

# **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 111 — Waking Up to Unfamiliar Sights - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 111 — Waking Up to Unfamiliar Sights**

## **Chapter 111: Waking Up to Unfamiliar Sights**

Translation

Arc Two: The World of Wind and Cold

Rain tumbled down from the sky and hit on the big tree leaves, creating lashing sounds. A large amount of raindrops accumulated on the leaves and slid down along the veins on the leaves, forming a tiny stream that fell from the tip of the leaves.

This was a rainforest. The ground was filled with mud, and as rain fell on it, swamps were formed. The sky was dark. Only the occasional lightning lit up everything in the world for an instant.

The thunder roared and tumbled forward, echoing in the night before disappearing quietly.

In the deeper part of the forest was a mountain range that was hidden in the night. The mountains there were not tall, and could not compare with Dark Mountain. They were not tall, but they were many.

At that moment, lightning sliced through the sky and brightened up the earth. On one of the middle mountains, a person was lying on the ground.

This person had been in this deserted place for a few days. There was no clue to how he had appeared there, wearing a torn beast skin shirt and looking incredibly pathetic.

The person lying there unmoving was a young man that looked to be in his twenties. He had a clean and handsome face, but there was a scar marring it.

His eyes were closed, and there were many wounds on his body. These injuries had already turned white, and no blood was flowing out.

The rain continued falling for a few days before letting up. The sky became clear and the dark clouds dispersed. The land welcomed the sun.

It was now summer. Once the rain passed, mist gradually rose up on the land. There was also an incredible heat that seemed to want to burn everything alive.

That young man that lay on the mountain did not move. He seemed as if he was dead.

A few days more passed again. There were some bald vultures circling in the sky. The eyes of these bald vultures were cold. As they flew in the sky, they had their eyes fixed on the person lying on the mountain. They circled above as if hesitating.

Finally, one of the bald vultures lost its patience. It dove down towards the young man's body, flapping its wings as it circled above the young man before landing on his chest. The vulture used its sharp beak to poke at the prey it had been eyeing for the past few days.

It watched its prey's face as it continued poking and eating his flesh. Gradually, it relaxed. In its eyes, this was definitely a dead person.

Soon, the remaining bald vultures in the sky dove down and landed on the young man's body without a sound and with cold eyes. Yet the moment they landed, the young man suddenly opened his eyes and grabbed the first bald vulture that had landed on his chest with his right hand. Shocked, the other bald vultures wanted to fly up, but their bodies seemed stuck on the young man's body; they could not fly.

The young man brought the bald vulture to his mouth and bit into its neck, drinking its blood. The blood, which tasted foul, flowed down his throat and into his body, making a sharp stab of pain develop in his body, which had gone numb due to hunger.

Yet that pain allowed a hint of warmth to finally appear in his entire body.

Very soon, the bald vulture stopped struggling, having lost all of its blood. The young man took a deep breath and placed the bald vulture in his hands by the side. He grabbed another one that could not fly away from his body and leisurely drank its blood. It was not until all the seven bald vultures stuck to his body had died that a hint of red finally appeared on the young man's face.

He lay there and looked at the sky. It was very blue. The sun was blazing hot. His eyes were filled with uncertainty. He was Su Ming.

He had already woken up a few days ago in the rain. Upon waking up, he could still hear the fragile voice calling out to him in his dreams. The voice that called him "brother" accompanied him even as he woke up.

When his mind clear from sleep, he felt sharp pain bursting out from his entire body. He had no strength left, not even to lift his hands.

He could only lie on the ground and feel the raindrops falling on his body. The rain fell on the wounds all over his body, and he soon grew numb amid the pain. It was not just his body that became numb, his heart too, grew numb.

Over the past few days, he laid on the ground as his mind was thrown into extreme confusion and bewilderment. He remembered a vortex appearing in the air above Dark

Mountain due to that one palm strike from the person in the starry sky. When he was sucked into the void, he saw the elder getting sucked in as well with his eyes closed. He had no idea whether the elder was dead or alive.

He didn't know what that vortex was, nor why it had appeared, just as he didn't know where he was. Yet as he looked at the blazing sun in the sky and the unfamiliar mountains by his side, he had a vague feeling that he was no longer at Dark Mountain.

He didn't want to believe that the elder had passed away, but he also knew that the elder's injuries were much worse than his. The final sight where the elder had lain unmoving with his eyes closed made Su Ming not want to think. There was pain in his heart, one of losing the closest person to him.

'The elder won't die...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. The grief on his face was gradually hidden away.

Ever since he was young, he had lived under the protection of the elder. He had never left the tribe for a long period of time alone. So now, surrounded by unfamiliar sights, Su Ming felt lonely, but he knew that he had to become stronger.

When he opened his eyes once again, there was no longer any sadness in them. It was hidden deep within his heart. No one could find any hint of sadness on him. His eyes were calm, so calm that they were cold.

He struggled to sit up. Under the blazing sun, he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, silently circulating his Qi around his body. Yet the moment his Qi started moving, sharp pain stabbed him, making him lurch forward, but he gritted his teeth and did not make a sound.

Su Ming knew that his body had sustained incredibly deep internal injuries after forcefully breaking through and increasing his power, going through that long chain of battles, and being heavily wounded in the last battle. These internal injuries had now all surfaced.

'All 243 blood veins of the Blood Solidification Realm are still here, but before I recover, I can't use all of them...'

Su Ming panted harshly. He clenched his right fist and lifted it up. A sharp pain rose in his body, but there were no changes whatsoever on his face. He had already learned to bear with the pain.

'I should be able to use the power of 100 blood veins, which is around the peak of the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. But these injuries will only become more serious with time passage. I'll just grow weaker until the day I die.'

Su Ming was silent and continued circulating the Qi in his body amid the sharp pain. Gradually, the sky darkened. When the moon appeared, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at it. Threads of moonlight fell down and surrounded him before they blended into his body, nourishing him.

The night passed by quickly. When the morning sun lit up the earth, it dissipated the slight hint of cold brought by the night and replaced it once again with blazing heat. Su Ming opened his eyes and let out a shaky breath.

The color on his face was much better than the previous day, but he still felt weak. He frowned, and after checking his body, he sighed.

'If I had not mastered fine control and used the moonlight to heal myself, then after going through those events, I wouldn't have even been able to use the power of 100 blood veins. Even so, I can only use the power of 98 blood veins now.

'I have to think of a way to get rid of these internal injuries. I need enough medicinal pills to cure myself.'

Su Ming fell into momentary silence, touching his bosom to look for his items. He had been sucked into the vortex earlier and had no idea whether the few items he kept away in his bosom were still around.

He had a broken bag, the little bone Shan Hen held onto before he died, and the beast bone given to him by the tribe leader before they parted ways so that he could tell whether the tribe was safe.

Besides these, there was also a xun made of bone, a broken shard of Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers, and a bottle that was slightly cracked but not broken, containing two drops of Berserker Blood.

As he looked at these items, Su Ming held up the shard from Dark Mountain Tribe's statue of the God of Berserkers. This was the shard that had cut his face when the statue exploded, leaving a scar.

Su Ming looked at it and closed his eyes. After a long while, he placed all the items into the broken bag. There might be some problems with the bag, but it was his only choice right now.

Once he finished packing up, Su Ming stood up and rubbed the center of his brows with his right hand. There was a contemplative look on his face. He had to rely on himself for everything now. This meant that he had to be careful and not make even the slightest mistake.

'This place is unfamiliar to me. With my current condition, before my power completely recovers, I can't leave this rainforest. These woods are dense, so I might find some of the herbs I need.'

A flash passed through Su Ming's eyes as he thought. He slowly climbed down the mountain with his weakened body. For a few days, he searched the entire forest and the mountains carefully, staying on constant alert.

'The elder... is not here.'

After those few days, Su Ming sat by a river on one of the mountains, a hand pressing onto his chest. It hurt there, causing him to be unable to hide the grief on his face.

After a while, Su Ming used indifference and calmness to bury his sorrows. He washed himself in the river and looked at his face reflected in the water. That face no longer held the tenderness of a boy at sixteen years of age, but now had faint signs of age.

'Just how many years did I stay in that vortex...?'

Su Ming touched the scar left by Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers and quietly washed his body clean. He put on his clothes and tied his hair in a bundle before sitting down by the river and looking at the sky without making a sound.

'Why did the elder's face change after the person in black robes brought out the plate? Who are the "we" mentioned by the person in black robes...?'

'Bi Tu might be dead, but from the words of the person in black robes, this battle was started due to someone else...'

'The big flag that flew out of the elder's body at the final moments of the battle turned into the starry sky. That person in black robes said that it was the sky from another world, what did he mean by "another world" ...?'

'The elder asked me to remember that sky, could my birthplace be...'

A complicated look appeared on Su Ming's face as he thought. The deepest image left behind by the changed sky was the person formed by the starlight. Who was that middle-aged man that looked somewhat similar to Su Ming?

An answer formed in his heart, but he could not be certain of it.

'Is he... my father...?'

As those questions rose up one after another, Su Ming could feel that a great veil of mystery fell upon what had happened that day, and on his own person. It covered everything in his sights, and he could not see clearly.

‘Also, where am I? How far am I from Dark Mountain...?’

‘Bai Ling... I still remember the promise... but I can’t fulfill it now.’

Su Ming closed his eyes.

‘Xiao Hong, are you alright...?’

As dusk arrived and the sky gradually darkened, Su Ming left the river and went into the forest. His back seemed lonely and desolate as he staggered onward.

## **Chapter 112: Fire Appearing When Lightning Struck Wood**

### Translation

The heat during summer in this unfamiliar place made the air stifling even if it was night. With rain pouring down once every few days, more swamplands were formed from the mud on the ground, making it hard to traverse.

Su Ming was extremely unused to this. There may have been rainstorms where he grew up in Dark Mountain, but they were rarely like in this place, where it seldom stopped raining and this had been going on and off for more than a month.

Su Ming’s injuries became worse. The weakness he felt grew as days went by. Even if he used fine control to suppress it and moonlight to nourish his body, as time passed by, the blood veins he could use had decreased to 80.

Within the deeper parts of the rainforest, on the low mountain range that housed a lot of mountains was a small mountain. There was a naturally formed crack on it, and Su Ming sat cross-legged inside.

There was no water in there, but the walls of the mountain were wet. When he placed his hand on the walls, he could feel cold wetness. There was ash left behind on the ground by a fire. During the past few days, Su Ming had stayed here.

The inside of the naturally formed crack was built in the shape of a gourd. It was not big, but neither was it small. It served as a place for Su Ming to avoid the rain and quench herbs. There were a lot of cracks like these in the mountain range. Su Ming hadn’t spent much time before finding a cave that was more secluded compared to the rest.

‘Even if it rains nonstop, the plants here are still very dense, some of which are strange. There is even plenty of that supposedly rare Thousand Leaf Flower growing here.’

Something flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He lowered his head and looked at the herbs situated close before him on the ground.

These were the herbs he'd found within the month of traveling carefully around the rainforest under the rainstorm.

As he looked at the herbs, Su Ming stood up. He felt that his body was also damp and wet, which made him incredibly uncomfortable.

'It's a pity that while there are a lot of herbs here, there isn't any Cloud Gauze Grass. I can't create Mountain Spirit, but the herbs required to create Scattering Dust and South Asunder are mostly complete, I only need... Night Glitter Branch.'

Su Ming frowned. This was the reason why he could not create any pills this month. Even as he got out of his meditative state, he was still thinking about it.

It was still raining outside. Thunder would boom in the sky occasionally. Su Ming had already gotten used to this sound. He walked out quietly and arrived at the entrance of the cave. The first thing that entered his sights was lightning slicing ferociously through the dark sky, which brought light upon the place. It was soon followed by thunder booming, as if there was someone roaring so loudly in the sky it shook the earth.

Lightning flashed in the sky and lit up the land, but it became dark again in an instant. Rain battered the ground, and some of the raindrops fell on Su Ming.

He took in a deep breath. The stifling air of summer was somewhat gone. It was much more comfortable standing where he was rather than inside the cave. Even if it was much more humid here, there was also a slight refreshing feeling.

Su Ming looked at the dark sky and land. Everything here was unfamiliar to him, even the rain was unusual, but Su Ming no longer let his loneliness show on his face. Instead, he hid it away deeply. His eyes were calm as he looked at the land and fell into deep thought.

'Without Night Glitter Branch, I can't create any pills. Am I really supposed to walk out of the rainforest to search outside in my weakened state...?'

The frown on his face grew deeper.

