

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 131 — The Change During Peaceful Times - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 131 — The Change During Peaceful Times

Chapter 131: The Change During Peaceful Times

Translation

He saw the carcass of the centipede melting after it died, wriggling strangely on the red meadow. Very soon, the carcass of the centipede melted and disappeared right before Su Ming's eyes as if it was absorbed into the meadow.

Su Ming was shocked when he saw this. Yet he did not feel any danger coming from the area. In fact, there was a warm and comfortable feeling radiating off it. He even had the feeling that this area of 100 feet completely belonged to him.

That feeling was not distinct, but it made Su Ming feel very safe.

He fell into silence and sat down cross-legged. His eyes fell on the unconscious He Feng. That person may be on the meadow, but there were no signs of him melting.

'Could it be that it only melts dead beings?'

Su Ming stroked his chin and the image of the masked man appeared in his mind.

'The mask he wore is the same as the mask in He Feng's bag, but I have a feeling that there's still a difference between them... He Feng mentioned before that the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe was not from the Berserker Tribe. His origins were a mystery. Two of the things he used were on He Feng himself. Could it be... that the masked man is He Feng's direct ancestor...?'

Su Ming thought about it, but since there were no clues, he gradually stopped pondering over it. He sat in the cave calmly instead and brought out Mountain Spirits, swallowing them and silently increasing the power of his Qi.

In the blink of an eye, three months passed by.

During these three months, Su Ming felt the world outside trembling four times, a telling sign that Xuan Lun was still suspicious of the place and searched through the rainforest. Yet these four trembles all happened during the first two months. During the last month, the world outside was quiet.

Perhaps it was related to the danger brought by Xuan Lun, but during these three months, Su Ming's training speed increased by quite a bit. He had now 291 blood veins

in his body. The requirement for the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm was 399. He only had to manifest a hundred something more blood veins to attain that level.

Yet during this time, Su Ming noticed a flaw in Mountain Spirit. Since he had been taking those pills for a prolonged period of time, the effects of the pill were gradually becoming weaker. Before long, it might completely lose its effects.

Su Ming could do nothing towards this, but he also understood why it happened. If its effects did not decrease, then if he continued taking those pills, he could attain as many blood veins as he wanted as long as he had enough time.

"From the rate of Mountain Spirit weakening, this pill should completely lose its effects once I reach the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm."

Su Ming sat within the area of the red meadow and mumbled under his breath as he sensed the circulation within his blood veins.

'Thank goodness the effects of South Asunder remain and I can use it to heal my injuries... As for my training... it's not as if I can't continue training without Mountain Spirit!'

Resolution appeared on Su Ming's face.

'I still have two drops of Berserker Blood... Apart from that, I could also cast the Art of burning my blood!'

The moment he thought of the burning of blood, Su Ming took a deep breath. Practicing that Art was incredibly difficult and the process was painful. It was hard for a person to endure through it.

'The power provided when I performed the fourth burning of blood that year stirred up all the Wings of the Moon to appear, but my blood veins did not increase... If I want to perform the fifth burning of blood, I'll have to be careful since I'm in the Land of South Morning. There're a lot of powerful Berserkers around here. If I'm discovered, it'll be troublesome.'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the entrance of the cave. A chilling look appeared on his face.

'Xuan Lun, I don't know whether you've left this place or you're waiting patiently outside the rainforest. I don't care whether you're still around, I'm going to stay here.'

Su Ming stood up and went to He Feng's side. During these three months, He Feng remained unconscious. Even if he showed signs of awakening, Su Ming would disrupt his Qi once every few days and guide a large amount of miasma to surround He Feng's

body, making him continuously absorb it. Once he did that, it would cause He Feng's injuries to never recover, yet because Su Ming healed him as well, he could not die.

There were no longer any injuries on his body, but the herbs Su Ming had planted in He Feng's body were getting nourishment from his flesh and blood. They had already taken root within his body and were growing healthily inside.

Two shoots had also sprouted out of the black and white bones beside He Feng. The white bone proved to be suitable for the herbs.

'I still lack three herbs and a beast bone... It's a pity I can't go out for the time being. But Fang Mu wouldn't give up so easily with his intelligence.'

Su Ming took care of the medicinal cauldron for Spirit Plunder and sat down cross-legged once again. He made an odd sign with his right hand and pushed forward a few times, but was left disappointed.

'Must I really wake He Feng up and ask him how to cast the Branding Art?'

Su Ming had tried casting the Art multiple times during these three months. He had already understood the Art, but just could not cast it.

Qi was not needed to cast the Art. It seemed like it needed another form of power to be activated, but Su Ming did not have it. He had even specifically observed He Feng's Qi circulation in an attempt to find the reason, but he could not obtain any clues from He Feng.

He Feng was the same as him. They only had the power of Qi within their bodies.

'Just how did he cast this Art...?'

Su Ming thought about it for a long time, but could not find any clues. He could only place the problem aside and immerse himself in consuming Mountain Spirit.

The rainy season had passed. The heat may still be around, but it had weakened by quite a large margin. The large leaves in the rainforest could not fight against time and started falling off the branches that formed the dense layers of the rainforest.

Another three months passed by without notice. Su Ming had stayed within the rainforest for half a year now. During this half a year, he had to constantly circulate his Qi. Only by doing so could he avoid the invasion of miasma.

He also noticed the benefits of doing so. The speed of his Qi increasing was much faster than when he was outside.

During this time, the shoots on the black and white bones had grown into tiny shrubs. The light green color from the herbs let out a piercing light. Yet as they continued growing, the two bones gradually became duller. It was as if all their essence was absorbed by the two shrubs.

As for He Feng... he had completely turned into a medicinal cauldron. There were shrubs upon shrubs of medicinal herbs growing on his body. The herbs had broken through his skin a few months ago like they had just sprouted out of the soil. They were growing healthily.

He Feng's body was in a withered state to begin with. Now, it was even more obvious.

He had been unconscious for half a year. Even if he had regained consciousness, his mind would remain in a muddled state. Besides, Su Ming did not allow him to have any chances of awakening. The invasion of miasma and healing that happened once every few days caused He Feng to become a living dead person.

Su Ming felt guilty, but when he thought about He Feng's sinister plans and the things that happened half a year ago... If he had not entered the strange dimension inside that piece of debris when he was in danger, then even if Su Ming was not dead, he would also be in a terrible state.

Su Ming gradually hardened his heart. In his eyes, He Feng was no longer a person, but a medicinal cauldron.

More importantly, Su Ming also slowly realized that if he did not prepare the medicinal pills to open the next door and forcefully entered the strange dimension, a repelling force would appear. He had thought that he could use this method to avoid danger during this half a year and tried multiple times, but he only succeeded once. That repelling force was incredibly strong, and as the blood veins in his body increased, it became harder.

During these three months, the blood veins in his body increased to 337. The effects of Mountain Spirit had also become much weaker. Sometimes, he would need to take in a few pills before he could produce the original effects of one pill.

Fortunately, Su Ming had enough herbs. By using the fire in his body to create the pills, he never ran out of them.

Sometimes, Su Ming would venture out during this half a year to lure in some insects and creatures before killing them within the area of the red meadow so that it could absorb the carcasses.

Besides wanting to see what would happen when the meadow reached its limit and could no longer absorb anymore carcasses, there was another reason why he did so.

Once every few months, the area of the 100 feet meadow would decrease, and the color would become dull. Once it absorbed the carcasses, the color would return.

Sometimes, some insects and creatures would come into the cave on their own, a telling sign that they did not notice Su Ming had already occupied the cave and were just coming into the cave based on past habits of resting here.

Besides doing all these, Su Ming also spent his remaining time on the Branding Art. He continued trying and searching for a way to cast it until one day, when he had already contemplated it for half a year and still had no clues, he thought of a way.

He remembered there was a large amount of stone coins in He Feng's bag. There was also the stone box that contained the leaf that would be used for synthesis during Transcendence, which was created using a large number of white stone coins.

He had been uncertain and took a guess that stone coins could be used for purposes other than trading. Once he remembered it, an idea formed in his head.

'Could it be that external materials are needed for He Feng's Branding Art...?'

Su Ming took out the purple bag and brought out one white stone coin. The coin was round, and when he held it in his hand, there was some warmth coming from it. Su Ming never paid too much attention to it, but now that he scrutinized it, he gradually realized the difference in the stone coin compared to other stones.

'This type of stone is used among all Berserker Tribes and yet there has never been any previous record of a fake coin existing. It must be because there is a secret that people don't know about... I've always overlooked this...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. Once he held the stone in his hand, he made the strange sign with his right hand with one well-practiced motion, then pushed forward lightly, just like how he did the previous hundreds of times he practiced this method.

The moment he pushed forward, something changed in Su Ming's mind. He could clearly feel his body absorbing a foreign sensation from the white stone coin. That sensation charged into his right hand through a path completely different from the path taken when his Qi circulated in his body. Once it went one round around his pinched fingers in his right hand, it immediately became much stronger before abruptly contracting and charging straight towards his head, faster than Su Ming could react to stop it. With a bang, the foreign sensation stormed into his mind.

His vision blurred for a moment, and then he saw a completely different world.

Within a circumference of 1,000 feet, all that existed appeared in his mind. He saw a centipede silently swimming in the mud 900 feet away.

He saw a flying insect the size of his palm hiding under a large leave 500 feet away. It was baring its teeth and staring at a small beast walking cautiously under the tree.

He also saw a dim light in the unconscious He Feng's head silently absorbing the medicinal properties from the roots of the herbs that were planted in his body and had now covered his body, as if it was using the power from the herbs to increase its own power. There was also one thread that went out of the cave from the center of his brows.

When Su Ming saw it, the dim light immediately trembled and he heard a faint, terrified scream.

"Hmm?"

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. At that moment, his expression suddenly changed and a strong sense of danger flooded his system. That danger did not come from He Feng, but from the borders of the 1,000 feet area that he could now sense with his mind. It came from a woman walking into the rainforest. She was dressed in white and covered her face with a veil.

Han Fei Zi!

Chapter 132: Han Fei Zi!

Translation

'He Feng, we did not know each other and had no grudges against each other. You were the one who provoked me first for your own personal gains. You wanted to use me and kill me, but I didn't kill you immediately. I even promised to take revenge for you, but even now, you still want to harm me?!'

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He not only understood the sinister nature of the human heart from He Feng, he also understood just how much he was lacking at that moment.

There was no way he would believe that Han Fei Zi was just passing by!

He Feng must have done all of this secretly.

Due to the Branding Art, Su Ming could see the ball of dim light in He Feng's head; that dim light was trembling. Without the Art, he could not hear that terrified scream either, only when he was in this condition could he hear it.

After what he saw, if Su Ming still did not understand, then he was no longer Su Ming!

If he hadn't figured out the method to cast that Branding Art, then he would have still been in the dark even when Han Fei Zi came right before him. He would not have known how she had found him.

Cold sweat trickled down his back.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He used the method to control the Branding Art and instantly contracted the 1,000 feet area till it was just 50 feet around him. He enveloped He Feng within that area and took a step forward, jabbing at the center of He Feng's brows harshly, immediately causing the dim light to become dull, as if it was heavily injured.

Yet it did not scatter. Still, the fine thread that stretched out from the center of his brows became duller.

Su Ming wanted to cut the thread off, but he stopped. His eyes flashed, and his thoughts raced in his head.

'Han Fei Zi is already 1,000 feet into the area. Even if I break the connection between He Feng and the outside world, it'll still be useless... It'll instead alert her, giving her time to prepare.

'He Feng is heavily injured. Even if he could connect to the outside world with this method, there's a six out of ten chance that he's just maintaining contact to guide her here.

'There's only a four out of ten chance that he told her everything about this place. Since he's heavily injured and worried that I'll notice his actions, the probability of her knowing is lessened by another one tenth of the chance.

'It's highly possible that Han Fei Zi doesn't know about my existence!

'It's also not likely that Xuan Lun told her the details of this place. If that's the case, then to Han Fei Zi, He Feng is the only one here. Since He Feng definitely can't go out in his wounded state and is hiding from Xuan Lun, he's using this method to call her here so that she could heal him.

