

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 121 — Han Fei Zi - Read

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Chapter 121: Han Fei Zi

Translation

On the top of the mountain, Xuan Lun's eyes flickered as if he had just realized something. His pupils shrank.

With the sudden increase to the power of his Qi, He Feng suddenly became faster and dashed across the chain. He covered a dozen feet with every single step he took. Very soon, he neared the end of the first section of the chain. Judging by his speed, before long, he would reach the stone pillar at the end of it.

'He's not trying to cross the Chains of Han Mountain!'

Xuan Lun's expression changed, and a thought appeared in his head, one that made him feel as if things were going to go south.

'No, that's not it! He's using this to prove something, could it be...?'

Xuan Lun widened his eyes. The idea lurking in his head became clearer. As he saw that He Feng was almost to the first stone pillar, a venomous look surfaced in his eyes.

He suddenly lifted his right hand and touched the center of his brows. After a tugging motion, three wisps of black mist were dragged out, turning into three faint, shivering outlines of people before him.

The three figures were two old people and one girl. Their faces were filled with pain. They seemed to be screaming, but there was no sound coming from them. Yet when Xuan Lun pointed towards them with a finger, their restraints were broken, and the three figures immediately let out mournful cries. Their voices echoed in the surroundings.

"Feng Er..."

"Big brother..."

The sudden appearance of the voices made those watching momentarily stunned. At the same time, He Feng, who had already given his all and was just a small distance away from the end of the first section of the chain, shuddered. He swiftly turned his head back and tears fell from his eyes as he looked at the three figures standing before Xuan Lun.

When he saw He Feng stopping, Xuan Lun let out a sigh of relief in his heart. He then let out a cold harrumph and squeezed the girl with his right hand with deliberate slowness, making sure that she let out shrill, pained cries, as if her whole body was being torn apart and swallowed bit by bit.

Her screams echoed in the air, making all those watching feel their hearts tremble.

When Su Ming saw this, he frowned and sighed. He had already guessed that this He Feng was a man with a sad past.

He Feng trembled as he glared at Xuan Lun, standing in the distance. The others could not see his expression, only seeing that he fell silent for a while before quickly turning around and continuing moving forward. However, his body shook more viciously with each step he took.

Another shrill and pained scream traveled forth. It called out to He Feng with a voice that could tear open people's hearts.

"Feng Er... save me..."

Once Xuan Lun crushed the girl's black form, he started slowly squashing one of the two old people. When the cries turned weak, and the purple clothed man saw He Feng trembling so fiercely he seemed like he could not continue onward and was about to fall, he turned to crush the final black form.

As the pained cries that could tear people's hearts reverberated in the air, Su Ming saw He Feng cough out a mouthful of blood on the chains. He did not manage to land his foot properly and slipped, falling into the canyon that spanned hundreds and thousands of feet below him.

When Su Ming saw this scene, he was reminded of his own tribe. He remembered the devastating things that had happened during their migration, and remembered Bi Tu's viciousness.

'If a wild beast is not strong enough, then it would only end up as food for others. If a person is not strong enough, then he can only be manipulated by more powerful people. Even if they resist, they can't do much... This is the survival of the fittest.

'If I want to change it, then I have to... become powerful!'

There was no pity in Su Ming's eyes, only determination and resolution.

He Feng laughed brokenly as his body rapidly fell towards the canyon below him. He closed his eyes. There were still too many things left for him to do. He had not exacted his revenge, but it seemed like he no longer had the chance to do so.

Xuan Lun stood up and moved towards the edge of the top of the mountain with a few brisk steps. A cold smirk appeared on his lips. The moment He Feng died, he would use Puqiang Tribe's power to find his corpse. He knew full well that there was a frightening power within the canyon under the chains. Even he did not dare to go there rashly. Only the people from the three tribes could enter the canyon safely after a special ritual.

Yet at that moment, a soft sigh suddenly traveled forth at an unhurried pace. A white figure walked out from the first layer of Han Mountain City. That gentle and endearing figure belonged to a woman. There was a white cloud underneath her feet that seemed to carry her as she turned into a long white arc and went towards He Feng who fell from the chains.

She reached him in an instant, causing He Feng, who had his eyes closed, to fall on that white cloud.

A glint appeared in Xuan Lun's eyes. He glared at the woman, but did not speak, as if he was wary of her.

In fact, Puqiang Tribe also kept silent when the woman appeared and saved He Feng, as if they expected her to do so.

The woman was dressed in white, and there was a white veil on her face, which hid her countenance from others, but her eyes were gorgeous. It was as if there was some strange enchanting power within that made those who looked into her eyes become enthralled.

A memory was jolted in Su Ming's mind. This woman was the one he had seen the previous night talking to He Feng. However, she seemed a little different compared to yesterday.

"Sir Xuan Lun, I know this person from a long time ago, so I hope you won't mind if I save him."

The woman's voice was pleasant to the ears, but there was also a chilling tone in her voice. It sounded like the wind in winter, bringing a chill to all those who heard it.

"It's fine. If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have interfered. This is just a misunderstanding. But there is animosity between us, I hope you understand."

Xuan Lun forced out a smile and a gentle look appeared on his face.

"I will not interfere with the matter between you and him."

Once the woman finished speaking, she brought the unconscious He Feng back towards the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe in the distance.

After they left, Xuan Lun remained silent for a while on the top of the mountain before he too returned to the second layer.

The eight giant stone pillars under the chain connecting the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe to Han Mountain City started to sink, letting out rumbling sounds, before they disappeared into the deep canyon. The chain started swaying in the wind once again.

Everything returned to normal. While watching the woman leave in the dusk, Su ming heard people mumbling to each other around him.

"It's Han Fei Zi."

"She's the prodigy of Lake of Colors Tribe and is also regarded highly by one of the elders in Freezing Sky Clan. She's already considered one of the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan. It's said that she should have joined the school a long time ago, but she asked to defer, preferring to wait for the next time Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples before she joined them."

"I heard about that too, but even so, everyone still calls her Han Fei Zi. That's a glorious designation. I heard that the elder from Freezing Sky Clan gave her that name."

"Those aren't secrets anymore. Freezing Sky Clan is incredibly strict when it comes to taking in disciples. In fact, since the past, only the three strongest disciples within the school will be given the title of Saint."

"I heard that she already has 900 something blood veins. She's the type that's bound to reach Transcendence. Xuan Lun might be a powerful Warrior in the Transcendence Realm, but he's still respectful towards those of Freezing Sky Clan."

"The white cloud underneath her feet should be the sacred treasure that has been passed down through generations in Lake of Colors Tribe. It's said that that treasure changes its form constantly, and it's called Cloud of Colors..."

The discussions did not last long, and the crowd gradually dispersed. Perhaps it was because too many changes had happened in that day, so most of the people in the third layer did not have the mood to continue trading. Very soon, the number of people in the third layer decreased by a large margin. Some shops even closed early.

Su Ming did not leave, but instead went to the shop that had previously caught his attention. The old man had already sat down in the shop. When he saw Su Ming coming over, he looked at him.

"I saw you wanting to come in during noon, but you were interrupted by the challenger trying to take on the Chains of Han Mountain," the old man spoke calmly.

Su Ming nodded his head and started looking around the shop.

"Speak if anything catches your fancy, but don't try to deceive me. There is nothing in this shop that I'm not familiar with. You won't be able to get away with trying to rip me off."

The old man cast a glance at Su Ming and frowned.

Su Ming nodded his head again and pointed towards the ninth leg on the nine-legged spider hanging on the wall.

"I want that!"

"The ninth leg of the Nine-Striped Spider. That limb contains all the essence of its body, and it's incredibly rare. I don't sell things for stone coins here, what can you trade with me? If it's a common item, then forget it," the old man said coldly, his eyes on Su Ming.

"With this!"

Su Ming did not bother with idle chatter. He reached into his robes with his right hand and brought out a black bone blade. The blade was completely black in color, but if anyone took a closer look, they would see a red line in it.

This was the bone blade Fang Mu had given to Su Ming.

He placed the blade on the ground and pushed it towards the old man. The old man's expression changed slightly, and he gave it a few attentive looks once he grabbed the blade.

"A counterfeit Berserker Vessel from Tranquil East Tribe."

The old man lifted his head and regarded Su Ming carefully, unable to ascertain where Su Ming came from. He knew that few outsiders could obtain this bone blade. Only those from Tranquil East Tribe could obtain and create this. Anyone who possessed this blade definitely had some sort of connection to Tranquil East Tribe.

"Besides the ninth leg from this spider, I also want this bone!"

Su Ming pointed towards a black bone the size of a fist on the shelf beside the old man with seeming casualness. Strangely enough, there was a layer of frost emitting a chilling presence on the bone. It was clear that this bone belonged to a remarkable beast.

"The shell of Great Brambles... You can only exchange an item with this blade, you can't trade two."

The old man gave a faint smile. He could tell that this person before him wanted the shell more. It also seemed like due to the blade, the old man's expression was no longer as cold as it was before, but was starting to warm up.

"Please look at the blade carefully," Su Ming looked at the old man and spoke with an even-tempered tone.

The old man was taken aback for a moment. Once he heard the words, he lowered his head and looked at the blade once more with his eyes slightly narrowed. He saw the red line in the blade. He held up the blade and gave it a swing. Immediately, a cold blast spread out, but within that cold air was a ball of heat. The cold and heat blended with each other as if they had fused together.

After a moment, Su Ming walked out of the shop with the ninth leg of the Nine-Striped Spider and the black bone in his hands. The old man had deduced correctly. The bone was what Su Ming had wanted.

More accurately speaking, Su Ming wanted both. One of them was an ingredient for the Welcoming of Deities, and the other was for him to plant the herbs required for Spirit Plunder.

'I didn't expect this shop to contain both items. I may not be able to use them for now, and I even used my only counterfeit Berserker Vessel in exchange for them, but...'

A flash passed through Su Ming's eyes as he remembered the number of black bells on the old man's right wrist.

Chapter 122: Su Ming's Test

Translation

'That person is from Tranquil East Tribe. The tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe definitely knows that I'm treating Fang Mu...'

Su Ming continued moving forward quietly as he mulled this over in his head. He remembered that the elder had once told him to think whenever he encountered any problems. If he did not understand a particular problem, then he could choose to place himself in the other person's shoes and think in that person's position to attempt finding a new line of thought.

'If I was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, I'd notice the changes in my son's health and behavior, and I'd follow him... But he hadn't showed up yet, which means that the precautions I took by using fine control have worked.

'Similarly, if I was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, I would have doubts and be unable to come to a conclusion about this person treating my son. When I'm in this state of uncertainty and hesitance, and see my son's injuries getting better, even if I wasn't completely sure, I wouldn't risk offending a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm

whom I suspect by trying to verify his level of cultivation. This will not do any good to me.

'In this sort of situation, if I see the bone blade that my child gave away as a gift being brought back by my people, what would I think?'

Su Ming massaged the center of his brows. Ever since he came to the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he had to depend on himself for everything. It was difficult for a person to survive anywhere when he was alone in a strange place and his power was not enough, unless that person was willing to live off his days being ordinary. Yet if Su Ming did that, he had no idea how long he would take before he could go back to his home.

However, he had too little experiences in life. He could not do better, just think about things from limited areas and angles. He had to make sure he did not easily appear as a hostile entity, but if he had to, he would also make sure that he did so with unwavering determination.

'Tranquil East Tribe... I'll use Fang Mu as a start and continue healing him bit by bit. Once my powers reach a certain level, then I'll find a chance and make myself a place here.

'I haven't showed any animosity towards Tranquil East Tribe, and I'm also treating Fang Mu's injuries. I've already shown them my goodwill. Now, with this blade, I can test Tranquil East Tribe's reaction and know how I should treat them.'

Su Ming did not come up with these thoughts immediately. Once he saw the black bells on the old man's wrist before He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain, these thoughts began slowly brewing in his head for most of the day as he watched what transpired between He Feng and Xuan Lun.

He still lacked experience, or else he would have thought of these in an instant. However, as of then, he needed time to think of all that. He was still not as cunning as foxes.