After a long while, Su Ming let out a light sigh. At that moment, amid the rumbling thunder, a bolt of lightning suddenly cracked as if wanting to split the sky apart. The moment it crackled in the air, it was as if it discovered that it was too close to the rainforest where Su Ming was and changed direction.

Right before Su Ming's eyes, the bolt of lightning fell down in a straight line. With a crash, it plunged into the rainforest a distance away from him. Soon, black smoke rose



into the air as lightning continued crackling in the sky. There was also light caused by the fire. Although the light was soon extinguished, when Su Ming saw that sight, he felt his heart jolt.

A thought flashed in his head at that moment.

‘This place should not be suitable for Night Glitter Branch to grow. I remember this herb is common in Dark Mountain. Every time I collected it, there’d be sparks of fire flashing. If it fell on my body, I’d feel as if I was scorched. It must be because the power of fire is hidden within Night Glitter Branch. This place is constantly raining, so it’s always moist. This herb can’t grow here.’

When Su Ming was at Dark Mountain, he did not think about it so much. Yet now, since he was alone in this unfamiliar place, he had to rely on himself for everything. A glint appeared in his eyes. He looked at where the bolt of lightning struck deep in the rainforest.

Su Ming took a few steps backward and returned to the mountain cave. He took one of the herbs piled on the ground and stared at it intently.

‘This is the Iron Core Flower. This thing...’

Su Ming flicked it gently, and a sound as if metal crashed into metal echoed in the cave immediately.

‘This thing should contain the power of metal, that’s why this herb is so sturdy, and why it’s so hard for normal people to collect it.

‘There’s also the catalpa. This herb grows densely. I’ve never paid much attention to them, but now...’

Su Ming took another herb and broke one of its leaves. Liquid flowed out from the broken part of the herb, but it only lasted for the time required for an incense stick to burn. The liquid gathered at the broken part and formed a round protruding shape. Su Ming knew that if he planted this herb on the ground, then before long, young leaves would grow from the broken part. They would look incredibly vigorous, a strange sight that made stunned people.

‘I’ve never thought much about the five herbs needed for Scattering Dust, but now, it’s clear that they’re herbs belonging to the five different elements.

‘The power of metal, the power of life, and then there’s the fire from the Night Glitter Branch. As for the other two herbs, they’re the commonly sighted ones that contain the power of water and... I don’t need the leaves of this herb, but its roots, which are buried underground.’



There was a contemplative look in Su Ming's eyes. He stared at the roots that still contained some dirt lying among the herbs.

'This should be the power of earth!

'I need five different elements to create the enigmatic Scattering Dust, and now I'm lacking one of them... But if the basic principle behind the pill is this, then... I might be able to find something to substitute it!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. This problem had been bothering him for quite some time. Now that he saw that bolt of lightning, he felt his spirits lift up.

He immediately turned around and created an afterimage as he left the cave, charging into the rainstorm. Rain fell on his body, and soon he was drenched. Water fell down his hair, but he ignored it, moving extremely quickly. He ran along the small mountain and entered the rainforest down below, dashing towards where he saw the place lightning had struck earlier.

Mud filled the ground of the rainforest. There were also a lot of rotting leaves that gave out a humid smell. Lashing sounds echoed in the air as the heavy rain poured down from the sky.

Su Ming sped through the rainforest. Soon, he took a leap and crouched on a wet and slippery branch. Before him, he saw a big tree so tall it reached the sky. That tree was obviously much taller than the other trees around it. Yet it was black. The branches had turned into ashes, causing the tree to look like a wreck.

Black smoke rose from the tree. There may have been rain falling down around it, but Su Ming could still feel remnants of a frightening might coming from around it.

He observed for a while before leaping from the branch and approaching the black dried up tree. He raised a hand and touched the surface. A hint of warmth came from it. The surface may have been drenched by rain, but when Su Ming used a bit of force in his fingers and clawed in, he could feel that the insides of the tree were dry.

'The power of lightning is related to fire. When that bolt of lightning fell upon this tree, it caused all the water vapor on this originally wet tree to evaporate, turning it dry and making it burn after it was struck.

'Over here, there is nothing that contains more power of fire than this burnt tree.'

Su Ming jumped up and the 80 blood veins in his body suddenly lit up with a blood-red light. He hit the tree a few times. As booming sounds echoed in the air, the tree bark crumbled completely, revealing the hot core of the tree.

Su Ming positioned his right hand in the form of a knife and sliced downwards. Immediately, the core of the tree, which was 30 feet tall, was cut down. He quickly cut it into several parts and placed inside the broken bag.

However, the space of the bag was limited. He could not place some of the cut core parts into it. Su Ming hefted them on his body and charged into the rainforest, back towards that mountain cave.

'I should be able to substitute fire since my blood contains it, or I could even burn trees to create the effects of Night Glitter Branch, but nothing can compare to the natural fire created by the bolt of lightning!'

As Su Ming ran, many different thoughts appeared in his head. Before long, he returned to the crack and went into the cave with rain dripping down his body.

Su Ming panted slightly and placed the charred and slightly hot cores down, then he took out the other cores from the broken bag. He looked at these materials and took a deep breath. Once he sat down cross-legged, he started soothing the Qi in his body. After the span of time required for two incense sticks to burn, Su Ming opened his eyes and raised his right hand. With one single thought, a ball of fire suddenly appeared on his right hand with a crackling sound.

The ball emitted warmth and heated up the area, causing the entire cave to be filled with light. Su Ming's face was serious as he carefully used fine control to manipulate the fire in his hand. He observed it for a moment. Once he waited till the fire in his hand had stabilized, he quickly grabbed the herbs necessary to create Scattering Dust from the pile by his side. He used his left hand to move them, then carefully placed into the fire in his right hand.

This was the method he had thought of when he found that there was no place like Black Flame Mountain in this unfamiliar place. His Qi contained fire, and after the battle with Bi Tu, Su Ming felt that some part in his body had changed. This ball of fire was one of the changes. He no longer needed fresh blood to summon it.

That was why he had thought about this method - using his hand as a medicinal cauldron to quench herbs.

Su Ming had already created Scattering Dust multiple times. He was pretty familiar with each of the steps needed for this pill. Nonetheless, this was the first time he used his hand as the cauldron.

After a short period of discomfort, he slowly mastered the technique.

The tree core that was struck by lightning was the final item placed into the fire. As he looked at the five materials melting and blending together within, Su Ming focused all

his attention on the fire in his hand and began the process of quenching the herbs calmly.

## **Chapter 113: Encountering Other People**

### Translation

When the morning of the second day arrived, the rainstorm was still pouring heavily outside. The world outside looked blurry due to the rain, but Su Ming's eyes were bright as he sat in the cave in the crack on the mountain, though he looked exhausted.

In his right hand, a ball of black liquid was tumbling about, as if about to gather together. Yet after a few tries, it could still not fuse together.

Su Ming's heart was as calm as the still water in an ancient well. He controlled the fire in his hands, and after a moment, the flames suddenly became greater and turned into a fireball, hiding away all the black liquid inside.

After a while, Su Ming's face turned pale. His body was in a weakened state. Using the fire in his Qi for a long period of time was a little too much for him. He panted harshly, and the fire in his right hand gradually disappeared. There were three black pills in his palm.

A nice medicinal fragrance wafted into his nose, making Su Ming feel refreshed the moment he smelled it. He brought the three pills before his eyes and scrutinized them. The medicinal pills weren't green, but their fragrance was familiar to Su Ming. Without any hesitation, he placed one pill into his mouth. It was still hot, but it didn't hurt Su Ming.

The moment the medicinal pill touched his tongue, it melted. Su Ming closed his eyes and quietly experienced the feeling.

"It's a little different, but it's definitely Scattering Dust," Su Ming mumbled and placed the other two Scattering Dust pills away. He sat down cross-legged and meditated. Once a large amount of the fatigue in his body went away, he looked at the herbs piled before him, and a resolute look appeared on his face.

'If I can use the core of the tree struck by lightning to create Scattering Dust, then I can use the same method to create South Asunder. I... have no idea what the effects of that medicinal pill are, but I'm quite certain that it won't increase the power of my Qi like Mountain Spirit.

‘After all, there were three types of medicinal pills provided after I opened the second door. I can ignore the Welcoming of Deities. Now, since Mountain Spirit increases Qi, then it’s highly possible that South Asunder won’t repeat this effect.’

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows. Most of his hopes were placed on South Asunder. If his analysis was incorrect, then he would have to leave this place in his weakened state and search for a method to recover outside.

To ensure that he could definitely create South Asunder, Su Ming did not immediately start the quenching process, but rested for a long while until the sky became dark once again. After an entire day’s worth of rest, Su Ming began creating South Asunder, the pill that could possibly be very important to him.

Half a month passed by slowly. Su Ming had already been in this unfamiliar place for two months. His body had become even weaker during the past half a month due to him creating medicinal pills.

Nonetheless, because it was Su Ming’s first time creating South Asunder, failure was inevitable. Yet due to his continuous hard work, after half a month, he managed to create two South Asunder.

Su Ming’s face was pale, but his eyes were calm as he looked at the purple pills that were clearly larger than Scattering Dust, being the size of a fist. There was no medicinal fragrance from it, and it looked incredibly normal.

After a period of silence, Su Ming took one of the pills decisively and placed it in his mouth without hesitation. After going through so many things, he was no longer a child. He could analyse on his own now. Ever since he started creating the medicinal pills, besides Scattering Blood, which he had created on accident, everything else was harmless. More importantly, he did not have the luxury to waste even one pill for experimental purposes.

When the purple pill entered Su Ming’s mouth, it did not melt immediately. Instead, it slowly broke apart and slid down his throat with a bitter taste. After that, Su Ming took one Scattering Dust and swallowed it.

Once he was done, he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, circulating the Qi in his body to feel the effects of South Asunder .

Time trickled by. After an hour, Su Ming’s suddenly shuddered and the 243 blood veins surfaced on his body. However, only about 80 of these blood veins glowed in a brilliant red color. The rest of them were dull.

The trembles shaking Su Ming’s body became more intense, and a pained look appeared on his face. After a moment, he opened his eyes and coughed out a mouthful of black blood. The black blood fell on the ground, letting out a rotten stench.

The moment Su Ming spat the blood out, a hint of red appeared on his cheeks. Around ten of the dull blood veins on his body became revitalized. They no longer emitted a dull light, but slowly glowed with a brilliant red light.

After a long while, Su Ming's breathing calmed down. He looked at the final South Asunder in his hand.

'South Asunder has curative effects! If only I had managed to create this pill before the tribe went into battle...'

Su Ming closed his eyes and let out a light sigh.

He stayed in the mountain range located deep in the rainforest, seldom going out. Every time he did so, it was because he had used up all of the herbs, or ran out of the replacements for Night Glitter Branch, having to go out to seek more of them.

Fortunately, the rainforest was huge, and it was not uncommon for lightning to strike trees. Usually, when a bolt of lightning struck a tree, it would provide Su Ming with a large amount of materials.

In the blink of an eye, a year passed by.

During that year, there was a period of half a year where there was no rain, yet there was no sight of snow that would have made Su Ming feel at home. It was as if there was no winter in this place.

His injuries were too deep. During that year, he had taken in a large amount of South Asunder, but it only made his Qi recover to around 190 blood veins. He was still slightly away from his peak condition.

In the course of that year, there were many times that Su Ming found tracks left by people when he went out searching for herbs. Once he even saw a team made of a dozen people hunting a giant snake in the rainforest.

These Berserkers were around the fifth and sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. Only one man was at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. By the looks of the others around him, the man was someone who was rather renowned.

They did not wear beast skins, but sackcloths. Most of them used spears as their weapons, and they seldom used bows. Almost everyone in the team wore a black bell that did not emit any sound on their wrists.

Most of them only had one bell on their wrists, but that man had two. Su Ming also noticed that there was a teenager at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm among these people. His face was pale, as if he was sick.

He was surrounded and protected by the team, and Su Ming saw four bells on his wrist.

This was a completely different tribe compared to Dark Mountain and Wind Stream. When Su Ming was observing, he did not stand too close to them. Even so, he still attracted the attention of the man at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The man did not make any sound immediately, but he did get closer to where Su Ming stood during the battle all while acting as if he did it unintentionally.

However, his actions were a little foolish in Su Ming's eyes. He left. With Su Ming's speed, if he wanted to leave, that man would not be able to stop him.

Su Ming did not bother himself with these people, but continued searching for herbs. Once the sky started to darken, he ran into the group of people once again when he was returning to his cave.

