley was the place of residence of the Fire Leopard Clan, and it had an ideal location to live in. In front of the village a winding river was passing by, supplying plenty of water to the village. Behind the village was a steep cliff, which was thickly strewn with thorns and surrounded the valley from three directions.

At the moment, the village of the Fire Leopard Clan had already been breached. The cabins and cottages that were distributed randomly in the valley had all been set ablaze; black smoke rose high and reached to the sky.

Inside the valley, over ten thousands of dead bodies were scattered in a state of disarray and judging from their appearances, they were all clansmen of the Fire Leopard Clan. Hundreds of crimson blood-crocodiles, each being tens of feet long, were lying on the ground and were feasting on those bloody bodies.

At the back of the valley there was an area that was abundant with thick thorns, creating a natural barrier that upon first glance was impassable; a winding trail was hiding amongst those dense thorns, secretly leading to the top of the cliff behind the village.

At the top of the cliff, there were numerous Fire Leopard Clan people huddled up on the ground; some kids were crying and wailing.

A tall flagpole, made of beast bones, was standing erect at the end of the trail; tens of fire-red leopard tails could be seen tied to it, fluttering along with the wind. Sharp howling came from those

tails and tens of faint red phantoms of leopards, each being nearly one hundred feet long, were darting around through those highly poisonous thorns, each spewing large flaming sparks and black smoke from time to time.

"The banner that carried the ancestors' souls of the Fire Leopard Clan!" Murmured Qing Ying, who stood beside Ji Hao looking at the tens of feet high flagpole, "It seems that the Fire Leopard Clan Maguspriests became desperate. Unless facing a deadly danger, no one would dare to disturb the peaceful rest of their ancestors and call them out to fight."

"Whoo~ Whoo~"

An odd reedy shouting sound could be heard. Hundreds of muscular Blood Crocodile Clan warriors were trying their best to throw the torches in their hands into the clump of thorns, attempting to burn those annoying thorns out and open up a broad road, leading to the top of the cliff.

However, to deter their actions, tens of phantoms of fire leopards were flashing around inside the clump of thorns. Whenever branches were set on fire, these fire leopards could be seen darting over instantly, opening their mouths and inhaling every single fiery spark into their open maws. Those Blood Crocodile Clan warriors had thrown thousands of torches made with beasts fat towards the clump of thorns, but failed to burn clear even a little bit of it.

Large groups of short, green-skinned, bulging-eyed and frog-like men were waving their exquisite blowguns, loudly cursing at the Fire Leopard Clan people on the cliff top. These were the Ghost Frog Clan people.

Nearly a hundred captured Fire Leopard Clan women were pressed down on the ground by these Ghost Frog Clan warriors; besides each of these women were a group of Ghost Fog Clan men waiting impatiently. These women were struggling and crying

desperately on the ground, their voices causing all of the Fire Leopard Clan children on the clifftop to start wailing and screaming.

"Cowards of the Fire Leopard Clan! We've slaughtered your clansmen, we've burned your village, and we're playing with your women!" shouted a Ghost Frog Clan warrior, whose skin was thickly dotted with fist-sized pustules and was riding on a poisonous ghost frog tens of feet long, "Look! The skins of your women are so white and tender, haha! A lot whiter than our Ghost Frog Clan women! Are you gonna watch them tortured to death by us?"

"No!"

Following the raging growl, a sturdy man whose body was covered in the blood of his missing left arm, jumped up from among the few hundred Fire Leopard Clan warriors remaining by their ancestors' soul banners. He rushed fiercely down along the trail filled with anger and hatred.

The Fire Leopard Clan warrior who had ran down the nearly seven miles long trail was gasping heavily, while waving his iron axe, hacking towards the nearest enemy.

Tens of Ghost Frog Clan warriors raised their blowguns together. Along with the swishing sounds, tens of black poisonous thorns were blown out and proceeded to deeply embed themselves in the Fire Leopard Clan warrior's body. The venom on the black thorns quickly spread, the body of the Fire Leopard Clan warrior immediately began to swell, and countless pustules emerged from his skin within the span of few breaths. The Fire Leopard Clan warrior could only stagger less than ten steps forward before collapsing, his sturdy body hitting the ground heavily.

In the blink of an eye, the once hard and sturdy body of the Fire Leopard Clan warrior, became a mere puddle of black pus-like blood, slowly flowing everywhere.

"You stinky frogs! Save the body! My babies haven't eaten enough yet! Such a nice piece of meat and you wasted it!" shouted a Blood Crocodile Clan warrior angrily, who was wearing blood-red leather armour and holding a pair of heavy swords.

In the valley, large groups of Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors raised their heads, while laughing to the sky madly and rampantly.

Ji Hao narrowed his eyes, and easily enveloped the entire valley, which was about tens of miles in radius, with his spiritual power.

He perceived that there were around a thousand Blood Crocodile Clan warriors in the valley, while the number of the Ghost Frog Clan Warriors was twice that, at about two thousand. None of these warriors were at the same level as Senior Magi or Maguspriests; the most powerful warriors were the tens of Junior Magi of the Blood Crocodile Clan, where as the Ghost Frog Clan had only around ten Junior Magi in their ranks.

For either the Blood Crocodile Clan or the Ghost Frog Clan, the ancient creatures they worshipped - the blood crocodile and ghost frog - were far less powerful than the three-legged Gold Fire Crow; therefore, the bloodline power they gained from these ancient creatures was a lot weaker than that of the Fire Crow Clan people, and the percentages of Senior Magi and Junior Magi of their warriors were also much lower!

"Just these few people? When did those trash of the Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan become so fearless?" Ji Hao sneered, he quickly connected this event with that of couple of days ago where Di Luo and his underlings tried to trap him. These incidents had the strong feeling of being a scheme.

"Uncle, tell our people to prepare!" Ji Hao raised his right arm, waved forward and shouted out, "Let's kill all of these damn dogs!"

Treeman stepped out of the jungle and stood beside the river. He stamped his feet hard on the ground and deeply rooted himself

into the ground with these two thick roots of his, his body expanded quickly and soon swelled to his original size.

A nearly two thousand feet high gigantic three stood beside the river, drawing the rich nutrients from the river water; meanwhile, his roots were quickly stretching underground. Within the span of only a few breaths, his roots went across the river, that was hundreds of feet wide, quickly approaching underneath the Fire Leopard Clan village.

"Kill!" growled Ji Hao in a low voice.

"Kill!" agreed Treeman, letting out a roar along with Ji Hao; the dark colossal treehole-like mouth of his opened, spewing enormous amounts of cold air.

Thousands of arm-thick black roots darted out from the ground, piercing towards those Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors like poisonous snakes. There were so many of roots thrust out from the ground that they covered nearly the entire valley. The Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors all felt like even the sky was darkening.

"Enemies!" shouted the Blood Crocodile Clan warrior holding two swords.

The sound made by roots piercing through human bodies could be heard. The bodies of hundreds of the weakest Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan men were punctured by the roots of Treeman; those long roots carried their bodies and rose high into the air. Large amounts of blood splashed down and to the warriors fighting it was as if the sky was raining blood.

"Whoo~ Hoo~"

Reverberant roars came from the jungle. Two thousand Fire Crow Clan warriors, riding on their contracted beasts, rushed out of the jungle. Approaching the river, all of their beasts roared loudly and mightily leapt across the river, proceeding with great

momentum to rush into the burning Fire Leopard Clan village.

The Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors shook their weapons fiercely, chopping through the tree roots piercing towards them one after another.

They were shouting and screaming in panic and horror, looking aghast at those Fire Crow Clan warriors who flew across the river and were rushing towards them.

In the next moment, hundreds of arrows swooshed through the air, piercing their throats and sending them flying backwards; blood gushing out of their mouths in a crimson torrent.

The Fire Crow Warriors rushed into the crowd of the Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors while they were all flurried, and raising their weapons high, knocked groups of enemies down. Those Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors were killed jus like the grass before a wildfire; it was as if they had even forgotten to resist.

"Oh god! How did they come!" The Blood Crocodile Clan warrior holding the pair of swords screamed out.

Chapter 62: Besieged

"Caw!"

Ji Hao cawed towards the sky. A sphere of fiery light darted out from his back, and quickly condensed into a pair of fiery wings flapping behind his body. With his body wrapped in a faint light, Ji Hao transformed into a beam of flame, darting out of the jungle, and flew across the river and the nearly mile wide flat area in front of the village, directly rushing into the village, leaving afterimages and waves of hot air behind.

The Blood Crocodile Clan warrior with a pair of machetes was a peak level Junior Magus, and while he was waving his machetes and roaring at the sky, a cloud of blood mist appeared behind his body, within which, an over a hundred feet long blood-crocodile was rolling.

Every time the blood-crocodile rolled over in that blood mist cloud, the skin of this warrior would become translucent. With the help of Gold Crow Magical pupils, Ji Hao clearly saw the eight meridians inside his body, which were shining with a blood-red light. On those meridians, a few thumb-sized Magus Acupoints were shining brightly.

'This guy is so close to the awakening his Magus Acupoints!' thought Ji Hao.

"But you won't get there in this life!" laughed Ji Hao as he flew and appeared in front of the warrior, throwing a punch towards the face of that Blood Crocodile Clan warrior.

The thing that the fiery wings brought Ji Hao, was amazing speed, which was so fast that ordinary people couldn't even catch Ji Hao with their eyes. The ancient Gold Crows were able to travel from up the heaven to down in the underworld; the most powerful Gold Crow could fly across a hundred-thousand miles within a single moment.

Though Ji Hao couldn't be mentioned in the same breath as the legendary creatures such as the ancient Gold Crows, amongst ordinary Junior Magi, he was fast enough to make his enemies helpless - For example the Blood Crocodile Clan warrior in front of him, who was staring at the air blankly, didn't even saw Ji Hao's shadow. He waved his heavy machetes madly and moved forward, purely relying on his good fighting instinct.

"Break!" shouted Ji Hao. He locked his fingers together, triggering 'Lin', 'Bing', 'Dou', 'Zhe'- four of the [Nine Secret Words] simultaneously; all of his internal power gathered together like a powerful golden bead, bringing along the surrounding natural power, hitting forward dauntlessly.

All of Ji Hao's muscles were tightened and all of his bones were creaking, making sounds like a heavy metal bell. A dragon roar came from Ji Hao's body; upon the multicoloured flame in his lower abdomen, the last bit of Ji Xiao's Senior Magus' blood was quickly consumed.

The Blood Crocodile Clan warrior with a pair of machetes screamed out hopelessly.

He still couldn't see Ji Hao's figure, however weirdly, he saw a fist.

That was a gigantic fist, which seemed to block the entire sight of the sky and gathered the magnificent power of the heaven and earth, emitting inexhaustible light and heat, pushing towards him like a shooting star. There was not enough time for him to raise his machetes and strike the fist; he could only hold them high horizontally, attempting to block the punch.

The pair of heavy machetes were eight-foot-long and one-foot-wide, forged from refined iron; three spell symbols could be flashing on their surfaces. They were a pair of Magus tools. In the Southern Wasteland, every single Magus tool would be incomparably precious, and only the most talented warriors of a

clan were qualified to have their own Magus tools. Once those spell symbols were engraved on the surface of the magus tools, they would become tens or even hundreds of times harder and more powerful than they originally were.

Ji Hao stared at this warrior, and fixed his eyes on his heart.

Ji Hao didn't take the pair of machetes seriously at all, his right fist directly landed on the crossing point of two machetes, along with a slight hint of spirit power which tightly connected with nature.

The Blood Crocodile clan warrior let out a great howl. He finally saw Ji Hao's face, and he couldn't believe it!

"Even my boy is a bit bigger than you!" shouted the blood Crocodile clan warrior when Ji Hao's punch strike on the crossing point of his pair of machetes.

The pair of heavy machetes shook intensely. Ji Hao's fist was as heavy as a mountain, crashing down on the Blood Crocodile clan warrior. The arms of the warrior couldn't bear the tremendous power of that punch, the bones of his arm broke inch by inch, while his muscles shook and tore apart from his arms by the great power, and were sent flying far away along with a swishing sound.

The fist of Ji Hao forced the machetes to press hard on the blood Crocodile clan warrior's chest. The pair of heavy machetes were bent by Ji Hao's power, the spell symbols on their surfaces flashed brightly for one last time, then dimmed down and disappeared. Followed by a cracking sound, countless cracks appeared on the machetes, and metal fragments started jangling down.

The chest of the blood Crocodile clan warrior was hollowed, blood continuously gushing out of his mouth along with pieces of his internal organs.

On his back, a fist-shaped hole appeared on the leather armour. Ji Hao's punch punctured his body and even opened up a tens of

miles long ditch behind him. Seven to eight Blood Crocodile clan warriors were standing near the ditch, all of them seemed frozen, staring at Ji Hao with a strange look on their faces.

These were the Blood Crocodile clan Junior Magi, they all had been shocked dead by the power of Ji Hao's punch, none of them survived.

Bang!

The body of the Blood Crocodile Clan warrior with a pair of machetes suddenly exploded into pieces, along with the crocodile-skin armour worn by him. The seven to eight warriors standing behind him also exploded one after another, blood splashing everywhere within the circumference of tens of miles.

Ji Hao did all this with only a single punch!

The Fire Crow Clan warriors who were fighting around, were all stunned; after the span of a few breaths, they suddenly raised their weapons and started shouting madly.

"Hao! Hao! Hao!"

The shouting sound even shook the earth. Ji Hao's extraordinary performance highly encouraged these warriors.

On the contrary, all of Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors were screaming and fleeing, as if there were facing a god or devil.

Ji Hao's face was strangely young and tender, he was even a lot shorter than other Fire Crow Clan warriors; judging from appearance, he should be a kid.

However, this young warrior killed the leader of the Blood Crocodile Clan warriors with a single punch, and the same punch also killed seven to eight elite warriors of the Blood Crocodile Clan. This punch of Ji Hao completely shattered their last bit of courage to fight, which had remained in the enemies' hearts; all of them dropped their weapons, fleeing madly backwards.

The Fire Leopard Clan village was in the perfect location; in front of the village, there was the river that Ji Hao and his troop had came across.

On the left side, right side and behind the village was a cliff covered with thorns, which meant that there was no way out.

Those remaining Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog Clan warriors were fleeing in all directions like headless chickens for a while, then kneeled on the ground, and surrendered to the Fire Crow Clan warriors.

Treeman walked over from the other side of the river with heavy steps, and dropped some thick and strong vines, using which the Fire Crow warriors then tied those surrendered enemies up.

"All of them are qualified to be mining slaves! Ha ha!" laughed Ji Hao. He was standing on the back of the fat bear and was looking at the captured ones, then shook his head and said, "This time, the Fire Leopard Clan lost quite a few clansmen, we have to share a part of these slaves with them."

The ancestors' banner on top of the cliff behind the village suddenly shook, as tens of phantoms of Fire Leopards flashed into the banner one after another.

Tens of elder Magi and Maguspriests of the Fire Leopard Clan walked down from the trail with sadness-filled faces, towards Ji Hao.

Ji Hao's face became serious, he jumped down from the back of the fat bear, and walked towards those elders.

They saluted to each other. Before they spoke a word, loud and sonorous sounds of horns came from the jungle far away with a loud shouting sound. About a quarter of an hour later, large groups of warriors gushed out of the jungle on the other side of the river.

Hundreds of gigantic battle birds rose into the air from the jungle, there were sturdy and muscular warriors on their backs

who raised their banners that symbolized their own clans.

Tens of different sized banners were fluttering in the wind, warriors across the river burst with proud and mad laughs all together. The appearance of these banners meant that there were at least tens of clans with all of their forces gathered right here. That meant, at least a hundred-thousand warriors were now gathered inside the jungle across the river.

Ji Hao remained silent for a while, turned around, let out a bitter smile to those Fire Leopards Clan elders, who now all wearing extremely darkened faces, and said, "I think we're…besieged here.

Chapter 63: Allied Forces

The continuous sounds of drums, horns and shouts were so loud that even the sky was shaking; the roars of the battle beasts and birds started a fierce gust of wind, violently swaying the jungle in the vicinity of hundreds of miles.

The Fire Crow Clan and Fire Leopards Clan warriors quickly drew back to the top of the cliff through the winding trail hidden in the wood of thorns, guarding the only trail that led to the top of the cliff.

Maguspriests of the Fire Leopards Clan ruthlessly beheaded those captured from the Blood Crocodile Clan and Ghost Frog clan one after another, with bitter and sad expressions on their faces. Daggers, made from obsidian, tore those captives' necks apart. Once the fresh blood shed out of their broken necks, a burning-hot gust of wind would come roaring over, rolling all of the blood away. Afterwards, every single drop of fresh blood would be absorbed by the ancestors' banner of the Fire Leopards Clan, which was raised once again.

Nourished by over two-thousand captives' blood, the two-hundred fire leopards phantoms quietly darted out of the banner, and crawled in those highly poisonous thorn bushes, without making any noticeable sound.

"Such a bunch of reckless people! Don't they fear the Fire Crow Clan's revenge?" Qing Ying waved his long bow, standing at the edge of the cliff and shouted.

Ji Hao crossed his arms around his chest while looking at the groups of warriors who were approaching speedily in the jungle afar, without saying a word.

In the Southern Wasteland, the cost to gather this many of elite forces from so many clans at the same time, was very high. The paths in the Southern Wasteland jungle were dangerous and

complicated. If someone tried to gather elite forces from tens of clans in a certain spot and set an ambush, the mobilization of these forces, the negotiations and time control would all be huge problems.

Not to mention that almost every single Southern Wasteland warrior was a great eater, even an ordinary Novice Magus warrior needed at least five kilograms of meat each day, while the appetites of the Senior and Junior Magi were similar to bottomless pits. Elite warriors from tens of clans summed up together could eat up two to three huge mountains sized piles of beast-meat within a short span of time.

No matter who planned all these, the money, the forces and the material resources they had to spend on all this were all astonishingly high.

Fiery light flashed through Ji Hao's pupils, he was carefully identifying the totems painted on those banners.

"Cyan Cattle Clan, Buffalo Clan, Raging Bull Clan...hmm, the famous 'three-cattle clans'... aren't they neutral clans?" Murmured Ji Hao.

"Tusk Tiger Clan, Raging Lion Clan, Wind Eagle Clan, these small clans have always been especially cautious and careful, what's wrong with them? Not afraid of death anymore?"

However, soon, Ji Hao found a few totems that made him feel stressed when looking at them.

"Ghost Clan, Demon Clan, Gu Clan...Damn! These weird people never had any contact with the other Southern Wasteland clans before, how did they get involved in this?! Are they trying to challenge the Fire Crow Clan? Or, are they coveting the dominion of Southern Wasteland jungles?"

None of those mutual clans, such as the 'three-cattle clans', or the middle scale clans like the Tusk Tiger Clan, Raging Lion Clan and

Wind Eagle Clan, had ever challenged big clans like the Fire Crow Clan and Black Water Serpent Clan, which were ruling their own pieces of land. All of these small to middle scale clans had always been quiet and only minding their own businesses, and had never ganged up with either the Fire Crow Crow or Black Water Serpent Clan. These clans had never shown any sign of sudden rise, nor were they worried about completely collapsing.

If someone had promised them enough profit, it would be reasonable for these small to middle scale clans to gather together and try to tear off a fat piece of meat from the Fire Crow Clan.

However, clans like the Ghost Clan, Demon Clan, and Gu Clan never got along with other Southern Wasteland Clans; instead, they had formed their own systems. Even big clans like the Fire Crow Clan wouldn't take the initiative to provoke them.

Take the Ghost Clan as an example, they didn't have a bloodline power; what they had was a system of inheritance, called 'ghost-inheritance'. From generation to generation, they were worshiping evil spirits and ghosts existing in the jungle. Every newborn kid would merge with an evil ghost once after he or she came to this world, becoming a half human and half ghost being. By merging their own body with those ghosts, they would be gifted all kinds of unimaginably strange power.

There were only a few people in the Ghost Clan, however, the evil spirits they had inherited from their ancestors were very powerful. Once their newborns merged with those evil spirits, they would become as powerful as ordinary Junior Magi. After the Ghost Clan warrior grew up and inherited all of the power from the evil spirit, their power would be great enough to compete with Senior Magi.

Demon Clan, Gu Clan, and a few other small clans were all similar to the Ghost Clan, and had their own special systems. People from these clans were hardly human-like. From a certain degree, they had already become some other humanoid beings

Usually, these clans rarely connected with the outside world. None of the Southern Clans were willing to make contact with them. But today, Ji Hao had found eight to nine totems of these non-human kind clans.

"How generous you are! Whoever you are, why spend this much effort on this? For my Abba? Amma? Or me?"

Ji Hao gazed at those fluttering banners in the air, and gasped heavily. "Uncle, release the wind-sparrow." He turned around, looked at Qing Ying and said in a low voice.

Qing Ying nodded with a twisted face, then carefully took a baby-palm-sized, cyan, long tail bird out of his cloth. This was a special kind of wind-sparrow, only belonging to the Qing Yi Clan. The size of this kind of sparrow was very miniscule, while its speed was extremely high. They knew how to hide themselves in the shadows of branches and leaves during flight; so much that even the snipe-eagle, which had the best eyesight, could hardly find any trace of them.

"Go! To the Cold Stream Valley! Good bird, tell Brother Ji Xia what's happening here!" Qing Ying fed the bird with a few round pills that had a mix of his own blood and the essence of five kinds of cereals, and whispered a few words to the bird.

The bird raised its head, repeated every single word said by Qing Ying with a silvery voice; the voice of the bird was clear and fluent, not even one word had been missed.

"Good, just like this, tell Brother Ji Xia that this is a trap that has been set by some other people!" Qing Ying narrowed his eyes and raised his hand. The bird let out a ringing call, and transformed into a faint piece of cyan shadow, rose high into the air and flew seven to eight miles away within the blink of an eye.

A black gust of wind came from the side towards the bird. Within the black wind, tens of palm-sized iron-claw vultures, that had evil looks, gave a few high-pitched howls then quickly encircled the

flying cyan sparrow.

The cyan wind-sparrow lithely moved and rotated within the circle of iron-claw vultures, dodging the attacks of tens of sharp claws within just a moment.

The cyan sparrow was about to rush out of the circle with its tiny body and lightning-fast movements, when a sharp infant cry came from the air afar.

On a tip of a branch miles away, under the banner of the Demon Clan, a deadly pale infant was leaning against a branch, who cried towards the bird with a very strange tone. The infant was giving a death and evil vibe, that was nothing like any human kid.

Before the cry faded, the cyan sparrow, which was flying in the air miles away, suddenly stopped, as if it was struck by a lightning bolt. Its body slanted and fell down from the sky.

A green serpent head quietly rose from the dense jungle below, opened its jaws, caught and swallowed the falling cyan sparrow.

Ji Hao's heart suddenly sank. Qing Ying's face darkened immediately, he almost cried out. "Hao! This sparrow...I raised it...since I was a little kid. These bunch of bastards! I'll kill them all!"

On the other side of the river, two gigantic trees were pushed aside; a three-meter tall, sturdy figure slowly walked out of the jungle, while carrying a wooden stake on his shoulder.

The figure was half naked. His light green skin was covered in twisted, ghost-face-like totems. He looked up at Ji Hao and Qing Ying and said with a very muffled voice, "Walk out by yourselves, and beg for mercy. Then we will kill only a half of you!"

The dense jungle started to shake, while waves of weird and creepy laughs continuously coming from it.

Gu: Gu(蛊)was a venom-based poison associated with cultures of south China, particularly Nanyue. The traditional preparation

of Gu poison involved sealing several venomous creatures (e.g., centipede, snake, scorpion) inside a closed container, where they devoured one another and allegedly concentrated their toxins into a single survivor. Gu was used in black magic practices such as manipulating sexual partners, creating malignant diseases and causing death. According to Chinese folklore, a Gu spirit could transform into various animals, typically a worm, caterpillar, snake, frog, even dog or pig.

Chapter 64: Soul-Calling

"My little bird!" cried Qing Ying, whose body was slightly trembling. He sorrowfully looked at Ji Hao and said, "Now we can't inform your Abba. Hao, what should we do?"

"Sit and wait," said Ji Hao in a bland tone, while grabbing a branch of thorns and fiddling with it. "I'm the bait, and my Abba is the fish. Let's just take a seat and wait for a while. Let's see what these people have got."

"My poor little bird!" Qing Ying yelled with a darkened face. Behind his body, a sharp cyan gust of wind started rotating quickly. He gnashed his teeth and said, "When I was a little kid, and just had learned to talk, Amma had incubated that little sparrow for me, I...I've always seen it as my brother!"

Cyan light-streams started gushing into the longbow that Qing Ying held in his hands, and spell symbols lit up on the surface of the longbow one after another; within a blink of an eye, over a hundred spell symbols had lit up on the long bow.

Ji Hao stared stunned at Qing Ying's longbow. Over a hundred spell symbols! This longbow was the most powerful Magic treasure Ji Hao had ever seen in his life, except the Sui Ren Cane. Compared with this long bow, Qing Fu's thorns of life and death and the Mu Sheng pearl were rather weak.

"So unfair," murmured Ji Hao.

"My sister married to a man from the Fire Crow Clan, how could those elders let her take the most precious inherited Magic treasure away?" sniffed Qing Ying and said, "My bow is the most powerful inherited Magic treasure of the Qing Yi Clan...hmm...the most powerful for now."

Qing Yi fit three long arrows on the bow string and pulled the bow back, aimed at the tall and sturdy man who had been

provoking loudly from across the river.

The man was over twenty feet tall. His head was densely dotted with small and sharp horns. His face was as twisted as a ghost, and his bared body was covered in ghost-face-like totems. At the moment, he was waving the huge, black wooden stake, skipping and provoking towards the clifftop.

"Oy! The cowards of the Fire Crow Clan! Come and fight! I am Red Horn of the Ghost Clan! Come on! Who's going to fight me!"

Swoosh!

Followed by a slight rustling sound of the wind, which was as gentle as the sigh of a young girl, the three long arrows suddenly disappeared.

In the next moment, the three arrows abruptly showed up right in front of Red Horn's face. Red Horn was tall and muscular, but his large body moved relatively sluggishly. He let out a shout in shock, his two soup-ladle-sized eyeballs were pierced by two arrows, while the third long arrow poked into his mouth. The arrows were rotating fast and arrowheads drilled quickly out from the back of his neck.

Large amounts of black blood was gushing out of his wounds. Red Horn's eyes had even started spurting blood ceaselessly. He cursed in pain, grabbed the arrows with his hands and pulled them out hard.

A large piece of black air puffed out from Red Horn's body, and slowly his body turned translucent. After a while, his body slowly turned back to normal, by which time, all wounds had completely gone; even the punctured eyeballs were healed, as if he had never been hurt by those arrows.

"Haha! These kind of attacks are all ineffective to our Ghost Clan warriors!" shouted Red Horn. He raised the wooden stake high and yelled towards the clifftop, "Are you Fire Crow Clan warriors all

cowards? Are you? Come on, give me one fighter, let me smash your head! Haha!"

The cheering and shouting coming from the jungle were growing louder and louder. Large groups of warriors started rushing out of the jungle, leapt high into the air, and flew across the river, carefully approaching the cliff.

Thousands of warriors had come across the river. Amongst these warriors were tens of over twenty feet tall Ghost Clan warriors, all of whom had scary, ghost-like faces. Every step they took made the earth lightly tremble.

"Hao!" Qing Ying turned back and looked at Ji Hao.

"Hold and wait!" said Ji Hao calmly, "Wait, let's see what they really want."

Ji Hao rubbed the little ear of the fat bear, then sat on the ground. It seemed that he didn't take those approaching enemies seriously at all.

Inside the dense jungle, about twenty miles away from the Fire Leopard Clan village was a flat area that had artificially been opened up. Jiang Yao was wearing an extremely gorgeous silk cloak, standing on the edge of that area, with her head held high.

Jiang Xue, who was once captured by Black Water Jiao and Black Water Gui, was also wearing a luxury cloak and standing beside Jiang Yao, with her teeth gnashing, showing a deep-rooted hatred on her face. "My good aunt, I want Ji Hao dead. I'll chop him, slice him into pieces, I'll feed the dirtiest bugs with his flesh!" cursed Jiang Xue.

Jiang Yao was smiling, and while slowly and gently stroking the delicate and tender face of Jiang Xue she said, "He will certainly die...hmm...what do you think of Ji Mu's son? I know he's not as good as Wu, but if you marry him, I, your aunt, will treat you as my own daughter!"

"Only if Ji Hao dies!" Said Jiang Xue in a low voice while gnashing her teeth. Viciousness flashed across her eyes.

"Then we will make him die!"Jiang Yao's beautiful face twisted slightly too, "If it wasn't for him, my Wu, my dear son wouldn't have died...If it wasn't for him, you wouldn't have gotten caught by that old bastard, Black Water Gui, and I wouldn't have had to pay that much to trade you back!"

From the jungle, a gigantic horned-serpent slowly wriggled out. Black Water Jiao was standing on the head of the horned-serpent, while greedily staring at the sexy body of Jiang Yao up and down, as he said, "Jiang Yao, there is no need to speak in this way. At least, now we have a common target, don't we? We had a deal, the heads of Ji Xia and his son are mine."

After taking a deep breath, Black Water Jiao continued proudly, "The Holy Land of my clan offered a reward, that only if I can bring the head of Ji Xia back and offer it to our ancestors, I can have an inherited Magic Treasure. If...added with the head of Ji Hao, then the bloodline of that Fire Crow Clan Magus King will be thoroughly eliminated. Imagine, how much extra rewards I can get for that?"

"Sh!"

In the middle of the flat area, a black skinned, short and scrawny old Maguspriest was standing in front of a black altar, which was built with black human bones. He let out a slight 'sh' towards Jiang Yao and Black Water Jiao, then turned around and mumbled in a very low voice, "You people better be quiet, the spirit-calling magic of our Demon Clan is unimaginably powerful...But, you have to be quiet! If you accidentally disturb our ancestors, don't blame me for any unpredictable dangers!"

Jiang Yao and Jiang Xue instantly shut their mouths when they heard the old Maguspriest.

Black Water Jiao stared at the old Maguspriest. A trace of

greediness and ferociousness flashed through his eyes that seemed hard to control.

The old Maguspriest took a black bone stick out, and started a very weird dance around the altar. In the meanwhile, he was whispering a strange spell, Ji Hao's name appeared in that spell from time to time.

A little doll, made of human skin, had been placed on the altar. A strand of hair was slightly fluttering around the waist of the doll.

Jiang Yao looked at that strand of hair and showed a proud smile around the corner of her mouth. She spent quite an effort on finding these few hairs of Ji Hao from Ji Xia's home in the Gold Black Mountain, but all those efforts seemed to be worth now.

If she only could have Ji Xia's and Ji Hao's blood...hehe...

The little human-skin doll suddenly jumped up from the altar, followed the movements of the old Maguspriest and moved its arms and legs, dancing like a real person.

A wisp of black smoke was being released from the altar, and slowly condensed into a twisted face that had no eyes, mouth, nose and ears.

"Ji~~~Hao~~~"

The scary face suddenly let out a high-pitched scream. Bodies of all the insects and birds in the surrounding jungle exploded simultaneously.

Behind the Fire Leopard Clan village, on the clifftop, Ji Hao's body suddenly shook. A blood-red light blocked his sight, and he leapt up from the ground as if he was hit by electricity.

Qing Ying opened his mouth and gazed at Ji Hao stunned. Ji Hao seemed unable to control his own body. He dashed out along the trail hidden in thorns in big steps. After only the span of a few breaths, he was about to run out of the area covered in thorns.

Chapter 65: Counterplot

"Hao!"

Qing Ying was scared badly by Ji Hao's abrupt movement and strange behaviour.

Thousands of enemies were waiting under the cliff, looking at them through the miles-wide wood of thorns. On the other side of the river were even more powerful enemies staring at them covetously.

Ji Hao suddenly rushing into the crowd of enemies all by himself was equal to suicide!

Qing Ying's entire body had immediately been soaked by cold sweat. A sharp, cyan gust of wind blew out from Qing Ying's back, on which, a pair of looming, large wings appeared. Qing Ying slightly shook his body, as large cyan ripples of wind spread towards the surrounding, while bringing up tens of cyan shadows gleaming around Qing Ying's body.

Just when Qing Ying had moved his foot in order to dart out and bring Ji Hao back, the fat bear, which had been lying on the ground and had stayed motionless the whole time, suddenly raised one of its paws.

Poor Qing Ying, he hadn't paid any attention to the ground, which is why he tripped over the bear paw and fell so heavily on the ground. Qing Ying had triggered his bloodline power and had prepared to rush out with all of his strength just now. Therefore, the force released from his body was tremendous, which meant he just had fallen on the ground along with an immense power.

Unlike Fire Crow Clan warriors, the Qing Yi Clan warriors had never possessed an extremely strong body and great physical strength. Qing Ying fell hard right on his face, and felt as if his body was about to fall into pieces. A human-shaped, deep pit

appeared on the ground, inside which, a puddle of fresh blood was forming - Qing Ying received a nosebleed after he fell down and smashed his face against the ground.

"Damn! Fat bear! I'm gonna chop your fat paw off and grill it!" Qing Ying fell so hard that he even couldn't speak for quite a while. He twitched his body, struggling to raise his head, gnashed his teeth and growled towards the bear, "Hao...is in danger!"

The fat bear blinked its beady eyes, while looking at Qing Ying as if it was looking at an idiot.

Qing Ying stared at the bear, which had a complicated expression in its eyes, suddenly shivered and said, "Am I looking like an idiot?"

The fat bear opened its mouth, yawned, then put its head near Qing Ying, and licked his face with its long, fat tongue. Qing Ying darkened his face and narrowed his eyes, while looking at Treeman, who was standing in the wood of thorns completely motionless.

"Hm, I almost forgot, where did all those strange beings that Ji Hao had called out during the journey, go? Where are they?" murmured Qing Ying.

Blood-red shadows were flashing across Ji Hao's eyes, a sharp voice was resounding in his head. This voice was ceaselessly calling his name, and every time it called, Ji Hao felt a strange and unknown power directly attacking his soul as if countless daggers were trying to slice his soul into pieces.

Within Ji Hao's spiritual space, a cloud of white mist started rolling over, and slowly condensed into a round flat platform.

The mysterious man was sitting on the flat platform, looking down at the Yuan Dan of Ji Hao, which was shining with a purple light, and murmured with a muffled sound, "Little guy, what are you doing now? Hmm? Is there someone calling your soul with a

dark, soul-calling magic? Your soul power has gathered into this Yuan Dan, I don't think you can be this easily controlled by others..."

Ji Hao split a wisp of spiritual power, jumped into his own spiritual space, and grinned at the mysterious man.

The mysterious man crossed his arms over his own chest, slightly shook his head and said, "You're pretty bold, little guy...Hmm? New armour?"

A huge piece of flame roared out from Ji Hao's back, which quickly transformed into a pair of fiery wings. Ji Hao flapped his wings, left afterimages and fleetingly flew across groups of enemies, who were rushing towards him and attempting to catch him. Countless enemies uttered shouts while opening their arms and tried to grab him. However, Ji Hao was like a loach that had been covered in oil. Those slowly moving warriors couldn't even touch one of his hairs.

"A friend named Po made it for me!" Ji Hao transformed into a beam of fiery light, darted across the Fire Leopard Clan village and the river, dodged those Ghost Clan warriors such as Red Horn, and briskly flew into the dense jungle.

"I asked Abba to test and try it, this armour is solid." said Ji Hao.

"Solid..." the mysterious man mumbled with a slight trace of scorn, "A firm armour is less reliable than a firm body. Look at me, I've never used any kind of armour."

Red Horn was waving the heavy stake and following Ji Hao closely. He was shouting behind Ji Hao, while the huge wooden stake started a fierce gust of the wind as powerful as a tornado. Countless plants were torn apart by the wind, pieces of wood swished towards Ji Hao like a heavy rain, which all burnt into ashes after hitting the Ji Hao's fiery wings.

Ji Hao completely ignored Red Horn, who was following and

cursing him. He tightened his face, while his eyes lost focus, pretending that his soul and mind were fully controlled by someone else and quickly moved towards the deep jungle.

While Ji Hao was running fast inside the dense jungle, he asked the mysterious man curiously, "Speaking of this, you haven't ever used any armour? That's amazing...But, do you know how to make armours, or other Magic tools or treasures? Po has fantastic treasure-masking skills, I'm really jealous of him."

"I traded the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell] with my [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], I'm not going to take any advantage of you, I have some other magic spells and techniques. If you have any good tool-crafting skill, we can trade one more time...Well, even if you feel that those spells of mine are too weak for you, you can give me low-level crafting skills, I don't care, I know nothing about it anyway. What do you think?" Ji Hao continued before the mysterious man responded.

The mysterious man stayed silent for a while until Ji Hao got near to the flat area inside the jungle, where the altar was set and was proceeding the soul-calling magic. He slowly said, "Tool-crafting skills are small tricks, not even worth mentioning...I can break any armour with a single punch, what do I need the tool-making skills for?"

Ji Hao paused, stopped running near the edge of the flat area, then said with a hint of astonishment, "You...you don't know anything about tool-crafting, do you?"

The mysterious man didn't respond. His arms stayed crossed in front of his own chest. The round flat platform under his body quickly disintegrated, transforming into wisps of white mist and merged with the spiritual space. Afterwards, the mysterious man silently disappeared. As usual, Ji Hao couldn't find out where disappeared to, no matter how hard he tried.

"Ji~~Hao~~"

Upon the altar, the twisted and scary face was screaming.

Ji Hao's body suddenly started to shake, and began walking towards the altar step by step, with his body wrapped by a faint fiery light, similar to a walking corpse.

The scrawny old man standing in front of the altar let out a creepy laughter, knocked the altar with his black bone stick, turned to Jiang Yao, and said, "Respectful Maguspriest, I've completely controlled this kid's soul. he has now become my puppet...So...about what you've promised me..."

Bang!

A towering ancient tree, that would take tens of people to hold their arms around it, was shattered by the wooden stake of Red Horn, causing a great gust of wind to blow into the flat area along with large amounts of tree fragments. Red Horn rushed inside while gasping, pointed his finger at Ji Hao and yelled, "Hei Ku! Don't you even think about taking all the rewards by yourself! What the great Maguspriest promised us, we will not let go!"

Red Horn stomped his foot hard on the ground, looked at Jiang Yao then yelled harshly, "Woman! Don't you forget, even if you've caught this kid already, after his Abba shows up, you will still need us to help you catch his Abba alive!"

Jiang Yao threw a dislike-filled glance at Red Horn, held her head high, slowly walked up to Ji Hao, raised his chin with her hand and said impatiently, "Alright, alright, you stupid things... everything that I've promised you, I will surely give it to you."

Jiang Yao then gripped Ji Hao's face, gnashed her teeth and sneered, "Ji Hao, you damn little bastard!"

The seemingly focus-less pupils of Ji Hao suddenly turned back to normal, while eye-piercing golden fiery light darted out of his eyes.

Clang!

Followed by a bright and clear sound, Ji Hao pulled the sharp sword that he seized from a Senior Magus of the Black Water Serpent Clan, and pierced it directly into Jiang Yao's chest.

Ji Hao then twisted his wrist, rotated the sharp sword and stirred inside Jang Yao's chest, and growled in disgust, "Jiang Yao, you bloody bitch, are you ever going to stop? Unless I kill you, you're going to keep troubling my family!"

Jiang Yao stared at Ji Hao as if she was staring at a ghost.

The old Maguspriest standing before the altar let out a high-pitched scream in fear.

Chapter 66: Heavy Strike

"How did this kid move so fast?"

Black Water Jiao, who had been standing on the horned serpent's head while smiling, had now tightened his body suddenly like a frightened old cat, and stared stunned at the smoky long sword held in Ji Hao's hands.

The shape of that sword was very similar to the one Black Water Jiao possessed.

Once a Black Water Serpent Clan warrior became a Senior Magus, as a reward, the clan would forge a sword for him or her in the mouth of the extremely cold Black Water Holy Spring, with ten kinds of special metals. The most powerful Maguspriest of the clan would inject magic power and inscribe spell symbols into the sword by himself. The sword forged in this way would become a powerful weapon, which gathered the essence of the tens of special metals, and would be sharp enough to slice through gold and iron, and could kill a man without being stained by a single drop of blood.

The sword held by Ji Hao was gained from the battle less than a month ago when the Black Serpent Clan Warriors launched a surprise attack on the Cold Stream Valley. Ji Xia badly wounded a cousin of Black Water Jiao and had seized the sword from his cousin's hands.