'If that's the case, then Han Fei Zi should not have told anyone about this. She... might very likely be alone! From her expression when she entered the area within the 1,000 feet, she's not too cautious about this place. If that's the case, then that's another one tenth chance less that she knows I'm here. So I have an eighth of a chance that my analysis is correct!

'An eighth! That's enough!'

Su Ming was forced by the situation. In the span of a few breaths, he focused his mind to quickly analyze his circumstances until his head started hurting mildly, but he did not have time to dally.

He immediately lifted He Feng and moved his feet so that he was sitting cross-legged. Su Ming then crouched down, hiding behind He Feng.

He was originally smaller and thinner than a normal member of the Berserker Tribe to begin with, so now that he hid himself, no one could see him from the front.

At the same time, Su Ming commanded with his mind the red meadow under his feet to quickly contract. In an instant, it turned into a small piece that existed only under Su Ming's feet. Even He Feng was positioned outside the meadow.

Su Ming then quickly contracted the area of branding, but besides wrapping his own body inside its area of influence, he also enveloped He Feng. That was to prevent him from alerting Han Fei Zi. If He Feng tried to alert her, then with the branding, Su Ming could stop him immediately.

Once he was done, Su Ming took a deep breath. A cold glare appeared in his eyes. He circulated his Qi until it reached its peak condition. The souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out from inside him and stuck to his skin. This time, he used all the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

He even lifted his right hand and sensed the presence of the Three Evils, waiting for the crucial moment before he struck.

Within his mouth was a mouthful of blood. That blood was for him to cast Dark Blood Dust!

'She hasn't Transcended, it's not impossible for me to fight against her!'

Su Ming's heart rate gradually slowed down as he completely calmed down, remaining still.

Outside the cave, Han Fei Zi, who was dressed in white and had a white veil over her face, was 700 feet away from the mountain cave. She looked calm and her movements were beautiful. Even if she was walking in the rainforest filled with humidity and miasma and even if the ground was filled with mud and looked disgusting, she was an eye-catching sight that did not belong to this place. Nothing in this place could not stain her body.

Han Fei Zi's eyes were like stars that enticed people, making them unable to look away. Although there was a veil over her face, all those who saw her would be caught in a daze as if they had just seen the beautiful woman of their dreams.

She treaded lightly forward. Her beautiful eyes stared at a crack in the mountain before her. She could feel that the connection from He Feng came from that place.

To her, He Feng himself was more useful compared to his role in helping her obtain the great treasure. That strange connection itself was already extraordinary. On top of that, this person was a schemer. He never shared that strange Art with other people. This was also something Han Fei Zi admired about him.

However, that was just pure admiration. Once this person lost his value, she did not mind taking him under her wing. When she entered Freezing Sky Clan, he could still be of use to her.

As she moved forward, she suddenly frowned and lifted her hand. On her finger was a black ring. That ring might look like an ordinary ring, but there was a thread from the ring stretching out towards the crack before her, connecting her ring and the crack together.

At that moment, the thread rippled suddenly and became a lot duller.

That was the moment Su Ming jabbed at the center of He Feng's brows.

Han Fei Zi stopped and stood where she was. She still remained calm as she looked at the crack before her, seemingly immersed in her thoughts. After a moment, she floated towards the crack and stopped once again when she was 100 feet away.

"Brother He, I, Yan Fei, am here. Please come out."

Han Fei Zi's voice was as cold as ice, but there was a strange attractiveness to it that made those who heard it feel restless.

The cave was silent. Not a sound came out from within. A glint appeared faintly in Han Fei Zi's eyes. After a moment of hesitation, she lifted her hand and a light appeared in it. A small cloud the size of a palm appeared and floated forward, entering the cave through the crack.

Su Ming hid behind He Feng's body and remained still, as if he did not see the white cloud that entered the cave. The white cloud floated in midair. When it went around the cave once, it flew out of and landed in Han Fei Zi's hand.

Han Fei Zi gently held the cloud while it dispersed. The sights that the white cloud had seen appeared before her eyes. She fell momentarily silent and walked into the crack. Once she went in, she surrounded her body with cloud mist in an act of precaution.

Even as the sounds of footsteps got closer, Su Ming remained unmoving. However, the chill in his eyes became stronger.

Very soon, Han Fei Zi appeared in the mountain cave and saw He Feng sitting on the ground cross-legged. She also saw the herbs growing all over He Feng's body. She narrowed her eyes.

She stood where she was and did not continue forward. After a span of a few breaths, the cloud mist around her suddenly spread out and turned into a force that filled the entire cave, causing the mountain cave to seemingly shake. It was followed quickly by Han Fei Zi herself retreating hastily. Judging by her looks, she had already noticed something and was about to leave the mountain cave.

The moment she retreated, Su Ming almost reflexively attacked. When Han Fei Zi entered the cave, he had focused all of his attention on her. She might have been standing there for a few breaths, but she stood at a location that did not allow Su Ming to have the best position to attack her. If she got closer, he would have a higher chance.

Her act of retreating seemingly drew out his Qi, causing Su Ming to almost attack due to his natural reflex, but he subdued his impulse. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

'Han Fei Zi is like He Feng. They're both schemers... She had already used the white cloud to investigate the cave beforehand. There's no way she did not know that He Feng was covered in herbs. There's no reason for her to be surprised when she entered the cave!

'Her retreat was a test. The woman's act of standing there was also very brilliant... During the span of a few breaths, she could make people pay full attention to her actions. Once they did so and she retreated suddenly, she could make the person attack on instinct...

'You can do this as a test? Lesson learned.'

The reason why Su Ming did not fall into the trap was largely due to his experience during the battle of Dark Mountain Tribe. That devastating battle made his convictions stronger.

He had already decided to wait until the crucial moment before he attacked. There was no way he would change that plan easily. That was why he could subdue his impulse, and not because he got an inkling of what she was planning.

Han Fei Zi retreated a few steps and her eyes flashed. When she saw that nothing happened, she relaxed marginally and stopped before moving forward again. This time, her distance between He Feng gradually closed down.

'Looks like He Feng was attacked by some unknown Berserker Art Xuan Lun had casted. His life is almost gone. He must have managed to escape after a lot of difficulty but could only hide here. Before he fell unconscious, he contacted me so that I could save him,' Han Fei Zi thought as she looked at He Feng sitting cross-legged in the cave.

She took another few steps forward, wanting to take a closer look.

In her eyes, the space behind He Feng was empty. There was no one there. As she continued onward and was only 10 feet away from He Feng, a thought struck her head and she widened her eyes suddenly before quickly withdrawing.

‘That can’t be right. This crack is right in the deeper parts of the rainforest. The miasma should be thick here. He Feng is obviously unconscious and cannot get rid of the miasma, but the miasma here is thin...

‘The cracks in the rainforest are usually the resting places for insects and beasts, but there’s nothing here. He Feng is unconscious, how could those insects and beasts not dare to come forward?

‘This place is a trap!’

Han Fei Zi’s heart trembled, knowing that she was not in a good situation. She was just about to retreat when Su Ming’s eyes glinted where he hid behind He Feng.

The moment Han Fei Zi retreated, the red meadow under his feet spread out abruptly.

Attack!

Chapter 133: Learning Deceit

Translation

Both things happened almost at the same moment. When Han Fei Zi retreated, the red meadow under Su Ming’s feet spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it went past Han Fei Zi and covered the ground past her feet, covering the area of 100 feet within the mountain cave.

Han Fei Zi was within those 100 feet.

She felt her vision blur for a moment. Everything before her instantly changed. No one could know what she saw, but from the shocked look in her eyes, it was easy to guess that she must certainly be stunned.

Su Ming could remain still if he did not attack, but once he did, his strike was akin to a bolt of lightning!

He had no grudges against Han Fei Zi, but he knew that if he had not known about the danger beforehand, then when she entered the mountain cave and encountered him, he would have definitely been caught off guard and certainly killed.

This had nothing to do with strife but was a battle stemming from gains!

He Feng himself was a gigantic gain. The benefits brought by the items in Su Ming's pockets alone were enough to make a lot of people go mad with desire, and that was not counting the great treasure!

The moment Han Fei Zi was covered by the red meadow, Su Ming immediately lifted his right hand. He had already found the location of the Three Evils a long time ago, hence he swiftly slashed downwards towards the direction northwest.

The moment his right hand slashed down, Su Ming's blood veins gathered into one and rushed out of his body in an instant towards northwest before disappearing without a trace.

Yet the moment his right hand slashed downwards, killing intent appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes, who was standing within the red meadow, and whose expression had changed. She raised her hand, and her body was immediately enveloped by clouds of mist. However, at that moment, the clouds of mist let out a loud bang, and a giant crack appeared in their center. Han Fei Zi could be clearly seen through the crack.

Although her face was hidden by the white veil, it had become pale, and shock appeared in her eyes. She knew that the white mist she casted may look ordinary, but it was actually very difficult to breach. Even the seniors in the tribe would find it hard to tear through the cloud if they did not use a powerful Berserker Art.

Yet this invisible enemy used an unknown method to do so. She could not underestimate him. It was even more shocking for her when the clouds of mist were sliced apart and a strong sense of danger came crashing forth, as if there was a formless vent coming to swallow her whole.

Han Fei Zi did not have time to cast any powerful Berserker Art. Everything happened in a heartbeat. During the moment of danger, she bit her tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, which turned into a blood-red statue of the God of Berserkers before her.

More accurately speaking, that statue was in the form of a woman. Her face could not be seen clearly, but the moment it appeared, a piercing light erupted forth from her body. As the light collided with Su Ming's Execution of the Three Evils, a huge crash rang in the air.

At the same time, Han Fei Zi raised her right hand and tapped the center of her brows. Immediately, a golden light shot out from her brows. As it showered down, her whole body turned gold. When the golden color appeared, she quickly retreated. With one step, she seemingly stepped on air and moved out of the 100 feet area of the red meadow that Su Ming had spread out.

However, it was clear that using the golden light to move out created a great burden on Han Fei Zi. The moment she got out, blood trickled down the corner of her lips. Yet she did not stop. She rushed out of the mountain cave.

She had already made her decision. As long as she could leave the trap laid down by her opponent in the mountain cave and regain her breathing outside, then she would definitely tear apart that person who had dared to ambush her!

But there was no chance that Su Ming would let her leave so easily. The red meadow could not lock her in, and the Execution of the Three Evils was dispersed by the female statue of the God of Berserkers, but Su Ming's attack continued.

The instant Han Fei Zi was only dozens of feet away from the entrance of the cave, about to rush out, Su Ming took one step forward and closed in on her at an incredible speed. His eyes were cold, and as he moved forward, he pointed towards Han Fei Zi with his right hand.

The moment he did so, the souls of the Wings of the Moon that surrounded him let out a howl that normal people could not hear and rushed out. They gathered together and formed a gigantic fist.

This fist was invisible, but Han Fei Zi could sense it clearly. Her eyes flashed, and she quickly drew a circle before herself with her right hand. Immediately, clouds of mist appeared out of nowhere and formed a circle that was about to clash into the fist formed by the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

However, at that moment, a cold smirk appeared on the corners of Su Ming's lips. As he rushed out, he quickly spread the Branding Art outwards. When the circumference of 1,000 feet appeared in his mind, he contracted that area towards Han Fei Zi.

This was the only attack recorded in the Branding Art, though Su Ming could not tell what its effects were. It may be his first time using it, but he had no choice but to use it at that moment.

The speed with which the branded 1,000 feet area shrank was so quick that it was done in the blink of an eye. The moment it completely covered Han Fei Zi's body, she trembled and a pained look appeared on her face.

She felt as if there were needles stabbing into her head, and due to that sudden appearance of the pain, the cloud ring before her showed signs of dissipating. Before she could forcefully stabilize it, the fist formed by the souls of the Wings of the Moon crashed into it.

A muffled bang rang in the air, and the cloud ring crumbled. The fist formed by the Wings of the Moon blasted through and crashed into Han Fei Zi's chest.

The golden light shone on Han Fei Zi's body once again. Blood trickled out of the corner of her lips, but the cold glare in her eyes became stronger. She tumbled backwards and used that force to escape from the cave.

The moment she managed that, Su Ming rushed out along with her. His figure was a blur in Han Fei Zi's eyes. This was connected to Su Ming's speed, but more importantly, it was also due to his Branding Art that was focused on her body right now.