For example, the incident where he used Fang Mu as bait. He might have seemed calm the second time he met Fang Mu, his actions seeming experienced, his words bringing about an oppressive effect as he probed for information, his behavior making him look calm and serious, but it was all due to time taken to prepare. He did not make too many mistakes, which allowed him to inspire awe in Fang Mu's father, making him not seem like a young man, only because he had used several months to analyze his situation and make preparations for the meeting.

Only when he was ninety percent certain of his plan did he execute it. This was also why he chose to wait until Fang Mu had gone into the forest many times and called out to him for just as many times before eventually making himself known.

If that had not been the case, he could have appeared before Fang Mu the very first time the boy returned to the rainforest. There wouldn't have been a need to make him for several months.

It was the same now. Su Ming had to use time to cover up for his lack of experience. Even if the incident with He Feng challenging the Chains of Han Mountain had not happened, Su Ming would have chosen to observe the place before leaving. Only when he had thought things through would he have returned.

Right now, he was analyzing what had happened in his head once more. Once he was certain that he had made no mistakes, he left the third layer and returned to his lodgings in the fourth layer of Han Mountain City as the sky became dark.

Su Ming sat down in the room that was several times more lascivious than the one in Wind Stream City and fell into contemplative silence. During the two years since he had come to the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he had developed a habit of always thinking at some point. The teachings given to him by the elder over the years also gradually surfaced.

'I still need to maintain contact with Tranquil East Tribe. My relationship with them isn't strong enough yet. I have to build up this relationship so that the tribe will eventually become one of the paths I can choose. But I can't just have one path available for me in Han Mountain City. I'll need to make other choices available for myself, only then will I feel at ease.'

Su Ming sat quietly in his room. Besides searching for a map leading to the Alliance of the Western Region, he also had to quickly set himself on firm ground here so that he could find out whether the elder was here.

Although there was little to no hope of Su Ming finding him, and the elder might have already died, Su Ming still refused to believe it.

'Half of the map leading to the Alliance of the Western Region will surely be in the Land of South Morning. This sort of map is definitely not an ordinary item, and it's certainly not something a middle sized tribe would have. This item should be incredibly valuable, and it won't be revealed so easily to others...'

Su Ming sighed.

'I'll still have to make sure I survive first before I can do all these things... and I can't just be like He Feng. I have to be like Xuan Lun and survive as a powerful Berserker.'

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes momentarily.

'There are five powerful Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm within Han Mountain City. Xuan Lun is one of them... He's also the chief guest of Puqiang Tribe. If that's the

case, then the other four Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm should also be divided among the three tribes.

‘Besides them, there are also a lot of Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm here. Most of them aren’t members of the three tribes either. There must be a reason why so many people are willing to stay in Han Mountain City for a long period of time.

‘Fang Mu once said that Freezing Sky Clan would always come to Han Mountain City to take in new disciples for their school in the past.

‘This may sound like a really enticing deal, but I still think there must be something hidden within Han Mountain City that attracts powerful Berserkers like Xuan Lun to stay here.

‘Currently, I have 243 blood veins and am at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. In Han Mountain City, I can only be considered mid-tiered. With fine control, I can fight against those at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm! But I can only be barely considered to have reached the peak of the middle stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.’

Su Ming remained silent, but the vague shadow of the blood-red moon flashed in his eyes.

‘But I have the souls of the Wings of the Moon with me. If I activate all of them under moonlight at the cost of heavily injuring myself like when I was at Dark Mountain...’

Su Ming closed his eyes and covered the shadow of the moon in his eyes.

‘This is my finishing move. Unless I’m absolutely forced to and am driven into a life and death situation, I will not use it.

‘Also, that Han Fei Zi is a really odd name. From the discussions, since the past, only the strongest three disciples in Freezing Sky Clan are given the status of Saint.’

Su Ming only thought about it for a moment before he chose not to bother with it any longer. He did not want to spend too much effort in things that were unrelated to him.

Once his mind gradually calmed down, he entered into a meditative state and circulated the Qi in his body slowly. Midnight arrived without making itself known. The world was quiet. The entire Han Mountain City fell into deep sleep.

At some point, muffled sounds of thunder traveled from outside, which was followed soon by the sound of rain falling on the ground, making all those who saw it to be unable to tell whether the rain was falling from the sky or bouncing off the ground. It was as if the two had blended together and formed a screen made of rain.

This was the season of rain.

As the rain poured heavily from the sky, it soon enveloped the entire Han Mountain City within. The wind also lifted the rain and lashed against the windows of Su Ming's room, beating the beast skins on the windows until they let out thumping sounds.

There was no candle flame in the room. It was entirely dark, but as thunder rumbled in the sky, lightning would occasionally strike, illuminating the room for brief periods of time.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

He stood up and walked forward before he opened the window quietly. Wind blew against his face and lifted his hair. He looked at the darkness and the rain outside, not moving and not making a sound.

'I wonder what season is now in Dark Mountain...? It's been two years, time sure flies...' Su Ming thought.

'How is the tribe...? Is the elder still alive...?'

Su Ming felt bitter. He was alone in a strange and foreign place, and he felt lonely. This loneliness made him use silence to protect himself.

He touched the scar on his face and stood for a long time... until his second night in Han Mountain City eventually passed by slowly. When morning arrived, the land was still covered by rain. There were few people walking in the streets. The rain on the ground flowed down along the mountain path, causing the roads to be slippery.

Su Ming did not continue his stay in Han Mountain City; he had already bought a lot of herbs. Though he might still be lacking a few herbs for Spirit Plunder and only bought one beast bone from the required three, there was nothing else that he needed from the third and fourth layer. He might be able to find some at the second layer, however.

Nonetheless, the requirements to enter that layer were not based on the level of cultivation alone. Entrance was only given to powerful guests of one of the three tribes. Su Ming pondered it for a while before giving up and leaving Han Mountain City.

So ended his first journey to Han Mountain. It was a bland and normal trip. He might have brought some of the people's attention onto himself, but that amount of attention was just like a stone being thrown into a lake—it only caused a few ripples before the water became calm once again.

When he came, the sky was clear. When he left, rain poured down from the sky.

With his back facing Han Mountain City, Su Ming disappeared into the distance. He did not stop but dashed into the rain towards the mountains located deep in the rainforest.

He did not pay extra effort in searching for the map of the Land of South Morning during his stay in Han Mountain City. Yet even so, as he walked through the streets, he paid attention to maps in the shops but saw none.

From the information he obtained from the conversations around him, he gradually pieced together that the maps of the region were all in the hands of the three tribes, and they were incredibly valuable items.

Su Ming's path ahead was shrouded in fog and filled with difficulties.

He had to become a powerful Berserker instead of a normal person, but he did not know where his future lay. He only knew that he had to walk down his path with a level head and increase his power until it reached a certain level. Only then would the veil of uncertainties before him be torn away.

He moved forward quietly at a moderate pace. As he ran, he did not go straight into the rainforest, but spent a few days going around in circles. Once he was certain that no one followed him, he returned to the familiar cave in the crack located in the deeper parts of the rainforest.

It rained continuously, and the rain washed away his footprints, forming a natural layer of protection for him. When Su Ming returned to the cave in the crack several days later, his body was drenched, and raindrops slid down his hair.

Once he entered the comparatively dry room, Su Ming circulated his Qi and waves of heat emanated from his body, as if his Qi had turned into fire. Very soon, wisps of white mist rose from his body into the air. His soaked clothes gradually dried up, but there were a lot of crinkles, making him look rather pathetic.

Chapter 123: The Gift from the Tribe Leader of Tranquil East Tribe

Translation

As white mist surrounded him, Su Ming surveyed the area of the cave, paying special attention to a few special places. He had placed some thin beast furs over those places before he left. Those furs were very light, so light they could be lifted with just the slightest wind, allowing Su Ming to somewhat guess the strength of the wind with how far the fur was blown away.

He did the same thing at the entrance of the cave. Once he made his observations, he became certain that no one had come into his cave while he was away.

‘Thank goodness this method exists, or else it’d be quite troublesome.’

Su Ming ruffled his hair. As heat spread out from within his body due to his Qi, his hair slowly became dry. He brought out a small torn bag from his bosom and opened it, taking out the herbs and ingredients he had bought in Han Mountain City.

Only when he had checked them and was certain that the numbers did not dwindle did he feel at ease. There was a broken area in the dimension of the bag. That was why even though Su Ming had been using it often for the past two years, he would still feel worried.

‘I should prioritize creating Spirit Plunder. Once I create this pill, it’ll be of great help to me. I can use this as my finishing move when I can’t summon the Wings of the Moon.’

‘But the demands to create this pill are simply too high... the herbs are not the problem, I found some at the third layer in Han Mountain City and now only have three left to get.’

‘Still, I only have one bone of a beast that has the power equivalent to a Berserker of the Transcendence Realm.’

Su Ming took the black piece of bone from among the ingredients on the ground. The chilling presence from this bone was very strong; it was freezing cold even if he just held it in his hand.

‘Though it’s stated that I need the bones of wild beasts with power equivalent to a Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, no time requirement was given. I don’t necessarily have to kill the wild beast and get the bone myself. If that’s the case, then I should be able to buy them, even though there might not be a lot of these bones lying around.’

‘Besides these, I also need to look for a person near death. There might not have been any requirements set for the person’s power, but since the ingredients for this pill are already so hard to find, then it’s clear that the stronger the person is, the better the quality of the Spirit Plunder produced would be once the herbs are planted... I wonder how strong will Spirit Plunder be if I find a Berserker at the Transcendence Realm who is near death...’

Su Ming’s eyes twinkled, but very soon, he sighed. He knew that he was indulging in wild fantasies. Such a thing was impossible.

‘I can’t use regular fire to create this pill either, I need the miasma of corpses to refine the herbs. I can already think of a source to obtain the miasma of corpses. Puqiang Tribe trains using the aura of death, so they must have an incredible amount of miasma of corpses stored in their tribe to assist their training.’

Su Ming mulled over it for a little while longer before he set the matter aside. After all, there were still a lot of materials that he had not gather to create Spirit Plunder. This was a matter that required careful thought over a long period of time.

‘My power has recovered. I should use Mountain Spirit to increase my power now.’

Su Ming took a deep breath. It might still be raining outside, but there was a wave of heat spreading within the cave. The source of the heat came from Su Ming’s right hand as the flames in his hand gradually burned herbs inside.

It was a dull process of creating pills and swallowing them one after another. Once the Mountain Spirits dissolved into his Qi, Su Ming circulated it around his entire body, causing his blood veins to increase steadily.

Once again, Su Ming seldom went out of the cave in the rainforest. He would spend entire days within, as if he had went into isolation. Half a month went by in the blink of an eye.

During this half a month, Su Ming had never left the cave; he had enough herbs to create Mountain Spirit. After this period of time, the blood veins in his body had increased from 243 to 249.

His training speed was moderate, but at the very least it was steady. Every single time an additional blood vein appeared, Su Ming would pause in his training. He would enter fine control with his mind and made sure his control over that new blood vein was complete before he continued with his training.

That was why even though the number of blood veins did not increase exponentially, his power still increased as days went by.

His periods of silence also increased. If anyone from Dark Mountain Tribe were to see him right now, they would be taken aback, because they would not be able to recognize him at first glance. His appearance was not the only thing that had changed; his presence itself had become vastly different from how he was before.

This was a metamorphosis, a nourishing growth.

There was a thin scar on his face parallel to his eyes, about two fingers away from his eyes. He could have healed that scar, but Su Ming did not want to.

He always touched the scar on his face and silently looked into the darkness of the dark cave.

On the day half a month later, Su Ming swallowed a Mountain Spirit and sat in the cave, circulating his Qi. As the pill dissolved, and he absorbed it into his Qi, he heard a familiar voice calling out to him from outside.

"Senior... Senior..."

Su Ming did not take action immediately. He waited until several hours had passed by. When the sky darkened, the moon shone in the sky, and the Mountain Spirit he had taken was completely absorbed into his body did he open his eyes languidly. His eyes were placid as he stood up and put on the beast skin shirt that covered his entire body before walking out of the cave at a leisurely pace.

Rain continued falling from the sky, albeit in a lighter manner.

The deeper parts of the rainforest were not too far away from where Fang Mu was calling out to Su Ming. The drizzling rain caused the area around them to be moist.

