

# **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 101 — Beheading Him Right Before Their Eyes! - Read Pursuit of the Truth**

## **Chapter 101 — Beheading Him Right Before Their Eyes!**

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Translation

That red light passed by their bodies and disappeared.

The tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe trembled. He only had one more tribe member by his side, and he was also shaking. They looked at each other and saw the other person's fear. They still did not manage to see whether their enemy was a person or a beast, but the numerous threads floating behind the red light gave them the impression that it was hair.

"Who is it? Who are you? Show yourself!" The remaining normal Berserker of Black Mountain Tribe shouted immediately.

When his comrade was yelling, the tribe leader's face was pale. He raised his right hand and slammed it against his chest. A blood-red light erupted forth from his body immediately. Increasing the power of his Qi temporarily without care of his injuries to fight wasn't something he wanted to do, but this time it was necessary. He dashed towards the forest at full speed and disappeared into the darkness provided by the woods.

The remaining person from Dark Mountain Tribe was just about to run away as he continued yelling, but at that moment, his body lurched forward. A red light suddenly appeared and circled his body once before turning into Su Ming, who stopped to stand behind the person.

Blood trickled down the corners of the person's mouth. His whole body was in great pain due to the threads of moonlight binding him together and tearing into his flesh. They were wound so tightly around him that he could feel death getting closer to him. Breathing sounds came from his back, so he struggled to turn his head and see who was that unknown person who brought such terror upon him.

Yet he could not turn his head. Still trembling, he was torn apart.

Su Ming panted harshly. Ever since the tribe migrated, he had been fighting nonstop. He had also been suppressing the internal injuries he sustained when he broke through the elder's seal. If it were not for the moonlight, which allowed him to gradually recover, he would have already fallen.

It was the night of the full moon. The mysterious powers of the moonlight had reached their peak, causing Su Ming's blood to seem like it was burning. It allowed him to continue fighting for a longer period of time, suppressing all his internal injuries and allowing him to kill all of his targets.

He held three heads in his hands, and looking at the forest before him, he calmly walked towards it.

'You're the only one left, tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe. Since you have such a high status, I'll let you die a glorious death. That is, if you run fast enough to meet up with your reinforcements.'

Su Ming licked his lips and dashed forward, turning into a red arc. He sped forward, countless moonlight threads trailing behind him.

The tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe was a man in his forties. His status within the tribe was very high. There, besides the Elder and Bi Su, he had the highest status. He should have been leading a large amount of his tribe members to viciously kill the Berserkers of Dark Mountain Tribe, and right before the captured men, enjoy their women, then as they cried and struggled, drank wine and raped them as he laughed. After that, he would tear off the heads of the angered men from Dark Mountain Tribe to obtain a maddening pleasure.

This was his desire. The desire roused within him when he announced the raid on Dark Mountain Tribe after the Elder had given the order. He even told the other Berserkers of his desire before he left. As those Berserkers let out excited cries, this battle began.

Yet right now he was reduced to a pathetic state. His body was injured, he was covered in blood, and he had lost his will to fight. He was first shocked by Dark Mountain Tribe's resistance, then was injured by Nan Song. After fleeing from battle, he had even discovered that he was tricked and was just about to heal his wounds before pursuing Dark Mountain Tribe once again when that mysterious nightmarish presence appeared.

His tribe members who had died when their heads were separated from their bodies made him feel incredibly afraid. He could not see the other person, only a long red arc.

He was exhausted. He did not have the courage to go back and fight. Even more so, he did not have the courage to trigger his blood veins to explode because he was not a normal Berserker. He was the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe. He knew that Black Mountain's reinforcements were on their way, and there was a possibility that they were very close to him. If he ran fast enough, then he could meet up with them.

Blood continued trickling down his mouth, and fatigue continued building up by several folds in his body. The sudden explosive burst of power also reached its limit as the blood-red light around his body dimmed. He staggered as he continued forward, but did not dare stop. Still, he could prevent his speed from slowing down.

But the moment it did so, the strange cry that had made him feel utmost terror returned. That strange cry was similar to the one they had emitted when they were pursuing Dark Mountain Tribe, but this one sounded sharper.

When the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe heard it, he felt as if his mind was on the verge of breaking. At that moment, he heard a whistling sound traveling towards his back. He gritted his teeth and turned around, letting out a roar as he hurled his fist forward. But the moment he did so, he saw a head thrown at him at high speed.

His fist landed on the head, and the tribe leader saw not just the head exploding into pieces, but also a flash of red. Behind that red long arc, there were countless threads, which only increased its strange mysteriousness.

He let out a pained scream. Blood gushed out, and the tribe leader's right arm was torn from his body. With the coming of that red light, his right arm was shredded to pieces right before his eyes.

Fear completely enveloped the tribe leader. He bit his tongue, and blood flowed out from his mouth. The vague shadow of a gigantic big blood bear appeared behind his back. It grabbed his body and threw him into the deepest part of the forest. Using that momentum, the tribe leader fled for his life.

Once the blood bear threw the tribe leader, its body was immediately surrounded by threads of moonlight. After being enveloped by several layers, the blood bear crumbled and disappeared from earth.

Su Ming appeared. His face was pale, and his eyes were calm, but there was a cruel smile on his lips.

'It's about time.'

He took a deep breath. The moonlight blended into his body through his wounds and nourished his body so that he could have the strength to perform the many tasks he wanted to do.

Looking in the direction the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe had fled in, Su Ming dashed forward, giving chase once again.

His speed had surpassed that of the tribe leader's of Black Mountain Tribe, but he was not in a hurry. A strange light flashed in his eyes. He knew that the danger looming over the tribe had not disappeared completely. He could deduce from the tribe leader's actions that Black Mountain Tribe still had reinforcements.

That was why he was not in a hurry to kill that tribe leader. He chose instead to chase after him closely. When Berserkers from the same tribe lived together for an extended

period of time, they would feel connected through their blood veins. From that connection, they could somewhat tell where the other were.

Su Ming knew about this.

So even though he did not know where Black Mountain Tribe's reinforcements were, the tribe leader would definitely do.

If he chased the tribe leader down, he could find this batch of reinforcements and slaughter them all. Only then would his tribe be completely safe for the rest of their migration. Besides, he needed to find a good moment to kill the tribe leader. If he could kill him right before his reinforcements, it would deal a huge blow to their morale, which would make it easier for Su Ming to massacre them in his exhausted state.

After the time of two incense sticks burning away, the tribe leader was still continuing to run madly forward. He had lost his right arm, but he did not care about it. As he ran, the desire to continue living appeared in his eyes. He did not want to die. He could somewhat feel from his blood veins that the reinforcements from the tribe were close. They were right before him.

He could even smell the presence coming from his tribe members. The desire to live became even stronger in his eyes. He had never been in such a pathetic state over the past 40 something years of his life, neither had he ever been so terrified. In fact, that fear was even stronger when what he had felt while fighting against Nan Song.

That was because he could see Nan Song, but he still hadn't seen who that mysterious killer was. The only thing he could see was the blood red light and the numerous threads left behind by the killer's speed.

At that moment, the strange sharp cry that made him fall into desperation came once again from behind him. That voice was like death knells, and every single time it appeared, it brought about pain and terror that the tribe leader could not withstand.

In fact, the moment he heard the voice, he immediately coughed out blood. The injuries and fatigue in his body made him feel as if he could no longer hold on. He was like a bird that was wounded by an arrow. Every single time it heard the sound of the bow, it would fall to the ground in fear.

"Who are you? Just who are you!"

The tribe leader shouted loudly. His face was pale when he saw the root of his terror once again. The blood red arc that sped towards him with countless threads behind it surrounded his body once, and his left hand was separated from his body before it exploded into pieces.

Letting out a pained scream, the tribe leader fell into despair. Yet as he fell into despair, a strong desire to live resurfaced because he heard those strange cries once again. However, this time, the cries did not make him afraid, they made him ecstatic.

That was Black Mountain Tribe's cry!

He let out a huge roar and retreated a few steps quickly before using up all his strength, summoned right down from his soul, and madly dashing towards where he'd heard his tribe members. His consciousness was beginning to fade. There was only one thought in his mind - to unite with his tribe.

Very soon, before a marginally empty space filled with snow and a few dried branches, he saw five people charging out from the forest. Those people were all incredibly familiar to him.

When he saw his tribe members, the reinforcements from Black Mountain also saw their tribe leader, the man who always stood at the top of their tribe!

Yet now, the tribe leader was in a very pathetic state, one that they had never seen on his person. The fear in his eyes, the blood on his face, and the body that had lost both arms, made their expressions change. Looks of horror naturally appeared on their faces, as if they were about to face a great and powerful enemy. They could not believe that the tribe leader was the only one left after having led so many Berserkers out to chase after Dark Mountain Tribe. That look of fear on his face was as if he'd met with something incredibly terrifying.

"Save me!" Once the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe saw his tribe members, a strong sense of joy appeared from the midst of his despair. Yet that joy did not last long. When the tribe members were about to arrive, a red long arc appeared behind the tribe leader. It closed in on him in the blink of an eye, and right before the people who came to help, it surrounded the tribe leader who let out shrill screams of pain and unwillingness.

The tribe leader's waist was suddenly sliced apart. Because he was running, blood scattered all over the place. He fell, and his legs continued twitching, but in his eyes were joy, despair, and a dead stillness. Once these emotions blended together, they formed a sight that made all those who saw grow cold with fear.

The reinforcements from Black Mountain were all taken aback. Panic appeared on their faces, and they all turned pale. The tribe leader had died right before their eyes. This was something they had never once experienced in their lives. It made their hearts tremble as dread filled their bodies.

They saw the red light that killed the tribe leader flash before turning into a frail looking person. There was a huge bow slung across his back, and in his hands, he held a long

spear. There were threads of moonlight floating behind him like a cloak, and those threads spread hundreds of feet behind him.

His presence was shocking!

This was a teenager, or at the very least, a person that looked like a teenager. That calm look on his face, the frail looking body, and the stillness in his eyes seemed to hide something terrifying that wanted to devour all living beings. It made all the people from Black Mountain Tribe center their fears and the shock dealt by the tribe leader's death on his person.

Even the tribe leader died in his hands. Terror and shock filled all the hearts of the Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe gathered here.

From their terrified glances, they saw the youth who stood hundreds of feet away from the corpse of their tribe leader not sparing a glance at them. Instead, he stood by their tribe leader's corpse and lifted the long spear in his hands before cutting off their tribe leader's head like he was cutting off the head of a beast. He picked it up and looked up, casting a glance at the five people from Black Mountain Tribe standing not too far away.

The shadow of the blood red moon was in his eyes. It was enchanting, but it also held a stillness and a horrifying look that made people tremble. The moment he looked towards the people from Black Mountain Tribe, all of these Berserkers reflexively took a few steps back. Their minds were roaring. That gaze made their fear grow even stronger.

This was someone that even the tribe leader was afraid of, and he died right before their eyes. How could they not be afraid? Especially when Su Ming had threads of moonlight that spanned hundreds of feet floating behind him and were giving off a piercing cold glare?

Yet among the five people was a man in his forties who was trembling so hard that his eyes were red. He looked similar to the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe.

"Brother!" the man cried out and charged towards Su Ming. Behind him, the other tribe members of Black Mountain Tribe suppressed their fears and dashed forward as well.

Su Ming stood beside the tribe leader's corpse. His eyes were freezing cold. The moment the man charged towards him, he swung his left hand leisurely, and a dash of red powder scattered forth as it was impacted by his Qi.

When the man who was leading the charge got closer, his entire body trembled. A wound caused by a formless moonlight thread appeared on his face. The blood from the wound immediately started heating up as if it was burning, and before that person could even make a sound, his body turned into red mist and rose into the air abruptly.

"Fallen... Fallen Berserker!"

"He's a Fallen Berserker!"

Cries of surprise rose up. The faces of the four people from Black Mountain Tribe who wanted to charge forward changed once again. They immediately stopped as dismayed expressions appeared on their faces. The sight of their tribe leader's death and the look of horror on his face before his death resurfaced in their minds. It made their terror reach their peak at that very instant.

Just as the four people were about to retreat, Su Ming moved!

Under the full moon, the threads of moonlight that were floating behind him charged towards the four people who were overcome by fear and shock.

## **Chapter 102: Why?!**

### Translation

Su Ming used the tribe leader as a guide to help him locate the reinforcements from Black Mountain Tribe, then right before their eyes, he cruelly killed their tribe leader and beheaded him. He made sure to exaggerate his movements, and with that strange look of his under the full moon, his advantage over Black Mountain Tribe reached its peak in an instant.

Su Ming had to do it. He was already incredibly tired. Even if he had the nourishment provided by the moon, he still had to spare strength to kill Shan Hen. He hated that traitor who had escaped into the forest after being injured.

Thus, he had to take into account how to complete his mission with his remaining stamina and why he decided to use psychological warfare.

His actions when he killed the man that looked similar to the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe further added to his mysteriousness. The terror that came with the title of Fallen Berserker made all four of Black Mountain Tribe's members serving as reinforcements lose the will to fight when he charged towards them. They all chose to turn and flee from the place.

In truth, even without the man who looked similar to the tribe leader, Su Ming would have still used the same tactic of bringing fear to these people by attacking their mental states.

For the next few moments, in the small empty space in the forest, whistling sounds would come, followed by cries of despair an instant before death silenced them. After a



long while, as silence gradually returned to the clearing, Su Ming walked out of the forest, dragging his body.

A few more wounds marred it. One of the injuries made by a knife seemed so deep it looked like it had reached his bones. Both it and the others slowly stopped bleeding under the moonlight, but Su Ming's face was as pale as the snow on the ground.