The only form of attack of this Art was very powerful. It continuously stabbed into Han Fei Zi's head and caused her pain as well as made her vision cloudy. Her face was twisted by great pain.

These two people rushed out of the crack one after the other, but Su Ming's speed was greater. Once he caught up to her, he did not say a single word, but swiftly spat out the mouthful of blood that he had kept within his mouth.

That mouthful of blood was for Su Ming's Berserker Art - Dark Blood Dust. The moment he spat it out, the blood immediately turned into a large veil of red mist that covered the area before him. With a shocking scream and piercing strength, the mist charged towards Han Fei Zi.

Han Fei Zi's expression changed. Only a few breaths had passed since she came out of the mountain cave. She had not even clearly seen her enemy's face yet, and she had already been injured multiple times. This sort of thing was unacceptable for her ego.

Su Ming's mouthful of blood rushed towards her. As Han Fei Zi retreated, she swung her right hand forward. As long as she could block this for even a moment, then she could turn the tides of the battle and wrestle back a sliver of initiative instead of remaining defensive in the battle. As long as she could do that, she could counterattack.

Nevertheless, she did not have the chance to obtain the initiative since the start. Her enemy's attacks were like a storm, and it looked as if there was no hint of it letting up; it was only growing stronger.

'If I can just get one chance!'

Han Fei Zi swung her right hand forward and mist appeared abruptly, forming a mist of five colors. The moment it crashed into the blood mist, the latter let out sizzling sounds and instantly dissipated.

Han Fei Zi was about to counterattack, but Su Ming had gone to great trouble to create this battlefield so that he could have complete initiative. He would not let her have the chance.

When he coughed out the mouthful of blood earlier, he spread out his hands and the surrounding souls of the Wings of the Moon gathered around him, enveloping him.

It may have seemed like he was alone, but he rose into the sky as if he was stepping on air. He then clenched his fist and, without making a sound, threw a punch towards Han Fei Zi, who was behind the mist formed by the Dark Blood Dust.

Not only did that punch contain all the power of Su Ming's Qi, but the formless souls of the Wings of the Moon outside his body had also turned into a giant fist that came down along with it.

That punch crushed Han Fei Zi's chance to counterattack, forcing her to defend once again. Her entire body was surrounded by clouds when Su Ming's fist collided with her.

Booming sounds echoed continuously in the air.

Su Ming's body was unclear in the sky. Each of his fists thrown was faster than the last as they rushed towards Han Fei Zi, who was completely forced into the defensive. As she resisted each attack, she retreated. The cold glare in her eyes could practically freeze the sky, but she had to withdraw.

She could feel that each punch thrown by the enemy contained two forces. One was the power of Qi, which could be ignored, but the other was a power that was both strange and terrifying.

That power did not attack her body but her soul. It caused Han Fei Zi, who was in constant pain due to the Branding Art, have the feeling as if her soul was about to be scattered.

At that moment, Su Ming threw a punch out, and the souls of the Wings of the Moon in his body moved together outward, forcing Han Fei Zi to once again retreat hundreds of feet away. Once he did so, he spoke for the first time, and his voice, which was ghastly and hoarse, echoed around them.

"He Feng, you were the one who lured her here, and you're still not attacking! How long are you going to wait?"

If He Feng could hear his words, then he would definitely call him a despicable person, but the man could not hear him.

When Han Fei Zi heard those words, panic and anger appeared on her face. She had suspected that before, and now, without any hesitation, she retreated quickly on instinct, turning into a ray of golden light to charge out.

She was of high status and did not want to take risks. The mysterious enemy that was at the level of Transcendence already made her lose her initiative and forced her into the defensive. If He Feng attacked as well, then unless she gave up on attaining completion for her blood veins and immediately chose to Transcend, she would find herself hard-pressed to win.

Su Ming did not chase after her. His face was pale and blood trickled out of his mouth. He might have obtained the initiative during this battle, but every single time his attack landed on Han Fei Zi, the golden light outside her body would absorb and reflect his attacks with a strange force, causing Su Ming to continuously be injured.

'That woman was in constant pain due to the Branding Art, and she was also shaken by the souls of the Wings of the Moon. If adding the fact that she fell into the trap and was forced into defending only, she was thrown into disarray. She retreated due to that and the shock of hearing those words I spoke regarding He Feng. But she's definitely not a simple person. She'll soon realize that it was a lie.'

Su Ming charged back to the cave and put away the two bones into his bag before grabbing He Feng's body and rushing out. He dashed deeper into the rainforest.

After the time it takes for one incense stick to burn down, a cloud of mist whistled through the sky. Han Fei Zi's face was as cold as ice on the cloud. She landed where the battle had taken place and glared into the deepness of the rainforest.

A ferocious look appeared in her eyes.

Ever since she was young, she had never suffered such a great loss. This was also the first time she had been forced to retreat, and she did not even manage to see her enemy's face. It was unacceptable for her pride.

'This person's power wasn't great, but his attacks were very strange. The level of his attacks could compare with that of Transcendence... He's also very intelligent... but no matter who you are, as long as you're around Han Mountain City, then I'll definitely find you!'

Han Fei Zi's expression gradually calmed down, but the anger she felt towards Su Ming remained in her eyes, and it did not leave even after a long time.

Chapter 134: It's Called a Storage Bag!

Translation

Su Ming held He Feng and ran through the rainforest at full speed. As he continued running, he consumed South Asunder to heal his wounds. He continued moving for an entire day before slowing down.

The deeper he was in the rainforest, the more danger he was exposed to. Once he was there, Su Ming saw numerous plants and wild beasts that made his skin crawl. Fortunately, he was extremely fast, which was why he could avoid them from the distance.

Su Ming no longer looked for small mountains in the seemingly endless rainforest. There were mountain caves for him to rest, but there were a lot thick of tree stumps too. Some of those stumps were so thick that ten people would need to hold hands, stratching out their arms, before it could be completely surrounded.

Su Ming searched for a big tree like this, then emptied out its inside, forming a place where he could stay. Once he spread out the red meadow to protect himself, he placed He Feng by the side and sat down cross-legged with his eyes closed to heal his wounds.

Yet as he healed his injuries, he held a stone coin in his hand and kept the Branding Art active in an area of 1,000 feet around himself, constantly remaining alert of his surroundings.

When the sky darkened and the world outside was enveloped in darkness, Su Ming opened his eyes and glared darkly at the unconscious He Feng.

The man was entirely covered in herbs. If he was placed in the rainforest, he would look like a plant. Even if people passed him by, it would be difficult for them to recognize him as a living dead person.

Su Ming stared at He Feng for a moment before he jabbed at the center of He Feng's brows. Immediately, a dull ball of light floated out from the center of his brows. Without the Branding Art, Su Ming would not be able to see that dim light.

Yet now, right before his eyes, he could clearly see a small person in that dim light. That small person was obviously He Feng. However, He Feng's face was filled with terror. He trembled as he continuously prostrated himself before Su Ming, his acts of begging for mercy clear as day.

"I originally intended for you not to feel any pain. Once I was done creating the pills, I would have let you die, and I would have taken revenge for you... but now, I changed my mind," Su Ming spoke slowly.

The small person trembled even harder. With a look of terror, he opened his mouth, and He Feng's weak voice appeared in Su Ming's head.

"Brother Xu, please have mercy. I was wrong, I really did wrong this time. Brother Xu, please give me a chance. Please give me a chance!" He Feng's voice was weak, but the pleading tone in his voice was very strong.

"Give me a reason why I shouldn't kill you!" Su Ming lifted his right hand, and on his index finger, he gathered a thread of the Branding Art.

When He Feng saw Su Ming's actions, he immediately let out a sharp cry. Every single time he got into contact with Su Ming, he would suffer great losses. He was now terrified

of Su Ming, and now, when he saw the dark look on his face, a feeling of great danger overwhelmed him.

"Brother Xu, if... if you kill me, then you won't be able to get that location for the great treasure. The location I gave you before is fake..."

Su Ming stared at He Feng coldly and slowly pushed his right index finger forward. Precisely because his actions were so slow, it created a greater amount of stress for He Feng. That sort of stress that stemmed from being caught between life and death made He Feng's convictions crumble. He could feel that the young man before him was different from the first time he saw him. It was as if he had matured after experiencing all these things.

"Don't kill me, I'll give you the treasure. I'll give it to you... I also know some secrets regarding the place where the ancestor of Han Mountain died. Not even the three tribes understand these things completely..." He Feng quickly said, but Su Ming's index finger did not stop. It was now not even seven inches away from He Feng.

That formless pressure made He Feng fall into despair, and he immediately spoke once again.

"I know the correct method to use the red meadow... I also know the secret of the mask, I... I... I'm useful to you. I know the relationships between the three tribes in Han Mountain City, and the important people within each tribe.

"I have a house in Han Mountain City, and I also have a cave abode nearby. It's hidden well and other people won't be able to find it. I'll give it to you..."

"I..."

He Feng had already ran out of words. He trembled and saw that Su Ming's finger was closing in on him. There were only three inches between them now.

"I have more experience than you. I can help you. I know everything around this place. With my help, you can be like a fish in..."

He Feng was shouting by the end, his eyes closed in despair.

Su Ming's finger stopped when it was only one inch away from him.

"I don't trust you," Su Ming said languidly.

He Feng immediately opened his eyes, and the desire to live was evident in his eyes. It was as if Su Ming's words were the final straw he could cling onto before his death. He could not let go.

"You can believe me. I can acknowledge you as my master. This is very easy. You... you can gather the Branding Art into one mark and imprint it on my body. Once it fuses with me, I will become a part of your Branding Art. You will only need one single thought to kill me, and I will be unable to resist.

"Besides, I'm about to reach Transcendence. I'll be of great help to you. We can kill Xuan Lun together and you can use his body as a puppet... I..."

Before He Feng could finish speaking, Su Ming pressed his finger onto the center of the brows of the small person formed from the dim light. He Feng let out a shrill, pained cry, and right before Su Ming's eyes, quickly faded away.

In the span of a few breaths, the light would completely dissipate. Once it dissipated, He Feng would truly die. Even if his physical body had signs of life left, there would no longer be a person called He Feng left in this world.

"Up till now, you still want to harm me?!" Su Ming growled.

"I did not... I truly did not..."

As He Feng cried out, his voice became weaker. Half of the dim light had already disappeared. A bitter expression appeared on his face, and he slowly closed his eyes.

The moment the small person formed from the dim light almost completely dissipated, a light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he formed a small mark with the Branding Art, fusing it with the dim light.

He Feng immediately started stabilizing from his dissipating state. There was pain on his face, but the joy and desire to live was evident in his opened eyes. He did not struggle and let the light fuse into him. After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, his small form transfigured from dissipation stabilized, and he knelt down before Su Ming with a respectful face.

At the same time, a new line of thought arose in Su Ming's mind. That thought seemed to be connected to He Feng. With one thought, Su Ming could completely destroy it.

"I know that you do not want to resign yourself to this."

Su Ming looked at He Feng's small form and spoke unhurriedly.

"I... wouldn't dare..."

He Feng smiled wanly and looked at Su Ming before lowering his head once again.

"I'll give you a chance. If you assist me with a sincere heart, then after 100 years, I'll return you your freedom," Su Ming said coolly as he looked at He Feng.

When He Feng heard those words, he immediately lifted his head and looked at Su Ming.

"Do you mean it?"

"There is no deep enmity between us. You were the one who had been scheming against me, and I was only resisting. Why should I lie to you?" Su Ming stated coldly.

He Feng fell silent. He felt bitter, but a moment later, a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

"Master, you can take the mask from my... my storage bag. The mask is an imitation of an item of my ancestor. It might not be able to compare, but once you wear it, you don't need to use spirit stones when you cast the Branding Art."

"Storage bag? Spirit stones?" Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"It's not strange that you don't know about this. Very few people know about this bag. I only learned it when I read about it in the ancient records in my tribe. It's an item left behind by my ancestor. It's called a storage bag.

"The spirit stones are the stone coins we members of the Berserker Tribe use." He Feng explained by the side.

Su Ming cast a glance at He Feng and took out the purple bag from his bosom, bringing out the mask from within.

"Master, you are indeed a cautious man. If you had worn this mask before..."