Su Ming stood on the branch of a big tree and surveyed his surroundings. This was the place he had chosen for them to meet in this time. Being a careful person, besides the first time he had went forth to meet Fang Mu, Su Ming always chose a safe place for Fang Mu to come forth and meet him for their subsequent meetings.

By doing so, he could guarantee himself some level of protection and avoid traps that may or may not exist.

He averted his gaze and swung his right hand before him. Immediately, the formless souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out and surrounded the area, causing the moonlight in the sky to also seem to become brighter.

"Fang Mu, come here!"

Once he was done, Su Ming spoke slowly. His voice was not loud, but it held a penetrating force that allowed his voice to echo in the surroundings.

When his voice traveled out, Su Ming stood where he was in silence, hidden away in the darkness as he remained still.

It did not take long before rustling sounds came closer. A person was quickly running towards Su Ming from the patch of rainforest at his side.

It was Fang Mu. He was already used to Su Ming's mysteriousness and unusual habits. Locating him through the direction of his voice was not difficult for him. When he appeared, he panted harshly and looked at Su Ming. In his eyes, the stranger looked as if he blended together with the darkness; Fang Mu could only see the faint outlines of his countenance.

"Greetings, Senior Mo."

Fang Mu quickly wrapped one fist in the other hand and bowed towards Su Ming. Once he did so, he placed the big bag on his back down on the ground and opened it, revealing a large amount of Cloud Gauze Grass inside.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the bag and pressed his right hand on the tree beside him. The tree immediately shuddered, and part of the tree bark fell from the trunk. As Su Ming waved his fingers above it, a picture of three herbs appeared on the tree bark.

"I will heal you three times if you can find any one of these three herbs. If you can find all of them and give me something else of equivalent value, I might be able to heal your injuries completely!" Su Ming said languidly.

Fang Mu jolted. His face revealed nothing unusual, but anxiety flooded his heart. That anxiety did not stem from fear, but from excitement. If this was his first time meeting Su Ming and Su Ming had told him these words, he would have definitely not believe him. However, by now, Su Ming's credibility had increased by a large margin in Fang Mu's heart.

Fang Mu fell momentarily silent before he smiled, saying with pretended calm, "Senior, please don't joke with me. I understand this injury of mine. This is due to a Berserker Art. Even my father and the Elder cannot get rid of it completely. They can only suppress its effects. Wanting to heal these injuries completely is far too difficult, unless you can find the person who injured me all those years ago and kill him."

"Come forward."

Su Ming remained quiet for a while before speaking coolly.

Fang Mu's heart trembled once again. He walked forward without any hint of hesitation. The moment he got close to Su Ming, Su Ming immediately lifted his right hand and grabbed Fang Mu's shoulder. A cold sensation seeped into Fang Mu's body from the palm.

There was a chilling presence in that cold. It made Fang Mu shiver, but the moment the chill disappeared, it turned into a wave of heat that swam in his body as if it possessed a will of its own.

Before Fang Mu could feel that presence in detail, Su Ming had already lifted his hand. Fang Mu knew that Su Ming had an odd quirk - he disliked other people getting close to him, so he hastily took a few steps back and looked at Su Ming while anxiety gripped his heart.

"I don't have complete confidence, the likeliness is only about seven out of ten," Su Ming said in a low voice.

"Seven..."

Fang Mu took in a sharp breath and resolution appeared on his face. He nodded his head and looked at the three herbs on the tree bark, engraving their images into his head.

"Also, you have to find two beast bones. They must be from wild beasts whose strength are equivalent to the level of Transcendence," Su Ming continued speaking languidly.

Fang Mu did not ask why Su Ming would need those bones. He only nodded his head and remembered them as well.

When he saw Su Ming finish speaking and looking as if he was about to end their meeting, a respectful look appeared on his face, and he placed his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Senior, before I came here, my father told me to bring this to you. Please accept it."

While speaking, Fang Mu brought out a black bell from his bosom and crushed it before Su Ming. Mist wafted out from the crushed bell and disappeared after a moment, revealing a white wooden box.

The wooden box looked plain, and Fang Mu held the box out with both hands.

Fang Mu was very curious about the contents of the wooden box. When he was about to enter the forest this time, his father suddenly appeared and gave it to him. He was escorted into the forest by his tribe members once Fang Mu was told to hand the item to Su Ming in the rainforest.

"Open it."

Su Ming's eyes landed on the wooden box. He was amazed by what had happened after the bell was crushed, but he did not show it.

Once Fang Mu heard his words, he immediately opened the wooden box. He was momentarily taken aback once he cast a glance inside the box. There was a bone blade in the wooden box. The bone blade exuded a chilling presence, and there was a faint red line on it. It was the blade Su Ming had used to barter in Han Mountain City.

Su Ming's face remained passive when he saw the blade. He grabbed at thin air with his right hand, and the bone blade flew up into his hand.

"Thank your father for me."

Su Ming took hold of the bone blade that was returned to him and grabbed the bag of Cloud Gauze Grass. With one step back, he disappeared into the darkness.

Fang Mu found himself baffled. He was familiar with that blade, but he could not understand how that blade, which was given to Su Ming as a gift by his own self, would appear in his father's hands, and why he would ask Fang Mu to deliver it to Su Ming once again.

Chapter 124: Brother Xu, Go!

Translation

The rainy season continued. After a few days, the rain started letting up. It would occasionally drizzle, as if the season was reluctant to leave.

Su Ming had already gotten used to the humidity. He was no longer as uncomfortable with this place as he was when he came here initially a few years ago. The act of Fang Mu's father returning the bone blade to him confirmed Su Ming's guess, making him motivated. This motivation also allowed him to feel more confident in this strange and unfamiliar place.

The act of luring out Fang Mu, exchanging the blade with other items, and finally having it be returned to him may seem normal, but it was actually a ploy of Su Ming's. He had slowly but surely built up his own influence while he was still stumbling around in the dark. He had just made short contact with Fang Mu's father under the premise that Fang Mu's father's had his doubts about his level of cultivation.

Su Ming had showed an appropriate level of goodwill, and the act of Fang Mu's father returning the bone blade to him was an answer to Su Ming's goodwill. It was also a form of acknowledgement.

The blade itself may not be expensive, but the underlying meaning behind the gift was different.

Once he placed the blade in the torn bag, Su Ming settled down and continued creating pills in his cave, increasing his power a little at a time at a steady pace.

Several months passed by. The blood veins in Su Ming's body had increased to more than 260. On that day, he was sitting in his cave while his body gave off a blood-red glow. Seven mist dragons tumbled out from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, circling above his head.

It did not last long. The seven mist dragons suddenly trembled for some unknown reason and their stability was lost. In an instant, they crumbled with a bang above Su Ming's head, turning into multiple threads that scattered in all directions, causing Su Ming to open his eyes swiftly.

A shocked look appeared briefly in his eyes. He swiftly raised his right hand and grabbed the large amount of mist threads. They stopped tumbling instantly and gathered together in Su Ming's right hand, slowly fusing into his palm until disappearing.

Su Ming's face was dark when he got up slowly and went to the entrance of the cave. The sky was already dark as he stood outside. The moon hung high in the sky, but there were still some thin clouds, dimming out the moonlight that fell to the ground.

Su Ming stood where he was, unmoving, but his expression gradually became more solemn. His Qi was going out of control and showing signs of flowing backwards. His hair was flying in the air even though there was no wind. They weren't flying back, but went past his ears and face and were floating before him. It was as if there was a mysterious object that possessed absorbing powers sucking in Su Ming's hair.

The sand and stones that were soaked in puddles of water on the ground were moving slowly, and ripples appeared in the puddles. Rustling sounds came as they moved forward. Some rotten branches and leaves floated in the air, tumbling around strangely before rising into the air even though there was no wind.

A brilliant light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He entered fine control and spread the area of influence around his entire body, quelling the agitation of his Qi. As he stared at the sky in the distance, a contemplative look appeared on his face.

'This is a Berserker Art cast by someone in the Transcendence Realm! Whoever he is, he's not far away, or else I wouldn't be able to feel the effects so clearly'

Su Ming was just mulling over it when a muffled rumble suddenly came from the sky in the distance. That rumbling sound was like a thunderbolt in the night, bringing forth waves of echoes in its surroundings.

It was soon followed by a long arc breaking through the sky, charging into the forest located behind the mountains in the rainforest, which was located slightly further away from Su Ming.

That direction belonged to the deep parts of the rainforest. Su Ming had went there once, but the humidity there was much stronger compared to the other parts of the forest. The seasons did not matter in there either, the air would always make others nauseous and agitated the moment they breathed it in. The longer they stayed, the harder it would be for them to circulate their Qi.

There was poison in the air itself.

That was why the moment Su Ming set foot in that place, he stopped and turned back, never going back unless he absolutely had to.

There was a figure of a person in that long, charging arc. Su Ming could not see the person's face clearly, but the light from the arc was dim, a telling sign that the person was near death. That person also coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood as he continued onward.

A presence that felt similar to Transcendence appeared faintly from the person's body, but it was incredibly unstable. It gave Su Ming the impression that this person was swinging in between the peak of the Blood Solidification Realm and the initial stages of the Transcendence Realm.

'This is...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and his expression immediately became aloof. Like a sharp sword that left its sheath, he swung his right hand before him. Immediately, the souls of the Wings of the Moon left, surrounding him.

At the very moment Su Ming made that move, another long arc dived down from the darkness of the sky. The long arc looked as if it was covered by a thick layer of fog. As it charged down, Su Ming could see a person standing within. Although his face could not be seen clearly, the murderous look on his face could not be hidden.

The moment he charged in from the sky, the black mist underneath his feet tumbled. That man raised his right hand and pointed towards Su Ming standing in the distance. His pursuit had not been easy, and he encountered a few people on his way, growing increasingly more annoyed. Those people were all killed without any hesitation and their Qi was robbed so that the fog underneath his feet could travel faster.

He had already discovered Su Ming's existence while the latter was still in the cave. To him, a mere Berserker at the seventh level of the Qi Consolidation Realm was an easy kill. He did not think too much about it and was about to snatch his life away with one point of his finger.

Yet the moment he was about to point down, the expression of the person in the black fog changed. At that very moment, he could clearly feel a presence that made his heart jolt outside Su Ming's body as he stood at the mountain range below.

That moment of shock made him unwilling to cause any more problems for himself. He let out a cold harrumph and moved his finger away, focusing all his attention on the escaping man and giving chase once again.

Cold sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead as he stood there. His face was slightly pale, but his eyes were as calm as still water. During that instant, if he had reacted a little slower in activating the might of the souls of the Wings of the Moon, then that one finger from the person in the black fog would have brought about great disaster to him. Even if he did not die from it, the end result would still be troublesome.

‘That’s Xuan Lun!’

Su Ming took in a deep breath, and his eyes sparkled. He had been unable to identify that man previously, but he was familiar with the cold harrumph. Xuan Lun left a deep impression on him when he was in Han Mountain City, so Su Ming could still remember him in his heart.

‘The person he’s chasing after is most likely He Feng!’

Su Ming fell into silence and cast his gaze to the deeper parts of the rainforest. He could clearly see the distance between the two long arcs closing. Then with a clash, the two people engaged each other in a battle to the death.

‘He Feng broke through! This person was taken away by Han Fei Zi previously. I didn’t expect to see him again here. He’s not only being chased down by Xuan Lun, he also reached a breakthrough here... No wonder Xuan Lun had to chase him to this place. If He Feng did not breakthrough, he would have died on the way here.’

Su Ming’s face was sullen. This thing originally had nothing to do with him. Yet the rainforest had turned into the place for the two of them to clash against each other. If Su Ming had not been fast enough, then with Xuan Lun’s ruthless behaviour, he would have been dragged into their fight.

"Oh well, looks like I can’t stay here anymore. Ha..."

Su Ming sighed. He quickly returned to his cave and put away all of his things into the torn bag, then dashed out of the cave before running into the rainforest located at the foot of the mountain.

‘He Feng may have just broken through, but from the looks of it, he’s still not Xuan Lun’s opponent. Once Xuan Lun kills him, it’ll be great if he just leaves, but if he comes back and tries to cause trouble for me... I can’t risk it.’