In Ji Hao's hand this sword seemed to have become a live being, quite fast and agile. The moment the glistening of the sword edge flashed through the air, even Black Water Jiao saw only a beam of bright light, and the sharp sword had already penetrated Jiang Yao's chest.

"If he does that to me, I...I'm afraid that even I wouldn't be able to dodge that completely!" Black Water Jiao roughly measured his reaction speed against this horrible attack launched by Ji Hao, and

cold sweat suddenly started pouring down from his forehead.

Ji Hao was only a new Junior Magus who just had activated his bloodline power, but his sword skill was quite mature.

If he was allowed to grow up in this way, then he would most likely replace Ji Xia and became another horrifying nightmare for the Black Water Serpent Clan. For thousands of years, Ji Xia and his family were like an eternal nightmare for the Black Water Serpent Clan, one from which they could never get rid of.

The Black Water Serpent Clan had spent incalculable efforts and sacrifices to kill all of Ji Xia's brothers and elders. By now, only Ji Xia and his son had been left alive, however, Ji Hao had such terrifying potential. Black Water Jiao growled to the sky in rage.

'How come a talented kid like this was not one of the Black Water Serpent Clan kids!', thought Black Water Jiao.

Black Water Jiao stomped his foot hard, after which the horned serpent let a sharp hissing sound out. The nearly hundred feet long serpent raised its upper body and swooshed out, opened its jaws and spewed a mouthful of blue-black cold air towards Ji Hao.

Black Water Jiao leapt up from the head of the serpent and pulled his sword out. A large piece of black mist rose from his body, and large amounts of black ice fragments slowly started falling down around his body, tinkling against the ground.

The jungle within the circumference of few miles around was quickly frozen. Black Water Jiao raised the long sword with exactly the same shape and colour as the one held in Ji Hao's hands and pierced towards Ji Hao's left shoulder, as a tens of feet long black light spurted from the sword tip.

If this sword attack succeeded, then the sword would pierce through Ji Hao's shoulder directly into his heart and kill him.

"Ha! Die!" The Ghost Clan Senior Magus, Red Horn, who was chasing Ji Hao all this time, raised his huge wooden stake high and

smashed towards Ji Hao's face along with a strong gust of wind. The Ghost Clan warriors were born to be cruel, all he was concerned with at the moment was simply to get Ji Hao killed. He didn't even notice that he accidentally involved Jiang Yao in his attacking range.

The longsword in Ji Hao's hands was shaking intensely, making a bright and clear clang-like sound.

The [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] could connect with the whole universe and borrow power from everything in this world. Ji Hao triggered the Black Water Serpent Clan's special magic injected in the long sword and send a part of his own power into the sword at the same time.

A cold stream of power released by the sword and a hot stream of Ji Hao's fire power, which were opposites of each other but somehow supported each other, were quickly pulsating on the sword edge, transforming into a black and red light that rotated around the sword fast like a windmill. Once the two beams of light started rotating, blood spurted from the Jiang Yao's chest and pieces of flesh flew away from her body. Half of the blood that spurted out was frozen into ice crystals, while the other half of the blood boiled and turned into vapor.

Jiang Yao stared at Ji Hao with a badly twisted face, continuously coughing blood up, and said in a shocked tone, "How did you...the Demon Clan's soul-calling magic was cast by their most powerful Maguspriest, even Ji Xia...wouldn't be able to defend against that..."

"I'm not my Abba!" Ji Xiao gave an irrelevant answer, pulled the sword out and swung it towards Jiang Yao's neck along with an eye-piercing cold light. In the meanwhile, he said loudly, "Jiang Yao, you should have died a long time ago. Don't you feel tired of chasing us like this?"

Jiang Yao curved her lips and let out a weird smile, gnashed her

teeth and said, "Ji Hao, I will remember you! You almost killed me, I will remember you!"

A red jade piece inside her belt suddenly burst up, a bright sphere of flame wrapped Jiang Yao up. A single legged Bi Fang Bird slowly flew out of the flame, wrapped Jiang Yao's body with its faint fiery feathers, and transformed into a beam of fiery light, attempting to rise into the air.

"Thorn of life and death, kill!" Ji Hao growled in a low voice, opened his mouth and spew a mouthful of blood, and pointed his finger at Jiang Yao, who was wrapped in the flame.

Three long, back needles darted out from Ji Hao's mouth and punctured the flame that was protecting Jiang Yao, like three black lightning bolts. Three brightly flashing Magus Acupoints in Jiang Yao's chest and stomach suddenly exploded; black, fresh blood gushing out like three fountains.

"Thorn of life and death! Qing Fu's inherited Magus Treasure! Why do you have them!" Jiang Yao screamed madly. Along with her voice, the Bi Fang bird let out a sharp call, and transformed back into a beam of bright light and flashed into the cloud within a single moment, and quickly disappeared without leaving any trace. Jiang Yao was saved and taken away by her life-saving magic treasure, without leaving any trace to be followed.

All this happened so fast. The edge of Black water Jiao's sword was still seven to eight feet away from Ji Hao's body, and Red Horn's wooden stake was still hundreds of feet away. Ji Hao had already seriously wounded Jiang Yao, and her life-saving treasure, given by Jiang Bo, had activated automatically, saving and taking her away.

"You little bastard!" Black Water Jiao cursed loudly in anger. The black mist emitted from his body was growing dense, and the long sword held in his hands started shaking intensely as well. A horrifying cold air shrouded the entire area, and within tens of

miles in radius, all of the plants were covered in thick black ice, after which, Black Water Jiao shook his wrist, making all of the black ice burst out. Suddenly, a fierce cold air rose and shrouded the jungle for tens of miles around, causing countless gigantic trees to shatter into ice pieces.

All the nearby towering trees were shattered into ashes, only two especially tall and huge trees stayed still. It seemed as if they were not influenced by the cold air at all.

Furthermore, the two trees suddenly opened their treehole-like mouths, letting out low roars that were filled with anger. On their tree trunks, four spheres of green lights suddenly lit up, like two pairs of eyes, staring at Black Water Jiao.

"Ten-thousand years old Treemen?" Black Water Jiao's body was instantly soaked in cold sweat. He quickly recognised these two trees - the Treemen that were at least ten thousand years old. These Treemen had very bad tempers, if anyone damaged the jungle in front of them, then the person would become their archenemy.

Black Water Jiao just released all of his power, causing the jungle within the circumference of tens of miles around to be completely damaged. This would make these two Treemen, who had appeared suddenly, to do whatever they could and hunt him to the end of the world.

Ji Hao leapt high into the air, facing the bright light emitted from Black Water Jiao's sword, raising his own sword high into the air which he pierced towards the heart of Black Water Jiao along with that eye-piercing, red-black light.

Clang!

Followed by this loud noise, a faint layer of light was rotating around Ji Hao's body. The attack that had been launched by Black Water Jiao with all of his power was easily blocked by this layer of light. Ji Hao's body slightly shook. He felt that all of his internal

organs were slightly vibrating, and a hot stream gushed up through his throat. Followed by that Ji Hao spat a mouthful of hot blood out.

Black Water Jiao was an elite Senior Magus, while Ji Hao was only a newly-promoted Junior Magus, there was a huge difference between the two of them. Black Water Jiao could crush hundreds of Junior Magi with a single punch.

However, the armour made by Po had amazing defensive power. The attack launched by Black Water Jiao with all of his strength only made Ji Hao spew a small specks of blood out.

The edge of Ji Hao's sword was extremely cold. Ji Hao released all of his power to control the sword. Under Black Water Jiao's horrified eyes, the sword stabbed with some difficulty into his body through his firm leather armour. Ji Hao didn't stop, and continued to push his sword harder and harder, until the sword tip pierced three inches into the chest of Black Water Jiao.

Chapter 67: Trap

Bodies of Senior Magi were all toughened up by cultivating and fighting for thousands of times. Those bodies were as heavy as a mountain, as firm as the earth, and hundreds, and even thousands of times harder than iron. Except other Senior Magi at the same level, no other people were able to hurt even a hair on a Senior Magus, unless they wielded one of those legendary weapons in their hands.

The sharp sword in Ji Hao's hands was only a reward given to every new Senior Magi of the Black Water Serpent Clan. Though it was capable of slicing gold and jade, it was nowhere near the level of those legendary weapons.

If used by another Senior Magus, this sword could certainly harm the body of a Senior Magus, however, in Ji Hao's hands, it wasn't supposed to hurt even a little bit of Black Water Jiao's body!

Black Water Jiao looked down, while he stared at the sharp sword which was inserted three inches deep into his own body. He couldn't believe it. A stream of cold air and a stream of hot air were rotating around each other, drilling deeper into Black Water Jiao's body. Black Water Jiao even heard the muffled noises made by the cold and hot gaseous powers clashing suddenly against his own muscle.

"Damn! You little bastard! You...How could you hurt me?!" Black Water Jiao looked at Ji Hao with a twisted face and yelled, "You little bastard! You are just like a little rabbit that didn't even grow its teeth yet, but bit a great winged-tiger; a little Jurassic beast that didn't even wean yet kicked the scales of a flood dragon...This is...impossible!"

"Wu Guan Pi Li, Tie Jia Fei Xiong, Ji Ji Ru L[illegible] Ling."

Ji Hao grinned to Black Water Jiao, locked his finger together and pressed his hands on the hilt of the sword, and cast the spell

loudly.

The cold and hot stream, wrapped around the sword, started coiling and rubbing against each other, and numerous lightning bolts appeared within the cold and hot air. Up in the air, a small dark cloud quietly appeared. Ji Hao's Yuan Dan - a huge sphere that shone with a bright purple light within his spiritual space - suddenly disappeared. Within an area of tens of miles, a gale had started, and large amounts of natural power continuously gathering towards Ji Hao's palms.

Followed by a thunderous bang, eighteen human-head-thick lightning bolts wildly fell down in a row from the small dark cloud, and hit on the sword hilt held in Ji Hao's hands.

Compared to months ago, when Ji Hao had spied on Ji Shu and Ji Wu with the spying-crow and attacked them with lightning, Ji Hao's power had improved by more than a hundred times. Just now, he had channeled all of his internal power into the small dark clouds, and had cast the nine-lightning cloud's magic. The natural lightning power that had been drawn by Ji Hao today was over hundreds of times greater than months ago.

The lightning gathered on the edge of the sword, and gushed into Black Water Jiao's body through the metal sword under Ji Hao's control. Ji Hao sprayed a mouthful of blood out on the sword, stared at Black Water Jiao, whose face was badly twisted and body covered in lightning bolts, then cast a Maguspriest magic taught by Ji Kui, the Master Maguspriest of the Fire Crow Clan!

"Bang!"

A single, monotonous syllable came out of Ji Hao's mouth. The sword held in Ji Hao's hands started shaking intensely. The thickly dotted spell symbols on the surface of the sword lit up simultaneously, a torrent of destructive power contained in the sword suddenly gushed out.

"No!" screamed Black Water Jiao, his face became even more

twisted, raised his head and widened his eyes, staring at Ji Hao with eyes filled with astonishment.

The magic cast by Ji Hao just now could disintegrate a Magus tool within a moment, and release all of the tremendous power contained in the Magus tool as a deadly attack. This was an extremely powerful and difficult magic. In the Black Water Serpent Clan, none of those new Maguspriests could learn such a difficult magic. Only those Maguspriests who practised for over twenty years could master this kind of powerful magic spells.

Though Black Water Jiao was a powerful Senior Magus, however, he was not talented in Maguspriest's magic at all. In another word, he was just a warrior like Ji Xia, who had a relative simple mind and who depended purely on their physical strength. As for Maguspriest magic spells, such as disintegrating a magus tool, even for the current Black Water Jiao were impossible to learn.

Black Water Jiao could destroy this sword with his physical strength, however, he could not activate the spell symbols on the sword, making those integrated spell symbol disintegrate, and release all of the power contained in the sword within a moment to attack his enemy.

A pair of fiery wings stretched behind Ji Hao's back. Ji Hao then transformed into a beam of light and flew aside leaving a mirage of red afterimages.

Red Horn from the Ghost Clan let out a roar, and rushed towards Ji Hao.

All of the Ghost Clan warriors had merged with evil ghosts that had been worshipped by their clan since they were newborn kids. Ghosts that were worshiped by them were extremely evil beings. What they hated and feared the most was the positive, natural lightning power. Ji Hao just drew the natural lightning power and attacked Black Water Jiao, which made Red Horn immediately see

him as a sworn enemy. Red Horn's pupils instantly became blood-red. He raised the wooden stick and swung it towards Ji Hao with all of his power.

However, Ji Hao moved fleetingly fast, flying away and dodging the wooden stake when the stake was about to scratch his face.

The huge wooden stake heavily thudded against Black Water Jiao's body, which was wrapped in lightning bolts and twitching. Following the raging curses from Black Water Jiao, the firm leather armour worn by him was shattered into pieces by Red Horn's wooden stake and the gigantic horned serpent under Black Water Jiao's feet was sent flying by the residual force of Red Horn's attack.

In the next moment, followed by a thunderous bang, both of the cold and hot air suddenly burst out. With an eye-piercing light, the sword, stabbed in Black Water Jiao's chest, exploded suddenly, countless rice-sized metal fragments darted towards every directions; the power contained within every single metal fragment was nearly as powerful as a full-strength punch of a new Senior Magus.

Hundreds of metal fragments hit Red Horn's body, and a large cloud of blood mist suddenly rose; those metal fragments punctured and wounded the sturdy body, turning it into a griddle with holes within a moment. Red Horn staggered tens of steps backwards, then fell hard on the ground after uttering a great roar towards the sky. He was badly injured, and all he could do was sit on the ground unable to even move at all.

Black Water Jiao and his horned serpent were hit even harder. The sword exploded right in front of their faces, half of Black Water Jiao's chest was shattered, the squirming internal organs were exposed to the air, blood continuously spurting out of the wound.

Countless metal fragments, which were shining with electrical

light, now inlaid in his chest and stomach. Strong electric currents went throughout his body. Though Ji Hao was not powerful enough to really hurt Black Water Jiao with the lightning he had drawn from the sky, the whole body of Black Water Jiao was paralyzed, and couldn't move for a while.

Seven to eight miles away, two thousands of feet tall gigantic trees let our thunderous roar, and swung tens of tremendous branches towards the ground.

Black Water Jiao screamed out terrified. A cold sphere of black mist wrapped his body up, suddenly bringing his body up, and rose hundreds of feet high into the air.

His horned serpent near him didn't react as fast as him. The serpent's body was huge, therefore, it moved relatively slowly. Combined with the fact that it was stunned by the wooden stake of Red Horn just now, the serpent didn't even move while facing those gigantic branches swinging towards it.

Along with a bone cracking sound, tens of tank-thick, dark green roots thrust out from the ground, puncturing the serpent's body. This Senior Magus level horned serpent struggled wildly in pain, and right after it had let out a few howls, the tens of roots shook intensely and ripped the hundreds of feet long-horned serpent into tens of pieces, followed by a great wail.

"Do not waste its blood! Senior Magus Blood! Collect them for me! Ten vats of booze to each!" Ji Hao flew high into the air, the three black thorns of life and death darting downwards following Ji Hao's hand gesture, and hit Black Water Jiao, who was wrapped in the cloud of dark mist.

Black Water Jiao started spewing blood. The three black thorns of life and death had just penetrated his three Magus Acupoints. He sensed that his power suddenly became weaker.

"Somebody! Come! Come and kill this little bastard!" Black Water Jiao was nearly driven crazy by the weird behaviour of Ji Hao.

"Does this little bastard know the two thousands-years old Treemen? Does this mean that this all is a trap?" shouted Black Water Jiao in his head.

Large groups of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors rushed out of the dense jungle under the lead of four Senior Magi, and darted towards Ji Hao while growling in low voices.

Red Horn from the Ghost Clan roared out loudly, and following his voice, hundreds of over twenty feet tall Ghost Clan warriors rushed over with big steps. Amongst these Ghost Clan warriors, the tallest one even reached fifty feet in height.

The Ghost Clan Master Maguspriest who was standing in front of the black human-bone altar stayed stunned for a while, then suddenly started screaming and jumping. Followed by his voice, grey, cold whirlwinds that could pierce into the bones, started to flow in the surrounding area. Tens of utterly pale infants slowly fluttered over.

The ground shook intensely, and a tens of feet thick jade-like arm fleetingly suddenly thrust out from the ground, smashing and breaking all of the Ghost Clan Master Maguspriest's bones.

Jurassic beast: According to information given by the author in later chapters, Jurassic beast is a domesticate kind of animal, mostly been raising as a source of food supply by poor and weak clans, kind like pig.

Chapter 68: Snow Melted

"Whu~~yo~~yo~~"

Tens of naked, deadly pale infants had been floating in the air, eyes shining with black light, and staring expressionlessly at the Demon Clan Master Maguspriest, who had been smashed on the ground by the gigantic stone hand.

These infants were evil creatures that had been raised by special dark magics of the Demon clan, neither alive nor dead, neither entity nor phantom. They were very mysterious and powerful, not afraid of any kind of weapons, and had the special ability of controlling souls of others, which was extremely hard to deal with.

However, their only weakness was the man - the Master Maguspriest - who was controlling them. These evil creatures were way too powerful and savage, even the Demon Clan Maguspriests wouldn't risk to let them get out of control, and always controlled them with very rigorous magic spells. Therefore, when the Master Maguspriest had been knocked out by the stone hand, these evil infants had all lost connection with the outside world, blankly stopping their movements and floating in the air.

"Kill him! Kill him!" An ear-piercing scream came from the sideway.

Ji Hao turned around and saw Jiang Xue standing on a rock less than a mile away, pointing her finger at Ji Hao and yelling loudly, "Anyone who kills him and chops his head off, his or her clan will be under Bi Fang Clan's eternal protection!"

Snorting sounds came from the crowd. There were countless warriors from numerals clans running over, however, Senior Magi and Maguspriests from those clans all sniffed scornfully when they heard Jiang Xue.

All the clans gathered here were all free clans that had always

been minding only their own business, neither under any other clan's protection or control. The Bi Fang Clan's eternal protection sounded pretty good, but in fact, once they accepted the protection of the Bi Fang Clan, they had to send a large amount of offering to the Bi Fang Clan every year; additionally, their warriors wouldn't be as free as nowadays, and instead, they had to be prepared for Bi Fang Clan's transfer command anytime.

Therefore, what Jiang Xue had just promised was not that attractive to these clans.

Jiang Xue seemed to have realised the mistake she made, instantly changed her words and said, "Whoever kills Ji Hao, his or her clan will get a reward from the Bi Fang Clan - weapons and armours. enough to arm three hundreds warriors, all forged by the best steel!"

According to the rules of the Southern Wasteland, Jiang Xue beat her own chest hard while yelling loudly, "I swear in the name of our Bi Fang Clan ancestors' souls, my father is a Bi Fang Clan elder named Jiang Shu. Whoever gets Ji Hao killed, his or her clan will get three-hundred sets of armours and weapons that are of the highest quality as a reward."

Red Horn struggled back up from the ground, waved his huge wooden stake and growled, "Five Hundred!"

Jiang Xue gnashed her teeth, then nodded and said, "Five hundred, then five hundred!"

Before Jiang Xue finished speaking, Red Horn shouted out and rushed towards Ji Hao along with the hundreds of Ghost Clan Warriors, while waving the large wooden stake.

The ground in front of them suddenly split up, an over two hundred feet tall white stoneman, whose whole body was shining in a jade-like luster darted out from the ground at lightning speed; hundreds of yellow spell symbols flashing fast on its snow-white body.

This stone giant was so tall that Red Horn's head couldn't even reach his knees. Judging from its gigantic, heavy body, he should be moving very sluggishly. However, the body shape of this stone giant seemed tall and slim, and additionally, he moved even faster and nimbler than an ape.

He clenched his fist in the air, a stone pillar rose from the ground along with his move.

"Grilled meat!"

The Stone giant pulled the over thirty-foot-long, tank-thick stone pillar out of the ground, letting out a great roar and swung it towards Red Horn. Along with a silver light and loud whistle of the wind, the stone pillar thudded hard on Red Horn's body.

Red Horn only had enough time to raise his wooden stake and hold it in front of his chest.

The Stone giant's power was immeasurably great, the tremendous power easily shattered Red Horn's wooden stake and hit on Red Horn's body along with a cyan, fierce gale, caused by the stone pillar. Red Horn howled out in pain. His body suddenly transformed into a cloud of mist, and then transformed back in human shape. He began transforming his body quickly, alternating between his mist and human body, attempting to dodge the stone giant's attack.

However, the stone giant was also a powerful creature that was created by nature and had been nourished by the vast natural power. A trace of mysterious and special natural power was contained in his attack, which was enough to hurt Red Horn even when he had transformed his body into a cloud of mist. More than a half of the black cloud was shattered, and large amounts of blood sprayed out from the mist.

The mist started rolling inwards, and soon, followed by a loud cry, Red Horn fell down from the mist. Half of his body was smashed, he fell and tumbled for a short distance on the ground,

then lied still as if he had died.

Behind Red Horn, tens of most powerful Ghost Clan warriors were sent flying by the power of the stone giant's attack. All of them were coughing up blood and stumbled back. They looked at the stone giant, and couldn't hide the fear in their fiendish eyes.

"Oi, spirit of the earth, we have never offended you!" A Ghost Clan Senior Magus, looking similar to Red Horn, yelled to the stone giant.

"Grilled meat!" roared the stone giant with a very muffled yet thunderous voice, then swung the stone pillar towards the ground once again.

Those Ghost Clan warriors didn't even dare to resist against the stone giant's attack. The fact that the Ghost Clan got to survive and prosper in the Southern Wasteland meant that they must have had their own way of survival. They were all clearly aware of the fact that creatures like this stoneman were formed and nourished by the nature power. They also knew that the power possessed by the stoneman-kind was unimaginably great, and probably only the dragon kind were stronger than them. In the Southern Wasteland, creatures that could compete with the stonemen in physical strength wouldn't be more than five all together.

To fight against a crazy stoneman who kept murmuring 'grilled meat'? What kind of stupid people would dare to do that?!

This over two hundred feet tall stone giant badly frightened all those warriors from the allied clans. All of them stopped running, looked around, hoping that some brave man would rush up and draw the stone giant's attention away, which would give them the chance to kill Ji Hao.

However, if one was hoping like this, then hundreds, even thousands of people were all hoping the same thing, including the four Senior Magi from the Black Water Serpent Clan. All of those people stood stunned, looking at each other. At last, everyone

stayed three miles away from Ji Hao, not a single warrior daring to move an inch closer.

Jiang Xue was standing on the rock nearly a mile away. Her face was about to turn green in anger. "You useless cowards! Are you even men?! Aren't you the brave warriors of your clans?! It's just a stone monster! Why are you so afraid of that!" screamed Jiang Xue.

While Jiang Xue was shouting, the ground split up again. A black arm and a yellow arm thrust out from the ground. Soon, an over sixteen hundred feet tall stoneman and a twelve to thirteen hundred feet tall stoneman came out of the ground.

Compared with the snow-white stone giant who had shown up earlier, the whole body of the black stoneman was emitting a cold air that made people shiver; while the body of the yellow stoneman was extremely heavy. While the yellow stoneman was standing on the ground, within the area of hundreds of feet in radius around him, the gravity would rise to twenty times greater. Ji Hao was the nearest one to the yellow stone giant, and felt that his body had become so heavy that it was difficult to move even for a bit.

Jiang Xue was stunned for a short while, then screamed out again, "A thousand sets of armours and weapons! Kill Ji Hao! Then you will get a thousand sets of armours and weapons that has been forged from the best quality steel in the Southern Wasteland!"

All of the warriors gasped deeply.

A thousand sets of armours and weapons, forged by steel, were way too attractive for these Southern Wasteland clans with low productivity.

Jiang Xue waved her arms, it seemed as if she was going to say something else, however, the next instance a noise of an arrow piercing through a human body could be heard. An arrow made of ghost-face spiders' legs had silently flown across the air, and had penetrated Jiang Xue's white and tender neck from her back.

Blood splashed out. The poison dipped on the arrow quickly spread inside her body. Jiang Xue's beautiful face suddenly turned dark green, after which her body fell silently on the ground.

The Chinese word 'Xue', as Jiang Xue's last name, means snow, therefore, the title of this chapter was 'snow melt.

Chapter 69: Massacre

Thud!

Black Water Jiao, who had been badly wounded, finally fell onto the ground. A few Black Water Serpent Clan warriors rushed over and held him up. An old Maguspriest took out a black stone jar, withdrew an ointment that was emitting a light and nice herbal scent out from the jar, and spread a thick layer of it on Black Water Jiao's wounds.

Black Water Jiao paid no attention on his own serious injuries, instead, he was pointing his finger at Ji Hao and wildly laughed out loud while yelling.

"Ji Hao, you little bastard! You're so dead! Hahaha! This little woman, your people are the ones who killed her! Her father is Jiang Shu, an elder Magus of the Bi Fang Clan! You're no more than an ordinary clansman of a Bi Fang Clan's dependency clan, and still you killed this little woman, you're in so much trouble!"

While gasping deeply, Black Water Jiao continued with a ferocious face, "Not only you, your Abba, your Amma, and anyone that has any connection with you, will have to die! Hehe, I heard that your Amma was the most beautiful woman in Qing Yi Clan long time ago, killing her like this would be such a waste...How much do think your Amma would be worth? How much should I spend to buy your Amma as my slave?"

Ji Hao raised his left arm, then put his right hand on his left arm while looking at Black Water Jiao's twisted face. Ji Hao's right palm suddenly spurted out a large piece of flame.

"Black Water Jiao, Jiang Xue was killed by you, how does that has anything to do with me?" said Ji Hao coldly and expressionlessly. He had already made up his mind that he was going to kill Black Water Jiao today. "I'm a Fire Crow Clan clansman, I don't have any motivation to kill the daughter of a Bi Fang Clan elder. It has to be

you who killed Jiang Xue."

"Little bastard! We have so many people here! We can testify that it was you who killed Jiang Xue!" Red Horn, who was lying on the ground, with half of his body smashed and continuously twitching, screamed aloud after he heard Ji Hao.

"You? Testify?" said Ji Hao loudly, "but you all died, who else can testify?"

Along with loud laughs, an eye-piercing, golden-red fiery light darted out from Ji Hao's right palm. The light was so bright that people nearby couldn't even look directly at it. A great heat instantly shrouded the jungle for miles round. The rocks hundreds of feet away behind Ji Hao were suddenly burnt red by the heat, and tens of rocks near Ji Hao's body quickly melted into lava.

"What...is...this..." Black Water Jiao and the other people exclaimed loudly altogether.

"This is...take this!"

A high-pitched voice came from the sky. Followed by that voice, a gigantic black eagle, with the wingspan of hundreds of feet long, silently glided through the air above the crowd. From the back of the eagle, a black, huge ape leapt down, holding a heavy, large wooden stick in his hands. The ape's body was wrapped around by a fierce gust of black wind, like a great dragon that was circling around the ape's body. In the air, the ape raised the wooden stick high and wielded it towards Black Water Jiao, along with a loud roaring-sound of the wind that seemed powerful enough to crack the earth and split the sky.

Every single black hair of the gigantic black ape was standing up. His pupils were shining with a blood-red light. The huge wooden stick was falling from the sky like a lightning bolt. Just as Black Water Jiao raised his head and glanced up at the sky, trying to find out what was happening, the thick stick had already hit hard on his forehead.

Followed by a thunderous bang, the old Maguspriest standing beside Black Water Jiao raised a serpent skull in a flurry. Wisps of black smoke spurted out from the palm-sized serpent skull, which held Ape's thick stick back.

With a loud crash, the bodies of Black Water Jiao and the old Maguspriest were shocked violently, blood spurted out from their eyes, ears, mouths, and noses simultaneously.

The fierce Black Wind blew towards the surrounding, and sent the four Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magi and other thousands of elite warriors away towards all directions, like a bunch of fallen leaves.

The four Senior Magi barely stood still under the strong wind, they even waved their swords towards Ape a few times. However, the other thousands of Black Water Serpent Clan warriors were all howling in the air. Novice Magi warriors were shattered into pieces by the horrible wind at first, and afterwards, Junior Magi warriors were torn apart by the wind while screaming, one after another. Blood and body pieces splashed and was sent flying everywhere, even covering the sky.

One single full-powered attack launched by the ape shattered thousands of elite Black Water Serpent Clan warriors, who were present there, into pieces, with the exception of Black Water Jiao, the other four Senior Magi, and the old Maguspriest.

All of the Southern Wasteland Warriors were required to remember one life-saving principle - When Senior Magi were fighting, the rest of the non-Senior Magi warriors had to run as far away as possible; if they stayed at least twenty miles away from the fighting spot, then it would be possible to keep themselves alive.

However, these Black Water Serpent Clan warriors obviously didn't follow that principle this time, and thousands of them were killed by a single attack of Ape.

The Black eagle glided across the lower part of the sky again,

seven to eight sturdy beasts that walked on their two legs similar to humans leapt down from the eagle's back, howled and rushed into the surrounding groups of the allied forces. Amongst these beasts were two highland King Kong gorillas, one male and one female; three blood-face baboons, which were close relatives of apes; the other four were cold-wind soft monkeys, who had relatively small bodies, but moved as fast as ghosts, and would let ceaseless high-pitched howls out while running.

The two highland King Kong gorillas didn't have any weapons. They were tens of feet tall, and were waving their tank-sized fists. Every punch thrown out by them caused the ground within tens of feet in radius to shake, and hundreds of allied army warriors to shatter into clouds of blood-mist while screaming and crying.

The three blood-face baboons had been standing on the ground in a triangle. Their blood-red, ghost-like faces were squirming weirdly. They opened their mouths widely, continuously swallowing and spitting towards the air. Every time they did this, there were a thousand of warriors who would lose control of their bodies and spew blood from every opening of their bodies; all that blood was drawn into the stomachs of these blood-face baboons through their mouths, and absorbed by their bodies.

The four cold-wind soft monkeys were even more horrible. They had been running fast and leaving nearly a thousand feet long trail of afterimages behind their bodies; none of the ordinary warriors could clearly see even their shadows. Every time they thrust their sharp claws out, they would dug out a warrior's heart, then throw it away. Hot, beating hearts were thrown everywhere.

Blood splashed everywhere, bones and flesh were thrown flying in the air. These nine beasts called by Ape were incomparably fierce and cruel, each one of them was a Senior Magus level powerful creatures. Within the blink of an eye, over ten thousands of warriors were slaughtered by them. The allied army warriors were unprepared for all this, causing everyone to be badly

frightened.

"Get out of the way! You trash!"

An especially strong and sturdy man growled out, raised a heavy axe, and went hacking towards a highland King Kong gorilla.

Only a Senior Magus could deal with another Senior Magus. When Senior Magi were fighting, the rest of the warriors better stayed as far away as they could. There were over one hundred Senior Magi amongst the allied army, and once they started fighting with all of their power, the rest of the warriors standing within ten miles near them would all be smashed to death.

Therefore, all of Senior Magi from different clans started yelling at their clansmen, telling them to leave as fast as they could.

However, how could all those warriors from tens of clans leave that easily? Ape's nine friends rushed into the crowd and started massacring. Soon, streams of blood were flowing on the ground like rivers. Senior Magi could barely hold attacks of these beasts back, however, they couldn't risk to launch any attack with all of their powers and kill their own clansmen accidentally.

The allied army had fallen into chaos. They hadn't even made any plans for retreat, so how could they draw back within a short time span, especially when they didn't even know which direction to go in?

Watching the warriors from different clans being massacred by the few beasts, Black Water Jiao, who was trying his best to resist the thick stick of Ape, let out a scream.

"Ji Hao! How dare you! Even Ji Xia wouldn't dare to kill warriors from these many clans at once! Do you want the Fire Crow Clan to become the common enemy for countless Southern Wasteland Clans?!"

Ji Hao looked at Black Water Jiao as if he was looking at a fool, and said, "You challenged us first, and attempted to kill us.

Common enemy? All these clans are already our enemies. And as far as enemies go, we can just kill them all!"

Ji Hao had prepared for quite a while. Finally, he waved his right hand in the air. A large piece of golden fiery light burst out from Ji Hao's right palm, and in the next moment, a nearly twenty feet long spear that was spurting a raging fire appeared in Ji Hao's hand.

Within the flame of the spear, a palm-sized, three-legged Gold Crow was hovering lively and cawing with a silvery, sweet voice.

Chapter 70: Seeking Revenge For The Smallest Grievance

Ji Hao flapped the pair of fiery wings, transformed into a thin beam of fiery light and flashed across the air, appearing right in front of Black Water Jiao.

Ji Hao raised the long spear high and pierced it into the old Maguspriest's chest while the old Maguspriest was trying very hard to resist Ape's attack. The long spear easily broke through the wisps of black smoke that had been wrapped around his body, and punctured his heart. Fiery sparks burst out from his wound, and a raging flame suddenly spurted out from the old Maguspriest's body. The old Maguspriest let a howl out in pain and despair. Huge flames spurted out from every single pore of his, and burnt him into ash in the blink of an eye.

"You damn little bastard!" Black Water Jiao popped up his eyes, and barked out in rage.

"Well, my Abba is simple and generous, always putting the clan's profits as the first priority. Therefore, it's inevitable that people might think he's a pushover!" Ji Hao swung the long spear over, bringing up countless afterimages which were rotating fast around Black Water Jiao's body, and suddenly pierced the spear towards Black Water Jiao.

Another Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magus holding his longsword darted up behind Black Water Jiao with his waist bent, attempting to attack Ape, who was holding his huge wooden stick and was madly hitting Black Water Jiao. However, Ji Hao moved even faster than that Senior Magus, raising the long spear and punctured his body from the side.

The Senior Magus's body was easily penetrated by the sharp spear, just like a piece of tofu. He gave a scream and stumbled backwards, a golden flame burst out from his body, the raging fire

even lighting up the sky.

Ji Hao swung the spear again across the air and chopped the Senior Magus's head off. The body of the Senior Magus quickly burnt into ash, after which only a human-head-sized sphere of spirit blood was left floating in the air. Ji Hao thrust an arm out and grabbed the spirit blood sphere in his palm. The spirit blood soon merged into his palm and disappeared.

"For example, when Ji Shu had challenged my Abba for the position of the leader, if I was my Abba, I would have killed Ji Shu's whole family long ago. Then, that crazy woman wouldn't have gotten the chance to harm us over and over again," sneered Ji Hao in a low voice while waving the long spear, causing large pieces of fire sparks to fly towards Black Water Jiao.

While speaking, Ji Hao's body disappeared again, leaving several afterimages behind him, and then showed up behind another Black Water Serpent Clan's Senior Magus, after which he sliced his head suddenly off.

Black Water Jiao shouted out hoarsely in anger. He pulled out an odd-shaped machete from nowhere, barely holding off the attacks launched by Ji Hao and Ape together. At the same time, he yelled at the two remaining Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magi, "You! Together! Kill this little bastard first!"

The two Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magi drew quickly together, and slightly patted around their waists. Two horned snakes coiled around their waists, darting out and quickly expanding their bodies into hundreds of feet length while opening their jaws widely, and flew towards Ji Hao, which seemed as if they would swallow him whole.

Ji Hao didn't even threw a glance at the two serpents, standing still, and let them have a bite on his body with their highly poisonous, sharp teeth.

A beam of clear and bright light flashed across Ji Hao's body.

Attacks of the two horned serpents were firmly blocked by the armour made by Po. Ji Hao then raised the spear high and pierced both the two gigantic heads of the two serpents. The two serpents howled and struggled in great pain. Wisps of flame started spurting out from their scales and their dark scales quickly burnt glowing red.

"Another example, today, you gathered tens of clans' warriors and ambushed here to get me besieged. If my Abba had received this message and had come over, he wouldn't do this for the clan's sake. Apart from the benefits for our clan, he would be worried about the Fire Crow Clan's reputation, and how the other clans in the Southern Wasteland would see us, so he would never slaughter all these people."

Ji Hao looked at Black Water Jiao with a mocking smile on his face, then said calmly, "Is this what you all thought? Keep me here and draw my Abba out. With warriors from these many clans all gathered here, my Abba definitely wouldn't fight against these many Southern Wasteland Clans. Then you would get the chance to push my Abba into a corner and make all those senior Magi rush up together, and catch him alive."

Black Water Jiao didn't respond, he was trying everything in his capacity to hold off those continuously coming attacks launched by Ji Hao and Ape.

Their plan was exactly like how Ji Hao had just said, to gather tens of clans' warriors here, and frighten Ji Xia with the all these men's lives.

Ji Xia was a very nice and generous man, who would always consider the clan's benefit first while facing any kind of problems. Ji Xia would never start killing these many clans, or the Fire Crow Clan would instantly make incalculably more enemies. Additionally, the clan's reputation would become more than bad.

Ji Xia, a Senior Magus who was bound by the reputation of his

clan and Ji Hao's safety; if he had come, he would be unable to walk out ever again. Senior Magi from tens of clans had been waiting here; added with all of those well prepared dark magic, such as the soul-calling magic, even ten more Ji Xias would undoubtedly have been captured.

"But I am not my Abba!" laughed Ji Hao scornfully and said, "To me, you're all enemies, you should all just die! I'll kill all these stupid people. As for their clans, what's the big deal if they all become enemies of the Fire Crow Clan? It's nothing but to waste more time and wipe them all out!"

"Speaking of the clan's benefit...Would the death of these people be harmful to our Fire Clan? Well...since they've gathered here and ambushed me, then they've all become our enemies already, haven't they?" Ji Xiao smiled and said while he swung the spear backwards and punctured the body of another Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magus.

This Senior Magus could have dodged Ji Hao's attack. After all, they had huge differences in power level.

At first, because Ji Hao and his friends had suddenly launched attacks, these Senior Magi didn't have enough time to react. After they had clearly realized what had happened and calmed their minds down, it wouldn't be as easy to kill them like that.

Nevertheless, right before the Senior Magi tried to dodge Ji Hao's spear, a fist-thick branch suddenly thrust out from the ground and tightly bound him up so that he couldn't even move his finger. The Senior Magus then watched Ji Hao's spear come piercing towards his face. No matter how hard he struggled, or how loudly he roared, he could only watch that spear strike into his chest while spurting a great flame.

He felt a great heat gushing into his body, then lost consciousness and died.

Ji Hao grabbed the sphere of spirit blood that had been left

floating in the air, absorbed it into his own body within the span of a few breaths, and calmly said, "Enemies should all die. Not only everyone here, but also their clansmen, those women and kids, either they should die or become our slaves!"

Tens of dark green tree roots thrust out from the ground, tying Black Water Jiao and the last Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magus.

Black Water Jiao was a very powerful Senior Magus, who grabbed the roots and tore them off, then rolled aside and dodged Ji Hao's deadly attack. But the other Senior Magus' heart was penetrated by the spear, unable to be stopped by his shrilly screams.

"I, Ji Hao, have the reputation of seeking revenge for the smallest grievances. I will never wait too long for things like revenge." Ji Hao narrowed his eyes, grinned and said, "You people had predicted my behavior based on my Abba's personality, how stupid you all are to have such a cute idea?"

Black Water Jiao let out a growl and struggled back up from the ground, however, once he stood up, an arrow made of ghost-face spider legs silently showed up behind him, then swished through his shoulder.

The arrow was dipped in a highly poisonous liquid, the poison quickly spread inside his body; Black Water Jiao's face instantly darkened.

"You...cannot kill these many people!" growled Black Water Jiao hoarsely, "the number of Senior Magi on our side is ten times greater than that of yours!"

By that time, the allied army was dispersed and had started to flee towards all directions. The fastest troop had already run twenty miles far.

Ji Hao sneered, then let out a sharp whistle.

Surrounding the fastest troop, a dense, grey fog silently appeared.

Within the fog, countless looming beast silhouettes quickly emerged, which were shining with all kinds of weird and mysterious lights. Over ten thousand warriors suddenly exploded into a huge cloud of blood mist and were swallowed by the dense fog in the blink of an eye, not leaving even a single hair.

"Haven't you understood yet? I told you that I'm different from my Abba, especially how we deal with things...For example, I respect the rules of our ancestors very much, however, when my life is being threatened, I might, occasionally, break those rules!"

Ji Hao laughed coldly. Loud caws suddenly came from the air above Ji Hao. Thousands of gigantic Fire Crows, with their bodies wrapped in raging fire, abruptly showed up over the jungle, diving down from the sky.

Chapter 71: Suppress

"You're a lunatic! You're such a heartless person!" Black Water Jiao gazed at the hundreds of gigantic Fire Crows which were diving down from the sky and yelled. His entire body had nearly been frozen and could hardly move. After being stunned for a moment, he had to spend quite an effort to squeeze these words out of his frozen throat, which felt as if they were as hard as pieces of stone.