He Feng laughed bitterly and spoke honestly. Even if he did not finish speaking, Su Ming already understood. He saw He Feng struggling to lift his right hand to touch the mask.

Immediately, the mask also let out a dim light from the center of its brows. Once it was absorbed by He Feng into his body, it caused his dimmed body to have a lively hue.

"Master, please take a red spirit stone from the storage bag," He Feng said softly.

"What's with your appearance now?"

Su Ming did not immediately take it out. He looked at He Feng instead and spoke unhurriedly.

"I don't understand it clearly myself. This is what happened after I used the Branding Art for a long time. The ancient records left by the ancestors spoke about this condition as

well. This is called a Spirit Body. It may be weak, but it only exists for those who practice this Branding Art and have reached the Transcendence Realm.

"If we reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm, then the spirit within people who practice this Branding Art will be known as a Spirit Infant. If the Berserker becomes stronger and reaches the legendary Berserker Soul Realm, it'll be known as an Origin Spirit.

"It's a pity that a lot of ancient records were seized by the three tribes. The ones remaining were stolen by Xuan Lun, or else you could take a look at them," He Feng said in a low tone.

"Why did you ask for the red spirit stone?"

Su Ming fell into a pensive silence for a moment, his eyes growing cold.

"Master, don't worry. I've already acknowledged you as my master and we made the 100 year promise. I won't betray you. I want to use that red spirit stone so that I can fuse my spirit body in it, then use its power to fuse into the mask. Next time, when you use the mask, you won't need to use spirit stones to cast the Branding Art anymore. You will just need to get another spirit stone to replace it once that red spirit stone is shattered.

"That mask also has an effect of changing a person's presence. I've used it twice, and the people who saw me use it have been killed. Even if you wear it, you don't need to worry that people will make any connections between you and me.

"I can also attach myself to the mask and help you with my experience."

He Feng presented his case logically. It was clear that he had already recovered from his panicked breakdown and once again turned into the pensive He Feng.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and he stared at He Feng. After a long while, he spoke suddenly.

"Don't need. I've already gotten used to using stone coins to cast it. I'll have other uses for the mask as well. As for your dwelling place..."

Su Ming swung his right hand in the air and a large amount of souls of the Wings of the Moon appeared immediately. No outsider could see the souls of the Wings of the Moon, but the moment He Feng saw them, his expression immediately changed.

Yet he did not dare resist. He let the souls of the Wings of the Moon charge towards him with ferocious expressions. They entangled him and formed a tight seal before pulling back into Su Ming's body.

With the large amount of souls of the Wings of the Moon, Su Ming was not afraid that He Feng would cause any trouble. Besides, with the seal from the souls, he could make sure that He Feng's connection to the outside world was completely cut off, allowing this person to not notice some of his secrets.

Once he was done, fatigue appeared on Su Ming's face. All the things that had happened with He Feng during the past few months tired Su Ming out. Not just his body, but his heart was exhausted, too.

Chapter 135: The Eighth Level of the Blood Solidification Realm!

Translation

"It should be safe here," Su Ming mumbled and put away the black mask.

He closed his eyes and immersed himself in his meditation.

Several days passed by. With the help of a large number of South Asunder, the injuries in Su Ming's body were healed.

He fell into contemplative silence for half a day, then gave up on the idea to leave the place. Instead, he chose to stay in the trunk. The red meadow spread out into an area of 100 feet around him. Once it completely covered the place, Su Ming was hidden.

Time trickled by slowly. One month, two months, three months... Four months passed by. Su Ming did not venture too far from where he was. He took Mountain Spirit to increase his power within the tree trunk.

During these past few months, he often talked to He Feng and learned a lot of things. He also heard about He Feng's deeds in the past few years, things which made the man proud of himself.

The red meadow remained an area of 100 feet. He Feng may have told Su Ming that the meadow would increase its area once it absorbed enough flesh and blood, but he also told him that the meadow would absorb the controller's Qi rapidly once it was spread out. That frightening absorption rate was not something a normal person could endure, and the bigger the area, the more astounding the absorption rate would be. He Feng could not withstand it, that was why he rarely used it.

He also told Su Ming that the meadow that was transfigured from the beast skin originally stretched out to a circumference of ten li. Yet at that time, besides the Elder and a few other people in Han Mountain Tribe, no one else could withstand its Qi absorption rate. They would practically die in an instant because all their Qi was absorbed.

Even the Elder and the others could not use the red meadow for a long period of time. As time passed by, the red meadow formed from the beast skin started withering, and more people from Han Mountain Tribe gradually started to use it. However, as the area of the red meadow became smaller, its use was also reduced to merely defense and could not be used for anything else anymore.

That made Su Ming curious. He had already used the red meadow for a year without stopping once, but not once had he encountered the situation where the red meadow would absorb his Qi. Still, Su Ming was only curious about that in his heart. He did not ask He Feng.

Su Ming also learned about the origins of the red meadow formed from the beast skin. As expected, that thing was one of the items left behind by the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe. But because few people could withstand the horrifying rate of absorption, it was slowly forgotten over time.

Su Ming also discovered something he did not understand through a series of seemingly thrown out questions. The illusion that appeared in his head during the instant he spread out the red meadow formed by the beast skin was never experienced by He Feng or by anyone else who had used the red meadow before him. It was the same for generations upon generations of people from Han Mountain Tribe. They were all like He Feng, otherwise it would be impossible for there to be no clues left behind.

‘Either He Feng is hiding it from me, or I’m somehow connected to the red meadow formed by the beast skin.’

Su Ming could not understand the cause of it, and could only find two reasons as to why it had happened.

However, he remained cautious. He did not find creatures to expand the area of the meadow, but his interest towards the ancestor who had died in the canyon under Han Mountain City was piqued.

During these months, the blood veins in Su Ming’s body increased by quite a large margin. The reasons for that were not only related to the dangers lurking outside, but also due to the increasingly more thick miasma in the deeper parts of the rainforest, which affected Su Ming’s Qi circulation.

Due to the constant circulation, the blood veins in his body had increased to 370 something blood veins. He had gotten closer to reaching the 399 blood veins required for the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Nonetheless, the effects of Mountain Spirit had become extremely weak. Based on Su Ming’s analysis, the pill could at most help him increase around 20 something more blood veins before losing its effects completely.

The herbs in the medicinal cauldron formed from He Feng's body were growing healthily during these past few months, gradually fulfilling the requirement for him to use them for quenching. If it were not because he was lacking a beast bone and three more herbs, he could have already started seeking the miasma of corpses to begin creating the pill.

His life in the deeper parts of the rainforest was very quiet. Ever since Su Ming came to the Land of South Morning, he had spent most of his time alone and had gotten used to this feeling of loneliness.

He quietly trained inside the tree trunk, and another three months passed by. On this day, the blood veins in Su Ming's body increased to 398. He had his eyes closed and his body shone brilliantly with a blood-red light. The light was so bright it almost pierced through the big tree. If it were not due to the red meadow concealing Su Ming, those outside would have seen the light clearly.

It did not last long before the 399th blood vein manifested on Su Ming's body. The moment it appeared, a strong presence immediately erupted forth from Su Ming's body. When that presence appeared, Su Ming opened his eyes, and there was a calm look on his face.

He reached the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

"Four years..." Su Ming mumbled.

Four years had passed ever since he woke up in the Land of South Morning. He used four years to go from the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm to the eighth level. This speed was not fast, but most of the time had been spent for him to heal his wounds.

'Mountain Spirit lost its effects a month ago when the 397th blood vein manifested. During this month, I did not rely on Mountain Spirit and increased two more blood veins at a very slow speed, only then did I reach the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm...

'The path of self-cultivation is indeed difficult.'

There was a resolute look on his face as he sensed the strength of his Qi within his body.

'No matter what, there's a limit to how much the pills can offer me. I can't reach the peak with their help. It's also a good thing that Mountain Spirit lost its effects. From here on, I can avoid being too dependent on it!

'Besides, I have two more drops of Berserker Blood. These two drops of Blood should be able to increase my blood veins by a large amount once more! After that, I'll have to search for a place to perform the burning of blood!

'I wonder how many blood veins will I be able to increase once I perform the fifth burning of blood...'

Su Ming had first-hand experience of the overbearing might of the burning of blood. The last few times, his blood veins had increased by several fold, but at the same time, the level of difficulty and danger of the execution of the Art was also incredibly high.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he brought out a small bottle from his storage bag. He looked at the small bottle, and the cold in his eyes melted, exchanged for a gentleness and nostalgia.

The small bottle was personally given to him by the elder. There were two drops of Berserker Blood within that belonged to Jing Nan, the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe.

Su Ming held the bottle and closed his eyes. He could not help but remember the elder, his tribe, Lei Chen, Xiao Hong, and the petite figure who held his hand and smiled beautifully at him on the snowy land all those years ago.

"Su Ming, will we continue walking like this in the snow until our hair turns white...?"

Su Ming trembled. The scar on his face seemed to be suddenly filled with blood, and it became clearer. It did not fade away for a long time.

He opened his eyes, and there was dead stillness within. There was no longer any gentleness in his eyes, instead, the placid look had returned. Yet hidden within that collected gaze was a pain that no one could notice.

'It's over...'

Su Ming lowered his head and uncorked the small bottle in his hand before tilting the bottle by his mouth. Only one drop of Berserker Blood fell down and melted in his mouth. Once again, he sensed the elder protecting him, afraid that he would drink all the Berserker Blood in an act of impulse. That was why he could only use one drop each time.

"Elder, I'm no longer as reckless as I was when I was young..." Su Ming mumbled. He circulated his Qi to absorb the strength of the one drop of Blood so that his blood veins could increase once again.

Days passed by. One month, two months... Very soon, three months passed by once again.

On one of the mornings three months later, Su Ming retrieved the red meadow under his feet and put away the two bones that had completed their task of serving as fertilizer for the herbs along with the medicinal cauldron. Once he was done, he walked out of the tree trunk.

He did not turn back as he walked farther into the distance. Every single time his feet landed, the mud on the ground would shudder, as if there was a pressure coming from Su Ming's body that caused the insects in the mud to run away from him.

One year and six months passed by, and Su Ming looked as if he had been reborn. When he was forced to run away to this place, he only had 200 something blood veins in his body. However, with the help of Mountain Spirit, his blood veins had increased to 399.

When Mountain Spirit had lost its effects, he completely absorbed the two drops of Berserker Blood in the past three months. As of now, his blood veins...

"He Feng, how far is the location where you hid the treasure?"

Every single step Su Ming took in the rainforest was about dozens of feet long. He wore a long blue robe, and as he walked, the strange insects on the ground avoided him. Some of the odd plants and creatures around him also did not dare approach him due to the pressure he exuded.

"Master, if you continue in this direction, then in half a month, you'll arrive at a cave abode of mine. But that place is well hidden. It'll be hard for people to find the place."

He Feng's voice echoed in his mind in a respectful tone. Besides respect, there was also shock and bafflement in his voice, as if he was surprised by the change in power within Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression remained indifferent. He did not say another word on the way and walked silently for a few days before eventually walking out of the deeper parts of the rainforest. As he walked out, the miasma also became thinner until it completely disappeared by the end.

He could see the mountain cave in which he had settled down to cure his wounds a few years ago.

Xuan Lun was not here. Han Fei Zi was also not here. The rainforest was very big, and there were multiple paths that could be used to exit the forest. Few people could completely monitor the forest. More importantly, once He Feng was assimilated into Su Ming's brand, Su Ming could also feel the brands that He Feng had previously left on Xuan Lun and Han Fei Zi. If the two of them got closer to him, he would notice them beforehand.

If He Feng had not listened to Han Fei Zi's words and plotted to use danger to Transcend, he would not have been chased down by Xuan Lun and fallen into this state.

Su Ming was about to walk out of the rainforest and head to the place where He Feng hid the treasure when his footsteps suddenly faltered. He thought for a moment before leaping up a big tree and sitting down cross-legged on the branch. He closed his eyes and spread out the branded area around him before starting to meditate.

He Feng could see what Su Ming was doing, and he could not understand it, but he did not bother him. He had been very careful during this past half a year, but he was still gradually beginning to be unable to guess what was on Su Ming's mind.