Behind him lay four corpses, their blood dyeing the snow red. They had paid the price for Black Mountain Tribe's invasion.

In truth, Black Mountain Tribe already regretted underestimating Dark Mountain Tribe's resistance and overestimating their own Elder's might.

It started from the time they had laid the trap in the forest. Yet because they were already too far down the road, had already fought to this state, without the Elder's command, they did not dare to withdraw. They could only continue committing one mistake after another.

Even so, there were still some Warriors from Black Mountain Tribe who were not dead, merely injured. They were stunned by their battle against Dark Mountain Tribe. So they did not continue chasing after the migrating tribe but neither did they return to Black Mountain Tribe. They chose instead to spread out and hide in the deeper parts of the forest, thinking of ways to use their injuries as an excuse to back out of the fight.

Dark Mountain Tribe's madness was carved deep into these people's bones.

Su Ming ran through the forest, panting harshly, as he searched for tracks on the ground. He was using the tracking skills he had acquired naturally when he was in the forest to now search for Shan Hen!

He had to find him to get the reason for his betrayal for Nan Song, all the people from Dark Mountain Tribe, and all those who he knew had died in the trap!

Thunderous roars still echoed in the sky. The battle in which the elder had sacrificed some of his life to hold back Black Mountain Tribe's Bi Tu was still ongoing.

He was doing everything that he could to ensure the tribe's safety.

Su Ming did not make a sound, but the determination and resolution in his eyes did not decrease in the slightest.

While quickly chasing Shan Hen down using the tracks the man had left behind, Su Ming saw multiple frozen bodies on the way. All these corpses belonged to the tribe members who had chosen to stay.



Sadness rose in his heart when looking at these people, but he also felt respect towards them.

He passed by the bodies of his deceased tribe members, and eventually, Su Ming stopped moving upon reaching a deeper part of the forest.

Before him was a big tree. Underneath it there was a man. His hands lay by his sides. In his right hand there was a xun made of bone. The blood staining the instrument had turned brown. It had even covered some of the holes.

Su Ming went closer and looked at Liu Di, who had already died. His corpse was rigid, and his dull eyes were directed at the sky. There was no way of knowing what he was looking at before he died. Perhaps he was just doing what was depicted in Dark Mountain Tribe's funeral song—asking who the was owner of the pair of eyes looking at him from the blue tinge in the sky, and who was the owner of the blinking star at night.

Su Ming slowly crouched down while looking at Liu Di. He picked up the xun made of bone and put it away in his bosom.

He could not forget the many nights when he was annoyed by the moaning sounds of the xun echoing in the otherwise quiet tribe. There were even times when he had wanted to look for this man and complain, but managed to stop himself before actually doing it.

Now... Su Ming closed his eyes. He badly wanted to hear a song played by the xun, but the owner of the instrument had passed away.

Su Ming left.

He left, bringing with him his speed and the countless moonlight threads floating behind him as he dashed through the forest. He continued chasing after Shan Hen, using the footprints he had left.

Shan Hen's footprints were erratic and messy. It was a sign which meant that the man was not only badly wounded, but his heart was also in disarray. That was why when fleeing, he had forgotten to cover his tracks.

Perhaps he did not even expect for there to be someone who would chase after him. If that weren't the case, then with his identity as the chief of the hunters in Dark Mountain Tribe, Shan Hen would have covered his tracks, because his familiarity with the forest was on par with Su Ming's.

The chase continued as time went by.

It was midnight. The full moon hung in the sky. The moon shone so brightly, its light dimmed out the glow of the stars around it. When it was almost certain that the thick fog

could not cover the moon, Su Ming arrived at the ravine created by the elder to prevent their pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe from advancing. The screen of light was broken, and it had long since disappeared.

Su Ming saw Wu La here. She lay there quietly, her face almost smiling.

He went to where she was with light footsteps and looked at her. He looked at her pale and muddled face, and seemed to hear her last words before she died.

"... Are you Mo Su...?"

He stood by her corpse for a long while before raising his foot and walking past her in one swift motion.

Su Ming walked away and came to where he had killed Bi Su. Bi Su's corpse was no longer there. Someone had taken the body away.

As Su Ming ran through the place, the sights that fell into his eyes made him recall just how devastating the battle between the tribes had been. The memories were carved deep into his heart.

Then he arrived at a place that made his body jolt.

That place was still part of the forest. Right ahead, he saw torn limbs and pieces of flesh lying on the ground. Only the white strands of hair reminded him of those familiar old people.

This was the place where the elderly from the tribe had chosen to stay when the tribe had just left the trap. These old people were all dead. A lonely breeze blew through the land, lifting up the snow and the scattered white strands of hair on the ground.

They had asked for an item from the elder that would allow them to self-destruct. In their remaining moments, they had talked about their pasts, and when the pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe had arrived, they laughed fearlessly and turned into loud banging sounds.

Su Ming bowed towards the pool of blood before him. These normal old folk from the tribe were as deserving of respect as the Berserkers who had died in battle.

He lifted his feet and silently walked past that plain of snow.

On the way, he found five arrows belonging to the Head of the Guards. He placed them in the quiver, and as he continued chasing after Shan Hen, he arrived at the battlefield where they had had the largest number of deaths, where the battle between the tribes was at its most devastating point. It was the place where Black Mountain Tribe had laid the trap.

When he saw it, Su Ming's desire to kill Shan Hen became even stronger.

There were too many corpses on the ground, especially right before Su Ming. The dozens of bodies of the youths who had done nothing to contribute to the tribe in the past lay in front of him. The memory of them rushing out without looking back made Su Ming's heart clench, as if he was seeing it happen all over again.

He was following Shan Hen's footsteps. These footprints told Su Ming that everything he saw, Shan Hen saw as well while fleeing. In fact, his footprints were sunk deeper into the ground here, as if he had stopped for a time.

"Could Shan Hen... be going there...?" Su Ming mumbled.

A complicated look appeared on his face. Shan Hen was the chief of the hunters in the tribe since Su Ming was very young. He was, in fact, just like the Head of the Guards—they were both adults and powerful Warriors respected by the La Sus of the tribe.

The two men had different personalities, causing the Head of the Guards to be well-liked by the La Sus. Yet Shan Hen's aloof attitude also made them feel protected, even though they were afraid of him.

Perhaps he had to be aloof and indifferent. As the chief of the hunters and the hunting team, protecting Dark Mountain Tribe and providing enough food made him spend most of his time outside the tribe hunting wild beasts.

Shan Hen had stained his hands with too much blood. He might have been capable of smiling, but those smiles would only appear on his face when he hid himself in a dark corner as he watched the tribe members cheer loudly because there was enough food and no one had to die of starvation.

Most of the people in the tribe would not be able to see his smile.

Why would someone like this betray the tribe?

Su Ming walked by the trap's site without making a sound. He no longer looked at the footprints left on the ground. He could already guess where Shan Hen was.

Once he walked past the trap's place, Su Ming turned into a long red arc as he sped forward under the moon. Time passed by. Gradually, in the distance before his eyes, a faint outline appeared in the night.

That place was once filled with laughter, joy, and happiness. Every night, there would be bonfires lighting up the area. There would be tribe members dancing around it, and there would be La Sus playing at night.

That place held sixteen years of Su Ming's memories. Now, it was desolate. Broken. Ruined.

That was their tribe - Dark Mountain Tribe.

As Su Ming got closer under the moonlight, he saw a man crying on his knees in amid the snow and chaos on the ground, located at the center of the tribe void a giant gate.

The sounds of his weeping randed loud and clear in the silent night. Filled with grief and sadness, they echoed through the empty surroundings, causing Su Ming to falter in his footsteps.

'Is this sadness real...?'

He clenched his fists and firmly walked towards the man. Once he went past the broken gate and was only one thousand feet away from the crying man, Su Ming stopped.

He looked at the man's back, listened to his pain filled cries, and looked at his former home. His heart hurt as if he was being stabbed with a knife.

"Why?!"

### **Chapter 103: Shan Hen**

Translation

Su Ming stood at the ruined tribe and looked at the weeping man. He did not get an answer to his question.

That man was Shan Hen. He was crying as he knelt at the center of the tribe. His face was filled with pain, but there was also indecision, regret, and sorrow.

Su Ming was silent. He did not make a move, as if waiting for Shan Hen's answer.

After a long while, through which the cold wind continued blowing across the land and lifting the debris on the ground to turn in circles, Shan Hen stopped crying and slowly stood up before turning and looking at Su Ming.

Those eyes were bloodshot and tired.

Those familiar eyes now seemed like stranger's eyes. This person, whom Su Ming was well acquainted with, was now Dark Mountain Tribe's traitor. If it weren't for him, the number of deaths in the tribe would have definitely not been so devastating.

"You told Black Mountain Tribe the route we would take for our migration."

Su Ming looked at Shan Hen as he walked towards him with grief on his face.

"When I came back, you were all getting rid of the scouts from Black Mountain Tribe. At that time, you all worked separately, so no one noticed where you went. You did not kill those from Black Mountain Tribe in your area. You told them where we were going instead."

He continued walking forward.

Shan Hen's face was pale. He laughed brokenly and staggered backwards, as if he could not withstand Su Ming's accusations.

"Lots of our tribe members died in that trap..."

"After that, you bore through it patiently until the most important moment arrived. When only Lei Chen, Grandpa Nan Song, you, and I stayed back, you badly injured Grandpa Nan Song, turning the tides of the battle..."

"Do you really want to see Black Mountain Tribe chase us down and massacre our people...?" Su Ming asked in a hoarse voice as he came closer.

The pain on Shan Hen's face grew even stronger, and he took a couple more steps back.

"I have two things I don't understand. One, why did you betray the tribe? Two, why did you not let Bei Ling and his father stay? Was it because you had no confidence whether those two could be taken down by Black Mountain Tribe after you injured Grandpa Nan Song, or was it because you had a sudden bout of guilty conscience?"

With a swift move, Su Ming suddenly closed in until he was 200 feet away from Shan Hen.

"Tell me, why?!"

"Say no more!"

Shan Hen's face was pale and desolate as he suddenly shouted in a loud voice. His pain and sadness erupted forth at that moment as well. He took a few steps back, staring at Su Ming.

"Say... no more! There is no reason, none!"

Tears fell from Shan Hen's eyes. He raised his right hand, and immediately blood-red light flashed in his hand. The red light surrounded his arm, and he pointed a finger at Su Ming.

"I don't care whether you're Su Ming or Mo Su! Get out of here. I can't die yet. Give me another ten years. Once ten years have passed, I will kill myself here.

"If you continue bothering me, then don't blame me for not showing you the mercy of a fellow tribe member!"

The indifferent look on Shan Hen's face was gone. At that moment, he was like a roaring wild beast. He took a leap back, as if he was about to leave the tribe.

"If you can even betray the tribe, then don't talk about showing me the mercy of a fellow tribe member! When you injured Grandpa Nan Song, did you think about what would happen if we died and those pursuers caught up with our tribe? Did you think about the fate that would fall on their heads!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth, and with Blood Scales in his right hand, he rushed towards Shan Hen.

Su Ming turned into a long red arc, countless moonlight threads floating behind his back. In the blink of an eye, he closed in on Shan Hen. Crashing sounds erupted in the once beautiful tribe.

As they erupted, Shan Hen roared, and a blood red blade materialized in his right hand, clashing with the long spear and causing wind to roll out from around them like waves.

"Dark Blood Dust!"

Shan Hen retreated a few steps. He coughed out blood, and his face turned pale. The blood turned into a cloud of blood mist midair and charged towards Su Ming.

Shan Hen's power was great, and his Dark Blood Dust was not something Su Ming could compare to. The moment the Art was cast, it spread hundreds of feet around them. If the mist landed on Su Ming, it would pierce through his body, as if it was made up of sharp arrows.

Yet the moment the blood mist with the penetrating ability charged towards him, covering the sky, Su Ming's eyes filled with the shadow of the moon and flashed brilliantly. Tonight was the night of the full moon!

The fine threads made of moonlight floating behind him tumbled forward in an instant. The moment the blood mist closed in, the moonlight threads swiftly gathered before Su Ming, turning into a screen of light, and clashed with the blood mist.

After a loud crash, Su Ming trembled. The threads of moonlight started cracking inch by inch, but the blood mist also dispersed as if blown away by a huge gust of wind.

At the same time, as blood trickled out of the corners of Shan Hen's mouth, he staggered back a few dozens of feet. Then he turned and ran. He did not move to fight but to leave the place as soon as possible.

There was no way Su Ming would let him leave. He dashed after the man, but the moment he got closer, Shan Hen turned around abruptly. There was pain in his eyes, but there was also killing intent.

"Su Ming, you forced me to do this!"

Shan Hen let out a roar, and he lifted the blood-red blade in his hands. In the blink of an eye, a Berserker Mark in the shape of a blade appeared on his face. It was his Berserker Mark!

The moment the mark appeared, the space behind Shan Hen started twisting. A giant red blade materialized and swung down. It passed through Shan Hen's body and went for Su Ming's head with tremendous killing intent.

That blade was stunning. It was Shan Hen's, who was the chief of the hunters in Dark Mountain Tribe, strongest move! The number of people and beasts that had died under that blade was far too great!

A lot of moonlight instantly turned into fine threads that surrounded the blade swinging down at Su Ming. Yet the moment they touched the sword, they were all torn apart.

The blade was about to touch Su Ming.

His eyes blazed, and fire started spreading through them, like his pupils had just been lit on fire. The moment the flames appeared, Su Ming immediately felt that his Qi was burning, as if there was a fire that could burn heaven and earth within him!

The strength of the fire under the full moon was greater than on any other day. Su Ming did not howl. Instead, he raised his right hand as his eyes burned and pressed his palm against the blood blade coming towards him.