The thousands of Fire Crows which had their nests on those towering ancient mulberry trees on the Gold Black Mountain were the most solid power that the Fire Crow Clan had been relying on. Without them, the Fire Crow Clan would never have the ability to rule that piece of land all by themselves.

These Fire Crows were direct descendants of the ancient Gold Crows. Although over thousands of years, their bloodlines had become very thin and was not as pure as the ancient Gold Crows, they had still inherited a strand of the ancient Gold Crows' magical power.

Every mature Fire Crow was as powerful as a Senior Magus, however, relying on the sliver of ancient Gold Crows' magic power, which was present in their blood, they could easily fight against five to eight human Senior Magi simultaneously. Furthermore, most of the human Senior Magi couldn't fly with their own powers, but these Fire Crows were able to fly at lightning speed. When they fought, they were incredibly powerful; when they wanted to leave, they could rise high into the air and disappear within a single moment, without leaving a single trace. Usually, even if tens of ordinary Senior Magi combined their powers together, there still would be no guarantee of killing a single Fire Crow.

Black Water Serpent Clan, the archenemy of the Fire Crow Clan, had always been suppressed by the Fire Crow Clan, and could

never win, which was because of the existence of these Fire Crows.

The horned serpents, which were the special battle beasts of the Black Water Serpent Clan, were gigantic and powerful as well; a mature horned serpent was also as powerful as a Senior Magus, and had its advantages when fighting against a human Senior Magus. However, senior-level horned serpents could not fly, and therefore while facing the Fire Corws, who dominated the air, horned serpents would lose their advantages.

With such great power, these Fire Crows had been guarding the Gold Black Mountain's Holy Land for thousands of years, never going thousands of miles away from the Gold Black Mountain.

However, the Fire Leopard Clan village was nearly twenty-thousand-mile away from the Gold Black Mountain; even Black Water Jiao and Jiang Yao hadn't thought that these horrible gigantic crows would show up here when they had been planning all this. At most, they had planned that the old guy Ji Zhuo probably would show up by himself and fight against the allied forces. They hadn't even imagined that hundreds of gigantic Fire Crows would show up in this battle.

"Crazy? Maybe!" Ji Hao let out a whistle. M.Crow swooshed over and carried him on its back, after which it had risen back into the air.

"Then why don't I be crazier? All of the people here, not a single one of you can leave today!" shouted Ji Hao. The twenty-foot-long spear in his hands released beams of eye-piercing fiery light out towards the allied army, which had madly been fleeing everywhere on the ground.

The small three-legged Gold Crow had been flying around the spear and cawing happily. After every beam of fist-thick fiery light had hit the ground, it quickly spread towards the surrounding, forming a tall and roaring fiery wall. The tall fiery walls swept the area for hundreds of miles in radius within the blink of an eye

along with a great heat wave. Large groups of allied army warriors were swallowed by the flame. They were crying and screaming; Novice Magi had been burnt into ashes within moments; Junior Magi had been struggling with all of their powers against the flames, however, they all were burnt into black cokes after the span of three to five breaths.

Only Senior Magi could bear the raging flame from the long spear with their tough bodies, and leapt into the air, launching attacks towards those diving Fire Crows.

Fire Crows let out thunderous caws. With hundreds of Fire Crows gathered together, their cawing sound was as powerful as a tsunami, even the ground was slightly shaken by their caws. They were rapidly flapping their wings, throwing countless ablaze feathers along with large pieces of flames towards the ground. Every single feather accurately punctured the body of the allied army warriors. All those warriors whose bodies were punctured by the feathers were howling in pain, and their entire bodies were set ablaze.

The Senior Magi amongst the allied army warriors were trying their best to leap into the air and attack those Fire Crows. They could jump around seven to eight hundred feet high in the air. However, they were far less agile and mobile in the air than the Fire Crows. They leapt straight up, waved their weapons and hacked towards the Fire Crows, but the Fire Crows spun their bodies smoothly while they were proudly cawing, easily dodging these life-risking attacks launched by those Senior Magi.

"Kill them all!" growled Ji Hao, "take their heads and souls back to our ancestors!"

Fire Crows were cawing excitedly, diving till they were less than a thousand feet above the ground and opened their beaks, after which they spew raging golden-coloured fires out.

The flame that was being spewed out at each shot by the spear

held in Ji Hao's hand could only cover an area with a circumference of a mile. However, when the Fire Crows spewed out flames, it would rise to cover even the sky after hitting the ground. Each of the flames shot out by the Fire Crows covered the ground around for miles.

Large groups of warriors from the allied army were burnt into ashes in the flame, especially warriors of the Ghost Clan and the Demon Clan. The flame of the Gold Crows contained a special pure positive power, which could break all kinds of evil power and could easily and naturally suppress the dark powers of the warriors from the Ghost Clan and the Demon Clan.

After only the first flight of the Fire Crow across the sky nearly all warriors from the Ghost Clan and the Demon Clan on the ground were killed. Only tens or so Senior Magi were left alive, screaming and shouting in pain, with their bodies wrapped in flames. They were running in the sea of flames and trying to flee.

However, the raging flames had shrouded the entire area. No matter where they ran to, there was only fire in front of them. Black smoke had wrapped around their bodies, and the lava melted by rocks and soil flowed everywhere on the ground.

Gigantic Fire Crows were madly flapping their wings and caused a boiling hot gust of gale to start. The gale rolled the lava up into thousand-foot high waves. The waves of lava flushed through the ground, and everything that was touched by the lava became a part of that horrible fire.

Even the two other ten-thousand-year-old treemen called out by Ji Hao's friend, Treeman, had stepped back as quickly as they could in fear, leaving the fire ground that had destroyed everything at their highest speed. When hundreds of Fire Crows went rampaging all together, any creature in this jungle that was capable of any thought wouldn't dare to challenge these big birds in rage.

In the air, clan leaders sitting on all kinds of large birds were crying and shouting in both fear and sadness. A scrawny elderly man held an ancestor's banner and screamed hoarsely towards Ji Hao, "O lord of the Fire Crow Clan! Pity our warriors! Please show some mercy! They have lost the power to resist, they can't fight against your fury, please forgive them..."

Mr Crow let a sharp caw out and flew towards the old man. Ji Hao raised the long spear and thrust it through the old man's chest.

After Ji Hao grabbed the spirit blood belonging to that old man, he raised the spear high into the air, growled out like a ferocious ghost, "You set an ambush here and besieged our Fire Crow Clan warriors, why didn't you thought about my forgiveness back then?!"

"You made a mistake, then you should bear the consequences!" Ji Hao sneered with his teeth gnashing, "Anyone that wants my forgiveness should drop their weapons and kneel on the ground!"

Tens of Senior Magi who had been leaping into the air and were trying to attack those Fire Crows were hit by Fire Crow's flame. Their bodies wrapped in fire dropped down, and rolled on the ground while howling in pain.

The allied army had already collapsed in disorder. Those warriors were looking at those Fire Crows in despair which were hovering in the sky; it was not known who was the first to drop down and kneel, but soon large groups of warriors had dropped their weapons down and were kneeling hard down on the ground.

"Kneel! Kneel!" Ape who had been standing on one of the Stone giant's shoulder, was proudly yelling at the surrounding warriors, "Kneel down! Don't you even think about running away! All of you! Kneel!"

Ape was counting his fingers and murmuring, "Capture one Senior Magus, I can get ten vats of booze...I have one here,

two...hmm? One for ten, two for twenty, three...? How many for three?"

Tens of Fire Crows were hovering above Black Water Jiao.

Black Water Jiao roared towards the sky despairingly, then dropped the machete and his knees thudded against the ground.

Chapter 72: Straw Dog

"Oi, oi! You little bastard, am I still your uncle?" Qing Ying darted up to Ji Hao and knocked on his head annoyingly.

"Ayaya, you're my dear uncle indeed! But you wouldn't be able to help in this anyway, so I didn't tell you the plan," said Ji Hao smilingly, then spew the three black 'thorns of life and death' out from his own mouth, coiled his hair on his head and stuck the three thorns into his hair.

Qing Ying opened his mouth stunned, like a fish without water, seemingly shocked by Ji Hao's words and remained silent for quite a while.

The long spear Ji Hao had used just now was stuck in the ground, and the small, three-legged Gold Crow was hovering around the spear, while letting out soft caws from time to time. Although no one was activating the power contained in the spear at the moment, it still continued to emit a great heat, which made it unbearable for Novice Magi to stand at a distance of less than hundred feet from the spear.

"Isn't this the Spirit Magic Treasure of elder Ji Zhuo?!" Qing Ying jumped suddenly up when he recognized this spear.

This was Ji Zhuo's Spirit Magic Treasure, at the same time it was also the inherited Magic Treasure of his branch clan. According to the legend, this spear was forged by one of Ji Zhuo's ancestor, a peak Magus King. The spear's history spanned over ten thousands of years and had been passed down through the generations.

Within these ten thousand years, Magus Kings, and other powerful Senior Magi had nourished this spear with their own blood; by now, the spear was capable of hearing the owner's mind and possessed tremendous power. Even Ji Hao who had used it with the power of a Junior Magus, had been able to easily puncture a Senior Magi's body with it.

As for the three 'thorns of life and death', Qing Ying could recognize them even if he had been blinded.

This was Qing Fu's, his blood sister's, Spirit Magic Treasure, one of the inherited Magic Treasures of the Qing Yi Clan. There were nine of them in total, the three cyan thorns and the three white thorns were capable of saving lives, while the three black thorns were powerful weapons that could kill a man in the blink of an eye.

Ji Hao had just seriously wounded Jiang Yao and Black Water Jiao with these three black thorns, it was obvious that Qing Fu had given the power to control these thorns to Ji Hao.

Which meant, both Ji Zhuo and Qing Fu knew about Ji Hao's plan, right?

Only Qing Ying had been kept in the dark for the whole time?!

Qing Ying hung the longbow on his shoulder and opened his arms, confused and helplessly circled around Ji Hao while complaining, "Oi, oi, why did all of you do this to me? Who do you think I am? Hao, I am your dearest uncle! How could you not even tell me a word about this?" yelled Qing Ying out dissatisfied, "Where is our family affection? Hao, I'm hurt so bad!"

Ji Hao turned back, narrowed his eyes, grinned to Qing Ying, and said, "Ah, family affection...well, we have so many prisoners here, uncle. You can just pick those young, strong ones, and select thirty-thousand for your clan. I don't think the Qing Yi Clan have enough slaves, which is why I'll give you thirty-thousand strong slaves. How's that for our family affection?"

"Whoa!"

Qing Ying let a shout out and suddenly leapt into the air, flipping in the air for a couple of times. He laughed so hard that even his eyelashes had fallen down. "Yeah! This is the good Hao that I know! Wow, thirty-thousand slaves? This time, our Qing Yi Clan is going to make a fortune!"

Qing Ying went cheerfully away, took his clansmen and began to select his slaves immediately. The allied army that had besieged the Fire Leopard Clan village this time had gathered the elite warriors from tens of clans. All of these warriors were tall and strong; after taking them back to the clan and taking control of their lives with a secret magic, they would all become slaves of the best quality!

With these thirty-thousand slaves, the Qing Yi Clan could open up at least three extra hunting grounds, and seven to eight mines, they might raise even tens of times more animals. The Clan's resources would start to grow double, or even triple; the clan's food storage would be in abundance, newborn kids would grow healthier and stronger.

This was a virtuous cycle, with this opportunity, the Qing Yi Clan could probably even lay their base of turning into a large clan from a small clan.

Before, when the Qing Yi Clan would fight together with the Fire Crow Clan, even if there were enemies caught during the fight, the Fire Crow Clan and other dependency clans would take the majority of them; the Qing Yi Clan would occasionally get a few hundreds of slaves, which could already be considered extremely lucky.

But this time, Ji Hao had given the Qing Yi Clan thirty thousand strong slaves with only one word. Qing Ying was so excited that even his feet started staggering while walking, as if he was badly drunk.

In the jungle, which was shrouded by waves of hot air, large groups of warriors had dropped their weapons and were kneeling down on the ground. All of their faces were deadly pale, hardly looking like humans. Hundreds of Fire Crows were hovering in the sky, flying across the air near the ground from time to time, bringing up air streams with great heat, completely destroying the last little bit of fighting courage in these warriors' heart.

Hundreds of Senior Magi from tens of clans, along with tens of elders and Maguspriests who had lead the army, hunkered down aside; all of them had the same deadly pale face that was not even human like.

They had been deluded by Jiang Yao, attracted by the rewards that Jiang Yao had promised them, used all of the elite forces of their clans and set a trap here, which was designed for Ji Xia and his son. However, they couldn't even imagine that Ji Hao could counterplot, and had directed this great show.

Tens of big, middle, and small scale clans within thousands of miles around had their elite warriors gathered here. At the moment, only groups of old and weak people, women and children were left in their villages. In the Southern Wasteland jungle, a clan that had lost all of their elite warriors could hardly survive even for half a month."

Everyone was worried, and were cursing the damned crazy woman, Jiang Yao.

At the same time, some of them had started throwing glances at Ji Hao from time to time, thinking about if there were any means to save themselves and their clans from this dangerous situation.

Not very far from these Senior Magi and Maguspriests were tens of Fire Leopard Clan Maguspriests and elders busy with something.

Tens of newly captured Beasts' throats were cut open, their blood was mixed with the powder ground by gold, jade and other mineral stones and made into sticky, blood-red liquid that was emitting a strong sense of magical power.

Fire Leopard Clan Maguspriests and elders were excitedly painting on the ground with this blood-red liquid. Blood-red spell symbols were painted down on the flat ground one after another, all of these spell symbols were continuously releasing strong power that made people feel hard to even breathe.

In the middle of these spell symbols, an altar had been built by tens of huge beasts bones. Around the altar was a hundreds of feet long Gold Crow totem that had been painted with blood.

Black Water Jiao, who had been badly injured and lied on the ground, fixed his eyes on those elders and Maguspriests who were busy around the altar.

The Black Water Serpent Clan and the Fire Crow Clan were archenemies; they had been fighting against each other for hundreds of years, and therefore, they were all very familiar with powers and sorceries of each other. When Black Water Jiao saw that those elders and Maguspriest were about to finish with the totem and the altar, his face suddenly went as pale as a piece of paper.

Abruptly, Black Water Jiao screamed out in hoarse voice, "Ancestral soul offering ceremony! You are going to offer us to your Fire Crow Clan ancestors' souls as oblations!"

Along with Black Water Jiao's voice, all of those captured Senior Magi and Maguspriests screamed out aloud simultaneously. They stood up in fear and panic, desperately yelling and cursing towards Ji Hao. However, after they had let only a few words out, a faint cyan light flashed through the three black thorns of life and death that was stuck in Ji Hao's hair. After that all those Senior Magi and Maguspriests had fallen back on the ground.

"You're right. All of you are oblations!"

Ji Hao looked at Black Water Jiao, spread his hands and said helplessly, "Or, how do you think I made Mr Crow convince that many of his friends to come and help me?"

All of the Fire Crows hovering in the air cawed towards the sky together, and the three-legged, Gold Crow totem painted on the ground suddenly blazed, starting a raging fire.

Straw dog: Often used ceremonial object in ancient China,

therefore, the chapter title is referring those poor warriors who had been offered to the Gold Crow during the ceremony.

Chapter 73: Offerings

Nine of the most gigantic Fire Crows stood around the altar in a circle. All nine of them raised their wings and held their heads high, while gazing at the blazing sun in the sky.

It was midday, the lava-like scorching hot sunshine spread down, making it look as if wings of the Fire Crows were covered with gold; a layer of golden, water-like light was rippling on their bodies.

If one would look carefully, deep in the pupils of each Fire Crow that stood around the altar, a small round spell symbol could be seen flashing. This spell symbol was gold and round, circled by a layer of fiery light, just like the sun in the sky, giving an ancient and holy vibe that was beyond description.

Other gigantic Fire Crows were silently floating in the air. All of them were staring at the altar, which seemed unspeakably mysterious and solemn. These gigantic Fire Crows even held their breaths, and their bodies were slightly trembling; their feathers which were as hard as iron were slightly clashing against each other and making silvering noises.

"Haha! Haha! Hahahaha!" laughed Black Water Jiao madly, and said, "Never did I think that I would be able to witness this ancient secret special ancestors' blood-offering ceremony of your Fire Crow Clan with my own eyes! Ji Hao, you have got some balls, you little bastard, you really got some balls! Your Fire Crow Clan didn't even use this 'nine suns above the sky' blood offering ceremony during your centurial ancestral worship ceremony, how dare you use it like this?! You little bastard!"

Ji Hao was fiddling with the three black thorns of life and death, which were as dark as ink, while looking at Black Water Jiao, who had nearly gone mad, with a faint smile on his face and said, "The secret blood offering, the 'Nine suns above the sky', was not

performed by my grandpa during the centurial ancestral worship ceremony, because they didn't have qualified offerings at that moment."

"After all, in the Holy Land's Ancestral Temple we worship all our ancestors' souls, most of which were the souls of real three-legged Gold Crows that had existed since the beginning of the time, ...they had seen and been through so much, which is why they wouldn't even throw a glance at ordinary offerings." Ji Hao stuck the three black thorns back into his hair, rubbed his hands and continued.

He shrugged, and said with a smile, "If we had used the 'Nine suns above the sky' secret blood-offering during the ceremony rashly, and had awakened the souls of the ancient Gold Frie Crows, but didn't have qualified oblations to offer them, then we would have to apologize to them by offering our own blood and souls to them. Those grandpas of mine are all strong and energetic, they're not prepared to die yet."

Qing Ying came over with a few tall and strong Fire Crow Clan warriors, grabbed Black Water Jiao's legs and arms and put him in the center of the altar.

Black Water Jiao screamed hoarsely while struggling with all of his remaining strength. However, all of his Magus Acupoints were pierced by Ji Hao with the three black thorns of life and death, which contained the deadly poison that it had gathered by being used by the Qing Yi Clan Maguspriests through countless years. The poison had taken control of Black Water Jiao's body and had deprived his power of resistance.

"Ji Hao, You little bastard!" Black Water Jiao yelled, "How dare you?! There are one-hundred and fifty-eight Senior Magi and seventy-nine Maguspriests and elders from thirty-two clans, don't you dare to offer us all to your ancestors!"

"Why not?" laughed Ji Hao relaxed, and said, "One hundred and

fifty eight Senior Magi and seventy-nine Maguspriests and elders, even the souls of the ancient Gold Crows wouldn't be too picky for that. Hmmm, this time, our ancestors must bless me with gifts!"

Not only Black Water Jiao, but also all those Senior Magi from the other clans, their Maguspriests and elders had started screaming madly. They were also being controlled by the black thorn's poison, and were unable to move even a finger, only their tongue's senses were acting normal.

"Ji Hao, please, we know that we made a mistake, we're all willing to take the punishment, and we're willing to follow the Fire Crow Clan!"

"Lord Ji Hao, we were wrong, we were wrong! My clan is willing to follow you and be one of your dependency clan!"

"God! I don't wanna die, I don't wanna die! Ji Hao, good lord Ji Hao, please! Let me live, let me live! It's all because of Jiang Yao, that bitch! It's all her fault! We never wanted to offend the Fire Crow Clan!"

These people, who had high status in their own clans, were all now even crying their heart out and begging Ji Hao to spare their souls.

If Ji Hao was only going to kill them, they wouldn't be so afraid, some of them were even willing to die - In the Southern Wasteland, dying in battle for the clan's benefit was the greatest honour, and their souls would come back to the Ancestral Temples of their clans, join their ancestors' souls, and accept offerings of their clansmen.

However, Ji Hao was not only going to kill them, he would also offer them to the Fire Crow Clan ancestors as oblations!

Their souls would never be able to go back to the Holy Land of their clan after that, instead, they would be swallowed and absorbed by the Gold Crow's souls, becoming a part of them. The

Gold Crow's souls, worshiped by the Fire Crow Clan, would grow powerful because of their sacrifices, but in return they would vanish forever from this world.

Therefore, they were badly frightened; they were crying in fear, faces covered in tear; some of them had even peed in their pants, dropped their dignities and continuously begged Ji Hao to not do so.

"Hurry, the blazing sun is high in the sky, this is the perfect moment for the offering ceremony," said Ji Hao with a cold voice, "Uncle, quick, kill these clans leaders. Then you can take those thirty-thousand warriors without any hidden trouble."

Qing Ying moved more quickly; he threw those Senior Magi, Maguspriests and elders whose faces all were covered in tears and snots, onto the altar, piled up like firewood.

The nine gigantic Fire Crows that were standing around the altar let out slight caws of satisfaction. Even they had never seen this 'Nine suns above the sky' secret blood-offering ceremony with their own eyes, even though it was passed down through their own bloodlines. The oldest one amongst these nine Fire Crows was nearly a thousand years old. However, within a thousand years, the Fire Crow clan had never performed this 'Nine suns above the sky' secret blood-offering ceremony.

A very long time ago, when there were still Magus Kings, and even Divine Magi in the Fire Crow Clan, the clan would prepare enough offerings and perform a ceremony like this every century.

That was the peak period of the Fire Crow Clan's growth, the clan power had been even greater than powerful clans like the Bi Fang Clan and Rosefinch clan. Even these Fire Crows were charmed by the glory back then.

This time, Ji Hao had prepared over two-hundred Senior Level powerful Magi and Maguspriests as offering, added with more Junior Magi and Novice Magi warriors as backup; only if there was

a need, they would be thrown onto the altar as offerings anytime.

This blood-offering ceremony must be succeeded!

The nine gigantic Fire Crows were all very excited, even their bodies were slightly shaking. These Fire Crows took glances at Ji Hao with praise in their eyes. They had traveled so fast to help and fight with Ji Hao, only this 'Nine suns above the sky' secret blood-offering ceremony was worth the journey.

Soon, all Senior Magi, Maguspriests and elders from different clans were thrown onto the altar, and thousands of elite Junior Magi were dragged beside the altar, standing on the large totem painted on the ground. A great, raging fire suddenly rose from the nine gigantic Fire Crows' bodies, and an extremely sharp, resonant caw came from the altar, which reached the sky.

"Ji Hao! Don't you want to know the truth about the attack that your Abba and Amma had suffered back in the Gold Black Mountain in your own Ancestral Temple ten years ago?!" Black Water Jiao abruptly screamed out hoarsely, "Inside your Holy Land in the Gold Black Mountain, they're elders and our..."

Ji Hao raised the long spear high and punctured Black Water Jiao's throat.

Black Water Jiao stared at Ji Hao stunned, the gradually dimmed pupils of his were filled with shock and confusion.

"It's not for you to say. Both Abba and Amma had already known that someone in the Holy Land had colluded with your assassin's team. But Abba didn't want to dig...and I already know who the person was. Why do I need you to tell me about that?" Ji Hao stared at Black Water Jiao coldly, while twisting his wrist. Suddenly, blood gushed out of Black Water Jiao's wound like springs.

From the sky very far away, a beam of fiery light was darting over.

"Hao!" Ji Xia's growl came from afar.

"Offering, start!" Ji Hao raised his right arm and waved his fist hard in the air.

The nine gigantic Fire Crow cawed out simultaneously; at the same time, a translucent, three-legged Gold Crow slowly emerged above the altar, and all of the offerings on the altar were shrouded by a great, golden, translucent flame.

The golden fire rose high into the air, dyeing the jungle in the circumference of hundreds of miles into a magnificent golden colour.

Chapter 74: Bloodline

"Abba, you're late!" Ji Hao looked at that beam of fiery light, which was darting across the air, and let out a simple and honest smile.

"O souls of our great ancestors, please take these humble offerings from the Fire Crow Clan Clansmen!" Ji Hao raised his arms high and started mumbling the offering ceremony's spell that was orally taught and passed down through generations of Fire Crow Clan Maguspriests.

"Their skins, their bones, their blood, their flesh, their souls and their spirits, all of them, will now be yours!" Behind Ji Hao's body, a large fire was blazing, within which , a looming Fire Crow was flying and dancing, silently cawing towards the sky.

Above the altar, within the dense golden fiery light, the translucent three-legged Gold Crow slowly and slightly opened its slender eyes.

Countless extremely thin, golden beams of lights darted out of its narrowed eyes; the Gold Crow looked down at the pile of clans' leaders on the altar, suddenly widened its eyes, and let out an extremely sonorous caw that was full of delight.

Nine Fire Crows that were standing around the altar also let loud and clear caws out, as one fell another rose. They waved their wings and started dancing slowly around the altar, with solemn and respectful expressions. These gigantic Fire Crows danced slowly and gracefully, like imperial nobles in the most sacred ceremony; every single move of theirs seemed indescribably mysterious.

At the same time when the Fire Crows were dancing, the Fire Crow afar which was being ridden by Ji Xia cawed suddenly out and stopped flying; it stretched its wings in the air, eyes spurted out fiery lights, while solemnly staring towards the altar's

direction. The fiery light around its body transformed into a transparent sphere of light, tightly wrapping Ji Xia inside.

The 'Nine suns above the air' blood-offering ceremony was the most sacred offering ceremony that had been passed down through these Fire Crows' bloodlines, they wouldn't allow anyone to interrupt this holy ceremony, not even Ji Xia had that kind of power.

Ji Hao continued reading the spell, as an invisible power started rotating and gathering from the surrounding air. Shrouded by this invisible power, the low sound of spell incantation gradually grew loud and sonorous. Slowly, the spell incantation sound rose high into the air and came back down from beyond the clouds. Muffled thunder sounds suddenly came from the sky, pieces of clouds were shattered by the invisible sound waves, baring the azure sky.

A floating hill which was miles in radius slowly drifted across the air above Ji Hao along with the wind. The invisible, mysterious power drawn out by the spell incantation sound slightly hit against this hill and shattered it into ashes quietly. Afterwards the large cloud of ash was slowly dissipated into the air by the wind.

The offerings on and around the altar silently blazed, both their flesh and their souls were burning fast. A dense smell of blood could be sensed along with a stream of hot air which contained enormous power, which was rotating and hovering in the air. The Gold Crow above the altar slowly opened its beak and breathed this magical hot air stream inside its body.

The Gold Crow's translucent body gradually became thick and real. It seemed as if it had gained a real body made of flesh and blood instead of having the form of a soul. A trace of terrifyingly strong power was emitting from the Gold Crow's body. Stone, Treeman, Ape, Heng Luo and Ji Hao's other friends who had been standing on a mountainside very far away, were hit by this slight trace of power, making all fall hard on the ground and roll over. Afterwards they seemed unable to get back up no matter how hard

they tried.

Even the two ten-thousand-year-old Treemen let out roars in fear, pulled their legs out of the ground and fled away at their highest speed. These two ten-thousand-year-old Treemen were as powerful as peak-level Senior Magi, but they couldn't even stand a trace of power that had been emitted from the Gold Crow's soul.

Ji Hao couldn't begin to imagine how powerful this Gold Crow really was.

Maybe it was as powerful as the legendary Magus Kings, or even more.

This was a legendary ancient powerful creature, even if it had fallen and become a wisp of spirit that was being worshipped by the Fire Crow Clan Clansmen in their Holy Land, it still could burst enough power, once it got the chance, to shock the whole world.

The nearly thousand feet tall Gold Crow stood still on the altar, slowly raising its wings and released countless extremely thin beams of light, which then condensed into nine huge golden spell symbols in the air. Those golden spell symbols then slowly rose into the air.

In the sky, over ten thousand feet high from the ground, those golden spell symbols flashed across the air and disappeared. Ji Hao clearly saw that those golden spell symbols were flying towards the sun.

In the next moment, the sun burst out an eye-piercing light, along with which a great heat descended from the sky. The jungle was suddenly lit up, becoming incomparably bright; mountains, trees and the earth had all become nearly transparent when showered in this snow-white light. Everything had become as pure as coloured glaze under this light.

Not a single thing in this world could block this kind of light.

This pure primitive light and heat descended from the air

enveloped the altar that had a radius of thousand feet, which had been set up by Ji Hao and Fire Leopard Clan Maguspriests inside.

Wisps of hot air that contained great powers started drawing near Ji Hao's body and gushing inside. After he had activated his bloodline power, Ji Hao possessed tens of meridians that were blazing inside his body; however, while his body was absorbing this magical power coming along with the hot air, the more complex interleaving meridians were lit up inside his body. Faint, fiery lights started to slowly being emitted from these meridians.

Ji Hao understood, this was a gift from the 'nine suns above the air' secret blood-offering ceremony. The Gold Crow had drawn a magical power, which had gotten into Ji Hao's body and slowly activated the power sources contained in his body which had been lost by the Fire Crow Clansmen through the passing of the past thousands of years.

Ji Hao felt that his eyes were boiling hot and his body was scorching. The sphere of flame inside his chest became more powerful and compact. A great hot power silently condensed into several faint, transparent feather-like and fine spell symbols, and were being inlaid on Ji Hao's skin one after another.

Ji Hao didn't even notice that he had gotten his fourth special ability, the Gold Fire Armour - A special ability that had only existed in the Fire Crow Clan legends!

The Gold Fire Armour was a defensive magical special ability; these spell symbols that were condensed by the huge power contained in the hot air had a formidable defensive power. Additionally, they could largely improve the abilities of flying and running, which meant that these spell symbols could improve Ji Hao's speed to at least double the amount once he triggered his fiery wings.

Mr Crow, who had been standing on Ji Hao's shoulder, let a happy caw out while raising his wings high. Countless thin beams

of golden light shone towards Mr Crow from all directions as well and entered into his body.

Suddenly, three feathers on Mr Crow's head were set ablaze, and slowly turned golden; after that his claws went ablaze as well and soon turned into a magnificent golden colour, as if they were gilded.

The thin Gold Crow bloodline contained in Mr Crow's body had largely been improved, which improved its future prospects.

The nine gigantic Fire Crows that were standing around the altar were even happier. They were swallowing the light coming from the air, and in the meanwhile, their bodies all went ablaze; on their wings or tails, there were one or two feathers that slowly had turned into a light golden colour within the fire.

Similar to Mr Crow, the Gold Crow bloodline contained in their bodies had been improved. Their power didn't increase a lot immediately, however, they would certainly become a lot more powerful than other ordinary Fire Crows in the future.

All of the Fire Crows nearby was lightly cawing. More or less, their bloodline had all been improved.

Undoubtedly, the one who had gotten the most from this offering ceremony was the Gold Crow's soul that was standing on the altar, its dim and translucent body had already became like a sculpture forged with pure gold; its entire body was glowing in a divine golden light.

The Gold Crow slightly nodded towards Ji Hao, then let a satisfied caw out. It transformed into a sphere of fiery light and disappeared into the air, without leaving even a single trace.

A fierce gust of wind blew over. The altar, along with the ground under it, instantly turned into white ashes, which were rolled up by the wind and blown away.

Chapter 75: Brothers

While Ji Hao was performing the blood-offering ceremony, Ji Xia, who had come from the Cold Stream Valley was not the only audience that had been watching this great ceremony from afar.

"Brother, aren't we a little shameless?" On a mountainside, very far away from the altar and the crowd, under the shades of dense branches and leaves, Di Luo was leaning against a camphor tree's branch, lazily picking a handful of tender leaves from the branch and threw it into his mouth, and started chewing. "Poor pretty lady, Jiang Yao, the Maguspriestess, her heart must be broken by now...she didn't get to see us launch the attack...aw, aw, she must be sobbing with a broken heart now!"

Di Sha had been standing inside the shrub wood with a serious face. The erect eye located in the middle of his forehead had turned pure black, no pupil could be seen in it. Inside the eye, a dim light was rotating slowly, like a deep whirlpool. With this eye, he clearly saw all the details during the blood-offering ceremony that was being performed by Ji Hao at the moment.

His left hand was covered under the wide sleeve of his cloak, while his fingers were fiddling with a palm-sized, blood-red jade plate.

"Pretty Maguspriestess? My dearest brother, please, do not think anything else about this woman, except our business." Di Luo's right hand had carried a small whip, with a hilt that was made of pure gold. He swung his right hand backwards and whipped Di Luo slightly while speaking. "I assume that you can still feel a little bit pain from this newly grown eyeball of yours. Hopefully, this will make you smarter."

"Remember, Di Luo, the relationship between us and that woman, Jiang Yao, can only be of pure business. You cannot let anything that might affect your decision-making into your mind,

never." Di Sha then turned to Di Luo and said; the dim light rotating inside his erect eye suddenly darted out.

"I have been in charge of the Blood Fang, capturing and selling slaves in this Southern Wasteland, for five-hundred years now, Di Luo, my brother," said Di Sha seriously, "Whole five-hundred years! I remembered clearly, within this not-very-short-time period, the slaves captured from this primitive land and sold by me, are two million, seven hundred and eighty thousand, nine thousand, five hundred and thirtyseven in total."

"However, within these five-hundred years, the warriors of the Blood Fang, I mean, our own clansmen who had the noble bloodline and those good Jia Clan warriors, didn't lose even a single one," said Di Sha while proudly holding his head high, "Although, tens of thousands of those low-life slave warriors had died, while I have been in charge, none of our own clansmen and Jia Clans warriors have fallen during this entire time period. Not a single one!"

"Ah, that's amazing. My dearest brother, that's really amazing..." said Di Luo while letting out a perfunctory grin, "I was just saying that Jiang Yao was a really pretty woman, really, really pretty. She smells so different from any of those girls I know!"

"You damn stupid thing!" Di Sha knocked Di Luo's head hard with the hilt of the whip in anger, and growled in a low voice, "Do not touch that woman, do not even think about it! And, do not get deluded by her beauty. Di Luo, the fact that I haven't lost even a single warrior that had the noble bloodline is because I am cautious and calm, and more importantly, shameless enough!"

"Shameless?" said Di Luo while he looked at Di Sha with a slight trace of shock on his face, "You are saying that you're very shameless?"

"Just as you said!" Di Sha turned back and looked towards the altar's direction, which was shrouded by the great fiery light and

raging flame that had even reached into the sky, and said, "I promised Jiang Yao to help her and these stupid barbarians she gathered here in order to attack her enemy. But, we have been standing here and watching all the time. We have saved our forces and didn't do what we had promised her. This is indeed very shameless."

Di Sha shrugged, then continued, "But, what's the big deal about being shameless? We didn't rashly launch that attack, so those horrible big birds couldn't hurt our people. Not a single one of our noble clansmen, and those loyal, reliable Jia Clan warriors got hurt during this fight."

Di Sha then sneered, pointing his finger at the direction of the altar and said, "My brother, can you please tell me, if we did exactly as we had promised that woman, and had helped those barbarians and launched the attack stupidly, how many of our people would have died when those crazy big birds showed up?"

Di Luo stayed silent for a while, then nodded and said, "Okay, be cautious, calm and shameless, I have remembered that."

Di Sha threw a deep glance at Di Luo, sighed and said, "Hopefully, you truly did Di Luo."

Di Sha then swung the whip towards the bush aside, hit and broke large pieces of branches and leaves, which were tender and juicy. Faint green myron gushed out and emitted a light herbal scent, quickly spreading in the air.

The erect eye of Di Sha closed slowly, and he calmly said, "Last night, I received a transfer command. It said that because of the meritorious contribution I've made for these five-hundred years, I will become the new leader of the Blood Moon. In three days I will take all of the slaves that we have gained during this time and leave from here. From that moment on, Di Luo, you will be in charge of the Blood Fang."

Di Luo took a glance at Di Sha with shock and surprise filled in

his eyes, then smilingly lowered his body and saluted to his older brother, and said, "Dear Di Sha, my dear, dearest brother, you should be without any worries. With my lead, the Blood Fang will only become stronger and stronger!"

Di Sha took a deep breath, grabbed Di Luo's shoulder and said, "I hope so...Di Luo, you must keep in mind, the Blood Fang is closely related to the fundamental interests of our family; you cannot make any mistakes, not even the slightest one, no matter what!"

Then he thrust his left hand out of his sleeve, patted the eye socket of Di Luo, which had been cut out by Ji Hao not long ago, and said with a low voice, "Remember, because of your actuation and boldness you almost got yourself killed in this damn jungle once. This is the first lesson that you have learned from this Southern Wasteland jungle, you must always keep it in mind."

Loud and sonorous caws came from the altar afar. Golden-red hot waves of air could be seen spreading continuously towards the surrounding areas. The mountain that Di Sha and Di Luo had been standing on was hit hard by the hot airwaves. Large pieces of jungle quickly dehydrated and withered, some fallen leaves even started burning.

"Let's go. We're a bit too conspicuous by standing here." Di Sha took Di Luo's hand and quickly went away. While walking, he didn't stop emphasizing how good the Fire Crow Clan was. "Di Luo, you have to remember that if you want to make a good living in this primitive land, plunder wealth and glory from this land, you have to be careful and cautious, in the meanwhile, don't forget to gather information as much as you can."

"For example, amongst those barbarous creatures of the Fire Crow Clan, some people have weirdly great eyesight; even sometimes from the distance of hundreds of miles away, they can discover the details that ordinary people can't" said Di Sha seriously, "Therefore, in situations like this, when these plants can't hide our bodies anymore, we have to leave as fast as we can."

"You must keep in mind, Di Luo, we came to this Southern Wasteland jungle for only wealth and glory, nothing else! To keep yourself alive, to keep those Blood Fang warriors alive, should be the first principle that you always have to keep in mind after you have become the leader of Blood fang.

"Yeah, yeah..."

Di Luo kept responding. From time to time, he turned his head back and looked towards the altar's direction, eyes shining with a weird light.

Di Sha then said slowly, "I really wish that I could train you more for a couple of years, then I could leave without any worries. But I don't have enough time, because I can't violate the transfer command coming from the Blood Moon. Since the family has chosen you, then I can only trust you on this."

The brothers quickly left the mountain, went down from the other side of the mountain and met with hundreds of Jia Clan warriors, who had been waiting in a deep valley all this time. Then the troops quietly left the valley without disturbing anyone.

Di Sha didn't notice that Di Luo had been turning his head back and looking at the fiery light afar, with frenzy, pride and bone-deep hatred filled in all three of his eyes.

Chapter 76: Principles

Large amounts of white ash was drifting in the air. More than a half of the Fire Leopard Clan village was shrouded by these ashes.

Contained within these white ashes were the bone ashes of those offerings that had been burnt by the Gold Crow flame, along with that of the soil and rock. Every single particle of these ashes contained a wisp of the remaining hot power which had come from the Gold Crow's soul. While people were walking through these ashes, these particles clashed against each other and burst out large pieces of fire sparks along with popping noises.

The Fire Leopard Clan people were cleaning their village, dealing with the dead bodies of the enemies and their own perished clansmen. A Large group of clansmen were walking through these white ashes, which made the entire village seemed as if it was shrouded by a raging fire; the glowing red fiery light even shone upon the vast jungle around.

"Woo~woo~yo~"

A mumbling sound came from the jungle. It was the Treeman and his two friends. The three of them walked slowly into the jungle which had been burnt out earlier; following behind them were a large group of small spirits of trees and flowers, who were drawn out of what used to be their home.

Treeman and his two friends had tried very hard to shrink their bodies into the most miniscule size they were capable of; each of them was carrying a huge booze-vat with their branch-like arms. On one hand, they were gulping the booze contained in the vats happily, while on the other, they were busy in spreading seeds of all kinds of plants in the burnt soil, which was still hot. All three of these old trees were slightly drunk, even their feet staggered while walking and stepped everywhere with their gigantic bodies, which made those small spirits of trees and flowers near their feet scream

out in fear.

Under the cliff, inside the half collapsed meeting room of the Fire Leopard Clan, Ji Xia was sitting near a bonfire with his legs crossed, while he was munching a large piece of grilled meat that was emitting a thick aroma.

Being grilled and sizzled upon the bonfire was a horned gorilla-bear, the mount belonging to a Ghost Clan Senior Magus. This horned gorilla-bear was a senior level beast, the poor thing was found badly wounded after the fight. But those Fire Leopard Clan Maguspriests did not want to spend any of their precious medicines on this beast. That was why they decided to clean and skin it, then grill it and treat their honoured guests with it.

"Hao, since you have gained the approval of our ancestors' souls, it makes what you just did not wrong." Ji Xia finished more than half of the grilled beast, satisfyingly patting his own belly and said. "Although Abba had never bullied those poor little clans with our Fire Crow Clan power, but since they besieged us in the first place, then there's nothing more to say about it. They all deserved to die," continued Ji Xia while a slight beam of cold light flashed across his pupils.

Ji Hao was holding a booze-vat, drank a few mouthful of liquor that was emitting a strong scent, then wiped the liquor which was dripping down along the corner of his mouth.

"Haha, Abba, when I saw you flying over like rocket, I thought you were going to stop me from performing the offering-ceremony," said Ji Hao while glancing at Ji Xia. After that he knocked the vat hard against the ground, and said with a muffled voice, "Abba, Amma said that sometimes you have been softhearted!"