The sun rose and set, and days passed by. Su Ming continued sitting cross-legged, unmoving. It was as if he was waiting for something. He Feng became increasingly curious, and there were a few times where he was tempted to ask, but when he remembered Su Ming's morose attitude during this half a year, he withheld his question.

Half a month later, a voice traveled from a distance in the rainforest. Su Ming opened his eyes and a smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

"Senior... Senior..."

Chapter 136: The Great Treasure of Han Mountain

Translation

Fang Mu felt dejected. He did not know why, but the mysterious senior Mo had been ignoring him for more than a year now. He had been calling out to him multiple times every time he came to the forest, but every single time, he would return dispirited.

He did not know where he went wrong, and kept recalling every single thing that had happened the last time he met the man. No matter how many times he analyzed it, he still thought that it was related to the bone blade.

He had brought this up to his father half a year ago, and his father fell silent. He did not speak, but several days later, his father told him that the man had already left the rainforest in a hurry, as if an accident had happened.

When Fang Mu heard those words, he fell silent for a long time. He had thought about giving up, but the probability of seven Su Ming had spoken about during the last time they had met made Fang Mu reluctant to give up his chance to get cured completely.

Even if his father had told him clearly that the man had left, Fang Mu still went there every month and called out to him for several days, hoping that one day he would get a response.

Not once did he stop coming into the forest during the past year. He had a feeling that this was his only chance.

Fang Mu knew that his father was aware of his actions. He knew about it since his father still ordered the powerful Berserkers in the tribe to accompany him to the rainforest and wait outside, just like every single time Fang Mu had come to the rainforest in the past.

He recalled everything that had happened in his head, and Fang Mu let out a long sigh. He went into the rainforest alone and called out as per usual.

"Senior... Senior..."

Fang Mu went to the last place he had met Su Ming and looked around. A dejected look appeared on his face.

"Have you prepared the herbs I asked of you?"

A calm voice traveled languidly from behind him. The voice may have appeared suddenly, but it sounded as if it had existed in the rainforest from the start. It sounded as if it had blended into the place.

Fang Mu was momentarily stunned. He turned around swiftly and saw the familiar figure standing in the same place as the previous year.

"Se... Senior!"

A shudder traveled through Fang Mu's body and extreme joy filled his eyes. His breathing became rapid, and there was disbelief on his face.

"I've prepared the beast bones that are equivalent to the power of Transcendence, but..."

Fang Mu looked at Su Ming. He was afraid that the man would disappear once again. When he finally appeared, Fang Mu immediately explained anxiously.

"But the three herbs are rare items. My father searched for a long time for me, and only managed to obtain two. The last is an herb named Sky Flute Branch. It has gone extinct in the Land of South Morning for a long time. Besides a few special places, it's difficult to find this herb elsewhere."

As Fang Mu spoke, he immediately brought out a black bell from his bosom and crushed it before Su Ming.

Black mist scattered out and two purple beast bones appeared before Fang Mu, as well as two herbs that glowed brilliantly.

Most of Su Ming's body was hidden in the darkness. He looked at Fang Mu, the beast bones, the herbs, and then fell silent.

"Senior, please give me some more time, I..."

Fang Mu's heart thundered against his chest. Nervousness flooded his body.

"I asked you to search for these herbs to create a medicinal concoction. That medicinal concoction is very useful to me, and it'll also allow me to get rid of the injuries in your body caused by the Berserker Art," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

"If I lack even one of them, then it'll be difficult for me to create that medicinal concoction."

Fang Mu gritted his teeth and with his fist against one palm, he bowed towards Su Ming. When he lifted his head, his expression was grave.

"Senior, my father once said that it's not impossible to obtain Sky Flute Branch. There are three hidden locations in the canyon under Han Mountain City. Decades ago, including the people of my tribe, the three tribes entered those places before and obtained a Sky Flute Branch from there, but that herb was taken by Lake of Colors Tribe. I heard that it has already been used for another medicine.

"But according to my father's analysis, there should be other Sky Flute Branches in the canyon. It'll be the Day of Eternal Creation half a year later, and it'll also be the day of the Great Fog of Han Mountain that only happens once a decade. Every single time during this day, the people of the three tribes will open the tunnel leading to the underground of Han Mountain, and the three tribes will send representatives of their tribes and their guests to go into the tunnel..."

"My father will use that time to send some tribe members to go and search for a Sky Flute Branch... I ask of you, please wait for another half a year!"

"Oh?"

Su Ming's expression remained blank, but in his mind he was asking He Feng about it.

"Master, the boy is right. There is a powerful seal on the grave of Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor. It's not just the tribes, even I cannot enter the place during other times. Only during the Day of Eternal Creation that happens once a decade will the entire Land of South Morning be covered in fog. During that time, the seal on my ancestor's grave will be weakened by an unseen force, and only then can other people enter.

"The three tribes should have entered the place multiple times over the centuries. Their aim is to obtain the legacy left behind by my ancestor. After all, besides the four great treasures left behind by him, the other treasures are all resting beside him in his grave.

"I've only heard about this in the past, so I don't know the details. I only know that when Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor died, the three tribes betrayed us, but it's not so easy to breach the grave of my ancestor, or else the three tribes would have taken away all the treasures a long time ago. They wouldn't have to go in that place so many times. It's clear that they haven't obtained a lot of rewards.

"Master, this might be a chance. If you enter my ancestor's grave, and with my help, you should be able to obtain the things you want. Besides, the three tribes have been taking in guests for a long time to prepare for this.

"The three tribes were, after all, affiliated with Han Mountain Tribe a long time ago. I heard that my ancestor ordered them about and left the brand of slavery on them. To my ancestor, the three tribes would forever be slaves, that's why when they enter my ancestor's grave, they would feel uncomfortable, but if it's an outsider, then they would not feel that limitation."

He Feng's mood was slightly down as he explained.

'Even so, why would the three tribes destroy Han Mountain Tribe in the past?'

Su Ming projected his thought in his mind.

"It's not just you, even my tribe members and I have been wondering about it for a long time. But it's something that happened centuries ago. There are few people left who know about the details of what had happened that year... But my guess is that there were outsiders who participated that year!" He Feng fell silent for a moment before he whispered.

A contemplative look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was not too interested in the grave of Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor, but the mystery of the red meadow and the difference of its effects towards him and others not only made him amazed but also allowed him to form some theories regarding Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor.

"I'll wait for you for half a year. If you can bring me the Sky Flute Branch half a year later, then I'll fulfill my end of the promise!"

Su Ming looked at Fang Mu and spoke coolly.

"Before you go to the three hidden locations, you can come here. I have some things to ask of you."

Su Ming took one step forward and Fang Mu's vision clouded for a moment. He could not see Su Ming clearly, but he could feel a cold sensation in his mouth, as if a foreign object melted in his mouth and spread throughout his body.

Once he reacted to the situation, all was quiet around him. Su Ming had already left, and the beast bones and herbs on the ground were gone.

Su Ming turned into a long arc, but he did not travel in the sky, he was dashing through the rainforest instead.

"Master, why didn't you ask to enter the canyon?" He Feng could no longer hold it in and asked.

'You want me to go?'

Su Ming moved forward with big steps at an incredible speed as he asked in his mind, seemingly casual.

"Master, you misunderstand. I did not mean that."

He Feng shuddered and quickly shut his mouth.

He Feng no longer spoke about the matter on the way but provided directions and told Su Ming the location where he had hidden the great treasure. Half a month later, Su Ming stood at one of the summits of a long and continuous stretch of mountain range located far away from Han Mountain City, and looked down.

This was a desolate area. There was no one around. The place was secluded, so few people came here. The wind was great, and as it blew against his body, Su Ming's long hair floated in the air. His robes let out ceaseless flapping sounds.

Before him were various valleys formed by mountain ridges. There were a lot of valleys that were covered by plants and trees. This might not be a rainforest, but it was still a remote mountain.

"Master, my cave abode is the seventh valley from the front."

He Feng's voice echoed in Su Ming's head. Su Ming's eyes flashed, and after a momentary silence, he lifted his feet and ran towards the seventh small valley.

The seventh valley looked sunken in the distance, and there were a lot of plants within, along with a large number of birds and beasts. Su Ming carefully went into the valley and surveyed his surroundings. His surroundings were quiet, and there were a lot of cracks on the mountain stones. Plants had made their home within those cracks.

He swept his gaze across the valley and a white stone coin appeared in his hand. Once he held it in his right hand, he made a sign, and all within the circumference of 1,000 feet appeared in his mind in an instant. All the movements of the wind blowing against the grass and the traces of the creatures in the valley appeared profoundly in his head.

Very soon, he focused his gaze on the middle section of the mountain stone towards his right. There was a crack that was not too big. A brief sparkle appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming saw two big eagles inside the crack. It was clear that the birds treated the place as their abode.

"You hid this place well. Is this the cave abode you spoke about?" Su Ming asked flatly.

"It's easy for people to find the resting places of birds and beasts, but it's also very easy for them to overlook them, especially in a secluded remote mountain like this. There are a lot of eagles like these here."

He Feng's voice appeared with a cautious tone in Su Ming's head.

Su Ming focused his entire Branding Art on the crack. After careful observation, he noticed nothing out of place. Only then did he charge into the crack. In an instant, he entered the crack, startling the two eagles inside. They flew up and were about to screech when Su Ming used the Branding Art to stab their heads. They struggled out of the crack and fell into the valley unconscious.

Su Ming went to the right side of the cave and crouched down. He looked at the ground and smacked his right hand down. The moment he struck, the ground trembled and cracked open. There was a jade box the size of a palm hidden within.

There was nothing unusual about the jade box, only some decorative patterns were carved on the box. Su Ming did not pick it up immediately, but chose to observe it for a few moments. However, his expression gradually became more serious with each passing moment.

The box was also created from stone coins.

'The great treasure left behind by Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor... just what is it...?'

Su Ming sat down and looked at the box. He had asked He Feng about the treasure before.

However, He Feng's answer was rather ambiguous. He had opened it once, but only saw a ray of virescent light. Once the virescent light disappeared, the box also closed up on its own. After that, no matter how much he tried opening it, he could not.

He was also worried that he would die because he did not have the power to control the treasure. That was why after careful consideration, he hid the treasure over here, thinking that he would try opening it once again after he Transcended.

Chapter 137: A Difference in Treatment

Translation

Su Ming calmed his breathing and looked at the seemingly normal stone box before him with sparkling eyes. He sat down in the cave abode that once belonged to He Feng, feeling nervous.

He was looking forward to the item inside the stone box. He wanted to know what caused Lake of Colors Tribe, Puqiang Tribe, and Tranquil East Tribe to rebel all those years ago. He wanted to know what was the last of the four great treasures wrested by the tribes.

The four great treasures had made the three tribes massacre a tribe. Now, the last of these treasures was desired by Xuan Lun and wanted by Han Fei Zi.

They did not even dare spread the news out. This made Su Ming even more nervous.

‘This thing originally wouldn’t have fallen into my hands...’ Su Ming thought in his heart.

He only came here due to a strange coincidence. He Feng’s schemes dragged him into this vortex little by little: from avoiding Xuan Lun, to snatching He Feng’s body, to the various face offs he had with He Feng, and finally with the battle against Han Fei Zi.

Up till then, he had not obtained the true location of this place. The place that He Feng had mentioned before was completely different from the location Su Ming discovered now.

Only when He Feng became his slave did Su Ming obtain the true location of the treasure and came to this place.

A complicated look appeared on Su Ming’s face when he looked at the stone box before him. Over the past year, he may have not experienced a lot of things, but the troubles caused by that incident were great. When he thought about it, he would sigh in sadness.

Su Ming took in a deep breath and quelled his emotions. He lifted his right hand and slowly placed it on the box. He was about to pick it up, but when his right hand touched the stone box, a sharp scream came out from within the stone box immediately. That screaming sound contained a powerful penetrating force that caused a layer of invisible ripples to spread outwards the moment it began.

Rumbling sounds echoed around him, and on the walls of the mountain cave, an innumerable amount of cracks appeared in an instant. The cracks ran deep. There were some that even extended right through the mountain stone, and sunlight shone through these cracks.

That was not all. With the stone box acting as the center, the ground around Su Ming also let out rumbling sounds, and cracks also appeared before spreading throughout the entire mountain cave.