At that moment, they were setting up a simple beast skin tent in the rainforest while protecting the teenager with four bells. It looked like they were about to spend the night there.

The man at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm held a spear and leaned against a big tree while keeping watch of his surroundings with bright eyes.

Su Ming crouched on a tree in the distance and watched these people. His eyes slowly brightened up. His power might not have completely recovered, but at least he could fight now. He wanted to know where this place was and what tribes were around here.

These people were obviously very averse to outsiders. If he approached them carelessly, they would likely not listen to his words and instead just engage him in battle.

As his eyes flashed, Su Ming lowered his head. He retreated without a sound and vanished into the rainforest. Time passed by. Two hours later, when the bonfire these people had made lessened the humidity in the air, the expression of the man leaning against the tree suddenly changed, and he clutched onto the spear in his hand tightly.

The other people noticed his actions, and their demeanor changed as well. Soon, the roar of a beast came from the deeper parts of the rainforest. A creature that looked like a tiger, but with spikes about half a foot long protruding from its spine, swiftly charged out towards these people.

"Black Sting!"

These people immediately let out shocked cries, and chaos ensued.

"This creature likes fire. Extinguish the fire, quickly," the man at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm said immediately.

He held the spear in his right hand and ran towards the wild beast. This beast may be strong, but it was just about the level of a Berserker at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The man could fight against it.

Yet the moment he left the team to fight against that Black Sting, and his people extinguished the fire, the area became shrouded in darkness. While the people spent the next few short moments getting used to the darkness, a person charged out with a speed like lightning towards the teenager that was protected by the team.

The stranger was too fast. When these people finally reacted to his presence, he had already closed in on the teenager. Without waiting for the pale-faced youth to resist, the person slammed the heel of his palm at the back of his neck, knocking him out, and grabbed him under his arm before escaping.

These people were momentarily stunned, then their expressions changed drastically. Even the man's face immediately turned sullen. He wanted to pursue the stranger, but he was unable to chase away that Black Sting. With that slight delay, the person who caught the teenager disappeared deep into the forest.

Su Ming sped through the rainforest with the teenager locked under his arm. He held no grudges against these people, so that's why he would not kill them without a reason. Even if he chose to lure a wild beast towards them, he still made sure the creature was one that these people could chase away without anyone dying.

His target was only this teenager. This boy was definitely not of common birth. He must know quite a lot of things. If Su Ming wanted to know about this place, this was the only thing he could do.

'Once I get my answers, I'll let him go.'

Su Ming dashed through the forest into the distance. He circled the forest once and came to a more secluded corner before placing the boy down. He crouched down and scrutinized the teenager before understanding a few things.

When he first saw the teenager, he could already tell that there were some problems. Once he got closer and confirmed it, Su Ming fell into momentary silence before bringing out one South Asunder and Scattering Dust from his bosom and placing both in the teenager's mouth.

Only then did he leisurely take a few steps back. He brought out a beast skin from the broken bag in his bosom; it was from a beast he'd hunted down for food during the past year. He placed it around himself, covering his body and face, and sat down against a tree not too far away from the teenager.



He grabbed a small piece of wood with his right hand from his side. With a tiny flick of his wrist, the wood charged towards the teenager's brows. Su Ming did not use too much strength, but it was still enough to wake him up.

The teenager opened his eyes in pain. There was confusion in his eyes, but it soon turned into a calm look. His face may have been sickly pale, but there was no panic on it. He looked at Su Ming, who was sitting before him with a beast skin covering his entire body.

"Who are you?"

## **Chapter 114: The Land of South Morning!**

### Translation

The teenager's calmness did not seem fake, as if there truly was no hint of panic in him. That sort of attitude was not rare on an old person, but if a teenager could show such calmness, then it showed just how extraordinary his status was.

He looked at Su Ming, and his eyes did not shine, nor did they waver. Yet when he looked at Su Ming, he cast a discreet glance over his entire body, as if trying find where Su Ming came from through the miniscule clues on his body.

Su Ming sat there with his entire body covered by the beast skin robe. The teenager's actions once he woke up made him look at the teenager with a hint of praise. Yet even so, it was impossible for the boy to find clues on his person.

"You've had those wounds on your body for many years." Su Ming did not answer the teenager's question, but instead spoke slowly with a slightly hoarse voice.

The teenager maintained a stoic demeanor and looked at Su Ming. He did not speak because he knew that the more he spoke the more likely he was to make mistakes. It was better for him to know what was the motive of this person who had captured and brought him here.

"It should have been left behind on purpose by a powerful Berserker not long after you were born..." Su Ming continued speaking unhurriedly.

The teenager was shocked, but his face remained unchanging and blank.

"Go on and sense the injuries in your body. See whether there are any changes."

Su Ming spoke calmly, the tone of his voice not once rising. Once he finished speaking, he closed his eyes.

The teenager was momentarily stunned. He cast a glance at Su Ming warily, then hesitantly closed his eyes and circulated his Qi. He did not notice it once he woke up, but once he started circulating his Qi, he opened his eyes abruptly. During that instant, he could clearly feel that the injuries in his body had healed slightly.

He might be shocked, but he forced himself to be calm. He knew that he was wounded when he was five, and someone cast a Berserker Art on him, but that person had made sure he would not die, just be gravely wounded. With this, the caster could detain his father's training, causing his father to need to waste a large amount of Qi once in a while so that the teenager could continue living.

These injuries were incredibly sinister. Over the years, he had consumed many herbs, yet it only allowed him to continue living, but did not heal him. Even the tribe leader, the Elder, and the others could not do anything to help him. They had once said that if he wanted to recover, then the only way was to find the person who had cast that Berserker Art and kill him so that the Berserker Art would become unstable. Only then could it be dispelled.

Now, however, the injuries in his body had healed a little. This was something he had not expected. His breathing quickened slightly. He lowered his head hastily, and as he checked the injuries in his body once again, he hid away the light in his eyes.

He had begged the heavens to make him recover countless times in the past. He did not want to hold his father back, yet over the years, as he looked at his father's face becoming older, he started wanting to die. If it were not because he still had some worries left, he would have left the world behind a long time ago.

This time, the people in the tribe had come to this rainforest to gather herbs for the tribe. He came with them, not to heal his injuries, but to prove that he was also a member of the tribe.

Yet the protection provided by the tribe on the way made him sigh internally.

He lowered his head, and a thought appeared in his mind. He lifted his head, no longer hiding his emotions. Instead, he looked at Su Ming dumbly, and on his face was excitement and a desire to live.

"You..." The teenager took a deep breath, and his voice trembled slightly.

"The injuries in your body are too great. I can't heal you completely, but I should have at least made you slightly better."

Su Ming opened his eyes. He looked at the teenager as if he could see through his thoughts, with eyes hidden under the robe. His voice was bland.

The boy felt as if he had been seen through by Su Ming's one glance. He had always been intelligent since he was young. He had revealed his excitement and desire to continue living on purpose earlier. When he heard Su Ming's words, he let out a breath of relief in his heart. If Su Ming had been certain, he would not have believed him.

He was well versed in his own condition.

"What do you want?" The teenager fell momentarily silent before his expression returned to a blank look. He hid his nervousness away and looked at Su Ming as he spoke softly.

"Where is this place?"

Su Ming did not bother with any ploys and schemes. He simply stated his question. The information he wanted would let others get an inkling about him right from the get go, so he might as well not hide.

"This is Wide Han," the teenager said softly, but then a thought appeared in his head and he continued speaking. "Wide Han Forest is very big. This place is just a part of the forest. If you continue deeper and go over the mountains in the province, then you'll find yourself in a much bigger rainforest. As for how far away it goes, I'm not sure.

"I only know that if you go from where I came from, then in half a month, you'll reach Han Mountain City. This city is built using mountains. You'll definitely pass through this place if you want to go to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. It's a very prosperous city."

The teenager spoke in detail. There were questions in his heart, but he did not show it.

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky..."

Su Ming frowned and let out a sigh internally. The farthest place he had ever gone to since he was young was Wind Stream Tribe. He had never even heard of other tribes before.

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky is one of the two big tribes in the Land of South Morning."

The teenager cast a glance at Su Ming and started explaining. His questions regarding this person became greater. He could somewhat tell that Su Ming was not from this place. This guess made his animosity towards Su Ming lessen by a great deal.

What he was worried about the most were the people who held ill-will towards his tribe. Through the clues he obtained from this person, he gradually began to let his guard down.

"Which tribe does Han Mountain City belong to?" Su Ming's tone was casual. If he hadn't wanted to let this boy feel at ease so that he could obtain more information, he would not have revealed so many hints and clues about himself.

Su Ming's question made the teenager even more at ease. A smile appeared on his face.

"Han Mountain City does not belong to a tribe, but three tribes - Puqiang Tribe, Lake of Colors Tribe, and Tranquil East Tribe. The city is controlled by these three tribes.

"I'm from Puqiang Tribe. Senior, if you have a Berserker Art that could heal my injuries, why don't you join Puqiang Tribe? You can become a guest there. We from Puqiang Tribe are courteous towards our guests. If you agree to it, you can find a place to rest there as well as understand the land better. If you have the chance, you could even obtain the chance to get into Freezing Sky Clan!"

When the teenager spoke about this, he seemed to cast a casual glance at Su Ming, scrutinizing him.

"Getting into that clan is too hard."

Su Ming's expression was calm. He could understand all the boy's actions and see through his thoughts. Compared to Su Ming, this person was just a young La Su.

The teenager touched his nose and smiled sheepishly as he spoke. "You're right. Getting into Freezing Sky Clan may be difficult, but it's not impossible. Ten years ago, a person from Han Mountain Tribe managed to pass the test and become a Berserker of Freezing Sky Clan."

Su Ming was momentarily silent before he stood up. He could tell that everything the boy said was mostly true besides his own status. This information was not some sort of secret to begin with, so there was no need for him to lie to him.

Once he sorted out the information in his head, Su Ming obtained a vague outline of the place. This place was indeed a completely different region from where he came from.

In truth, when he looked at the stars in the sky at night, he could already tell that there was a sense of something wrong with them, though they were still somewhat familiar to him.

Once Su Ming got up, he did not look at the boy. He did not even bother to ask for his name. Even if the boy had not told him that he belonged to Puqiang Tribe, Su Ming would not have asked. Not that Su Ming believed that the boy belonged to whatever tribe he spoke of.

While the teenager was smart, he was still naïve like a chick that had not experienced storms in life compared to Su Ming. Su Ming felt that he was looking at himself when he looked at the boy.

The teenager was completely stunned when Su Ming walked into the rainforest. He had already pictured multiple scenarios and what he would say for each one of them in his head. All of them were for the sake of ensuring his own safety. Yet all these preparations were for naught when Su Ming leisurely went into the distance.

‘He only asked about the information about this area... This person is really strange, but he has no ill-will...’

The teenager touched his nose. In truth, he had already noticed that there was an astringent feeling in his mouth when he woke up, as if he had been fed something.

Once he combined the facts that his injuries became better and that Su Ming left without a word, the teenager became certain that the person before him truly had no ill intentions towards him.

‘If he wanted to harm me, then there would’ve been no need for him to heal my wounds. I would still have told him everything that did not involve the secrets of the tribe...

‘But he didn’t. He chose to heal my wounds first instead... He must have also lured in that Black Sting because that beast was around the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. Big brother Ah Meng could handle it, and none of my people would die because of it.’

Thoughts flew quickly through the teenager’s head. When he saw that Su Ming was about to vanish into the forest, he quickly got up and ran towards him.

"Senior, please hold on!"

His voice traveled in the rainforest, but Su Ming did not stop. With one move, he disappeared from the teenager’s eyes, vanishing into the distance.

The teenager ran down the path for some time, but he found nothing. Regret appeared on his face.

‘Ah, how could he walk so fast? I was too careful, and now I missed my chance to be healed.’

The more the teenager thought about it, the more regretful he became. Hesitation appeared on his face, as if he had a tough time making a particular decision.

At that moment, rustling sounds came from within the rainforest. The teenager did not move. He could tell that his people were approaching him. Before long, the man at the

seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm charged out, and behind him were all his other tribe members. None of them had died.

When they saw that the teenager was safe, these people let out sighs of relief. The man called Ah Meng moved towards him and asked a few questions in a whisper, but the teenager simply shook his head. He did not speak, neither did he talk about his conversation with Su Ming. He had his own thoughts in his heart. There was no longer any hesitation in him. He had made his decision.

Su Ming walked quietly through the rainforest. He had taken down his robes and was walking towards the mountain range located before him with an uncertain expression on his face.