Ji Xia wanted to maintain the stateliness of a father, so he made a serious face and sniffed, as he said, "Softhearted? I was concerned about the overall situation and the clan's benefit. You know, I,

your Abba..."

"Ah, Abba, you're so wise and brave, a real man who has never gone soft, always seeking revenge for all kinds of invasions..." Ji Hao interrupted the long speech which was about to come out from Ji Xia, and said, "Jiang Yao had driven all these clans and attacked the Fire Leopards clan, and Jiang Xue was her helper; Abba, what do you think about this?"

Ji Xia paused for a second, slowly put his vat down, seemingly lost deep in thought.

Jiang Yao was Jiang Bo's, the Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan's, daughter, and Jiang Xue was the daughter of Jiang Shu, an elder of the Bi Fang Clan. Jiang Yao was badly injured by Ji Hao and had fled away; unless she wanted to trigger a real war between the Fire Crow Clan and the Bi Fang Clan, she would never tell anybody about the fact that she had driven all these clans and attacked the Fire Leopard Clan.

However, Ji Hao had killed Jiang Xue cruelly in the battle, which might be a bit troublesome.

While Ji Xia was thinking, a caw came from the air, along with which, a gust of gale started blowing towards the ground, and a cold hoarse voice pierced into Ji Hao's ears like steel needles.

This voice was incomparably hoarse and ice-cold, filled with a weird and evil power that would make people quiver. Ji Xia and Ji Hao frowned and stood simultaneously up from the ground. The vats placed aside their feet cracked all together and liquor seeped out in streams.

An elderly man, who was as tall as Ji Xia but extremely scrawny, even looking like a stick, walked inside with stiff steps, and growled out with a very cold voice, "Ji Xia! You have to give us, the elders of our Fire Crow Clan a reasonable explanation! Do you still remember your responsibility? You're only responsible of guarding the Cold Stream Valley and protecting the mine there...Who gave

you this right and nerve to do this..."

Before the elderly man finished his speech, Ji Hao took a deep breath and rudely interrupted him.

"Ah, the elder Ji Fang, is there any problem about my Abba coming here? My Abba just ran a 'nine suns above the sky' blood-offering ceremony, and our ancestors were very satisfied with that. Are you saying that my Abba was wrong? If so, did you just say that our ancestors were wrong?"

The elderly man stopped talking and was stunned. He was choked by Ji Hao's words and didn't know how to respond for quite a while.

At that moment, another resonant caw came from the sky above. Followed by a swishing sound, the ground slightly shook. Someone had leapt down from the air and had almost shaken the half-broken Fire Leopard Clan's meeting room into collapsing.

Ji Zhuo darted in with big steps, laughed out loud and pressed his hand on Ji Fang's shoulder, then said loudly, "Ji Fang, you have always been so impatient ever since you were a little kid. You just couldn't calm down, look, you got yourself embarrassed in front of these kids again!"

Ji Hao clearly saw that Ji Zhuo's five fingers had violently pitted into Ji Fang's shoulder; he even heard the creaking sounds made by Ji Fang shoulder bones while being pressed by Ji Zhuo with a great power.

Ji Fang's face was badly twisted, his pale face had now even turned blue.

"You're too impatient, Ji Fang...You probably haven't heard the message from the Ancestral Temple of the Holy Land yet; our ancestors had delivered their will to all of the Maguspriests and said that they were very satisfied with the blood-offering ceremony today. Our ancestors also said that Ji Hao is a good kid!"

"What did you say?!" yelled Ji Fang with a twisted face.

"Our ancestor said that we did no wrong," Ji Hao put his mouth near Ji Fang's face and said coldly, "Abba took our clansmen here from the Cold Stream Valley, beat a bunch of stupid people who came from a bunch of stupid clans and had exaggerated opinions of their own abilities, then offered those stupid things to our ancestors through the ceremony. Our ancestors are very satisfied, so what Abba did was all great!"

Ji Fang closed his mouth and never let a single word out.

In the Southern Wasteland clans, the truth could be this simple and crude - as long as one had gained the satisfaction of their ancestors, then all that he or she had done would be right. However, normally, ordinary clansmen couldn't even come near the Ancestral temple of the Holy Clan, except during the decennial and centurial worship ceremony. Only if someone used the secret ancient ceremony like Ji Hao did would he or she probably wake the ancestors' souls up, and gain their favour.

Ji Fang was now cursing those people with the utmost level of rage who had told him to come here in his head. When those people urged him to come to here and question Ji Xia in anger, they didn't mention that Ji Hao and Ji Xia had even bribed the ancestors!

Ji Zhuo threw a deep glance at Ji Hao, then laughed delightedly and said, "Although our ancestors had delivered their will to our Maguspriests, Xia, you should still go back to the Gold Black Mountain and describe every detail of this fight to those elders and Maguspriests in the Holy Land."

"Oh, and the Master Maguspriest Ji Kui has already announced on behalf of our ancestors that all those clans that had attacked the Fire Leopard Clan are our enemies."

"Hao, you will be responsible for wiping them all out!" Continued Ji Zhuo.

Chapter 77: Private Property

A black banner was fluttering in front of the entrance of a small village.

On the surface of the banner, which was made from human skin and beast tendons, tens of hideous bugs had been painted with the blood of some beast. Tens of wisps of black smoke were spurting out from the banner, each wisp of black smoke had more than tens of thousands of poisonous and multicoloured bugs hidden inside it; those bugs were flying towards Ji Hao while buzzing sharply, like ocean waves.

Ji Hao had been standing still right in front of the entrance of the small village while facing those black smokes that were roaring towards him.

The armour made by Po emitted a faint, cyan light, which completely blocked the black smoke with the bugs hidden in them. Those bugs were madly trying to take a bite of Ji Hao's body, but couldn't even touch a hair on Ji Hao. More bugs were flying towards him while spewing venoms, however, all kinds of venoms were blocked by the cyan light as well. They dropped on the ground, neither could even touch Ji Hao's body.

On Ji Hao's skin, a layer of extremely dim, red and feather-like spell symbols were flashing loomingly. Occasionally, a wisp of fire would spurt out from Ji Hao's body and burn large quantities of flying poisonous bugs, which died making a popping sound; dead bugs were continuously dropping onto the ground.

In only seven to eight minutes, a two feet thick layer of bugs' carapaces had already been piled up around Ji Hao's body.

Inside the village, a few scrawny, dark-green skinned old Maguspriests were screaming; they jerked out black daggers and stabbed hard into their own chests. The banner in front of the village entrance started to shake violently, the fresh hot blood

gushing out of those old Maguspriests' bodies continuously being drawn and absorbed by the banner.

An ear-piercing call came from the banner, along with which, a black mist was being released from the banner. From within the mist three gigantic, multicolored, poisonous scorpions emerged. These scorpions flew out of the banner, swung their hundreds of feet long tails that had huge poisonous hooks towards Ji Hao.

Ji Hao continued to remain motionless. The cyan light emitted by the armour worn by Ji Hao, which was as light as a feather, seemed to have become a bit brighter. Followed by a thunderous bang, all three poisonous hooks hit hard against the armour on Ji Hao's body. In the next moment, all of the three poisonous hooks had been smashed into meat paste against Ji Hao's armour; blood and venoms splashing everywhere.

Those old Maguspriests inside the valley fell on the ground in despair; they let out long wails and cries which were filled with hopelessness. The banner in front of the village then was shattered into a cloud of black smoke by an invisible power, and dissipated quickly in the air along with the wind.

A quarter of an hour later, all of the remaining Gu Clan people walked out of the village one after another. Walking in front of the line were a few old Maguspriests. They were holding the sculptures of five highly poisonous creatures which were carved out of jade, and carefully put these totems of their clan near Ji Hao's feet, while trembling. All of their eyes were filled with fear.

One of the allied clan which had attacked Ji Hao's troop, the Gu Clan, had collapsed at that moment.

...

Two days later, in front of the entrance of the Ghost Clan village.

Two hundred of elite warriors, who had been left to guard the village, were shouting and yelling. The shortest one among these

warriors was tens of feet tall. They were all madly waving heavy axes and swords held in their hands towards Ji Hao.

The cyan light of the armour worn by Ji Hao appeared again and was rotating around Ji Hao's body. Ji Hao stayed still, and no matter how hard those Ghost Clan warriors tried, they couldn't harm Ji Hao even a little bit. On the contrary, Ji Hao pulled out a machete that he had seized from Black Water Jiao's hands, and slightly waved it across the air, chopping the heads of tens of warriors, who were standing near him, off.

A light, low growl could be heard. Suddenly, a loud howl came from out the crowd of warriors. A thirty feet tall, sturdy warrior had been violently grabbed by Stone by the neck and brought up into the air while coughing blood up.

This was the only Senior Magus left in the Ghost Clan, and also was the last bit of courage that had been left in these Ghost Clan warriors' hearts.

Stone and the three of his friends got into the village from under the ground, and badly injured the last Senior Magus of the Ghost Clan. This time the Ghost Clan had been crashed thoroughly.

Large groups of Ghost Clan people walked out of the village, kneeled down in front of Ji Hao in fear, and were tied up by the Fire Crow Clan warriors with beast tendons ropes that had been injected with a secret magic spell.

...

The Demon Clan, Cyan Cattle Clan, Buffalo Clan...Tusk Tiger Clan, Raging Lion Clan...

All those clans which had been involved in the allied troops had been conquered by Ji Hao's ruthlessness. Almost all of the Senior level Magi and Maguspriests had been offered to the Fire Crow's ancestors as oblations, and the remaining part of these people lacked the power to resist against Ji Hao and the large troops lead

by him, not to mention that Stone, Heng Luo, Treeman and their friends were traveling along side with the troops. Amongst these non-human friends of Ji Hao, there were more than tens of Senior level creatures.

Ji Hao swept through all those clans and hardly encountered any difficulty. Millions of people from tens of clans were captured alive, becoming Fire Crow Clan's slaves, and had been mixed together. They were randomly sent to work in hunting grounds, mines, fields and pastures of the Fire Crow Clan.

Ji Hao had been occupied with this for over three months before finally wiping all tens of clans out and capturing all of their clansmen.

When the long and annoying rainy season of the Southern Wasteland jungle was about to come, Ji Hao returned to the Cold Stream Valley with his troops. After three months of fighting and travelling Ji Hao had grown taller and more muscular. When he rode on his mount, he seemed no different from other adult Fire Crow Clan warriors at first glance.

Probably, the only differences were that because of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], Ji Hao's eyes had become especially bright; occasionally, when he took a glance at a certain spot, two lightning-bolts-like lights would dart out of his eyes and directly hit the spot. Even the Fire Crow warriors who were closest to him wouldn't dare to look directly into his eyes.

Another thing was, along with the improvement of his power, Ji Hao's skin had become more and more white and tender, like the purest jade. A pearl-like luster was shining on his nearly silver skin, and it seemed like there was a layer of liquid-silver flowing under his skin. Even if he would stand amongst hundreds or thousands of warriors, people would still recognize Ji Hao at the first glance. None of the other warriors could be considered to be in a position to steal the spotlight away from Ji Hao.

Even when he was still a long distance away, Qing Fu, who had been standing on the fence wall of the Cold Stream Valley, saw Ji Hao.

This was the first time that Ji Hao had been seen by Qing Fu after such a long time. Qing Fu raised her right hand high and shouted towards Ji Hao with happiness.

"Hao! You finally came back! Amma will cook you the most delicious grilled meat!"

Ji Hao laughed out aloud, then leapt into the air. A beam of fiery light appeared behind his body. He then darted out and left a long trace of fiery light and large quantities of afterimages behind him. Within the span of a few breaths, he had flown across miles and leapt onto the fence wall, held Qing Fu up and spun a few rounds.

"Amma! Me and uncle have returned! Ah, we've picked quite a few rare herbs for you during the journey, including the...the 'blood swallow' that you have been talking about for years. Uncle was nearly disfigured by a wild cat for picking that for you, haha!"

Qing Fu exclaimed and turned around in a flurry, looking at Qing Ying.

After seeing that Qing Ying's face was perfectly fine and without any scars, she laughed out, lightly slapping Ji Hao's face, and said, "Good, good, if Qing Ying's face had really gotten scratched by the cat then how would we get him a wife?"

Qing Ying puffed his chest out and said proudly, "Sister, I'm not trying to attract girls with my face anymore. Now, I'm the youngest Senior Magi ever of the entire Qing Yi Clan! Groups of girls will line up for me!"

While Qing Fu, Qing Ying and Ji Hao were talking and laughing, Ji Xia walked over with big steps, together with a group of people walking behind him. From a distance, Ji Xia laughed out loud and yelled to Ji Hao, "Hao, you finally have returned! Come over! From

now on, these warriors are your personal slaves! They're all your properties, do you understand that? They will rely on you for living!"

Ji Hao's mouth fell open stunned.

Personal slaves?

Ji Hao fixed his eyes on this group of warriors, after which he couldn't help but to gasp deeply.

Were these people all his very own personal slaves? Both their numbers and power levels amazed Ji Hao greatly.

Chapter 78: Family Property

The annoying rainy season had finally come. Warm, heavy rain was ceaselessly coming down from the sky, feeling like the sweat of some dirty man. It seemed that the rain, mixed with gruel and sticky mist, had shrouded the entire Southern Wasteland inside.

The Cold Stream within the valley had doubled in width within only half an hour. The originally crystal clear and chilly water had now turned into a khaki colour, wriggling and roaring like a serpent, hitting against the stones on the shores of the stream along with a loud flushing noise.

Deep in the valley near the cliff, was a three-floor building outside which over a hundred tall and sturdy warriors were standing expressionlessly in the rain. The heavy raindrops dripped onto their bodies and crystal water drops shattered against their muscles, but these warriors didn't even blink their eyes.

No matter how they had originally looked like, all of their faces had now been covered by a large blood-red tattoo, because of which no one would be able to tell how they had looked previously. The tattoos of three-legged Fire Crow were emitting a great heat. Even while they were standing in the rain, not a single raindrop remained on their body. All the rainwater on the shoulders and heads of these warriors had been evaporated into hot steam and had risen into the air.

This kind of totem tattoo was the brand of the Fire Crow Clan's slaves. They were all tattooed with a special, magical dye that had been made from ninety-nine gigantic Fire Crows' blood and mixed with blood from the hearts of hundreds of different kinds of beasts. There were also hundreds of different kinds of venom added, finally converting into the dye with a special spell of the Fire Crow Clan. The totem tattooed by this type of dye contained an extremely strong power.

Unless these warriors had the power even greater than the ninety-nine Fire Crows' combined, their souls and bodies would remain branded and ruled by these totems forever, without ever getting their freedom again, even if they died.

Ji Hao had been sitting inside the wooden house, gobbling up the grilled meat and rice cake served by Qing Fu, while fixing his eyes on those warriors standing in the rain.

Amongst these warriors, five of them were on the verge of becoming Senior Magi. They only needed three more months at the most to break into the Senior level and become genuine Senior Magi. Aside from the five of them, there were over a whole hundred high-level Junior Magi warriors. Amongst them, ten had already reached the peak-junior-level, and had their own special bloodline meridians inherited from their own ancestors. These bloodlines were all activated, and they had started practicing on awakening their first Magus Acupoint up already.

Ji Xia had been sitting beside Ji Hao, busy talking excitedly about everything that had happened during his journey back to the Gold Black Mountain two months ago.

Led by Ji Fang, a few elders sourly criticized the violent behavior of Ji Xia and his son with only a few sentences.

However, the souls of the ancestors in the Holy Land's Ancestral Temple had delivered their own opinions to all Fire Crow Clan Maguspriests, expressing that they were all satisfied with the blood-offering ceremony performed by Ji Hao, and also would continue to encourage and support things like this. Therefore, all of the Fire Crow Clan Maguspriests had chosen to stand on Ji Hao's side, even those who were privately supporting Ji Shu. Even they had no other choice but to support Ji Hao this time.

Even Ji Shu himself had expressed his admiration towards Ji Xia, and his praise and expectations towards Ji Hao, while trying his best to hide the bitterness and reluctance inside him.

As for the death of Jiang Xue and the serious injuries of Jiang Yao, Ji Xia hadn't heard even a single word about them while he was in the Gold Black Mountain. It was as if Jiang Yao was nowhere related to the gathering of those clans into an allied force and the attack on the Fire Leopard Clan, that Ji Hao wasn't the one who had badly wounded Jiang Yao, and neither was Jiang Xue shot to death by Ji Hao's friend, Heng Luo with a 'ghost-face spider' legs arrow.

In the meeting held by the Master Maguspriest Ji Kui, the Fire Crow Clan Master Maguspriest had given a final conclusion in that regard; the allied forces were the ones who had attacked the Fire Leopard Clan and besieged Ji Hao's troops.

Those clans were deemed to have been played and used by the Black Water Serpent Clan, shamelessly launching a sneak attack on the most loyal dependency clan of the Fire Crow Clan. They had challenged the Fire Crow Clan by doing this, and also had provoked all of the Fire Crow Clan ancestors' souls in the Holy Land's Ancestral Temple. Therefore, all those clans were to be eliminated, and all of their clansmen must become the Fire Crow Clan's slaves, working and fighting for the Fire Crow Clan from generation to generation to atone for their crimes.

The Fire Crow Clan elders, who were in charge of all kinds of clan affairs, had accurately calculated the total amount of people in these clans.

Apart from those unlucky warriors who had been offered to the ancestors as oblations by Ji Hao and the thirty-thousand young slaves that Ji Hao had promised Qing Ying, along with the slaves, women and kids that had been giving to the Fire Leopard Clan to compensate for their losses during this fight, the Fire Crow Clan would this time gain over five million high quality slaves from these tens of clans.

During all these years, the conflict between the Fire Crow Clan and the Black Water Serpent Clan had occurred several times each

year. However, the power of these two clans was nearly even, so their warriors might die in battle, but this kind of fight rarely brought a large amount of captives.

This time, the Fire Crow Clan had destroyed almost all of the elite forces of these tens of clans who had possessed great power before, and therefore, the rest of their clansmen who were unable to resist had all become their slaves. This was the best harvest for the Fire Crow Clan within the past hundreds of years.

While those elders and Maguspriests of the Fire Crow Clan were discussing all this, Ji Hao and his troops, who were as powerful and fast as a wildland fire, had eliminated the nearest five clans, and had started sending slaves, guarded by groups of Fire Crow Clan warriors, to the Gold Black Mountain.

At last, Ji Kui talked on behalf of the ancestors, giving the final verdict about Ji Hao and his behavior. He said that Ji Hao had made great contributions to the Fire Crow Clan, and although he was young, the contribution he made to the clan could be compared to that of the most elite warriors in the clan already.

Furthermore, powerful warriors deserved better treatment, and warriors who made contributions to the clan should receive proper rewards. Therefore, five powerful warriors who had almost reached the Senior Magus level, and a hundred elite and peak-level Junior Magi warriors had been awarded to Ji Hao as his personal slaves.

While talking, Ji Xia abruptly slapped his own lap and slightly punched Ji Hao's shoulder, laughing out loud as he said, "Hao, you kid...I, your Abba, when the first time I led our clansmen and fought against those stinky snakes for three months, eliminating five branch clans of theirs, the clan had given me only twenty Junior level personal slaves."

Ji Xia then held his head high with pride and boasted, "Qing Fu, look! This is my son, I, Ji Xia's son! Haha, stronger than me! For

his first time getting rewarded by the clan, he has gained more than his Abba's, mine, all awards added together, which I gained after fighting for the clan for twenty whole years!"

Qing Fu smilingly brought a plate of freshly picked fruits, rubbed Ji Hao's head and said, "Hao, not every Fire Crow Clansman has their personal slaves, especially these many and this powerful. In the clan, you now have status equal to great warriors like your Abba!"

Smiling gently, Qing Fu looked at Ji Xia and said seriously, "Hao has grown up and has his own property. We should find him a nice girl. Xia, what do you think about this? Should it be our Qing Yi Clan girl or from some other clan?"

Ji Xia scrubbed his own head and frowned, smacking his lips as he said, "Well, talking about girls, the Qing Yi Clan girls are certainly the most beautiful. But, back then, in order to marry you, I had to give all of my slaves and more than half of my properties to your Abba. The Qing Yi Clan girls...hmm...their prices hurt the soul itself!"

Qing Fu pouted slightly and made an accusing glance at Ji Xia, silently grabbing his earlobe and twisting it gently.

Ji Hao choked on a mouthful of rice cake hearing his parents, and almost couldn't breathe. 'How old they thought he was? Why had they started to talk about his marriage already?' yelled Ji Hao in his head.

"Abba, Amma, let's just not rush too much with this. I have just received over a hundred slaves; I haven't even figured out how to feed them yet. Just wait for a few more years, a few more years!"

Ji Hao then darted out of the room while yelling, not bothering to listen to their comments at all.

"I have to build some houses for these slaves to get them settled down..."

"And didn't you say that they're all my personal slaves, and their offsprings are all my slaves as well? Then I have to find enough wives for them!"

Ji Hao disappeared in the rain, while shouting and yelling. Ji Xia and Qing Fu couldn't help but break into laughter simultaneously.

But soon after that, Ji Xia's face darkened, and his expression became extremely cold.

"Hmmm, Qing Fu, we have to figure out a plan concerning Ji Shu and Jiang Yao. Even if not for ourselves, we have to think for Hao!"

Chapter 79: Rainy Season

The rainy season in the Southern Wasteland was a vexing season that made all kinds of predators feel extra bored.

Uncountable raindrops were continuously falling from the sky, and seasonal rivers were madly roaring around in the jungle. Large pieces of wood were soaked in warm water, and those thick tree-trunks were thickly dotted with colourful mushrooms - the only interesting part about the rainy season.

Ji Hao squatted down in front of his family's house, holding a huge wooden mug in his hands. The mug contained a virid, home-made tea that was emitting a very refreshing herbal scent. From time to time, Ji Hao would lower his head and take a sip from the mug, the tea temporarily dispersing the moist cold that seemed to have stagnated inside his body.

"The damn weather!" Qing Ying's rants came from afar. He had been holding a gigantic leaf upon his head, while walking lazily in the rain, passing Ji Hao by like a walking corpse, and disappearing again slowly in the heavy rain.

Normally, Qing Ying would always have paid extra attention to his appearance, but now he seemed to have not cleaned himself for days. Right upon the pair of his beast-leather boots, one red and one blue thumb-sized poisonous mushroom was blooming. Qing Ying didn't seem to have noticed these two little uninvited guests at all.

The moist air made all of the bowstrings of the Qing Yi Clan warriors become soft and powerless. The rising mist blocked their eyesight, and completely deprived their biggest fun from them - hunting. Therefore, all of the Qing Yi Clan warriors had become lazy and bored, losing their energy like bears in hibernation.

The heavy rain never stopped. Inside the Cold Stream Valley, only the mining work had been going on without stopping.

The tinkling sounds kept coming from deep under the ground, along with the heavy gasping of those slaves. Those slaves had been carrying baskets full of ores up to the ground, one after another. Large gold and jade pieces were being picked out, carefully and orderly placed aside.

Occasionally, a few pieces of Fire Essence Crystal would be found, which would prompt the supervising Fire Crow Clan warriors to rush up and collect them, sending these crystals to Ji Zhuo as quickly as they could. Ji Zhuo had stayed in the Cold Stream Valley, helping with guarding the mine and supervising the mining work.

In the flat area beside Ji Hao's family house, five muscular warriors were fighting against each other bare-handed. Behind their bodies, different coloured smokes were rolling in the air, within which, silhouettes of ferocious beasts could be seen flashing loomingly.

These five warriors were the strongest warriors amongst Ji Hao's personal slaves, who could break into the Senior level anytime. Two of them came from the Cyan Cattle Clan, another two came from the Tusk Tiger Clan, and the last one was from the Gale Eagle Clan. Their original names were discarded by Ji Hao, and for convenience, Ji Hao directly called them Big Cattle, Small Cattle, Big Tiger, Small Tiger, and Gale Eagle.

Under the heavy rain, the five warriors, who had only pieces of beast fur wrapped around their waists, were fighting against each other with all of their power. The muffled punching sound echoed like thunder coming from the sky, the soft raindrops that fell in their vicinity were hit by the powerful airwaves that were being brought up by their punches, and were darting everywhere like arrows shot by a powerful bow.

Their blood vessels had expanded under their skin, and looked like poisonous serpents. All five of them were over three meters tall, and every single time they stamped their feet against the

ground or waved their fists in the air, a sharp gust of air steam would be brought up and roll the foot-thick water on the ground up as tens of feet high waves that would splash everywhere.

For Big Cattle and Small Cattle right in the middle their chests where and in the abdomen of Gale Eagle, a Magus Acupoint that shone with eye-piercing lights could be seen. By fighting with all of their power, they were activating their bloodline powers and stimulating their Magus Acupoints as hard as they could to become powerful senior Magi.

Ji Hao had promised them that the one who would become a genuine Senior Magus first could select the three most beautiful females from the Fire Crow Clan's slaves to be his wives; as for the poor one who would breakthrough the last into the Senior level, Ji Hao would select the strongest and ugliest women from those female slaves to marry him.

Ji Hao had also promised that the first one who would break into the Senior level and became a genuine Senior Magus would become the leader of his personal slaves, and their families would get better treatment.

"So troublesome!" Ji Hao dropped the wooden mug and grabbed a few herbs from the basket, carefully picking a small leaf and putting it in his own mouth, chewing slowly on it. The rainy season had just started, and even peak-level Senior Magi wouldn't risk going out into the jungle in this kind of horrible weather. Ji Hao could only calm his mind down and stay in the house, learning some Qing Yi Clan's special secret Maguspriest magic from Qing Fu.

In just more than half a month, Ji Hao had almost memorized all of the characters and specialties of Qing Yi Clan's special herbal medicines. For every single kind of herbs, Ji Hao had tasted it himself, allowing him to gain a deeper understanding about their functions.

During this period of time, Ji Hao had been poisoned by those herbs hundreds of times; many times, if Qing Fu hadn't been at his side and fed him antidotes on time, he might have already been killed by those poisonous herbs. This reminded him of the horrible memory from back when he had been a little kid and learned all kinds of Maguspriest magic and secret sorceries under the supervision of Ji Kui and the other elderly Maguspriests.

"Too troublesome!" Ji Hao tried hard to ignore the indescribable and extremely bitter flavour in his mouth, while looking at the five slave warriors and shaking his head in annoyance.

Ji Hao had not thought that once he would take the one hundred and five personal slaves, all of their families would also belong to him and become his slaves as well. He had to take the responsibilities for the food and the daily lives of these hundreds of people all by himself. This made Ji Hao, who had absolutely no other property under his name, terribly worried.

"Those evil old men must have done this on purpose. At least, they should have assigned me a few pieces of farms or grazing grounds," complained Ji Hao, "These many people, how can I feed them like this? I have to send them to work to raise animals, farm, and even pick wild fruits and whatever. But I have nothing at the moment, plus, it's the rainy season, hence we can't even go hunting. Those old guys must be pestering me on purpose."

While he was complaining, a few beams of fiery lights swished over from the South. Led by three Fire Crows, a sphere of blazing fiery clouds tore apart the raining sky and hovered above the Cold Stream Valley.

Along with a resonant dragon call, a fiery flood dragon stepped out of the dense fiery light and slowly descended from the fiery cloud. On the seventy to eighty feet long back of the flood dragon, a middle-aged man, who was wearing a luxury cloak made from golden silk, and body wrapped around by rolling fiery clouds, was sitting with his head held high and eyes filled with scorn. The man

looked down at the Cold Stream Valley, which had turned to a mess because of the rainy season.

A Fire Crow Clan elder, Ji Fang, was standing on the back of the leading Fire Crow, yelled, "Come, call elder Ji Zhuo out...and Ji Xia, Ji Xia! Where is Ji Xia? Damn, come and greet our guest! Haven't you people seen this lord here?"

The fiery flood dragon was floating in the air without landing on the ground.

The middle-aged man sitting on its back slowly waved his hand and said, "No need to greet, don't waste my time. This poor place of yours won't have anything good anyway. Don't serve anything to me and humiliate yourself. Hurry, ten-thousand pieces of Fire Essence crystals, just hurry."

Ji Fang leapt down from the Fire Crow's back as if his butt was set on fire, while shouting the names of Ji Zhuo and Ji Xia.

Soon, Ji Hao learned about the purpose of this middle-aged man's arrival. The rainy season had been too moist, and some noble had sent his messenger to take ten-thousand pieces of Fire Essence crystals to inlay those crystals in the walls in order to disperse the moisture in some manor.

Another purpose was satisfying the manor's lack of staff, and therefore, the Fire Crow Clan got the command to carefully select three-thousand young boys and girls and send them to work in the temporary manor.

The responsibility of escorting and managing those kids and sending them to that manor fell on Ji Hao's head.

Chapter 80: Manor

The fiery flood dragon had been flying fast ahead of Ji Hao, with its feet on the fiery cloud.

Behind the fiery flood dragon, Ji Hao was standing on the back of a gigantic roc, controlling the huge bird while following the fiery flood dragon at a distance of about a thousand feet.

Behind Ji Hao were hundreds of large-scale birds which were flying in a line; each of these large birds were carrying a couple of young boys and girls who were at about the same age as Ji Hao. These boys and girls were the three-thousand young people that had been carefully selected from the Fire Crow Clansmen.

The red cloud was rolling low in the sky, the fierce hurricane had been lashing hard on these boys and girls along with the heavy rain. Those kids who barely had any power couldn't even keep their eyes open in the wind, and some weak girls were even crying in fear. However, the hurricane rolled all of their wailing away after they cried out, making it impossible for any trace of their voices to be left.

Not everyone could be as powerful as Ji Hao who was capable of riding on Mr. Crow's back and hanging around in the jungle. Amongst these three-thousand young people, no more than a few tens of them had some experience with riding on flying beasts. The rest of them hadn't even tried to go hunting alone in the jungle. They were just a group of kids who had barely grown up and left their parents' protections.

They were put onto the backs of these gigantic birds without any preparation, and were flying fleetingly in the air tens of thousands of feet above the ground. Combined with the ruthless and fierce hurricane and being lashed by the heavy rain, they already had difficulty holding themselves onto the backs of the gigantic birds without being blown away.

The fiery flood dragon had flown for quite a while before it finally slowed down under the command of the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man turned his head back with a disapproving look on his face, and shouted harshly towards Ji Hao, "Such a group of dirty, stinking, barbaric, useless things. Those couple of little girls, stop crying! Is there anything worth crying for? If you don't stop, you'll all be whipped to death!"

Then the man pointed his finger at Ji Hao and harshly yelled, "Kid, you better keep these low-life kids of yours under control. If they ever make any mistake, no one would be able to save you from a terrible beating. If you're lucky, all of your bones would be broken, and if not, you'll just die for good. How much could your stupid barbarian life be worth?"

Ji Hao was totally pissed off by the middle-aged man's words, and wisps of fiery light were ready to spurt out from his pupils. However, the repeated warnings given by Ji Zhuo, Ji Xia, Qing Fu, and even Ji Fang before he left the Cold Stream Valley started to float in his head.Therefore, Ji Hao could only hold his temper back, and silently bent his waist, while politely saluting towards the middle-aged man, and said, "Dear Mister, you're absolutely right, I will keep my eyes on them."

At that moment, the roc ridden by Ji Hao had finally caught up with the fiery flood dragon. Ji Hao took a human-head-sized leather bag from around his waist and threw it into the middle-aged man's hands.

The man threw a surprised glance at Ji Hao, ripped the leather bag open and looked inside. All of sudden his cold and mean face burst into a bright smile, and even his tone became a lot softer than before. The man then said to Ji Hao gently, "Hadn't thought that...a little kid like you would be the most reasonable person in your clan. You're much better than those clansmen of yours. Haha, my name is Ying Yan, you can just call me uncle Yan. Don't you worry, I'll look after you from now on."

Ying Yan proudly weighed that leather bag in his hand, and tied it around his own waist filled with satisfaction.

During the rest of the journey, the fiery flood dragon's flying speed had decreased, allowing those boys and girls on the gigantic birds' backs to finally suffer less. Although they still couldn't open their eyes while facing the heavy rain, at least they didn't have to worry about being blown away by the fierce hurricane anymore.

Ji Hao let a bitter smile out. Inside the leather bag were fifty pieces of the highest quality Fire Essence Crystals that were carefully picked out by him from the Cold Stream Valley during all these days. These highest quality Fire Essence Crystals were small in size - each being as big as only an adult thumb - however, the fiery power contained in each of these crystals could compare to a tank-sized ordinary Fire Essence Crystal.

Ying Yan had seemed very unhappy about everything and everyone ever since he had arrived at the Cold Stream Valley. He had been especially picky and mean while talking to the Fire Crow Clan people.

Ji Hao had been flying behind him so far and hadn't gotten a chance to talk to him. He had finally slowed the fiery flood dragon down and turned back to Ji Hao, allowing him to take this opportunity and hand the fifty top quality Fire Essence Crystals to him. As expected, Ying Yan turned into a gentle and polite 'elder' from a mean, noble master within only a moment.

"Bribery, amongst the entire Fire Crow Clan, who could understand things like this? Even Ji Kui, the Master Maguspriest, wouldn't think of this," murmured Ji Hao in his head. After Ying Yan turned his head back, Ji Hao curved his mouth downwards and silently complained about Ji Xia and Ji Zhuo.

They were flying towards the Northwest for a whole day and night,\ without resting for even a minute. They had already flown twenty-thousand-miles away from the Cold Stream Valley. By

now, those boys and girls who were lying on those huge birds' backs were all foaming at the mouths, and even more serious was the fact that their entire bodies had gone stiff. After they had flown past three lofty mountains that lied in a triangular formation, a large sky-blue lake appeared suddenly before their eyes.

Ji Hao was sitting on the roc's back, and upon activating the Gold Crow Pupils could clearly see the countless human-head-sized, nearly translucent breathtakingly beautiful flowers silently blooming upon the water surface of the thousands of miles wide lake under the heavy rain.

These flowers had a shape similar to a lotus, except there were more petals on these flowers than there were on a lotus, causing them to overlap each other. Each flower had at least over a hundred petals.

Under the heavy rain, the petals of this kind of flower seemed especially elastic. Countless raindrops dripped on those petals and were rebounded, darting in all directions like beady and transparent pearls. Above the lake, countless crystal-like water drops had been swishing in the air which could be seen clearly, creating a scene that was extremely rare and beautiful.

Beside the lake stood a cliff that was so high that it even reached into the sky. Someone had opened up a flat area with immeasurable power and built a great, magnificent palace on the flat area.

Ji Hao noticed that sharp stairs were built on the grassland by the lake, directly leading to a wide square in front of the palace gate. Tens of feet wide stairs were built straight upwards, firmly standing under the great rain. There were nine hundred-ninety-nine stairs in total between the square in front of the palace and the grassland by the lake.

Located at the edge of the square and the end of the stairs was a

heavy, thick and ancient style arch that was decorated with a line of statues of all kinds of ferocious beasts. The arch was emitting a very strong sense of primitive and vigorous power. Under the thousand feet tall arch, nearly a hundred tall and muscular warriors with bronze armours and long bronze spears were guarding in a line. Near the feet of each of these warriors a strong battle beast had been lying on the ground.

Bright light could be seen flashing in the eyes of these warriors, all of them giving off a cold and powerful vibe. Under their feet, fiery clouds were blazing and rolling - all of them had been standing on fiery clouds instead of the ground.

Ji Hao carefully looked through these warriors with his spiritual power. What he saw made his mouth fall wide open and couldn't help but exclaim in his head. These warriors, who were guarding the arch, were all elite warriors similar to the five strongest warriors amongst his personal slaves; they had already broken half through into the Senior Level.

Flying across the arch and the wide square, Ji Hao saw that outside the front gate of the palace, which opened up in the cliff, eight sturdy warriors, who were also wearing bronze armours, were on guard. All of them were peak-level Senior Magi; the power that could be felt being emitted from their bodies was even more dense and fierce than that of Ji Xia.

Eight fiery flood dragons were lying beside the feet of these eight warriors. Ji Hao sensed the same strong power coming from the bodies of these fiery flood dragons as from those Senior Magi. The feeling of such power made him subconsciously tighten his body; even breathing under such an environment had become difficult.

"Hurry, hurry! Do not stand there! Come on down!" The fiery dragon ridden by Ying Yan slowly descended from the air. Ying Yan then leapt down from the fiery flood dragon's back, slapped his hands hard and started pressing Ji Hao and those young kids, "Stop standing and doing nothing there! You bunch of uneducated

kids, come on down! Hurry!"

Ying Yan then said to Ji Hao anxiously, "Come on, we need workers here! This manor hasn't been used for over hundreds of years. Our young master got bored at home recently, and thought of this flower-viewing manor. You should clean this place up as quickly as possible, our young master will be coming to stay for a while."

Ji Hao shook his head hopelessly, and started to command those young boys and girls who had been carefully selected from the Fire Crow Clan clansmen, to do what Ying Yan had said.

Chapter 81: Man Man

Two days passed swiftly.

The magnificent and commodious temporary manor had been cleaned up and renovated, all those dirt that had gathered in the tens of years while this temporary manor was left unused, had been cleaned out.

Ten-thousand Fire Essence Crystals had been inlaid on the walls of those different sized rooms and lobbies, the heat being emitted from them helping in dispersing the moisture and cold in the palace. Those young maids who had been walking fast across the rooms busy with their work had added a bit of liveness to this ancient and mysterious manor.

The name of the lake located under the palace was Blue Jade, and the beautiful flowers that were blooming in the lake were called 'jade string'. In accordance with the name of the lake, the temporary manor was called Blue Jade Palace. The Blue Jade Palace had been built for people that were called 'masters' by Ying Yan, for the purpose of viewing these jade string flowers.

Inside the palace, an especially large terrace had been built right upon the lake. The nearly thousand-foot wide terrace was completely cast with bronze. Countless totems of magical and legendary animals, such as fiery dragons, phoenixes, fiery horses, and fiery turtles were embossed on the floor with extremely fine craftsmanship.

Standing near the edge of the terrace, one could feel the breeze blowing across the face, while seeing the rain falling from the sky. The downpour falling onto those translucent petals of the jade stings blooms could also be viewed from up here. Crystal raindrops were rebounding from the soft yet firm petals and rising back into the air, flying in all directions. Every time the jade-like petals were hit by the rain drops, they would emit a silvery tinkling sound.

Innumerable small tinkle sounds merged together, forming a breathtakingly appealing natural melody, as if it was coming straight from the heavens, enchanting all those who heard it.

The name 'jade string' perfectly suited such magical flowers. The flowers were like the strings of a music instrument that was being played by nature itself. Even Ji Hao started to feel that it seemed quite reasonable to build such a temporary manor only for the purpose of viewing these magical flowers in the lake.

Ying Yan had been yelling around, directing a few young slaves that had come from the Fire Crow Clan to carefully lift a round,\ large tripod that was coiled around by nine dragon sculptures to the middle of the terrace. Ying Yan checked the directions of the nine dragon heads over and over again, then carefully wiped out a slight speck of dust that was on the tooth of one of the dragons with his sleeve, finally letting out a sigh of relief.

He then opened the lid of the tripod by himself and waved his hands towards a few girls.

Seeing Ying Yan wave his hands, those girls who had changed into red long dresses with their hair hanging down loosely, carried a three-foot-wide golden tray and walked over. Ying Yan carefully took those blood-red wooden sticks, which were cut into three-inch-wide and one-foot-long pieces, and placed them on the golden tray orderly, putting them into the large tripod one after another.

The whole bunch of thousand wooden sticks had been orderly piled up inside the tripod, after which Ying Yan flicked his fingers towards the wooden stick pile. A slight sphere of blue-white flame slowly flew out from his fingers, lightly falling on those wooden sticks. Followed by a flaming sound, a sphere of silk-thin, blue-white fire shrouded the entire tripod. Afterwards, a dense aroma started to emerge from the tripod, slowly spreading to the surrounding areas.

The colourless smoke coming from the tripod contained an

extremely thick and rich warm power. Ji Hao had been standing near the edge of the terrace, watching the sea of flowers. He carefully took a breath, and suddenly felt a stream of warm power gushing into his lower abdomen. The sense of his bloodline power suddenly became stronger, and even his physical strength seemed to have been improved by a little bit.

"Uncle Yan, what kind of a treasure is this?" Ji Hao was stunned by the power of the smoke, and asked Ying Yan.

Ying Yan raised his eyebrows proudly, grinned at Ji Hao, and said, "Well, not really a treasure, just...people like you might hardly see it. This is the real Fire Dragon Blood sandalwood. You must water it with the blood of a ten-thousand-year-old fire dragon to make it sprout, and then it could only grow to maturity near millions of years old volcanic vents. After that, it could only be chopped down and made into incenses after ten-thousand years. This kind of incense is capable of nourishing the vital energy and blood of the human body, making you stronger. Normally, our young master uses only this kind of incense."