Flames erupted forth from his body at that instant and enveloped him within them, turning him into a gigantic man of fire. The fire giant looked like it took in a breath as it looked at the full moon in the sky. At that moment, it was as if the moonlight from the entire world was sucked towards it, causing the area to become darker.

"Fire!" Su Ming whispered.



While chasing after Shan Hen, he had already felt the fire building up in his body under the full moon. It was as if he just needed a thought, and the flames would burst forth from his body.

The fire giant slammed its head against the blood blade as Su Ming pressed his right palm forward. When it rushed towards the blade, it no longer looked like a person, but turned into a sea of fire and burned the blade.

Booming sounds shook the sky and earth at that instant. The sea of fire and the blood blade crumbled apart at the same time. Disbelief appeared on Shan Hen's face, and he coughed out blood. He was already gravely wounded to begin with and could not withstand the attack. As his body tumbled backwards, he coughed out blood once again in midair. He staggered to regain his footing before retreating.

Blood trickled down Su Ming's mouth. The blood fell on the snow below, and a lot of snow melted instantly as if burned away. When Su Ming saw that Shan Hen was about to run, he took a huge step forward and ruthlessly threw Blood Scales.

Whistling sound echoed through the air. Blood Scales turned into a giant blood-red eagle and fell before Shan Hen, who was trying to escape. It crashed heavily, stirring up a wall of snow that made Shan Hen flinch.

At the same moment, Su Ming stomped on the ground once, and by his side, a stone knife left behind by one of his people as they left jumped up from the patch of snow. He caught it in his hand and closed in on Shan Hen in the blink of an eye, thrusting the knife forward.

"I can't die!"

Shan Hen's face was vicious. The moment Su Ming thrust the knife towards him, a weak red light flashed on Shan Hen's right hand's fingers, and they turned into a red blade.

The two thrust their blades into each other's bodies almost at the same time.

"Give me ten years! Just ten years!" Shan Hen roared, panting harshly, his body filled with pain.

"When I was young, you were an adult I respected. I knew that you had to force yourself to be indifferent because your responsibilities were great. You had to protect the tribe. The tribe needed the friendliness of the Head of the Guards, but it also needed someone who was aloof. That was why you chose to be aloof... I'll let you stab me as thanks for protecting the tribe in the past.

"But I absolutely won't forgive you. Our people who died because of your betrayal also won't forgive you!"

Blood flowed down the corners of Su Ming's mouth. He pressed against Shan Hen's body and took out the stone knife, then stabbed once again.

"This is from all the elderly folk in the tribe who had died.

"This is from all the people who weren't useless and died for the tribe leader," Su Ming whispered in Shan Hen's ear and stabbed him once again.

"This is from Wu La.

"This is from Liu Di."

Tears fell from Su Ming's eyes as he continued stabbing Shan Hen, lost in his sadness. With each stab, Shan Hen's body would tremble, pressed against Su Ming. Blood continued flowing from his mouth. He was also crying in pain and in sorrow.

"This is from Grandpa Nan Song."

Su Ming looked at the ruins of the tribe. He supported Shan Hen so that he would not fall and pushed his body back, stabbing him once again with the knife in his right hand.

As he kept pushing Shan Hen back, a long, terrifying line of blood trailed down after them through the snow until the hunter's back hit a giant fence that wasn't too damaged surrounding the tribe

With a bang the fence shook as Su Ming stabbed again.

"This is from the elder.

"This is from me," he said in a low tone and sank the stone knife in his hands deeply into Shan Hen's heart.

The head of the hunters fell on him and convulsed repeatedly, the light in his eyes gradually becoming dimmer.

It was quiet around them.

They were the only two people in the tribe, and looked as if they were hugging each other.

Su Ming closed his eyes. After a long while, he took a few gentle steps back, and Shan Hen's body fell to the side. There was no longer any light in his eyes. It was as if he could no longer see Su Ming, struggling to lift his trembling right hand and bring out a small piece of bone from his bosom.

It was a very tiny bone, and it looked like the leg bone of a baby. As he held that tiny piece of bone, tears fell from Shan Hen's blank eyes.

Crying, his breathing faded away, and so did his life.

## **Chapter 104: The Place Closest to the Sky**

### Translation

Su Ming stood silently and looked at Shan Hen who had fallen before him. Su Ming was filled with complicated emotions towards the traitor of Dark Mountain Tribe. Killing him did not bring any satisfaction to him; it only made him even more burdened.

If it were not because this person had committed a crime punishable by death, who would want to kill his own tribe member? If it were not because this person caused so many deaths due to his mistake, who would want to kill the powerful Berserker he had admired since he was still a child?

Su Ming looked at Shan Hen's eyes, which were still open. His dull eyes seemed to be looking at a place Su Ming could not see, and he wondered what he was thinking about before his death.

The small piece of bone belonging to a baby was stained with Shan Hen's blood. He held it tightly in his hand, as if that was his deepest attachment prior to death.

Su Ming did not know why Shan Hen betrayed the tribe. There was no answer to it. He took a few steps and crouched down. As he looked at Shan Hen, he recalled the kindness and laughter in this man's eyes as La Sus cheered when he brought back the beast fangs for them.

Su Ming raised his right hand and put it on Shan Hen's eyes to close them. His actions were gentle, as if he was afraid of bothering the head hunter's deceased spirit.

He let out a light sigh and was just about to get up when his eyes fell on the baby's leg bone in Shan Hen's hand.

'Is it because of this...?'

He picked it up silently, but did not check whether there was anything wrong with it and just quietly put it away in his bosom.

Standing up straight, he looked at the once familiar tribe. It was already past midnight, but the moonlight was still bright since the full moon hung in the sky. The silvery light

scattered on the earth, serving as a mirror to the snow on the ground, causing the sky and earth to not seem so dark, allowing some degree of visibility.

He was just about to leave when a slight hint of warmth emitted from the area around his chest. He lowered his head and took out an object from his bosom. That object was also a bone, but it was the bone of a beast - the bone the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe had gifted him when they parted ways.

‘If this thing turns red, then it means that Dark Mountain Tribe is completely safe...’

For the first time since a long time ago, a smile appeared on Su Ming’s face. The bone in his hand was letting off a red light and a faint hint of warmth.

‘The tribe is safe...’

He took a deep breath. At that moment, a loud, thunderous boom came from Black Flame Mountain, which was located in Dark Mountain, far away from the tribe.

Su Ming lifted his head abruptly and immediately saw the summit of Black Flame Mountain erupting as the booming sound occurred. The stones at the top of the mountain shattered, and the sound reverberated all over the place. Due to the crack at the top of the mountain, from where he stood, Su Ming saw the elder fighting against Bi Tu in the sky right behind the collapsed mountaintop.

The elder seemed to be retreating, and he also seemed to be heavily injured.

The red fog that was all over the sky tumbled after the elder, and the faint shape of the Wings of the Moon formed inside. There was also a person standing on top of that Wings of the Moon.

This battle had gone on for a very long time. The Elder of Black Mountain Tribe had originally thought that with his powers of the Transcendence Realm, he could end the massacre quickly, but he did not expect that up till now, Mo Sang would still be holding out against him.

More importantly, from what he could tell, Mo Sang might not have reached Transcendence Realm, but he had a lot of Berserker Arts at hand, most of which he had never seen before. The might of those Berserker Arts could even compare with the power of Transcendence!

If he hadn’t mastered the Fallen Berserker Art and continuously absorbed the earth’s vitality as he fought, this battle would have been incredibly difficult.

The moment Mo Sang was expelled from the red mist, Bi Tu charged out from the Wings of the Moon towards him. He no longer dared to use the Wings of the Moon that

were formed from his Berserker Mark. After all, he had lost control of it once, and that incident had not only left behind an impression, but also a hint of fear in his heart.

He didn't know why, but the Berserker Blood in his body was restless, as if he was about to lose control of it, and it was going to charge out. But that wasn't even the main point.

What frightened Bi Tu the most was a desire that kept growing inside him. This desire did not stem from his mind, but the blood flowing in his veins. It was as if it was trying to lead him in a direction somewhere on the land to worship something.

If he hadn't forcefully quelled that impulse with the power he had gained in the Transcendence Realm, this battle would not have lasted to this point.

Su Ming stood in the tribe. Once he saw the sight in the sky, he rushed wordlessly towards Dark Mountain.

He could not fly, so it was impossible for him to participate in the sky battle, but he could go to Dark Mountain and stand at the very top. Its summit was the place closest to the sky.

Only when he was there could he help the elder.

As Su Ming continued running towards the top, a strange light flashed in his eyes. The countless moonlight threads floating behind him looked like solidified moonlight.

'The tribe is safe now, I no longer need to worry about the others... With my strength, I shouldn't be able to join the fight between the Elders, and if I go, it'll only cause the Elder to worry and distract him.'

Su Ming's expression was calm. He was no longer as loud and reckless as he was before. Although he was anxious, he could now assess the situation calmly.

'If that incident where I controlled the Wings of the Moon hadn't happened, I wouldn't go, but now, I might... really be able to help the elder!'

He turned into a long red arc and dashed into the forest, bringing with him the numerous moonlight threads.

'I'll go to the place closest to the sky, closest to the full moon, and perform the burning of blood!'

The red light charged through the forest at an incredible speed.

That thought had not just occurred to Su Ming. He had already come up with that idea when he first saw the Wings of the Moon formed by the red fog behind Bi Tu. In fact, he

had already had a faint inkling when he saw the Berserker Mark in the shape of the Wings of the Moon on the center of Bi Tu's brows.

Since the incident where he had used his willpower to control the Wings of the Moon, that idea was no longer a mere inkling, but became a complete plan.

'There are many Wings of the Moon in the five summits of Dark Mountain. When I performed the burning of blood before, I had the feeling that the Wings of the Moon were restless... If my guess is correct, then if I perform the burning of blood on Dark Mountain during full moon, I can make them even more worked up, which will also affect... Bi Tu, who clearly practices Fire Berserker Arts!'

After the days of trauma experienced by the tribe, Su Ming had learned how not to be reckless, and how to be calm and quiet.

He did not choose to go to Black Flame Mountain, but went towards Dark Dragon Mountain. The red arc trailed a very long line through the forest. From a distance, it looked like a red ribbon that would not break no matter how it moved.

Time passed by.

Soon, the long red arc wound through the forest, and Su Ming—traveling on the familiar path—approached one of the five summits of Dark Mountain - Dark Dragon Mountain.

He could not remember how many times he had climbed this mountain. It could even be said that he was familiar with every nook and cranny of the place. The moment he got closer, the long red arc jumped into the air, and with a few leaps, Su Ming climbed up the mountain without stopping, charging towards the top in the span of a few breaths.

He ran at his full speed along the back of the mountain, hence Bi Tu and Mo Sang, who were fighting against each other in the sky, did not notice his actions on Dark Dragon Mountain, despite it being located not too far away.

Besides, they were in a state where they could not divide even a tiny bit of their attention elsewhere. Yet for some reason, anxiety and fear suddenly rose up in Bi Tu. The rampant state of his Berserker Blood became much stronger all of a sudden, as if his blood was boiling in his body. It made him afraid, and he quickly retreated, using some power to forcefully quell that feeling down. His expression changed to one of dismay.

'Just what is happening!'

He was shocked but did not have time to think about it. Mo Sang used that chance to close in on him, and they were engaged in a fight once again.

Mo Sang was already running dry and was incredibly exhausted, yet he had already fought to the extent where he could not leave even if he wanted to. Jing Nan was not here yet either, which made worry and a sense of danger rise in him.

At that moment, Su Ming was rushing up Dark Dragon Mountain towards the top. When he passed by the cracks, he could feel Wings of the Moon on edge deep below.

‘My guess should be correct!’

Light flashed through Su Ming’s eyes.

He continued climbing upwards, and before long, he stood at the top of Dark Dragon Mountain. Wind whistled by, lifting his hair and causing his torn beast skin shirt to flap. Yet he stood there with his back straight and looked at the sky, towards the red fog by Black Flame Mountain that covered the sky, and at the two flashing figures that clashed and quickly separated from each other inside the fog with the dark python’s roars thundering around.

There was also a pressure that appeared when the elder and Bi Tu cast their Berserker Arts, which caused a change in their surroundings.

Su Ming took in a deep breath and sat down cross-legged. He lifted his head in one swift motion and looked at the brilliant moon in the sky. The moon was round, and its light was bright. It fell into Su Ming’s eyes, and he felt as if his blood was about to burn at any moment.

‘Elder, Su Ming will accompany you!’

The shadow of the blood-red moon in Su Ming’s eyes became even clearer. As the blood in his body started boiling, and a burning sensation filled his entire person, he raised his right hand and bit his fingertips before pressing them to his left eye.

The fourth burning of blood!

The moment the blood on his fingertips touched his left eye, Dark Dragon Mountain lurched underneath his body. In fact, the instant Dark Dragon Mountain shook, Dark Mountain with all five of its summits started trembling.

At the same time, all Wings of the Moon within the five summits screeched and howled in excitement. They wanted to rush out of the blood-red tree that kept them contained. They madly scratched and clawed at the big tree with red eyes as they cried out with unbelievable excitement.

They wanted to rush out and worship their King!



At that moment, Bi Tu suddenly trembled while fighting against Mo Sang in the red fog. He quickly retreated, dismay and panic appearing on his face. He was losing control over the Berserker Blood in his body, and his Blood was crashing all over his body. There was a strong urge growing in him—making him incapable of resisting—to kneel down and worship in the direction of Dark Dragon Mountain.

'How could this be!'

Bi Tu looked pathetic. Blood flowed out of the corner of his mouth when he forced down the terrifying desire. At the same time, he saw a figure of a frail person sitting on top of Dark Dragon Mountain!

