

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 141 — Guest - Read

Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 141 — Guest

?Chapter 141: Guest

Translation

The middle-aged man wore a virescent robe. He had a smile on his face, and he was built tall and strong. As he stood there, he looked like a small hill. His arms were long. Even if his Qi was not emitted, there was still a looming might coming from him.

As he looked at Su Ming, Su Ming too, observed him.

"It's fine. I like Fang Mu," Su Ming said calmly and moved forward. There were about dozens of steps between him and Fang Mu's father. As he walked forward, the distance gradually shortened.

Yet the closer he came, the more clearly he could feel the pressure from the man gradually becoming stronger. When they were just five steps away from each other, that pressure arrived at its strongest.

This was a test, a clear test with no intention of being hidden. The man stood there and looked at Su Ming moving towards him with a smile.

This tower was the domain of the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. Only powerful Berserkers could step foot in there. The same applied for those in the tribe. Those who were not outstanding could only remain outside.

When he was nine steps away from the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, Su Ming suddenly took a big step forward with his right foot. That step alone breached a distance of ten feet, and he arrived within the five steps of the tribe leader. The tribe leader's robes suddenly expanded, causing Su Ming's footstep to falter, as if he could not place his foot down.

He looked as if he was about to withdraw.

Yet at that moment, a strange light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He met the tribe leader's gaze and the man's body swayed. A sharp pain suddenly appeared in his head, and he had no choice but to lessen the pressure coming from his body.

The moment he lessened the pressure, Su Ming's foot landed.

"I, Mo Su, greet the tribe leader of Tranquil East."

Su Ming wrapped his fist around his palm and bowed towards the man before him.

The expression of the man in virescent robes remained the same, and he took one step back, making a way to the tower. He too wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, this might be our first meeting, but the moment I saw you, it is as if I met an old friend. If you don't mind, you can call me Fang Shen. Come, brother Mo, this way!"

Fang Shen let out a boisterous laugh and a friendly look appeared on his face.

"Brother Fang, if you please!"

Su Ming nodded and walked into the tower with Fang Shen.

Fang Mu let out a sigh of relief in his heart when he saw that scene from a distance. It was rare for him to see his father treat others this way, so it was clear that senior Mo had once again obtained his father's approval. He pondered over it for a moment and chose not to leave, but instead waited outside the door.

The inside of the tower was decorated in a simple manner. There were not a lot of luxurious items around, giving it a natural feeling. Everything inside was made of stone. Once Fang Shen invited Su Ming to sit at a stone table, he personally brought out some herbs. After boiling them in hot water, he poured the liquid into a cup and placed it before Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, thank you for treating my son's injuries over the years. I have nothing to repay you with. This Grass Wood Leaf may be precious, but it's still not enough to be served to you. I hope you don't mind."

Fang Shen looked at Su Ming with gratitude.

Su Ming looked at the leaves floating in the hot water in the cup on the table. It looked very normal, but this was not the first time Su Ming saw something like this. He had seen the elder drinking a similar liquid with Jing Nan when he was by the elder's side in Wind Stream Tribe, and he also took note of some of the actions the elder did when he drank this liquid.

"Fang Mu's injuries have been lying in his body for many years. I've only slightly lessened their effects."

Su Ming might be looking now like how he usually acted, but in truth, he was rather nervous. He could already tell the tribe leader's power from that instant before. This person might not have Awakened, but there were 900 something blood veins within his body.

By right, it should not be a problem if this man wanted to Awaken, but he had yet to, which meant that he was aiming higher. He wanted to wait till he obtained the full number for his blood veins before he Awakened. If that was the case, then even if he was just at the initial stage of the Awakening Realm, he could still fight against those at the middle stage of the Awakening Realm.

The blood veins were like a foundation. The more blood veins a Berserker had, the stronger the foundation was. The moment he let it all out, the effects would be shocking.

However, this was not the reason why Su Ming was nervous. He was nervous because since young, and even after he came to the Land of South Morning, he spent most of his time alone. He did not have too much experience conversing with people. It was even rarer for him to be in situations where he had to sit down and enter into talks akin to negotiations.

Besides, even Jing Nan would have to be polite towards this man due to his status.

Fang Shen smiled and grabbed the cup. He took a sip, but he did not like the leaves floating on the surface of the water. When some of the leaves went into his mouth along with the water, he swallowed it.

'This person's power is as hard to ascertain as usual... Let's say he hasn't Awakened, but he has fine control, and his aura is hard to grasp. He also made me feel a strong sense of danger just now.'

But if I assume that he has Awakened, he had a lot of trouble with those last five steps. Still, that one gaze just now was terrifying. It alone made me feel as if I was seen through, and it made my Qi unstable...

'This person is mysterious! But why does he seem to be slightly nervous?'

Fang Shen put down the cup and looked at Su Ming.

"We are now nearing the Day of Eternal Creation. The entire Land of South Morning is shrouded in fog, it is also an important moment for the three tribes in Han Mountain. All entry to the tribes has been sealed off, I hope you understand. Why is it that you have come to my tribe?"

Fang Shen spoke with a smile. There was a leaf in his mouth that he did not manage to swallow. As he spoke, he brought up the cup to his lips once again and swallowed the leaf when he took another sip.

"This thing is really troublesome when I'm trying to drink it. Fang Mu's aunt brought it back, if you're not used to it... Er..."

Fang Shen swallowed his words. He saw Su Ming taking up the cup, and with one light swing of the cup, the tea leaves were scattered skillfully, causing some of them to sink to the bottom, and the others to get stuck to the side of the cup. Naturally, after playing around with it for a while, Su Ming did not drink the liquid, but chose to put down the cup.

Fang Shen immediately noticed that Su Ming had two fingers around the cup and swung it with his palm acting as the center. There was a graceful air in his action, and it made Fang Shen blink.

He saw this same action on his little sister before. In fact, his little sister had even taught him how to drink that liquid and how to hold the cup, but Fang Shen had thought it was troublesome and did not want to learn it. Yet when he saw Su Ming's actions and remembered how he held the cup, even drinking down the tea leaves, he felt a little awkward.

"I came here because I wanted to become Tranquil East Tribe's guest."

Gradually, Su Ming's heart calmed down. He was imitating the elder's movements from that time and had a feeling that he had become the elder at that moment.

"Oh?"

Fang Shen lifted his head and looked at Su Ming with a polite smile. He was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe and was not as rough and simple as he seemed to be.