Su Ming made his decision. He ran through the forest, opting to bring forth his plan to go to Tranquil East Tribe.

Although this will throw my plans into disarray...

Su Ming felt depressed. This had nothing to do with him, but he was still caught in it because he was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

This rainforest was a natural shelter, and there were a lot of herbs in it. Su Ming was reluctant to leave the place behind.

‘Once this is over, perhaps I can come back...’

As Su Ming ran, he quickly put a stop to that thought. He understood Xuan Lun a little bit more from what had happened just now. It was clear that he was someone whose moods were erratic.

While he ran, booming sounds reverberated from behind him, along with faint, shrill cries.

'This is a little odd. The rainforest is huge, and there are a lot of places to go, why did He Feng specifically come here? Let's hope this is just a coincidence.'

A cold glint appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes.

'If this isn't a coincidence, then it means He Feng lured Xuan Lun here intentionally. Could it be that there's something here that could help him in his battle?'

Su Ming could not obtain an answer no matter how much he thought about it. His feet moved at a faster pace, and he was about to leave this troublesome place when a distressed voice traveled from the deeper parts of the rainforest behind him amidst the booming sounds.

It was clear that the voice traveled forth with a special Berserker Art. It contained a penetrating force that could spread far into the distance, far enough that Su Ming could hear it even though he was already far away from the location of the battle.

"I'll hold Xuan Lun back! Brother Xu... go! I have one request, take the item I hid at that place as my token of gratitude!"

The voice echoed through the surroundings, but it did not spread too far away. It traveled straight towards where Su Ming was running.

"Hmm? Hmph, how foolish!"

The moment Xuan Lun heard the words while fighting against He Feng in the deeper parts of the forest, a flash passed through his eyes. He smirked coldly and continued fighting, but he lifted his right index finger and pointed towards Su Ming in the distance.

The moment he pointed towards him, the black fog by his side twisted and turned into a ferocious face of a malicious spirit. It let out a roar and charged towards where Su Ming was.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he continued running. He had already caught onto what was happening. That He Feng was vicious, he was using this to force Su Ming to help him.

Else, even if he escaped, he would never be free of pursuit.

There were far too many loopholes in his words, but Su Ming knew that He Feng was not worried about them. He just wanted Xuan Lun to hear it. Even if Xuan Lun was almost certain that He Feng's words were fake, he would be suspicious and would chase after Su Ming's life after he was done here.

"Bastard!"

Su Ming clenched his fists. Ever since he came to this unfamiliar place, everything had been going well for him. Yet no matter how careful and cautious he was, he was still no match to the people who were well-versed in scheming.

He swiftly turned his head back. Behind him, the face of the malicious spirit created from the black fog was closing in on him with a sharp cry. It was not even 1,000 feet away from his position.

Chapter 125: He Feng, I'm here!

Translation

'He Feng, what a sinister man! But how could he be certain that I'll help him because of this? I've only met him once, and that's only that particular midnight at the inn.

'How did he know that I was in the rainforest? He also knew that I would be lured out due to Xuan Lun's personality.

'He must also have known that I would not participate in this. Either I would choose not to act, or choose to leave. The moment he realized that I was going to leave, he said those words!

'It's not that it's completely impossible that it was just a coincidence, but this is just way too coincidental!

'He's using me to distract Xuan Lun. He knew that I would definitely fight back, and predicted that there would only be two choices for me. One, once I destroy the face of the malicious spirit from the black fog, I will join hands with him to fight against Xuan Lun to protect myself and avoid future trouble.

'Even if I went against his wishes and helped Xuan Lun instead, He Feng must definitely have another backup plan to achieve whatever diabolical goal he has.

'My second choice would to leave once I defeat the face of the malicious spirit. By doing so, I would prove his words correct, and it'll create a lot of problems for me. It'll also distract Xuan Lun once again. In fact, He Feng might even have a way to make Xuan Lun change his mind and come after my life instead.

'Besides, when He Feng suddenly arrived in the rainforest and caught me off guard, I had to activate the might of the Wings of the Moon at the very moment Xuan Lun acted against me to deter him from the attack. Yet by doing so I pushed myself straight into He Feng's plot. Now, even if I fake death, Xuan Lun won't believe me.

'This is a death trap! He Feng, there is no grudge between us, and yet you pushed me into danger to protect yourself! No wonder the elder always told me that people are evil by nature!'

This was the first time Su Ming understood the meaning of the elder's words so clearly. He had thought that as long as he did not show any hostility, then he could avoid all trouble and protect himself. Yet now, He Feng had used his actions to tell Su Ming that even if he did not show animosity, even if they were strangers, there were other reasons that could bring about his death.

Compared to He Feng, Su Ming was still a little wet behind the ears. He might be able to devise strategies against others in some sense, but he had only experienced the devastation of his tribe and Shan Hen's betrayal. He had never had firsthand experience of the sinister nature lying within people.

Before this happened, Su Ming had even pitied He Feng.

'All this happened because I was too weak. If I was stronger, then He Feng would not dare to use such a sinister plan against me!'

These ideas appeared in his head the moment the face of the malicious spirit from the black fog closed in. In the face of danger, Su Ming was forced to think with everything he had. His power could do nothing to help him, only his quick thinking and reaction could save him from this trap.

'If I fight, then if I don't win, I'll be used. If I run and can't escape, I'll be killed... If I lose, unless I die, no one would believe that I'm dead... He Feng, since you sealed all three paths from me, then I'll create the fourth path on my own!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. The moment the face of the malicious spirit closed in on him with a sharp roar, he raised his right hand, and the bone blade appeared in his hand.

He did not retreat but took a step forward. The moment he did so, the moon in the sky suddenly lit up and moonlight descended on Su Ming's body, turning into flames. It made him look like he was engulfed in flames as he moved forward, his body turning into a sea of fire.

He swung the blade at the face of the malicious spirit, and the moment the blade went down, the souls of the Wings of the Moon appeared outside Su Ming and surrounded his body, causing Su Ming to stand on air. No one could see it, but there were souls of

the Wings of the Moon underneath his feet, and there were many of their souls around him as well.

Su Ming's blade and the face of the malicious spirit clashed with a bang. Su Ming coughed out blood and staggered backwards. The bone blade in his hands immediately shattered and turned into numerous shards that scattered into the air. The formless souls of the Wings of the Moon surrounding his body trembled, but did not dissipate. Instead, they all gathered tighter around him.

When Su Ming coughed out blood and staggered backwards, the face of the malicious spirit let out a shrill cry, looking as if it was ripped apart into pieces by the wind, and turned into threads of mist that dissipated into the air.

"Brother He Feng, run! I now understand the wrongs of my actions and am regretful! I will hold back Xuan Lun for you even at the cost of my life!"

Su Ming's voice traveled forth, and he charged forward. The Wings of the Moon surrounded him as he dashed towards where the battle was in the deep parts of the rainforest.

When He Feng, who was fighting against Xuan Lun, heard those words, he frowned, but he was in danger and did not have time to think. Right before his eyes, Xuan Lun laughed coldly and used an unknown skill, causing the black fog to split in half and charge towards Su Ming.

Shrill, mournful cries came from the other half of the fog. It turned into strands of hair that looked like they belonged to a dead person. They surrounded Su Ming and spread out before him, covering him up as if they were about to strangle him to death.

The threads of fog were as dense as rain, and due to the darkness, it was difficult to see them clearly. As the countless threads of fog covered the sky and earth, they contracted, enveloping Su Ming within. It looked somewhat similar to Bi Tu's Verdant Berserk Chains.

Booming sounds immediately echoed through the air, and the many threads of fog contracted, wrapping up Su Ming's body in its entirety. They continued condensing until they turned into an object that looked like a ball of hair.

That object was dozens of feet in size. There was a countless number of threads encircling its surface, sealing it up so tightly that nothing within was revealed. Only faint, shrill cries could be heard from inside.

That voice belonged to Su Ming.

Fresh blood dripped down from underneath the ball of hair. It may not have been much, but the sight alone was horrifying.

That scene shocked He Feng. He quickly withdrew, but Xuan Lun continued closing in on him with a cold sneer. He raised his right hand and pointed towards the ball of hair.

"I don't care whether or not he's your companion. Once he's trapped in my Hair like Silk, he'll..."

Before Xuan Lun had finished speaking, the floating ball of hair gradually dissipated due to the command given when he pointed with his finger.

Yet Xuan Lun was stunned. When the ball of hair opened up, Su Ming was not inside. The ball was empty and void of anyone. There were only some drops of blood inside, falling from a ball of fur.

Even He Feng was stunned.

Right before their eyes, Su Ming had disappeared without a trace, and neither of them had noticed it. It was as if he had vanished into thin air itself, a clear sign that he had used a unique method to escape from the ball.

Because it had happened too suddenly, silence fell upon the two people who were fighting previously.

He Feng's expression immediately changed. Inwardly, he lost judgment of the situation, but he quickly put on a smile as if he knew something and moved. He was just about to escape when Xuan Lun turned around and chased after him, his anger reaching its peak.

Booming sounds echoed in the air. After a long while, a wretched cry rang out. He Feng coughed out blood. His entire body was surrounded by red mist. His face was pale, a clear sign that he was near death. He fell to the ground with a crash.

The moment his body landed, a bright flash suddenly appeared over his entire body. It was so bright that it made Xuan Lun narrow his eyes as he chased after with obvious murderous intent.

At that very instant, He Feng's Qi seemed to burn amidst that piercing light, and he charged out, turning into a sun that kept giving out light in the darkness. His speed increased instantly by several fold, going so fast that it even made Xuan Lun amazed as he dashed into the distance.

Xuan Lun's expression changed. He raised his right hand and jabbed at a few spots on his body before he quickly gave chase. Very soon, the two of them turned into two long arcs that went into the distance, disappearing from sight.

Time trickled by slowly. One hour later, in the midst of silence, a hand shot out from the mud in the patch of rainforest shrouded by miasma. That hand was dried up like a dead person's hand. As it struggled, a person came out of the mud.

This person did not have any hair, and his cheeks were gaunt. He looked like a skeleton, and his eyes were dull. Once he crawled out of the mud, he panted harshly as if he had just used up all his strength.

As he continued panting, blood trickled down the corners of his lips. The blood was black, and there was a foul stench coming from it.

'Xuan Lun, you did not know that I had a backup plan. I was already fully prepared for you coming after my life.

'I might have wasted one of the Scapegoat Puppets that not even Han Fei Zi knew I had; I may have sacrificed a large amount of my blood and life when I used this, but I'm still alive, and that's enough. You will definitely die in my hands. Father, mother, and all my people, I'll take revenge for all of you!'

That dried up person was He Feng. He had not died!

'It's a pity that the mysterious young man used some sort of unknown method to escape, or else my plans would have been even more perfect, and I wouldn't be as weak as I'm now.

'I have to recover as soon as possible. With the scapegoat puppet's speed, Xuan Lun will need several days before he can catch up to it. I won't have much time once he discovers that something is wrong and comes back.

'But I still got something out of this miserable situation. I managed to break through the Blood Solidification Realm. The method Han Fei Zi spoke about really worked: 'Don't aim to make your blood veins as whole as possible and don't aim to manifest above 950 blood veins, then when you let all your power burst forth under danger and put yourself near death, you may have a chance to Transcend.'

'As long as I have a chance to recover my power, then I'll be a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm and draw out my own Berserker Mark! With Han Fei Zi's help, I will finally obtain the right to be around the 16 Dark Souls Sect.'

He Feng took a deep breath. He could not move his body much at that moment and was stuck in an incredibly weakened state. If it were not because his power was recovering too slowly in the mud, and he was afraid that Xuan Lun would notice if he dragged out the time for too long, then he would not have struggled out. The only thing he could do at this moment was to lie on the ground and heal himself slowly.

'I'll need three days!'

He Feng moved his right hand into his bosom with great difficulty. A light flickered from within his bosom, and he brought out a small bottle. That bottle was completely white, almost transparent. There was some liquid that could be vaguely seen inside.

Just as he was about to use his teeth and pull out the cork of the small bottle, He Feng froze suddenly. His entire body seemed to have stilled, and he froze, unmoving. The hairs on his body rose, and a great sense of danger attacked his senses. The source of that sense of danger which caused him fear was a voice that was so cold it sounded like the wind in winter.