### **Chapter 105: Battle on the Moon!**

#### Translation

An incredible killing intent appeared in Bi Tu's eyes. With just one glance, he could tell that the source of his terror came from the person sitting on Dark Mountain.

He was about to get closer when the elder noticed Bi Tu's strange behavior and also saw Su Ming sitting on top of Dark Dragon Mountain. He narrowed his eyes and swiftly took one step forward, blocking Bi Tu's path.

Once again, Mo Sang engaged Bi Tu in battle with his tired body.

As Bi Tu howled in anger, the thick, great fog behind him quickly gathered up before turning into a Wings of the Moon that could cover the sky if it spread its wings!

The Wings of the Moon looked at where Su Ming was, and an incredible struggle appeared on its face. It was as if there were two wills in its body. One of it came from Bi Tu, and the other came from the deceased spirits of the Fire Berserker Tribe, telling him to go to the person who was burning his blood and worship him!

Su Ming was looking at the moon in the sky. In his eyes, the moon had turned entirely red. He shuddered. Trying to incite the burning of his blood with his right index finger was as difficult as usual.

"Members of the Ancient Fire Berserker Tribe... I, Su Ming, have learned the Fire Berserker Art, and now I am performing the burning of my blood on Dark Mountain... recreating the Fire Berserker Art... if your souls are here, why won't you help me!"

His eyes were firm. As he mumbled, he swiped his right index finger across his eyes, and when a sharp pain rose in his left eye, a fire that seemed to burn the sky erupted forth.

Su Ming had managed to complete the burning of his left eye!

The moment his left eye completed the burning, all five summits in Dark Mountain shook once again. This time, the trembling was much stronger than before. A large amount of gravel fell from the mountains and tumbled downwards. It was as if there was a struggle within Dark Mountain, as if a giant underneath it that wanted to rise and stand up!

Bi Tu, who was still fighting with Mo Sang, let out a pained, sharp cry. His eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding, and he tumbled backwards. His eyes were bloodshot, and there seemed to be the faint shape of the moon in his pupils.

He looked wretched. His hair was a mess, and he was bleeding all over his body. A flash passed through Mo Sang's eyes. He chased after Bi Tu without the intention of letting him go. At the same time, the giant Wings of the Moon in the sky shuddered and let out piercing howls like there were two wills clashing furiously within it.

"Kill him! Wings of the Moon formed by my Berserker Blood, kill him!" Bi Tu shouted in a shrill voice.

He raised his right hand and struck his chest. The picture of the Wings of the Moon on the center of his brows immediately let out a piercing light, causing the conflict within the eyes of the Wings of the Moon to gradually disappear as it continued howling. The same murderous look as Bi Tu's appeared in its eyes instead. It flapped its wings and charged towards Su Ming, who was on Dark Dragon Mountain.

Bi Tu quickly spread his arms wide as he retreated, and immediately, wisps of white air appeared from the ground, rushing towards him, causing the injuries on his body to rapidly heal. He took a big step forward and engaged Mo Sang. As booming sounds reverberated in the air, Mo Sang, though his face was pale, gritted his teeth and fought back.

The giant Wings of the Moon closed in on Dark Dragon Mountain like an endless cloud. Its cries turned into a huge gust of wind, as if it was about to uproot the whole Dark Dragon Mountain. Yet the moment it got closer, Su Ming, who had been sitting down, stood up swiftly. With the shadow of the blood-red moon in his eyes, he looked at the approaching giant Wings of the Moon.

"Leave!"

His voice was calm. He removed his right index finger from his left eye and placed it on his right eye, giving an aloof look to the Wings of the Moon, built as big as the peak of a mountain,

Su Ming himself was built on the leaner side. Compared to the huge Wings of the Moon, he was nothing, yet the moment his voice traveled out coldly, the gigantic body of the

Wings of the Moon trembled. It stopped 100 feet away. The murderous look in its eyes turned into conflict and pain.

This sight struck Mo Sang with disbelief; it also made Bi Tu shake furiously. It was as if he was the Wings of the Moon, and there was an indescribable force coming from the frail body standing on Dark Dragon Mountain, shaking the sky.

As Bi Tu trembled, he pushed Mo Sang away with a punch and bit his tongue. The moment he coughed out blood, he pressed his right hand to the center of his brows, then with a roar, tore away the mark of the Wings of the Moon from the center of his brows. The flesh that was torn away was surrounded by the blood that Bi Tu coughed out before beginning the burning, sending out a large amount of red mist.

At the same time, the Wings of the Moon 100 feet away from Su Ming rapidly flamed up, turning into a sea of fire. But there was no hint of struggle in its eyes as it sank into the flames. It charged towards Su Ming instead. There was only 100 feet between them, so it could instantly close up the distance.

By the looks of it, it wanted to devour Su Ming!

Su Ming still remained calm. At the very instant the Wings of the Moon pounced on him, he swiped his right index finger across his right eye. The sky changed, the clouds and the wind tumbled backwards, and thunderous roars arose from Dark Dragon Mountain!

This was the fourth burning of blood. Yet this time, the number of blood veins within Su Ming's body did not increase. Instead, as Dark Dragon Mountain shook furiously underneath him, the moon in the sky no longer appeared red only in Su Ming's eyes—it started turning red before everyone's!

The night of the blood-red moon!

The moment the blood-red moon appeared, within the endless forest spanning around Dark Mountain, the people from Black Mountain Tribe who hid themselves to avoid fighting let out terrified screams and gasps when they saw the crimson moon.

"The blood-red moon! Why is the blood-red moon here!"

"Didn't the blood-red moon just appear recently? Why... why is it here again!"

It weren't just the Black Mountain Tribe members hiding in the forest who reacted this way. The same terrified and forlorn screams echoed within their tribe as all the remaining tribe members quickly hid themselves, trembling.

The members of Dark Mountain Tribe were still in the process of migrating to Wind Stream Tribe. There were dozens of Berserkers from Wind Stream around them with Ye Wang and Chen Chong acting as the leaders. They had received orders from the tribe

leader to assist Dark Mountain Tribe. When they met them on their way, they acted as escorts. At that moment, they too, saw the blood-red moon in the sky, and their expressions changed.

Dark Dragon Tribe too, saw the blood-red moon!

An outcry filled with fear and shock resounded!

In the sky above Dark Mountain, Bi Tu was also taken aback momentarily by the sight of the blood-red moon, but his eyes were soon filled with ecstasy. He was not afraid of the crimson moon. He charged towards Mo Sang, causing the other man to retreat. Blood flowed down from Bi Tu's lips and was flung out, turning into droplets that scattered in the air. With some unknown Berserker Art, they fell on Mo Sang's body, causing the elder to be sent tumbling back.

Bi Tu was about to close in on him when a furious voice that sounded like rumbling thunder suddenly came from Dark Dragon Mountain.

"Bi Tu!"

Violent tremors shook Dark Dragon Mountain. Many stones rolled down, resulting in loud crashes. Dust billowed out into the forest at the foot of the mountain, stirring up the snow on the ground and forming a large round force of power with Dark Mountain as the center.

As the roar echoed in the sky from the large amount of cracks in the summits, howls and sounds of wings flapping came through, as did pairs upon pairs of red eyes. Very soon, Wings of the Moon rushed out of the cracks. Their eyes were filled with red light, and as they charged out, they looked as if they had covered the sky and earth with their endless numbers.

The next instant, Black Flame Mountain and the other summits started shaking and rumbling, and all the other Wings of the Moon tore through the red barrier holding them back and abruptly stormed out!

That scene was akin to the apocalypse. The Wings of the Moon, who only appeared once every few years, had come once again!

The sky was filled with Wings of the Moon. Their numbers at the very least amounted to tens of thousands. They surrounded Su Ming, covering him from sight, as their cries shook the sky and earth!

Their eyes were filled with agitation and excitement. After surrounding Su Ming, their cries seemed to turn into sounds of worship as they circled around him. It was as if Su Ming was their King!

Bi Tu trembled. When he lifted his head and saw that scene, his expression changed—it was full of shock that had never once appeared on his face. As he looked at the countless Wings of the Moon, covering the sky and earth, he even forgot to breath. It was as if there were thunderbolts flashing in his head, striking him completely dumb.

He could feel that there was a powerful Fire Berserker Art within Su Ming. That was the true Fire Berserker Art, and it was completely different from the Art he had received through outside help.

"This... This is..."

He took a gulp as he mumbled out an incomplete sentence. The difference between the faint shadow of the moon in his eyes compared to Su Ming's was far too great.

The killing intent within the eyes of the giant Wings of the Moon that was closing in on Su Ming completely disappeared, replaced by a fanatic and excited look. It also started circling Dark Dragon Tribe, which was right underneath Su Ming.

Something flashed in Su Ming's eyes. There was no hint of surprise on his face. Cries of excitement echoed in his ears. His vision was filled with the sight of Wings of the Moon flying by. When he raised his hand, there was even one Wings of the Moon that landed on his palm as if it was kneeling down. The fanatic look in its eyes was clear as day.

At that moment, Su Ming had a strange feeling that he could control these Wings of the Moon and make them fight for him!

He could feel the excitement coming from them. He could feel their agitation and the glory they had desired for a long time.

Su Ming clenched his fists and took a step forward. Immediately, the Wings of the Moon opened up a path for him, causing him to arrive at the cliff of Dark Dragon Mountain. He did not stop but took another step onto the air.

When his foot landed, he did not fall. A Wings of the Moon flew underneath his foot, letting him step on it. It supported Su Ming's body, allowing him to walk in the air!

Su Ming did not stop. He lifted his head. There was a firm and stubborn look in his eyes. He wanted to help the elder, to fight against that damn Bi Tu alongside the elder!

Su Ming hated Bi Tu to the core. It was because of this person that the war had happened. It was because of this person that their people had to leave their homes in sadness and fight continuously with death hanging over their heads constantly as they moved. This was all Bi Tu's fault!

With this hate and resolution, Su Ming turned into a long red arc and charged towards Bi Tu in midair, countless moonlight threads trailing behind him.

He did not know how to fly, but with each step he took, a Wings of the Moon would appear under his feet, accurately forming a path for him so that he could travel at full speed!

Around him, the Wings of the Moon that covered the sky and earth, along with the Wings of the Moon that had originally belonged to Bi Tu too, charged forward by his side.

If anyone had looked from the distance, it would have seemed like someone took a brush and quickly drew a line across the sky. The line was formed by the Wings of the Moon, allowing Su Ming to travel in the air. It made all those who saw it be struck dumb by amazement and disbelief!

The number of Wings of the Moon in the sky could not be counted. With Su Ming leading the charge, they quickly formed a straight line in the sky, shooting up like an arrow.

The killing intent in Su Ming's eyes was great. His speed had exceeded Bi Tu's expectations, same as the elder's. In an instant, he arrived before the elder with the Wings of the Moon and stopped him from tumbling backwards. He used his body and his resolution to stand before the clearly exhausted elder!

The elder did not know why and how Su Ming had triggered the appearance of the Wings of the Moon, or why they would want to worship him, but when he looked at him a smile appeared on his face. He might be exhausted, had offered his life away, and had blood flowing from his lips, but he was still happy. Su Ming had truly grown up!

He could help him now. The frail body standing before him had grown up in his eyes, like a mountain.

"Bi Tu!"

Su Ming knew that his power was not enough for him to think that he could win against Bi Tu. What he would be using were the countless Wings of the Moon. He could make those Wings of the Moon fight for him with his will!

That was the vague thought that had become clear in his head!

The moment he shouted out Bi Tu's name, Su Ming, who stood before the elder protectively, held up Blood Scales in his right hand. The 243 blood veins in his body formed into one, and he threw the spear towards Bi Tu with a powerful throw.

Blood Scales let out a piercing crack in the air as Su Ming gathered all his Qi together and fused it into the spear, causing it to seem to slice through the sky like a crack of red lightning, rushing towards Bi Tu.

At the same time, Su Ming embedded his will into all the Wings of the Moon, causing those around him to let out shrill cries and charge out. As the Wings of the Moon that covered the sky and earth rushed out, they formed a picture in the sky that would be incredibly difficult to replicate with the brush.

In that picture, the Wings of the Moon charged towards Bi Tu after the long spear. Even the giant Wings of the Moon that originally belonged to Bi Tu let out a roar and rushed out as well.

With the long spear as the tip, the numerous Wings of the Moon formed the shape of an arrow and closed in on the dumbstruck Bi Tu in a split second, as if they were about to destroy him!

He had obtained his powers of Transcendence from the Wings of the Moon, and now, they were about to take it back. It was akin to an inescapable fate of his.

Bi Tu's face was pale. As he quickly withdrew, the desire within his body that wanted to rush out and worship Su Ming like the Wings of the Moon became stronger. He lifted his right hand in pain and stabbed his chest with a finger. A black wisp of air immediately spread out, and once it surrounded his body, that urge slightly dissipated. Yet he had to pay a price. It made him stumble backwards, and his face became paler. Madness appeared in his eyes. Facing off against the countless Wings of the Moon, covering the sky, and Blood Scales, he shouted towards the sky.

As he shouted, a dark light flew out from his mouth, turning into a black cauldron that was about the size of a person before him.

There were numerous tortured faces carved on the cauldron. Some of them were screaming in pain, some were terrifying to look at, some were crying, and some were letting out soundless roars of fury. The entire cauldron let out a cold and frightening presence. When it appeared, it was as if the whole area around them froze.

"Beware of that cauldron. He used it once before. It has some sort of strange ability. If I didn't sacrifice some of my life with the seven needles, I wouldn't have been able to fight against it. But it also seems like he can't use its full power. Once he uses it, he'll immediately weaken!" the elder explained, his expression changing quickly.