The sudden change made Su Ming's heart shudder. He Feng, too, was shocked. He was slightly baffled and did not know what had happened. When he touched the stone box in the past and even opened it, this had not happened.

"Master, this... this is..."

He was afraid that Su Ming would misunderstand and wanted to explain himself.

However, Su Ming ignored him. He closed his eyes instead and sat down cross-legged on the ground. He kept his right hand on the stone box, and only let out a long sigh after a long while.

"I know," Su Ming said in a low tone.

He believed that He Feng would not have known about this. More importantly, when the scream suddenly rang out and caused the mountain cave to be filled with cracks and ravines, no harm was done to him.

There was a scream coming out of the stone box. That scream was piercing He Feng's ears, and he looked as if he could not even maintain his Spirit Body, but to Su Ming, for some reason, that voice... was oddly familiar!

That screaming voice seemed as if it was cheering in excitement, as if after the centuries of being sealed in waiting, the person who could finally awaken it had arrived.

This was a strange feeling, but Su Ming could feel it clearly in his heart.

He could feel that the item inside the stone box was calling out to him...

His heart raced against his chest, and with each heartbeat, it would cause the item within the stone box to scream even louder until the stone box eventually started trembling. Banging sounds came from within, as if the treasure inside the box wanted to rush out.

Virescent light shone through the slit connecting the stone box and the lid, causing Su Ming's face to be illuminated by it. He Feng went slack jawed in disbelief when he saw this. The moment Su Ming touched the box with his hand, the treasure that belonged to Han Mountain Tribe seemed to gain intelligence and acted in this manner. It made his mind blank and threw him into bewilderment.

He even started to feel a little hurt. That feeling was as if the treasure that his people had been worshiping for centuries had chosen to ignore him, but when an outsider suddenly appeared, the treasure became so excited it was like it had found its owner.

That absurd feeling made He Feng completely stunned.

As the virescent light from the box shone, the screams became stronger, as if they were anxiously urging Su Ming to open the box so that whatever was inside could come out.

Su Ming could feel that the sound was calling out to him more and more strongly. He took a deep breath and with his right hand pressed on the stone box, he patted it, transferring the power of the brand with the method He Feng had taught him.

The stone box trembled and immediately opened.

The moment the lid opened, the virescent light spread out abruptly, enveloping the entire cave abode. At the same time, an even stronger virescent light rushed out from within the box with a scream that whistled in the air. It turned into long virescent arcs and started flying around the cave abode.

A strong piercing sensation rushed forward, causing cracks to fill the entire surface of the walls. That piercing presence made Su Ming's hair stand and his mouth dry up, making him have the misconception that he was facing someone at the Transcendence Realm. The blood veins in his body immediately erupted forth as if wanting to resist against the force. In fact, he even had the vague feeling that the presence was growing stronger and had surpassed the power of Transcendence!

Yet the moment Su Ming's Qi was about to spread out, that virescent light that seemed to be gushing out of the box flashed and charged towards Su Ming. It was so quick that even Su Ming, who was usually fast enough, could not dodge. The moment he was taken aback, the virescent light appeared before the center of his brows as if it had just pierced through space.

Sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead as he looked at the virescent light. This time, he could distinctly see what the great treasure was!

It was a sword!

It was a sword that could fly on its own!

It was a completely virescent sword that had a complex picture engraved on it that Su Ming had never seen before!

The sword was only about seven inches long and could be held in his hand. It looked cold and frightening, and a piercing presence came from it. The blade was incredibly

sharp and looked as if it could pierce through the center of Su Ming's brows like a leaf, with just one small move.

Su Ming was not the only one nervous. He Feng, too, was anxious. If Su Ming died, he would also die, and more importantly, his fear towards the sword far exceeded Su Ming's fear towards it. In fact, when the sword got closer, he had a feeling as if his Spirit Body was about to crumble, as if he could not withstand the frightening presence of the sword coming closer to him.

It was quiet inside the mountain cave. The only signs of movement came from the virescent light as it flickered. Su Ming sat cross-legged, unmoving. The seven inch small sword floated before the center of his brows. It, too, remained still.

He Feng's body and soul were overwhelmed with terror. This was a terror that he had never experienced before. It was even stronger than when he had faced death. It was as if he was facing his natural predator. The pressure that came from the sword made He Feng tremble.

Time trickled by. After about the time spent to burn an incense stick later, Su Ming quelled his nervousness. He looked at the small sword before him and was able to tell that there was no ill will coming from it. As he observed it, he had a feeling that it, too, was observing him, as if there was something about him that made it uncertain.

After a long while, as He Feng was strung high with nerves, Su Ming slowly raised his right hand and put his outstretched palm before himself.

The small virescent sword seemed to be hesitating. Suddenly, it let out a flash and left the center of Su Ming's brows. It circled around a few times before charging towards Su Ming's right hand and slowly landing with a whistle!

Only then did Su Ming let out a breath of relief. Excitement appeared in his eyes, and he held up the sword. Yet the moment he did so, he felt a sting of pain in his palm. The sword had broken the skin of his hand with one swift motion, and with a flash of virescent light, it slipped into Su Ming's body through this wound.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body. When the small virescent sword entered his body, the virescent light scattered and turned into a force that swiftly spread through Su Ming's body.

The moment the force spread out, the souls of the Wings of the Moon that had been hiding inside him crawled out simultaneously. Even He Feng flew out with a scream. He did not dare to get closer to Su Ming.

In He Feng's eyes, Su Ming's hair was moving without wind. His robes were floating on his body while he remained sitting. His expression may have been still, but there was a terrifying presence that seemed to be awakening within him.

It was as if that presence should have belonged to Su Ming right from the start but had been lying dormant. Now, when the small sword crawled into his body, the presence... woke up from its slumber!

Su Ming trembled, but there was no pain on his face. There was only a frown, as if he was not used to the feeling. He could clearly feel that the sword was weaving through his body as if searching for something.

Virescent light shone out from his body, causing Su Ming to look as if he was enveloped in green.

Yet at that very moment, violent shudders suddenly shook his body. An indescribable pain suddenly rose up inside him like a tidal wave, possibly due to the little sword having found its place. It let out a sword aura as if ready to pierce through Su Ming's body. That sword aura traveled through him and forcefully opened a path of blood and flesh inside him!

A course seemed to originally have existed for that path, but it was blocked in Su Ming's body. Perhaps it would have never been cleared, but now, as the sword aura moved through the path, it also forcefully broke past the originally sealed path inside him.

A bang resounded through Su Ming's head. As he trembled, blood flowed out of his skin. A line of blood veins that should not exist in the body of a Berserker appeared on him. The line surrounded his entire body, starting from his abdomen and ending on his head.

The small virescent sword swam through the line several times before it finally appeared on Su Ming's head. Su Ming could feel its presence, but there was no pain. Instead, as the line was cleared, a warm, comfortable feeling spread through his entire body. It also seemed to be largely different from before. Even if he had his eyes closed and did not make the sign to maintain the Branding Art, in his heart, he could feel an entire area... of a circumference of 2,000 feet clearly!

The mark of a sword gradually appeared on his forehead. A mighty presence came out from it as it shone.

He Feng watched Su Ming by the side with a dumbfounded expression. He still could not understand why his own treasure would treat him and Su Ming so differently when they opened the stone box.

Thankfully, he was now a Spirit Body, or else he might have possibly coughed out a mouthful of blood under a fit of distress caused by incomprehension and disgruntlement.

Chapter 138: The Later Stage of the Blood Solidification Realm

Translation

Su Ming opened his eyes. For the first time, his eyes shone with a profoundness that looked as clear as ancient stars. He might be sitting inside the cave abode, but it made He Feng feel as if Su Ming had blended together with his surroundings. He could see Su Ming, but he could barely sense him.

Su Ming's eyes especially made He Feng's heart shudder. He had never even seen those eyes on Xuan Lun. Only a prodigy like Han Fei Zi could obtain this sort of feeling that made people feel as if they were drawn in when they looked into their eyes.

"Master?"

He Feng was very nervous. As he looked at Su Ming, sharp pain wrecked his entire body. It was as if there was a swift and fierce presence coming out from Su Ming's entire body. He could not help himself but be afraid.

Su Ming turned his head and looked at He Feng. The moment his gaze met with He Feng's, tremors suddenly shook the latter's body. He floated dozens of feet away instinctively, as if his body was about to crumble. He even felt as if a sharp arrow pierced through his heart. All his thoughts were exposed the moment Su Ming looked at him, and he could hide nothing.

"Mas... Master..."

Su Ming smiled faintly. The pressure coming from his body immediately dissipated, his eyes also calmed down and returned to normal. He moved his body, standing up and letting out a long breath.

"Let's go."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and grabbed He Feng's Spirit Body. Immediately, He Feng was absorbed into Su Ming's body along with the cheering souls of Wings of the Moon.

However, this time, there was no need for the souls of Wings of the Moon to be wary of He Feng. He Feng was docile, remaining still inside Su Ming's body. He once again felt the small sword and its pressure. Amidst his fear, he grew to be respectful towards Su Ming.

This sort of respect stemmed from Su Ming's mysteriousness. Up till now, He Feng still could not understand why his people's treasure would act as if it met its long lost owner the moment it saw Su Ming.

He Feng could not even predict Su Ming's level of cultivation. He did not know how many blood veins Su Ming had, but he could vaguely guess that with the shining virescent small sword, even if he met Xuan Lun, he could still fight against him without losing.

Su Ming walked out of the mountain cave. It was already noon. The sun was bright and felt warm against his skin. He stood outside. As he looked at the blue sky and the white clouds, a sparkle appeared in his eyes.

'Chances are hidden within danger... This time, to obtain this sword, I had to face danger. But it's all worth it!'

Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the center of his brows. The mark of the sword was still flashing on the center of his brows, but as Su Ming touched it, the flashes became slower, and then disappeared altogether a moment later.

'This sword gives me an intimate feeling. It doesn't reject me either... Also, that red meadow absorbs other people's Qi, making it hard for them to maintain it, but not for me. In fact, it makes me feel safe when I stay inside it...'

'These two things are the legacy left behind by Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor... Could it be that I'm somehow connected to him...?'

Su Ming closed his eyes and felt the wind against him as he remained unmoving at the entrance of the cave.

'This sword... opened up a path of flesh and blood within my body. This path... should be able to let me absorb the power from the world necessary to maintain the Branding Art!'

Su Ming opened his eyes. This was the greatest reward for him from this incident besides the small sword. As he stood there, he could feel wisps of aura flowing towards him from all around him and crawling in through his pores. However, they were only flowing in like a small stream as of then, though if he continued like this, some day, the flow would definitely come crashing in like tidal waves.

'This is a practice different from the practice of Qi... I trained to gather my blood to turn it into the power of blood veins so that my body would become stronger and I would obtain incredible physical strength. That is what is meant by Blood Solidification.'

'This practice is obviously not of blood veins, but one that is connected to the aura that exists in the world. If that's the case, then I'll call this practice Aura Convergence!'

'Blood Solidification allows me to have endless power and use my blood to cast various Berserker Arts. There may only be two uses for Aura Convergence now, but it's really strong!'

Su Ming did not make any signs, neither did he hold any stone coins, but with just one thought, everything that existed within the circumference of 2,000 feet appeared in his mind.

At the same time, the mark of the sword that had dissipated flashed once again at the center of Su Ming's brows. The moment the virescent light appeared, the small sword charged out of Su Ming's brows like a bolt of lightning to the distance. It traveled so quickly it could not be seen with the naked eye.

Virescent arcs surrounded Su Ming in an area of 2,000 feet. They continued moving but were limited to that area of 2,000 feet. Once they left the area, the virescent light would become dull, as if no longer able to fly in a stable condition.

Yet to Su Ming, those 2,000 feet were enough.

However, using that small sword was not an easy task. In the span of just a few breaths, he began to feel his head hurting and his vision blur. The Aura that accumulated after much difficulty in the path that was just cleared inside his body instantly emptied out, causing the area of 2,000 feet to continuously shrink in his head, a telling sign that it was due to large drainage.

'Five breaths is just right for me. If I go over that time, it'll be hard for me to withstand it.'

Su Ming quickly called the small sword back to the center of his brows. His head was hurting badly at that moment, but he could not increase the rate of his absorption of the aura around him. He could only absorb it slowly into his body and store it in that path.