'The Land of South Morning.

'Han Mountain City.

'The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky... Freezing Sky Clan!'

Su Ming did not know what Freezing Sky Clan was, but from the boy's words and expressions, he had a vague understanding regarding the tribe.

'This Freezing Sky Clan should be a different existence compared to a tribe...

'This is the Land of South Morning. How far is it... from my home...?'

Su Ming let out a light sigh. He remembered that the person in black robes had mentioned that Dark Mountain was part of the Alliance of the Western Region, and Wind Stream Tribe was a weaker branch of Miao Man.

## **Chapter 115: He Would Not Commit Past Mistakes!**

### Translation

Two months had passed since Su Ming got into contact with the Berserkers of this place. He chose to continue staying at the place and create South Asunder, allowing his injuries to slowly recover.

Right now, he was sitting in the cave with his legs crossed. Once he swallowed South Asunder, he sat for a time without a sound. There were only ten dull blood veins from the 243 blood veins in his body. The rest of them showed signs of life now.

During the past year, the many South Asunder had allowed him to slowly recover and stabilize the serious wounds and internal injuries he had sustained previously. While

recuperating, he would often find himself missing his tribe, the elder, Xiao Hong, Bai Ling.

And Lei Chen.

Su Ming did not know whether the tribe was well. He did not know whether Xiao Hong was still playing happily in Dark Mountain. He did not know whether Bai Ling was still waiting for him because he did not fulfill his promise.

Every single time he thought about it, Su Ming's heart would clench in pain. He was all alone in this unfamiliar place. When he looked at the moon in the sky, he would think of his home, the elder, whom he still refused to believe was dead, and everything that was familiar to him.

Yet he had no idea where his home was. The only thing he knew was that Wind Stream Tribe was a weaker branch of Miao Man in the Alliance of the Western Region.

However, it was clear that there was an incredible distance between the Alliance of the Western Region and the Land of South Morning. Yet he did not know where the path between them was either.

'I need a map that leads me to the Alliance of the Western Region!

'Also, I need to make myself stronger, only then can I have the strength to find my way home... Only by making myself stronger can I make the people mentioned by the person in black robes pay the appropriate price!'

During this period of time, Su Ming would often keep thinking about the battle between his tribe and Black Mountain Tribe. There were a lot of clues that he had missed during that fight, and all those clues pointed towards the person in black robes.

Su Ming opened his eyes and got out of his meditative state. He looked at the darkness around him and loneliness struck him. This feeling was one that he had not gotten accustomed to over the past year.

He had been in this cave for a long time.

Su Ming walked out silently and stood outside the crack. He looked at the moon in the sky. It was quiet all around him. He sat down and breathed in the slightly humid air before bringing out a xun made of bone about the size of a fist and stroking its surface gently.

After a long while, a moaning song seemed to be blown from a xun that no one else but Su Ming could hear. The notes seemed to echo in the air. The moaning sound contained sorrow, and the song continued for a long time.



Su Ming did not know how to play music. There was a crack on the xun made of bone, making it impossible for it to produce any sound either way. That song was not played out. It simply existed in Su Ming's heart. He held the xun made of bone and closed his eyes as he listened to the song in his heart.

This was the only sound that could keep him company in this place. It was as if he could really hear the song playing his ear, making him feel like he could find familiarity in this place.

Every single time he felt lonely, he would think about the beautiful moments that had happened in the past.

Every single time he felt estranged, he would think about the happiness in the past...

After a long while, when the moon in the sky reached its brightest moment, Su Ming closed his eyes and sat down. His body began to glow in the moonlight. Gradually, faint illusions formed by moonlight floated out from his body and surrounded him.

These illusions were Wings of the Moon. The Wings of the Moon were created when the Elder of Fire Berserker Tribe had cast a Great Divine Art to grant those within Fire Berserker Tribe immortality. This Art was then modified by the God of Berserkers with the Eternal Creation Art, changing them into creatures that were neither human nor beast. But after passing ages, the Divine Art had become weaker, causing breaks to appear in their cursed immortality.

However, when they fought against Bi Tu and the person in black, it was not enough to wipe out their existence. Their bodies might have been destroyed, but their souls still surrounded Su Ming and were hidden inside his body. They would appear under moonlight, but no one else besides those who practiced the Ways of the Fire Berserker could see them.

Su Ming did not obtain a clear answer from this. It was simply an understanding he obtained from the interaction between him and the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

This was Su Ming's greatest support now. It was also the reason why he was not bothered by whether the boy two months ago had spoken of his existence to other people or not.

He did not want to kill without reason, but if someone came to him looking for trouble, then they had to be prepared to face death.

When the moon in the sky gradually disappeared and the morning sun appeared in the horizon, faint shouts came from the rainforest at the foot of the mountain.

"Senior... Senior..."

"Senior, I'm sorry... Senior..."

Su Ming's face was calm. He had been hearing this voice once every few days for the past two months. This rainforest was incredibly big and there were a lot of mountain ranges here. It might not be as hard as trying to find a needle in a haystack if someone tried to search for a person here, but it was close.

The voice belonged to that boy. Two months ago, when Su Ming left, he had already anticipated that this would happen. The boy was simply making a choice between choosing to talk or not talk about him.

If he did, then he would perhaps bring about a lot of attention from his tribe and strong Berserkers would come here, but Guanghan Forest was huge. Trying to search for a person inside it was hard. Besides, if Su Ming wanted to hide, it would make the search even harder.

More importantly, these people would come asking for something from him. With the boy's intelligence, this sort of situation would not only not bring anything good to him, it might even make Su Ming displeased.

The boy did not make Su Ming disappointed. For the past two months, he had always come alone to call out to Su Ming.

Su Ming heard the voice calling out to him from a distance. He did not bother himself with it, but instead returned to the cave and continued creating South Asunder so that he could heal the injuries in his body.

After a few days, the voice gradually disappeared.

Half a month passed by. When there were only nine blood veins left that were still dull on Su Ming's body, he heard that faint voice calling out to him once again from the rainforest.

"Senior... Senior..."

The voice had been calling out to him for two days, and would continue to do so. Su Ming opened his eyes as he got out of his meditative state. There was a contemplative look on his face.

I won't make the same mistake as before...

Su Ming looked as if he had just remembered something. He walked out of the cave and donned on the beast skin robe before running into the rainforest.

Fang Mu's face was filled with remorse as he walked through the rainforest. There was also caution and alertness in his expression, while he held a black bone blade in his

hand. The blade exuded a chilling presence, and it was the weapon he used to defend himself.

After all, leaving the tribe alone to come to this place was a very dangerous thing to him. If he met any of his enemies here, that blade could serve its purpose.

He continued running around the rainforest and shouting out the same words he had been repeating for the past two and a half months.

"Senior... Senior..."

After a long while, he leaned against a big tree as he panted harshly. There was a helpless look on his face.

'Could it be that the strange person has left? If that wasn't the case, then since I've been calling for almost three months, he should have heard my voice... Ah, if he still hasn't left, then it means he doesn't want to see me.'

Fang Mu let out a long sigh and his expression became bitter. He looked at his surroundings and gritted his teeth before continuing onward.

"Senior... Are you still here?"

The sun was about to set and the shadow of the moon was up in the sky. With a defeated look on his face, Fang Mu shouted once again towards the sky.

"I'm here."

The moment Fang Mu finished speaking, a cold voice came from behind him. The voice appeared too suddenly, causing Fang Mu to jump in terror. He got up and quickly leapt forward, turning around with a face filled with wariness. He lifted the blade in his hands, but when he saw the person standing on a branch on the tree that was behind him, he was pleasantly surprised.

"Senior, I've been searching for you really hard. It's been almost three months."

Fang Mu lowered the bone blade quickly and looked at Su Ming, who remained covered by the beast skin, with excitement. Taking a few steps forward, Fang Mu bowed at Su Ming.

"Senior, please save me. I am Fang Mu. I hid the truth from you earlier. I am from Tranquil East Tribe, and my father is the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. If you can treat the injuries in my body, then my father and I will definitely reward you greatly.

"This blade is my apology to you for when I lied to you earlier. Please accept it."

The teenager called Fang Mu quickly handed over the black bone blade with both hands, an earnest look on his face as he bowed once again.

The bone blade let out a black light and exuded a ghastly presence. It was clear that it was not some common object. In fact, it was just like Blood Scales, a counterfeit Berserker Vessel. This item would be incredibly valuable to a small tribe.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. From the blade the boy gifted him, it was not hard for him to guess that the three tribes controlling Han Mountain City were middle sized ones. There was no way that they could be small tribes.

Su Ming moved to stand before Fang Mu. He cast Fang Mu a glance and took the black bone blade. He did not use his Qi, but let the formless Wings of the Moon residing in his body to activate it. Immediately, the bone blade emitted a brilliant black light. The chilling air on the blade instantly disappeared, and the bone blade turned red, as if it was burning. A strong wave of heat flowed out.

It made the trees around them fall into a state as if they were burning and were about to turn into dried wood.

The heat crashed into Fang Mu, forcing him to move back. A stunned look appeared on his face, his heart pounding against his chest. He could not determine Su Ming's level of cultivation, but he knew that even the powerful Berserkers in his tribe could not let the blade exude such a mighty presence. Only people like his father could. When the blade was first given to his father, such a shocking effect was produced as well, but the presence that was emitted was not heat, but cold.

'Could it be... Could it be that he's in the Transcendence Realm?'

Fang Mu's mouth was dry. He felt relieved that he did not tell anyone about this, but chose to come alone. If he made this person displeased, then the consequences would be terrible.

Fang Mu could not see Su Ming's face, which added to his mysteriousness. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his left hand and with one swift motion, threw two pills into Fang Mu's mouth before he could even see them clearly.

Su Ming then activated his Qi and made those two pills melt, causing Fang Mu to not even be able to feel their shape. A hot stream flowed from the boy's mouth into his body.

"I'll give you the span of fifteen breaths to remember this herb. When you come here next time, bring 1,000 of this herb to me in exchange for your healing items! Also, I do not like other people spying on me. This is the only time I'll allow it!"

Su Ming's voice was placid, but there was a hint of dreariness in his hoarse voice. He swung the bone blade with his right hand, and immediately, the bark of a big tree beside him fell off. The shape of an herb appeared on its surface. That picture was the one herb Su Ming was lacking to create Mountain Spirit - Cloud Gauze Grass!

He did not care about Fang Mu after that. Instead, he got up and took a step into the sky. The formless souls of the Wings of the Moon were underneath his feet. He stepped on one of them and walked away in the sky.

No one could see the souls of the Wings of the Moon underneath his feet. In Fang Mu's eyes, Su Ming was walking on the air. It made him widen his eyes and take in a sharp breath.

'Is he really in the Transcendence Realm...?'

After a long while, he finally reacted to it, but very soon, he remembered the latter half of Su Ming's words. He was momentarily stunned before looking around himself immediately and seeing a strong looking person walking out from within the rainforest.

"Father!"

Fang Mu rubbed his eyes. He looked incredibly shocked.

The big man wore a blue robe. He walked to Fang Mu's side with a stern expression and looked in the direction Su Ming had left in, frowning.

"How are your injuries?" he asked with a low voice.

Fang Mu felt apprehensive. He quickly checked the injuries in his body. Once he discovered that they had become slightly better, he immediately nodded his head.

"Father, have you been following me all this while? That man discovered you, could he really be in the Transcendence Realm?"

"Doesn't seem like it... The Qi in his body is..."

The man frowned. Before he finished speaking, the picture of the Cloud Gauze Grass on the tree bark beside him gradually turned into wooden shards and fell off. This was the strength of Su Ming's fine control. He could already control all his Qi precisely.

"Exactly 15 breaths... This is the fine control of the Transcendence Realm!"

The man's pupils shrank.

"It's over! I haven't memorized the shape of that herb!" Fang Mu immediately became anxious.

The man took in a deep breath. He might still be a little dubious, but he was mostly certain about what he had seen now. He turned around and spoke to Fang Mu sternly.

"That's Cloud Gauze Grass. I'll help you get it. Respect this person. Don't offend him with your words or your actions. When you see him, treat him as you would treat the adults in the tribe. He might be a stroke of good luck to you."

## **Chapter 116: Spirit Plunder**

### Translation

Su Ming walked briskly through the rainforest after he left Fang Mu. His face was blank, and there was no hint of any change in his expression, betraying his emotions, but his heart remained highly cautious. If anything moved around him, he would immediately notice it.