Ji Hao's mouth fell wide open after listening to Ying Yan. Millions of years old volcanic vents? Of course he knew what those meant.

Within the Fire Crow Clan's territory, there was one dangerous place like that. That million-year-old volcanic vent was over a thousand mile wide, the temperature inside the vent was astonishingly high, and even if ordinary Senior Magi of the Fire Clan went anywhere near that vent, they might be burnt into ashes because of that tremendous heat.

A very long time ago, when the Fire Crow Clan was still in its golden age, powerful Magi like Magus kings and Divine Magi had often ventured into the volcanic vent and searched for all kinds of rare treasures hidden in it. However, currently, not even a single Magus king had appeared in the Fire Crow Clan for thousands of years, because of which the clan could only look at the volcanic

vent with zealous eyes.

This kind of Fire Dragon Blood sandalwood could only grow near millions of years old volcanic vents; obviously, it must be an extremely precious treasure.

Ying Yan carefully put the lid back on the tripod, turned around looking at Ji Hao seriously, and said, "Ji Hao, during these couple of days, I have seen that you're a good kid. Therefore, I have to warn you with kindness, whatever you do, do not offend our young master. Otherwise, not only would you fall into extremely hard times, but also if our old master ever thought of looking into this, even your entire clan would suffer from great pain."

"You have to remember that our young master is about the same age as you, and if you act extra cautiously, there won't be any serious..."

Before Ying Yan had finished speaking, the ground suddenly started to shake. From the end of the corridor leading onto the terrace, a three feet thick bronze gate with all kinds of totems of animal heads embossed on it fell down along with a thunderous bang.

Two sturdy warriors who had half broken into the Senior level and were guarding the corridor, were now hunkering down on the ground and were holding their heads. Their bodies were quivering intensely, like weak birds under a storm, without even daring to make the slightest sound.

Ji Hao popped out his eyes, while Ying Yan shouted aloud, "Ayaya, my young master, how come you have arrived today? Ayaya, hadn't they said that you would need to travel a day longer?"

Followed by a heavy sharp sound, a not very tall little girl rushed over with a huge mace carried on her shoulder. The girl was wearing a red tight armour. She had snow-white skin, bright eyes and shining teeth. Her long hair were casually tied into a ponytail

by three golden rings, and laid on her back. Two narrow dimples would appear on her face when she smiled.

The pink, cheery-like mouth hers curved aside, she raised her foot and kicked one of the warriors who were hunkered down on the ground. The poor warrior rolled out for a very long distance like a ball, and at the same time, the girl yelled, "Ah! Old Yan! You're here! What kind of waste have you brought here? Look at the two of them, couldn't even open the door quickly. I had to kick that door open by myself."

The girl then shook her head and frowned, shouting at Ying Yan, "Old Yan, why does our own temporary manor have these many doors? I have to open and close those doors one by one while walking, and then open and close again, I feel oppressed by it. Except the front gate...never mind, including the front gate, you now just have to remove them all! I want this place to be clear and broad, then I'll feel much better when I walk around here."

The corners of Ying Yang's mouth twitched, he tremblingly said, "Young master, this temporary manor is..."

The young girl showed the whites of her eyes to Ying Yan, then interrupted his speech impatiently, "It belongs to my big brother, doesn't that mean it's mine too? So, this palace is mine now. Old Yan, just tell your people to start working, remove all the doors here!"

The girl then swung her hands carelessly and threw the mace carried on her shoulder, which was eighty-foot-long, thirty times taller than the girl, and an adult-lap thick, towards Ji Hao and said, "Oi, toy boy, carry the stick for Man Man."

The mace swooshed towards Ji Hao along with a fierce gust of wind.

"Young master! Please be careful! Do not smash one more to death!" Ying Yan screamed out aloud while his whole face was twitching violently.

Ji Hao quivered when he heard Ying Yan. What did he mean by "one more"?

When the mace was about to hit his head, Ji Hao intuitively thrust his hands out and caught the mace. Suddenly, a horrible power hit against this hand. Ji Hao felt a great pain coming from every single bone of his body, and heard the metal-clashing-like sound made by his own bones. He used all of his strength to hold the mace tight, while his feet staggered and stepped back quickly.

Bong! Bong! Bong!

Every heavy step of Ji Hao made a great, resonant, bell-like sound against the bronze cast floor.

After only taking three steps back, the boots Ji Hao was wearing, which were made of the hardest skin parts of a blood crocodile, were stamped into pieces.

Chapter 82: Bodyguard

A terrifyingly great weight.

Ji Hao staggered back for around twenty big steps before he finally stabilized his own body. Twenty-seven three-inch-deep footsteps could clearly be seen on the bronze floor, smoke puffing out from all of those footprints.

Ji Hao tightly held the long hilt of the mace. Blood vessels all over his body had swelled and showed underneath his skin. He felt that all his internal organs were being scorched by some humongous heat. A stream of blood was choked up in his throat, and had nearly spurted out. White smoke could be seen rising from his head - every stream of sweat that gushed out of his body evaporating into steam under the influence of such great heat.

Along with the sound of a flame, a large piece of fire appeared around Ji Hao's body. Within the flame, his body was nearly translucent, and over two hundreds of interleaving meridians, which were shining with a fiery light, could be seen looming. Those shining meridians vaguely formed a totem of a three-legged Gold Crow.

Ying Yan looked at Ji Hao with a slight trace of surprise, then took a glance at the shining meridian net inside Ji Hao's body with an unknown, deeper meaning contained within his eyes.

Man Man, the girl who just had carelessly thrown the mace at Ji Hao, popped out her eyes and stared at Ji Hao in a slight panic while yelling, "Did he die? Oi, old Yan! I don't think he's dead, look! He is still standing there, not vomiting blood, nor smashed into a pile of meat. I think he's alive, don't you?"

Bong!

Ji Hao held the hilt of the mace and dropped it hard onto the ground, half of the manor shook when he did that.

Letting out a hoarse laughter, a thick taste of blood came out from Ji Hao's throat. He looked at Man Man while smiling bitterly, and said, "I'm ok, I have a bit of strength that allowed me not to be smashed to death. This mace is quite heavy!"

Man Man let out a great sigh of relief, beat her own chest hard, laughed out aloud and turned to Ying Yan, yelling harshly, "Old Yan! You people always say that I'm not cautious at all, accidentally hurting or killing many slaves! Look, look! This time, I didn't kill anyone! It was all because those slaves you had chosen were useless things, not my fault at all!"

Ying Yan only smiled bitterly, and didn't say anything.

Man Man put her hands behind her own body, leapt up to Ji Hao, raised her head and looked at Ji Hao from head to toe. She frowningly measured the height difference between Ji Hao and herself with her hand, then stood on her tiptoes, and slapped hard on Ji Hao's shoulder.

"Hm, hm, what's your name? You don't look much older than me. You were able to catch my stick, which means that you've got some power in you. From now on, you're following me, and are responsible for carrying my stick."

Ji Hao's face suddenly twitched. 'What? Follow this little girl around and carry this horrible mace?', shouted Ji Hao in his head.

"Ji Hao, what're you thinking about? Just express your gratitude towards the young master! To follow our young master is a wonderful thing that most of your Southern Wasteland people couldn't even dream of!" Ying Yan let out a laughter and said to Ji Hao once Man Man finished speaking.

Ji Hao was speechless for a short while, and remained silent. Ying Yan narrowed his eyes and said with a soft yet cold tone, "Ji Hao, to follow our young master will not only bring you endless benefits, but will also be good for your Abba, Amma, and even your entire clan!"

Ji Hao thought of those warnings given by Ji Xia, Ji Zhuo and Ji Fang before he had left the Cold Stream Valley. He clearly knew that the one standing behind this little girl, Man Man, must be some kind of an incredibly powerful being, which was even more powerful and bigger than the Bi Fang Clan. Someone who the Fire Crow Clan wouldn't dare to provoke, no matter what. Ying Yan just had clearly said that by following Man Man, both he and his parents, and even his clan, would gain huge benefits. The hidden meaning of his words was even more obvious - if Ji Hao refused to do so, then Ji Xia, Qing Fu and his clan would all be embroiled in some kind of a huge trouble.

Smiling calmly, Ji Hao leaned the mace against his own chest, raised and cupped both of his hands together, saluting Man Man, and said, "Since my dear young master, Man Man, thinks that I, Ji Hao, am qualified to be one of your guards, and doesn't dislike my humble background and my asininity, then Ji Hao shall follow your orders."

Man Man blinked her eyes and laughed out aloud, throwing a heavy slap on Ji Hao's chest.

The slap, which seemed like nothing, was actually as heavy as a mountain. Ji Hao was sent flying backwards along with that mace, the leather armour worn by him suddenly bursting into pieces. Luckily, the tight armour made by Po emitted a bright light and blocked the power of Man Man's slap.

Ji Hao thudded against the wall along with the mace. A huge bronze candlestick was hit by his body and deeply sank into the wall. The violent shock made Ji Hao feel dizzy, stars flashing in front of his eyes, as he nearly passed out.

Ying Yan gasped widely, and seemed to scream out again; Man Man opened her mouth as well, while she stared at Ji Hao nervously.

After seeing that Ji Hao had started coughing, and was

embarrassedly struggling back up from the ground, Man Man gasped deeply, laughed out, and yelled, "Ah, ah, is your name Ji Hao? You look so thin, and don't even seem to have any muscles. But I never thought that you're so good at taking a beating! Wonderful, wonderful, I don't have to worry about accidentally getting you killed anymore, you're a lot more useful than those trashes!"

Ying Yan raised his hand and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead with his sleeve, and said with a hollow laugh, "Young master, the old master said that..."

Man Man turned back, angrily glared at Ying Yan and said, "Too many words! Don't 'Abba said this', 'Abba said that' me all day! My ears even gained calluses by hearing this! Ah! Is this the jade string flower that my big brother talked about? Haha, so interesting!"

Man Man then leapt high towards the lake, just like a flea. She landed on the edge of the terrace which was built right on the lake. She had jumped too high and hadn't controlled her own body well, because of which she hit against the bronze guard bar that was decorated with jade. Along with a thunderous bang, the over hundred feet long guard bar was hit into pieces, and countless bronze fragments darted into the air like bullets, flying towards the lake along with ear-piercing swishing sounds.

Those bronze fragments of the bar darted into the lake, sending up huge waves, and smashed those soft petals of the jade string blooms.

After the surface of the lake had calmed down, in the middle of the originally splendid, starry-sky-like sea of blooms, an extremely ugly hole could now be seen, and large amounts of broken leaves and branches were floating on the water surface.

Soon after that, a large pool of blood started rolling up onto the surface of the water. Within the blood-water-mix, hundreds of poor smashed fishes were floating up with their white bellies

towards the sky.

To see that many dead fishes silently float between the beautiful sea of flowers seemed very weird no matter from which angle one looked at it.

Ying Yan couldn't even bear to look at the lake. He buried his face in his own palms, while letting a moaning sound out from his throat, like a hurt puppy.

Man Man, who had just hit against the guard bar, nearly fell into the lake. She pressed hard on the ground, leaving a deep pit on the bronze floor of the terrace, after which she finally steadied herself. She thrust her head out of the terrace, took a stunned glance at the broken flower cluster and the cloud like blood-water, which were still rolling under the surface of the lake, abruptly letting an embarrassed laughter out and said, "Ying Yan, you should handle this. Come on, clean this up, or I'll beat every single of your grandsons when I get back!"

"Yes, yes, yes, young master, yes..."

Ying Yan looked at Man Man with a tearing face but had no tears to shed, while continuously saying 'yes'.

Man Man made a serious face, and with her hands clasped behind her body, walked out of the terrace. From time to time, she turned her head back and looked at the surface of the lake which had dead fishes continuously floating up, and laughed embarrassedly.

After having taken a few steps further, Man Man seemed to have thought of Ji Hao. She turned towards Ji Hao, waved her hand, and said, "Ji Hao, right? Get my stick and follow me!"

Ji Hao helplessly took a deep breath, spent quite an effort to lift the strangely heavy mace up, and caught up with Man Man, while stepping heavily.

"Oi, Ji Hao, are you caught by Ying Yan and sent here to clean this house? I know that! Old Yan and the few others, they always

like giving orders and using people for whatever they want!"

"So, your home should be nearby, isn't it? Do you know anywhere that is interesting around here? Why don't you take me there to have a look? Come on!"

"Ha, haha, this time, I finally got to get out with my guards and have some fun while my Abba isn't home. I must have enough fun before I go back."

Walking in a dark corridor, Man Man was murmuring to herself, while Ji Hao was carrying the mace with a twisted face, ceaselessly shaking his head.

Chapter 83: Strength

Ji Hao had already become Man Man's bodyguard, and was responsible for carrying her mace for the last three days. During these three days, Ji Hao got to know about the true Man Man.

"She is a really...special...girl!" Ji Hao carried the terribly heavy mace, while looking at Man Man stunned. At the moment, Man Man was leaping around in the jungle like a monkey. Her originally snow-white face was now covered in a thick layer of moss, which nobody knew the origin of. The black, shining and perfectly tied ponytail behind her head had turned into a sphere of interweaving straws, with a few small branches that hung from her head. The exquisite and luxurious armour was now shapeless and twisted, completely stained by mud.

After a while, Man Man was gasping heavily while sitting on a branch. She opened her mouth wide, and took a few fist-sized bird eggs out from a large nest. After that she laughed out loud, waving towards Ji Hao, who had been standing on the ground.

"Ji Hao! Look! Bird Eggs! Still warm! Do you want one?"

After Ji Hao had shaken his head, Man Man happily cracked one bird egg open against her own forehead, then ripped the eggshell open, and poured the clear liquid contained in the egg into her mouth, swallowing it instantly.

"So delicious! You sure you don't want one?" Man Man popped out her eyes, staring at Ji Hao innocently while asking; her purely black pupils as clear as water.

"I prefer to eat...boiled eggs." Ji Hao spread his hands and smiled bitterly.

"Okay," yelled Man Man disappointedly, then suddenly laughed out again and yelled to Ying Yan, who had been standing behind Ji Hao, "Old Yan, come on! Take off your cloak! Hurry! Take off your

cloak! And hold these eggs for me! They're so delicious!"

Ying Yan smiled with a sour face, took the golden-silk cloak worn by him off, and showed up the tight, short underwear underneath it. Man Man started joyfully climbing around on the hundreds of feet tall tree, and throwing bird eggs down one after another.

Ying Yan rushed up under the tree in a flurry, agilely catching every single bird egg that came flying down from the sky, after which he put them on his cloak, which had been spread flat on the ground. At the same time, he was screaming towards Man Man, "Young master! Young master! Be careful! Slow! Slow! Ah! You almost fell! Ah!"

Although Ying Yan was screaming like hell, his movements were nimble and quick. He steadily caught all the bird eggs and put them on the cloak, without missing even a single one of those bird eggs that had been thrown down by Man Man like rain drops. Quite often, Ying Yan's hands were leaving light afterimages behind. Ji Hao had triggered the Gold Crow Pupils, but was still unable to see his moves clearly.

Ji Hao didn't say anything, but he was badly shocked by Ying Yan. He speculated that Ying Yan's power far surpassed that of Ji Zhuo's. It was very likely that the level of his power could be extremely close to that of those legendary Magus Kings. However, a powerful man like that was only an old servant in front of Man Man; he had to grin cheekily and escort Man Man all day-long no matter what she wanted to do, and would even kiss the ground while facing her. It made him wonder what kind of man Man Man's Abba was?

"Oy~ Oy~ Young master! Look out! We have drawn that huge guy out there!" Along with a shout that came from tens of miles away, a gust of gale was brought up, which blew across the jungle, breaking large amounts of branches and leaves. Even the rain that was falling from the sky was shaken by the invisible sound wave, transforming into a large cloud of white mist, which descended

from the sky and shrouded the entire area within it.

On a mountain miles again, tens of guards who had come along with Man Man, were now running down across the sharp mountainside. The guard running in front of the team was carrying a three-foot-long furry animal in his hands. The furry little thing had been madly struggling in his hands and letting out sharp yet small calls.

Behind them, tens of gigantic trees were uprooted by a horrible power and thrown towards those warriors like javelins along with thunderous, piercing swoosh sounds. Ji Hao clearly saw that in front of those gigantic trees, even the air had turned into white, visible explosive ripples by the terrifying impact force. It was obvious how great the power with which the trees were thrown was.

Tens of guards were agilely running and leaping across the jungle like apes. The gigantic trees that were flying through the air were inches away from scratching their bodies, after which they shattered against the ground. Huge tree trunks were all shattered into pieces, the ground collapsed and rocks burst out, stirring up countless stones and large amounts of soil. Both the sound and the scene were extremely terrifying.

An especially angry roar came from far away. From a long distance, Ji Hao saw an over a hundred feet tall giant leaping high into the air, and swung a tens of feet wide gigantic rock towards those fleeing guards.

Followed by a loud bang, the ground under Ji Hao's feet slightly shook. On the mountain afar, an area of the forest, which was tens of miles in radius, had been shattered. The ground was split apart and hollowed into a tens of miles round huge crater. The unbelievably great power that had done this was caused by a single random hit of this muscular, ferocious-looking giant.

Ying Yan screamed out once more. "Young...young

master...You...you, you sent them to...to, to, provoke the mountain god?"

In the Southern Wasteland, amongst the non-human creatures like Ji Hao's friends Stone, Treeman and Heng Luo, one kind of creature was formed by the original energy and power of the earth and the mountains. This kind of creature had been nourished by the natural life-force energy and universal power, after which they had formed bodies. After that, they were able to enhance the power, which was similar to the natural power of the mountains. Hence, every single movement of theirs contained great power that could even shake the earth. These kind of magical creatures that existed in the Southern Wasteland jungle were called the 'mountain gods' by the people of those primitive clans.

Some of those primitive clans even worshiped these mountain gods, just like they worshiped their ancestors' souls. Those mountain gods who were worshiped by these people would protect their clans while these people would supply food and others services to the mountain gods.

"That's nothing but a silly big guy, don't be exaggerating!" Man Man held her head high, smoothed her joints and then suddenly leapt up into the air hundreds of feet from the ground into a gust of wind that was blowing by at the moment. Man Man flew along with the wind towards the mountain god. After only the span of a few breaths she had flown seven to eight miles away.

"Old Yan! Do not interfere in this! I haven't exercised my whole body for such a long time! I am even feeling it itch!" yelled Man Man, "If you even dare to interfere in this, then I can only go back and practice my punches and kicks on your sons and grandsons!"

The wrinkled face of Ying Yan seemed so bitter as if he would nearly cry out. He then stamped his feet against the ground and yelled at Ji Hao with his teeth gnashing, "Go! Go! Follow the young master! If she gets hurt even a little bit, we all will have to die! Hurry! Hurry! Follow her! Do not step in, but neither can you let

that stupid huge thing hurt the young master!"

The tens of Man Man's guards had tried their best to dodge the horrible attack launched by the mountain god. They were gasping heavily, while avoiding those flying stone fragments and running away from the mountain god at their highest speed.

The over a hundred-foot-tall mountain god roared out in rage, dropped the half-shattered rock, and pulled a thousands of feet tall ancient tree out of the ground with his terrifyingly huge strength.

"Ho!" the mountain god again let out a great roar, swinging the huge tree trunk forwards.

A small silhouette flashed through the air. Man Man had ran up to the mountain god like a gust of piercing wind, let out a shout and raised her arms, steadily holding the tree trunk back.

Followed by a thunderous bang, the ground under Man Man's feet shook violently, and split apart into a tens of feet deep crater, which suddenly was created in the ground.

A sphere of fiery cloud appeared under Man Man's feet. She stood on her fiery cloud, floated up in the air with the huge tree trunk propped up by her arms, then shouted out again in a low voice. She turned her body and grabbed the tree trunk, carried the entire tree up along with the mountain god on the other side of the tree, and smashed both onto the ground.

The ground shook for quite a long while after that hit, in which half of the gigantic mountain god's body had been smashed into the ground. He struggled for quite a while, but was still unable to get out.

Ji Hao's mouth fell open, while he stared at Man Man stunned. This kind of strength...

This little girl didn't even use any magical power, but had just suppressed this incomparably gigantic and powerful 'mountain god' purely depending on her physical strength!

What kind of physical strength was this?! This little girl was even months younger than Ji Hao!

Chapter 84: Inhuman

The jungle within tens of miles in radius had been shaking violently and ripping into pieces, and a couple of hills had been completely shattered.

The ground was shaking intensely, hurricanes rushing towards the sky from the ground, completely dispersing a large piece of cumulonimbus which had the radius of nearly hundreds of miles, revealing the pure blue sky. The bright sunlight that hadn't been seen for over half a month came now pouring down from the sky, lighting up this piece of jungle.

"Haha! Whoa! Haha!"

Man Man laughed and yelled out like a mad monkey. The long hair had been fluttering loosely behind her head, and the few golden rings that tied her hair were long gone. The small body of hers was darting in the air fleetingly along with swooshing sounds, leaving shreds of afterimages behind. She grabbed the huge arm of the mountain god and madly swung and smashed his entire body onto the ground repeatedly.

The mountain god, over a hundred feet tall, was roaring in rage, however, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't break loose from the pair of snow-white and tender hands of Man Man, the less than five feet tall little girl.

Man Man suddenly appeared at a certain spot like a phantom, with the gigantic body of the mountain god dragged by her hands. She carried the mountain god up, then smashed him hard on the ground, and in the following second, she suddenly disappeared and showed up again tens of miles away, threw hundreds of heavy kicks at the mountain god and kicked him deep into the ground, then lifted a hill aside and hit the mountain god's face with it.

Man Man swooshed through the air like a shooting star; every single move of hers made even the sky shake, and caused a

thunderous boom just like some heavenly tribulation. Ripples of white, fierce air explosions caused by her tremendous power hit hard in all directions; large pieces of wood were shattered by them, tree trunk fragments and branch pieces were sent up high into the sky like a storm, slowly falling back on the ground tens of mile away.

Ji Hao gaped as he held Man Man's mace. He gazed at the little girl who had been unbridled in attacking the poor mountain god.

Man Man wasn't using any magical power. Not a single trace of magical power could be sensed coming from her body. She was purely depending on her physical strength, beating this gigantic, powerful mountain god to the point of shouting and crying, losing any power of resistance.

At the worst, this mountain god was as powerful as a Senior Magus, and could be considered an extremely powerful being if he was to be standing amongst a group of Senior Magi, which meant, Man Man could completely suppress a peak-level Senior Magi with only her physical strength. Such terrifyingly great strength!

"I have heard that newborns of the dragon-kind have the strength similar to ordinary Senior Magi. Man Man's strength can probably compete with the offsprings of the dragon-kind." Ji Hao was totally stunned. He wiped the strand of saliva that was hanging on the corner of his mouth, then turned to Ying Yan and asked.

Ying Yan touched his own moustache proudly, then said with a low voice, "Our old master had measured her power when she was a newborn kid. Back then, our young master's strength was equal to ten small dragons together! And our young master is growing more and more powerful. By now, only relying on the strength of her arms, she is able to compete with peak-level Senior Magi, or even higher."

Ji Hao had always been a calm person, but he was still badly

shocked by Ying Yan's words. As far as he knew, the dragon-kind were the most powerful and strongest kind amongst countless other beings in the entire world. Consequently young dragons were the most powerful kind amongst all the young ones of the various creatures. However, Man Man had the physical strength that was as great as ten young dragons together!

"This...this..." Even Ji Hao's pupils had expanded by a couple of times, he felt that his head had been filled with thunder and lightning. He was shocked too badly to be able to speak.

Ying Yan was even more proud when he saw the stunned face of Ji Hao. He subconsciously puffed his chest out and said, "If I tell you the cost for this, you might also be stunned dumb. The young master's mother comes from a noble family. When our young master was still a fetus, she had started being nourished by all kinds of precious treasures, every single day and night. This is how she has gained this amazing strength."

"Haha!"

Man Man let out a loud laughter that shocked Ji Hao's eardrums too hard, even causing serious pain. She then leapt high into the air, held the mountain god's neck with her arms, screamed out like a wild beast while holding the mountain god up, and smashed him hard on the ground once again. A gigantic mountain had ripped apart, a huge rift valley that seemed bottomless appeared in the ground.

The mountain god opened his mouth and spewed out a mouthful of yellow blood mist - The raging mountain god finally released all of his power. Under his skin, countless yellow spell symbols quickly lit up.

Tens of gigantic mountains around the mountain god started shaking intensely and were releasing large amounts of khaki-coloured smoke. The smoke condensed into a dragon shape which was absorbed by the mountain god's body. The original tens of feet

mountain god was roaring in a low voice; his body started quickly expanding while being nourished by the khaki smoke, Within the blink of an eye, the mountain god's height had reached about three-thousand-feet.

Man Man shouted even louder in excitement when she saw all this. She leapt into the air again and threw a kick towards the mountain god's forehead.

"Big guy! Fight harder! Don't be so soft!"

Along with the crazy laughter of Man Man, the mountain god let out a great yet muffled roar from his throat, then swung both of his arms forward in front of his body, as a phantom of a magnificent mountain slowly appeared. Man Man's foot kicked hard on this phantom, which was at least a thousand feet in radius. Following the kick, a thunderous boom came from deep under the ground.

At that moment, the mountain god had connected himself with the earth and the mountains that had given birth to him and had nourished him, therefore, the earth and the mountains of the entire area within thousands of miles around had become the source of his power, and the attack launched on him by Man Man had also been transferred into the vast ground.

Unless Man Man was capable of breaking all of the mountains and splitting the ground for thousands of miles in radius with a single punch, she could never hurt the mountain god even slightly from now on.

"Beat! Beat! Beat!"

Man Man growled out, while suddenly leaving thousands of pieces of afterimages in the air, the thousands of pieces of afterimages all seemingly containing immense power, madly hitting towards the mountain god simultaneously. Muffled booms came from underground one after another, the ground shaking violently, small cracks continuously appearing on the ground, then

quickly closing back up under the nourishment of the khaki smoke.

A couple of hills that were just shattered by Man Man's violent power suddenly rose back up from the ground, turning quickly back into their original shape. The mountain god didn't stop growling, his body shelled by the phantom of the mountain in front of him, as his pupils filled with cruelty and rage started to shine with a yellow light. Suddenly, he raised his head and let a great shout out towards Man Man.

Followed by a loud bang, a ten-feet large, round rock darted out from the mountain god's mouth and hit hard on Man Man's body.

This was not an ordinary, natural rock. Instead, it was a 'rock of god', formed by the power of the earth and the mountains. This piece of rock looked no more than ten feet in diameter, however, its weight had long surpassed thousands of 'stones'. Additionally, the stone had a magical gravity, so huge that while it was flying fast across the air, even the light in its path had slightly become twisted.

Man Man hadn't seen this coming, and was hit hard by the 'rock of god'. The armour worn by her suddenly lit up, and her small body was sent flying away, leaving a straight trail behind her, crashing against a mountain hundreds of miles away.

The mountain god growled out again, and pointed his finger in the direction that Man Man had been sent flying. The rock flew even faster towards Man Man, who was deeply sunken into the mountain, along with an ear-piercing swishing sound. This attack was incredibly powerful. The mountain god had gathered the power of the earth and the mountains from thousands of miles around, and even a peak-level Senior Magus would be hurt badly by such an attack.

Ying Yan screamed out aloud. The elderly man who had always been elegant and polite had just leapt high in a flurry and flew

towards Man Man with a long trail of fiery light left behind him.

From inside the deep and huge pit on the mountainside that had just opened up by Man Man's body, a bright fiery light suddenly flashed, followed by an unspeakably great power that came from the pit and quickly swept across the entire area. The power was so magnificent that it seemed to be coming down straight from the heavens. After the fiery light had flashed across the jungle, Ji Hao felt that the temperature of the surrounding jungle had been suddenly raised to an amazing degree, then soon dropped back down.

The 'rock of god' which had gathered the power of the earth and the mountains had silently evaporated into a wisp of smoke. A beam of fiery light darted out from the pit and hit right on the mountain god's chest, broke through his chest and opened up a huge hole.

Countless glowing red, blazing spell symbols were quickly spreading near his wound, and soon covered his entire body.

The mountain god howled out, and started vomiting khaki colour blood, while kneeling down on the ground embarrassedly. A slave-mark that was condensed by a sphere of flame silently appeared between his eyebrows; obviously, this mountain god had been firmly imprisoned by Man Man with some kind of great and magical power.

Within the fiery light, Man Man slowly flew up, with a three-feet-long amulet held in her hand. Her white and tender face was deadly pale.

Chapter 85: Essence Milk of The Earth

The mountain god, who had a huge hole in his chest, now knelt on the ground and was gasping heavily.

Just now, the amulet carried in Man Man's hand released a beam of fiery light, broke through the phantom of the magnificent mountain which was condensed by the power of the earth and the mountains, and broke his chest, hurting him seriously. Afterwards, the amulet imprisoned the mountain god with some kind of great magical power and turned him into a slave.

At the moment, the sense of power coming from the mountain god's body had become very weak, not even greater than an ordinary Junior Magus. Without rest for a very long time, and replenishing his own body with the power of the earth and mountains that had given birth to him and had nourished him, he could never regain his huge power.

Ji Hao carefully stared at the amulet carried in Man Man's hand.

The quality of the blood-red amulet looked very weird, neither made of gold or jade, however, that amulet had the features of both gold and jade. The amulet was six-inch wide, one-inch-thick and three-feet-long, seemed exquisitely crafted and on its surface, countless patterns of flames were embossed. Amongst the flame patterns were all kinds of fiery dragons, phoenixes and other magical, legendary animals which had fire-related powers. These animal embossments were very lively, as if they were living creatures. At first glance, these animals seemed to be flying and walking across those swirl-like flame patterns.

Ji Hao clearly remembered that when this amulet had released the fiery light, the power that came along with it had made his entire body go stiff, as if he was a tiny ant seeing a god who had descended from the sky and was looking down at the whole world. His mind had gone blank, and he had felt as if he had completely

lost control over his own body.

That power was so incredibly terrifying that Ji Hao would remember it till the end of his life. However, that magnificent power had only been the aftermath of the power that was released by the amulet.

"Oy! You! Can't believe that you have just pushed me to use even this life-saving treasure given by my Abba! You're great!" Man Man stood in front of the mountain god, carried the amulet in her hands, swinging it casually and kicking hard on the mountain god's arm that had been supporting his own body against the ground.

"Do you have any idea about how much time it will need for Abba's amulet to refill its power? It has to be placed under the sun rays for a whole day, a whole day! In order to refill the power that I just used back there. Now we're in the rainy season, rainy season! How am I supposed to refill the power for this amulet?" Man Man held the amulet, hitting hard on the mountain god's head, causing huge fire-sparks to fly off. Even Ying Yan, who was standing besides Man Man, opened his mouth when he saw this.

"Take me to your nest! Big guys like you always have nice stuff in your nests!" Man Man narrowed her eyes and yelled excitedly, "If you don't have enough treasures in your nest, you'll be so dead! I'm telling you, my big brother is building a new palace for my Abba, they can really use some labourers."

The mountain god had shrunk his body to be around fifty-feet-tall, weakly letting a muffled sound out, stood slowly up, touched the huge hole in his chest and then walked with big steps towards the direction that he had come from.

While walking, this huge guy often turned his head back and looked at the little ball of fur held in one of the guard's hands.

Ji Hao had just noticed that the little furry animal held in the guard's hands looked like a leopard in built, but smaller. The little

beast was struggling and howling hard. Ji Hao also found out that the sense of power that was being released from its body had no differences from the sense of the power of the mountain god.

Ji Hao thought of what those elder Maguspriests, like Ji Kui, in the Fire Crow Clan, had told him. Magical creatures like mountain gods would have accompanying animals sometimes who had the same origin as the magical creature. The pre-requisite was that the same power which had given birth to the magical creature and had nourished him, was powerful enough.

These accompanying animals held the same meaning to the mountain gods as blood relatives meant to humans. Therefore, Man Man sending guards to sneak into the mountain god's nest and snatch this little animal was why the mountain god got so angry, and chased them out, only to be led to Man Man and beaten up so badly by that little girl.

"Okay, okay, I'll give this back to you, you can have it back!" said Man Man very happily with her eyes narrowed, "Since you've already became mine, this little thing should be mine too. Haha, hurry, lead the way, let's have a look at your nest!"

The guard who held the little animal loosened his hand. The little furry thing suddenly transformed into a beam of black light and darted out, quickly climbing onto the mountain god's shoulders, and comfortably hunkered down on his shoulder. After this, a light trace of a smile appeared on the simple and stiff face of the mountain god. He lightly patted the little animal, which was as big as only his finger, and let out a roar towards the sky delightedly.

Ji Hao looked at the simple, honest and natural smile on the mountain god's face and smiled as well.

Mountain-god-kind might have extremely great strength and other magical powers, however, they were nourished by the natural life force energy and power and therefore had the most simple and honest personalities. All of their smiles came indeed

from the purest delight deep down in their heart, and were so truly and emotionally appealing.

Man Man wasn't touched at all by the mountain god's simple smile like Ji Hao was, she threw another heavy kick onto the mountain god's butt while yelling, "Hurry! Just lead the way! What are you laughing at? Like a dumb...You dumb things are all like made from stones, I can never have a good conversation with you. My Abba has tens of thousands of stone-dumb guys just like you, working for him, all as boring as you are!"

Ji Hao quivered again, subconsciously glancing at Man Man in shock.

Did she just say that the Abba of this little girl had tens of thousands of mountain gods like this working for him?

Even the weakest mountain god was born and nourished by the life force energy and power of the earth and the mountains for thousands of miles round. Not only that, to gestate a mountain god also required special environmental conditions, such as an underground cave. Such mature and appropriate environmental conditions could only be coincidently found at certain, special moments. If Man Man's Abba had tens of thousands of mountain gods working for him, then, how wide would his territory be, to allow him to find all those mountain gods?

At least, as far as Ji Hao knew, the direct and indirect territories of the Fire Crow Clan were about hundreds of thousands of miles squared. Within this vast territory, there were quite a few stone spirits like his friend Stone, however, the number of mountain gods who could take control of the powers of the earth and mountains within a certain area were probably no more than five in total.

The mountain god was now gasping heavily, and running forward in big steps. The rest of the people also moved faster and closely followed him. Soon, they had rushed for hundreds of miles,

and saw a towering mountain standing in front of them. The mountain god walked past the foot of the mountain and led the rest of people to a cliff.

"Whoo~Hoo~"

Along with a great roar let out by the mountain god, a beam of yellow light flashed across his body. Afterwards, the cliff silently moved. A fissure appeared on the cliff. The mountain god turned his head back and mumbled something, then walked into the dark fissure.

Led by Man Man, the rest of the people also walked into the cliff. When they first walked in, the space inside that fissure was extremely dark, but soon, a dim light could be seen in front of them. They kept moving, and the light gradually grew brighter. Under the light, the cliff-walls on each side of the fissure started becoming crystalline and smooth, like the best quality jade; some rocks were even transparent like a real crystal.

This magical light was coming out from these crystal rocks. From time to time, natural-formed yellow spell symbols would flash through the cliff-walls, then quickly disappear. These spell symbols were all in ancient and simple shapes, gathered from the original source of the earth power. Ji Hao instinctively triggered all of his spiritual power, and imprinted all of these occasionally appearing spell symbols, deep in his soul.

Ordinary people wouldn't get the chance to see these naturally-formed, original spell symbols with their own eyes in their entire lives.

They walked along the wide road inside the fissure for tens of miles. Then, the space suddenly became broad and bright and a huge cave with a radius of tens of miles was located inside the mountain.

The ground of the cave was formed by fine and smooth soil, which seemed very pure and rich, where an oil-like liquid could

even be squeezed out by hand...Countless odd plants and flowers had been growing in the soil. Ji Hao took only one glance at them, and quickly recognized hundreds of rare and powerful herbs that Qing Fu had mentioned.

Most of these herbs that were extremely rare in the jungle had been growing all over this cave, some of them even had been growing for thousands of years.

Between the roots of these herbs, different sized precious stones had been piled up on the ground as if they were ordinary stones; ruby, sapphire, emerald, crystal, all kinds of precious stones were shining with piercing, multicolored, bright lights, each of them containing great earthly power.

However, what had been the most attracting wasn't any of those precious stones, neither were it those rare herbs; instead, it was a pool, with the radius of over a hundred feet, located right in the middle of the cave.

The pool contained a kind of thick and sticky, khaki liquid. A dense, earthy scent was emitting from the liquid, making Ji Hao feel a very uncomfortable itching in his throat.

Ying Yan exclaimed out, "So much essence milk of the earth? How many years does it need to gather a whole pool of it?!"

Chapter 86: Strengthen the Body

Man Man dipped her little finger into the pool and took little bit of essence milk of the earth, putting the fingertip into her own mouth, and tasted it with her tongue. She instantly spat a few mouthfuls of saliva out frowningly after that.

"It's not as useful as you said! Old Yan!" Man Man immediately lost interest in the essence milk of the earth, leaping and running towards the hill of precious stones, over a hundred feet tall, located quite far away from the pool. That small hill was piled up with uncountable, difference-sized and multicoloured precious stones, which were shining with a bright, piercing light that could even blind an ordinary man.

"To you, our young master, it will certainly be useless. However, to other people, this is a treasure!" said Ying Yan. At the same time, he took out a fist-sized jade bottle from his sleeve, and threw it into the pool that contained the essence milk of the earth.

The jade bottle suddenly expanded to the size of a human head, and released a fierce gust of air stream from the opening. A thumb-thick essence milk of the earth slowly rose from the pool and flew into the opening of the bottle. Ying Yan seemed like he was trying very hard to control the bottle, his facial expression suddenly changed, and his white facial skin turned blood-red because of overexertion.

A buzzing sound came from the bottle; the essence milk of the earth started flying into the jade bottle in a stream while the bottle was shaking intensely.

The liquid surface level in the pool started declining. An inch, three inches, seven inches...a foot, three feet, seven feet...

When the liquid surface level dropped by sixteen feet, hundreds of human-head-sized yellow crystals showed up in the liquid. These crystals were transparent and shining, and wisps of thumb-

thick smoke could be seen coming in and out of them, circling around them. From time to time, a bright light flashed through these crystals and lit up large pieces of ancient, simple spell symbols on the crystals.

Seeing the crystals, Ying Yan waved his hand with an excitement-filled face, stopping the jade bottle from extracting the essence milk of the earth. Instead, it released tens of streams of air, and started absorbing those crystals.

Those human-head-sized crystals seemed strangely heavy. Ying Yan pointed at the jade bottle with his forefinger and middle finger, causing fire sparks to burst out from between his fingers. He seemingly used all of his power to control the jade bottle, and finally, those crystals rose slowly, flying towards the narrow opening of the jade bottle, along with a low buzzing sound.

"Ji Hao, you and the guards did a good job by taking care of our young master, you should take this essence milk of the earth. The essence milk of the earth is condensed by the power and life force energy of the earth, it is able to slightly improve your strength, and largely improve the condition of your bodies, and your defensive power. More importantly, it can purify your meridians and Magus acupoints, and bring great benefits for your practice in the future."

While Ying Yan was trying his best to control the jade bottle and absorb these crystals, he pointed his fingers at the remaining essence milk of the earth in the pool, which was about fifty-six feet in radius and a feet deep, and said with a calm voice, "But, you have to be extra cautious and careful when you absorb this, do not absorb the amount that is beyond the capacity of your bodies, otherwise, your body will turn into stone, which will be huge trouble.

Ji Hao and the tens of guards glanced at each other, and jumped into the pool.

Those guards were overcautious, they wouldn't dare to lose their politeness in front of Ying Yan and Man Man. They would only sit in the pool of essence milk of the earth and carefully absorb the liquid with their special methods. But, Ji Hao didn't care that much, he even took off his clothes, leaving only a short underwear that was made of leather, directly laid down on the ground and soaked his entire body into the essence milk of the earth.

In the meanwhile, he triggered the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]; every single pore of his body opened simultaneously, formed countless tiny swirls and started absorbing the essence milk of the earth.

The essence milk of the earth had been formed from the essence of the earth that had gathered the power and life-force energy of the earth. The essence of the earth was purified by the mysterious universal power over a very long time span, slowly condensing into liquid and gathering in caves that had the perfect environmental conditions. By perfect environmental conditions, it meant that these kinds of caves were able to gather the natural power and energy, and brewed the earth essence liquid like a wine, for at least ten thousand years, after which it finally would turn into the essence milk.