"All of you die!"

Bi Tu's face was ferocious. The blood he coughed out landed on the cauldron, and it immediately started expanding, letting out an eerie light. As it grew, Bi Tu's body immediately started withering. It seemed like his flesh and life were being sucked away by the pained faces on the cauldron.



In an instant, the cauldron grew to the size of about 100 feet, and the old and experienced presence on it became much stronger. As the eerie light glowed, the many carved faces came to life and rushed out from the cauldron.

When those faces appeared, their cries of pain and sadness echoed in the sky. At the same time, Su Ming's Blood Scales and the large amount of Wings of the Moon closed in as they sliced through the air.

Large numbers from both sides crashed into each other like two bundles of thick black clouds, causing a strong tremor and a loud boom.

As the booming sound echoed in the sky, the human faces burst open like bubbles, ripped apart madly when the Wings of the Moon rushed in. Even so, a single Wings of the Moon was not strong. Usually, once one of them ripped apart one of the human faces, they would turn into a red wisp that rose up into the sky.

Yet once those human faces were torn apart, their faces were no longer filled with pain, but instead seemed to be freed from something. It was as if their appearance was not so that they could continue fighting, but to seek death—they were looking for a source for them to no longer be in pain.

These people had once belonged to Black Mountain Tribe. But some of them were also from Dark Dragon Tribe and Dark Mountain Tribe, those who had disappeared and died a long time ago. There were even some people who Bi Tu had obtained from somewhere before he fused them into the Fallen Berserker Vessel. It was an item to which he offered the souls of those who had been wronged.

The roaring sounds continued in the sky, as if they were going to last until everything was destroyed. Once Blood Scales, which had gathered Su Ming's entire power, rushed through the pained faces with the help of the Wings of the Moon pouncing on those faces, it broke through without resistance and stabbed the giant cauldron.

The moment the spear pierced the cauldron, Blood Scales trembled furiously, and cracks started appearing from the tip of the spear until they spread all over the spear. Blood Scales shattered into numerous shards and fell on the giant cauldron.

The cauldron shook.

Su Ming's attack should not have been able to cause any harm to it, but because Blood Scales broke, a loud bang exploded with the strongest force it had ever shown, one that was summoned from its very life. It caused the cauldron to shake and a tiny crack to appear.

At the same time, the countless Wings of the Moon howled and rushed towards the cauldron. As they madly crashed into the cauldron, the crack became bigger.

It may have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but this all took place in only the span of a few breaths. A sound as if the gate of heaven opened rang and the cauldron broke in half before falling to the ground.

The moment the cauldron broke apart, Bi Tu coughed out a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards. Still, a vicious grin appeared on his face.

"Cauldron's Slaughter!"

A large amount of blood also flowed out of Su Ming's mouth when Blood Scales broke. Blood Scales was his very first Berserker Vessel. It had fought with him against Wu Sen, and stayed by his side when he slaughtered his enemies during the tribe's migration. Now, as it broke, Su Ming's body was not the only one injured—he also felt reluctant to part with it.

Yet this reluctance was forced down by Su Ming. A strong presence of danger suddenly came from ahead. A large amount of black mist appeared from the two halves of the broken cauldron that fell to the ground and gathered together in an instant, turning into a gigantic human face. It let out a scream and charged into the sky as the cauldron continued falling.

That face was hundreds of feet long. It opened its mouth wide, moving in to swallow Su Ming whole.

The elder's expression changed from where he stood behind Su Ming. He swiftly went forward and was about to push Su Ming away to stop the face from approaching, but Su Ming had already taken a step forward and remained standing before the elder.

He spread his arms wide, and Wings of the Moon immediately rushed towards him with bloodshot eyes. They closed in on him in an instant and landed on him, covering him up in multiple layers. The giant Wings of the Moon that had originally belonged to Bi Tu also did the same.

In the blink of an eye, just as Su Ming was about to be swallowed by the giant face coming from below him, he was covered by a large number of Wings of the Moon, turning into a gigantic Wings of the Moon in the sky!

It may have looked like it was only one Wings of the Moon, but in truth, it was formed by an unimaginable amount of Wings of the Moon gathered together!

"Fire!"

A sound that shook the sky came from above the huge Wings of the Moon. That voice belonged to Su Ming, yet it also belonged to the countless Wings of the Moon. With the voice, a powerful presence erupted forth from the gigantic Wings of the Moon. That presence did not belong to Su Ming, but to the Wings of the Moon!

Su Ming's body was the heart of the Wings of the Moon, his mind their will. He could control the body of the giant Wings of the Moon. The moment the command of fire came from his mouth, a large amount of moonlight descended around the Wings of the Moon, turning into a silver sea of fire with the Wings of the Moon as the center, and it continued spreading towards its surroundings in the sky.

When the silver sea of fire appeared and started spreading, the giant human face that seemed as if it was going to swallow Su Ming immediately sank into pain. The sea of fire surrounded it, and as it let out pained screeches, it was burned to ashes, engulfed in flames hundreds of feet away from the giant Wings of the Moon that surrounded Su Ming.

The same moment the face was burned, the giant Wings of the Moon with Su Ming within flew towards Bi Tu, standing in the distance as he continued to be surrounded by the silver sea of fire.

Bi Tu's face was pale as he stared wide-eyed. He could still not believe what he was seeing, but he was, after all, a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm. He also had a lot of battle experience. He quickly retreated, already looking at Su Ming as more of a threat than Mo Sang.

"Verdant Berserk Chains!"

Bi Tu raised his right hand and pointed towards the sky. A crack immediately appeared from the torn and bloodied center part of his brows. It was the same as when Nan Song had cast this Art, but the crack continued spreading from his face down his body until it reached his lower abdomen. It was as if his entire body was split apart by someone.

A dense, green presence rushed out of the crack on his body and surrounded Bi Tu as it turned into verdant mist chains!

## **Chapter 106: The Arrival of the Fallen Berserker!**

### Translation

The chains of mist surrounded Bi Tu's body in multiple layers. They formed a pattern of a ripple in the sky and started spreading outwards. As they did so, an incredibly mighty presence spread out.

"Verdant Berserk Chains is the strongest Berserker Art in Black Mountain Tribe. It has the same destructive force as the Execution of the Three Evils of Dark Mountain Tribe did in the past, but its power is much more stable. If the Art is cast by a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, then the force will be very powerful!" Mo Sang said quickly and severely, with a pale face.

The elder knew clearly that using this Art was the same as sacrificing some of the caster's life. Even he had not managed to force Bi Tu to the point where he would have to use this Art during his battle. The elder knew that this was related to Bi Tu's personality. He was selfish. He did not care about the lives of his tribe members. Even if they all died, as long as he was still around, Black Mountain Tribe would still prosper and become great in a short period of time.

The moment Mo Sang spoke, Bi Tu, who was surrounded by the numerous chains of mist, let out a roar as his face twisted into a ferocious expression. He swung his right hand downwards, pointing towards the giant culmination of the Wings of the Moon that was hiding Su Ming within.

The countless chains of mist let out a buzzing sound and charged towards the giant Wings of the Moon. As they moved forward, the Verdant Chains grew larger, until they seemed to have become a straight line, rapidly charging towards the Wings of the Moon that was also approaching it.

They traveled so quickly that they seemed to have fused with the sky and earth. In the blink of an eye, the Verdant Chains appeared around the giant Wings of the Moon and surrounded it, tying up the entire body of the giant Wings of the Moon.

"Die!" Bi Tu let out a vicious, shrill cry. He lifted both his hands as if about to take control of the Verdant Chains. He clapped his hands together in one swift motion.

As the Verdant Chains that had tied up the Wings of the Moon rumbled, they tightened their grip. Su Ming's power was not enough, and he did not have any Berserker Arts that could pose a threat towards those in the Transcendence Realm. He only had the sturdy body belonging to the numerous Wings of the Moon around him. As the Verdant Chains tightened their grip, the Wings of the Moon started struggling madly under his control.

When both sides clashed against each other, a part of the Verdant Chains broke, but the Wings of the Moon also jolted, and some red vapor rose into the sky—a clear sign that the moment they had contact, signs of death appeared on the Wings of the Moon.

As the Wings of the Moon continued struggling, the Verdant Chains tightened their grip even more. Every single time a rumble sounded, a part of the Verdant Chains broke apart, and a large amount of red vapor would appear from the Wings of the Moon, making them pay a large price.

Veins popped out on Bi Tu's face. There were still three inches before he could finish closing his hands together. Yet these three inches were monstrously difficult for him to breach. As his hands trembled, he bit his tongue and coughed out blood. That blood turned into two blood-red arms that fused into the arms on his body, granting him strength so that he could close the distance between the three inches to a mere one inch.

At the same time, lines of blood appeared on the Verdant Chains. The strength of its hold became stronger instantly. With a blast, the chains sank into the body of the Wings of the Moon, causing the amount of red vapor coming from its body to increase by several fold.

Since Su Ming stood in the Wings of the Moon, his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding, and he felt a sharp pain traveling into his mind. It was the pain felt by the numerous Wings of the Moon as they cried out.

"Just die already!"

Bi Tu's hair was a mess as he continued increasing his strength without regard for consequences. Mo Sang, who was standing in the distance, did not hesitate and flew towards him with his tired body. He swung both his hands, and the dark python that was covered in injuries materialized behind his back. It opened its mouth and let out a huge roar, charging towards Bi Tu with the elder.

The elder was already gravely wounded. There were seven bone needles in his body from when he had sacrificed some of his life. It was already very difficult for him to continue fighting. If Su Ming had not come, he would have chosen to explode his blood so that he could heavily wound the elder of Black Mountain Tribe.

However, he also knew that the elder of Black Mountain was cautious of it. That was why he held back, not wanting to force Mo Sang into a corner, but choosing to deplete his strength until Mo Sang would eventually die.

Yet there was a chance at that moment. There was a chance where he could heavily wound Bi Tu and give Su Ming a chance. The price was his own death, but the elder had no regrets!

The moment Mo Sang rushed out, Su Ming felt a clear wave of sadness from the elder. Red crawled into his eyes. He might have learned how to be stoic, but at that moment, he still became anxious.

Because his will was fused together with the culmination of the Wings of the Moon, his anxiety also made all these Wings of the Moon to become worked up. The moment the elder rushed towards Bi Tu, the Wings of the Moon that was being strangled by the Verdant Chains dispersed, revealing Su Ming standing on a Wings of the Moon within. As they dissolved, the Verdant Chains quickly charged towards Su Ming.

Yet at that moment, the Wings of the Moon that had spread out started coughing out small amount of blood. Some of them even exploded, turning into larger amounts of blood. The instant the Verdant Chains surrounding Su Ming closed in, the Wings of the Moon gathered up once again with him as the center.

However, this time, when they gathered up, they did not turn into the shape of the Wings of the Moon, but a giant about hundreds of feet in height. That giant's face was faint, and the details on it could not be seen clearly. Yet at the center of its brows was a picture of fire.

When the giant appeared, even those Verdant Chains were absorbed into the giant's body, as if they were part of the giant to begin with.

Upon its appearance, the sky and earth roared. The five summits in Dark Mountain shook. Even the land trembled continuously. Within the forest, on a dried up big tree, there was a small monkey that was entirely covered in red fur. It held onto the branch tightly, anxiety and fear filling its face. It kept on screeching, but it did not dare to travel upwards.

The light from the moon became much brighter when the giant appeared. It was as if the earth had turned into a red netherworld as the red from the moon fell on the land.

The moonlight that became much brighter gathered on the giant, and with a blast, turned into a silver sea of fire. It spread out, and it looked like there was a humongous fire beast behind the giant.

The giant opened its eyes in a swift motion. The shadow of the blood-red moon was in its eyes. It moved towards Bi Tu; its footsteps were huge, managing to reach Bi Tu before the elder. Then, it threw a punch forward. The silver sea of fire behind it rolled forward, swooping in on Bi Tu with the fist.

Bi Tu did not retreat. Instead, he let out a growl with a fierce look on his face.

"Verdant Berserk Chains Explosion!"

The moment the words were spoken, the giant with Su Ming jolted. Booming sounds came from within its body. It belonged to the Verdant Chains stuck in its body. They exploded, turning into wisps of verdant mist that looked as if they were going to turn into the Verdant Chains once again and tie up the giant.

The moment the Verdant Chains exploded, the giant shuddered. A large amount of red mist rose into the air, and its body started shrinking rapidly. Yet the fist it threw out continued traveling forth. Under the giant's unwavering gaze and its disregard for the injuries on its body, it thrust its fist forth without hesitation.

Bi Tu's expression changed and he quickly retreated. He brought both his hands forward and cast some unknown Berserker Art. In an instant, his arms turned into dried up wood and acted as a shield for him.

A loud crash traveled through the air. The giant punched the dry-wood barrier formed by Bi Tu's hands. As the sound rang out, Bi Tu's body shook viciously, and he coughed out



blood. His arms immediately exploded and turned into flesh and blood that scattered everywhere as his body tumbled backwards.

A flash passed through the giant's eyes. It seemed like it was hard for it to continue onward as well, with the injuries it had sustained when the Verdant Chains exploded. But it continued anyway.

Just as it was about to give chase, Bi Tu, who had been flung away, let out a piercing scream, his ears, nose, mouth, and ears bleeding.

Soon, the large amount of green wisps of mist that were about to turn into chains on the giant immediately gave up on condensing. They rushed instead to Bi Tu with a speed that surpassed Su Ming's. The wisps of green mist crawled into every part of Bi Tu's body, and before Su Ming and the elder's eyes, Bi Tu's body started recovering at a shocking speed.

In an instant, his arms grew back, his face returned to a healthy shade of red, as if he had completely returned to the peak of his condition!