Su Ming knew that his ploys were child's play before this person's eyes. He knew that he was lacking, so he decided to keep some secrets to himself while being honest.

"I want to go to the hidden grounds in the canyons of Han Mountain, which is where the Sky Flute Branch grows," Su Ming said calmly.

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Fang Shen's eyes. He did not realize that Su Ming would be so straightforward. In truth, Fang Shen had already guessed why Su Ming had come here a long while ago.

He did not reject Su Ming's request immediately. After all, this person was the one who had healed Fang Mu's injuries. Second, this was not the first time he communicated with Su Ming. The two of them had known about each other for the past couple years. They even came into contact during the return and the gifting of the blade.

If it were not because of these reasons, if any other stranger would have come to him and made that request, Fang Shen would have definitely rejected them.

"Give me a reason!"

Fang Shen looked at Su Ming, and a serious expression came upon his face. He had researched Su Ming's identity in detail over the past few years. After all, this person was in close contact with Fang Mu. This fact alone was enough to garner Fang Shen's attention.

The results of the investigation came out a long time ago, and by Fang Mu's descriptions and Fang Shen's own judgments, he had a nine out of ten certainty that this mysterious Mo Su was not from around Han Mountain. He came from someplace else and was not familiar with this place. The possibilities of him knowing about the secrets of Han Mountain City were also low.

More importantly, this person did not seem to have any ill intentions.

This was not a decision made based on observations done in one or two days, but the feeling Fang Mu and Fang Shen obtained from Su Ming's inconspicuous attitude and behavior during the past four years.

His mysterious power, amiable attitude, status, and background that had nothing to do with Han Mountain were all things that made Fang Shen think highly of him. That was why he gave Su Ming a chance to persuade him.

"I told Fang Mu that I was a seventh of a chance certain that I could cure his injuries with the medicinal concoction I'm making. This medicinal concoction is very important to me. One of its effects will allow me to cure Fang Mu's injuries completely.

"Right now, I am lacking Sky Flute Branch to create this medicinal concoction. In truth, I asked Fang Mu to search for this herb for me to reduce the need for me to look for this herb in the future when I need to create this concoction again.

"If the hidden grounds of Han Mountain City has Sky Flute Branch, then there is a high possibility that other herbs exist in the place as well. If I can find more, then it'll be a great help for me when I create the medicinal concoction," Su Ming said languidly.

He did not place emphasis on the effects of the medicinal concoction towards healing Fang Mu's injuries. If that was the case, then it would make the other party feel as if he was being pressured and would end up disliking Su Ming. It would not do him any good either.

Instead, it would be better to emphasize the benefits of the concoction towards himself and subtly reveal some of his own thoughts that would make the other party wonder.

Fang Shen fell into momentary silence before he spoke suddenly. "There is danger within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain. What Berserker Art do you practice?"

"The Berserker Art of killing," Su Ming narrowed his eyes and answered calmly.

"What sort of injury does my son have?"

"An injury that is caused by an illusionary spirit materialized from a Berserker Mark of a powerful Berserker that is at least at the middle stage of the Awakening Realm!"

When Su Ming observed Fang Mu's injury in the past, he discovered this using fine control. That was why he was certain that Spirit Plunder could cure that injury. He was not certain about it in the past, but as his power increased and he thought more about it, he obtained a clearer answer.

As for how Tranquil East Tribe provoked a powerful Berserker at the middle stage of the Awakening Realm and why it happened, Su Ming was not too curious about it.

"If you enter the hidden grounds and find other herbs, then how certain are you of curing Mu Er's injuries? If you can't, then what of your chances?" Fang Shen asked once again.

Su Ming fell into contemplative silence for a moment before he answered. "For the former, I will judge according to the situation, but it should be more than an eighth. As for the latter... it is still a seventh of a chance."

"Brother Mo, since you're already here in Tranquil East Tribe, then stay here for the time being. I will need to think about this!"

Fang Shen fell silent for a while before he got up and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming.

Su Ming stood up and once he returned the greeting to Fang Shen, he walked out of the tower.

A moment after he left, a woman walked down from the first floor of the tower.

"Cang Lan, what do you think of this person?"

Fang Shen turned around and looked at the woman who sat down where Su Ming was sitting just a moment ago.

Chapter 142: Those... Disappeared Years

Translation

She was a woman in purple robes with petite features which made her look pretty. She was not tall, but her petite figure made her look attractive.

She was also very fair, her skin looking as if it would be torn if wind blew against it. Her eyes were closed as she sat in Su Ming's seat. Her eyelashes were very long and as they fluttered, causing her entire being to have a different air compared to Han Fei Zi.

This demeanor was different from Han Fei Zi's cold attitude and Bai Ling's wild beauty. She gave people an impression of peacefulness, as if she was an orchid in a valley.

She had a very beautiful face that did not reveal her age. Now that she sat there, she looked as if she had become one with the tower.

Fang Shen looked at the woman before him with a doting look in his eyes. This was his only little sister. When she was young, the tribe did not pay too much attention to her, and her power was not great either.

Her quiet attitude also made others neglect her most of the time.

Yet no one expected that this seemingly fragile woman would challenge the Chains of Han Mountain ten years ago at only the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm for a reason only Fang Shen knew in the entire tribe!

For the three tribes of Han Mountain City, the Chains of Han Mountain were something made for outsiders. It was no reason for the people of the tribe to take up the challenge. Every single time Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples, they would choose the prodigies from the three tribes. Even if less than ten people had been chosen from the three tribes over the past hundreds of years, there was still hope.

However, if they were not chosen and still wanted to enter Freezing Sky Clan, then they would need to obtain the right to enter the clan by challenging the Chains of Han Mountain like an outsider.

No one expected it. Not even Fang Shen expected his little sister, Fang Cang Lan, to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain at only the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

The things that happened ten years ago would often appear in Fang Shen's mind. This woman whom no one had really paid much attention to managed to go up to the sixth chain using an unknown method and obtained the right to become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan with incredible determination and perseverance.

Fang Shen looked at his little sister. He knew that she may look fragile, but in fact had an incredibly strong personality that he knew he could not compare to; he did not have the courage to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain.

"For now, he hasn't Transcended," Cang Lan whispered after opening her eyes.

"For now?"

Fang Shen frowned.

"But he's not lying. He can indeed cure Mu Er's injuries."

Cang Lan lifted her hand and took the cup Su Ming had held previously, her voice calm.

"Hm?" Fang Shen looked at Cang Lan and said in a low tone, "I've had my doubts about this. How could that medicinal concoction of his cure the injuries that even you can't heal?"