The earth power was highly rich and nourishing, and had always been considered as the mother of all kinds of beings. The essence milk of the earth was formed by the earth power and thus had the magical effect which could largely improve the condition of human bodies. If a Southern Wasteland's warrior would have a chance to improve his body with the essence milk of the earth, normally speaking, after the warrior did that, his or her power would be able to far exceed that of the other peer-level warriors and could probably compete with three to five warriors who were in at the same power level at the same time.

A drop of the essence milk of the earth had been absorbed into Ji Hao's body, then quickly transformed into wisps of yellow smoke

and was swallowed by the multicoloured flame in his lower abdomen. Soon, streams of multicoloured lights, which were a lot brighter than usual, had flown out of the flame and quickly been absorbed by Ji Hao's body.

Ji Hao had a strange feeling that previously his body used to have a lot of interspaces between his body-cells, but now, those interspaces had started to be filled with an unknown material that had high consistency. However, his body didn't become heavier at all, instead, it became firmer in quality.

Ji Hao kept his breath orderly. Every time he breathed, large amounts of essence milk of the earth were merging with his body.

The essence milk of the earth was formed by the essence of the earth, therefore, every single drop of it was incredibly heavy. Even Ying Yan seemed to have spent quite an effort to move that essence milk of the earth into the jade bottle with his power.

After absorbing even a single drop of the essence milk of the earth into the body, an ordinary warrior would need to spend large amounts of energy to digest it. He would need to extract the beneficial powers from it and send the power to each part of the body. After doing so he would have to improve the condition of his body and lay a better base for future practice.

However, Ji Hao had the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell], which was an unimaginably, powerful special ability. The magical multicolored flame in Ji Hao's lower abdomen only needed a short while to absorb the essence milk of the earth. First, it would neutralize all of the negative power, which was responsible for making a human body slowly crystallize, contained in the essence milk. Then, the flame would transform the essence milk into pure power and energy that would be most beneficial to the human body.

Ji Hao's muscles had been waving orderly under his skin, like a quiet, peaceful ocean. His breath gradually turned heavy and

powerful. From the skin to the flesh, from the meridians to the internal organs, and from the bones to the marrow, even the brain and nerves, which were extremely hard to be purified, his whole body had been quickly improving and strengthening by the multicoloured light streams, which had become a lot brighter and thicker than usual.

The little group of Man Man's guards, even the few Senior Magi amongst them, could only carefully intake a few drops of the essence milk of the earth each time, and worked very hard to digest and purify it with their own blood and energy, extract the power from it and averagely send the power to their entire body.

Those Junior level guards had to spend the whole twelve hours, which was a half day, to barely digest a single drop of the essence milk of the earth; as for those Senior level guards, although their blood was pure and powerful, and the power and energy contained in their bodies were as great as a dragon and as vast as an ocean, they still needed the span of one breath to digest one drop of the essence milk of the earth.

But with the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell], Ji Hao could digest at least over a hundred drops of the essence milk of the earth during the span of one breath. Ji Hao's digesting speed was over a hundred times faster than those Senior Magi!

Most of the power that had been extracted from the essence milk of the earth became nutrients for the multicoloured flame itself. The originally dim flame had now become more and more brighter, and even doubled in size. Because of his continuous absorption of the power of essence milk of the earth, the multicoloured flame's digesting ability had also been improving.

The essence milk of the earth could not largely improve the physical strength within a short time span. Instead, what it had been doing was upgrading the condition of Ji Hao's body.

Ji Hao observed his own body with his spiritual power, and

clearly perceived that after every time he had digested one drop of the essence milk of the earth, his physical strength would only improve by tens of 'stones'. However, the firmness and defensive power of his body would improve by a larger amount.

To Ji Hao, who was still in the Junior Level, the effect of this natural-formed treasure - the essence milk of the earth, was unspeakably great.

Especially beneficial was the condition of the meridians and Magus acupoints inside his body which had been improved by many times, and was still continuously improving. He sensed that his meridians had become wider and firmer, and those Magus acupoints had become clearer; the power contained in them had become greater as well. Additionally, the capacity of his meridians had also been increasing by many times.

Every single drop of the essence milk of the earth that had been digested by Ji Hao had brought him benefits that were equal to what he would've gained by eating a Junior level beast.

Although Ying Yan took most of the essence milk of the earth, there were certainly more than a million drops of it left in the pool, which would be enough for tens, and even hundreds of Ji Hao's more to use.

Ji Hao laid his head on a piece of yellow crystal, while concentrating on running the [Bu Tian Bu Lou Magic Spell]. This crystal that contained a vast earth power also started to be slowly absorbed by Ji Hao's body.

His body was becoming stronger, and even grew two inches taller. At the same time, his shoulders grew wider and his muscles swelled greatly.

Chapter 87: Madness

Beside the Blue Jade Lake was a vast primitive jungle.

The raindrops never stopped swishing down from the sky, and the jungle had been quivering in the storm, while the dense mist had been madly rolling and spreading in the jungle. Except for the roars of the wind and the rain, and the brushing sound of the branches and leaves, none of the other sounds could be heard from the jungle.

Even the most ferocious beast wouldn't be willing to leave its nest during the rainy season, unless it was starving. Almost all of the beasts and birds had been quietly staying in their nests, enduring the endless rain, day after day.

Suddenly, the mist was dispersed by an unknown power. Tens of fully armed Jia Clan warriors rushed across the jungle, without making any noticeable sounds. Two pairs of eyes were shining on each of these warrior's faces.

They seemed like emissaries who had come from the underworld and were sent by death itself, responsible for harvesting lives. Wherever they ran through, all of the animals, no matter if it were the beasts hiding in their tree holes or the birds hunkered in their nests, had all been silently and gently killed by these Ji Clan warriors, with a slight touch.

No sound of any living creature could be heard. The jungle they had walked across, gradually became deadly silent. Only the roaring of the storm could be heard, which seemingly ruled the whole world.

Behind these Jia Clan warriors, hundreds of gigantic sword-edge spiders had been quietly and quickly moving forward. Each of these sword-edge spiders carried large groups of dark-skinned warriors, who were wearing full leather armour. These great, dark troops hid under the beaches and leaves, silently moving towards

Man Man's manor.

The hundreds of sword-edge spiders carried at least ten thousand warriors on their backs. Each of these warriors had a cold and cruel expression. Obviously, these were all powerful, elite warriors. From time to time, a dim light would flash across the armours worn by them and the weapons held in their hands. Judging based on the Southern Wasteland's standards, all of their armours and weapons were the best quality magical tools.

Behind these sword-edge spiders, twenty thousand feet long metal centipedes were rushing across the jungle like a fierce gust of wind.

On the backs of those metal centipedes, nearly a thousand Jia Clan warriors had been sitting or standing, with a cold and greedy smile on their faces. They looked through the dense jungle at the magnificent palace located on the cliff afar, seemingly floating above the clouds.

Jiang Yao had been standing on the metal centipede's head that had been rushing in the front. Her face was ferociously twisted like that of a ghost, and her body was slightly trembling; her eyes were filled with flames that contained a bone-deep hatred. She had been cursing in a low voice with her teeth gnashing. A thumb-sized, black scar could be clearly seen on Jiang Yao's throat.

Not long ago, Jiang Yao had gathered tens of clans and set an ambush for Ji Hao, but Ji Hao had set up a counterplot, pretending that his soul had been controlled by the Master Maguspriest of the Demon Clan with its soul-calling magic, and directly walked up to Jiang Yao, launching a deadly attack on her.

Fortunately, Jiang Yao had her life-saving treasure given by Jiang Bo with her. Therefore, although she had been badly wounded by Ji Hao, she succeeded in getting away.

However, Ji Hao had taken out his thorns of life and death, the inherited Magic treasure of Qing Fu, and used the three

blackthorns, which had been used and nourished by hundreds of Qing Yi Clan Maguspriests for over ten thousand years, and had attacked her once again.

If she wasn't the daughter of Jiang Bo, the Bi Fang Clan's Master Maguspriest, who could use all kinds of rare and precious medicine from the Bi Fang Clan storage to save Jiang Yao, by now, she would be long dead. Even though Jiang Bo tried his best to cure her, the three highly poisonous black thorns had left deep, ugly scars on Jiang Yao's body.

Her throat, chest and lower abdomen, where the three most important Magus Acupoints were located, had all been punctured by the three thorns of life and death. The poison had spread over her body, which made Jiang Yao, who had just broken into the Senior Level two years ago, fall back to the Junior level. Apart from this, her body had been damaged by the poison of the blackthorns, and therefore, even amongst Junior Magi and Maguspriests, Jiang Yao was now at the bottom level.

Her plan had failed, and her body was damaged, and even if all these facts could still be accepted by Jiang Yao, then Jiang Xue's death really drove her into a desperate situation.

Jiang Xue's father was Jiang Shu, an elder of the Bi Fang Clan, and also one of the important followers of Jiang Bo. He could even be considered as one of Jiang Bo's arms. Jiang Xue was the only child of Jiang Shu. More importantly, she was a highly important tool for Jiang Bo and Jiang Shu to draw Ji Shu closer, and to control him, which meant, Jiang Xue was incomparably important for the Bi Fang Clan to seep into and to control the Fire Crow Clan.

But, Jiang Xue was killed by Ji Hao. Jiang Yao didn't even know how to explain this to Jiang Bo and Jiang Shu.

"I want them to die! I want them die! They must die!" Jiang Yao growled madly and hoarsely. From the pupils to the white of her eyes, the entire eyeballs of hers had turned a weird and a scary

blood-red colour, shining with a vicious blood-red light. "Ji Hao, Ji Xia, Qing Fu, and everyone that is related to them, all of them have to die! All of them have to die!!"

A sizzling sound came from her neck; along with which, a wisp of black smoke rose from the scar on her neck. The poison which hadn't been completely dispersed from her body was again corroding the tender skin near the wounds. Jiang Yao frowned in pain, and nearly fell down from the metal centipede's back.

Di Luo, who had been standing beside Jiang Yao thrust his arms out and held Jiang Yao. After that, he put his arms around her waist, and never left her body.

"My respectful Maguspriestess, your injuries are so serious...what about that 'Wu Xian' magical medicine? Don't you have any more of that?" yelled Di Luo dramatically. At the same time, he put his nose near Jiang Yao's neck, breathing deeply and fascinatedly. The light aroma emitted from Jiang Yao's body often made Di Luo feel that his mind had been carried away from his body.

The primitive land, the magical, vast jungle, and a noble, beautiful Maguspriestess from a powerful primitive clan, all these were way too attractive to Di Luo. He swore that he was totally obsessed by the breathtakingly charming Jiang Yao.

Since Di Sha had left the Southern Wasteland, now he, Lord Di Luo, was the most powerful man in the Blood Fang. He was certainly capable of doing something for this beautiful Maguspriestess. But, of course, everything that he was going to do for this beautiful Maguspriestess had a condition, how could he do anything for free anyway?

Noble people like him from the Yu Clan were unimaginably honourable and respectable. To work for free? No, such a stupid thing was not what Di Luo was going to do.

"Lord Di Luo!" grinned Jiang Yao, while staring at Di Luo with that pair of blood-red eyes, and said, "Kill Ji Hao, Ji Xia and their

families for me, wipe all my enemies out. Then, I will accept any of your...reasonable demands."

"Any demand?" said Di Luo, he couldn't hide the happiness deep down in his heart.

"Anything! Yes!" Jiang Yao's voice became especially cold and ruthless, "For now, I need you to kill every single person inside this manor, right now! I know that you people know some powerful, large-scale magical formations. I want you to arrange the most powerful large-scale magical formation here around this manor, and use it to capture Ji Hao alive, and kill all of the others!"

Jiang Yao was born extremely beautiful and attractive. At the moment, she had been shrouded by a cold and ferocious vibe, a looming blood-red light circling around her body. In Di Luo's eyes, this woman now looked like a highly poisonous beautiful flower, and had an irresistible charm that could make any man drown in it.

"Even the most beautiful noble lady in our capital doesn't have one millionth of your beauty!" Di Luo shrugged and signed with a low voice, and said, "Oh, I'm really jealous of that man...Okay, I'm willing to do anything for you...I should seriously consider if I should send a duel request to your husband to put him down in front of your lovely face."

"Kill Ji Shu? Haha!" Jiang Yao chuckled and said with a tone that was filled with madness and viciousness, "If you, lord Di Luo, can satisfy me this time, I don't mind offering you a chance like that. To be honest, I'm already starting to lose patience towards that useless man."

Di Luo let out a shout excitedly, then waved his hand hard in the air.

A large piece of light-gray smoke mixed with the watery mist, and flew into the palace along with the fierce wind.

Guards who had been standing outside of the manor's front gate slightly trembled, then suddenly fell down on the ground, while blood was gushing out of their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths. Large groups of Blood Fang's warriors rushed up through the stairs, raised their heavy weapons and ruthlessly chopped towards those poor guards, who lay on the ground paralyzed, unable to move their bodies.

A bone-cracking sound started coming out from the manor, and a dense blood scent slowly spread out. However, once the blood scent came out of the manor, it was almost immediately dissipated in the air by the storm.

Chapter 88: Make a Run For It

Ying Yan satisfyingly moved all of the earth essence crystals from the essence milk pool into the jade bottle.

These extremely hard and heavy crystals were the purest essence of the earth energy and only a sesame-sized crystal piece weighed nearly a million 'stone', not to mention that these crystals had countless magical usages and effects.

If magical treasures were made with these earth essence crystals, the finished magic treasures would be especially heavy and incomparably powerful; only peak-level and above Senior Magi could use that kind of a magic treasure freely. Weapons and armours that were forged from ordinary metals would shatter into ashes once touched by magic treasures made from the earth essence crystals.

If one ground a human-head-sized piece of earth essence crystal into powder and blended it with water from the Magical Spring of Heaven and Earth and scattered it into soil, it could turn the soil within a thousand miles radius into extremely fertile, magical land that would become the perfect field to plant all kinds of rare and magical plants, including medicinal herbs and flowers.

Nevertheless, the most important usage of the earth essence crystal was to form the core of some especially powerful and magical large-scale battle formations.

For example, Ying Yan's old master liked to set a kind of powerful, terrifying magical formation called the 'Flying Preventing Magical Formation' with the earth essence crystals around his own palace. The earth essence crystal contained an extremely powerful, magnetic-force-like earth power, and after this magical formation had been set up in a certain area, even Magus Kings wouldn't be able to fly within that area. Instead they would only be able to walk on the ground step by step.

The variety of magical usages had given the earth essence crystal spheres an unimaginably high value , of which Ji Hao was still unaware.

This time, Ying Yan had taken ninety-nine percent of the essence milk of the earth from that pool, and added with so many earth essence crystals, this could compare with all of his wealth that he had gathered in his entire life. Therefore, Ying Yan couldn't help but laugh from ear to ear, even the pores on his face seemingly bloomed like flowers.

Ji Yao woke up while laying on the ground and slowly moved his body.

Ying Yan didn't notice that one piece of earth essence crystal under Ji Hao's body had completely been absorbed. After Ji Hao digested that human-head-sized earth essence crystal piece, his physical strength had only increased by around a hundred thousand 'stones', however, the firmness of his body had improved by a hundred times.

Ji Hao observed the inside of his own body with his spiritual power. He was very satisfied when he saw that every single vessel, meridian, bone and even internal organ of his was shining with the special light of the earth essence crystal. Especially those interleaving meridians had expanded over ten times wider than before, feeling like rapidly flowing rivers. The inside of those meridians were now completely unblocked, looking as pure and clean as mirrors, and all of parclose and blocks had been swept away by the incomparably powerful earth energy.

The tens of Man Man's guards stood up as well, satisfyingly soothing their joints.

The rest of the essence milk of the earth had been absorbed by Ji Hao and the tens of guards, without leaving even a single drop. A few Senior level guards had gained great benefits from the essence milk of the earth, their faces were even blushing in delight. The

few Senior Magi kicked and punched each other, and found out that the same attacks that could have harmed their bones before now only made their bodies slightly shake. Their bodies' conditions had been improved by many times, and could now easily take the attacks that they never could before.

"Do not stand there laughing for nothing! Since you've all got some benefits from that pool, now carry these precious stones back for me!" yelled Man Man on the other side of the cave, while grabbing a handful of precious stones and throwing them towards those guards. Hit by the stones, those guards all howled out in pain.

During the time that Ji Hao and the guards were in the pool and were absorbing the essence milk of the earth, Man Man was commanding the mountain god to pick the largest and most shining precious stones in the cave out, and piled it up into a nearly fifty feet tall hill in the cave.

Ruby, emerald, sapphire, diamond, jade, and many other different coloured precious stones that Ji Hao couldn't even name were piled up in the cave. The eight lights emitted from the hill of precious stones made it hard for people to directly look at it. Man Man was proudly sitting on top of the hill of precious stones, smilingly swinging her legs.

"Hurry, carry all these back! All mine! These are all Man Man's!" yelled Man Man while laughing happily, "These stones are so colourful! I like them! Pretty! Take them back and inlay them on the walls of my palace, I want to make those girls jealous!"

After shooting a glance of dislike at Ying Yan, Man Man then continued, "Old Yan! The few granddaughters of yours are so dumb! I must make them jealous enough to die!"

Ying Yan opened his mouth, looking at Man Man with a pitiful face. The huge smile on his face was suddenly gone without a trace, instead, he now seemed as if he was going to cry but failed to

shed a tear.

Those guards hunted a few gigantic beasts from the jungle, skinned them and used their skin to wrap the precious stones that were carefully picked out by Man Man into tens of huge packages. Ji Hao and each of the tens of guards carried one package on the shoulder and left the mountain god's nest.

Man Man seemed to be in a very good mood. She was happily walking at the front, holding a very large plantain leaf as an umbrella, and was humming an unknown melody.

The mountain god had been following Man Man around with heavy steps. Man Man never stopped giving him orders, making him climb a tree and steal bird eggs, or ordering him to take the honeycomb of poisonous bees from some tree holes, and before he was done with that, Man Man ordered him to lift a large piece of the ground to find lots of edible fresh plant roots.

The mountain god had a very simple mind and an inexhaustible strength, therefore, he simply followed all of Man Man's orders. In the jungle they walked by, almost all dweller-creatures had been disturbed by Man Man and the mountain god, letting out complaining sounds.

Ji Hao looked at Man Man, who had been leaping around the jungle excitedly, gasped in admiration and said, "Man Man is such a happy girl!"

Ying Yan had been walking side by side with Ji Hao, he subconsciously let out a bitter smile when he heard Ji Hao's words, and said, "Yes, she is just...too happy, so happy to cause the other young masters great headaches...that's why they told her to come to this manor..."

Ji Hao took a glance of shock at Ying Yan.

Ying Yan instantly covered his own mouth with his hand, lightly slapped his own face, lowered his voice and let out a few hollow

waves of laughter as he said, "Haha, haha, this...Ah...the weather today is really nice!"

Ji Hao looked up at the grey sky, with a mass of thick, rainy clouds rolling up there. The downpour had been swooshing down from the sky, a few floating hills over their heads were now blowing by the fierce hurricane, quickly drifting towards the other side of the jungle like a few falling leaves.

"Yeah, yeah, such good weather!" Ji Hao seriously responded Ying Yan and said, "Just after two more months, when the rain stops and the sun comes back out, we will have fresh, delicious mushrooms to eat."

Ying Yan appreciatively nodded towards Ji Hao. 'This kid really knew how to chat, he must have a great future!', thought Ying Yan. He then said, "Yes, yes! Not to mention anything else, our Southern Wasteland jungle can be considered as the most fertile land in the whole world. Hmm, boil the most fresh red-dress mushrooms along with the newborns of colourful winged sparrow into a thick soup. That flavour! Can't even describe it!" said Ying Yan while licking his own lips.

Ji Hao and Ying Yan quickly became a pair of huge fans of delicious food, discussing all kinds of special foods of the Southern Wasteland jungle aloud.

Man Man had been running and jumping all the way, leading Ji Hao, Ying Yan, the mountain god and the tens of guards back to the manor. She jumped onto the mountain god's shoulder, letting the mountain god carry her, and slowly walked up the stairs.

Ji Hao carried a huge package of those precious stones, andwalked up the stairs as well, while chatting happily with Ying Yan. Soon, they got to the square in front of the manor.

Under the arch, Man Man looked at the surroundings in confusion, and said, "These bunch of lazy things, old Yan! Grab them out and whip them good! What? Don't they need to guard in

the rainy days?! Whip them and teach them how to do their jobs! With me, it's fine, but if Abba had caught them not doing their job as they should have been, their heads would have been chopped off!"

Ying Yan's face went dark as well. He rolled up his sleeves in anger and walked up to Man Man.

As Man Man just had said, not a single person had been guarding under the arch. There were tens of guards that ought to be here, but none of them had been doing their job. Ying Yan was clearly aware of how strict the rule of his master was for guards who were absent from their jobs, even beheading them would be nice treatment; more seriously, this could even drag their entire clan into trouble.

Ying Yan frowned, looking at surrounding. He didn't believe that those guards went away by themselves.

Suddenly, inside Ji Hao's spiritual space, the white mist quickly gathered inwards; the gigantic figure of the mysterious man then emerged from the sphere of mist following which the mysterious man shouted out in a resonant voice.

"Run!"

Following the mysterious man's voice, Ji Hao let out a great growl as well. Every single hair on his body had stood up, and he suddenly sensed an invisible, extremely ferocious, yet miserable atmosphere that had been surrounding them all this time.

"Run! Ambush here! Run!" Ji Hao shouted out. At the same time, he leapt up into the air, grabbed Man Man down from the mountain god's shoulder, dragged her and turned around, running down the stairs.

Chapter 89: Blood Moon

Ji Hao felt like he had been staying in a cozy and warm bed that had a nice sunshine-like scent left on it, but someone had suddenly thrown hundreds of highly poisonous snakes onto his bed.

An unspeakable cold and wet atmosphere hit directly into Ji Hao's brain along with his spine. Ji Hao opened all his pores simultaneously, drawing the vast natural power surrounding his body. A pair of fiery wings suddenly stretched out behind his body along with a thunderous boom. Ji Hao then rushed down through the stairs at his highest speed.

Those guards didn't desert their duties. What really happened was, they had all been killed already.

The heavy rain had flushed all of the traces away, without leaving even a stain or the slightest scent of blood, but at the moment before those guards' death, their souls had struggled violently and left an extremely slight, invisible trace near the arch with the last bit of their power.

Reminded by the mysterious man, combined with his great and sensitive spiritual power, which was even greater than that of the Southern Wasteland magi above the Senior level, Ji Hao ultimately had sensed the slight trace of cold, subtle vibe that had been lingering around the arch, and was left by the souls of those guards as a message before they had vanished.

The [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] which was capable of purifying the soul and connecting with the universe was unimaginably mysterious. Ji Hao triggered the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words] with all of his power. His Yuan Dan started rotating fast in his spiritual space, releasing waves of soul power. Soon, Ji Hao's soul power quickly spread towards the surrounding area like a huge net. He instantly perceived a horrible, homicidal vibe in the air that was so thick that it even nearly condensed into

a visible entity.

Ji Hao injected all of his power into the fiery wings, fleeing as fast as he could. He held the small body of Man Man, while leaving large numbers of afterimages behind him. Followed by a loud boom, Ji Hao suddenly darted out like a cannonball. He moved so fast that he even shattered the air and caused an air explosion. Nine air explosions had then been started by Ji Hao in a row. His body flashed across the air and appeared in the middle part of the stairs. It seemed that in the next moment, Ji Hao could rush down the stairs and flee into the jungle around the lake.

Until now, Ying Yan and the tens of guards hadn't even realized what was happening.

They were indeed powerful, and had a noble status. They were a group of people that were representing the highest class of the Southern Wasteland. Normally, no one dared to offend them. Those guards were more like working slaves during most of the time; as for Ying Yan, he came from a good family and was doing an especially important job, staying by Man Man's side. Ying Yan's status was equal to the Grand Chancellor, he had never fought against any man, and had not even seen real blood for his entire life.

Judging on the basis of fighting experiences, even if Ying Yan and the tens of the guards combined their experiences together, they wouldn't be able to compete with ten percent of Ji Hao's experiences.

Ji Hao had already ran nearly a thousand feet far, when Ying Yan turned his head back in both panic and confusion, opened his mouth and yelled, "Ji Hao, are you stupid or crazy? What are you running from?"

Without any preparation, Ying Yan suddenly sensed a light blood scent. An old bronze amulet tied around his waist that was embossed with a totem of a three-headed pheasant and contained

some kind of special magic suddenly lit up. The six pupils of the three-headed pheasant spurted out streams of bright cyan light, which quickly coiled around Ying Yan's body and wrapped him up.

"This...magical poison?" Ying Yan rubbed his own nose and murmured. Green blood started dripping down from his nostrils. At first, the blood was only coloured light-green, soon, it turned into a dark-green colour and then started emitting a blood-like odour.

It was a magical poison, but not some ordinary kind of poison, it was the most effective and deadly poison that was made from the most poisonous creatures in the jungle, which acted fastest amongst all kinds of magic poisons. Ying Yan wasn't an expert of magical poisons, but after all, he had been living for nearly a thousand years. His rich experiences allowed him to instantly recognize the scents of venoms from at least a hundred different kinds of poisonous creatures. This meant that this magical poison was made from at least a hundred different kinds of highly toxic venoms.

Mixing the venoms of over a hundred different kinds of highly poisonous creatures, and turning them into magical poison, in the Southern Wasteland, such drug-making skills had only been secretly inherited by a few Maguspriests of the big clans like the Bi Fang Clan and Rosefinch clan. Any other small or middle scale clans could never have this kind of mysterious and powerful skill, neither did they have enough money nor power-level to make this kind of magical poison.

Facing the magic poison that had attacked suddenly, the bronze amulet tied around Ying Yan's waist automatically activated and tried to protect its owner. The power of the amulet blocked the poison from spreading any further inside Ying Yan's body, however, a slight trace of magical poison had already gotten into his body, which made him feel extra weak. The poison had weakened his power by around thirty percent.

"Which clan did you come from? Are you trying to challenge us?" After been sneak-attacked by the magical poison, Ying Yan didn't have any other reaction, but only growled towards the air with a hoarse voice, "Do you have any idea that if you ever offend our young master, what will happen to your entire clan? Do you want your entire clan to die?!"

Ji Hao held Man Man tight, while running as fast as he could. He clearly understood that Man Man could not die - at least, while he was still considered as Man Man's bodyguard, Man Man could not die. By following Man Man around for these couple of days, Ji Hao had learned that once this little girl died while he was around, the entire Fire Crow Clan would be cruelly punished by her Abba.

Ji Hao used all of his power, trying to run faster. While he was running, he heard that Ying Yan was still yelling at the enemies, who had just sneak-attacked him. Ji Hao couldn't help but sigh with regret. Whoever that was, they had already killed all of the guards, which meant that they had come with a resolute purpose. 'If it was really so, then who would be frightened by your threats?', thought Ji Hao.

Ji Hao took another step forward and darted again out. His body shape turned hazy, and a large numbers of afterimage appeared behind him. He had already ran to the last step of the stairs.

The sky suddenly darkened, and a huge, blood-red moon silhouette appeared in the sky. Thousands of wisps of smoke rushed down from the blood-red moon, transforming into a gigantic net, and shrouded the area within tens of miles around.

Ji Hao hit a wisp of blood-red smoke, felt a stream of extremely soft and sticky power coil around his body, which slightly pushed him backwards. This power badly shocked Ji Hao, even making him feel dizzy and unable to see. He staggered back for hundreds of steps while gasping heavily. The power had just pushed him back to the stairs in front of the manor.

"Moon...Blood moon?" Ji Hao raised his head, gazing at the huge, blood-red moon in shock.

"Moon?" Man Man looked at Ji Hao carefully and asked, "What is a moon?"

Ji Hao stayed silent.

The night sky of the Southern Wasteland had always been and only been thickly dotted with countless different sized stars. Ji Hao somehow saw the moon from pieces of his own mysterious previous life's memory, but here in the Southern Wasteland, he had never seen the moon that should have been dominating the night sky. Therefore, to kids like Man Man, there wasn't such thing as a 'moon' that existed in this world. This was the first time that she had heard 'moon', the strange pronunciation, and it came from Ji Hao's mouth.

Ji Hao stared at the blood-red moon above in the sky. Although this was the first time he saw this thing in this life, he instinctively felt that this thing was called 'moon'. At the same time, he also felt that this blood-red moon, floating above the manor, was not a real moon that really existed over there, but was only a phantom.

The hazy blood-red smoke took the place of the watery mist that was caused by the heavy rain, rising from the ground. Within the blood-red smoke, tall, sturdy, and ferocious, ghost-like silhouettes slowly emerged one after another.

The Jia Clan warriors were standing in the blood-red smoke while laughing viciously in low voices. They were wearing heavy, full armours, covering every inch of their skins except for their faces. Two pairs of pupils shone in each of these Jia Clan warriors' eyes, as if they were the most ferocious ghosts that had come to the living world straight from hell.

Ji Hao took a quick glance, and found out that at least over a thousand Jia Clan warriors had come out from the surrounding area.

"Four-eyes?" Ying Yan yelled harshly, "Are you monsters from the Jia Clan? How dare you! You had invaded into our Southern Wasteland and captured our people, you have already committed a death crime! Now, how dare you come and harass our young master! You! Aren't you afraid of death?!"

"Look at what we have already done, now... can you tell us, are we afraid of death or not?" Di Luo laughed scornfully while slowly walking out of the smoke, with a red rose held in his hand. He threw a vicious smile towards Ji Hao, then said unhurriedly with a dramatic tone, "That little girl is very pretty, she must be worth a fortune, haha, don't you think so?"

Ying Yan shouted out in rage.

Di Luo suddenly pointed his finger at the sky. When he did that, the blood moon flashed in the sky, and a stream of blood-red light darted down from the moon towards Ying Yan. Ying Yan instantly let a great howl out in pain. In the next moment, a great cloud of blood-mist burst out from his left arm - the blood-red light stream chopped his entire left arm off from his body.

The blood moon then slightly spun in the sky, and another blood-red light stream flashed through the air. Ying Yan had just grabbed a red jade amulet out from his cloak, and before he could crush it, the blood-red light stream sliced his body into two pieces from the middle.

Blood splashed everywhere. Ying Yan's internal organs fell on the ground, flowing like streams. Even his soul had instantly been shattered by the power of the blood-red light stream.

Chapter 90: Opening the Sky

Was Ying Yan killed so easily?

Ying Yan just got killed so easily!!

Ji Hao felt that his entire body was frozen, as cold as ice. He gazed at the blood-red moon in the sky, and couldn't let any word out for quite a while.

He then slowly put Man Man down on the ground. Man Man's face had now been covered by tears. She was blinking her eyes rapidly and staring at Ying Yan's body, yelling with a trembling voice, "Old Yan! No...Old Yan! Please don't die...I...I'll never bully your grandchildren again...please don't die...no!"

While crying, Man Man grabbed Ji Hao's arm hard with both her hands. Her huge strength even made Ji Hao's arm bones emit a cracking sound. If Ji Hao hadn't absorbed large amounts of essence milk of the earth and one piece of essence crystal of the earth, his arm would have been broken by Man Man long ago.

Even then, Ji Hao still felt a great pain coming from his arms, which woke him up from his deepest despair, and forced him to focus on the current situation.

"Whatever this is, break!" Ji Hao shouted out, and then whispered a spell from the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]. Before his voice faded, from his right hand, a sphere of firelight spurted out and started transforming under the control of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]'s power. After absorbing enough natural power from the surrounding jungle, the fiery light had condensed into a sphere of glowing red lightning-bolts. Ji Hao threw the lightning-bolts sphere towards a wisp of blood-red smoke, which was about a thousand feet behind him, with all of his strength.

Followed by a loud boom, the sphere of fiery lightning bolts burst

against the wisp of blood-red smoke.

However, the blood-red smoke, that seemed hazy and weak, didn't even move a little bit. A huge flame and lighting had been caused by the explosion of the fiery lighting sphere, along with waves of scorching air, flying towards Ji Hao. Ji Hao's long hair blew upwards by the hot air and stood straight up towards the sky.

"It's useless! You stupid little bastard!" yelled Do Luo while crushing the rose in his hand into ashes. He then pointed his finger at Ji Hao and shouted furiously, "It's all useless! No matter how hard you try! It is the 'Hazy Blood Moon Ghost Killing' formation, a deadly formation! It's made by a powerful master with the blood-moon bloodline of the Xiu Clan! He made this especially for our Blood Fang! There is no way for you to break out of this formation, all you can do is raise your hands and wait to be captured by us!"

Di Luo pulled out a long sword, pointed the sword tip at Ji Hao, then continued, "I remember that you chopped off my arm and dug out my eyeball. You wild, stinky barbarian, what you have done to me, I will do it back to you! But hundreds, thousands of times worse!"

Man Man's guards ran down the stairs and stood in front of Man Man, forming a semicircle, while shielding Man Man and Ji Hao behind them.

"Young master! You go figure a way to get out of here, we will stall these guys!" said a guard in a low voice.

The pretty face of Man Man suddenly became embarrassed. She kept her head down, and slowly took out the red amulet that she had used to hurt the mountain god not long ago, and said in a low voice, "Without the sunrays, this amulet given by Abba can't be refilled using the energy of the sun. It's...useless now...Those other treasures that...Abba and Amma had given me, I didn't bring any of them with me, because I thought that they would be inconvenient."

The faces of the tens of guards suddenly became deadly pale, endless despair filling their pupils.

"Hehe..."

A sharp, dramatic laughter came from the blood-red smoke. Followed by the voice, Jiang Yao slowly walked out dramatically. She was wearing an extremely luxurious cloak, with one hand holding a bloody human head. After she walked out of the smoke, she threw the human head towards Ji Hao. The head rolled down the stairs along with rub-a-dub sounds, leaving large amounts of half curdled blood on the stairs.

Hundreds of dark skinned slave warriors of the Blood Fang walked out of the smoke while laughing viciously. Each of them had been holding a couple of human heads in their hands. They then threw those head down the stairs one after another. Thousands of human heads thudded against the stairs and rolled down, the scene was like the most horrible nightmare. A fury instantly hit right into Ji Hao's head from his heart.

These were the three thousand young boys and girls from the Fire Crow Clan, who had been all brought here by Ji Hao himself. They were all dead!

They were all brutally killed and beheaded.

Looking at the badly mutilated faces of theirs, Ji Hao couldn't even imagine how hopeless and fearful they were before they died.

"Jiang Yao!" Jia Hao roared, tendons standing out under Ji Hao's skin all over his body. He pointed his finger at Jiang Yao and growled hoarsely, "I will chop you into pieces! I will! Filthy bitch! And Ji Shu, Jiang Bo, anyone related to you! None of them can live!"

Jiang Yao slighted twisted the slim waist of hers, letting out a smile. She stood beside Di Luo, chuckled and crooked her finger towards Ji Hao and said, "Do you want to kill me? Come, just do it!

Look, so many kids of your Fire Crow Clan had been slaughtered by us, do you feel any pain about it? Do you?"

Ji Hao didn't respond, only glared at Jiang Yao.

"Scream, just scream it out. I know that it must be hurting badly, and you must be so angry! That's how I felt when you got Wu killed. This is how angry I was!" Jiang Yao's face gradually became twisted as she started screaming with a piercing voice, her beautiful eyes filled with blood, turning into a scary blood-red colour.

"Do you know how badly that hurt? My son! Wu! My only dearest son!" screamed Jiang Yao, "Even if he was going to be killed by someone, then that should have been me! Only I could do that! Not you bunch of lowly stupid Crow people!"

"I, Jiang Yao, am the daughter of the Master Maguspriest of the Bi Fang Clan! I have a noble bloodline and a noble family background! I am the noblest woman! My son, was also one of the noblest people in the world! And he! Got killed by you! You! A little bastard!" Jiang Yao had gone hysteric, not even being able to make a whole sentence, her fingers twisted like chicken claws, madly waving in the air.

"Run, struggle, hurry, do all you can and try to figure a way out of this!" Jiang Yao gasped heavily, waving her arms in the air, and growled, "Despair! Cry! Scream! Because you only have a quarter of an hour left! I give you a quarter of an hour so you can figure out how to get out of this formation! You should try your best to cry and scream and kneel down on the ground! And beg to live! If you can't get out, I will kill you! All of you!"

"Haha, you heard the lady."

Di Luo laughed out, then pointed his finger at the blood-moon in the sky. A beam of sharp, yet phantom-like blood-red light flashed through the air. In the next second, the mountain god, who had been standing in front of Man Man with both of his arms opened,

let out a muffled groan and his gigantic body then fell hard on the ground. A punctured hole was showing up on his forehead.

The mountain god's accompanying animal let out a shrill wail, running fast around the mountain god's body, and ceaselessly moaning like a hurt puppy.

The Blood-red light flashed across the air again and again. The tens of guards standing in front of Man Man fell down on the ground one after another. All of them were either punctured in the chests, or their stomachs were ripped apart and bared their squirming internal organs, or arms or legs been chopped off. Every single one of them had been seriously injured within a moment and fell onto the ground, and couldn't help but shout out in pain.

"Hurry! Ji Hao! I gave you a quarter of an hour to break out from the formation!" Jiang Yao's face was blushing in utmost excitement, laughing insanely as she yelled, "Don't say that I, your auntie, am bullying you. Once you break this formation, I will allow you another quarter of an hour to run away from us!"

Ji Hao growled in rage, turned around and threw tens of fiery lightning bolts onto the blood-red smoke wisp behind him.

Mr Crow, who had been standing on Ji Hao's shoulder all this time, let out a resonant call, flapped his wings and released a huge beam of flames towards the blood-red smoke, however, the wisp of blood-red smoke stayed absolutely still.

Di Luo sniffed, pointed his finger again at the blood-moon, and another beam of blood-red light darted over, puncturing Mr Crow's body from the chest to the tail. Mr Crow fell on Ji Hap's shoulder, unable to stop twitching while hot blood gushed out of his body.

"Kid, try to break this with only your own power, not this bloody huge crow!" Di Luo looked down at Ji Hao proudly, and laughed out loud as if he was the god who had been dominating the entire world.

Inside Ji Hao's spiritual space, the mysterious man opened his mouth and let out a resonant voice.

"Little guy, during all these days, I have been studying on your [Mantra Dan with Nice Secret Words]. I learned something interesting from it, combined it with my own power, and made something new."

"Let go of your mind and let me take control of your body temporarily. I will use the Sky-Opening with your body, which should be able to break this formation."

Without any hesitation, Ji Hao gnashed his teeth and instantly drew all of his spiritual power back into his Yuan Dan.

The mysterious man took a deep breath, and slowly stood up from the white, foggy flat. This seemed to be the first time that Ji Hao saw him standing up during all these years.

The mysterious man then made a weird posture. Followed by this move, Ji Hao's body made the same posture. Then, led by the mysterious man, Ji Hao thrust out the forefinger of his right hand, and drew a simple yet mysterious arc that was very hard to describe, in the air.

The skin and flesh on Ji Hao's finger suddenly exploded, leaving only the finger bone, which was shining with a dim light. The badly damaged finger of Ji Hao slightly touched the blood-red smoke, which had been blocking their way out, while spurting large amounts of blood.

Chapter 91: Runaway

Just like a flower bud that opened its first crack, and showed a slight little part of the soft and tender petal...

Just like a cocoon suddenly cracking, and the delicate newly grown wings slowly thrust out from it...

Just like the shell of a golden cicada that had just split up, and the patagium that came out of it along with a slight singing sound...

Just like the shooting stars that flew across the sky, and the lighting that tore apart the dark clouds; like the sun that had been blazing in the sky without any blockage, and the rivers rapidly flowing on the earth.

Countless illusions appeared in front of Ji Hao's eyes. Including the earth splitting up and the sky falling down; the sun rising and sinking over and over again; the gale which was soaring towards the sky and the clouds which were rolling like sea waves; the flowers blooming then withering; the rain came and stopped, the snow fell down and melted. At the moment when his finger slightly drew across the air, it felt like every secret of this entire world had been shown in front of his eyes. Ji Hao clearly saw that a lot of spell symbols had been hidden inside the blood-red light and formed a gigantic, complicated system, which seemed like a magic seal.

His finger drew across the air, just like a sharp sword cutting into the most fragile crack of the huge net that was formed by those spell symbols.

Just like how the flower bloomed, the cocoon cracked;just like the shell of the golden cicada which couldn't hold the thin, transparent patagium anymore; just like stars and the sun which had been following their own special, natural patterns that was existing since the beginning of the world, ceaselessly rotating, an

irresistible power tore the blood-red light apart, shattering the steady magical seal that was formed by the spell symbol system inside the light, and left a huge crack on the blood light.