"Using Verdant Berserk Chains is the same as sacrificing your own life. He's using his life to heal his wounds, but he can only use it once. What's more, he won't be able to use the Verdant Berserk Chains again for some time!" the elder immediately said, his eyes narrowed.

The moment the elder spoke, a glint appeared in Bi Tu's eyes. His face may have seemed to have returned to a healthy shade of color, but there was a dull look in his eyes. Yet his anger had reached its peak.

He was a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, but was forced to sacrifice his life to recover. To him, that was unacceptable!

He did not even look at Mo Sang, but stared at the giant which contained Su Ming.

"You can now die without regrets for forcing me to this extent! But this fight is over! You and your elder will certainly die here today!

"Mo Sang, when I fought against you, I only used a part of my Fallen Berserker Art. Now, I'll let you witness the Fallen Berserker Art cast by a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm!"

Bi Tu was wary of Su Ming. Unless he deemed it absolutely necessary, he did not want to cast this Fallen Berserker Art. It would inflict great harm to his own self, and he had to cast it when he was completely uninjured. If he cast it while he was injured, he would not be able to bear the consequences.



The giant lifted its feet and was about to close in when Bi Tu spread his arms wide open and knelt towards the north in midair. There was a fanatic look on his face as he roared at the sky.

"The Fallen Berserker within the sky and earth, please honor your promise and descend upon the world!"

The moment the words were shouted out, the blood-red moon in the sky dimmed. The stars in the sky also became darker at the same instant. An indescribable presence started gathering together from the sky and earth.

There was silence, but Su Ming's heart began to race in his chest. His body seemed to have frozen when that presence started gathering together.

Mo Sang's face was pale. Blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth as if he couldn't withstand the pressure brought by the presence as it gathered.

"Who is't that bothered mine slumber...?"

"Who is't that summoned mine Berserker Soul...?"

A voice that reverberated through Su Ming and the elder's minds suddenly rang out. That voice sounded old and aged by time, morose, and it made all those who heard it horrified.

## **Chapter 107: The Elder's Secret!**

### Translation

Everything in the world was frozen still, even the wind stopped in the air. There was only deathly stillness on the earth.

Bi Tu's body trembled. He knelt towards the north as he worshipped the sky.

"Your servant, Bi Tu, summoned you here. I have prepared enough life, and I offer these two as a sacrifice. O Fallen God of Berserkers of the North, please descend upon us."

As Bi Tu spoke, that formless presence began gathering and turning into a faded outline of a person before him.

It was a person, one whose face could not be seen clearly. In fact, if no one looked properly, then they would find it hard to see the moment that semi-transparent person appeared.

The elder shuddered and his breathing became rapid.

Su Ming was behaving the same way within the giant. He could not move his body. From the semi-transparent figure, he could feel a power that surpassed Bi Tu's by leaps and bounds.

He had a final Scattering Blood with him, but Scattering Blood was like a double-edged sword. If it was crushed and the powder touched the wounds on his body, then it was the same as destroying himself. That was why every time Su Ming used it, he was incredibly careful with it.

It was his ultimate move. He did not know whether this item was useful against powerful Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm, but he had to try. He had a chance, but the elder was by his side, and Bi Tu was rapidly healing all his wounds. If Su Ming used it at the wrong time, and the powder was flung aside, then there was a high chance it would affect him and the elder.

The semi-transparent figure stood before the kneeling Bi Tu. It raised its right hand and touched Bi Tu's forehead. Bi Tu immediately trembled viciously and pain appeared on his face, but he bore through it and did not scream out. A small hole appeared at the center of his brows, and a large amount of blood gushed out, which was absorbed by the semi-transparent figure.

Very soon, that figure was no longer semi-transparent, but turned into a blood-red color. There was a thread of blood spinning within its body, and it gradually formed the outline of a part of a finger on its right hand.

Bi Tu's body withered quickly. It was as if in the span of a few breaths, he would turn into mere bones.

"Not enough..."

The only red was on the small fragment of the figure's finger; the other parts of the person were still in the semi-transparent state. It spoke unhurriedly within the minds of the three people in the air.

Bi Tu seemed to have known a long time ago that the blood would not be enough. He made a grabbing motion with both hands, and as the earth shook, Dark Mountain became duller in an instant. All of the snow on the mountain turned black and spread out. The trees in the forest at the foot of the mountain crumbled into ashes. White mist crawled out from all corners of the earth and rushed towards Bi Tu.

The darkness in the forest at the foot of the mountain continued spreading. As it did so, all the living creatures that were enveloped within died and turned into white mist that rose into the air.

The little monkey in the tree quickly ran away in panic and managed to avoid being captured by the darkness spreading outwards.

The white mist continued rising into the air and fused into Bi Tu's body, causing his withered body to recover once again. Yet at the same time, more blood gushed out from the hole at the center of his brows, which was absorbed by the person before him.

This frightening sight was seen by both Su Ming and the elder, but they could not stop it. They could not even move their bodies.

"It is still not sufficient..."

One of the fingers on the person's right hand turned completely red.

"This is all I can offer... Northern God of Berserkers, please descend..."

Bi Tu trembled. He could not move, and the injuries that had recovered just moments ago tore open once again.

"The sacrifice this time is not sufficient... I can only let one finger fall," the person said languidly. He lifted the only finger that was stained red and pointed towards the sky.

The weather immediately changed. A large amount of black clouds started gathering, and once they covered half of the sky, a large thunderbolt formed. At the same time, a black flash of lightning shot down from the black clouds in the blink of an eye.

That black lightning exuded evil and an air of gruesomeness. It was as if death was descending as it fell!

The moment the lightning shot down from the sky, Su Ming's frozen body suddenly felt warmth from the black debris that had been quiet for a long time. The warmth fused into Su Ming's body, and as cracking sounds rebounded, he found that he could move.

He did not have time to think. The moment the bolt of lightning was about to fall on his person, he took one step forward. Bi Tu was unable to move, and his body was covered in injuries at the moment. Su Ming brought out Scattering Blood and closed in on Bi Tu, reaching out his right hand from the giant's body and hurled the pill at him.

The moment he flung Scattering Blood, the bolt of lightning descended on the giant. He could not dodge it. He clenched his right fist and threw a punch towards that lightning!

From a distance, this sight was akin to a giant glaring at the sky, and as the heavens sent a bolt of lightning downwards, it was moving forth to fight against the heavens!

The faded figure with that one red finger let out a light sound of puzzlement. While looking at Su Ming, its body gradually disappeared as if it could not stay for too long.

As it disappeared, the elder also regained his mobility. His face was filled with anxiety, watching the giant which contained Su Ming and the black bolt of lightning close in on each other in midair!

At the same moment, that Scattering Blood was also closing in on Bi Tu at an incredible speed.

Bi Tu did not know what that was. He let out a cold laugh and swung his right hand. A huge gust of wind immediately blew it away, but the moment it touched that Scattering Blood, the pill exploded due to Su Ming imbedding his Qi within it earlier, causing the Scattering Blood to turn into powder and scatter into red mist that charged towards Bi Tu. Even if some of it was dispersed by Bi Tu, a large amount still landed on his body and crawled into his injuries as if they wanted to burn his blood.

"Child's play!"

Bi Tu's expression changed, and he circulated the Qi in his body as he let out a cold bark of laughter. With some unknown method, the burning sensation within his body was extinguished, but his face became paler because of that.

When the black lightning that exuded evil and gruesomeness appeared, it was like it had turned into a ray of light that brought death upon the world. It charged towards Su Ming and collided with his fist.

There was no crashing sound. Everything happened silently. In the elder and Bi Tu's eyes, they saw the bolt of lightning touch the giant's right arm and, crushing it immediately, turn the arm into a large amount of red mist that spread outwards. At the same time, the giant's body also started shaking furiously. Then from its shoulders, it started crumbling down inch by inch. In the blink of an eye, about an eighth of the giant's body had turned into mist.

The lightning pierced through the giant's body.

"Su Ming!"

The elder's eyes were bloodshot. Just as he was about to rush over, he saw whatever was remaining of the giant in the air make the red mist spreading outwards from its body tumble backwards and gather up once again. He also saw Su Ming's body hidden away in the small remaining part of the giant as the red mist gathered. When Su Ming threw the punch, he had changed his location within the giant's body.

Even so, he was covered in blood, as if he had already reached his end.

The black lightning that destroyed most of the giant's body stopped in midair. It was a lot duller now. It changed its direction languidly, but it did not travel towards the elder,

but looked like it was going to once again pierce through the giant's body, which seemed to be experiencing some sort of change due to the gathering red mist.

Bi Tu stood in the distance, his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth bleeding. His breathing was rapid. Summoning the Fallen God of Berserkers required him to offer his life, and the power needed for him to use that black lightning also required him to continuously offer lives taken from the mountain below. He had also wasted some power when he extinguished the fire in his body.

The power of the lightning was largely related to his level of cultivation because this power of lightning cast from the one finger was actually a culmination of all his power. The strange Fallen God of Berserkers changed it, but in the end, it was still largely related to Bi Tu's power.

"Why aren't you dead yet? Die!"

Veins popped out on Bi Tu's face. The sight of the veins popping up on his withered body looked incredibly frightening.

The black lightning no longer looked dull. It changed its direction and was just about to rush towards Su Ming when Mo Sang turned his head back.

He looked at the heavily injured dark python that had fought with him until now. The dark python was a materialization of his Berserker Mark. It had been with him for his entire life. The moment he looked at the dark python, the dark python too, seemed to have gained intelligence and looked at the elder.

The elder did not hesitate. He closed his eyes, and the clothes on his upper body burst apart, revealing his aged body. On his body was a great number of blood veins that had gathered into the Mark of the dark python, but at the moment, it melted away. In a second, it was washed away and disappeared from the elder's body.

The moment the Mark of the dark python disappeared, a blood red Mark of a tooth appeared on the elder's chest, covering his entire body. The tip of the tooth was at the center of the elder's brows. It looked natural, like a real tooth!

The moment the Mark of the tooth appeared, Bi Tu's, who was controlling the black bolt of lightning by sacrificing lives of those below to attack Su Ming, expression changed. Astonishment, shock, and disbelief - all of them could be seen on his face!

There were far too many things that threw him into disarray this night: the appearance of the blood-red moon, the arrival of the Wings of the Moon, and the true Fire Berserker Art. Yet all those sights were nothing compared to the sight of the Berserker Mark on Mo Sang changing to that of a tooth.

"Impossible! You have two Berserker Marks? That's impossible! Those of the Berserker Tribe can only have one Berserker Mark in their lives! You... How could you have two!"

Bi Tu was aghast. He even forgot to control the black bolt of lightning when he saw that scene.

He could not believe what he was seeing, but he knew that if news that Mo Sang had two Berserker Marks spread out, then their entire world would be taken by a storm. He had never heard of anyone who possessed two Berserker Marks before. There was no one like that. Even the legendary Gods of Berserkers only had one Berserker Mark!

Mo Sang opened his eyes, his face calm. Once the second Berserker Mark appeared, he raised his right hand and grabbed onto his chest, then pulled outwards. Immediately, a giant tooth about the height of an adult man appeared in his hand.

The tooth looked ghastly—its entire body was letting off a white glow. Once the elder held it in his hand, he leapt forward and stood on top of the dark python's head, which had not disappeared.

'This is my last resort... I was originally going to use it anyway.'

There was a look of sadness on the elder's face as he thought. He held up the giant tooth and stabbed it through the head of the dark python underneath his feet. Pain spread across the dark python's face, but it did not move, simply allowing the elder to drive the tooth into its head until it was buried deep.

The moment the tooth was completely buried into its head, thunderous roars echoed in the sky, and the dark python's eyes became dull. It died. Yet the moment of its death, when its body quickly withered, from the spot where the tooth was driven into its head, black mist flowed out.

As the dark python faded away, a large amount of black mist came out. Within the span of a breath, the dark python completely disappeared from the world along with the tooth. Before the elder was dense, black fog. As it continued to tumble and move around, the head of a ferocious beast with a single horn appeared.

That head of the beast looked like it belonged to an evil spirit. There was a black metal hook on its nostrils. It rushed out with an incredibly shocking pressure and a similar presence to that of Transcendence, charging towards Bi Tu, whose face had changed into that of a panic-stricken one.

## **Chapter 108: Xing!**

Translation

Bi Tu was terrified. He had never even dreamt about someone possessing two Berserker Marks among those in the Berserker Tribe. Not only was it something unbelievable, it also covered the former prodigy, Mo Sang, with a thick layer of mystery.

When Mo Sang's second Berserker Mark appeared, the sight of the tooth killing the dark python, which was formed by his first Berserker Mark, before materializing into the malicious looking head of a single-horned beast with the similar presence to Transcendence also made Bi Tu take in a sharp breath. His skin crawled, and he immediately lifted both his arms, pointing a finger towards the black bolt of lightning that was originally aimed at Su Ming.

The black bolt of lightning immediately changed direction and dashed towards the beast head that was surrounded by black fog.

The elder stood in midair with his eyes closed, unmoving. The giant head of the beast behind him howled. The black fog spread around them, casting the sky and earth in a ghastly light. This was the elder's final resort, and also a secret he had kept hidden deep within himself.

The head of the beast that was surrounded by the black fog spreading outwards charged towards Bi Tu, howling in its rush towards the black bolt of lightning that went forward to protect Bi Tu. The bolt of lightning let out loud thunderous cracks and closed in on the head of the beast.

They crashed into each other.

Thunderous roars echoed through the sky. The head of the beast let loose horrendous howls as a large amount of the black fog that surrounded it dispersed. The black bolt of lightning stopped before the center of the beast's brows, unable to pierce through.