'This practice where I gather the aura around me should not be so slow. Perhaps it's because I don't have a method to absorb it that I'm currently like this.'

'But... Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor might have a method to increase the absorption rate.'

Su Ming touched the storage bag in his bosom with his right hand, and a white stone coin immediately appeared in his hand. When he held it, he could clearly feel that there was the same presence within the stone coin, and it was being quickly absorbed into his body. As he absorbed the aura, he could feel his headache disappearing and his head returning to normal.

However, that white stone coin became slightly duller.

'No wonder Han Fei Zi and Xuan Lun are after this. If I can coordinate this completely different practice with Blood Solidification, then my power will be... Looks like I should really go to the grave of Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor...'

Su Ming moved forward and left the mountain cave. He did not turn back but dashed into the deeper parts of the remote mountain.

'The effects of Mountain Spirit are gone, and I've finished taking in all the Berserker Blood. Now, I have sufficient Qi, and my blood veins have increased a lot. This is the time for the burning of blood! If I succeed, then my power will increase once again. From then onwards, I will no longer be a weakling. If I battle with all my power with the help of the small sword, Aura Convergence, and the souls of Wings of the Moon, then would I... still lose to those in Transcendence?'

Expectation and resolution filled Su Ming's face.

Su Ming continued charging nonstop for nearly half a month. By then, Han Mountain Tribe was already far behind him. He had arrived at a spacious place. The sky was very blue, mountains and mountain ranges were dispersed all over the land, and there were only cries of birds and beasts that could be heard. There were no signs of people around.

This was a desolate place, and it was the place Su Ming chose for his isolation. He would perform the fifth burning of blood here and increase the blood veins in his body once again.

During the burning of blood, a change would fall upon the sky and earth, but at this place were few people traveled, the possibility of people noticing that change would be largely reduced.

Su Ming sat on one of the peaks of the mountain ranges for seven days. During these seven days, he did not move. He simply immersed himself in the circulation of his Qi while he waited for the full moon.

Another three days passed by. When night fell, the sky was dark, but in the sky was the moon, and the moon was not in a crescent shape but round!

The moment the full moon arrived, Su Ming, who had been sitting at the place for ten days, opened his eyes. He Feng had already been covered by the brand inside Su Ming's body. He could not see what was happening outside.

Su Ming did not want anyone to know about his secret.

The shadow of the moon was reflected in his eyes. He lifted his head and looked at the full moon in the sky. Taking in a deep breath, he circulated his Qi abruptly.

Banging sounds reverberated through his surroundings.

This was the first time Su Ming let out all of his Qi after absorbing all the Berserker Blood.

400 blood veins instantly covered Su Ming's body. Red light flashed brilliantly and dyed the summit in red. Su Ming's expression was grave. As the shadow of the moon became clearer in his eyes, more blood veins appeared from within his body once again.

The number of blood veins increased from 400 to 460. They covered his entire body densely, causing the blood-red light around him to become stronger.

But this was not yet Su Ming at his peak. He took a deep breath and red filled the whites of his eyes instantly. That red was not due to anger or excitement, but because Su Ming's Qi had reached its peak. As he circulated his Qi, it caused his eyes to be filled with blood, which was why his eyes were bloodshot.

This was followed suit by more blood veins appearing on his body once again. 470, 480, 490... and when the number reached 510, a mighty presence erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

This was his peak after absorbing all the Berserker Blood! Originally, the Berserker Blood would not have created such a huge effect. But the reason why Su Ming could increase such a large amount of blood veins was due to the large amount of Mountain Spirit that he had consumed over the years.

Even if Mountain Spirit had lost its effects, the residue lying dormant in his body still contained some effects. Under the incentive provided by the Berserker Blood, his body seemed to have been cleansed, and his potential was largely developed. That was why there was such a shocking effect.

After the eighth stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, there was no longer a set amount of blood veins required to reach the ninth, tenth, and 11th levels. However, any Berserker that manifested more than 500 veins could be said to have reached the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Even if the designation given to them was the same, there was still a difference in every person in reality. 500 blood veins were considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, 781 blood veins were also considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, and 900 blood veins were still considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm. Even if a Berserker manifested 949 blood veins, he would still be known as having reached the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Only those who manifested more than 950 blood veins would be known to have reached completion of the Blood Solidification Realm! However, these people were rare. And those who could manifest more than 980 blood veins, they would be given the legendary title of great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, but these people were rare even in big tribes.

All of Su Ming's Qi appeared. He looked at the moon in the sky. There was fire within his eyes, and his entire body seemed to be burning. From the distance, he looked like a man of fire.

His expression was calm as he lifted his right hand slowly. Once he bit his finger and blood flowed out, he placed his finger on his left eye with one swift motion. That blood touched the fire and ignited Su Ming's convictions of a powerful Berserker.

The burning of blood began at this moment!

Chapter 139: Egress

Translation

The sun rose and set. Clouds came and went. Five months passed by in the blink of an eye.

During these five months, drastic changes happened multiple times in these remote mountains. Sometimes, the land would shake, and numerous birds and beasts would scatter far away, as if the place had turned into a forbidden land.

There were also a large number of trees that suddenly turned white and withered away as if they had lost all their life, becoming dried husks. The area where the trees were affected was wide as well, covering almost a spherical area of dozens of li.

From the sky, the land exposed under the withered trees was covered in innumerable cracks, as if there was a drought in the place. This strange sight was incredibly rare in the Land of South Morning. Rain was abundant in the region. By right, drought should not happen.

However, there was something more shocking than this. Every single time the full moon appeared on this land, howling would start. These howls did not seem to be made by humans, and they were difficult to hear with one's ears. Only those who had a certain level of cultivation could be able to feel them if they came near the place.

These howls would become incredibly loud during full moon nights, and a lot of moonlight would descend upon the place then. Hot air would also rise into the sky from the ravines on the ground, as if the entire remote mountain was being burned and roasted.

It was evening. In this area that seemed like a forbidden place, four figures appeared. These four people were very cautious, and they did not move forward. The leader of the group was an old man. He wore a blue robe, and his body was thin and dry. His frame was big, and his entire body exuded a sullen presence.

Behind him were two men and a woman. They did not have the same presence as the old man, especially the woman. Compared to the sullenness of the old man, she was very beautiful.

"Father, is this the place you spoke about?" Behind the old man, a middle-aged man in his forties spoke cautiously.

"That's right. Two months ago, I passed by this place and saw the strange sights that happened here. Most of the plants here have withered and lost their vitality. Even the land itself has dried up. If I'm not wrong, then this phenomenon should mean that a treasure is about to be born!"

The old man's eyes were ghastly as he spoke slowly. His level of cultivation was remarkable. He might not have reached Transcendence, but he was already in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

As for the other three people behind him, two were at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The third middle-aged man was at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

"I did not tell any of our people about the strangeness of this place. Our status in the tribe is normal, and we do not have the right to go into the holy land during the Day of Eternal Creation. This has to do with me being unable to Transcend with my level of cultivation. I've placed my hope on you. If I can obtain this treasure, perhaps it will do you good.

"The Day of Eternal Creation is near. Fog has started surrounding the entire Land of South Morning. The tribe is busy making preparations to enter the holy land, they won't notice our movements."

The old man looked at the land in the distance. It was evening. There was a thin layer of fog far ahead. If they looked down at the earth from a high place, they would see that a large amount of fog was coming out and covering an endless area in the Land of South Morning.

The man took a deep breath and nodded.

"As for Dao Er and Shan Er, you two can follow behind. There might not be any aura of death coming out of this place, but the withered trees have lost their vitality. The aura of death is within them, you two can absorb them into your bodies. It'll be good for you."

The old man looked at the sky and spoke in a low tone.

"Every single time night arrives in this place, there will be a change. I went in once after observing it for a few days, but I stopped after I traveling in 10,000 feet. However, with the tribe's Death Essence Pearl, I should be able to venture deep within."

There was an eager look in the old man's eyes.

"Father..." The middle-aged man by his side looked rather hesitant. He cast a glance at the old man before saying with a low tone, "Father, this might not be due to a treasure appearing, but a senior training in this place. If our assumption is wrong, then..."

"Haha, it's good that you have your worries. I thought about that too before, but when I entered this place last time, I did not meet with any misfortune. More importantly, the plants and the earth have only lost their vitality, but the aura of death did not spread out. If that senior is truly training in this place and caused such a huge change, why would he not use this aura of death?"

"This phenomenon can only be explained by the birth of a treasure."

As the old man spoke, dusk went by. The entire sky darkened. The crescent moon appeared in the sky, and moonlight shined onto the ground.

"Don't think so much. We will go now!"

The old man took a deep breath and led them into the withered forest. Behind him, the middle-aged man followed cautiously. As for the two youngsters, they followed behind with excitement as they continuously absorbed the aura of death from the trees that had lost their vitality. Their expressions were becoming more and more eager.

They did not move fast. As they walked through the dead forest, the sight of the cracked earth and withered plants entered their sights. The old man may have looked unaffected, but the middle-aged man was gradually covered in sweat.

'If it was just withered plants, it wouldn't be so strange, but the land is also cracked badly... The land itself here has lost its vitality, and this has become a great place for us from Puqiang Tribe to train. If I could just train here... It's a pity the aura of death is not lively here. It loses to the area in the tribe...'

The middle-aged man took in a deep breath and gave up on the thought. Instead, he too became eager to find the treasure.

As for the male and female youngsters, they were stupefied. They were no longer excited or eager, they were beginning to feel nervous.

At that moment, howls suddenly came from one of the summits in the distance. The howls were sharp, and normal people could not hear them. Only those with a certain level of power could do so.

The old man's expression changed. It was clear that he heard the howls. As for the middle-aged man, he could vaguely hear them. His Qi was circulating uncontrollably, causing his heart to race.

If he was in this kind of state, then it was even more so for the two youngsters. The faces of these people were pale. They may not have heard the howls, but they had a feeling as if their hearts were being torn apart.

The old man let out a cold harrumph and brought out a black pearl from his bosom with his right hand. The moment the pearl appeared, the area was instantly filled with a black air that flew out from the plants and the earth. It charged towards the pearl and gathered within, turning into a screen of black light that enveloped the four people.

"I came up to this place last time. Now, with the Death Essence Pearl, we should be fine, or else that howling will become stronger and it'll be an annoyance."

As the old man spoke, he continued moving forward.

The three people behind followed after him quickly. Under the protection of the screen of black light, they gradually moved into the deeper parts of the land, towards where the mountain was.

Under the moonlight, the mountain was obscured and could not be seen clearly, but even with the screen standing between them and the howls, they still traveled inside, coming from the mountain.

"The treasure must be at the peak of the mountain!"

The old man quelled his excitement and took a few quick steps forward, bringing the other three behind him into the mountain as they moved quickly towards the top of the mountain.

The top was barren. The plants here had long since withered into ashes. Numerous cracks covered the entire mountain, causing it to look ghastly. Yet the old man did not take note of these. As he continued moving forward, they soon reached the obscured part of the mountain.

Yet at that moment, the old man suddenly faltered. The middle-aged man behind him paled in an instant, and a dismayed look appeared on his face. At the summit located 100 feet away from them was no treasure but a person sitting cross-legged!

They could see the figure of the person before them clearly. His face was obscured, but even so, a strong presence covered the surroundings, causing the old man and the middle-aged man's hearts to race uncontrollably. This was not due to agitation, but anxiety.

In fact, the space around the person seemed to be twisting, and the howls were coming out from the twisted space.

The old man's pupils shrank. Stunned, he was about to retreat, but at that moment, right before their eyes, the obscured figure sitting cross-legged opened his eyes unhurriedly.

There was an aloof look within that profound gaze. With a freezing glance, the figure looked at the old man, and a banging sound rounded in the old man's head. His Qi began circulating uncontrollably in his body. He quickly retreated and grabbed the pale-faced middle-aged man who looked as if he was struck by lightning as well as the two youngsters who could not withstand the pressure brought about by that gaze along with him as he withdrew.

Yet when they had retreated to a distance not even 500 feet away, the four people trembled as a fierce, invisible presence appeared out of nowhere and locked onto them. Lots of moonlight descended around them, causing a huge sense of danger to fill their hearts.