In truth, he had not noticed that Fang Mu's father had followed them. His words and actions were all for the sake of him avoiding trouble. When he was in Dark Mountain, he had encountered something similar.

At that time, he was facing Si Kong. Seeing only Si Kong then, he hadn't considered whether a person with such a status would be able to leave the tribe alone after causing such a huge commotion under the eyes of the powerful Warriors in the tribe.

Only when the elder guided his thoughts did Su Ming see the things he had neglected. However, that was Dark Mountain. With the elder's protection, he was not in too much trouble.

But he was in an unfamiliar place now. The elder was not here to protect him. He had to rely on himself for everything, no longer allowed to make the slightest mistake.

He might not have noticed anyone following behind Fang Mu, but there were too many suspicious things about this. With Su Ming's intelligence, a few months were enough for him to analyse everything completely.

There was no way that a wounded boy who was only at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm would be able to enter the rainforest alone during these months and then would remain safe every single time. Even if the boy wanted to come alone, his family would definitely notice it and follow him from the shadows. It was only logical for them to do so.

Also, the boy's injuries had been slightly cured, and he was snatched away by Su Ming while in the forest. Even if he had not said a word about it, his other tribe members who had followed him into the forest would definitely speak of it.

From all these clues, it was not hard to guess that someone was following Fang Mu, and their target was Su Ming himself. That was why Su Ming had only chosen to appear unhurriedly after a few months.

The extraordinary blade given to him by the boy made Su Ming even more certain that this Tranquil East Tribe was definitely not a small tribe, but a middle sized one.

It was impossible for a boy with such a high status in the tribe to come out alone.

Thus, Su Ming deduced that there was someone observing their conversation. The only reason they chose not to act rashly was because when Su Ming had taken the blade, he used the souls of the Wings of the Moon to show the power of burning flames, giving others the impression that he was at the Transcendence Realm.

Besides, he also walked in the air with the souls of the Wings of the Moon and entered fine control with his mind to leave behind the mark on the tree while saying that it would stay for 15 breaths. All these served as a warning for those who saw it.

Su Ming wanted to make others hesitant to act by his warning. After all, all these were built on the premise that he could heal the boy's injuries little by little. Under this premise, he had taken complete control of the situation. If he could also make others wonder about his power, then his chances of remaining safe would increase even more.

Su Ming looked composed. He did not immediately return to his cave, but chose to walk in circles around the area. Only when the sky became completely dark and the moon hung high in the sky was he certain that no one was following him. Only then did he return to his cave.

He sat down crossed-legged in the cave. Su Ming waved his right hand before himself, and the souls of the formless Wings of the Moon scattered, spreading outside the entrance of the cave. Over the past year, Su Ming had been using this method to be on guard against any possible accidents.

'If all is well, then I can soon leave this place.'

A thoughtful look appeared in his eyes as Su Ming sat down. Once he thought about his actions, he immersed himself in circulating the Qi in his body. Gradually, blood-red light flashed on his body.

This sort of training and healing for a long period of time was dry and dull. Not everyone had the patience for it. Yet Su Ming gradually got accustomed to this life during this last year. He got used to being alone in the silent cave, not saying a word, and healing his wounds quietly.



He created South Asunder constantly and continuously consumed medicinal pills to heal his injuries, causing the internal wounds and injuries he sustained previously to slowly recover as time passed by.

One month went past. A voice calling out to him appeared once again in the rainforest. This time Su Ming also made him wait for a few days before going to the boy without making a sound on one of the nights.

Once he healed Fang Mu and obtained the Cloud Gauze Grass he wanted, he once again made a request for another herb.

Fang Mu looked incredibly respectful. He practically fulfilled all of Su Ming's requests, telling him most of the things that had happened within the three tribes during the past four weeks since they had last met, as long as they were not secrets. It allowed Su Ming to understand his surroundings more, including the unique Berserker Arts within the three tribes.

It allowed some form of groundwork for their trade after that.

There may have been a lot of herbs in the rainforest, but it was still difficult to collect all the necessary ingredients to create medicinal pills. Yet with Fang Mu around, Su Ming's speed in creating the medicinal pills gradually increased.

He even managed to obtain Night Glitter Branch due to the tacit acceptance from Fang Mu's father, who allowed Fang Mu to get those herbs from Han Mountain City to pay respect to Su Ming. He even started coming to the rainforest more often, bringing along with him certain basic necessities, like clothes that looked remarkable.

Fang Mu's father was the one who had thought of the clothes. He reminded Fang Mu to prepare them, and he also took into account Su Ming's habit of covering his face with the beast skin robe, hence most of the clothes he made Fang Mu bring were with a hood.

There were three sets in total. Sackcloth could not even begin to compare with them.

"Senior Mo, I had to spend a lot of effort to order these clothes from Han Mountain City. Within our tribe, only the Elder and the leaders can wear them," Fang Mu boasted about his attentiveness, which indeed made Su Ming grow more fond of him.

Yet because of his cautiousness, Su Ming still appeared irregularly every single time Fang Mu came to him, and never told him about the cave where he stayed.

Half a year passed by just like that. Su Ming had now stayed in the forest for two whole years. His injuries had healed completely one month ago. The moment all 243 blood veins appeared, the incredible power of the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm erupted forth.

With the complete set of herbs, Su Ming also created a lot of Mountain Spirits. Once he ate them, it allowed his power to increase steadily once he recovered.

With enough medicinal pills, Su Ming started thinking. He had two types of pills in his hands now - Mountain Spirit and South Asunder.

Their numbers were not few. Su Ming had about a dozen of each. He looked at the medicinal pills in his hands and mulled over them for a moment before he made his decision.

'I should go and see what would appear once I open the second door!'

Su Ming put the medicinal pills away and touched the black piece of debris hanging over his neck, which had accompanied him to this place.

The mysterious black piece of debris had provided Su Ming with multiple recipes to make several types of medicinal pills. It allowed his injuries to recover and his training speed to increase. He had now accumulated enough medicinal pills to open the second door.

Su Ming closed his eyes with determination. Using the previous way which had allowed him to enter the strange dimension, his entire body instantly let out a black light within the rather safe cave. The black light turned eerie and once it enveloped him, it gave off a brilliant flash, then disappeared without a trace along with Su Ming's body.

It was still that place covered by fog. Su Ming soon got used to the dark. He charged forward through the fog, and soon saw the familiar mountain and the tunnel at the foot of the mountain in the fog.

He looked at the mountain without a sound and walked in. The pictures around him were the same. He went past the first door and before long arrived at the second door.

Like the last time when he had opened the first door, Su Ming took a few steps forward and brought out South Asunder and Mountain Spirit from his bosom, placing each individual pill into the small holes.

Once he placed all the medicinal pills into their rightful places, Su Ming took a few steps back and looked at the door carefully.

All the small holes on the door gradually gave off a strong light. As the light spread out, booming sounds echoed around them, creating a lot of echoes reverberating off the walls. Very soon, the second door slowly opened outwards. It started off with a mere slit before both sides of the door gradually opened with a bang, revealing the tunnel within.

Su Ming's eyes were calm. He did not act rashly, but waited till the door was completely open. He looked inside and saw that the tunnel, the walls themselves, was giving off a red light. All was silent.

Su Ming waited for a while longer before lifting his feet and walking into the tunnel. He did not immediately charge ahead, but looked at the carvings on the walls around him. They still portrayed people creating medicinal pills.

He noticed it since he had opened the first door. These carvings on the walls seemed to be guides for the techniques of herb quenching. If Su Ming mastered them, then it would prove to be a great help when creating those medicinal pills.

He walked forward unhurriedly, memorizing the drawings carved onto the walls. An unknown amount of time passed by. Once he reached the end of the drawings, a rather small chamber appeared before him.

The third door was within this chamber.

There was only the picture of one medicinal pill on this door. Su Ming had also seen most of the herbs required for this medicinal pill. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he cast a glance at the small holes underneath the picture of the medicinal pill.

He had already experienced this twice. Through the creation of three medicinal pills, he could already tell that the amount of holes required to open each door underneath each medicinal pill in this mysterious place signified the level of difficulty in creating that pill.

The more holes there were, the easier it was to create them.

With that one glance, Su Ming frowned. There were only two holes underneath the picture of that medicinal pill!

'This pill... might be the most difficult pill to create besides the Welcoming of Deities among the pills I can create now.'

Su Ming frowned and moved forward, pressing his right hand on the door. At that moment, the familiar swelling pain appeared once again in his head. As the door glowed brightly, scenes of the creation of this medicinal pill appeared in Su Ming's head.

After a long while, Su Ming's right hand trembled. A strong rebounding force sprung up from the ground, and he took a few steps backward. He lifted his head quickly, shock evident in his eyes.

'Spirit Plunder!'

Su Ming took in a sharp breath. From the information he acquired, besides the name and the method to create this pill, for the first time, he also obtained the description of the effects of this pill.

‘If you place an illusionary spirit within the pill, you can use it to harm others, and also use it to nourish your soul!’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. He carefully memorized the herbs needed to create Spirit Plunder and closed his eyes. There was a complicated look on his face.

‘I’ll need a large amount of these herbs to create this pill.

‘I can’t use a regular cauldron either, I have to use the body of a person near death as the cauldron and place the herbs necessary in the corpse to refine them...

‘I also can’t use regular fire to create this pill. I have to collect the miasma of corpses, and lead lightning to strike down on it to refine the herbs. By this, I can also avoid creating changes to the world once I create this medicinal pill.’

Su Ming fell into contemplative silence. He cast a profound look at the stone door before he turned around and walked outside.

‘Even if creating the pill is hard and the success rate isn’t high... once I create it , the strength...’

Su Ming recalled the description of the pill in his head.

‘Snatch an illusionary spirit... This illusionary spirit should be the materialization of a Berserker Mark, like Black Mountain Tribe’s tribe leader’s blood bear or Shan Hen’s blade... I don’t think there would be anyone below the Transcendence Realm who could resist against it... I might even be able to kill those of the Transcendence Realm. This isn’t a medicinal pill anymore...’

Su Ming’s eyes glinted as he walked out.

An eerie light flashed in the cave in the deeper part of the rainforest. Su Ming’s body slowly appeared. He sat down, touched the black piece of debris hanging from his neck, and fell into a contemplative silence.

‘I need 19 types of herbs. I know most of them, they’re among the pictures on the bamboo slip the elder gave me. I’m only unfamiliar with one of them... but that’s not the main point. The main point is that among these 19 herbs, there are three which I can’t use straightaway. I’ll need to plant their seeds in the bones of strong wild beasts... and make them grow there.

‘From the information provided, I’ll need bones of beasts equivalent to powerful Warriors in the Transcendence Realm...’

## **Chapter 117: Going Out**

Translation

‘It’s about time I took a trip to Han Mountain City’

That morning, Su Ming got out from his meditative state. His face still held the traces of the complex thoughts formed after an entire night of thinking, but he had already made a decision in his heart.

He put away the medicinal pills in a pouch and looked around the cave. He had stayed in this place for two years and had no intention of not returning. He was already familiar with this place, and it was a good location for training.

‘The information provided by Fang Mu about the area around here should be mostly accurate, but I’ll need to take a look at it myself, especially that Puqiang Tribe! Also... since this Han Mountain City is on the path that must be taken when going to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky in the Land of South Morning, then I might be able to find a map leading me to the Alliance of the Western Region.’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. He walked out of the cave and stood outside. The wind was moist. It was once again the rainy season, the very season that welcomed him when he first came to this place two years ago.

He touched the broken bag in his bosom. This thing did not change at all during the past two years. The broken parts in the dimension did not spread out, making Su Ming feel more at ease.

Besides the large amount of medicinal pills he put in the bag, it also contained a lot of fur and bones from beasts he had hunted down in the past two years. The information Fang Mu provided allowed Su Ming to understand that the tribes within the Land of South Morning were different from the Alliance of the Western Region. They may also need herbs, but most of what they wanted were taken from wild beasts.

For example, the first time he met Fang Mu. The boy and his people had been hunting that snake to obtain its poison sac and bones to create medicine.

Once he made all the necessary preparations, Su Ming dashed down towards the rainforest at the foot of the mountain.

When night fell, for the very first time, Su Ming walked out of the borders of the rainforest. He wore a long robe as blue as the sky. His black hair danced in the wind. Before him were an endless, grassy plains.

Su Ming lowered his head and averted his gaze before moving forward. The sky and land was huge, but besides him, there was no one else. In truth, few people came to this rainforest. Even if some did, most of them were there only to collect the ingredients to create medicine.