As the head of the beast continued roaring, it continued moving forward, forcing that bolt of lightning to move backwards as if it was met with strong resistance.

Bi Tu's face was pale. His eyes were bloodshot. As of then, he felt like he was faced with the greatest danger in his life. The black bolt of lightning continued retreating, allowing the head of the beast to arrive at a distance less than 1,000 feet away from him.

Bi Tu brought both his hands up, pointing at the center of his brows with one finger, and towards his chest on his already withered body with the other, offering his blood and life once again. His hair, which was originally black, turned instantly white. Dried cracks spread through his face, and his body swayed.

"That is only a presence similar to Transcendence, it's not true Transcendence!"



Bi Tu let out a low growl. As his body started changing, that black bolt of lightning seemed to have replenished its power. A black ray of light that shot into the sky erupted forth from the bolt of lightning, and in an instant, it grew several times in size and pierced the center of the beast's brows.

In the distance, the elder trembled and blood flowed out of his mouth. A similar injury appeared at the center of his brows. It looked almost identical to the injury at the center of the beast's brows.

That head of the beast roared, and a strange light appeared in its eyes. It did not care about the black bolt of lightning piercing through it, but instead charged forward even as booming noises came from its head. As the black fog quickly dispersed, the black bolt of lightning entered further into its head. Yet the head of the beast did not seem to know any pain and continued moving forward until it was only 300 feet from Bi Tu from the initial 1,000.

At that moment, half of the black bolt of lightning had entered the center of the beast's brows, causing arcs of black lightning to travel through the entire head of the creature, as if it was going to be destroyed at any moment.

However, that light from the bolt of lightning also dimmed, like the life that provided its power was no longer enough.

Black blood flowed out from Bi Tu's mouth. He raised his right hand in one swift motion and pressed one finger on his right eye, and the light from his right eye immediately faded away, as if it lost its life, turning white.

The moment his right eye turned white, the black bolt of lightning immediately let out a strong black light again, and with a roar, most of the bolt of lightning entered the center of the beast's brows. Yet at that moment, there was only 100 feet between the head of the beast and Bi Tu.

In the distance, Su Ming had his eyes closed. His entire body was surrounded by the blood from the Wings of the Moon. The blood gradually gathered around him and turned into a strange blood statue.

As it gradually formed, a mysterious pressure spread out from the blood statue.

Anxiety appeared on Bi Tu's face at that moment. He raised his right hand and pointed at his right leg. It let out a bang, and his entire right leg exploded. After he offering up his right eye, he was once again offering up a sacrifice - his right leg. The moment his right leg shattered, the head of the beast was fifty feet away from him. Yet that black bolt of lightning also pierced through the center of the beast's brows with a boom and went out from the back of its head.

The destructive force from the bolt of lightning caused its eyes to instantly become duller, and its focus to scatter, but it did not stop its charge. It continued rushing towards Bi Tu. 50 feet, 40 feet, 30 feet... As Bi Tu let out a terrified scream, he disappeared in the blink of an eye.

The only thing visible was the head of the beast that had concealed Bi Tu. It turned into faint wisps of black fog and dissipated into the air.

The elder's face was pale. He opened his eyes, and there was an expectant look in his dull eyes. Yet that anticipation turned into despair in a moment. He coughed out blood, and the moment the head of the beast dissipated, it was as if something huge crashed into him. He staggered back and fell on one of the five summits on Dark Mountain, struggling to stand.

A defiant and excited laughter traveled from where the black fog was dissipating from the head of the beast. It was Bi Tu's voice. He had not died! At that moment, he had also thought that he would be killed, but when that beast was not even five feet away from him, a black light suddenly appeared from Bi Tu's body. The moment the head of the beast touched the light, it dissipated.

"No one can kill me! Mo Sang, you may be strong, you may have two Berserker Marks, but you can't kill me!"

Bi Tu panted harshly. He was still terrified by what had happened. He knew that if the mysterious man in black had not left behind some power within him, then Bi Tu would surely have been unable to survive the beast's charge just now.

At that moment, he looked pathetic. He had lost an eye, a leg, and his entire body was withered and dried up like a branch. His face was pale, but he still lifted his head and laughed at the sky.

"I'll kill him first. I'll let you see him die before your eyes, and then I'll kill you!"

Bi Tu panted harshly, lifting his right hand to point at the bolt of lightning that suddenly became larger in the air. The bolt of lightning jolted and slowly turned around. By the looks of it, it was as if it needed to lock onto its target before attacking—that was why it needed to readjust its position each time.

Yet the moment the black bolt of lightning readjusted its position and locked onto Su Ming, Su Ming opened his eyes, and the moment he did so, the blood of the Wings of the Moon circling around him surged forth, and a broken blood statue appeared in between heaven and earth.

The blood statue was not big. It was only 40 to 50 feet tall. Su Ming's body was like a mosaic on the blood statue's chest, but it did not materialize because of him. His body only acted as a small conduit, allowing the Wings of the Moon to gather all their power

together through his body, which was how they had become the same level as Bi Tu during their previous fight.

The blood statue exuded an ancient presence. A blood-red light flashed all over its body, but the statue did not have a head. It was broken, and looked as if there was not enough strength for it to appear in its complete form in the sky.

Still, even without a head, a terrifying presence surrounded the blood statue. The man portrayed wore armor, and it was also blood-red. It made the man look like was an old battle spirit hanging midair.

Besides the terrifying presence coming from his body, there was also a devastating air around him, as if he was shouting because he was unwilling to die, and his cries reverberated through the air.

In his hands was a giant axe. That axe was also broken, but a killing intent that shook the sky surrounded it. Vague cries from the souls of those who were wronged traveled out from the axe.

This was one of the nine great statues of the God of Berserkers from the Fire Berserker Tribe taken from the memories of the Wings of the Moon. A long time ago, he was once worshipped by an uncountable number of people from the Fire Berserker Tribe. He even once fought against the God of Berserkers together with the other eight statues of the God of Berserkers after they had been granted intelligence by the Elder of the Fire Berserker Tribe.

His head was torn off by the God of Berserkers; he had already died a long time ago. His broken appearance now was an illusion created from the memories of the Wings of the Moon using their Blood of the Fire Berserkers.

His name was Xing!

Bi Tu's mouth hung open. There were simply far too many things that caught him off guard today. However, he was not numbed towards it yet, because these things were only growing increasingly more shocking.

Su Ming's eyes flashed as he stood on the shoulders of the headless and broken statue of the God of Berserkers. The broken God's body took one step forward. The moment its foot landed, it was as if the sky and earth shook.

However, Su Ming knew that the shaking was fake. The materialization of the broken God was due to the culmination of the memories of the Wings of the Moon. Perhaps he truly had had incredible strength, but he was dead. He was just an illusion, and that was why the power he could use was incredibly small.

More importantly, the moment the broken God appeared, Su Ming also felt that the broken God was quickly disappearing. He could only remain for the span of a few breaths.

After a few breaths, the broken God would disappear, and all the Wings of the Moon would also die as a price. At that moment, Su Ming would no longer have the power of the Wings of the Moon, and because he could no longer suppress his injuries, he would also experience backlash. Not only would he be unable to fight against Bi Tu, he would also face serious danger from overexertion.

As light flashed in Su Ming's eyes, the ripples caused by the broken God spread out. With just one step, he appeared before the stunned Bi Tu. He lifted the axe in his hands and swung it downwards.

At that moment, the black bolt of lightning sped towards the broken God.

Bi Tu trembled. The danger he felt right now surpassed that of when he had faced the head of the beast formed by Mo Sang's second Berserker Mark. It made him feel terror that stemmed from the very root of his soul. He did not hesitate. He knew clearly that if he hesitated for even a moment, he would die completely and utterly, his body and spirit exterminated.

So he pointed at his left leg without hesitation, gritting his teeth. Many blood veins appeared on his body to form the picture of a complete Wings of the Moon, yet the picture spread out with a bang, causing his blood veins to be unable to gather together. Faced with life and death, Bi Tu had chosen to give up on the Transcendence Realm. Even if his level of cultivation would fall due to this, it was still better than dying here.

The moment his Berserker Mark that signified Transcendence scattered away, the black bolt of lightning let out its strongest black light and closed in on the broken God!

## **Chapter 109: One Flag Pole!**

### Translation

The bolt of lightning closed in on the broken God, charging at its upper back. The moment it touched, thunderclaps reverberated in the sky, but that broken God did not stop. He was not at all bothered by the black bolt of lightning, even if there were numerous black electrical arcs traveling all over his body.

Nevertheless, the Blood of the Wings of the Moon that created the broken God were rapidly disappearing after it was attacked by the bolt of lightning that had gathered all the power Bi Tu had sacrificed from the Transcendence Realm. It made the amount of

time that the broken God could exist become even shorter. According to Su Ming's calculations, before the axe could even fall down, the statue would disappear.

Yet even if that axe only contained a tiny fragment of the power of the former Xing, killing a mere Berserker in the Transcendence Realm was nothing!

Xing raised the giant battle axe, and countless moaning voices rose from within, as if a large number of angry spirits that had died under this axe ages ago also came into existence. They surrounded the axe as it swung down.

"No!"

Despair appeared in Bi Tu's eyes. As the battle-axe sunk down, he felt as if the pressure of tens of thousands of mountains fell upon him. He could not fight back. He trembled and raised his hands instinctively, trying to block death falling on his head.

A black light flashed in his body at that moment. The black ray of light that had helped him to avoid death last time appeared again. It surrounded his entire body and turned into a spherical ball of light.

This was his last resort. Nonetheless, the giant battle-axe surrounded by the numerous wailing angry spirits continued slashing downwards. The moment the axe touched the black light, it shattered. It didn't even manage to stop the axe for a fraction of a second. The light might as well have never existed, allowing the battle-axe to slice through and head towards Bi Tu, who sank into despair.

Bi Tu was about to die. Su Ming's hatred for this person filled his entire body. Yet the moment the axe was about to fall on him, the space before Bi Tu twisted, and a person in black robes walked out.

He raised his right hand and a brilliant light flashed around it. A purple shield appeared and clashed against the approaching battle-axe.

Booming sounds shook the sky and earth. The shield in the newcomer's hand shattered. He retreated and grabbed Bi Tu, who was at that moment filled with despair and excitement. They quickly withdrew until they were 1,000 feet away before stopping. The person's face was hidden under his black robes, and there was no way of telling whether he was injured.

Su Ming smiled wanly. The moment the battle-axe was blocked, the broken statue of the God of Berserkers formed by the Blood of the Wings of Moon reached its limit. It disappeared into the air like a large cloud of red dust scattered into the wind.

He felt a force charging towards him, and his body tumbled backwards, turning into an arc before he crashed on Dark Dragon Mountain. He coughed out blood and trembled. Since he was no longer capable of suppressing his injuries, they all appeared like a tidal

wave crashing into his body, including the ones he had sustained when he forcefully increased his level of cultivation.

His vision became blurry. That was the feeling of death. Su Ming bit his tongue with his remaining strength and forced himself to stay awake. He struggled to sit up and looked at the person in black robes standing before Bi Tu in the distance.

"My Lord!"

There was lingering fear on Bi Tu's face. He knew that if the person in black robes had not arrived when he did, he would have certainly died.

"Looks like I've underestimated the tribes located at the borders of the Alliance of the Western Region. First, the two people in the Transcendence Realm from the weak branch of Miao Man could combine their Qi and use three attacks with the power of the later stages of the Transcendence Realm. Now, I see a young lad like you training the pure Fire Berserker Art. You even managed to summon Xing's broken statue! That attack just now... if it were not because your power is too weak and could not provide enough strength, I would not have been able to withstand it."

The person in black robes spoke with a hoarse voice. His body trembled slightly, and there was lingering fear on his face. If it were not because Bi Tu was still useful to him and because the power of the axe from the broken God was not enough, he would not have come forward to save Bi Tu. Blood trickled down from his lips, which went unnoticed because of the black robes covering him.

"Bone Sacrifice Realm... You killed Jing Nan?"

The elder stood on another summit. He no longer had any strength left to fight. He spoke unhurriedly as he looked at the person in black robes.

"They are, after all, from the Great Tribe of Miao Man. With how protective Miao Man is of their own, killing them would just be troublesome."

The person in black robes cast a glance at the elder, and he laughed suddenly. His laughter was hoarse and ghastly. He looked at the elder and brought out a black plate from his bosom with his right hand. There was a complete spine carved on the plate, and it was exuding wisps of cold air. He threw it, and the plate charged towards the elder before it floated before him.

When the elder saw the plate, his expression changed, and he looked incredibly sour.

"Besides looking for the ruins of Fire Berserker here, I also came to find you! Mo, you did not let us down. If you died in Bi Tu's hands, then you wouldn't be one of us. But you must pay the price for the mistake you committed in the past."

As the person in black robes spoke, he retrieved the black plate and no longer paid any attention to Mo Sang. Instead, he walked towards Su Ming.

"I didn't think I'd be able to find an heir of the Fire Berserker's here..."

Su Ming let out a light sigh. His expression was calm. Even without the presence of the person in black robes, he would not have any chance to recover. There was only death waiting for him.

He did not even look at the person in black robes, but turned his eyes towards the elder standing on another summit. His gaze was gentle. He had already done everything he could.

'This is the end... I'm sorry. I couldn't take care of him properly.'

The elder fell silent. He thought that what had happened was entirely due to him accidentally joining that frightening group of people in the past. He closed his eyes bitterly.

Yet at the moment the elder closed his eyes, his body suddenly jolted. A yellow light suddenly appeared on his body, and in an instant, it grew so bright it blinded everyone's eyes. A presence that did not belong to the world appeared, erupting forth from the elder's body with a lofty and mighty air.