"He Feng, I've come to take what you promised to give me as thanks."

As He Feng's heart trembled, he saw a person walking out from the rainforest not too far away from him. That person exuded a freezing presence, as if he was ice that would never melt. When he came forward, an incredible pressure spread out.

It was Su Ming!

Chapter 126: One Final Question

Translation

The miasma in the deep parts of the rainforest was formed by being exposed to long periods of humidity and rot. If anyone breathed it in, they would feel weak and powerless. If they were exposed to it for a long time, then the Qi in their bodies would lose its liveliness. Gradually, they would become lethargic.

That was why the tribes around the area would usually only search for materials around the area and rarely venture in. Only the truly powerful Berserkers that constantly circulated their Qi when they entered could fend against the poison in the miasma and search within the deepest parts whenever they wanted.

At that moment, He Feng remained unmoving within the deeper parts of the rainforest that were thick with the formless miasma. His pupils shrank. His body was in an incredibly weakened state. He had no way of fighting back.

After all, Xuan Lun was a powerful Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, and his intelligence was, of course, extraordinary as well. If He Feng wanted to deceive him, then he had to pay a price. Only when he was exhausted would Xuan Lun let down his guard, and only then would He Feng succeed.

Now, when he saw Su Ming suddenly appear, He Feng was stupefied. Yet he was not a simple person. He survived when disaster befell his tribe and went through all sorts of things after that. He had already trained himself to always think if what to do next.

At that moment, he may have been nervous, but almost in an instant, he schooled his face to a blank expression. Even if someone scrutinized his face, they would be hard pressed to find any changes.

"Brother, please don't joke around. I did that because I was forced to. Ha..."

He Feng looked at Su Ming walking towards him and laughed bitterly. When he spoke, the latter did not stop and continued closing in on him. He Feng's heart thumped against his chest, but his expression remained bitter with a hint of desolation.

"I know that no matter how I explain myself, you won't forgive me so easily, but before you kill me, could you listen to my explanation...?"

"I did not know Xuan Lun in the beginning, but I met his follower once by chance, and we became good friends. I invited him back to my tribe, but I did not expect that it would bring about a disaster. Xuan Lun appeared and killed my parents, my younger sister, and my entire tribe. We're sworn enemies now!

"I cannot die. Brother, I was forced to do what I did. The burden of revenge lies upon my shoulders. My life doesn't belong to me. Within my body lies the deceased spirits of all my tribe members. They're with me waiting for me to take revenge for them!

"Brother, I know that what I did before was despicable, but I had no choice. If I had any other choice, I would not have dragged you into this."

He Feng laughed brokenly, and his expression was filled with desolation and a burning hate towards Xuan Lun.

Su Ming stood dozens of feet before He Feng, circulating his Qi and looking at the person in front of him coolly. The first time he had met He Feng was in the inn. His clothing had caught his attention and brought about a sense of familiarity that reminded him of home, which made Su Ming like him.

The second time he had seen him was at the third layer of Han Mountain City. He saw this person challenging the Chains of Han Mountain and saw his resolution and determination. He also saw Xuan Lun crushing the souls of this person's parents, and him coughing out a mouthful of blood in his sorrow and grief.

At that moment, even though there was no hint of pity in Su Ming's eyes, but in his heart, he still felt that they were in the same boat, though that pity would not be revealed so easily.

The third time they had met was today.

When he saw that Su Ming fell silent but was still circulating the Qi in his body, hundreds of thoughts crossed He Feng's head rapidly. He still held the bottle that could heal his injuries in his hand, but he did not dare drink it, wary of Su Ming's reaction.

He smiled bitterly and relaxed his right hand suddenly. That small bottle that he was going to use for healing fell into the mud by his side, but it did not sink.

"Brother, I was wrong. There is some healing medicine in that small bottle. I'll give it to you, as for me..."

He Feng took in a deep breath and struggled to lift his head to look into the sky in the distance.

"My tribe lies in that direction a thousand li¹ away... in ruins. Brother, I don't know your name, but if you must kill me to quell your anger, then when I die, please bury me there. You can take away all my belongings as compensation for doing wrong against you.

"If you... will forgive my mistake and give me a chance to exact my vengeance against Xuan Lun, then I will sign the pact of South Morning with you and become your follower.

"My life is in your hands. Do whatever you want with it!" He Feng said bitterly and closed his eyes, which still contained reluctance and regret. He looked like he was waiting for his fate that lay uncertain.

Yet in truth, he was using this time to gather his Qi. He was doing so with a special method that others would find hard to notice. The speed at which his Qi gathered was becoming faster. Behind his closed eyes lay a hint of killing intent, though no one else could see it.

'This person may be mysterious, but he seems to only be about twenty something. He's still too na?ve. With just a few words, I managed to buy more time. Hmph, if he had immediately acted the moment he appeared, I wouldn't have had any time to resist and would have been killed. Now though... this person isn't the scheming type, perhaps I can continue using him.'

With his eyes closed, He Feng's thoughts raced in his head without stopping. He laughed coldly in his heart.

"How did you know that I was here, and how did you know that I would help you when you fought against Xuan Lun?" Su Ming asked in a dull tone, looking at He Feng, who still had his eyes closed.

He Feng laughed coldly in his heart once again. To him, Su Ming was not only na?ve, he also had within him the foolish and pitiable pity and mercy. He was already moved by his words, that was why he chose to ask those questions, giving He Feng a chance to gather up his strength for a bit longer.

'This person... is akin to me from many years ago. Ah, it's a pity. It would have been better if he did not appear, but now that he has, then he has no chance of surviving. If he dies it'll be easier for my future plans to make Xuan Lun hesitate.'

When He Feng opened his eyes, there was an honest and sincere look in his eyes, without a hint of deceit. Also, there was still that same bitterness from before.

"I came from a small tribe. Most of my tribe members wear beast skins. We can't compare to a middle tribe, much less Han Mountain City.

"I've always begrudged those in middle-sized tribes. I begrudged them for not needing to wear beast skins and begrudged them for having counterfeit Berserker Vessels," He Feng spoke softly.

"But those are limited to feelings of resentment. I was never jealous. I only had a determination to make my tribe stronger. I wanted to make myself stronger... There's a special skill in my tribe. At that time, I thought I could become a guest in a middle-sized tribe with that skill and allow my tribe to gradually become stronger.

"The Art had no name, as if it did not belong to the Berserker Tribe. When we inherited the Art, it was also vague and unclear. No one in my tribe knew where it came from, what were its uses, but we could sense whether a person was weak or strong without using our Qi.

"These sensations would be like a memory. If we chose to remember it with our hearts, then it'd be like a brand. As long as the other person was not too far away, we could sense them. It's precisely because of that Art that I've been able to avoid Xuan Lun so many times over these years.

"When we were in the inn that night, we were the only ones there drinking. I noticed you at that moment. You may have seemed like you were only at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but with this Art, I could sense a frightening presence from you that was equivalent to that of Transcendence.

"At that moment, I knew that either you had an incredible treasure on you, or you had hidden your real power.

"That was why I left a spiritual brand on you. This brand is very mysterious. It's largely different from the other Berserker Arts we know of, that's why you didn't notice it.

"When Xuan Lun was after my life, I came here based on that feeling to seek your protection. This Art may seem weak, but there're a lot of uses for it.

"You don't seem like you're from the tribes around the area. I have a bamboo slip regarding this Art in my bosom. You can take it and check the truth of my statement."

He Feng was not lying. He was someone who thought a lot and in detail. Even if it was to drag out time, he would not reveal any holes in his words. He chose instead to put on an expression full of bitterness with a hint of nostalgia when he spoke words that would incite pity.

To drag out time, he was aiming to touch Su Ming's emotions and use logic to make him understand by saying he would become his follower, by offering all his belongings, and by giving him the mysterious Art.

In He Feng's mind, there was no way that Su Ming could remain unmoved.

"Do you have any other questions? If I know the answers to them, I'll definitely tell you."

He Feng put on a sincere expression and looked at Su Ming, speaking weakly. However, he was accumulating light within his body, and it was becoming stronger. The reason why he had the confidence to kill Su Ming with one move was because he had originally thought Su Ming would run far away after he escaped from Xuan Lun's attack, but instead the other still lurked around the place.

From this, he could deduce that Su Ming was not hiding his real power, but had with him a powerful enchanted vessel. His level of cultivation was truly only at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

If they were far from each other, He Feng would hesitate on acting, but if they were so close, he had the confidence that he could kill this person before he had the time to activate his enchanted vessel. However, he had to first make sure that this naïve person who still lacked any processing abilities lost his wariness.

'This person should still ask me why Xuan Lun would come after my life so many times. After all, the power levels between Xuan Lun and I are too far! Anyone would see that there's something off about this.

'Even if he doesn't ask me that, he'll ask about my relationship with Han Fei Zi. When Han Fei Zi saved me, this person was watching underneath.'

He Feng had already formulated his answers, and how he would handle the situation. He was just waiting for Su Ming to ask him. As he answered the question, he would make this person lose his wariness and act at that moment!

"My final question is..." Su Ming looked at He Feng and let his question hang. He Feng's expression remained blank, but nervousness flooded his heart once again. "Are you done preparing for your counter attack?"

As the words fell lightly into He Feng's ears, his heart trembled, but a baffled expression appeared on his face, as if he could not understand Su Ming's words.

The moment the baffled look appeared on his face, He Feng suddenly widened his eyes. They seemed to pierce through Su Ming, who was standing dozens of feet away from him, and looked at the sky behind him. An appalled look appeared on his face, and he shuddered.

"Xuan Lun!"

The moment his words left his mouth, He Feng quickly opened his mouth wide, and a dim light flew out. That dim light let out a flash and closed in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye.

Li (里) is a unit of measurement in China. 1 li is equivalent to 500 m, or 0.31 miles.

I chose to use li instead of converting it to miles or using the metric system because:

1. If 1 li was equivalent to half a mile, I would have used miles, but as it were, saying "Please walk 310 miles into the distance, and you'll find my tribe" sounded a little off to me, so I decided to retain the Chinese unit of measurement.
2. The metric system is the same. It is also too precise, and that sort of precision did not exist at that time.

Also if you want to know more about li, you can go to Wikipedia and type in li (unit). They go into great detail about the li system in a Wikipedia style there, and it's pretty accurate.

Chapter 127: The Secret of Han Mountain City!

Translation

He Feng could only act rashly. Su Ming had already exposed his true intentions. He could not tell whether Su Ming was just testing him or if he really knew, but he did not have any time to think. He could only activate his attack beforehand.

The dim light he had been accumulating in his body was already on standby. If Su Ming was tricked and turned back the moment the dim light appeared, then it would be difficult for him to avoid the attack.

But He Feng had underestimated his opponent!

Su Ming did not turn back. The moment He Feng attacked, moonlight descended upon his body and turned into a screen of faint light before him. The formless souls of the Wings of the Moon also enveloped his body.

The small ball of dim light crashed into the screen of moonlight in an instant. It let out a bright flash, and its speed decreased slightly. Yet the dim light was He Feng's desperate attack. Since he had reached Transcendence, the power of his final attack was still powerful even though he was currently incredibly weakened.

The screen of light shattered. The dim light pierced through and landed on Su Ming's body, but strangely, it passed through him and went into the rainforest in the distance. There was no sound, but hundreds of feet away, the rainforest was turned into ashes and disappeared into thin air.

As the dim light pierced through Su Ming's body, his figure shimmered slightly. Another Su Ming appeared by its side, and as it appeared, the figure that was pierced through turned into an apparition and disappeared.

All this happened in an instant, and anyone who saw it would think their eyes were playing tricks on them.

"My specialty is speed," Su Ming said slowly, looking at He Feng, who was in disbelief, and walked towards him one step at a time.

Su Ming was prepared for what had happened. When the screen of moonlight acted as a momentary block, he had completely avoided the dim light.

He Feng fell silent and glared at Su Ming. He had already completely fallen into despair and did not bother hiding it. There was a ferocious and resolute look in his eyes.

"If you had seen through my attack a long time ago, why did you give me the chance?" He Feng asked with a sullen voice as he laid down on the ground.

"Because I need you to be near death," Su Ming answered, walking closer to He Feng.