Cang Lan lowered her head and a desolate look appeared on her face. She closed her eyes.

"I... That's not what I meant. Ah, you..." Fang Shen immediately spoke and tried to explain, but he did not know how to begin.

"Brother, this is my fault... But the world is a big place. There are plenty of strange people with different abilities. This Mo Su didn't seem to be lying. I can feel some of his thoughts by sitting here in his place. He's not lying regarding the healing."

Cang Lan opened her eyes and the calm look returned. She looked at Fang Shen and said softly, "This person is of a mysterious background. The way he drank the liquid formed by the leaves may seem simple, but in truth, I didn't even know about this until I entered Freezing Sky Clan.

"His actions may be stiff, but they were correct. He must have seen someone doing this before, and... there are few who can do this in the Land of South Morning. If it weren't because of my Master's kindness, who asked me to brew this often for her, I wouldn't have learned how to do this."

Fang Shen frowned, occupied by his thoughts.

"Also..." Cang Lan placed the cup in her hands down, and an amazed look appeared in her eyes as she mumbled, "He might not have Transcended, but he's giving me a feeling that he's stronger than a normal Berserker at the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm... There seems to be resentment belonging to powerful Berserkers of the Transcendence Realm on him... This person might have killed people like that before! And it's not limited to one!"

When Fang Shen heard those words, he was stunned, and with an abrupt motion looked up at Cang Lan. If this person wasn't his little sister and someone who's Berserker Art he trusted, he would have definitely not believed her words.

"He killed more than just one Berserker at the Transcendence Realm?"

Cang Lan closed her eyes and pressed her right hand to the center of her brows. Her form gradually faded out before Fang Shen's eyes, but after a moment it returned to normal. Cang Lan opened her eyes and a hint of exhaustion appeared on her face.

"There are two Transcended auras of death on him. One of them is from around 50 years ago, and the aura is weak, but it hasn't dispersed. Strangely though, it's giving me two readings. One of them is from 50 years ago, and the other is from four years ago. I can't differentiate it...

"The second one is clearer. It's from around one year ago... but it's also very faint."

Uncertainty appeared on Cang Lan's face. She could not understand it.

When he heard Cang Lan's words, Fang Shen's expression became even more solemn. He knew his little sister's Berserker Art. This Art could be said to be one of the three great Berserker Arts of Freezing Sky Clan. If it were not because Cang Lan had the talent to learn it and that her Master had kindly taught her, it would have been difficult for her to obtain such an Art.

When Fang Shen thought of Cang Lan's Master, respect blossomed in his heart.

"That's why I'm uncertain. He might have reached the Transcendence Realm before, but due to some accident, his level of cultivation fell. That's why he's giving me a muddled feeling," Cang Lan said softly after hesitating for a moment.

"If it's as you say, then the mystery around this person is even greater than I initially thought. If that's the case... I'll have to think carefully whether I should let him join... Cang Lan, go and rest first. I need to speak to the Elder about this."

The moment Fang Shen finished speaking, he made to leave the tower.

"Brother, Freezing Sky Clan won't choose a disciple from Tranquil East Tribe this time, neither will they choose from Puqiang Tribe. They will only take one person away, and that's Yan Fei from Lake of Colors Tribe.

"This has already been decided, I cannot interfere with it. But the next time they take in disciples, I'll reserve a spot for Mu Er. As for Mo Su, I would suggest that you let him enter the place, but he would need someone to monitor him. If he can truly cure Mu Er, then he can become a true guest of Tranquil East Tribe," Cang Lan said in a soft voice, touching the center of her brows.

Fang Shen nodded, then turned around and left the tower.

Cang Lan was the only one left within the tower. She quietly sat on the stone chair and looked as if she was about to get up and leave, but after a moment of hesitation, she sat

down once again. With a swing of her right hand, three white beast bones appeared in her palm.

There were countless words on the three beast bones that were written down so densely that they could not be read. Those words let out a dark light and exuded an aged presence. It was clear that it was an ancient artifact.

'Just where did this Mo Su come from? Master told me that my Sage's Genesis Berserker Art¹ has reached the seventh level, which is a rare sight within Freezing Sky Clan. And now this is the first time that I can't see clearly, and it's on this Mo Su... How could a person, at the same time, have two different...

'There's only one explanation to this. In this person's memories, it has only been four years since the first Berserker who reached the Transcendence Realm died, but in reality, it's not so!

'This is the first time I've encountered this...' Cang Lan thought for a moment before she bit her finger and wiped her blood on the three beast bones.

The three beast bones immediately sucked the blood in. The dark light around them immediately became stronger, causing the entire tower to be filled with it. Cang Lan's face too, was illuminated by this dark light.

'If I can get to the bottom of this, perhaps it will enlighten me... There's no way that the Three Vessels of Unspoken Words that the Master gave me won't be able to see through this clearly.'

A sparkle appeared in Cang Lan's eyes, and she mumbled a few complex strings of words in a low voice.

These words were spoken stiffly and were difficult to understand. Anyone who heard it would have been baffled, and if they listened to it for a longer period of time, they would have been confused.

Time trickled by. After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, a dim light begun to shine in Cang Lan's eyes.

The three beast bones before her instantly flew up and started turning rapidly before the center of Cang Lan's brows. Slowly, she closed her eyes and her body quickly faded out until she eventually seemed to disappear into the tower. A large space distortion appeared where she had been sitting.

Yet this situation only lasted for the span of three breaths, and a drastic change immediately happened!

'This... This... This isn't 50 years!'

Cang Lan's body immediately returned to its original state from its faded out form, and a terrified look that was rarely seen on her usually calm face appeared. Amidst that terror was shock and disbelief as well.

'This isn't 50 years... This is...'

The three bones before the center of Cang Lan's brows let out a bang and shattered, as if an indescribable force had come forth and put an end to Cang Lan's actions.

The moment the three bones shattered, muffled booms reverberated in the air and all the stone made items within the tower crumbled to dust. At the same time, the entire tower let out a groan and started cracking inch by inch until it eventually turned to ashes.

Cang Lan coughed out a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards a few steps. Her petite face was pale, and she stood there stunned, as if she had lost her soul.

The sudden change caused the entire Tranquil East Tribe to be taken aback. All of them focused their gazes towards the tower, and they saw a few long arcs charging through the air. Some of the long arcs even came from the summits in the distance.