The moon hung in the sky and moonlight shone on the ground. Su Ming moved silently forward. He was so quick it was as if there was a long arc whistling by. However, this arc did not rise into the sky, but stuck closely to the ground while speeding forward.

‘Fang Mu once said that I’ll need to continue for ten days in this direction.’

Su Ming already knew where Han Mountain City was located for a long time from Fang Mu. He also knew the details of this city.

‘It is a very chaotic city, controlled by three tribes at the same time. Because of that, it’s treated as a hub, and that’s why there are a lot of powerful Berserkers there... Those three tribes usually turned a blind eye towards these people, sometimes even choosing some powerful Berserkers to become their guests and inviting them to join with luxurious gifts.’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed and his speed increased.

The Land of South Morning was mostly formed by mountain ranges. This vast land, it would not be an exaggeration to call it the land of mountain ranges, as they numbered tens of thousands.

The tribes here were also built around the mountains in a manner completely different from those in the Alliance of the Western Region .

As there were a lot of tribes in the Land of South Morning, there were also a lot of strange varieties of Berserker Arts. There were also a lot of powerful Berserkers among them. The existence of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky Tribe, and especially the existence of the Freezing Sky Clan also provided a strong basis for the might of the Land of South Morning.

Freezing Sky Clan was a mysterious place that was completely under the control of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. It was not a tribe, but a school! It was a school that belonged to Berserkers. As long as they were Berserkers from the Land of South Morning, it did not matter which tribe they belonged to, if they could pass the test set by Freezing Sky Clan, then they could enrol the school.

In the Land of South Morning, Freezing Sky Clan was famous for being incredibly powerful. There were a lot of rumors about the place. According to legend, 6,000 years ago, the Elder of Freezing Sky Tribe built the clan with the help of some outsiders.

As time passed by, Freezing Sky, which had been a middle sized tribe, slowly became more powerful and turned into one of the two great tribes in South Morning. Only then did Freezing Sky Clan rise up in status.

It was said that there were 100,000 Berserkers at Freezing Sky!

It was the first ever place to break the restrictions between tribes in the entire Land of South Morning and make their Berserker Arts open to public, causing those who had vast potential to obtain a place where they could become powerful Berserkers.

According to legend, the reason why the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky could become the head of South Morning was closely related to this Freezing Sky Clan. There was a rumor about that clan saying that everything within was an imitation of the mysterious other world, where the methods of training and tribes themselves were widely different from those on this one.

Legends said that this other world had no tribes, only schools.

Due to the success of this Freezing Sky Clan, over the past thousand years, the trend of schools became popular in the Land of South Morning. Many tribes started imitating them, especially the Western Sea Tribe, the other big tribe that was of equal standing to Freezing Sky. They built the Western Sea Clan, and with its appearance, conflict arose between these two schools.

Similarly, besides the small tribes, those middle sized tribes with some power would also imitate the big tribes, building their own schools within their tribes.

However, these schools were centered around the tribe's own Berserkers. They could not dispel their aversion towards outsiders. Most of them would only allow part of their Berserker Arts to be inherited to attract powerful guests from all around the place to join them and increase the tribe's strength. The schools and the guests were mostly only using each other, and they would always be wary of the other.

Su Ming had gotten to understand all this over the past half a year while talking with Fang Mu.

He was not too taken aback by the strangeness of South Morning. After all, he might have come from the Alliance of the Western Region, but since young, he had only been around the area of Dark Mountain. His understanding of the Alliance of the Western Region was not as great as his knowledge about the Land of South Morning at this moment.



Han Mountain City, more accurately speaking, was built in this environment. It had been around for 2,000 years, but it had only been taken over by Puqiang, Lake of Colors, and Tranquil East for less than 400 years.

Fang Mu mentioned before that their bamboo slips in their tribes recorded the great battle 400 years ago. At that time, Han Mountain City was ruled by an incredibly powerful middle sized tribe called Han Tribe. When it started weakening, the three tribes that were under its rule took over. Once they killed all the tribe members of Han Tribe, they successfully took Han Mountain City under their rule.

They wanted to conquer that city because whoever ruled it obtained the right to communicate with Freezing Sky Clan. Besides, whoever conquered Han Mountain City also became the lord of the area. The ruling tribes could enjoy some special privileges that Fang Mu did not know about.

The powers of the three tribes were about the same, and they did not have any strength left to fight, or else Han Mountain City might once again experience a change in its ruler. This was why the leaders of the three tribes decided to form a treaty - all three tribes would control the city at the same time.

However, the city was not controlled by the tribes, but by the school created by the three tribes.

The information Fang Mu provided rose up in Su Ming's mind. After a few days, as Su Ming stood at the summit of a mountain, he saw a tall mountain not far away from him. It was dusk by then.

There were no plants growing there, but there was a city built on it. The entire mountain was made of rocks. It was incredibly sturdy. Wind Stream Tribe's mudstone city could not even hope to compare to this. This was the most magnificent city Su Ming had ever seen in his life.

He stood at the summit and stared at the city on the mountain for a long time before he took a deep, long breath. There was a bright light in his eyes. He could somewhat understand why the elder left Dark Mountain multiple times when he was younger to travel around the world now. Only when a person had seen more and experienced the true world could he be said to have truly grown.

If not, then only his body would grow, not his soul.

Su Ming did not go immediately. He sat down cross-legged instead, the mountain breeze blowing in his face and lifting his long hair. He could feel that the many Wings of the Moon within his body were growing restless when he got closer to this place. He closed his eyes as he sat down, but soon reopened them. The shadow of the blood-red moon appeared in his pupils.

The shadow of the blood-red moon was faint, and no one else could see it. Yet at that moment, the world changed in Su Ming's eyes!

He saw three bundles of mist floating above the city.

The three bundles of mist were red, black, and white in color!

There were also three tall mountains surrounding the city at the corner of his eyes. There were also three bundles of mist of three different colors floating above the summits of those three mountains. They looked magnificent, as if they were afraid no one would know just how strange and mysterious this place was.

The bundle of mist on the mountain to the far left was red. Su Ming could see the faint outlines of a woman's face in that red mist. Her face was cold and dark, making all those who saw her face feel their hearts tremble.

To the right of Han Mountain City was another summit. The bundle of mist above it was white and looked like holy clouds surrounding the mountain. As the mist gathered together, there was also a cold and desolate air to it. The contours of a gigantic white scorpion would occasionally appear in the white mist. There seemed to be a black bell hanging off the scorpion's tail.

The final summit was behind Han Mountain City. This mountain was surrounded by black mist that exuded an air of death. It looked eerie and gloomy, and there was also the faint outline of a black skeleton sitting cross-legged inside the mist.

"The black mist belongs to Puqiang Tribe, the red mist to Lake of Colors Tribe, and the white mist belongs to Tranquil East Tribe!" Su Ming mumbled under his breath, and the shadow of the blood red moon in his eyes disappeared.

The three mountains may have been surrounding the mountain where Han Mountain City was built and did not seem too far away, but in truth, if a normal tribe member were to walk from Han Mountain City to one of the mountains, they would need to take a few days to do so.

There were three seemingly fine chains connecting the mountain of Han Mountain City to the three mountains where the three tribes were. Underneath these chains were canyons that reached hundreds of thousands of feet downwards. Unless a person was at the Transcendence Realm, then he would surely die if he fell.

The three chains swayed in the mountain breeze, as if because they were hung too high up in the sky.

The chains connected to the three mountains went past them and continued into the distance. Yet those places were all covered by a fog. No one could see clearly what lay ahead.

'It's clear that these three tribes scattered out to spread their might over Han Mountain City so that they could show off their power. Not only does it allow them to inspire awe and fear in other people, they can also attract powerful Berserkers to become their guests.'

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and he looked at the mountain surrounded by black mist behind Han Mountain City. That was where Puqiang Tribe was located.

## **Chapter 118: Han Mountain City**

### Translation

"What Fang Mu said is right... Puqiang Tribe is indeed the same as Wu Sen, they need the miasma from the dead to practice their Ways of the Berserker. However, from the looks of it, Wu Sen can't hope to compare to them," Su Ming mumbled under his breath and averted his gaze from that mountain after a long while.

He looked at Han Mountain City instead and got up. He went down the mountain path, moving towards Han Mountain City, which basked under the evening sun.

'If I manage to create Spirit Plunder, then I'll really fit their descriptions of a Fallen Berserker...'

Su Ming's shadow was drawn out in the dusk. There was a lonely air around his person, but there was also a resolute and determined one too.

The sun at dusk was slightly warm when shining on the land surrounded by mountain ranges. Su Ming welcomed that light of the setting sun on his skin as he walked towards the unfamiliar Han Mountain City.

The city looked prosperous. As Su Ming got closer, it grew so large it was shocking. It was a city built on a mountain, hence the height of the mountain itself turned into a strong, oppressive might obvious to all those who stood at the foot of it. The three bundles of mist surrounding the city also created a daunting effect. Due to this, even the people who had extraordinary powers would take care of their actions if they came to this place.

Su Ming looked at Han Mountain City and took a deep breath. His expression was placid as he walked up the mountain trail.

There were eight wide flights of stairs under Han Mountain City. They were like cyclones connected to the eight gates located halfway up the mountain.

If anyone wanted to go into the city, they would have to walk up the stairs.

Only four of the eight gates were open to public. Three of the four gates were for exclusive use for the three tribes controlling the city. The remaining gate was known as the guests' gate. Only the guests of the three tribes could use that stairway, and the gate connecting to it.

The stairways looked solemn, which served the purpose of making the strength of the three tribes stand out. It would then attract powerful Berserkers to become the guests of these three tribes.

It was the first time Su Ming came to such a place. He walked up one of the stairways leading to the gates unhurriedly. No one was keeping watch around here. It was not until Su Ming was halfway up the mountain did he see one of the eight gates of Han Mountain City.

The gate was shaped like an arc. There were two huge stone statues about hundreds of feet tall set on each side of the stairs. These two stone statues were built in the image of those in the Berserker Tribe; they looked as if they were out for blood. Although they stood there unmoving, there was a cold and stern air coming off them.

The gate used the arms of the two stone statues as its frame, creating the shape of the gate. Lying high on top of the frames formed by the arms was a man wearing a grey robe. He lay on the frame with one leg dangling by the side.

There was a plate hanging off the man's waist. It was blue, but there was also a hint of red on it. He had his eyes closed, as if he was taking a nap. There was a green gourd by his hand, and the fragrance of wine spread out in the air so strongly it seemed as if it would stay even if wind came by.

As Su Ming looked at the gate, a bright glint flashed briefly in his eyes. This was the most majestic city he had ever seen with his eyes. He engraved this gate into his memories, and once he did so, Su Ming stepped through. The moment he entered Han Mountain City, a sluggish voice traveled into his ears.

"Sir, don't you know the rules?"

The person who spoke was a man. He had already opened his eyes and brought the green gourd by his side to his lips. He cast a glance at Su Ming with seemingly drunken eyes. When he saw the robes Su Ming wore, his eyes became slightly more sober.

Su Ming's expression remained calm. As the man spoke, he flung his right hand outward and threw a white stone coin towards the man, who caught it cleanly.

Su Ming had already understood a long time ago from Fang Mu that Han Mountain City was open to everyone, as long as they paid a sufficient amount of stone coins. The amount of stone coins they paid would increase the duration of time they could stay within the city.

Once the man took the stone coin, he threw a grey plate to Su Ming before lying back down on the frame, dozing off once again while occasionally drinking the wine from the gourd.

Su Ming hung the plate from his waist. The colors of the plates were categorized. Besides the tribe members of the three tribes, no one else could use the plates colored black, red, and white. The guests had blue plating under their plates, and an additional color would be added according to the tribe they joined.

The people who entered the city without any social standing would be given grey plates. If the plate became dull, then it would mean that they could no longer stay within the city. Then if they didn't pay more stone coins to increase the duration of their stay and were discovered by the guards of the city, they would be severely punished.

Those who entered the city had to wear the plates on their waists or at other obvious places.

Su Ming remained silent. He hung the grey plate on his waist and walked through the gate into Han Mountain City. Sounds of bustling traveled into his ears almost immediately, as if the city itself was a completely different world compared to the quiet outside the gates. Su Ming was slightly amazed by this.

There were a lot of people inside. In this city surrounded by mountains there were a lot of stalls. It was a sight that spoke of flourishing activities. The houses within the city were also built using stones from the mountain. The mudstone city could not hope to compare to this.

Su Ming looked at his surroundings as he walked within Han Mountain City. Almost everything in this place was strange and unfamiliar to him. The prosperous and lively atmosphere in this place made him feel like an outsider.