"Me? Near death? You grew up really quickly after getting caught in the trap, but you're still naive..."

He Feng's pupils shrank, and he let out a vicious bark of laughter. He knew that he would definitely die this day, but if he had to die, he would drag the person who had killed him along to hell. The only thing he regretted then would be that he could not kill Xuan Lun with his own hands.

What he had to do was to trigger his blood veins to explode without any care for consequences. He might be weakened, but no matter how weakened he was, he had already reached the Transcendence Realm. His Qi may be dull, but it was still lively. As long as his Qi still had energy left, then if he threw everything out, he could still self-destruct.

Yet the moment he was about to self-destruct, He Feng's expression changed. A thing like this had never occurred before Su Ming eyes. This change meant that He Feng's beliefs were shattered. He stammered out his words.

"This... This... How could this..."

He Feng's face was pale. Just like a person who wanted to commit suicide suddenly discovering that the blade in his hands had turned into a soft piece of cloth, he discovered that his Qi was not just dull, but had lost its liveliness. It was like dead water now. He had no way of making his blood veins burst and explode.

Su Ming crouched down and looked at He Feng, who had a baffled expression on his face, before he let out a sigh.

"In terms of intelligence, I can't compare to you. From the very first moment we met each other, you've been plotting against me right until now. Yet you forgot one thing - the miasma within the rainforest.

"I let you drag out the time because I was worried that if I drove you into a corner, you would choose to self-destruct. If that was the case, then I wouldn't obtain anything.

"The more you speak and think in this miasma, your heart will beat faster and your breathing will become quicker, and you'll breathe in more of this miasma.

"If you had been circulating your Qi for a long period of time, then it would have been fine, you could have counteracted the miasma which you've been ignoring when you were at peak condition. Even if you healed yourself here, as long as you circulated your Qi, then you wouldn't be injured by this miasma.

"Yet you did not dare do that before because you were too careful. Even if you had accumulated that dim light for a counterattack, you still breathed in too much of the miasma, which will cause your Qi to lose its liveliness, making it hard for you to trigger self-destruction."

Su Ming looked at He Feng and spoke calmly. Ever since the beginning, he had been circulating his Qi within his body. He Feng noticed this a long time ago, but had simply thought that Su Ming was being cautious. He did not expect that it was due to the miasma.

He Feng laughed bitterly. This time it was real.

He looked at Su Ming. His vision had begun to become blurry, but he was forcing himself not to fall unconscious. Looking at Su Ming still reminded him of his past self, but it was clear that this young man was much calmer compared to himself.

"I have no regrets dying in your hands. It's a pity that I can't exact my vengeance... I don't know your name, so I'll just call you brother Xu. Brother Xu..."

He Feng panted harshly. His consciousness was beginning to fade away. He struggled to bite his tongue, forcing himself to remain conscious.

"Brother Xu, please help me kill Xuan Lun, then bring his head back to my tribe and offer it to the deceased spirits of my people. I will promise you everything you ask. Wanting me in a near death state means that you want to create a puppet. If I'm doing this willingly, it'll be better for you. If you promise me to help me kill Xuan Lun, then I'll let you do whatever you want to me!

"I don't ask that you kill him now, but when your power is strong enough, please help me fulfill my request!"

He Feng's breathing became even more rapid. As he panted harshly, he looked at Su Ming expectantly.

"I won't let you do this without any rewards. I have a valuable treasure to give you! Xuan Lun destroyed my tribe, then kept coming after my blood, and Han Fei Zi saved me for this treasure as well!

"I hid this treasure in a secret location, not daring to keep it on my person. Due to my tribe's Branding Art, even Han Fei Zi will find it hard to probe into my memories with Berserker Arts. Xuan Lun and her also seem to not want more people knowing about this. Only I know about its location in this world, that's why I could move around so freely.

"Because they're stronger than I am, one of them showed kindness to me and the other came after my life, thinking that they could control me, but they underestimated me! I had long since seen that they were not as they seemed. The two had collaborated with each other and were just putting on a farce.

"Yet there was also conflict and suspicion between them. They're both hiding things from each other, and it created a chance for me. I only needed to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain once to see through their relationship. Their acting was far too fake!

"One of them has Lake of Colors Tribe behind them, and the other is from Puqiang Tribe. These two tribes were once slave tribes, do they think I'm dumb?!

"They were plotting against me, but I was also using them. If it weren't because I needed Han Fei Zi's help to join the 16 Dark Souls Sect and become a member in their outlying group, I could have obtained more benefits in Han Mountain City."

He Feng's vision had already become clouded. He had hidden these words in his heart for a long time. Now, in his despair, it was as if he had obtained an outlet, and in his dizzy state, he told Su Ming everything.

"Brother Xu, I came from a small tribe. We didn't even number to 200 people. Very few know about this, but my tribe was a branch of the Han Mountain Tribe that ruled over Han Mountain City hundreds of years ago. Han Mountain Tribe was massacred by the three slave tribes, but we survived.

"But now, I am the only one left... The legends passed down in Han Mountain Tribe told us that our ancestor from Han Mountain Tribe was not originally one of the Berserker Tribe. His background was incredibly mysterious. He settled down here, and thousands of years later, Han Mountain Tribe was formed.

"That was why I had an Art that was different from Berserker Arts, one that allowed me to sense your presence. This is a technique left behind by our ancestor, who also left behind some great treasures for us, his descendants. But three of them were snatched away by the three slave tribes in the past. There's one left, and that's the great treasure I'm talking about!"

Su Ming looked at He Feng, whose speech was beginning to muddle up. He listened to his words, who was gradually exposing the secret surrounding Han Mountain City.

"Han Mountain City belongs to Han Mountain Tribe. It was built by my ancestor, who founded my tribe. There's also a place hidden in the deep canyons under the Chains of Han Mountain in Han Mountain City. It is a place the three small slave tribes dream about going.

"That place is where the ancestor of Han Mountain City died!" He Feng mumbled, and as he looked at Su Ming, the expectant look in his eyes became stronger.

"I don't hate the three slave tribes. Tribes come and go, and the law of nature depicts survival of the fittest. I don't hate Han Fei Zi either. She may be aiming for the treasure, but she was kind to me. I had originally intended that if I could not make it, then I would give the treasure to her.

"The only one I hate is Xuan Lun. He killed my family and slaughtered my people. Kill him, promise me! Help me... kill him!"

Su Ming fell into silence. There was no need for him to listen to the request of a person who was near death for him to create Spirit Plunder. In fact, if that person had a grudge, the effects would be even better, but at that moment, Su Ming looked at He Feng and nodded.

"If my power becomes strong enough to kill him, then I promise you, I'll take revenge for you!"

"Brother Xu, thank you..."

He Feng closed his eyes and mumbled out a sentence that only Su Ming could hear. Those words revealed the location where He Feng hid the treasure.

"There's something else in my bosom. There were originally three of these. Xuan Lun snatched one away, I gave Han Fei Zi one of them as a gift, and the last, I'll give it to you..." As He Feng spoke, he sank into unconsciousness and became still.

Su Ming took He Feng's body in his arms and picked up the small bottle from the side. He did not linger around the area, dashing into the distance. He did not leave the rainforest, but ran further into the distance and disappeared without a trace.

To him, compared to the areas outside the forest, the big rainforest was safer. When Xuan Lun returned, he would search this place with most care, but it would also be the place where he would miss the most details.

As Su Ming ran through the rainforest, a complicated look appeared on his face. He Feng was a person who thought and planned a lot. Su Ming had firsthand experience of his words and actions. The secret hidden in Han Mountain City also proved Su Ming's previous theory of why powerful Berserkers gathered in Han Mountain City and why the three tribes kept taking in guests.

"He Feng..."

Su Ming sighed. This person's plots left Su Ming with no choice. The only thing he could do was to walk down the path laid out for him.

If he had not entered the dimension in the black piece of debris when he was in danger, who knew what would have happened to him then.

Chapter 128: A Great Reward

Translation

Time was short. Xuan Lun could come back at any moment. All sorts of accidents could happen no matter how much Su Ming theorized and analyzed the situation. After what happened with He Feng, he had to admit that there was still a big difference between his intelligence compared to those who have been plotting and scheming for a long time.

Sometimes, the world did not work the way you wanted it to.

He carried the unconscious He Feng and ran into the miasma of the rainforest as he continued circulating his Qi. As the sky gradually lit up, he used his speed and went deeper into the rainforest.

The forest in these parts was very dense. The branches and leaves here were wide and big. Due to the density, even if it was daylight, the sunlight would be scattered by the leaves and branches, causing the rainforest to remain mostly in darkness.

When Su Ming reached the deeper parts of the forest, the humidity also increased along with the miasma, causing some of the stranger beasts and bugs to increase. Su Ming saw centipedes the size of pythons swimming in the mud; sight of them alone was terrifying.

There were also a lot of strange plants that let out nice fragrances, but if he breathed in too much of the scent, he would feel as if he wanted to throw up his internal organs. That sweet and nice fragrance was uncanny.

The sun was bright outside. It was already noon. Su Ming ran through the rainforest and heard singing voices that could not be described with words. The singing voice had a beautiful melody that sounded as if a young girl was humming, making Su Ming become enthralled by the sound.

If he had not remained in constant alert and continued circulating his Qi so that he quickly woke up from the trance, then the consequences would have been grave.

When he snapped out, he saw that he had unknowingly walked towards a big rotten tree dozens of feet away from him. There was a white bird on one of the branches, and the five colors - yellow, green, white, red, and black - were shining brilliantly behind it. Yet there was an eerie big mouth looming under the five lights.

Su Ming was alarmed. While traveling deeper and deeper, he saw a lot of things he had never seen before.

When dusk arrived once again, a mountain range appeared before him. Behind the mountain range was another rainforest. There was no way of knowing where the deepest part of the rainforest lay.

Yet Su Ming did not dare to continue. There was bound to be even more terrifying things in the rainforest behind the mountain range, and they were all things that he could not yet fend off with his current power.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He brought He Feng into the mountain range in the rainforest and chose a naturally formed crack before crawling into it.

This was originally the resting place of a wild beast. There was a layer of shed skin left behind, and there was a faint, foul stench in the air. Su Ming swept his gaze across the cave and was certain that this was the house of a reptile.

‘The skin is dry, and the smell is faint. It should have been a long time since the snake came back; maybe it died outside.’

Su Ming fell into contemplative silence. Once he placed He Feng on the ground, he gathered up the shed skin and placed it at the entrance of the cave. He would use the smell to repel all those strange plants, beasts, and insects from bothering him.

Although he did this, Su Ming’s heart remained nervous. Yet once he mulled over it, he gradually relaxed. This place was far away from where Xuan Lun and He Feng had fought each other. The chances of Xuan Lun finding this place were not too high.

Besides, Su Ming could not think of a better place to put He Feng. From another viewpoint, this was the only place that was marginally safe.

Still immersed in his thoughts, Su Ming cast his eyes on He Feng. The man was still in an unconscious state. On their way here, He Feng had breathed in even more miasma. If it were not for his incredible power and having Transcended, then he would have died a long time ago due to his grave injuries.

He might be hanging onto his life for now, but he could not wake up. As time passed by, death would gradually close in on him.

Besides avoiding Xuan Lun, Su Ming also chose this place to make sure that He Feng would continue to be in a weakened state, using the miasma in this place. After all, this person’s power was extremely great. Once he recovered, he would not be as sincere as he was before.

Su Ming might not be afraid of this He Feng, who was gravely wounded, but he could not stop him from self-destructing. However, if miasma continued invading his body, then he could prevent He Feng from doing so.

‘He said that he had something for me.’

Su Ming did not act rashly. He Feng was a man of many schemes, and he had firsthand experience of it. At that moment, he sat down in the cave, recalling all of He Feng’s actions and words before he fainted, and waited for dusk to pass into night.

It did not take long before the sky turned darker. The mountain range Su Ming was at was low. There were only a few ridges, and most of the mountain range was covered by dense trees of the rainforest.

The sky above had turned dark. The moon hung high in the sky, but the moonlight was just like the sunlight during the day—the light was scattered as it fell upon the rainforest.