The tribe leader of Tranquil East was the first to arrive. Beside him was an old man wearing a blue robe. The old man's eyes were bright, making all those who looked into his eyes lower their heads, not daring to look at him again.

"What happened?"

Fang Shen approached with anxiety on his face as he looked at Cang Lan.

The old man frowned instead. He looked at his surroundings closely before his expression suddenly changed and became grave.

"There is... an indescribable presence here... Han Cang Zi, what happened here?"

Cang Lan stood in the midst of the tower's ruins and slowly closed her eyes. She only reopened them after a long while, consciousness returning into her eyes. She looked at her surroundings. The tower was once part of the mountain. Now that it was ruined, it looked like a hole was dug out in the mountain. Numerous cracks appeared on the edges of the mountain, as if the mountain was no longer stable.

Her heart trembled. She fell into momentary silence and looked into the distance with a complicated expression. Over there, she saw Mo Su in the crowd with Fang Mu. It was clear that the drastic change just now caught his attention.

"It's nothing. I just saw something I shouldn't have... Brother, I'm begging you, please let him become a guest in Tranquil East Tribe."

Cang Lan did not give any explanation, but made a request instead. Once she finished speaking, she did not even look at the old man in blue robes before turning away and walking towards Su Ming standing in the distance with an exhausted air.

Fang Shen was stunned. This was the first time he heard Cang Lan using that tone. He fell into silence before he whispered a few words to the baffled old man beside him.

Chapter 143: What Have I Forgotten...?

Translation

Su Ming stood in the distance. He was just about to leave with Fang Mu to his temporary abode in Tranquil East Tribe when his attention was caught by the sudden resounding boom that came from where the tower was. When he saw the people of Tranquil East Tribe rushing over with shocked looks, together with Fang Mu, who also rushed back with anxiousness and agitation, Su Ming followed them back.

He saw the tower turning to ashes, and the woman amidst the ruins. She was looking at him with a complicated gaze, and then started walking towards him.

Su Ming had the black mask on his face. Everyone else could only see his eyes shining through the slits in the mask from underneath the black robe. They could not see his expression.

As Cang Lan walked over, the people of Tranquil East Tribe standing around Su Ming greeted her respectfully.

Su Ming's gaze was collected as he looked at the petite and pretty woman before him. She was very beautiful, and there were no signs of time to be seen on her face, causing people to be unable to guess her age.

"Aunty," Fang Mu quickly greeted respectfully from his place beside Su Ming.

Cang Lan did not seem to hear him. She looked at Su Ming with a complicated look, seemingly wanting to speak, but at the same time not. That strange expression made Su Ming wary.

After a long while, Cang Lan spoke in a low tone, and there was a hint of frailty in her voice. "Brother Mo, could you tell me your real name?"

A light crease appeared on Su Ming's brows. He did not speak.

"If someday, you remember something... you can come to Freezing Sky Clan to look for me..."

Cang Lan lowered her head and bowed slightly towards Su Ming. She cast a deep look at him once more, but here was no longer a complicated look in her eyes, just pity. She turned around and left.

"What do you mean?"

Su Ming was still frowning. The woman's strange words had not only baffled him, but for some unknown reason, an empty feeling arose in his heart.

Cang Lan did not turn back, disappearing into the distance instead. She did not answer Su Ming's question. Perhaps she was still confounded by it herself.

"Senior Mo, She... She is my aunt, Fang Cang Lan. Ten years ago, she successfully challenged the Chains of Han Mountain and became the disciple of Freezing Sky Clan..." Fang Mu whispered after a slight hesitation.

Su Ming nodded. As he looked at the place where Cang Lan had disappeared, a bewildered look appeared on his face hidden under the mask.

Tranquil East Tribe was huge. Even if Su Ming was only on this particular summit, he could still feel just how big Tranquil East was. Fang Mu originally intended to familiarize him with Tranquil East Tribe, but due to Cang Lan's appearance, a strange agitation rose in Su Ming's heart. He went straight back towards the lodgings given to him by the tribe and fell into silence, wanting to be alone.

Fang Mu knew that Su Ming was eccentric and loved silence. Once he had people send in food and fruits, he bid respectfully farewell and left.

The room was not big. Since the tribe was built on the mountain, it was not humid. Sometimes, gusts of wind would blow through, making people feel refreshed. Yet Su Ming ignored all these as he sat on the stone bed. The image of Cang Lan's pitying look came to his mind unbidden. That gaze made him puzzled, and at the same time, it also made him increasingly agitated.

He could not control his agitation. For some reason, he had a feeling that Cang Lan had not told him everything.

'When I was with Fang Shen in the tower, that woman should have also been there... Once I left, something happened, causing the tower to collapse. The woman was also injured...

'Her expression did not seem fake, and... with her status, there's no need for her to pretend before me.

'Just what did she mean...? If someday I remember something I can go and find her in Freezing Sky Clan... What will I remember?'

Su Ming could not understand it no matter how hard he thought about it. His eyes shone, and he fell into a contemplative silence.

'Remember something... If I turn it around, then it means I forgot something, that's why she spoke about remembering things. But what have I forgotten?'

He closed his eyes. His mood should not have been affected by the woman's words, but for a reason that even he did not understand, due to that sentence and that pitying gaze, he became agitated, as if he had suddenly lost his voice when he wanted to shout loudly.

Su Ming closed his eyes and carefully went through everything that he could recall. He started with his slightly fuzzy memories of childhood to his memories of now. After a long while, he opened his eyes.

'Just a ton of lies!'

Su Ming laughed coldly. He was still agitated, but he forced himself to not think about it any longer and gradually immersed himself in his meditation so that he could calm down.

Time passed by, and it was soon nighttime. Due to the fog outside, Tranquil East Tribe was no longer lively as it usually was at night; it was silent instead.

During this night, Su Ming tried multiple times to enter a meditative state, but only when dawn was almost upon him did he manage to calm down his heart and get rid of the agitation caused by Cang Lan's words. However, even if he did manage to calm down, the things that happened that day were buried in his heart like a seed.

Sunlight should have graced the morning on the second day, but it was concealed by the thick fog, causing the land to be shrouded in darkness.

Fortunately, due to the unique location of Tranquil East Tribe's summit, a person could still see clearly as long as he was on the mountain and was not looking too far away.

When morning arrived, Fang Mu came. He brought with him a piece of news from his father.

Su Ming was allowed to become a guest of Tranquil East Tribe and enjoy all the benefits given to the guests of Tranquil East. He would also join the group entering the tunnel of Han Mountain.