There were houses, shops, and even gigantic buildings that spanned hundreds of feet tall. Su Ming practically didn't see anyone wearing beast skin shirts within the city. The lowest quality he saw was sackcloth, and even then, there was still a variety of colors for the sackcloths these people wore. There were also some who were like him. They too, were donned in robes that seemed to be much more expensive and prestigious.

'It's about the size of ten mudstone cities.'

Su Ming walked calmly along the mountain trails in Han Mountain City and swept his gaze across the pedestrians walking past him.

'There aren't a lot of normal people here. Most of them are Berserkers... and they aren't weak.'

As Su Ming walked, he continued observing the things around him. Very soon, the sky grew dark, but the lively atmosphere within the place did not diminish.

From his experiences in Wind Stream City and his understanding based on Fang Mu's words, Su Ming did not feel disoriented even though this was his first time in Han Mountain City. As he continued surveying his surroundings, he found a place that Fang Mu mentioned was specifically prepared for outsiders.

The place bustled with activity at this hour. Su Ming's expression remained aloof when he entered and swept his gaze across the room. There were a lot of tables and chairs in the place. He went to an empty table calmly, and once he sat down, someone immediately came over with a smile on his face.

With just a few words, Su Ming understood the purpose of this place. He reserved a room for himself to rest. Once he ordered his food, he also chose the wine that was mostly served on the other tables. Then he sat at his table and looked out the window, appearing to be thinking about something.

However, he was listening to the people's chatter. Most of their discussions were useless to him, but there were still quite a lot of those discussions that provided some details of the city.

"For the next few months, Han Mountain City should be even more crowded. For some reason, Puqiang, Lake of Colors, and Tranquil East are taking in a lot of guests into their tribes."

"You haven't been here for long, so you don't know the details. These three tribes have been fighting and scheming against each other. Once in a while, they will invite guests to their tribes to become stronger, like the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. They're doing so to increase their fighting power.

"But this is also a chance for us. I heard that Lake of Colors Tribe is marrying off ten of their women to the guests that enter their tribe. The women from Lake of Colors Tribe are useful to our training. This time, Lake of Colors Tribe has placed a lot of effort in this."

"It's a pity that we're not in the Transcendence Realm, or else we'd be able to obtain even more benefits. I heard that when Sir Xuan Lun joined Puqiang Tribe, they gave him a statue of a God of Berserkers!"

Time trickled by slowly. Su Ming sat at his place and frowned as he drank his wine. This thing was spicy, and he was unused to the taste. Yet as he continued drinking, a strange feeling rose in him, and he gradually got used to it.

He knew that everything here was unfamiliar to him, that was why he had been continuously observing and listening the moment he entered the city. It had almost been

four hours; the sky was completely dark now. Yet there were still lights lit around Han Mountain City. Even a building was brightly lit with multiple candles set on candlesticks placed high on the walls.

As he drank and listened to the people talking around him, Su Ming grew to understand Han Mountain City better.

‘Fang Mu hinted many times that if I join Tranquil East Tribe and become a guest there, they will give me a lot of gifts and grant a lot of my requests. There must be a reason why they’re taking in so many guests.’

Su Ming took a sip of his wine and listened to the discussions around him. When the crowd started leaving around midnight, and he was just about to go to his room to rest, his expression changed suddenly. He did not get up, but chose to take a sip of his wine once again.

At that moment, someone walked in through the door. That man was in his thirties, and he was different from the others. That difference was also why Su Ming did not leave - that man wore beast skins.

This was the first time Su Ming saw clothes that he was familiar with since he came to Han Mountain City. That man’s face was pale, and he was frowning. Once he came into the building, he sat himself at a table that was rather far away from Su Ming and ordered some wine before starting to drink quietly.

There was uncertainty, hesitation, and a hint of panic on his face.

‘At the very least, this man is at the tenth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. There’s a possibility that he has already reached the peak of the Blood Solidification Realm. He’s just a step away from transcendence.’

Su Ming did not show any of his emotions on his face. The man might not have released his Qi, but Su Ming could still clearly feel the pressure that was faintly coming off him.

Another hour passed by. The man continued gulping down his wine without a word, but the struggle in his eyes became clearer and stronger. He would occasionally raise his head towards the door, as if he was waiting for someone.

Yet as time passed by, when there was eventually only him and Su Ming left in the building besides the servers dozing off with their heads on the tables, disappointment colored the man’s face. Once, he cast Su Ming a casual glance. After that he continued drinking his wine without a word, but the hesitance in his eyes gradually turned into resolution and ruthlessness.



Su Ming did not want to attract trouble. He got up and went to the backyard. From his observations during the hours here, he was already very certain that the backyard of this building was a place specifically prepared for outsiders to stay and rest. He had already reserved a room earlier. When he walked out, a gust of wind suddenly traveled from the entrance, causing the fire on the candles to flicker in the candlesticks.

At that moment, a woman in a white shirt walked in slowly. That woman did not look old. There was a white veil covering her face, hence her countenance could not be seen clearly. The only thing visible was her eyes, which had a strange attractiveness like the stars in the sky.

## **Chapter 119: It's Him!**

### Translation

When the man who had been drinking saw the woman, an elated look immediately appeared on his face. He stood up, looking like he was about to say something. The woman walked towards him and sat down with a calm and collected look. She cast her eyes around the building and swept her gaze over Su Ming, who was just about to leave, but she did not pay much attention to him.

"Did I pass?" The man looked uneasy. He did not sit down, but chose instead to whisper.

"You did not meet our expectations, but I've bought you one day's time for you to prove your worth."

Su Ming left. While doing so, he heard those words. These two people did not seem to be trying to avoid others eavesdropping on them, but Su Ming did not want to be involved in anything that had nothing to do with him, even if he could somewhat tell that there was some sort of secret between the man and the woman. Still, that had nothing to do with him.

The night went by quietly. During the second morning, when Su Ming opened his eyes from his meditative state, he straightened his clothes and left the room. Han Mountain City was shrouded in a thin layer of fog in the morning. When he went outside, it was like walking on clouds. It was quite a strange feeling.

After Su Ming spent the previous day observing and listening, he had grown to understand Han Mountain City better. While walking in the streets, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the city. More accurately speaking, there were four layers of it. He was now at the fourth layer, which was located at the bottom of the city. The area within this level was also the biggest.

The third layer was only open to those with the appropriate level of cultivation. Those who did not reach that level would not be able to enter. The second and first layers were only open to those with enough social standing.

‘The peak is located above the first layer. It is also the place where the city’s Star Gathering Tower is located. Only those who are at the Transcendence Realm and are guests of the three tribes can go in there.’

Su Ming cast his eyes at the top layer of the city and only looked away after a long period of time. He walked towards one of the shops selling herbs in the fourth layer.

He did not buy the herbs needed to create Mountain Spirit and South Asunder. His main purpose of coming to Han Mountain City was to find a map that leads to the Alliance of the Western Region and to find herbs required to create Spirit Plunder.

Through the morning, Su Ming went to multiple shops. These shops were well supplied with all sorts of herbs, but the prices were also more expensive compared to Wind Stream. Fortunately, Su Ming’s pockets were rather full with the stone coins given to him by Fang Mu as a sign of respect.

‘I still lack five of the herbs needed for Spirit Plunder, and...’

When noon arrived, Su Ming fell into a thoughtful silence. He walked towards the entrance of the third layer. There was also a magnificent gate there, and there was a dim light blinking within the door. There were dozens of people gathered near the door, and they were all there for the entertainment.

Su Ming saw some of the Berserkers walking past the door, and some were expelled because their levels of cultivation were not high enough. Their faces might have been filled with anger, but they knew there was nothing they could do. They no longer tried, walking towards the watching crowd. There, it seemed like they bought something before returning to enter through the dim light in the gate.

After a moment of observation, Su Ming moved towards the gate. The moment he arrived, the people who were watching for entertainment purposes looked towards him.

Su Ming remained composed. He moved towards the dim light, but at that moment, he felt a strong repelling force falling on his person. It was as if someone pushed him with a great force. He staggered backwards a few steps, and found himself unable to go through the gate.

‘The limit is the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm...’

Su Ming frowned and moved backwards. He had managed to deduce the requirement to enter the third layer based on the repelling force alone.

"It's another one of those without any abilities coming up to try again. Hey, I'm talking to you! Come here!" The dozens of people watching by the side immediately called out to Su Ming.

Su Ming looked over coldly. The person who spoke to him was a middle aged man at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. When he saw Su Ming looking at him with a surly look, he immediately glared back, revealing the white plate hanging off his waist.

"Hmph, you seem pretty stubborn. I usually sell this pass for 1,000 stone coins, but for you, if you want to pass through the third layer, you'll need to buy this for 1,300 stone coins!" The middle aged man let out a cold harrumph and brought out a palm sized stone piece from his bosom, waving it in his hand.

Su Ming averted his gaze and did not bother with the middle aged man any longer. He looked towards the dim light on the gate instead and walked towards it once more.

Not only did his actions cause the middle aged man to laugh coldly, the other people from the three tribes selling the pass around them also looked over and started laughing mockingly.

"I haven't seen someone like this for a few days. Fang Lin, don't sell that pass to him even for 1,300 stone coins!"

"It's a pity Fang Lin got to him first. He'll definitely earn big this time! If it were me, I wouldn't sell the pass for anything less than 2,000 stone coins. Either he'll have to buy it for an exorbitant price, or he wouldn't be able to go in. It's his fault for not being at the appropriate level."

It was clear that these people were well acquainted with each other. As they laughed, an agreement was formed between them. None of them would sell the pass for a low price, all of them raising it.

Their laughter caught the attention of people around them. It was especially so for those who did not manage to pass through the door. Most of them had pitying expressions on their faces.

Su Ming got closer to the gate, but he did not step inside. He pressed his right hand against the dim light and once again felt the repelling force coming from it.

"2,000 stone coins. Give me 2,000 stone coins, and I'll sell you this pass. Lad, I'm telling you, you're not the first to be causing trouble here. If you don't buy it today, then with our rules, even if I'm not here the next time, you'll still have to spend more stone coins to..." the middle aged man from Tranquil East Tribe immediately shouted loudly, but before he could finish speaking, he swallowed his words as if he was cut off.

The others were also stunned. They no longer laughed, but watched the gate as expressions of shock appeared on their faces.

They saw Su Ming standing at the gate, unmoving. He had his right hand placed on the dim light, but that dim light was flashing brightly, as if there was an invisible force charging into it, causing that it to seem like a cloth that was being pulled apart. A deep hollow appeared in the light, many ripples cascading off of it, as if it could not withstand the pressure.

This sight made the people from the three tribes selling passes take in a sharp breath. The middle aged man turned pale. They had been earning stone coins for years like this in this place, and they saw far too many people walking into that gate every day. It could even be said that they had seen many things. They had also seen this sight dozens of times, where a hollow was formed on the light, but every single time this happened, it was due to a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm!

Whenever the Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm entered the gate, the dim light would be pushed to the side, like it was being torn apart.

Amidst the silence, a crack suddenly opened up in the dim light at the gate. Su Ming slowly retrieved his right hand and calmly walked into the crack. Once he did so, the dim light in the gate gradually returned to normal.

There was only silence outside the gate. The middle aged man pretended to be composed despite his nervousness. The other tribe members of the three tribes beside him were momentarily stunned before they all looked at him with pitying looks.

"You offended a Berserker at the Transcendence Realm... Fang Lin, good luck."

"I didn't think he'd be at the Transcendence Realm. How old did he seem like?"

"I've never seen him before. This person must have only just arrived to Han Mountain City."

The middle aged man was feeling slightly uneasy. He might be forcing himself to remain calm, but the fear in his heart made him not dare to continue selling passes. He quickly left, feeling incredibly regretful. He usually had a pretty keen eye, or else he would not be in this business. He had taken a guess at Su Ming's level of cultivation, that was why he had dared to speak, but he hadn't expected himself to make a wrong guess.

'Aren't you just tormenting me? You're my senior, why couldn't you just go through? Why did you have to cause trouble for me...?'

The more the middle aged man thought about it, the more he felt that he was wronged.

At that moment, Su Ming had walked into the third layer of Han Mountain City. He looked at the dim light at the gate, and a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

‘Looks like fine control is not something mastered during the Blood Solidification Realm... I could enter easily once I used fine control to manipulate my Qi the second time. The hollow created in the dim light is also a clear sign that my entrance was different compared to others.’