Even so, Su Ming could still feel that his condition reached its peak during night. Only then did he stand up and walk to stand before He Feng. Once he scrutinized him cautiously once again, he lifted He Feng's clothes and saw a purple item lying against his bosom.

The moment he saw the purple object, Su Ming's expression changed. A sharp and piercing look immediately appeared in his eyes. He stared at the purple object on He Feng's bosom and, gradually, a dazed and nostalgic look appeared in his eyes.

"This item..." Su Ming mumbled.

The image of a person who had been forgotten appeared in his head. It was an old man with a sharp mouth and the cheeks of a monkey. That old man sold a lot of strange herbs, and he even sold Su Ming a torn bag.

"Just what is it...?"

After a long while, Su Ming crouched down and lifted the purple object from He Feng's bosom. He placed it before his eyes and saw that besides the color, this purple object was practically identical to the torn bag Su Ming had!

However, there were no torn parts on the purple bag, and it was in an complete shape. Su Ming's bag could not hope to compare with this bag.

'The same bags... Xuan Feng snatched one away, one was given to Han Fei Zi... the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe left behind four great treasures. Lake of Colors, Puqiang, and Tranquil East snatched one away each. There's one treasure left, and it' was hidden away by He Feng...

'In the canyons under Han Mountain City lies the greatest secret of the city. That place is where the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe died.

'If that's the case, then does it mean that these are all the inheritances left behind by the ancestor of Han Mountain City...?'

Su Ming's eyes became even more clouded. He had a feeling that there was a bigger secret lying within that purple bag.

He looked at the purple bag in his hands silently. If it was anything else that he had never seen before, he would need to ponder over it for some time before opening it slowly, but there was no need for him to do so with this bag.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He lifted his left hand and patted the bag. The moment he did so, a rebounding force immediately came from the bag.

Su Ming was stunned; he had never encountered this before. However, the rebounding force was extremely weak. As he circulated his Qi under fine control, the rebounding force dissipated in the span of a few breaths, allowing Su Ming's left hand to land on the surface of the bag.

His mind shook, and an image of a dimension of hundreds of feet appeared in his head.

Su Ming closed his eyes, opening them only after a long time had passed by. There was a look of pleasant surprise that was difficult to conceal in his eyes. As he lifted his left hand, a bright light flashed in his hand, and a bamboo slip appeared in his palm. It looked like an ancient artifact. It may not be broken, but there was an aged feeling coming from it.

This was the item He Feng said contained the Art that was completely different from Berserker Arts. It could allow Su Ming to have a clear grasp of another person's power and turn it into a brand. As long as he was not too far away from the branded person, then he could lock onto him.

He placed the item aside, and another flash appeared in his left hand. In his palm lay a white bone. That bone was completely white, and when it appeared, there was a mirage above the bone, causing the person who saw it for the first time to be caught in a daze.

Su Ming could even hear piercing and mourning cries echoing in his ears. Yet when he snapped out of his daze, all of these dissipated away.

'I don't know where this bone came from. Did this bone belong to a man or a beast? But since such a strange thing happened because of it, then perhaps I can use it to plant herbs.'

Su Ming stared at the bone in his hands before grabbing the purple bag with his right hand and turning it upside down by his side.

With a crash, a large amount of items tumbled out of the purple bag, glittering on the ground. The light in the cave may have been lacking, but Su Ming could still see clearly. Most of the items were stone coins. There were not many white coins, and most of them were low ranked ones tainted with other colors. Still, the large amount was shocking.

"This is worth at least tens of thousands!"

Su Ming took a deep breath. This was the largest amount of money he had ever seen in his life. Yet very soon, his eyes landed on the two red stones lying among the stone coins.

The red hue of the stones was striking. Although the cave was dark, it was still difficult to dim out the light coming from the two red stone coins.

Besides these, Su Ming also found several small bottles. There were different liquids contained within them. Some had a nice fragrance, some were odorless, some stank, and some let out a refreshing fragrance.

It would have been fine if that was all, but lying among the items was a piece of beast skin. There were two Berserker Arts written on it. When Su Ming read them, the light in his eyes became brighter.

"It's a pity there's no Berserker Vessel... but that's to be expected. He Feng must have used up most of the things that he could when he fought against Xuan Lun."

While mumbling, Su Ming's gaze suddenly focused on two obviously unique objects lying among the pile of items.

One was a white stone box about the size of a palm.

The other was a black mask made from some unknown material. When Su Ming looked at it, he felt as if his gaze was about to be sucked in.

He first took up the white stone box.

After observing it with a couple careful looks, he was prompted to action. He did not know what was in there, but the box was made solely of melted and refined white stone coins. This stone box did not seem big, but it was actually quite heavy.

'Just how many white stone coins were used...?'

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. He did not expect that stone coins could be used in such a manner. To him, they were just objects used for trading. However, the appearance of the stone box made him think that his previous assumption was somewhat wrong.

'Could it be that these stone coins can not only be used for trading, but also other things?'

Inspired, Su Ming opened the stone box. When he saw what lay inside, he was startled.

'This is...'

Chapter 129: A Piece of Beast Skin

Translation

It was Su Ming's dream to reach the Transcendence Realm, hence his knowledge regarding it was not limited to the information provided by beast skin scrolls. He had also obtained the knowledge provided by the elder over the years.

Su Ming knew that Transcendence meant that once the solidified blood veins reached a certain amount in the body, an earthshaking change would occur. That change was like a butterfly breaking out of a cocoon. The solidified blood veins would spread out from the body and turn into Berserker Blood, then the person could use his Berserker Blood to draw a Mark on his own body.

Everyone's Mark was different. There was not a single Mark that was identical to another in the world. Even if they looked similar, there were still differences. The Berserker Mark would be drawn based on the individual's vague sensation of the Mark he found within himself.

However, if he could not find that sensation, then he had to deliberately draw a Berserker Mark on his own body. Yet if that was the case, then that Mark would be much weaker in terms of power.

That was why there were some people who had already reached the Transcendence Realm, but still chose not to draw their own Berserker Marks. They did not want to regret their decisions, so they rather were stuck in that stage and searched long and hard for that indescribable feeling.

The moment the Berserker Mark was drawn, it would be impossible to change it. On top of that, the more complex the Mark was, the training would also become more difficult. Their training speed could not compare to those who had simple Berserker Marks. Yet even though it was hard, if the Berserker succeeded, then the one with the complex Mark would be much stronger than all the other Berserkers in the same stage!

The success rate of reaching Transcendence Realm was related to the amount of solidified blood veins. The more blood veins a Berserker had, the more likely he was to succeed. In fact, the more blood veins the Berserker had, the stronger he would be when he reached the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm.

In fact, if a Berserker had more than 950 blood veins, then once he Transcended, the other Berserkers at the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm would be no match to that person. His power may not be as strong as of those in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, but he would be a powerful existence among others in the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm.

However, most people only had around 781 blood veins. Even if they could add to the amount of blood veins, it was difficult for them to manifest 900 of them. With that said, unless a Berserker had incredible determination, persistence, luck, confidence, and the

protection by his tribe, then no one could continue manifesting the blood veins in his body without getting killed in the long run.

Besides, once a certain amount of blood veins had been manifested, then time no longer became a factor for a Berserker's blood veins to increase. Sometimes, even if dozens of years passed by, it would still be difficult to add even one more blood vein.

It was difficult Transcending, yet if a Berserker was satisfied with the amount of blood veins he had, then it would also be easy to Transcend. It would be easy if he did not seek to gain more blood veins. It was not as if there were no Transcended Berserkers who only had around 800 blood veins. It all depended on a person's will.

Once a Berserker Transcended and drew his Berserker Mark, then it did not matter what method he used, he had to use the onset power of the Berserker Mark and synthesize an item with his own body. This item would become that Berserker's very first personal Berserker Vessel!

Berserker Vessels were incredibly important to all those who reached the Transcendence Realm.

That was why those who had reached the peak of the Blood Solidification Realm and could Transcend at any time they wanted would prepare the materials for this item beforehand. This was to prevent the situation where they could not synthesize their Vessel once they Transcended, which would serve to cause a lot of hindrances and regret later on.

Unless, of course, that person was a prodigy that belonged to a strong tribe. Those prodigies had no need to prepare materials. There would be adults who would help them receive everything they needed beforehand. After all, Transcendence was a big event for all middle-sized tribes.

Su Ming had once heard from the elder that if a Berserker wanted to prevent the item from denying him during the synthesis, then he would need to gather one drop of blood and place it on the item. This would have to be repeated every once in a while. Only then would a connection be formed between the item and the Berserker's Qi so that accidents could be prevented in the future when the Berserker Transcended.

There was a white diamond-shaped leaf lying in the white stone box in Su Ming's hand at the moment. The leaf's shape may have been odd, but the veins on it were very distinct, making it clear that it was indeed a leaf.

There was a drop of blood on the leaf, though there was not much left. About a third of the veins of the leaf had turned red.

'This is the item He Feng had prepared for synthesis during Transcendence!'

Su Ming looked at the white leaf in the box, and his eyes sparkled. The value of this item far exceeded the stone coins. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that its value could not be determined.

To those who had already made preparations for Transcendence, this was not important. Yet for those who had not made adequate preparations, the value of this thing could make them empty all the coins in their possession.

Since He Feng had placed this item in this obviously expensive stone box, then it was clear that this was not an ordinary item. After all, he was once a member of Han Mountain Tribe. Even if Han Mountain Tribe was destroyed, if he could have that purple bag and a great treasure, then it was certain that he could also have an extraordinary item for synthesis during Transcendence.

Su Ming stared at the leaf in the stone box, then lifted his right hand to flick at it lightly. It trembled when his Qi crashed into it, and the stained blood on the leaf immediately flew out, turning into a ball of fire in midair until it burned away into nothingness.

He Feng's blood may no longer be on the leaf, but some of it had still seeped into the leaf's veins. Su Ming could not force it out in a short period of time, but he had patience.

Then he turned his attention to the black mask that seemed to attract his gaze.

He lifted the mask and stared at it, but he could not find any clues about it. In his silence, he lowered his head and looked at He Feng, who remained unconscious.

He got up and walked towards He Feng before slowly placing the mask on the man's face. His actions were cautious and slow. When the mask covered He Feng's face, he kept an eye open for any changes that could happen on his body, but right until the mask covered the whole face, nothing happened.

The mask was completely black. When it covered He Feng, it made him look as if he'd changed into another person. It was especially so since the mask only had two holes where the eyes should be without any other features that a face should have, causing his face to seem rather ghastly.

Su Ming frowned. He was about to take the mask off when his expression changed.

Right before his eyes, He Feng's body started fading out as if he was becoming indistinct. The only thing that could be seen clearly was that mask.

Su Ming let out a small gasp and took the mask away from He Feng's face. He examined He Feng's body and his Qi carefully. Once he was certain that nothing had changed within He Feng, he relaxed and took a few steps backward. He was just about to try on the mask when he hesitated.

He did not put the mask on his face, but chose to take a few more looks at it before returning it into the purple bag.

'He Feng is a man of way too many schemes. I have to be careful!'

Su Ming fell into pensive silence. Among these items, he was the most sceptical about the mask, but he had no way to be sure. Once he placed everything back into the bag, he looked at He Feng's unconscious body and brought out all the herbs needed to create Spirit Plunder before jabbing bloody holes into He Feng's body and placing the herbs one by one in him, according to the method of creating the pill in his head.

Su Ming could not tell what was so special about these herbs. Yet the moment they were placed in He Feng's body, they withered right before his eyes and rapidly disappeared into the bloody holes.

Su Ming was not surprised when he saw this. Instead, his eyes flashed.

What happened was described in the procedures to create Spirit Plunder in his head. This meant that He Feng's body was suitable for creating this pill. It could even be said that it was a very good vessel for the herbs to grow.

These herbs may have seemed to wither, but in truth, they had left seeds in He Feng's body, which would then use his body as a cauldron to slowly grow. Once they had grown to a certain level, they could be used to create the pill.

Once he planted all the seeds, Su Ming sat down by the side and brought out the black bone he had bought in Han Mountain City along with the white bone from He Feng's bag. He compared them and brought out two herbs from his bag. Then with the method to plant the herbs on the bones, he placed the herbs on them.

He would not be able to find any clues on whether they worked in the near future. Hence, Su Ming placed the two bones beside He Feng.