"Senior Mo, you don't actually need to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain... I heard that the place is very dangerous. There are only few people from the three tribes going in, and most of them are guests.

"You'll usually be battling for your life in there. The three tribes may appear to be in a harmonious relationship, but in truth, we scheme against each other a lot. It's especially so within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain..."

Fang Mu led Su Ming to the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe where his father and the other leaders of the tribe waited so that they could send the next batch of people into the hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

"Every single time the fog of the Day of Eternal Creation comes and the tunnel of Han Mountain is opened, a lot of people will die. You can tell me what herbs you'll need and I'll ask my father to arrange people to get them for you."

As Fang Mu led Su Ming to the top of the mountain, he continued mumbling lowly. There was restlessness on his face. Though his concern was linked to his own well-being, it was still precious.

A gentle look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. This young lad before him had entered his good graces during the past four years.

"It's fine. I'll be careful when I go in."

Su Ming's voice was no longer aloof. He lifted his hand and patted Fang Mu's head, just like how the elder would pat his head when he was younger.

Fang Mu was stunned by Su Ming's actions. Clearly, Su Ming's indifference and unsociable attitude over the years left a deep impression on him, making him rather unused to it. When he heard Su Ming's reply, he quickly overlooked what had just happened and let out a light sigh.

"If you've already made your decision, then I won't try to persuade you any longer. But senior, you have to be careful of the guests of the other two tribes. No one who enters the tunnel of Han Mountain is weak..."

While speaking, Fang Mu brought out a scroll of bamboo slips from his bosom and gave it to Su Ming.

"Senior, you've helped to heal my injuries over the years. Besides searching for herbs for you, I couldn't do anything else in return. These bamboo slips have some information pertaining to the guests in Lake of Colors and Puqiang. I hope it'll be of some help to you."

When Su Ming heard the words, he took the bamboo slips. Once he opened them and looked, he saw densely written words. There were also some portraits.

Some wooden shards also remained on the bamboo slips, signaling that they were carved not too long ago.

"Also, all the guests who enter the tunnel of Han Mountain from Tranquil East Tribe can choose a counterfeit Berserker Vessel. My father told me to tell you that when you choose the Vessel later, remember to choose a whip."

Fang Mu soon brought Su Ming to the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe, his low voice never stopping for a breath.

The ground was flat here, as if the top had been sliced off. The fog in the area was rather thick, though nine figures could be vaguely seen sitting cross-legged at the center of the place.

Seven of them sat surrounding two people in the middle. Their faces could not be seen clearly, but the presence of Qi could be felt coming off them.

Once he sent Su Ming to the place, Fang Mu took a few steps back and took a stand in the distance. With how strict the tribe was in regards to statuses, even if he was the son of the tribe leader, he still could not get closer in these sorts of situations.

Su Ming appeared collected while walking towards the nine people. As he got closer, a serious look appeared in his eyes. All of the nine people here were powerful Berserkers.

It was especially so for the old man sitting right in the middle of the circle of the seven people. This man wore a blue robe and his hair was white. Even if he had his eyes closed as he sat there, his presence was mighty like that of a dragon or a tiger, causing Su Ming's heartbeat to immediately beat faster.

To the old man's left was the tribe leader of Tranquil East. The man built like an iron tower looked at Su Ming with brilliant eyes, and a smile appeared on his face.

To the old man's right was another strong looking man, but that man was not built tall. Even if he was sitting, he was still slightly shorter than Fang Shen, though the presence coming from him was not weaker than that of Xuan Lun's. It was clear that he had already reached the Transcendence Realm.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the group. Among the seven people sitting in a circle, besides the old and the slightly short man, there was also another person who had reached the Transcendence Realm. This man was also an old man. He wore a black robe and had his back facing Su Ming.

'Tranquil East Tribe is amazing. From what I can tell, there are already three people who are in the Transcendence Realm... That old man in the blue robes is also giving me a feeling that he has surpassed Xuan Lun... The Qi from the others is also great. They most likely all have above 800 blood veins.'

'Also, this shouldn't be the full strength of Tranquil East... Are the two people in the center the guests who will enter the tunnel of Han Mountain with me?'

Without even batting an eyelid, Su Ming stopped once he got closer.

"You're Mo Su?" a cold voice travelled forth slowly.

The person who spoke was a middle-aged man in red robes sitting beside the short man in the Transcendence Realm. This person had an aloof expression on his face. Even with the fog in-between them, the chill in his voice could still be heard as it traveled to Su Ming.

"Yes," he replied calmly.

"So you're the person who wanted to become a guest and joined Tranquil East Tribe halfway-through, the one that made that ridiculous request to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain? Even if the tribe leader has agreed to this, a person who suddenly arrives like that must definitely have ulterior motives. He's even wearing a mask, what a joke! Unless he can prove his worth, then I won't agree to it!"

The middle-aged man let out a cold laugh. After his initial glance at Su Ming, he ignored him, choosing to stare at the tribe leader of Tranquil East sitting across him instead.

Chapter 144: Allow Me to Take a Look

Translation

The middle-aged man's words were sharp and echoed around the quiet mountaintop. Beside him, even though the short man who had reached the Transcendence Realm had a blank look on his face, a faint smile appeared on his lips.

The others did not seem to have heard the words. All of them remained silent. As for the old man in blue robes sitting right in the middle of the circle, he continued to have his eyes shut, as if he was not at all concerned with what was happening.

As for the other two people who were surrounded, they were just as Su Ming had guessed - they were not from Tranquil East Tribe. They were the third batch of guests that were going to be sent into the tunnel of Han Mountain.

One of the two people was an old man with red hair. The other was a man in his thirties. Their expressions were still, and they had their eyes closed, refusing to even acknowledge what was happening.

"Head of the Guards, what sort of right should he have? My word is all the right he needs!" the tribe leader of Tranquil East said slowly.

"With your acknowledgement, I trust that he doesn't harbor ill will towards Tranquil East Tribe, but only a limited amount of people can enter the tunnel of Han Mountain. Because of him, Zhou Yue was taken out of the agreed upon list of three people who could enter. If he can prove himself stronger than Zhou Yue, then I will agree to this."

The middle-aged man still refused to look at Su Ming, looking instead at Fang Shen as he spoke darkly.

He did not wait for Fang Shen's answer when he let out a low shout.

"Zhou Yue, if you can win against this man, then no one can stop you from entering the tunnel."