The moment the presence appeared, the person in black robes who was walking towards Su Ming stopped and turned his head back abruptly. There was a hint of amazement and shock on his face, which was hidden underneath the black robes.

He saw the piercing yellow light erupting forth from Mo Sang's body.

As the light glowed, it gathered on Mo Sang's clavicle. A muffled boom echoed in the sky, and a small yellow flag the size of a palm flew out from Mo Sang's clavicle before coming to float seven inches above his head.

Mo Sang trembled. He opened his eyes abruptly and lifted his head. When he saw the small yellow flag, he was stunned.

"You... Why are you here?!"

The appearance of the small flag threw the elder into disbelief. He had thought that this thing would never appear in his life, because the person who had given it to him had fused the flag into his blood. The elder had tried countless times in the past, but he could not sense it. He could only vaguely feel its presence.

The elder was stunned. He took in a sharp breath and abruptly looked at Su Ming. There was an absentminded look in his eyes, as if he had just understood something.



He struggled up and grabbed the small flag. The moment the elder held the flag in his hands, it shot up to at least 30 feet tall. It was no longer a flag, but a giant flag pole!

Its color also instantly turned to black from yellow, but the flag banner was not completely black. There were stars shining within, a brilliant sky shining with stars!

That sky was unfamiliar. It was not the night sky seen by all the members of the Berserker Tribe when they raised their heads. It belonged instead to a place far away. Perhaps the people there would find this sight familiar when they raised their heads.

The heart of the person in black robes trembled furiously. A feeling that something bad was about to happen turned into a strong sense of danger within him. It made his expression change, and he quickly moved forward, wanting to stop Mo Sang's actions.

Yet he could not stop Mo Sang from lifting up the giant flag pole and standing on the summit. He stood on the peak of the mountain and stretched out his right hand, causing the flag pole to lie horizontally. When the elder swung it to his left, it stirred up wind, making the entire banner spread open like a wave. When the person in black robes got closer, Mo Sang had already drawn a circle around his body with the flag pole in his right hand.

The banner danced in the air, and once it gently touched Mo Sang's face, he swung it in the air, and it changed once again. It became larger, and in the blink of an eye, the stars on the banner suddenly started glowing incredibly bright. The banner even flew from the elder's hands and started rotating on its own in the air.

It became larger, wider, and in the span of a breath, the banner became as large as a patch of sky filled with stars. As it danced in the air, the colors of the sky and earth changed, the wind and clouds tumbled backwards, and with a cry that reverberated through the air, the banner flew into the sky, and their sky was replaced by the gigantic banner!

The night sky was suddenly replaced by the starry sky on the banner, causing the night sky to change in a heartbeat!

This was an Art that changed the sky. This was an Art that made the night sky disappear by replacing it with the starry sky in the banner. Right then, Su Ming was stunned. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. That starry sky above was completely unfamiliar to him.

Bi Tu was also dumbfounded as he trembled. He could not see any familiar stars. The night sky in his eyes was foreign. This was a patch of sky he had never seen before.

None of the stars in the sky were familiar!

The starry sky at night was a sight that everyone saw every day since they were young. Each and every one of the stars would bring about familiarity to those who saw them. The distance between the stars and the pictures they form would slowly be engraved inside people's memories.

If, someday, that were to suddenly change, then everyone would immediately notice it. That sort of unfamiliarity would make panic rise in their hearts!

The person in black robes trembled furiously as he looked at the unfamiliar starry sky. Even if he was a powerful Berserker at the Bone Sacrifice Realm, the terror did not diminish, because he knew certain things...

"The sky of another world! This is the sky of another world!"

The moment the starry sky appeared, the elder coughed out blood and staggered backwards. Nonetheless, he quickly shouted to Su Ming, who was staring at the sky with a dumbfounded expression.

"Su Ming, remember this sky!" When he finished shouting out his words, the elder fell, completely drained of his strength.

Su Ming jolted, then looked at the unfamiliar stars in the sky.

The sky suddenly lit up with a strong burst of starlight. The stars flashed brilliantly and started moving. Right before everyone's eyes, the light from the stars joined together and formed a faint outline of a person.

The person was so huge that he seemed to cover the entire sky. As the light from the stars grew brighter, the person's face also became clearer.

It was a middle aged man!

The moment the light from the stars created the face on the person, Su Ming shuddered and disbelief appeared on his face. He stood there, completely stunned.

The face of the gigantic person formed by the light was greatly similar to Su Ming's own!

## **Chapter 110: The Wind Blew Away All Traces**

### Translation

When the starlight drew out the outline of the face, everyone present saw that the person had his eyes closed. In the air, the person in black robes let out a low growl and

withdrew in one swift move. He charged towards Bi Tu and grabbed him, as if he was about to leave the place with him.

He could feel a presence that made him horrified, coming from the unfamiliar sky. The presence made all the hairs on his body rise. That feeling was one he had not experienced for many years.

At that moment, he no longer had any desire to catch Su Ming. There was only one thought in his head—he had to quickly get out of this place!

Yet the moment he grabbed Bi Tu and was about to leave, the person formed by the light coming from the replaced stars in the sky opened his eyes. His gaze held an oppressive might and aloofness. It was just one glance, and a boom sounded in Bi Tu's head. That look that came from the person in the sky gave him a feeling that the person had already surpassed the northern Fallen God of Berserkers he had summoned by sacrificing his life!

"Who is he?!"

The person in black robes was petrified. The fear in him made him not care about anything else. A large amount of black mist appeared from underneath his feet. He grabbed Bi Tu and they hastily disappeared into the air.

The moment the person in black robes tried to disappear with Bi Tu, the person that looked rather similar to Su Ming in the sky raised his right hand. He did not clench his fist, but closed his fingers together and pushed down towards the earth.

The moment he pressed his palm, a wind that blew downwards stirred up. That wind blew past the place where the person in black robes disappeared with Bi Tu. Immediately, that space in the air started twisting, and the person in black robes and Bi Tu were forcefully dragged back from their escape. The very instant they were dragged out, Bi Tu let out a scream, and his arms were torn into pieces of flesh and blood.

The person in black robes stood in front of Bi Tu and coughed out blood. His face, which was hidden under the black robe, was filled with terror and panic.

'What is with his power?! This has far surpassed the Bone Sacrifice Realm... This person from another world... could he be at the Berserker Soul Realm?'

The palm strike coming from the sky may have seemed slow, but in reality, it traveled down really quickly in the direction where the person in black robes and Bi Tu were. Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The moment the palm pressed down, the person in black robes let out a shrill cry. He grabbed Bi Tu, who was standing behind him, and once he infused some power into him, threw him towards the incoming palm.

Bi Tu could not even resist. The moment his body touched the palm, the power that was infused into him by the person in black robes exploded, causing his entire body to burst apart with a bang. A strong force came forth and shook the entire area, but...

The palm did not stop for even a moment. It was as if that force was nothing. It went through the force caused by Bi Tu's explosion and rushed toward the person in black robes.

The eyes of the person in black robes were bloodshot. He could not escape. As he lifted his arms quickly, the 13th piece of his spine let out a great power that fused into his arms. He pushed at the palm coming towards him.

A booming sound echoed once again in the sky. The person in black robes let out a sharp and pained cry. His arms, hidden under those black sleeves, were immediately ripped into pieces. Even his black robe was torn apart, revealing the face he had kept hidden.

It was an old man with a black picture on his body. That picture looked like an eye, and on his back, an old and aged presence came from the 13th piece of his spine.

'I can tell... that is a will that has been left on that instrument for many years... It is just a thought, and yet it is already this strong... That person... He must be an incredibly powerful Berserker in the other world!'

The old man coughed out blood. As his arms trembled, they were torn into bloody ribbons. He knew that death was hanging right over his head. As his body tumbled backwards, he struggled to lift up his right hand and grab at the air. A beast skin appeared out of nowhere in his hand.

There was silver fur on that beast skin; it looked incredibly valuable. At that moment, the old man took the beast skin and wore it. At the same time, he also started making signs with his hands, drawing out a blood-red picture on his body with his ten bloodied fingers. That picture was the same as the Berserker Mark on his body. It was an eye!

"Beast Form Transformation!"

As the old man growled, silver light shone brilliantly on his body. In an instant, an incredibly strange change happened to his body.

After the beast skin was placed on his body, it started spreading to cover its entirety under that silver light. Right before Su Ming's eyes, he turned into a ferocious silver beast!

That ferocious beast was like a bull, but it only had one eye. Its entire body was covered in silver fur. There was lightning flashing on the two horns on its head. At the moment,

all the power from the Bone Sacrifice Realm was fused into the 13th piece of the beast's spine under the silver beast skin.

The beast let out a roar and crashed into the incoming palm.

The palm's incoming assault caused the beast to tremble when it touched the silver bull beast. The two horns on its head immediately shattered, and the silver fur on its body fell away from its body as if it was shaved away. When all of its fur was scraped off, a layer of the beast's skin was torn away from its body. A light flashed, and the bull disappeared. The old man's body materialized once again. His face was pale, and his eyes showed despair. As he coughed out blood, the palm pressed on his body.

His arms burst apart, and his legs too, disappeared. His torso was the only thing left, but on his back, the 13th piece of his spine jolted, and with a boom, it shattered. When the bone shattered, the old man let out an ear-shattering cry of pain. There was also despair in his voice. He knew that that his Berserker Bone was crushed by this hand. From now on, even if he survived, he would no longer be a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

'It's just a thought, but it's so strong...'

He smiled brokenly and closed his eyes. Yet the moment he did so, their world, which had experienced the string of battles, started to become unstable. Now, as the palm pushed down, the space around the old man started cracking. These cracks started spreading outwards quickly, and in an instant, they shattered like a mirror that fell to the ground!

This was the shattering of space!

There was space between the sky and earth, but it was invisible and no one could see it. Yet if it was to suffer an incredibly strong attack, then the shattering of space would appear for an instance, though it would rapidly recover on its own afterwards.

However, the moment it shattered, a void that swallowed everything would be formed. That void had incredibly powerful absorbing powers that could suck in everything around it.

At that moment, as the space shattered above Dark Mountain, a void appeared!

It was a black vortex. The moment it appeared, the person in black robes was the first to be forcefully taken in, causing him to avoid that palm strike that made him fall into despair.

At the same moment, a large amount of gravel fell from all the mountains nearby. Dried up plants, black snow, and all the other things flew up and were sucked into the void.

Su Ming could no longer move. When that strong absorbing power appeared, his body was pulled towards the void. He was sucked into the void along with the gravel and plants. The moment he was sucked in, he saw the elder lying on the other summit. He had his eyes closed, and there was no way of knowing whether he was alive. He was also sucked into the void.

That was the last scene Su Ming saw. After that, darkness fell upon his eyes. He lost consciousness...

The void only appeared for the span of a few breaths before it closed up and disappeared. The world returned to normal. The starry sky from the other world in the sky also gradually disappeared. The gigantic person, too, slowly faded away. Cracking sounds reverberated through the air, and the black flag pole turned rapidly back to yellow before turning into ashes that were blown away by the wind.

A thunderous boom reverberated through the land, and cracks appeared on the ground. All of the remaining black snow disappeared.

A gigantic outline of a palm appeared on the land. As the thunderous booms echoed in the air, one of the five summits on Dark Mountain crumbled, and its dust scattered into the air.

Everything gradually returned to silence.

In a patch of forest that was not affected, a small monkey dashed forward with anxiety. It climbed up Dark Dragon Mountain, where Su Ming was taken in by the void. On the summit, it looked at the sky and let out screeches that sounded as if they were calling out to him.

The screeches lasted for a long time until the little monkey looked at the land in the distance with a bitter face. It could see the other side of the mountain. In its memories, Su Ming had once mentioned that he wanted to see what the other side looked like.

Gradually, the little monkey climbed down the mountain. From then onwards, no one saw a flash of red running around the forest ever again.

The night of the blood-red moon that appeared once every few years also never appeared again, and neither did the Wings of the Moon.

After the battle, Dark Mountain, which had five summits, now looked as if someone had sliced off one of its five fingers cleanly, turning it into a mountain with only four summits. Black Flame Mountain was also missing its peak.

It ended...

Wind Stream Tribe was in a state of disarray. When Jing Nan and Wen Yan returned, these two powerful Berserkers of the Transcendence Realm chose to isolate themselves to train. They kept their lips sealed tight about the things that had happened in Wind Stream Mountain.

All the matters within the tribe, no matter great or small, were handed over to Shi Hai and the others. Even the training of Ye Wang and the others were set aside. Their injuries were too grave. If it were not because their enemy had seemed to be holding back due to fear of something, the two of them would not have been able to return.

Dark Mountain Tribe became an affiliated tribe of Wind Stream, and the seventh tribe located outside the mudstone city. It was also the weakest tribe. The only Berserkers within the tribe were the tribe leader, Bei Ling, and the handicapped Head of the Guards.

The elder did not come back. Lei Chen did not come back. Su Ming too, did not come back...

Amid their sadness, Dark Mountain Tribe sent some people back to Dark Mountain after a few days had passed. They found the corpses of their people, Nan Song, and Shan Hen, and relayed what they saw regarding the four summits of Dark Mountain to their tribe members waiting back home. Surrounded by grief, they held a funeral for their deceased tribe members, which coincidentally fell on the same day as the promise made between Su Ming and Bai Ling.

They did not know about Shan Hen's betrayal. He was buried together with his other tribe members.

On the day of the funeral, rain fell together with snow from the sky. It was very cold.

Standing outside Dark Mountain Tribe in the freezing snow and rain was a girl in white. She stood there quietly, and touched the bone earrings hanging off her ears. It was unknown whether there were tears falling as snow and rain trickled down her face.

End of Arc One.