'If that white bone can be used, then I'll only need three more herbs and one beast bone to create Spirit Plunder.'

'I wonder if Fang Mu can find those three herbs.'

Su Ming thought about it, then decided to leave it aside. He took out the beast skin and bamboo slip from He Feng's bag instead and started reading them in the quiet cave.

'There's no hurry for me to go to the place that contains the treasure He Feng told me about. Once it's completely safe for me, then I can go get it. I wonder what sort of treasure it is though...'

Su Ming read the bamboo slip and thought at the same time.

Two days passed by quickly. During these two days, Su Ming would occasionally observe his "medicinal cauldron", and on other occasions, he would look at the herbs planted on the bones. He would also keep an eye on any possible changes outside. All his remaining time was spent learning the Branding Art written on the bamboo slip.

The Art was just as He Feng had said. It was very mysterious, but learning it was not difficult. However, this Branding Art did not require the use of Qi. Even if Su Ming had already understood it, he could not grasp the gist of it, that was why he could not cast it.

He raised his right hand and made a gesture stiffly, as if he was pinching his fingers, then he pushed forward a few times, but he felt nothing.

‘Just what is this Art?’

He scratched his head and looked at the still unconscious He Feng. He abandoned the idea of waking him up. The man’s body was shuddering even though he was unconscious as if he was in great pain. If Su Ming woke He Feng up, then problems might arise again, especially since Xuan Lun might have already returned.

Su Ming put away the bamboo slip and shifted his attention to the beast skin from He Feng’s bag. There were two Berserker Arts recorded on it. Su Ming had briefly read them a few days ago, and now, he used his full attention to examining them more thoroughly. Yet very soon, doubt appeared on his face.

‘I only need 20 blood veins to practice these Berserker Arts? And with 99 blood veins, I can already bring about their full potential... There’s nothing of use to me on this beast skin. Unless this is something from the tribe, and He Feng’s keeping it around as a memento, there should be no need for him to carry it around.’

Su Ming looked at the beast skin again before he placed it by his side. With a frown, he looked at the unconscious He Feng.

‘This person is extraordinarily intelligent. It’s understandable if he was just bringing a memento around in remembrance of his tribe... but... I feel that something is wrong.’

Su Ming grabbed the beast skin by his side and cast his gaze on it again. Yet he still could not discover anything.

‘Did I make a wrong guess...?’

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He placed the beast skin under his nose, and the moment he sniffed it, his eyes lit up brightly.

Yet at that very moment, a muffled boom suddenly traveled from outside. The roars of wild beasts were mixed in that booming sound. Something had happened in the rainforest.

Su Ming immediately put away the beast skin and a wary look appeared on his face. His heart pounded against his chest, and he went to the side of the entrance of the cave before looking out cautiously.

Chapter 130: Red Meadow

Translation

It was not dark outside. Yet even so, the rainforest remained engulfed in darkness. Muffled booming sounds traveled from far away, mixed with the roars and cries of beasts and birds. It was as if a huge change had occurred in the rainforest in the distance.

Su Ming stood at the side of the entrance to the cave and trained his gaze towards the location with a cool expression.

Time trickled by. The booming sound continued traveling out, and it sounded as if it was coming from very close to him. As it became clearer, it made Su Ming think that there was someone closing in on him at a terrifying speed.

He clenched his right fist, and a cold look appeared in his eyes, but he remained unmoving. It was as if he had turned into a statue at the entrance of the cave.

After a long while, once the booming sound was not far from where he was, it started quieting down. Yet the moment it started fading away, a huge bang far stronger than the previous sound rang out suddenly. Su Ming's eyes fell upon the gaps between the countless wide leaves, and he saw a figure skidding through the sky.

That figure was still far away from where Su Ming was, so he could only see him faintly.

That figure roared at the skies. His roar contained an indescribable fury, and he turned into a long arc that sped into the distance. Very soon, he disappeared.

That person was Xuan Lun.

When the person left, Su Ming felt his body relax. The cold look in his eyes disappeared. He had also doubted his decision to stay in the rainforest, but while the rainforest was the most dangerous place for him to stay, it was also the easiest place for him to be overlooked.

Besides, this place was too big. Even powerful Berserkers of the Transcendence Realm would find it difficult to search the entire forest. It was also highly feasible that it was not a possible feat.

Su Ming watched Xuan Lun leave, but he did not act rashly. He chose instead to return to the cave without making a sound. He had already made up his mind to not leave the cave unless it was completely safe.

In his silence, Su Ming sat down. He looked at the unconscious He Feng with a complicated gaze. Once he went through the incident with him, Su Ming had a deeper understanding of the sinister nature of the human heart.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and fatigue appeared on his face as he sat in the dark and quiet cave. That fatigue did not stem from his body, but his heart.

After a while, he made himself focus and took up the beast skin which had borne him rewards during his observations just moments ago. He placed it under his nose and sniffed it once again. A stench of blood wafted into his nose.

'It's natural for beast skins to still contain the stench of blood, but as time passes by, this smell will grow fainter until it disappears. This beast skin has clearly been around for a long time. It's impossible for it to have such a thick stench of blood.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he mumbled under his breath as he looked at the beast skin in his hands.

'But if the owner of the beast skin always sprays fresh blood on it, then the smell will stay for a long time. If he is just keeping the beast skin as a memento for his tribe, he wouldn't need to do this...'

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance at He Feng as a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

'Perhaps my guess is wrong, but if I'm right, then this item is definitely not as simple as it looks!'

Su Ming stood up and went beside He Feng with the beast skin. There was a brief period of hesitation, but very soon, he jabbed He Feng's arm with one finger resolutely and opened up a wound, squeezing out a little of the small amount of blood remaining in the body. He hesitated for a moment and decided not to use all of it. He only took a little and spread it on the beast skin before withdrawing a few steps and focusing his gaze on it.

The moment He Feng's blood was spread on the beast skin, it was immediately absorbed. When Su Ming backed away to look at it, the beast skin had already completely absorbed He Feng's blood. Bubbles appeared on its surface, and wisps of black mist spread out. It seemed to be covered by bubbles that quickly spread to all parts of the beast skin, and the black mist also increased as the bubbles increased.

Su Ming immediately let go and threw the beast skin on the ground, his eyes sparkling. Right in front of him, the black mist became incredibly thick and enveloped the entire beast skin within.

Su Ming circulated his Qi and remained alert, but as time passed by, the black mist did not seem to have sufficient energy to grow thicker. It gradually spread out and became smaller before it eventually dissipated, revealing an unchanged beast skin on the ground.

Su Ming frowned and swept his gaze across the beast skin. With just one glance, he saw that the drop of blood he spread on the skin moments ago had disappeared.

‘Was the blood not enough...?’

He cast a glance at the unconscious He Feng and recalled the sight of the black mist on the beast skin. This time, he did not hesitate. He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of his own blood on the beast skin.

The moment the blood landed on the beast skin, a large amount of bubbles appeared. At the same moment, black mist spread out and enveloped the entire beast skin. The time taken for this to happen was cut in half, a clear sign that this was because there was enough blood acting as a stimulant this time.

In an instant, the black mist that had enveloped the beast skin spread out and turned into a black ripple in the shape of a ring. Once it traveled dozens of feet outwards, the black mist disappeared into the walls of the mountain cave.

At the same time, Su Ming’s breathing became rapid. Right before his eyes, when the mist spread out, the beast skin that had been hidden underneath was revealed. There were no longer any words on the beast skin, only a complex picture. The picture itself was completely red, but there was no way of knowing what was drawn since it looked as if there were still a lot of missing parts.

Just as Su Ming focused his gaze on the picture on the beast skin, it started to strangely expand rapidly. It spread all around, and in an instant, it went underneath He Feng’s body and Su Ming’s feet, covering an area of 100 feet around them, causing the area of 100 feet to turn into a red world.

Su Ming did not dodge. He stood in the 100 feet covered in red. During that instant, he fell into a trance, and a strange image appeared in his head.

When he saw the image, it was as if he had come to a strange world. He saw grass plains, and on the plains was a man whose body was obscured. He wore a long robe and on his face was a black mask. He had his hands behind his back and looked as if he was staring at the sky.

There were hundreds of long arcs whistling through the sky. In every single arc was a presence that was not weaker than Transcendence. Some of them even gave off a presence that far exceeded it.

The hundreds of long arcs in the sky caused the sky to be lit in bright colors when they closed in. Rays of light appeared when the Art was cast, and most of them descended upon the man down below. It was a shocking sight to behold.

Su Ming's heart trembled. He looked at the sights before him at a loss. Yet immediately, he saw the man wearing the familiar black mask on the plains raise his right hand. A gigantic beast skin appeared in his hand. He held it with one hand and laid it out horizontally before pressing it on the ground as it floated in the air.

The moment the beast skin was pushed onto the ground, the entire earth let out a rumble. The beast skin expanded rapidly and spread to its surroundings quickly. In an instant, it covered a circumference of 100 li.

The plains, which were a 100 li area, were no longer a green grassland, but a red meadow. There were also red plants growing on it, causing the area of 100 li inside to be vastly different to the area outside.

A ghastly presence spread out.

The rays of light from the hundreds of the Arts closed in on the man, but before they could even get near to the masked man, they faded away above him as if they landed on a formless barrier.

At that moment, the masked man grabbed at thin air with his right hand. Immediately, an eerie beast fang about seven feet long appeared in his hand, and he stabbed it onto the red meadow by his side.

The instant the giant fang stabbed the earth, the fang turned red. A three-headed blood dragon took shape and sped towards the hundreds of long arcs in the sky, roaring.

The masked man quickly brought out another sharp fang and stabbed it on the other side of the red meadow. The fang turned red instantly as well, and a shadow took shape. That shadow exuded a malicious presence, and it was somewhat similar to the Fallen God of Berserkers Bi Tu had summoned a few years ago.

The shadow took a step forward and charged towards the hundreds of long arcs in the sky.

A booming sound echoed through the world, and Su Ming opened his eyes. There was sweat beading on his forehead. His breathing was rapid, and his eyes gradually became clear. He looked at his surroundings and found that he was still inside the mountain cave. Yet a red meadow had appeared in an area of 100 feet under his feet.

Besides the size, the red hue of the meadow was exactly the same as in the illusion he'd seen when he was in the trance.

Su Ming's heart thumped against his heart, and he took a long while before he calmed down. He looked at the red meadow that spanned the area of 100 feet, and a bright light gradually appeared in his eyes. He stepped on the 100 feet of red land and walked towards the entrance of the cave.

When he looked back, there was not a hint of red in the cave, as if everything had been just an illusion. Even He Feng had disappeared without a trace. The cave was empty.

Su Ming withdrew and walked back into the area of the red meadow. Once he did so, everything returned to normal. He Feng still lay on the ground, unconscious.

'No wonder He Feng could survive till now after his tribe was destroyed and had escaped Xuan Lun's pursuit so many times. He may possess extraordinary intelligence, but if it weren't for this treasure, it would have still been hard for him to survive till now!

'This item might have really possessed the might I saw in the illusion, but now it's already torn. Even so, it still has shocking concealing powers.

'He Feng... is covered head to toe in treasures!'

Su Ming took a deep breath. This was the first time he had received so many precious items in his life, and all of these had originally belonged to He Feng.

'But I wonder why he didn't use this treasure to hide himself when Xuan Lun was after his life.'

Su Ming looked at the red meadow that spanned the area of 100 feet. He walked out once again and left the cave. Before long, he dashed back, and behind him was a centipede about dozens of feet long. It chased after him ferociously. When Su Ming stepped into the area of the red meadow, that centipede, too, entered the area.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and he withdrew a few steps, training his eyes on the centipede that he had lured in. When the centipede entered the area of the 100 feet, it started circling around as if unable to see Su Ming standing before it.

After a moment, the centipede let out a frustrated roar. An excited look appeared on Su Ming's face. He had already ascertained the concealing abilities of this beast skin—they should be incredibly strong.

At that moment, he raised his right hand and pointed at the centipede. The centipede's head exploded with a bang in an instant, and it died on the spot, its body twisting on the ground.

Yet the moment it died, Su Ming's eyes flashed, and surprise appeared on his face.