The moment the middle-aged man finished speaking, a long string of laughter appeared from the other side of the stage, which was soon followed by a big, ugly man which was about ten feet tall walking from the end of the stage, laughing ferociously. This man did not wear a shirt, his strong body in the open for all to see.

As he got closer, a strong presence of Qi radiated off him, making a lot of fog around them to scatter away. His appearance made the tribe leader of Tranquil East frown.

Even the two guests who were sitting cross-legged in the circle opened their eyes and looked towards the guest with grave expressions.

With each step he took, the man's feet thundered against the ground. Once he came, he stood beside the smiling short man in the Transcendence Realm and wrapped his fist around his palm in greeting towards the old man sitting in the middle of the circle. His voice traveled out like a roaring wave.

"Greetings, Elder, Chief of Battle¹, Head of the Guards."

While speaking, the man bowed towards the short man in the Transcendence Realm and the middle-aged man in red robes.

The old man in blue robes still had his eyes closed, ignoring him.

Yet Zhou Yue did not dare to mind. He knew about the man's status. If the Elder of Tranquil East really opened his eyes and gave him a nod, he would have been taken aback.

"Zhou Yue, this is the person who took your place. Go and fight against him," the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East, the middle-aged man in the red robes told sullenly, pointing at Su Ming.

"Head of the Guards, I'm afraid I can't control myself if I attack, if I accidentally kill him..."

A fierce light appeared in Zhou Yue's eyes, and he stared at Su Ming as if he was looking at a dead person, laughing viciously.

"It's fine. I believe the tribe leader won't mind. After all, if both parties fight against each other and no one ends up dead, we can't tell whether the fight was genuine."

This time, the one who spoke was not the middle-aged man in red robes, but the short Chief of Battle in the Transcendence Realm.

"Mo Su, you told me before that you learned the Berserker Art of killing. Allow me to take a look at it today!"

Tranquil East tribe leader's face became sullen. They had already spoken and agreed upon what they would do about Su Ming the previous day, but now that they were about to start the ritual, his opponents suddenly counterattacked.

Su Ming fell silent and did not speak. Zhou Yue was stomping towards him. His body was incredibly tall, and his height far surpassed a normal person. As he came forward, it gave people the feeling of a small hill pressing down upon them. His ugly and ferocious face coupled with the blood veins in his body expanding turned into a great pressure. The fog in the mountain was dyed red under that flashing red light.

Compared to him, Su Ming, who was frail to begin with, was far too different in height compared to the man, even with the black robes concealing his body. The two of them standing together would give people the feeling that the battle was unfair.

"How dare you steal my place? Die!"

With a low growl, Zhou Yue took one huge step forward and leapt at his opponent. He raised his right fist and banging sounds came from within his body as if his bones were clashing against each other. A shocking force erupted from his body. As he rapidly closed in on Su Ming, he threw a punch forward with a ferocious laugh.

He had prepared this punch for an entire night to make sure that the moment his opponent was struck, he would have no room to counterattack. His body would explode, his flesh and blood would scatter, and Zhou Yue would enjoy the feeling of this person bursting apart under his fist. In his experience, there were far too many people who died under his great strength. This frail looking person before him would be the same.

In fact, to prevent any accidents from happening, Zhou Yue used his full strength the moment he struck. Behind him, a gigantic illusion appeared. This illusion was that of a black ape roaring soundlessly, charging towards Su Ming along with Zhou Yue.

'Zhou Yue has become stronger again!'

The eyes of the man surrounded in the circle flashed, and his expression became solemn.

The old man beside him had a similar grave expression on his face. As he looked at Zhou Yue charging forth with that ferocious laugh, a pensive look on his face.

The Head of the Guards from Tranquil East, the middle-aged man in red robes, looked towards the two fighters coldly. He did not think Zhou Yue had the ability to kill Mo Su with one punch, but in his mind, Mo Su would still struggle to avoid the attack. He would let this person know that in Tranquil East Tribe, besides the Elder, no one, including the tribe leader, could make the sole decision.

The Chief of Battle beside him, the short man who was still smiling, had a different thought compared to the man in red robes. He did not have any intention to stop Zhou Yue. He could not grasp the true level of this mysterious person called Mo Su and hence wanted to use this chance to gauge his true ability.

All of them harbored different thoughts. Even the people who remained silent looked over.

Yet the moment Zhou Yue closed in on Su Ming, something shocking happened!

Not only did Su Ming not avoid the punch, he firmly took one step forward and shortened the distance between him and Zhou Yue. The moment Zhou Yue's fist rushed towards him filled with killing intent while the man laughed maniacally, fully intent on enjoying the instant Su Ming's flesh and blood exploded, Su Ming lifted his right hand and hurled his fist against Zhou Yue's.

A gigantic boom erupted forth. Zhou Yue's body descended down from midair, while Su Ming, in his black robes and black mask, stood his ground, his clenched right fist in opposition to Zhou Yue's punch.

Rumbling sounds resounded instantly. Zhou Yue saw blood, but that blood came from his own body. His right hand exploded, and he screamed in pain. His ferociousness turned into bafflement and his vicious laughter turned into fear. His face was aghast. He could clearly feel a fierce presence coming from Su Ming's fist. That presence was like a force effortlessly rushing up his right hand, as if it was splitting apart a bamboo. Once it shattered his entire right arm, that force rushed into his body.

The moment the force spread out, his legs lost all sense, his left arm and his entire body seemed to have disappeared, his vision was filled with red, and within that red, he saw Su Ming pulling back his right hand to sweep the black robes on his body.

This was the last scene he saw. After that, everything in his world froze forever.

The breathing of the two guests surrounded by the people immediately turned rapid, their eyes going wide. What happened just now was too quick for them. In an instant, Zhou Yue's gigantic body crumbled inch by inch before the stranger, and a living person was gone just like that.

This frightening sight made them sink into disbelief, and their gazes towards Su Ming became respectful instantly.

'He did not dodge, but chose to return the attack with a punch, and he even crushed Zhou Yue's body. This is...'

'He did not use a lot of Qi, nor did his footing change. It's clear that killing Zhou Yue is nothing to him!'

No matter the place, powerful Berserkers were respected. At this moment, Su Ming obtained this respect with his actions.

A flash appeared in the eyes of the tribe leader of Tranquil East. A smile slowly lifted the corners of his lips, but he was also shocked. He knew that Zhou Yue had the blood of the remnants of Towering Mountain Tribe, and he had great strength. He might have only had around 700 blood veins, but with his natural strength, it was still a relatively difficult task for those with more blood veins to win against him.