'Transcendence. This person is definitely a powerful Berserker at the Transcendence Realm, or else he wouldn't be able to exude such great power with his gaze alone...'

The old man stopped and cold sweat broke out on his skin. He had a feeling that if he continued retreating, he would definitely die!

"Senior, I am from Puqiang Tribe. Please forgive my transgressions..."

The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his other hand towards the person sitting at the summit. His expression was respectful, even though he was nervous.

It was quiet all around them. The howls that he felt had also disappeared. Time passed by in this silence, causing the four people to become increasingly more nervous.

"Puqiang Tribe... Leave behind that pearl in your hands and go!"

Amidst the silence, the old man felt as if years passed by. When he heard the person's words, he took off the black pearl without any hesitation and placed it by his side before quickly bringing the other three people to withdraw. His heart raced against his chest with a feeling as if he had just escaped death by a hair's breadth.

Even after they ran out of the withered area, they continued running for several hours before slowing down. The old man's face was pale. He turned his head back and a fearful look appeared on his face. To him, what had just happened was a life and death situation.

The middle-aged man beside him was also breathing rapidly. He looked at the old man and asked in a whisper, "Father, is he... is he a Transcended Berserker?"

"He's not just a normal powerful Berserker who Transcended. He should be at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm!" the old man said after hesitating for a moment.

"Middle stage of the Transcendence Realm? Then isn't he at the same level as the Elder? There are only three Berserkers who are at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm in Han Mountain City..."

The middle-aged man took in a sharp breath.

The other two youngsters beside him were also shocked, and lingering fear swarmed their senses.

"Don't spread this out. We can't provoke powerful Berserkers like these. We're fortunate that this person was not interested in killing us, or else..."

A shudder ran through the old man's heart. He quickly swallowed his words and led the other three people away.

Su Ming sat quietly at the summit. In his hands, he held a black pearl. The pearl was the item left behind by the old man. He held the pearl for a long while before putting it away in his storage bag and standing up.

"The fifth burning of blood makes people fall into deep sleep..." Su Ming mumbled and lifted his head to look at the land in the distance. It might have been dark, but he could still see that there was a layer of fog covering the land.

"Master, you've slept for more than five months... The Day of Eternal Creation is around the corner. The entire Land of South Morning will be covered in mist during the next few days..." He Feng cautiously said in Su Ming's mind.

His contact with the outside world might have been limited during these five months, but as Su Ming fell into deep sleep and he could not leave Su Ming's body, he could still feel that Su Ming was gradually becoming stronger. This strength made He Feng terrified, and the youth became even more enigmatic in his eyes.

Chapter 140: Visiting Tranquil East

Translation

Su Ming's expression did not change. He sat at the summit calmly as he looked at the fog in the distance. The fog may have seemed thin, but because it had covered an area so vast, its end could not be seen. It left people the impression that they were in a sea of fog.

This special weather was one Su Ming had never experienced. He had been in Dark Mountain for more than ten years, but besides morning, it was rare for fog to cover the land, much less an area so huge.

"The Day of Eternal Creation..."

Su Ming lowered his head. His long hair covered his face, and he sat there unmoving, as if he had once again fallen into deep sleep.

He Feng hesitated for a moment before he eventually spoke in a low tone. "Mas... Master, the Day of Eternal Creation is the day where the three tribes will open the tunnel to Han Mountain City. We can't make it there in time now."

Su Ming did not speak. Only when another hour passed by and the fog became thicker did he lift his head. He rose unhurriedly and stood at the summit, his hair lifted by a breeze. As they flew behind his head, a faint scar was revealed on his face.

He looked at the fog that covered the land and placed his right hand into his bosom, taking out a black, hooded long-robe. Once he replaced his wrinkled clothes, he brought out another item from his storage bag.

It was the black mask. Su Ming put it on.

The moment he did so, his presence changed abruptly, making him seem as if he was not there. Unless someone directly searched for him, they would be hard pressed to take notice of him. The mask was black, giving Su Ming a ghastly and uncanny air.

His expression could not be seen, and neither could his face. Only his indifferent gaze shone out of the two holes where the eyes were on the mask. Su Ming's long hair and head were both hidden within the hood of his black robes. Only the eerie black mask was revealed, giving him an enigmatic presence.

When He Feng saw Su Ming, he was stunned. For some unknown reason, he had a feeling that he had seen this Su Ming some place before, but before he had time to think about it, Su Ming had already begun moving.

When he first came to this place, while Su Ming might not have used his full speed, he still needed half a month for the traveling. Now, as he went back through the boundless fog, he only used six days!

In six days, he arrived to Han Mountain City's territory from his isolation spot. He might not have arrived in Han Mountain City itself, but he was not far from the place.

As he traveled forth, the fog in the region became thicker. He could no longer see into the distance. Everything in sight was covered by the fog. These days, the birds and the beasts hid themselves, as if they did not dare to venture out.

The entire land was quiet. The only sound came from Su Ming as he blasted forward.

Another three days passed by. Su Ming continued running towards Han Mountain City with a speed so quick it made He Feng rife with suppositions.

On the third day, Su Ming stood at the same summit as when he had first went to Han Mountain City, and looked at the city shrouded by fog and the three mountains surrounding it. A gleam appeared in his eyes, and he moved towards the mountain where Tranquil East Tribe was located.

The mountain of Tranquil East Tribe was shrouded by fog, but it only surrounded the borders of the mountain. The fog was comparably thin within the mountain, and there was some visibility in the area.

The mountain was huge and rose high above the ground. As the mountain was currently shrouded by fog, it made all those who looked up from the foot of it to feel as if they were miniscule in comparison.

Su Ming stood at the foot of the mountain to Tranquil East Tribe. He lifted his head to observe the mountain for a few moments. Before him was a stairway that was about 100 feet in breadth which spanned all the way to the top of the mountain.

This was the only way to Tranquil East Tribe.

'I broke my promise to meet Fang Mu, so I have to come here.'

Su Ming averted his gaze and lowered his head as he moved towards the steps.

The moment his foot landed on the stairs leading to Tranquil East Tribe, a great pressure landed upon him. This pressure did not belong to any Berserker but was the pressure of the mountain itself. At the same time, a mighty voice traveled out languidly from within the mountain.

"Halt! Tranquil East Tribe is closed off for a month and refuses all visitors!"

Su Ming paused in his footsteps. His gaze was calm as he looked at the stairway leading straight to the top of the mountain. He could feel that the pressure contained an unquestionable might. If he opposed this might, then it was equivalent to him declaring the entire Tranquil East Tribe his enemy.

"Master... We should leave. This is the power emitted by the Berserker protector statue from Tranquil East Tribe. It protects the entire mountain. The Day of Eternal Creation is near. Tranquil East Tribe is definitely high on guard. They won't allow any outsiders coming into their tribe..."

"We shouldn't trespass... If you want to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain City, I have a method to help you." He Feng quickly said.

He knew just how strong the three tribes of Han Mountain were nowadays. If it were him, he would definitely not come here, but would instead use other methods to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain.

"Master, don't take the risk... We can't intrude into this place."

When He Feng saw that Su Ming was ignoring him, he quickly spoke once again. He was worried that Su Ming was young and did not have enough experience. Trespassing into Tranquil East Tribe was a meaningless act to him. Not only would he be injured by it, he might even enrage Tranquil East Tribe and not get anything out of it.

Su Ming fell silent. After a long while, he averted his gaze from the stairway.

"I made my decision," Su Ming said unhurriedly and lifted his foot towards the stairway.

The moment his foot landed the second time on the stairs, a booming sound seemingly echoed from the mountain. The mighty voice traveled outwards once again.

"Trespassers will have their powers destroyed, be expelled from Han Mountain, and their safety will no longer be our concern!"

The mighty voice gradually dissipated, but the pressure from the mountain became stronger in an instant, causing the fog around Su Ming to scatter as if it was avoiding the pressure.

"Master!"

He Feng could not understand. He was just about to advise Su Ming against his actions when he moved once again and continued walking up the stairway.

He Feng could not understand Su Ming's actions. In his mind, sneaking into the tunnel of Han Mountain unnoticed was the best solution to the problem. This was related to his status. He did not want to expose his true identity and cause more unwanted trouble.

However, Su Ming did not harbor that thought. The three tribes of Han Mountain had been in control of Han Mountain Tribe for hundreds of years. They had entered the hidden grounds multiple times, and it was impossible for them to enter the place with an uncertain amount of people with how cautious the three tribes were.

Not only would their numbers be fixed, they might also know each other. If that was the case, once they encountered someone they did not know in the grave, then they would definitely attack the stranger together.

Once this happened, then he would definitely become the mortal enemy of the three tribes. In fact, this sort of sneaking around was even worse than Su Ming intruding on Tranquil East Tribe now. If he was discovered, it was the same as forcing himself into a dead end. Even if he could escape with the mask concealing his true identity, there would still be a possibility for his identity to be revealed.

That was the true risk!

He Feng could choose that path. After all, he had a trade with Han Fei Zi before this. He was also the only tribe member left of Han Mountain Tribe. It was not surprising that he knew of other methods to enter the grave. However, Su Ming was an outsider. If he chose to take that path, it would be too dangerous for him.

"I'm still going in no matter the method. Instead of taking a risk and sneaking around, I might as well go in with pride and dignity!" Su Ming's said.

With his mind set, he stood where he was and took a deep breath before letting his voice travel to the top of the mountain.

"I, Mo, have come to visit the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe."

His voice boomed and traveled through the surroundings and to the top of the mountain, causing a large amount of echoes to reverberate around the mountain for a long time.

Time passed by slowly until the pressure from the mountain suddenly disappeared. A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's face and he lifted his feet to walk up the stairs.

Tranquil East Tribe was a middle-sized tribe. There were a lot of people in the tribe. The mountain itself was part of the tribe and filled the entire area. As Su Ming walked in, he saw quite a number of people from Tranquil East Tribe looking at him coldly, but they did not come forth to stop him.

To be exact, the mountain did not have a summit. The top of the mountain was flat, as if the summit was sliced off. There were buildings built on it and around it, forming a tribe in the mountain.

There was also a large empty space in the mountain side. Buildings were erected on the mountain side as if they were entrenched on the mountain, and those buildings were erected along the mountain up to the very top.

It was clear that this was not the only territory belonging to Tranquil East Tribe. As Su Ming stood there, he could see the faint contours of other summits in the distance from where he stood in the fog.

Before Su Ming was a teenager. It was Fang Mu. When he saw Su Ming, he was first stunned. He had never seen Su Ming's true face before. When he saw the mask, he became uncertain.

"Senior Mo?" Fang Mu took a step backward and looked at Su Ming warily.

"Lead the way," Su Ming's hoarse voice traveled forth.

When he heard the voice, Fang Mu let out a breath of relief. Respect appeared on his face, and he wrapped his fist around his palm in a greeting towards Su Ming.

"Senior, you asked me to visit you half a year later, but when I went there, you were not around..." As Fang Mu led the way, he spoke to Su Ming with a put out voice.

"I had some matters that took up my time. That's why I decided to come straight to your tribe."

There was laughter in Su Ming's voice. As he looked at the people from Tranquil East Tribe and the unique buildings, he could not help but remember Dark Mountain.

As they moved forward, some tribe members greeted Fang Mu kindly, but when they saw Su Ming, their expressions turned aloof.

Su Ming observed the tribe, noticing that there were a lot of Berserkers among the people of Tranquil East Tribe. The number of people who had reached the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm also surpassed Wind Stream by quite a large number.

Not much time passed by. Under Fang Mu's guidance and introductions, Su Ming was brought to a tower that was built within the mountain. The tower was hundreds of feet tall, had three floors, and exuded a great presence. From the distance, it looked like the head of a gigantic wild beast roaring towards the sky ferociously.

"My father is inside. He asked me to bring you here..."

Fang Mu stopped outside the tower. After a moment of hesitation, he whispered to Su Ming by his side.

"Senior, my aunt is back... She's from Freezing..."

Before Fang Mu could finish speaking, a cold harrumph from a man traveled out from within the tower.

Fang Mu swallowed his words and laughed sheepishly before taking a few steps backwards.

"Brother Mo, my son was rude, don't mind him. Please come up here and speak."

A middle-aged man who looked somewhat similar to Fang Mu appeared from within the tower and looked at Su Ming with a smile.