"If there is a number that could represent the whole world, and it is fifty, forty-nine could be seen and used by us, while one would be hidden. In this vast world, there will always be a chance to break every single powerful treasure and formation. In other words, anything in this world, unless it had gone beyond the heaven and deeper than the underworld, has an exception to it. The Sky-opening move is pointing directly at the 'one' that is hidden inside this vast world. Once we find out the rip and hit it straight on, we can break any formation in this world," said the mysterious man while drawing the arc in the air with a resonant voice, "Such a shame, such a pity, such a sadness, but so be it. If I could have understood this back in my time, like I do now, there would be no way for me to end up like this. Little guy, what are you thinking about? Just run."

Ji Hao felt an incomparable pain coming from his soul. The Yuan Dan in his spiritual space was almost about to explode.

When he drew the arc along with the mysterious man's move, all kinds of illusions started flashing in front of his eyes, and all of the profound mysteries of this world had been clearly shown in front of his eyes. These abstruse, occult mysteries of the world were not something that Ji Hao could understand at the moment. He was like a tiny bug that stayed in the mud, which could never understand how those gods, who had been standing high above the sky, managed and ran this world.

The tiny and weak soul of Ji Hao was like a mirror, copying all of the worldly mysteries. What had been contained in this copy was not as much as one of the trillions of the real worldly mysteries. However, it had already almost burst and vanished Ji Hao's weak and fragile soul.

The mysterious man just lent a hand and broke the 'blood-moon

hazy ghost kill' formation. Not that Ji Hao didn't want to run at the moment, instead, his soul was about to explode, and couldn't support his body anymore.

Ji Hao started vomiting blood, cracks started emerging on his soul, and furthermore, a series of popping sounds came from inside his body.

After he had drawn that arc in the air, almost all of the muscles of Ji Hao's right forearm had been blowing away by the counterforce, which bared more than a half of his arm bones, causing it to shine with a dim and crystal light. The counter force went to the rest of his body along with his bone arms. Soon, countless small cracks appeared on his arms bones and started expanding towards inside his body, then the hand bone, shoulder bone, ribs, spine, leg bones...

Along with the sound of cracking bones, at least more than a half of Ji Hao's bones had been broken by the counterforce.

Even if his soul wasn't hurt, and still capable of controlling his body, this body wouldn't be able to move intensely.

However, a beam of light flashed through Man Man's pupils. She grabbed Ji Hao and threw Mr Crow, who had been badly wounded, into Ji Hao's arms, then carried Ji Hao onto her shoulder like a straw man, and started running with all of her power.

Man Man was extremely strong, and she ran like the strongest and most barbarous beast, even too blustering to be reasonably described.

She stamped her feet hard against the ground, and followed by a thunderous boom, a hundreds of feet wide and thousands of feet deep pit had been opened up in the ground. Man Man's body then was pushed up, darting straight into the dense jungle, leaving shreds of black afterimages behind her.

The jungle was filled with gigantic towering trees. Man Man

rushed a whole seven miles away using this single step. She glided across the air very close to the ground, and crushed at least hundreds of towering trees with her head. Behind her, countless trees were falling down onto the ground one after another. A straight and wide road had been opened up in the jungle by Man Man.

"Damn!" Di Luo quivered in fright, then slapped hard on his own face. He raised his head up and looked at the blood moon in the sky. A clearly visible crack had already appeared on the hazy phantom of the moon. He couldn't believe it, and let out a high-pitched scream, "This is the great powerful formation, made by a master of the Xiu Clan. This kid...how did he...how could he break this formation?! This was designed for the war!"

A vicious and greedy light shone in Jiang Yao's pupils. She screamed out as well, "This kid must have some great treasure with him! Capture that kid and the little girl! If they get away, you people will be unable to leave the Southern Wasteland alive!"

Di Luo sneered, raised his arm and pointed at the moon, a beam of blood-red light darted out towards the direction that Ji Hao and Man Man had ran to. Afterwards, the blood moon in the air suddenly shattered into countless fragments, turning into countless blood-red light spots and dissipated in the air, disappearing completely. The great formation that had shrouded the entire area for nearly tens of miles around, had suddenly collapsed.

Throwing a satisfied glance at Jiang Yao, Di Luo said confidently, "My dear Magusprіestess, our Blood Fang are very powerful, even you have no idea about how powerful we really are. This Southern Wasteland is nothing but a barbaric, stinking land. We can come and leave as we want, nobody can hold us back, no one."

Jiang Yao let out a creepy grin towards Di Luo, whispered a name, and said, "That little girl, was his daughter. His youngest, most beloved daughter! And that little girl's Amma is from an even

more noble family, her Amma is..."

Di Luo's face suddenly darkened and twisted. He gazed at Jiang Yao with panic and despair filled in his face, abruptly leaping up as he screamed, "Go! After them! We must get the little girl and the kid killed! Destroy every trace that was left by us here! All traces! Every single, slightest trace! We can't leave even a hint of scent or the tiniest hair here! Destroy them all! Destroy this place! Destroy!"

Di Luo nearly went mad. He pointed his finger at Jiang Yao's face and yelled, "You crazy woman! Do you want to get us killed? You are getting us killed! The Blood Fang...the Blood Fang can't deal with those horrible guys, I, I, I have to...have to make this right...I made a huge mistake..."

Jiang Yao exaltedly looked at Di Luo, who had fallen into a panic and didn't know what to do. She then laughed with a cold voice and said, "If not so, how could I say that, if you kill everybody in this manor, Ji Hao would be doomed. If that little girl died, not only Ji Hao, but also everyone related to him would have to die!"

All of Jia Clan warriors that had been following Di Luo shouted out aloud, and rushed towards the jungle along the broad road that had been opened up by Man Man when she carried Ji Hao and ran away.

The tens of guards of Man Man let out a last roar, struggled up from the ground and rushed towards those Jia Clan warriors, and tried their best to stop these monsters.

Heavy swords and axes were raised up high in the air and chopped down towards the tens of guards. Soon, all of them had become piles of dead body parts. Over thousands of Jia Clan warriors and ten thousands slave warriors of the Blood Fang, who seemed like the most vicious monsters that had gotten out of the hell, were chasing into the jungle while yelling and shouting.

Chapter 92: Injuries

The endless rain seemed as if it was dominating the entire world.

Man Man was carrying Ji Hao on her shoulder and running madly towards the North, like a fly without a head. While running, Man Man would let out a few sobs from time to time. Tears mixed with the rainwater, and only a pair of red eye-sockets could be seen.

Man Man had purely relied on her instinct, running as fast as she could. She couldn't even think of covering the traces she was leaving behind her. She ran two to three miles with a single step, and her terrifying strength left deep and huge pits on the ground every few miles. Her strong body smashed countless trees. With all these traces she had left behind her, even blind people could have easily found her.

Ji Hao breathed with difficulty. From inside the Yuan Dan in his spiritual space, silvery phoenix calls were coming out occasionally.

The drop of phoenix blood that the mysterious man had given had only tentatively merged with Ji Hao's body before. This time, Ji Hao's soul had almost exploded; this strike somehow completely triggered the drop of phoenix blood, which had been hidden in his soul all this time. The phoenix blood drop had now turned into large amounts of purple mist and was merging with Ji Hao's soul.

Ji Hao's soul was like a china bottle that had been nearly shattered by the force of the blood-red smoke. With the power of the phoenix blood, those cracks on his soul started to heal. Slowly, a mysterious, beautiful and novel purple light started flashing from deep inside his soul. The Yuan Dan, which was about to disintegrate, now quickly recovered under the nourishment of the purple mist, and started rotating fast. Soon, the rotating Yuan Dan began to extract the natural power from the surrounding jungle and was absorbing those powers to replenish its own, and healing

itself.

Along with the self-healing of the Yuan Dan and soul, Ji Hao finally got a slight trace of consciousness back.

He raised his head from Man Man's shoulder. Abruptly, a slight wisp of purple mist flashed deep across the insides of his pupils. The world in his sight suddenly changed weirdly. At this moment, within the area of about twenty miles in radius, within which Ji Hao's spiritual power could reach, the paths of every single drop of rain could be seen clearly by Ji Hao, and the routes of every single gust of wind could be easily perceived by him as well.

Within this moment, Ji Hao accurately predicted the movement of every single raindrop, in the next moment, he calculated the effect that every single gust of wind had on every single drop of rain. He could also clearly measure the sizes, weights, shapes of these raindrops, as well as the changes they would undergo by the air-friction.

This was almost an almighty and supreme ability.

Ji Hao had been immersed in this magical situation that was beyond description for about one billionth of a seconds, and tne completely ran out of the slight little bit soul power that he had just recovered back. Ji Hao spat a mouthful of blood out, shook his head in a flurry, and forced himself to come out from that magical state.

This state was not for Ji Hao to reach with his current power. Not to mention that he was only a Junior Magi, Ji Hao even wondered if those that were Senior Magi, or even Magus Kings ,were qualified to touch a magical world like that.

"Old man, you almost got me killed!" Ji Hao complained in his head, even silently cursing the mysterious man for a while.

Sky-opening, which the mysterious man used to break the formation, just had ripped a thick, heavy curtain apart in front of

Ji Hao, showing a magical world that was even harder to imagine for Ji Hao. However, even a single dirt of this world was way beyond the limit of Ji Hao's soul and spiritual power. Although he had gained benefits that he didn't know how to explain for now, but this had still almost gotten him killed.

Breathing deeply, Ji Hao tried his best to breathe with the special method of the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words]. The natural power and life-force energy became a different coloured mist and was continuously being absorbed by Ji Hao's body. The multicoloured flame in Ji Hao's lower belly was blazing; the tens of Senior Magi's blood that he had gained from the ones who had been killed by him while fighting against the allied forces not long ago, were now floating above the multicoloured flame. Around seventy percent of the Senior Magi blood that hadn't been digested by the flame yet was now shining with a bright light, transforming into streams of multicoloured light, and nourishing Ji Hao's entire body.

Both Ji Hao's body and soul were being nourished by the lights and the cracks on Ji Hao's bones started to heal quickly as well.

Ji Hao got some of his power back. He raised his head, looked at the sky, then glanced at the jungle's surrounding, gnashed his teeth in pain and said, "Man Man, are you running towards the North? No, don't run that way, not the North. The Fire Crow Clan is already the most northern clan of the Southern Wasteland. If we any go further up north, nothing and no one would be there, except for completely primitive land."

Man Man had been muddle-headed and was running without any thought for this time. Hearing Ji Hao's words, she trembled, stopped running, and stared at Ji Hao at a loss while sobbing, her face filled with sadness and confusion, and asked, "Then where should we go? Old Yan...Old Yan died, Old Yan has been killed by them...no...my friends Xing, Hua, they...they're going to be so sad..."

Man Man cried out like a helpless poor little baby.

She was a few months younger than Ji Hao. Even in the Southern Wasteland, she was only a little kid, not to mention that she had been such a spoiled kid ever since she was a newborn baby. Ying Yan had always taken care of everything for her, so how could she ever have suffered through any danger like this?

Carrying Ji Hao and running out was already way beyond her experiences and capability, but this proved that this little girl had a conscience and was extra faithful to friends.

Just after crying for a short while, Man Man abruptly spew a mouthful of blood out onto Ji Hao's face and body. Man Man's blood was extremely hot, as hot as the boiling lava that even burned Ji Hao's skin with a sizzling sound, nearly making him scream out in pain.

This was the might of the great bloodline power that Man Man's blood possessed, hidden inside Man man's body. However, this little girl hadn't activated this unimaginable powerful bloodline during all this time, and had only depended on her physical strength in running this far.

"Man Man, you're hurt!" Ji Hao struggled down from Man Man's shoulder, and looked at her back.

Man Man's back was badly mutilated, and even Ji Hao couldn't help but gasp out of astonishment after seeing it, and instantly started feeling anxious for Man Man.

When Man Man carried Ji Hao and rushed into the jungle, Di Luo had released all of the Blood Moon's power before it collapsed, and threw a deadly attack at Man Man. Because the formation was completely broken after that, the attack had missed the vital parts of Man Man's body, only hitting on the right side of her back.

After Man Man had beaten the mountain god and turned him into her slave, she had gone to the mountain god's nest and

mischievously gathered all kinds of precious stones in that cave. Back then, she felt that the armour she was wearing was a hindrance, so she had taken it off; now she was only wearing a long dress made of golden-red silk.

Obviously, this long dress was also some kind of a powerful magic treasure, almost blocking the attack launched by the Blood-Moon with all of its remaining power. On Man Man's back, the long dress had been shining with a bright light, and a lot of spell symbols were flashing on the surface of the dress.

However, the Blood-Moon was way too powerful. It had opened a baby-fist-sized hole on the long dress, and therefore, the right side of Man Man's back was nearly punctured. Through the bloody wound, Ji Hao saw her bone, which was glowing red and blazing like living charcoal, and her lungs, which were squirming and spurting huge pieces of flame.

Her lung was badly injured, so every time she tried to talk, a mouthful of blood would spew out from her mouth.

With such a serious wound, this little girl, who had never been through any kind of life-threatening danger, had carried Ji Hao on her shoulder and ran this far for such long time.

"Good Man Man, if it wasn't for you, we both would have died." Ji Hao was frightened by Man Man's wound. These kind of wounds would kill any ordinary people instantly. Fortunately, Man Man had an extremely strong body, so this wound only caused some effects to talking and moving abilities, and was not really threatening her life.

Man Man grabbed Ji Hao's sleeve while weeping, and looked at Ji Hao with a pair of eyes that were filled with tears.

Ji Hao had woken up, so Man Man, the little girl, suddenly lost her bravery, and didn't even know where to run.

A few swishing sounds came from behind them. They had only

stopped and talked for a short while, and the Blood Fang had already caught up.

Ji Hao gently rubbed Mr Crow, who had been huddled up in his arm and was trembling, held Man Man up, and carefully leapt high into the air, going into the misty, dense jungle.

Unlike Man Man, who could even shake the earth while running, Ji Hao wasn't leaving even the slightest of trail behind him. He brought Man Man and disappeared into the dense jungle, just like a real phantom.

Chapter 93: Running away From the Killers

"Medicine, medicine, life-saving medicine!"

In the heavy rain, Ji Hao carried Man Man, whose body was boiling hot, and carefully climbed onto a tree, searching for medicine in the dense branches and leaves.

One 'Life-Connecting Grass', one 'Hundred-Knot Golden Vine', three 'Tiger Tusk Swirling Blue Bloom'...The rainy season was a huge problem, not only for animals, but also for the herbal medicines, which could be easily found in other seasons but had now strangely disappeared.

Only under the trees, where there were extremely dense branches and leaves piled up, and wasn't soaked in the rainwater, could some useful and sufficiently powerful herbal medicines be found.

After a quarter of an hour, Ji Hao put the few herbs he had found into his palm, crushed them into liquid, and slowly dripped it into Man Man's mouth. Man Man subconsciously swallowed the herbal liquid. Her scorching hot body cooled down a little bit, and the wounds on her back stopped bleeding. A very fast, transparent, thin film appeared, barely sealing the wound.

"Man Man, from now on, you have to learn some life-saving abilities," said Ji Hao in a low voice, while he carried her on his back and tied her and himself together tightly with a long vine, "This is the Southern Wasteland, no matter how powerful your Amma and Abba are, how many brothers and sisters you have, and how many people are following your orders and working for you, in the Southern Wasteland, you can only survive if you are strong enough!"

Carefully climbing along a branch, Ji Hao surprisingly found a star mushroom, which was shining with a faint, silvery light, located besides a large bird nest. This kind of mushroom had

absorbed the power of the stars for years, and contained an incomparably vast energy, which could be used as an effective medicine.

This was the best quality material for making advanced magical medicines. Of course, it could also be directly eaten, after which its power would be released inside the human body.

Inside the large bird nest, two gigantic 'Golden Head Turtledoves' had been huddled up together. Occasionally, raindrops splashed on their bodies, causing the two huge birds to quiver slightly, but their closed eyes never opened.

Ji Hao slowly put his hands towards the mushroom, while whispering to Man Man, "Like those life-saving treasures given by your Abba and Amma, no matter if they're magic treasures or medicines, you should always carry them with you. You have already seen, even uncle Ying Yan couldn't always protect you."

Man Man nodded while tightly grabbing Ji Hao's shoulder with both of her hands, looking at Ji Hao's movements nervously.

She didn't know what a star mushroom was, with her family background, she didn't need to learn this kind of stuff at all. Ever since she was a little girl, all kinds of magical medicines that she needed, even those legendary, secretively inherited medicines, would be eagerly offered to her by lots of Maguspriests.

She only knew that what Ji Hao was now trying to pick would be good for her body; at least, the herbal liquid that Ji Hao had fed her during the journey had made her wounds start healing, and her body felt a lot better now.

Man Man had already made up her mind that she would keep Ji Hao's words in her mind, and would never throw away those magical medicines and treasures which were given by Abba, randomly.

This time, she got injured, but she couldn't even find a single life-

saving pill on her; among those magical medicine that were given by Abba, there were countless kinds of medicines that could easily bring the dead back to life. As for magical treasures, if she didn't feel inconvenient and brought a couple of those powerful magical treasures with her, she could have easily broken even the horrible Blood Moon formation launched by Di Luo with those magical treasures.

"Man Man was wrong, Man Man is useless!" murmured Man Man in a very low voice, while gnashing her teeth.

"You're not wrong, your Abba was wrong." Ji Hao gently patted Man Man's head and said, in the meanwhile, the other hand of his had grabbed the star mushroom.

Man Man suddenly popped out her eyes and stared at Ji Hao in shock, as if she heard some incredible thing - Did Ji Hao say that her Abba was wrong? In the entire Southern Wasteland, no one ever dared to say such a thing about her Abba; Ji Hao had said it so easily and naturally, and more weirdly, she didn't feel any inappropriateness about Ji Hao's words.

Her Abba really seemed wrong.

If she had a little bit more fighting experience in the jungle, and a slightly little bit more sense of danger...and if she hadn't been spoiled since she was a little girl, instead, practicing hard like Ji Hao, with the noble bloodline of hers, she could have activated her bloodline power long ago. And if that had been the case, why would she be afraid of the Blood Fang, who had been hunting them in the jungle?

"Abba was wrong, so was Man Man!" Man Man gnashed her teeth tightly. The wound on her back suddenly twitched, and a stream of horrible, evil power attacked her entire body along with the blood vessels. Man Man was afraid that Ji Hao would worry about her and get distracted, so she gnashed her teeth, and spent all of her power to hold back the pain, which made her feel like all of her

internal organs were being stirred by sharp blades.

Ji Hao grabbed the star mushroom, pulling it backwards very slowly while vigilantly staring at the two gigantic birds in the nest.

'Golden Head Turtledoves' were not one of those brutal birds, however, their voices were especially sharp and resonant, able to transmit in the jungle over a very long distance. If he ever disturbed these two birds and made them call out, they might not be able to hide from those Blood Fang warriors, who had been madly searching for Man Man and him in the jungle.

Nevertheless, the thing Ji Hao was worried most about happened at this exact moment. One of the two 'Golden Head Turtledoves' suddenly opened its eyes. Ji Hao reacted really fast, thrusting out his right arm at lightning speed which was still covered in blood, and grabbed the neck of this huge bird, twisting it until it broke with a cracking sound.

However, the other 'Golden Head Turtledove' shrilly called out in fright, while popping its eyes open, and madly flapping its wings.

The resonant chirps of the bird had transmitted nearly a thousand feet far within one moment. Right after the bird had called out, sounds of people quickly running on water simultaneously came from two directions - two thousand and five-hundred feet away from the tree that Ji Hao had climbed on on the left side and one thousand and seventy feet away on the right side of the tree. After only the span of one breath, two groups of dark-skinned Blood Fang's slave warriors rushed out from both sides of the jungle; one group had eight warriors while the other group had twelve warriors.

"They're here!" Fourteen Blood Fang slave warriors raised their heavy swords high and rushed towards the tree. Among the rest of the six warriors, five of them pulled out long bows with metal strings opened, and shot over thirty long arrows towards Ji Hao in a row while the last warrior flicked his hand and threw a fingertip-

sized round ball into the air.

The round ball broke large amounts of branches and leaves and flew into the air thousands of feet high from the ground, then exploded along with a thunderous boom.

A phantom of a blood fang appeared in the air. In the meanwhile, sharp whistles came from the surrounding jungles, as one fell, another rose. Large groups of Blood Fang's warriors had been rushing over.

Ji Hao let out a loud roar, pulling the long sword out while jumping down from the branch, with his face towards the ground and feet towards the sky. Thirty arrows swished across the air and shot into the tree trunk, followed by rub-a-dub sounds; a few of the arrows almost able to scratch his body.

These arrows were all shot out with great strength. All of those three-feet short arrows had easily punctured the gigantic tree trunk that would take seven to eight people to hold their arms around it, leaving human-head-sized holes.

Ji Hao fell down with his head towards the ground. In the air, his body weirdly-spun around while fleetingly waving his right arm. He hacked towards the fourteen warriors with the sharp longsword that he had seized from a Black Water Serpent Clan Senior Magus' hands. The sword sent out countless cold light spots, and silently swung towards those Blood Fang's warriors along with a weird, magical arc.

While waving his arm, Ji Hao had added a subtle and slight trace of power that he had learned from the Sky Opening launched by the mysterious man earlier.

The light thrown out by the sword seemed occult and mysterious, and straight away split the attacks launched by the fourteen Blood Fang warriors apart through the weakest point of their attacks, subsequently puncturing their throats. The power released from the sword swept the entire area and sent fourteen

bloody human heads flying into the air. A sphere of golden, fiery light appeared behind Ji Hao's body within which, a pair of fiery wings flashed across the air, and brought Ji Hao and Man Man into the dense jungle.

Hundreds of Blood Fang warriors gushed out of the surrounding jungles, however, not even a trace of Ji Hao could be found.

Chapter 94: Fight and Kill

Twenty of Blood Fang's slave warriors had been carefully walking in the dense jungle in a line, like the most ferocious and cunning hyenas. In the meanwhile, they were observing the surrounding areas down to the slightest spot, trying to find a trace of Ji Hao.

The endless downpour of rain had brought tremendous troubles for their hunting, but they all believed that they could find Ji Hao. Di Luo had promised them that the team which would be able to catch Ji Hao alive would, as a reward, be freed from slavery and become decent Blood Fang warriors.

In order to get rid of their status as slaves and earn themselves a bright future, all of the Blood Fang's slave warriors had steeled their nerves and swore that they would capture Ji Hao alive. The last thing they would allow to happen here was to let that little bastard, Ji Hao, who had brought a badly wounded little girl with him, successfully get away.

Right above this group of slave warriors, on a branch, Ji Hao had been calmly looking at these dark skinned warriors who had been chasing him. Ji Hao's entire body was covered in branches and leaves, and completely merged with the shade of the tree. He had triggered the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], and perfectly restrained the sense of power that was being released from his own body; he had even temporarily stopped his own heart from beating.

Taking a deep breath, Ji Hao focused on gathering his power. When the twelve slave warriors slowly walked past the tree that Ji Hao was hiding on, he quickly locked his fingers together and performed a spell in a low voice. His Yuan Dan, which had completely absorbed the drop of phoenix blood and become many times more solid than before, started to rotate rapidly, sending out all of the power contained in the Yuan Dan within a moment.

Within a radius of a thousand feet, every drop of rain was simultaneously frozen into silver-white ice crystals.

Countless white, long ropes, condensed from the ice crystals, were twisting in the air, and swinging towards those slave warriors like silhouettes of a snake that came from the most horrible nightmare, even covering the sky.

Those dark-skinned slave warriors screamed out in both rage and fear, madly waving the weapons in their hands and trying to break those ice-ropes that were coming towards them from all directions. However, there were too many of those ropes and they were too thick. After they chopped one rope off, countless ropes would come after it and coil around their bodies.

Necks, wrists, ankles and waists...The bodies of these slave warriors were soon tightly bound by those ice-ropes that had been releasing a bone-piercing cold power. Even though they were struggling hard, they were unable to break loose within a short amount of time. The cold power ceaselessly drilled into their bodies, slowly making their bodies stiff and paralyzed.

They madly shouted out, praying that their companions could hear their voices and come over to save them.

However, Ji Hao had taken control of the entire area within a thousand miles around him; all kinds of fluctuation of the air were under Ji Hao's control, which meant that the voices of those slave warriors would never be able to be transmitted through the air.

Ji Hao held the long sword in his hands and leapt down from the tree. He narrowed his eyes, and saw the mysterious, magic arc loomingly appear in front of his eyes in his mind that he had drawn along with the mysterious man's movement, at the time the mysterious man was controlling his body and launched Sky-Opening. He followed the exact same arc, waved his arms and threw out tens of beams of lights from the sword. The bright and sharp sword lights agilely skipped those interweaving ice-ropes,

and accurately ripped the throats of those slave warriors apart.

Not even a drop of blood came out of the bodies - all of the fresh blood inside the bodies of these slaves warriors had been frozen.

Ji Hao quickly searched their bodies, found a small leather pack from the leader of this team, and poured a handful of round pills out of it. Ji Hao then slowly put these pills near his nose and took a sniff. Afterwards, he frowned, threw all the pills onto the ground and stamped them deep into the mud.

Those pills quickly melted in the mud, turning into a dark-green, thick liquid, and started corroding the surrounding soil. Soon, a human-head-sized hole had appeared in the ground.

"Jiang Yao, you are so clever! It seems that all of the life-saving medicines these slave warriors have are poisons." Ji Hao locked his fingers back together, and slightly waved his arms. The frozen rain water melted all at once, turning back into transparent rain drops and fell back on the ground, along with a clattering sound.

Standing in the storm, large amounts of natural energy and power swooshed into Ji Hao's mouth and were absorbed by his body. After flowing along the meridians for a while, a wisp of purple smoke slowly puffed into his spiritual space and was absorbed by the Yuan Dan, which had been rotating rapidly.

After the span of only tens of breaths, the Yuan Dan that had ran out of power just now was fully refilled, and even improved a bit.

After the quick consuming and refilling during these couple of days, the originally foggily hazy Yuan Dan had now condensed into a bean-sized sphere which was nearly solid, looking as if it had been forged from purple gold. Only needing a special moment, Ji Hao could then transform his Yuan Dan into a genuine substance, upgrading it into a new level that he never had been able to reach, not even in his previous life.

Once the Yuan Dan transformed into a genuine substance, not

only could Ji Hao's power be improved by hundreds of times, all of the other magical sorceries he had learned before would also gain more unpredictable possibilities.

"Just a little bit more." Ji Hao gnashed his teeth and murmured. His ears slightly moved along with the wind. In the storm, a subtle footstep sounding thousands of feet away clearly reached his ear, "But fortunately, the power of Yuan Dan at the moment is enough, at least my five senses have been improved by more than tens times."

Slightly waving her hands, Man Man carefully jumped down from the tree with a pale face. Ji Hao carried her on his back, carefully checked the tree trunk, avoided the direction which the sound of footstep came from, and walked towards the North with big steps.

Their opportunities were in the South, however, within the area of hundreds of miles around, the paths that lead to the South had all been completely blocked. Unless Ji Hao wanted to meet those horrible Jia Clan warriors, who he was not yet powerful enough to deal with, he could only go North.

Both, the Fire Crow Clan and Man Man's father's territories were in the South.

Every step he moved further towards the North, the more dangerous the road would be, but Ji Hao had no other choices. He could only head to the North first, and try his best to survive the hunting of the Blood Fang, then figure out a way back to the South. Neither Man Man nor he himself was powerful enough to fight against the Blood Fang at the moment.

After Ji Hao left, all of the raindrops that surrounded those dead bodies of the slave warriors, who were killed by Ji Hao just now, suddenly shattered into a watery mist. Besides the twenty dead Blood Fang's slave warriors, a gigantic silhouette over four meters tall silently emerged. This was a bronze-skinned Jia Clan warrior,

with two pairs of brightly shining eyes and two heavy saw-tooth machetes held in his hands. This Jia Clan warrior took a glance at those dead bodies, then stamped his foot against the ground in anger.

Stamped by the Jia Clan warrior, the piece of ground within the radius of a thousand feet silently shook, and tens of towering trees suddenly turned into wooden fragments, falling to the ground. The Jia Clan warrior slightly twitched his nose, then grinned ear to ear.

"Little bastards, I smell the scent of blood from you. Not the boy, but the little girl!"

He let out a creepy smile, then chased after Ji Hao. The gigantic body of the Jia Clan warrior seemed as light as that of a phantom. When running in the jungle, he didn't make even the slightest sound. He rushed towards the direction that Ji Hao just had gone to, and while running, his nose was twitching intensely, trying to catch the slight traces of the scent that was left by Ji Hao and Man Man in the storm.

Every Jia Clan warrior had a certain part of their body that was extremely strengthened. Without a doubt, this Jia Clan warrior's special ability was his nose. His nose was hundreds, even thousands of times more sensitive than his other clansmen, making him the top-rank hunter amongst the entire Blood Fang.

"Award. Hm, hm. That kid Di Luo, though he's a bit crazy, but he is much more generous than Lord Di Sha. That scary man, Di Sha has left, and with Di Luo's personality, we will get much more benefits." The Jia Clan warrior laughed in a low voice while running, "This is not bad, not bad at all."

Ji Hao wouldn't risk using any special abilities or magic, and only used a skill that could lighten his own body, and was running in the jungle as fast as he could.

He had to carefully choose the landing spot; soft soil, thick moss, dropped tree barks...too many things could leave traces and lead

the enemies to them. In order to keep Man Man and himself alive, he had to be extremely cautious.

Blocking their way was a thousand of feet tall cliff. Ji Hao frowned and looked at the surrounding jungle, thinking about how to climb up.

Three miles behind him, the Jia Clan warrior had been twitching his nose and located Ji Hao's direction.

Laughing with an odd voice, the Jia Clan warrior abruptly leapt high into the air, flew across the three miles within a moment, then shouted out aloud and threw a heavy punch towards Man Man, who had been carried on Ji Hao's back.

"Little thing, you're mine!"

Chapter 95: Kill the Monster

The cliff which was over a thousand feet tall and miles in length, blocked Ji Hao's way like a city wall.

Ji Hao had been thinking about how to climb up to the cliff-top without leaving a trace behind, in the meanwhile, he didn't relax his vigilance for even a little bit.

Once the Jia Clan warrior leapt up into the air, Ji Hao had located his direction and predicted his movement. When the Jia Clan warrior split the air and flew towards Ji Hao like a shooting star, attempting to throw a punch at Man Man, who had been carried on Ji Hao's back, Ji Hao turned his head back and let out a great shout with his fingers locked together.

The dark pupils of his suddenly turned into a golden-red colour, and nine looming spell symbols started rotating fast around both his pupils.

Ji Hao's sensitive soul power suddenly spread towards the surrounding area, like an octopus which had stretched all of its tentacles. In this moment, Ji Hao felt like he was the god of this small area; he clearly sensed the existence of the vast and unmeasurable universal power surrounding him.

Although he was still too weak, and could only borrow a tiny little bit of the inexhaustible universal power from the surrounding jungle, it was enough for him to save himself and Man Man from this sudden danger.

Ji Hao loudly chanted the [Mantra Dan with Nine Secret Words], and at the same time, he gathered all of his spiritual power into his Yuan Dan. In the very next moment, the power of Yuan Dan gushed out like a roaring wave, suddenly drawing the universal power, which was hundreds of times greater than Ji Hao's own power, inwards. The ground started shaking slightly; a stone wall, tens of feet thick, came out of the ground in front of the Jia Clan

warrior and blocked his way.

At the same time, Ji Hao growled out and let out his fiery wings. The pair of glowing, fiery wings flapped instantly and brought Ji Hao and Man Man up on top of the thousand feet tall cliff within a minute and disappeared into the boundless dense jungle on the cliff-top; only shreds of afterimages had been left behind.

Ji Hao hadn't used the fiery wings before the Jia Clan warrior showed up, because he was afraid that the sense of power that would be released from the fiery wings would alert the Blood Fang's warriors.

However, since some of them had already found him, then the only choice he had was do whatever he could and get away to the cliff-top, leaving as soon as possible.

At the moment when Ji Hao triggered his power, he clearly saw the cruelty and greediness, which was as great as a tsunami, in all of the four eyes of that Jia Clan Warrior, who had tried to sneak attack them from behind. He instantly read the Jia Clan warrior's mind - This guy had been attempting to get all the credit for himself! Di Luo must have had promised a wealthy reward for the warriors who could capture Ji Hao alive, and this Jia Clan warrior wanted to have all of those rewards all for himself!

One of the preconditions of monopolizing all of the credit was that there had to be no other Jia Clan warriors around, who would be able to compete with this one, nearby. This meant that no other Jia Clan warriors were present within the area for ten miles around. Thinking like this, Ji Hao fully released the power of the fiery wings and directly flew onto the cliff-top.

Followed by a muffled boom, the Jia Clan warrior shattered the stone wall that had been summoned by Ji Hao, with a heavy punch. Afterwards, the gigantic body of his flashed across the air like a ghost, and reached the cliff-top as well. Another step forwards, the Jia Clan warrior had also disappeared into the dense

jungle, and left few hazy afterimages behind.

Warriors from the Jia Clan were tall and sturdy, however, with their own special and secret fighting abilities, their movements were also agile and flexible, even a bit faster than the current Ji Hao. The gigantic Jia Clan warrior soon caught up with Ji Hao after a few rise-and-fall motions, closely following him in the jungle.

"Little guy, I have already found you, you can never run away!" the Jia Clan warrior was gasping heavily in excitement, while laughing viciously in a low voice, and said, "If you just stop running and kneel on the ground, and surrender to me, I promise I will only break your legs and arms, and won't do any more brutal things to you."

"But, if you keep running, then, do not blame me for doing some things to you...and this little girl. Those things would be beautiful to hear and see to me, but a little bit too cruel to you...especially this little girl! Lord Di Luo only said to kill her, never mentioned what method to use!"

The Jia Clan warriors laughed out cruelly; a trace of primitive beastliness could be sensed from his laughter.

Ji Hao spun his body fast, bringing up swirling winds, and avoided a few huge trees that were in the way.

However, that Jia Clan warrior had been running as fast as a gust of wind. His movements were more agile and speedier than Ji Hao, and his steps were bigger and faster than Ji Hao as well. He jinked for a few times and easily avoided the couple of trees, then abruptly appeared in front of Ji Hao, blocking Ji Hao's way with his sturdy body, as if it was a thick wall.

The Jia Clan warrior was worried that he might hack Ji Hao to death, so he put the pair of heavy and long saw-tooth machete back into their sheaths, then spread his hands and slapped downwards towards Ji Hao. An odd swishing sound came from the air,

followed by which, the pair of palms of the Jia Clan warrior suddenly expanded many times larger, beating towards Ji Hao's head like two hills, along with a fierce gust of wind.

This was probably one of the special abilities of the Jia Clan warriors. The Jia Clan warrior had completely blocked all of the possible directions for Ji Hao to flee only with a pair of hands.

The fierce wind that was brought up by the pair of huge hands, which had suddenly swelled many times larger, made Ji Hao feel like it was hard to breathe. The air in surrounding area seemed frozen, and the daylight had dimmed down. Even the space seemed to be twisting along with the movements of the Jia Clan warrior's pair of hands.

"You can never run away! Never!", yelled the Jia Clan warrior. He then started murmuring, "All of the rewards that Lord Di Luo had promised, are mine! And...that pretty Maguspriestess...hehe...maybe, I could have some extra benefits too."

Ji Hao sensed an ice-cold despair in his own heart. His pupils shrank to the size of a needlepoint as he stared at the Jia Clan Warrior with a cold expression.

Almost all of the Jia Clan warriors had reached the Senior Level. Their movements were more agile and faster, and their strength was much greater than his. Moreover, their five senses were more sensitive than Ji Hao. They had suppressed Ji Hao from all aspects, therefore, standing in front of them, if Ji Hao showed even a slight trace of hesitation or fear, both Man Man and he could only die.

"When people come into an unavoidable confrontation, the dauntless one will win!" said Ji Hao, before letting out a deep growl. Suddenly, all of his meridians swelled inside his body - he had activated the Fall of the Nine Stars, a life-risking fighting magic which was contained in the [Mantra Dan of Nine Secret Words]. In his previous life, the Fall of the Nine Stars was a

horrifying fighting magic that would cost the user's life. After Ji Hao had activated this magic, countless cracks appeared on his internal organs.

While spewing blood, Ji Hao grinned coldly and puffed out his chest, facing the Jia Clan warrior's palm that was coming down towards him.

"Do not struggle, it's all useless!" laughed the Jia Clan warrior scornfully. Although he wasn't the most powerful warrior of the Blood Fang, and was only a warrior with the speciality in tracking, he still had the power at the Senior level... how could Ji Hao compete with him?

A desperate little wild cat could never beat a lion!

The Jia Clan warrior was laughing madly and silently. His greedy eyes took a glance at the little face of Man Man, which seemed especially lovely and delicate in fear and panic. In the next moment, his hands heavily slapped on Ji Hao's chest, which had been puffed out and was expecting his attack.

When his hands hit Ji Hao's chest, the Jia Clan warrior even subconsciously retracted fifty percent of the power, because he didn't want to smash Ji Hao to death.

The tight armour worn by Ji Hao, made by Po, instantly released a faint and clear light. The light quickly condensed into a dim silhouette of lotus, firmly blocking the incredible power that came from the Jia Clan warrior's palms.

Gold Crow Armour, the fourth special ability of Ji Hao, had been activated as well. Countless feather-like spell symbols emerged on Ji Hao's skin, split and softened the hurricane that was transformed by the horrible power of the Jia Clan Warrior's hands which then blew past Ji Hao's body.

The perfect Sky-Opening, launched by the mysterious man, flashed back in front of Ji Hao's eyes in his mind. Ji Hao then

thrust his right hand while the cracking sounds continuously came from all of the bones, muscles and tendons all over his body, as if his body couldn't bear his power anymore - with the power of the Fall of the Nine Stars, he forcibly launched the most powerful Sky-Opening that he could reach with his current power.

A dim light flashed on his finger tip. Ji Hao's finger was like the finger of a ghost, nimbly breaking through the only slight gap between his two hands, and lightly pointed at the Jia Clan warrior's throat.

With only one attack, the adam's apple of the Jia Clan warrior was shattered, and his neck bone was broken into pieces. The Jia Clan warrior could only let out a very muffled moan, then fell to the ground with his face towards the sky.

Soon, the huge head of the Jia Clan Warrior exploded. Ji Hao staggered, almost rolling into the jungle while vomiting large amounts of blood.

Chapter 96: First Kill

"The two little kids! They're just nearby!"

A three-eyed young man squatted on the ground, and lightly dipped his finger in the little bit of blood on the ground that had been spat out by Ji Hao. The man then sneered and said in a deep voice, "He is gravely hurt to the bones and internal organs. It is so bad that he can't even run."

The three-eyed young man then thrust his tongue out, put the slight bit of blood on the tip of his tongue and carefully tasted it, then affirmed, "He is only thirty miles away from here, at the most. Lord Di Luo, he is indeed seriously injured, and this blood was spat out by him not long ago, he couldn't have run too far."

Di Luo was standing beside this young man. The handsome face of his had now gone purple with rage. Wind-like shadows had been flashing across the erect eye between his eyebrows, and solid wind power with fierce, arm-thick gusts circled around his body, which even brought his slim body up from the ground and made him float in the air.

Di Sha had been leading the Blood Fang and fighting in this Southern Wasteland for a whole five-hundred years, and none of the Jia Clan Warriors had died during that time period. Di Luo had led the Blood Fang only for a few days and one Jia Clan warrior had already died. Moreover, it had been an elite warrior, who had developed his special gift of his nose and gained special abilities on tracking enemies.

"Are you saying that they're no more than thirty miles from here? Then make this place the center, and gather all our people over! I want you to search the jungle within hundred miles around, inch by inch!" yelled Di Luo in a low voice with his teeth gnashing, "That little bastard, and that little bitch, capture them alive, alive! I only want them captured alive!"

Resonant whistles came from the jungle, as one faded, another rose. Tall and strong Jia Clan warriors who had been silently darting in and out of the watery mist like a group of ghosts and large groups of slave warriors who had been rushing across the jungle with all kinds of weapons held in their hands all were set into motion towards the new goal. Additionally, large amounts of metal 'sword edge spiders' and huge centipedes were crawling around the jungle.

Hovering in the air were thumb-sized metal hummingbird puppets, which had been released from the metal centipedes' bodies. Thousands of exquisitely crafted hummingbird puppets spread in the air above the area within a radius of a hundred miles, forming a gigantic net, while watching the entire jungle.