More importantly, Su Ming only used one punch!

The pupils of Head of the Guards from Tranquil East shrank, he felt as if he had just been humiliated in public. He hadn't expected that Zhou Yue would not even be able to handle a single punch from his opponent.

He believed that even if he could withstand Zhou Yue's punch and fight back, at most, he could only force Zhou Yue back, he could not... instantly kill him!

The smile on the Transcended Chief of Battle's lips beside him instantly froze. His pupils shrank, and a serious expression appeared on his face. His power was at the Transcendence Realm, he could see some things that other people missed.

'Fine control... and a power that belongs to a Berserker Vessel... This person...'

The Chief of Battle's eyes shone, but he gave up on the idea of trying to understand the stranger's strength.

Su Ming dusted his robes, and he looked at the red robed Head of the Guards of Tranquil East indifferently through the mask. The moment the man in red robes met Su Ming's gaze, a chill swept his heart. The moment he felt that, Su Ming abruptly bounded forward.

He moved so quickly he closed the distance of less than 100 feet between them in an instant. Right before the eyes of the man in red robes, he disappeared.

The man was momentarily stunned and knew that something terrible was about to happen. He quickly stood up, but the moment he did so, he froze, and his pupils shrank. He looked at Su Ming, who appeared before him at some unknown point of time, and who had his right index finger placed at the center of his brows.

He could only see the mask on Su Ming's face. At that moment, he no longer found that mask hilarious. His heart was shaken, and a dumbfounded look appeared on his face.

He was not the only one shocked. The Transcended Chief of Battle was also taken aback. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he immediately circulated his Qi.

"Mo Su, what are you doing!"

Even the tribe leader of Tranquil East was stunned, standing up quickly. He did not see how Su Ming had appeared before the Head of the Guards.

The others were also astounded, and all their gazes were trained onto Su Ming.

Su Ming's right index finger was on the center of the Head of the Guards' brows, whose face was currently pale. Su Ming's eyes were aloof as he looked at the person before him.

"Have I the right now?"

"You... you..."

The heart of red robed Head of the Guards from Tranquil East was currently trembling. He rarely felt such an incredible sense of danger, incoming death. The pressure exuded by Su Ming's finger made him feel as if his body and mind were about to crumble, giving him the false impression that he was facing the Elder.

The cold look in Su Ming's eyes also made him indubitably certain of the killing intent that would burst forth at the slightest provocation.

"You have the right!" an old voice slowly traveled forth.

The Elder of Tranquil East opened his eyes for the first time and looked at Su Ming.

Chapter 145: Him!

Translation

There was a profound look in his eyes, which looked like the stars in the sky at night. The moment Su Ming met his gaze, a booming sound instantly resounded in his head, and he staggered a few steps backwards, allowing the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East to move forward quickly. Once he left Su Ming's control, he stood beside the Elder of Tranquil East with a pale face. There was fear in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

"Alright, Mo Su, from now onwards, you are our guest in Tranquil East Tribe. Fang Shen, give him the plate," The Elder of Tranquil East said languidly and averted his gaze from Su Ming.

Su Ming was stunned, but his gaze remained calm and collected.

As Fang Shen looked at Mo Su, praise appeared in his eyes. When Su Ming killed Zhou Yue, he was only slightly shocked by the power within that punch, but he was not too surprised.

Yet his speed made Fang Shen stunned. He could not even see Su Ming's body clearly. The pressure that came from that one finger especially made him reevaluate his new guest's power.

The moment he heard the words, Fang Shen laughed boisterously and brought out a plate from his bosom. The plate was completely white, and there was a number on it - 15.

Just as he was about to hand the plate to Su Ming, the Elder of Tranquil East suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed at the air. The plate flew towards the Elder and he seized it. The number 15 was erased with his left hand, and he carved a new number onto the plate.

Three!

The moment they saw the number, a barely unnoticeable glint appeared in the Transcended Chief of War's eyes. The tribe leader of Tranquil East simply smiled, but the people around them, especially the two guests, looked at Su Ming once again.

Su Ming was slightly confused, but he had an inkling of what was going on. When he saw that no one was going to explain anything to him, he did not ask. He took the plate from the Elder of Tranquil East's hands instead and put the plate away in his bosom.

"Kindred Mo, please come sit within the circle. We will now open the tunnel of Han Mountain and send the three of you inside," the Elder of Tranquil East said without hurry, looking at Su Ming.

The title of "Kindred" was a title given to the guests within a tribe as a sign of friendliness.

Su Ming wrapped his fist around his palm as thanks and walked into the circle. The two guests quickly stood up and arranged themselves with Su Ming as the head. They only sat down once Su Ming did so.

"My three fellow Kindred, we are not outsiders. Kindred Mo has just joined Tranquil East Tribe, so there are some things he must know. Fang Shen, tell him."

The Elder of Tranquil East closed his eyes.

Fang Shen nodded in agreement and swept his gaze across Su Ming and the others. His expression was grave as he spoke in a low tone.

"Brother Chen and brother Dong Fang have some form of understanding towards the tunnel of Han Mountain, but brother Mo's knowledge towards it should be limited. The tunnel of Han Mountain leads to the canyons under Han Mountain City. The area is quite big and there are a lot of strong seals within them.

"These seals will only be weakened when the fog of the Day of Eternal Creation arrives.

"Centuries ago, Han Mountain City belonged to Han Mountain Tribe. This tunnel was built by Han Mountain Tribe, and the canyons are the grave of the Han Mountain's ancestor!

"The power of Han Mountain's ancestor is shocking. I believe all of you should have heard of it before. Laugh all you want, but Tranquil East Tribe was once affiliated to Han Mountain Tribe. We may now be the rulers of Han Mountain, but we have yet to fully explore the ancestor's grave.

"This has to do with the seal and the short amount of time we are allowed in there. More importantly, the people of Tranquil East, Lake of Colors, and Puqiang are affected by the seal inside and our powers are limited. Every single time we enter, only one of our own may enter from each tribe.

"If two of us enter, one of us will definitely die on the spot.

"Yet if outsiders without the blood of the three tribes enter, they will not have this limitation. This is the reason why Tranquil East Tribe is taking in so many guests. Over the years, many guests have entered the place. Some have died, and some have found serendipities for them to increase their power.

"A person's life and death is governed by his destiny, just as the heavens decide whether a person should be rich or poor.

"You are all guests in Tranquil East Tribe. We provide for all of you, and we also give you this chance. Everything that you obtain within, we will not interfere with, but there are two rules you must adhere to!