While thinking quietly, Su Ming walked up the mountain path. Not far into the distance was the entrance to the second layer of Han Mountain City. There weren't many buildings around this place, and the number of pedestrians were also fewer. Yet every single one of the people walking in this place was at the very least at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. Even the buildings in the place exuded a mighty presence that seemed to be letting out a pressure of their own.

It was clear that there were powerful Berserkers staying in these buildings.

It might be noon, but this place was not as lively as the fourth layer. Su Ming walked towards the shops when suddenly his eyes flashed. An amazed expression appeared on his face, but it quickly disappeared.

There was a shop that sold materials obtained from wild beasts. The stench of blood wafted through the air. There was an old man sitting cross legged at the shop with his eyes closed. On his right wrist were several black bells.

The shop was not big. On the right side of the wall were nine black wooden pins. These pins were fixed on a spider the size of a millstone. The spider was entirely purple, and it was already dead, but it had nine legs!

The ninth leg was red, and it was clear that it was different from the other legs on the spider's body.

‘This is one of the ingredients required to create the Welcoming of Deities!’

Su Ming averted his gaze and walked towards the shop.

Yet the moment he was about to step into the shop, the three bundles of mist hanging in the sky above Han Mountain City suddenly changed. They started tumbling, and muffled booming sounds echoed in the air.

The sudden change immediately made the old man in the shop open his eyes. He was not the only one. Almost everyone in the third layer lifted their heads as their hearts lurched in their chests.

The three bundles of mist tumbled even quicker. At the same moment, in Star Gathering Tower, located at the peak of the city surrounded by mountains, an old and aged bell suddenly tolled.

Dong...

The bell toll seemed to form several formless sound waves that rolled down the mountain. Not only did they attract the attention of those at the third layer, it also caused a commotion among the people in the fourth layer. Even those within the second layer all looked up with attentive looks.

"That's three bell tolls! Someone's attempting to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"It's been a long time since someone challenged the Chains of Han Mountain! Most of those who fail will die, but if they're successful, then they can ask the three tribes to fulfill one of their requests!"

"The request is not the main point. If they're successful, then they will definitely become the chief guest of that tribe. The status is much higher than that of a regular guest. I even heard before that this is one of the requirements for Freezing Sky Clan to take in disciples from Han Mountain City!"

"Which Chain of Han Mountain will this challenger take?"

Sounds of discussion rose up like a wave in Su Ming's ears. A person appeared in the center at the top of the mountain where three chains were connected.

'It's him!'

When Su Ming saw the person clearly, a thoughtful look appeared in his eyes.

## **Chapter 120: He Feng**

### Translation

As that person stood at the top of the mountain, wind blew past his body, making his hair dance in the air. The beast skins he wore gave him a wild and rugged appearance.

That person was the man Su Ming had seen the previous night.

Blood veins manifested on the man's body, forming an incredibly powerful presence of Qi that seemed to cause the air to tremble. The pressure brought forth by that presence was just a step away from Transcendence.

He had not transcended, but the dense blood veins on his body showed that he had surpassed the limit of 781 blood veins for a regular Berserker. From the looks of it, he had more than 800 blood veins.

At that moment, his expression looked grave and serious. There was resolution and determination on his face. There was also a fierce look and a resolve to place everything on the line in his demeanor.

"It's He Feng!"

"Him? I heard about this person before. He is already at the eleventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but he has failed three times to attain Transcendence. Even so, this person's abilities are so great he can be counted as the most powerful person besides the five Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm and as long as we don't take into account the other people in the three tribes!"

"He's one of the few people in Han Mountain City who came from a small tribe. For some unknown reason, he also likes wearing the beast skin clothes he brought from the small tribe. I think he's just doing it for attention though. Besides, how could he be so stupid as to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain?"

"Besides Cang Lan, who managed to walk up to the sixth section of the chain from Tranquil East Tribe ten years ago and was received as a disciple in Freezing Sky Clan, no one has been successful in challenging the Chains of Han Mountain!"

Su Ming looked at the man standing at the top of the mountain with a placid face, but his eyes were glinting. He did not hear from Fang Mu about the Chains of Han Mountain. This was his first time hearing mention of them, and he collected all the information in his heart.

"For the past hundreds of years in Han Mountain City, 65 people have challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. He Feng is the 66th person. But from among those 65 people, only five succeeded," an old voice said from among the crowd gathered in the third layer. The person who spoke was the old man from the shop Su Ming was just about to walk into a moment ago.

The old man walked out slowly and looked at He Feng, who stood above them, before he spoke languidly.

"Most of those who fail usually die, but not all," the old man mumbled with a calm face.

At that moment, Han Mountain City was not the only one caught in a commotion where everyone focused their attention towards the top of the mountain. As the bell tolled, there were also the silhouettes of people moving in the three mountains surrounding Han Mountain City, which were located in three different directions and were connected by chains. It was clear that He Feng's actions had caught their attention.



Almost everyone was guessing which tribe's chain He Feng would choose to challenge.

At the intersection of the three chains at the top of the mountain, a brilliant flash went past He Feng's eyes. He cast a glance at the chain connecting to Puqiang Tribe, and a cold look appeared in his eyes. That was not his choice. He looked the mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located. In his eyes, a thick red mist surrounded the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe. There was the faint outline of a woman's face within that mist.

He took a deep breath, and this wild-looking man lifted his feet before he moved towards the chain connecting to Lake of Colors Tribe.

The moment he moved, all the people in Han Mountain City who had their gazes trained towards the top of the mountain immediately went into an uproar. Underneath the countless pairs of eyes, He Feng gradually walked towards the chain connecting to the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe.

Just as he was about to place his feet on the chain, a mighty pressure that could oppress all the Berserkers at the Blood Solidification Realm in Han Mountain City suddenly erupted forth from the second layer of the mountain city. At the same time, a person in purple charged into the air, looking as if he intended to go to He Feng, who wanted to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain.

"He Feng!" The person in purple flew out and let out a low growl.

His voice was like thunder. It rumbled in the air, making all those who heard it feel their ears buzz, as if they were about to go deaf. He Feng, who stood at the top of the mountain, trembled. He looked in that direction, and a complicated look of hate and panic appeared on his face.

'Transcendence Realm...'

Su Ming stared at the person in purple and took a deep breath. He no longer felt the sort of awe he had when he first met a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm.

"Sir Xuan Lun!"

"Sir Xuan Lun, one of the five in the Transcendence Realm, not counting those within the three tribes of Han Mountain City!"

Cries of surprise echoed in the air. It was clear that most of the people here did not expect something like this to happen when someone was just about to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain.

The person in purple moved through the air. Just as he was about to reach the top of the mountain, a cold harrumph came from the end of the chain connecting to the

mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was hidden under the red mist, the place He Feng wanted to go to.

The cold harrumph seemed to have traveled from a long distance, but the moment it fell on the person in purple's ears, his body jolted. Yet he did not stop. Continuing to charge forward, he closed in on He Feng, who was at the top of the mountain. He raised his right hand and formed a claw with his fingers, swiping with it at He Feng.

He Feng's face was pale, but he did not dodge. He stared at the person in purple approaching him instead. The panicked look in his eyes was gone, and it had turned entirely into hatred that seemed to be able to burn the sky.

At the very instant the person in purple's claw touched He Feng, a gust of red mist suddenly appeared out of nowhere from He Feng's body, surrounding him to form a screen made of mist.

The person in purple's right hand and the screen of mist collided with a huge crash. The Berserker in the Transcendence Realm shuddered and tumbled hundreds of feet backwards. His face was revealed at that moment, showing that he was a middle aged man wearing a purple robe. His face was resentful, and there was also a murderous look on his face.

"Yan Luan, what's the meaning of this!"

"I do not care what sort of grudge you have with He Feng, but since he chose to challenge the chain connecting to my tribe, then you are not allowed to harm him. This is the agreement formed by the three tribes. I believe Puqiang Tribe will not break the rules either."

A cold voice belonging to a woman came unhurriedly from the distant mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located.

The entire Han Mountain City fell silent. Su Ming took in everything as he stood there. In his head, he recalled the scene of this person called He Feng waiting anxiously for a woman in white wearing a veil over her face the previous night.

'It's not the same voice. Perhaps it's two different people... The woman last night did mention that she would try to fight for a day's time for him so that he could prove his worth. Looks like He Feng is going to prove his worth by challenging the Chains of Han Mountain.'

'But what worth is he trying to prove...? I don't think it's so complicated trying to join Lake of Colors Tribe. After all, a lot of people died when they challenged this chain.'

Su Ming looked at He Feng and the person in purple robes called Xuan Lun standing at the top of the mountain. He did not even need to guess. From their conversation alone, he could tell that the hatred between these two ran pretty deep.

'This Xuan Lun should know more about this, and he's most likely worried about it. That's why he's acting now despite the law that forbids fights set by the three tribes in Han Mountain City.'

There was a pensive look in Su Ming's eyes, but since this had nothing to do with him, he only chose to think about it for a while before deciding to ignore it.

Xuan Lun's face became even more resentful, but it was also clear that he was wary of the woman who spoke. Nonetheless, if he had to give up then, he would also feel discontented. It was just as Su Ming thought. He did indeed have to act at that very moment, or else once He Feng died, it would cause a setback for him to obtain the item he wanted.

In his eyes, there was no way He Feng would succeed.

At that moment, from the other mountain, the one surrounded by black mist where Puqiang Tribe was located, a dreary voice reverberated, coming from the skeleton that was sitting cross-legged in the mist.

"Xuan Lun, fights are forbidden within Han Mountain City!"

"Fine. But this person killed my follower. You'd best get me his corpse once he's dead!"

The man in purple robes fell momentarily silent before he let out a cold laugh and landed at the top of the mountain with a swing of his sleeves. He did not take any further actions, but chose to sit down cross-legged and look at the man called He Feng. As he did so, his smile turned colder.

"You are the chief guest of Puqiang Tribe, we will do as much," the eerie voice said once again from within the mountain surrounded by black mist.

As Su Ming watched this sight, his eyes fell upon the man called He Feng. While he looked at this man attentively, He Feng took a step towards the chain.

When he moved, the people around Su Ming immediately forgot what had just happened. They trained their gazes at the challenger instead. After all, this sort of thing was uncommon in Han Mountain City. There were only 60 something people who had attempted this in the past hundreds of years.

Even Xuan Lun looked at him coldly. There was a fierce and ruthless look in his eyes as he stared at He Feng. He watched as the man walked on the chain, as the chain swayed, and the man looked about to fall off.

The very moment He Feng walked onto the chain, the land trembled. From the endless canyon underneath the chains connecting to the red misted mountain belonging to Lake of Colors, eight gigantic stone pillars hundreds of feet in breadth shot up from the depths of the canyon and supported the chain. They also separated it into nine sections!

Time trickled by slowly. Su Ming could not tell what was the trick behind the chain, but he could see that He Feng's face was incredibly serious and grave. He seemed to be using all his strength with every step he took. His body trembled, the veins on his face popped up, and he was panting heavily.

Very soon, two hours passed by. The entire Han Mountain City was silent during these two hours. Almost everyone was looking at He Feng. At that moment, He Feng had already walked up to a third of the first section of the chain.

The man in purple robes who was sitting at the top of the mountain was frowning as his thoughts raced in his mind.

Time continued passing by. Two hours... four hours... When the entire afternoon went by and evening arrived, the light from the setting sun falling upon them, it caused He Feng's body to turn into a silhouette; he had managed to walk halfway up the first section of the chain.

At that moment, the man called He Feng used some unknown method and a powerful presence of Qi burst out from his body. That presence instantly reached a level that was astonishingly powerful, and the faint presence of Transcendence also arose abruptly.

"As expected of the man who has tried to reach the Transcendence Realm multiple times. He might not have succeeded, but there's already a hint of Transcendence within his body. What's more... he's thinking of attempting to reach the Transcendence Realm once again here!"

"If he had the courage to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, then he must have made preparations. Even if he failed in his attempt to reach the Transcendence Realm at this moment, that increase of power in that instant can allow him to walk quite a distance."

"I'm just a bit curious, even if he can get an instant burst of power by attempting to reach the Transcendence Realm and walk past the first section, there are nine sections on the chain. How is he going to make it through the rest of them?"

Low sounds of discussion rose up around Su Ming, and a glint appeared in his eyes. He felt as if he had caught onto something important. His face remained blank, but apprehension appeared in his eyes.

'He's not attempting to challenge the entire Chain of Han Mountain. He's just going to finish the first section to prove his worth... but what is this worth he's trying to prove?'