Ji Hao had been lying under a big tree and was gasping with difficulty. He split the 'Star Mushroom' that he had picked earlier, into two; one half for Man Man and one for himself. The 'Star Mushroom' instantly melted after being put into his mouth, turning into a strand of cool power that flushed all over his body like a chilly stream. Finally, the popping sounds which were continuously coming from inside Ji Hao's body like the sounds made by bow strings when they suddenly were broken, had stopped. His body that had been so close to exploding, had finally stopped worsening in its condition.

The Collapse of the Nine Stars was a powerful fighting magic that would burn the user's life energy and blood until eventually costing the user's life. Added with the incomparable power of the Sky-Opening, the current body of Ji Hao was unable to take the horrible counterforce that was caused by the combined launching of them both.

By using the The Collapse of the Nine Stars and Sky-Opening together, Ji Hao's tendons, bones, skins, flesh and all the internal organs were nearly shattered into pieces. Fortunately, he had absorbed some essence milk of the earth and one piece of earth

essence crystal, which made the quality of his body far beyond those ordinary Junior Magi. Moreover, large amounts of Senior Magi blood had been continuously digested by the multicoloured flame and was replenishing his body; with all of these together, his body had been barely spared from exploding.

Nourished by the vast life-force energy contained in the 'Star Mushroom' just now, Ji Hao's wounds stopped from worsening. The multicoloured flame in his lower abdomen was fleetingly transforming the sphere of Senior Magi blood into multicoloured light streams, which then quickly merged into his whole body. The body parts that had merged with the multicoloured light streams quickly started healing; even those bones that had broken into fragments, only pieced together by a thin layer of periosteum, had started wriggling and healing, even becoming stronger and firmer than before.

Ji Hao laid under that huge tree like a puddle of mud while twitching intensely and healing his own body as quickly as he could. However, the recovery of his body that had almost shattered into pieces had brought him unbearably great pain and itching, which made Ji Hao want to cry out but he even failed to squeeze out any tears. More than once he was on the verge of passing out because of the pain.

Luckily, Ji Hao's Yuan Dan had almost condensed into a substantial, solid being, and the strong Yuan Dan gave him an incredibly strong willpower that allowed him to hold the pain back and try his best to keep a slight trace of consciousness.

Suddenly, Ji Hao heard a subtle noise coming from about a hundred feet away. In a flurry, he patted the head of Man Man, who had been lying behind him, and pointed at a small tree hole next to him. Man Man took a glance at Ji Hao, and hid into the tree hole, without saying a word.

Soon, the watery mist silently dispersed. A Jia Clan warrior, whose skin was a bronze colour and with a black-iron-like luster,

slowly walked out from behind a gigantic tree. His four eyes were shining with a black, cold light, giving an extremely sharp and heartless feeling.

"Hmm? You, alone?" the Jia Clan warrior looked around vigilantly.

The watery mist surrounding Ji Hao started rotating slowly, shrouding his entire body and the tree hole that Man Man had hidden in. Ji Hao had been at the center of the scent of blood that was emitted from his own body. The dense scent of blood had been spreading everywhere, and along with the rotating watery mist, this perfectly covered Man Man's breath and her scent.

"Yeah, I'm on my own." Ji Hao let out a bitter smile with difficulty, and said. His body was so badly damaged, that it hardly even looked like a human's body. Although his body had been quickly healing, he still didn't have the strength to even move. After he had killed the Jia Clan warrior who had been tracking them alone just know, he madly ran for tens of miles, consuming the last bit of his power.

"I'm seriously injured, I can die here, but not that little girl!" Ji Hao looked at the Jia Clan warrior and said honestly, "If anything happens to her, my Abba, Amma will all be in huge trouble. So I told her to run away by herself."

The Jia Clan warrior hesitated a bit, then suddenly moved at lightning speed, and brought up tens of wisps of afterimages, quickly circling around the area within a hundred feet in radius; he even got up on the treetop, and carefully searched on the tree for a while.

A while later, this Jia Clan warrior leapt down from the treetop, stood in front of Ji Hao and carelessly looked down at him, as he laughed and said, "You didn't lie, little kid. That little girl did run by herself. But, how far do you think she can run?"

The Jia Clan warrior then bent his waist and grabbed Ji Hao's

neck, and pulled him up from the ground. Ji Hao was pulled up from the ground, till his face was about to touch the bronze face of the Jia Clan warrior.

The Jia Clan warrior carefully observed Ji Hao's face for a while, then shook his head scornfully, and said, "Did you just kill To Di? That poor kid, he had a good nose, but strangely unlucky. How could he die at the hands of a barbaric kid? The glory of his entire family has been extinguished because of him."

Before the voice of the Jia Clan warrior had faded, his face suddenly twisted, and his bronze-coloured face quickly turned deadly pale.

His eyes showed fear, dropping Ji Hao on the ground, heading down and staring at the tiny little fist of Man Man that had broken through his metal armour, deeply into his body, tightly grabbing his spine.

"I will not let you...kill Ji Hao!" Man Man's face was covered in tears, which had mixed with the rainwater. She growled to the Jia Clan warrior with an incomparable determined tone, "You horrible monsters! I will let Abba kill you all! Not a single one of you can leave the Southern Wasteland alive!"

A beam of red light flashed across Man Man's palm - The scary strength of Man Man had been activated. In the next moment, the Jia Clan warrior's spine, which was as thick as an ordinary man's lap, and thousands of times harder than steel, was instantly crushed into pieces by Man Man's little palm. A great heat gushed out of Man Man's palm, suddenly setting the middle of the Jia Clan warrior's body ablaze. Within only a blink of an eye, the gigantic strong man had been burnt into a pile of ash, and even the full steel armour that he had been wearing, was burnt into a stream of liquid.

Man Man gnashed her teeth, carefully carried Ji Hao on her back, and quickly darted into the deeper jungle with small and gentle

steps.

"Man Man has killed a man," cried Man Man while murmuring, "Not that Man Man killed him by accident, Man Man indeed wanted to kill him... But Man Man really killed a man this time."

"It's okay, you will get used to it when you kill more." Ji Hao let out a sigh, patted Man Man's head and comforted her.

Even Ji Hao felt that what he just said was terrible for comforting a little girl. Just as he thought, Man Man started to cry even harder when she heard him say that.

More shrill whistles came behind them along with an uncountable number of swooshing sounds which were coming closer and closer. At least tens of Jia Clan warriors had discovered them.

Chapter 97: A Difficult Situation

Five days later, beside a rapidly flowing river in the jungle.

Three Jia Clan Warriors, leading over a hundred slave warriors, had encircled Ji Hao and Man Man. The three Jia Clan warriors were holding heavy weapons, moving as fast as the wind. They had been madly attacking Ji Hao; occasionally, their attacks hit on Ji Hao's body and caused muffled, loud booms like thunder.

All of these powerful Jia Clan warriors were at the Senior level; every single attack that was launched by them was powerful enough to destroy a mountain.

However, the armour made by Po was incredibly firm. The inconspicuous dim light streams that were being emitted from it had been circling around Ji Hao, condensing into a palm-sized lotus, and was closely attached onto Ji Hao's body. No matter how powerful those heavy weapons that swung towards Ji Hao were, this lotus could turn most of the power into nothingness by only slowly rotating.

Ji Hao had also activated the Gold Crow Armour, the fourth special ability he possessed. Countless feather-like spell symbols emerged on his skin and connected with each other, moving and rotating on Ji Hao's skin like water streams. Although those three Jia Clan warrior's attacks could never really hurt Ji Hao, at the very least, it should have pushed Ji Hao to fleeing away and not be able stand steady. However, the Gold Crow Armour had a magical power which was able to make all attacking powers disappear. Therefore, all of the power of those attacks launched by the three Jia Clan warriors had been defused by those feather-like spell symbols. With the protection of these spell symbols, Ji Hao's body had only taken a slight bit of the impact that was not even worth mentioning.

Therefore, although the three Jia Clan warriors had been

attacking Ji Hao simultaneously, Ji Hao could still hold the long, sharp sword, and fight against them for this long.

With Ji Hao's life force energy, which was strong enough, the small half of his injured hand been healed by the multicoloured light during these five days. At least, he could now flexibly use the sword without any difficulties.

The Gold Crow Pupils were also activated. Nine spell symbols were slowly rotating around Ji Hao's pupils. The movements of the three enemies were indeed as fast as a fierce gust of wind, and their steps were weird and unpredictable. But with these pair of pupils, Ji Hao could still clearly see about fifty to sixty percent of all the moves that were made by the three Jia Clan warriors.

Occasionally, Ji Hao's long sword would be swung in the air, and throw out a mysterious arc light, which flashed across the heavy weapons of the three Jia Clan warriors. Every single time this sharp and bright light would accurately hit on the vital and soft parts of the three Jia Clan warriors, such as eyeballs, mouths and throats.

This time, Ji Hao didn't risk his life and activate the Collapse of the Nine Stars. Although he was unable to break away from the encirclement of the three Jia Clan warriors with his own power, after the span of every three to five breaths, Ji Hao could hit the vital parts of one of them every time. Therefore, the longer this fight continued, the less confident the three Jia Clan warriors became, and the more frightened they were.

They had been working for the Blood Fang, capturing and selling slaves in the Southern Wasteland for two to three hundred years. During all this time, they had pillaged countless of people from this land, and been through at least thousands of different fights of differing scales.

In their minds, the powers of the Southern Wasteland warriors were strictly divided, just like their personalities.

The Novice Magi could never beat the Junior Level Magi, and the Junior Level Magi had no chance to beat the Senior Level Magi. As for Senior Magi, the power of Senior Magi on different levels had distinct disparities as well, due to their different bloodlines they had and different numbers of Magus acupoints they had awakened.

In the Southern Wasteland, there were no such things as a Magus challenging other higher level Magi.

However, the sense of power that kept being released from Ji Hao's body clearly showed that he was only a bottom-level Junior Magi. How could this little kid, who had just activated his bloodline power, be fighting against three powerful Senior level warriors for this long, and still show no sign of losing? Judging from the power levels, Ji Hao was definitely weaker than the three of them, but in the case of the current situation, it was hard to tell which side would win.

Even when judging on the basis of the effectiveness of the attacks, one would find that Ji Hao's long sword had accurately hit the vital parts of the three Jia Clan warriors, which made the attacks launched by Ji Hao seem more threatening.

"This little monster, we can't let him leave!" One Jia Clan warrior shouted out, "Let's try our best and catch him alive! Don't wait for the others to come! Or we're going to have to share a big half of our reward with them!"

The three Jia Clan warriors were now extremely irritated. It had been five days! After Ji Hao killed the second Jia Clan warrior, they somehow managed to hide and flee in this jungle for an entire five days, and during this time period, another two Jia Clan warriors and hundreds of slave warriors were killed by Ji Hao and Man Man.

This great loss had made Di Luo completely lose his mind; he was thrown into anxiety and confusion, and had completely no idea about what to do next.

Those elite Blood Fang's warriors who had been bullying others in the Southern Wasteland for five hundred years without losing even one of their own, were nearly driven crazy by Ji Hao.

They were now inwardly seeing the mission of capturing Man Man and Ji Hao alive as an unrestrained gambling opportunity. Apart from the rewards that had been promised by Di Luo, which turned out to be increasing day by day, these elite warriors had also laid whopping price wagers to each other.

"Try our best and capture him!"

Thinking about all the kinds of rewards and benefits they would get once they had caught Ji Hao, the three Jia Clan warriors couldn't help but dribble. They started launching attacks as hard as they could. At this moment, all of their concentration was on Ji Hao, and none of them had paid any attention to Man Man, who had been hunkering down on the ground, looking like a poor little animal.

All three of the Jia Clan warriors released all of their powers. The pupils of two of them suddenly turned yellow, their bodies then started quickly swelling like balloons. Streams of yellow light started flashing across their bodies. Their originally three-meters tall bodies soon swelled to around six-meters tall, and the power of every single attack launched by them improved by several times.

The other Jia Clan warrior's four pupils turned into a sharp, cold silver colour. His body didn't change as much as that his two teammates, however, his every single movement started to release a horrible stream of cold power.

This kind of cold power wasn't as powerful as the magic powers or special abilities of the Magi which could attack enemies tens, and even hundreds of miles away; this power only relied on the body of the Jia Clan warrior, attached to his body and weapons, and attack his enemies closely.

However, this power was bone-piercing cold; after Ji Hao had

been hit by the long sword held in that Jia Clan warrior's hand, a thin layer of ice had appeared on Ji Hao's skin, and the speed of his attacks and defense had been suddenly slowed by half.

Followed by a few loud booms, the two Jia Clan warriors, whose bodies had expanded by several times, hit hard against Ji Hao's body. Two heavy, and huge hammers were madly swung towards Ji Hao's body over and over again, as if they were forging a piece of iron.

Even the armour made by Po and the Gold Crow Armour were unable to protect Ji Hao completely from this.

Forces of great impact hit against Ji Hao's body one after another, and although Po's armour and the Gold Crow Armour had taken ninety-nine percent of the impact forces away for Ji Hao, the last bit of the power of the attack still made Ji Hao spew blood; at the same time, his bones started cracking.

"This kid's bones are so damn hard! Is he really only a Junior Magus, who just had his bloodline power activated?", the three Jia Clan warriors became more and more distraught. They had already released all of their special abilities, but how come they still couldn't beat Ji Hao?

Who on earth had been teaching this freak to fight?

Just for the one moment the three Jia Clan warriors became upset and impatient, Ji Hao suddenly opened his mouth and let out a huge sphere of flame, along with a loud blazing sound. The thick, lava-like Gold Crow flames instantly shrouded the area within a radius of a hundred feet, and enveloped all the three Jia Clan warriors and the hundreds of slave warriors.

The terrifying heat burnt the hundreds of slave warriors into ashes within only a moment. The metal armours worn by the three Jia Clan warriors suddenly emitted a bright light and held back the attack of the flames. Different coloured flames clashed against each other and created loud, muffled booms. The three Jia Clan

warriors covered their faces with their hands, trying to fend against the great heat that was coming towards them.

At exactly this moment, Man Man, who had stayed still during all this time, suddenly leapt high into the air while growling with rage, and darted onto a Jia Clan warrior's shoulder like the most vigorous monkey. She held the gigantic head of the Jia Clan warrior with both of her arms, and pulled it hard aside. Along with a clear popping sound, the Jia Clan warrior's head was plucked off from his body.

One, two, three; the three Jia Clan warriors hadn't even noticed Man Man, before she had torn their heads off in such a horrible way.

Three gigantic bodies fell hard on the ground, splashing the blood all over.

Ji Hao gasped for air, then coughed up another mouthful of blood.

Sounds of hurried footsteps abruptly came from the surrounding area. It was Di Luo, and hundreds of Jia Clan warriors, along with thousands of slave warriors led by them; all of these enemies were coming from all directions.

Not only from the dense jungle in front of Ji Hao and Man Man, even from the broad river behind them, large groups of slave warriors rode 'sword edge spiders' and leapt out.

Chapter 98: Magus King's Tomb

"Hao!" Man Man, whose entire body had been covered in blood, ran up to Ji Hao and carefully grabbed his sleeve.

Ji Hao lightly patted Man Man's head, smilingly shook his head towards her and said, "It's okay, don't be afraid."

The rainstorm had never stopped, and the boundless sky was filled with dark clouds, while lightning bolts madly fell down from the sky one after another, just like furious dragons. On every mountain top, a few towering trees were hit by the lightning bolts, exploded and were set ablaze along with thunderous booms, like huge torches standing under the sky.

The raging roars of beasts were coming from unknown directions.

The long and resonant roars reached the sky, mixing with the growling of the thunder. Gigantic trees were blazing on top of those mountains, and the storm had been sweeping over the entire jungle. The Southern Wasteland had been wantonly showing its crazy, violent, wild and primitive side.

Clang, Clang.

The metallic feet of the 'sword edge spiders' clashed against the stones at the sides of the river. Tens of 'sword edge spiders', surrounded by thousands of slave warriors, jumped up from the river behind Ji Hao, slowly approaching Ji Hao and Man Man.

Large groups of Jia Clan warriors and more slave warriors had been following them, tightly packing this part of the river bank.

Jiang Yao showed up. She was gorgeously dressed, wearing an extra luxurious and stunning purple silk long dress, which was very incompatible with the Southern Wasteland style. The woman, who looked like a beautiful, poisonous papaver flower, turned her slim waist, while holding Di Luo's hand, and walked

towards Ji Hao dramatically.

One of Di Luo's hands was held behind his body, while his other hand was held by Jiang Yao. The white and delicate face of his had been filled with a twisted, bone-deep hatred. Di Luo stared at Ji Hao with an incomparably vicious expression, and walked over along with Jiang Yao.

Both of them had been extra cautious this time. They were surrounded by thirty Jia Clan warriors, who were the most powerful, elite warriors amongst the entire Blood Fang. All of these warriors were holding their heavy weapons tightly, while violently staring at Ji Hao and Man Man with their eyes, which were shining with bright lights.

None of these Blood Fang warriors were cowards, it was just that they nearly all had been driven crazy by the unreasonable fighting record of Ji Hao and Man Man - It had been only five to six days, yet more than ten Jia Clan warriors had been killed by them!

In the fights that they had been through, consisting of varying scales, such things had never happened to the Blood Fang in the past 500 years.. They had attacked tens of thousands of different scale clans, killed more than tens of thousands of Senior Magi; even those Senior Magi couldn't cause this much of a loss to the elite warriors of the Blood Fang.

However, both Ji Hao and Man Man were only little kids, around ten years old! Man Man had not even had her tenth birthday yet!

"Ji Hao, you damn little bastard!" Jiang Yao walked to less than a hundred feet away from Ji Hao and yelled. The first sentence she threw out was a malicious curse.

"Are you saying that your son was a bastard?" Even during an oral argument, Ji Hao would never let others win; he responded with a more vicious taunt, "I'm pretty sure that I am the biological son of my Abba and Amma. But, as for your precious son, Wu... Jiang Yao, are you sure that he came from you and Ji Shu? Not a...

um...bastard, of you and this three-eyed freak?"

The beautiful face of Jiang Yao instantly became twisted when she heard Ji Hao, her nostrils suddenly became wider and she started gasping quickly and heavily.

Di Luo grabbed Jiang Yao's hands and said after a ferocious, yet proud sneer, "Little guy, you have a vicious tongue, just like your fighting strategies. But, I kinda think you've just made a right point. Maybe, in the future, probably, I will have a son with the Southern Wasteland bloodline. In fact, it's not bad at all."

Man Man spat towards the ground and yelled loudly, "You shameless stinking woman!"

Pausing for a second, Man Man tried to make it sound worse, so she added another word.

"Whore!"

Jiang Yao's face turned purple in rage, her lips even started trembling. She glared at Man Man and said with a very wicked voice, "Little girl, you've got some balls. But, the louder you curse, the uglier you will die! Guess, how will I torture you?"

Man Man didn't say anything. Ji Hao abruptly said to Di Luo, "Di Luo, do you think it'll be worth it? I mean, everything you have done for this woman. Your Blood Fang had lost so many people already, and because of your foolishness, you will certainly lose more. How would you explain that to the people who have been supporting you? By telling them that it was only for this woman?"

Di Luo showed a slight trace of hesitation when he heard Ji Hao, then took a glance at Man Man.

Ji Hao didn't give him too much time to think, and he instantly continued, "You're right! Man Man comes from a very noble family! Probably, just because of your stupid thoughts and actions, your entire Blood Fang will be wiped out from the Southern Wasteland. That all will happen only because of this women...Can

I say something that might not sound sweet? I don't feel that with your family background, you will be lacking any women."

Di Luo was about to say something, but Jiang Yao gnashed her teeth and yelled out, "Di Luo! Don't let this little bastard delude you! What your Blood Fang has lost, I will make it all up to you! I can give you more than you can imagine! Beside what I have promised you before, I can give you even more rewards!"

Ji Hao gave a sneer and said, "Are you talking about more rewards? What will that be? Are you planning to give your other sisters or nieces to these three-eyes freaks too?"

Di Luo frowned, threw a glance full of displeasure at Jiang Yao and said, "I can have as many women as I want! My dear Magus Priestess, obviously, what I have done for you, is way more than what you can offer me."

Jiang Yao sneered as well, fixed her eyes on Ji Hao and said, "Ji Hao, do you know why I have been trying so hard so kill you and your Abba?"

Ji Hao remained silent for a while then asked with a little bit of doubt, "The leader's poison of the Fire Crow Clan? For Ji Shu's slave trade business with the Blood Fang? For letting your Abba, Jiang Bo, control the Fire Crow Clan through Ji Shu, and gain more power and interests from our clan? What else? I don't think any of these can bring Di Luo enough benefits."

Jiang Yao glanced at Di Luo, whose face had gone darker, then took a one-foot square, gold-red leather out of her sleeve.

A sphere of bright fiery light had wrapped around the leather piece. Once Jiang Yao took it out, the leather piece seemingly sensed something attractive, and slowly flew towards Ji Hao; at last, the leather piece tightly attached onto Ji Hao's chest.

Ji Hao sensed a strand of very pure and great, hot power suddenly gushing into his body. He also felt that something hidden

inside his cloth started beating quicker.

Ji Hao surprisingly raised his eyebrows,smiled, and then asked, "What is this?!"

Jiang Yao took a deep glance at Ji Hao and said calmly, "Just as I thought, this is an inherited object. The power and message contained in it can only be sensed by a few of the Fire Crow Clan clansmen, who have the same origin as you do. This is a map, leading to an ancient Magus King's tomb."

Ancient Magus King's tomb?!

Ji Hao quivered intensely. Did she say an ancient Magus King's tomb? Could the tomb and himself sense each other? How could this happen? Was it because of their senses of bloodline powers were attracting each other?

Although clansmen from the entire Fire Crow Clan had 'Ji' as their last name, and all of them had inherited the power from the ancient three-legged Gold Fire Crow, according to the differences of bloodlines that they had inherited, the Fire Crow Clan bloodline had been divided into hundreds of branch bloodlines, and formed hundreds of different scale branch clans.

The branch bloodline that was possessed by Ji Xia, Ji Hao and their direct relatives had became very thin by now, which was because, except Ji Hao and Ji Xia, all of their other relatives had died in uncountable fights against the Black Water Serpent Clan. The branch clan that shared the same bloodline with Ji Hao and Ji Xia had a flourishing time in the history of the Fire Crow Clan. Amongst their ancestors, there were countless Magus Kings and especially powerful Magi. The peak time of their branch clan was also the most prosperous period of the entire Fire Crow Clan; back then, the Fire Crow Clan was one of the most powerful clans in the Southern Wasteland.

"The opening of the ancient Magus King's tomb requires the blood of the Fire Crow Clan Magus King's offsprings, who

possessed the same bloodline as the owner of the tomb," said Jiang Yao while looking at Ji Hao coldly, "Therefore, I have to get you and Ji Xia killed. Not only that I need your spirit blood to open the tomb, but also only after you two have died, and the sense of your bloodline power has been wiped out from this world, can I use those inherited treasures, that are hidden in that tomb!"

Jiang Yao looked at Di Luo, who was totally stunned, smilingly tied his collar, and said, "Lord Di Luo, what do you think we will find in the tomb that was left by the most powerful Magus King amongst the three Magus Kings from the first three generations of the Fire Crow Clan? Can you even imagine what kind of precious treasures were hidden in it? Compared to that, how much could a few warrior's lives be worth?"

Di Luo gasped deeply, thrust his hands out, pointed at Ji Hao and Man Man, and yelled out.

"Kill that little girl! Chop her into pieces! Burn her into ashes and throw her into the river!"

"As for this little bastard, capture him alive! Alive!"

Chapter 99: Breaking Jiang Yao

All of the Blood Fang warriors moved at once.

So did Ji Hao.

He grabbed Man Man and swung her onto his back. At the same time, the pair of fiery wings burst out from a dim sphere of fiery light behind his body along with a small caw. Ji Hao's wounds hadn't fully healed yet, therefore, his fiery wings were now much smaller and dimmer than usual.

But still, followed by a fierce gust of the wind that was abruptly brought up by the fiery wings, Ji Hao turned around and darted towards the rapidly flowing river behind him, leaving tens of wisps of afterimages.

In the rainy season, every single river in the Southern Wasteland jungle was flooding. The urgent river behind Ji Hao had been roaring and rolling just like a raging yellow dragon, which was struggling and howling with all its power. Countless whirlpools were banging against each other and swallowing each other on the surface of the river which was thousands of feet wide; waves, that were a few zhang tall, rose from time to time.

A river in flood.

Only if Ji Hao rushed into the river would the Senior Magi be unable to easily grab him.

Large groups of 'sword edge spiders' rushed up from the surrounding area. Dark-skinned slave warriors, who had been standing on the backs of those gigantic metal spiders, opened their thick lips, and growled at Ji Hao. They raised their heavy crossbows and pulled the strings open, aiming at Ji Hao's body. However, none of them dared to shoot the arrows rashly at the moment.

Di Luo had given an order, which stated that he wanted Ji Hao to

be captured alive. This order had tied the hands and feet of these slave warriors - they were so afraid that their arrows would hurt the vital parts of Ji Hao's body.

If it wasn't for that order, hundreds of crossbows would have shot together, and even if Ji Hao could run twice faster, he would hardly be able to keep Man Man and himself safe from hundreds of arrows.

The sharp, longsword held in Ji Hao's hand was waving hard and brought up tens of feet long, sharp streams of air. Ji Hao growled out hoarsely, like the desperate roar that was let out by a wounded beast. A bright, piercing light flashed across the sword and what came out was arc-shaped, swift and fierce streams of air, which chopped off all of the metal feet of those 'sword edge spiders', along with the bodies of those slave warriors, who had been riding on the metal spiders.

A step to travel a hundred feet far; Ji Hao quickly took five steps forward, and sliced a whole line of slave warriors in front of him within a moment. After that he broke through the large groups of the slave warriors who had been guarding beside the river. Beams of cold light that were sent out by the long sword flashed across the air interweaving with each other, sending the bleeding bodies of over two hundreds of slave warriors into the air. Their muscular bodies fell apart in the air, and turned into pieces of bloody body parts which then fell back to the ground.

The gigantic, metal bodies of tens of 'sword edge spiders' collapsed while twitching; sparks were coming out from their legs, which had been cut apart by Ji Hao, and the sounds of spell symbols exploding continuously came from their bodies.

Di Luo started screaming in rage and anxiety. He madly cursed 'useless' and 'incapable' at the warriors. Both Ji Hao and Man Man were seriously wounded, but still, so many elite warriors of the Blood Fang failed to stop them from running away.

Especially at those slave warriors, Di Luo was angrily shouting and threatening that he would certainly degrade all of their families to the lowest slaves - All of these slave warriors were at the Junior level, quite many of them were much more powerful than Ji Hao as well; however, their blockade had been easily broken by Ji Hao.

"Are you all Jurassic beasts?! No! Jurassic beasts could at least be eaten! And what use do you have?!" While screaming and cursing in such a manner, Di Luo rushed towards Ji Hao with big steps. Gusts of fierce winds had been circling around his body. The erect eye located between his eyebrows suddenly opened, after which, the air within a few miles radius suddenly started to roll intensely.

"Encircle him! Let me capture him by myself! You useless stupid things!" shouted Di Luo confidently towards those Jia Clan warriors who had almost caught Ji Hao.

Nearly a hundred Jia Clan warriors had already rushed up from all directions and circled around Ji Hao. These elite Jia Clan warriors were much more efficient than those slave warriors, three of them, who were especially powerful, were even in a position to grab Ji Hao's shoulder if they would thrust their arms out.

However, the loud shout of Di Luo and the fast rolling air surrounding him clearly indicated to them that Di Luo had already released his special ability.

The three Jia Clan warriors subconsciously slowed their movements down, letting Ji Hao keep running forwards.

The Blood Fang, and the powerful organization that the Blood Fang belonged to had extremely strict hierarchical rules. Di Luo was not only the leader of the Blood Fang, but also a man born in the three-eyed Yu Clan who possessed their noble bloodline as well. Therefore, although all of these Jia Clan warriors were much more powerful than Di Luo, they came from the Jia Clan. The

four-eyed Jia Clan was a lot lower than the three-eyed Yu Clan in hierarchy.

Therefore, these Jia Clan warriors almost instinctively followed Di Luo's order, no matter how stupid or unnecessary the order was. The air in the area for miles around was rolling and shaking intensely. Countless raindrops had been stirred up by the fierce air streams, making them dart around in the air along with the storm, which had suddenly intensified. Followed by the swishing sounds, tank-sized, cyan wind-dragons started emerging from the air, one after another. Crystal-like raindrops merged with the wind dragons' bodies and flew in the air at a very high speed. Occasionally, when the wind-dragon swept across the rocks, those raindrops easily punctured the hard rocks, leaving countless numbers of small holes.

Ji Hao had been rushing towards the river at his highest speed, however, after the wind dragons showed up, his movements gradually became slower. He felt that the air had become thicker and stickier, and both visible and invisible winds had bound his body, making it difficult for him to even take a single step forward. The afterimage, caused by his fleetingly fast movement suddenly dissipated in the air. Ji Hao gnashed his teeth and tried his best to step forward, however, the strong wind had wrapped his body tightly. Ji Hao spent all of his remaining power, but was unable to take another step forward.

"Little guy, you have run out of your good luck!" Di Luo held Jiang Yao's hand and said proudly while approaching Ji Hao step by step. Wing-like phantoms had been rotating fast inside the erect eye between his eyebrows. "Have you felt it? Apart from making you unable to move, the wind that is being controlled by me has the special power of the blood moon. Do you feel your spirit power and bloodline power fading away? Is your strength disappearing? Oh, my great blood-moon, the most mysterious and powerful moon, amongst the highest nine moons, I shall give you my

praise!"

Ji Hao's body had been slightly trembling. Indeed, he felt that within the wind that was being controlled by Di Luo was another cold and sticky power, which was trying to drill into his body through his pores, swallow his blood and take away his power.

He turned his head back, looked at Di Luo, who had been holding Jiang Yao's hand and was proudly walking towards him in big steps.

A hundred zhang, ninty zhang...ten zhang, five zhang...

Ji Hao abruptly laughed out, and took the red amulet, the one Man Man used to harm the mountain god the other day, out of his clothes.

The glowing red amulet was wrapped by a blazing fire!

Although the sun hadn't come out during these couple of days, Ji Hao had put the amulet with Mr Crow, who had been badly wounded earlier. The hot power that was being released from Mr Crow's body contained a small portion of the special sunlight power. The amulet had absorbed the sunlight power that came out from Mr Crow's body, and had been refilled for about seventy to eighty percent.

Additionally, Jiang Yao just had thrown the leather map at Ji Hao, and the leather map had then tightly attached onto Ji Hao's chest, sending a vast and great power into his body; with this strand of power, the amulet had been fully refilled!

Ji Hao held the amulet in his hand, and Man Man thrust her arm out, grabbing the amulet as well. The two of them then laughed out loud simultaneously.

Di Luo's facial expression suddenly froze. He subconsciously grabbed Jiang Yao's soft and tender neck and pulled her in front of himself. Jiang Yao screamed out with a piercing voice in fear; she had realized the danger as well, and took out a blood-red jade piece

and crushed it in her hand.

In the next moment, a huge power, which was so great that it felt as if it had descended from the heavens, had been released. A sphere of red light came from the blood-red jade piece that just had been crushed by Jiang Yao, and wrapped up Jiang Yao's body; however, once the power of the amulet came out, the sphere of blood-red light suddenly shattered and quickly disappeared.

A beam of red light darted out from the amulet, punctured Jiang Yao's head and hit hard against Di Luo's body.

An eye-piercing white light burst out from the long and luxurious cloak worn by Di Luo, following which, nine blood-red precious stones rose from his cloak, and combined into a twisted, odd spell symbol, firmly blocking the red light of the amulet. Along with loud popping sounds, the nine precious stones exploded in a row. The red light, which had been half-neutralized by the precious stones, then pierced Di Luo's chest.

The dead body of Jiang Yao fell hard onto the ground - her head had been completely evaporated by the red light.

This time, the life-saving treasure that was given by Jiang Bo had failed to save her life.

Di Luo was sent flying by the power of the red light while vomiting blood.The Jia Clan warriors paused all at once, looking at Di Luo and felt at a loss, not knowing what to do next.

Ji Hao took this opportunity, tightly held Man Man and jumped into the rapidly flowing river.

Zhang: A unit of length (1= 3/3 metres)

Chapter 100: A Middle-aged Man

Turbid waves rose high from the river, and even reached to the sky. The river had been roaring furiously, like dragons and tigers, making the entire valley shake.

Ji Hao tightly held Man Man in front of his chest with both of his arms, afraid that the flood would flush her away. He blocked all those gigantic tree trunks and rocks, which were being flushed down by the river for Man Man with his own back.

A hundreds of feet long gigantic tree trunk, which was so thick that it would take a couple of strong men to put their arms around it, hit hard against Ji Hao's back like a hill. Streams of bright and clear lights that had been released by the armour made by Po were circling around Ji Hao's body and formed a dim, glowing lotus, easily negating the forces of the impact with the tree trunk.

Huge rocks were rolled by the whirlpools in the river and smashed against Ji Hao's back. The clear light coiled around these rocks and turned them into sand and ashes one after another.

Ji Hao held his breath, his fingers were locked together and continuously changed motions. The water surrounding their bodies started rotating rapidly, and soon, extremely thin wisps of air were being extracted from the water, forming a half-inch thick air-cover around Ji Hao and Man Man's body, which was able to supply enough air for them to breath.

The water-flow pushed Ji Hao hard from behind. Ji Hao's body seemed like that of the most agile fish, fleetingly swimming and speeding up in the water without any obstacles, leaving a faint, white trail behind. He could swim a thousand feet far within a moment, and miles within a blink of an eye. Just like a ghost underwater, Ji Hao held Man Man, and fled away along with the water flow.

This was the After-born Water Manipulating Escape Magic, a

mystical escape magic created by Ji Hao in his previous life, after he had learned about nearly all of the water-related escape magic spells from the Taoist, Buddhist sutras, and other classic scriptures. He had combined all of the good points of those escape magic and created this one. In his previous life, although the natural power had nearly vanished in the world, the After-born Water Manipulating Escape still had innumerable magical usages. In this world, that was filled with the natural power, this escape magic had become even more powerful.

With this escape magic, the bodies of Ji Hao and Man Man had almost merged with the flood water. Not even a single trace of power was being released from their bodies, neither was any sound made by them. However, within only the span of two breaths after Ji Hao had jumped into the river, he had brought Man Man and darted for over ten miles far under the water, along the roaring river.

Suddenly, the river segment behind Ji Hao exploded, followed by which, the tens of miles long river segment evaporated within a moment.

Along with the sizzling sound, the hot steam rose directly into the air, countless water-beasts and gigantic fishes were boiled thoroughly, and quickly started burning, turning into wisps of smoke and disappearing without leaving a trace.

Tens of three-eyed young men had been floating in the air behind Ji Hao, with deadly pale faces. Blazing flame, lightning bolts, and other supernatural visions were quickly spurting out from their erect eyes like heavy raindrops.

"Lord Di Luo has been badly wounded, we must capture that little kid!"

"How dare he wound Lord Di Luo! We have to capture him! Or we will all be in huge trouble!"

"Damn! And that little girl, she must die! Must die! We have to

kill her!"

The dry riverbed was shaking, as if it had been struggling and twitching. Tens of miles long parts of the river had completely been dried out, after which, all of the rocks on the riverbed started melting and evaporating, emitting an eye-piercing light. Soon, this part of riverbed collapsed and was deeply hollowed out , becoming a huge and deep pit with a radius of nearly twenty miles.

Ji Hao tightly held Man Man. A horrible power abruptly came from behind Ji Hao along with the flood, heavily hitting against his back.

Po's armour was protecting Ji Hao's body, but still, he felt a terribly hot power gush into his body like a flood current, which had almost melted all of his internal organs down. The destructive power then hit right on Man Man's body through Ji Hao.

The small body of Man Man instantly started quivering. The wound in her back hadn't healed yet, but was now torn by the power again. Large amounts of lava-hot blood that was gushing out of Man Man's body quickly evaporated the river water around, forming visible bubbles and white steam upon the surface of the river.

Hundreds of Blood Fang's warriors from the Jia Clan keenly noticed those bubbles and steam, and instantly followed up along the river bank.

They, rushing fast along with the river bank, fixed their eyes on those bubbles and steam on the water surfaces and madly launched attacks towards those bubbles. Heavy weapons emitted bright lights and boomed into the river.

Stretches of the river burst out one after another. Every single of those attacks launched by the Jia Clan warriors could completely destroy one stretch of the river, and leave a huge dip that was miles in radius, in the river way. The flowing river seemed like a long line that had strung those beads-like huge pits, left by those

attacks, into a bead necklace.

Ji Hao released all of his power, trying to flee faster with the escape magic. The Yuan Dan was rotating rapidly in his spiritual space like a windmill and making a swishing sound. The water-energy contained in the river ceaselessly gushed into his body, turned into pure power, and supported the escape magic, allowing Ji Hao to keep moving.

The Jia Clan warriors madly launching attacks that were like thunder and lighting, coming towards Ji Hao from all directions. Ji Hao was trying his best to barely dodge those attacks under the water. Waves of explosion forces hit against his body and made him spew mouthfuls of blood out. There were many times that Ji Hao could hardly breathe, and almost blanked out.

From his spiritual space, the mysterious man abruptly appeared and yelled out with a resonant voice, "Little guy, usually you have always been extra smart, what's wrong with you today? Is your brain broken by those stupid attacks? My Sky-Opening, is that used only for killing people?"

Ji Hao's body suddenly shook when he heard the mysterious man; at the same time, a magical light, which was so bright and powerful that seemed as if it could even be touched by hand, had spurted out from Ji Hao's pupils.

Some magical changes suddenly happened in Ji Hao's sight. Ji Hao forced himself to stay in the magical vision that was brought by the Sky-Opening. Soon, countless twisting lights emerged from the rapidly flowing river water in front of him.

Ji Hao's body agilely passed through those most vulnerable parts of this light-net that were located in the joints of these lights.

He discovered that the water resistance had suddenly disappeared, and his speed had been raised by over three times. Within a flash, he had left the river stretch that was destroyed by those Jia Clan warriors, and ditched them far behind him.

One-quarter of an hour, two-quarters of an hour...those Jia Clan warriors and three-eyed young men hadn't given up on chasing them.

Three-quarters of an hour, one hour...Ji Hao had ditched those Blood Fang warriors by three to five miles, and Man Man's wounds finally stopped bleeding, so no bubbles or steam could be seen on the surface of the river.

After an hour and fifteen minutes, Ji Hao raised his head from the river and took a deep breath. He found a small valley that was hidden in the dense jungle and had complex and diverse landform, climbed out from the river with difficulty, gnashed his teeth and carried Man Man, who was already unable to move, out from the river as well, after which he ran towards the dense jungle.

Those Blood Fang people didn't know that Ji Hao had gotten back onto the land, and ended up chasing all the way along the river.

By the time they had realised that they were unable to catch Ji Hao in that river, Ji Hao and Man Man had long gone.

One step, two steps, three steps...Ji Hao abruptly slipped and fell down on the ground, unable to get back up for quite a while. He was so anxious that his eye corners even started twitching - this was definitely not a good time for resting, they had to hide into the jungle before the Blood Fang's people got here. With his and Man Man's current situation, they were unable to bear a fight against those people; the only thing they could do was to raise their hands up and wait to be captured.

Get up! Get up! Get up!

Ji Hao bit hard on his own tongue's tip. He sensed a great pain from his tongue and tasted the blood.

He had finally got a slight trace of power back. He trembled and struggled, while trying to get back up from the ground. At that moment, a powerful hand silently held his body.

The abruptly shown up hand scared the crap out of Ji Hao and Man Man, they jerked their heads aside and looked at the man, whose hand was holding Ji Hao's arm.

It was a middle-aged man who looked very generous and reliable. He held Ji Hao up with both of his hands, frowned and said with sympathy, "Whose kids are you? You're so young, who has beat you into this?"

Ji Hao let out a hollow laugh and said bitterly, "Good uncle, just run. Monsters are chasing behind us."

The middle-aged man rubbed his own nose, laughed out and said, "Uncle? Hmmm? Monsters? We're humans, why should we be afraid of monsters?"

He then smilingly helped Ji Hao up from the ground, and leisurely said, "No rush, no rush, both of you have been injured seriously, the most important thing at the moment is to heal you."

Man Man gnashed her teeth in anxiety, but Ji Hao was surprised to discover that in such a rainy season, and in such a heavy rain, the clothes of this middle-aged man were extremely dry and clean, not stained by even a single drop of rain.

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