"One, you must obtain at least one of the items from the list we will give you! If you can bring more of it, then we will reward you greatly. The approximate locations of these items are recorded on the bamboo slip. Choose one on your own."

As Fang Shen spoke, the people by his side brought out three pieces of bamboo slips and handed them to Su Ming and the other two.

"Two, this place is after all, the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. There are two seals inside. One of them is weakened due to the fog that comes during the Day of Eternal Creation, which allows you all to enter the place, but the second seal is located right at the center of the canyons, and there is a tomb there.

"There are three towers outside the tomb. The white tower belongs to Tranquil East Tribe. You can go there and insert all your Qi into the tower. You do not need to worry about danger after you insert your Qi. Once you do it, you will be absorbed into the tower and transported back.

"Tranquil East Tribe won't do anything that harms you. After all, this is something that will continue on for some time. Once we break the rules, no one will be willing to help us anymore.

"There are only two rules. As for the rest, everything that you obtain and the serendipities you gain lie with your fate. I can tell you that there are a lot of burial items belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor scattered in the canyons. Whether or not you can obtain them depends on your luck," Fang Shen said sternly in a low voice.

"You are the third batch of people who will enter the canyons. With our agreement made with the other two tribes, we can only send 10 guests into the canyons every single time we open the tunnel. A few more people will enter the place after you a few days later.

"The danger in the canyons stems not only from the seal on you that limits your power, but also from the other two tribes. Take care of yourselves."

Fang Shen cast a look at Su Ming. He lifted his right hand, and three gentle balls of light flew out from his sleeve.

There were three Berserker Vessels floating inside those balls of light. One of them was a grey, dried up twig, one was a white bone blade with numerous soundlessly screaming souls of the wronged surrounding it, and the final one was a black whip. The whip was coiled together and looked like a poisonous snake.

"Tranquil East Tribe will reward all those who enter the tunnel of Han Mountain. These three items may only be counterfeit Berserker Vessels, but their might is great. Once the three of you have made your choice, we will open the tunnel and send you into the canyons."

While speaking, Fang Shen glanced at Su Ming once again.

The black mask on Su Ming's face allowed no one to see his expression as he sat in his spot. They could only see the cold look in his eyes. The other two people beside him hesitated for a moment before the old man smiled and wrapped his fist around his palm before he saying, "Brother Mo, please choose first."

"That's right. Brother Mo, please choose first."

The other guest, the man whose surname was Chen, also spoke with a smile.

"If that's the case, then I thank you."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the whip that looked like a poisonous snake. The whip immediately shuddered and charged towards Su Ming, coiling around his right hand as it let out faint waves of heat.

Once the old man and the man named Chen chose their Vessels, the Elder of Tranquil East opened his eyes and lifted his hands before slamming them down on the ground. At the same time, the other people did the same thing. Even the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East who had grown fearful of Su Ming returned to his post and took a deep breath before slamming his hands against the ground.

Once everyone pressed their hands to the ground, the entire mountain immediately trembled and gusts of white mist came out, charging towards them. In an instant, the stage at the top of the mountain was surrounded. When Su Ming focused his gaze on the white mist, he saw that it was quickly gathering up before a large bundle of it abruptly turned into a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers!

The statue of the God of Berserkers was around 1,000 feet tall, and it floated in the air. It was not in the shape of a person, but a gigantic bull! On its horns were two bells. One of them was black, and the other white. As it materialized and moved, bell chimes echoed in the air.

The moment the white bull appeared, the tribe members of Tranquil East Tribe knelt down on the ground and worshipped the bull in the sky. Mumbling sounds also spread through the air.

Cang Lan knelt on one knee on the ground among the crowd when she lifted her head and looked at the white bull. She knew that this was one of the four statues of the God of Berserkers of their tribe - Heaven Bull!

Even if she had become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan and saw the many statues of God of Berserkers within the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, she was still respectful towards the statues within her own tribe. Yet at that moment, besides the respect she had towards this statue of the God of Berserkers, she also had a complicated and pitiful

feeling towards Su Ming when she saw him performing the ritual at the top of the mountain.

'You forgot your own memories... or perhaps... someone erased them...'

A shudder ran through Cang Lan's body. She remembered what she saw and her face became pale once again.

The people of Tranquil East Tribe who were on the mountain were not the only ones worshipping. All the people from the various mountains belonging to the tribes in the territory of Tranquil East Tribe walked towards the bull and worshipped it.

The gigantic Heaven Bull lifted its head and let out a roar towards the heavens. A strong light immediately flashed at the top of the mountain where the Elder of Tranquil East and the others were.

The light lasted for the span of a few breaths before gradually disappearing. Su Ming and the other two people disappeared with it.

After a long while, the Heaven Bull turned back into a bundle of white mist, dissipating into the air, and everything returned to normal.

On the stage at the top of the mountain, the seven people, including the Elder of Tranquil East, lifted their arms and remained silent. A few moments passed by before the white haired Elder of Tranquil East spoke with a hoarse voice.

"I know what all of you are suspecting... This person called Mo Su killed Zhou Yue with the power of the Berserker Vessel within him. Right till the end, I did not feel that he used any spirit stones. He should have no connection with the remnants of Han Mountain."

"As long as he doesn't have any connection with the remnants of Han Mountain, then it's fine. But this person's power is strange. He hasn't Transcended, yet he already has an Origin Berserker Vessel, the Art of fine control that belongs to a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm... and his speed..."

The person who spoke was the Chief of Battle. He was baffled by what had happened.

"Cang Lan once said that this person might have reached the Transcendence Realm before, but due to an accident, his level of cultivation fell," Fang Shen said calmly, interrupting the Chief of Battle's words.

The Chief of Battle cast Fang Shen a look before he fell silent.

"Han Cang Zi's judgment is the same as mine. This person might very well be just as she said. Oh well, no matter where he came from, as long as he doesn't have any ulterior motives, we can let him stay. You can all leave now."

The Elder of Tranquil East spoke unhurriedly, a profound look in his eyes, as if there was an emotion hidden within that no one else knew about.

The people obeyed and left.

"A person who caught Han Cang Zi's attention... besides him, another one appeared... I wonder if this Mo Su will be as astounding as he was... Also, I can feel his presence... from this Mo Su..."

The Elder of Tranquil East stood alone on the stage and mumbled as an enigmatic smile appeared on his lips.

Chapter 146: Reencountering Xuan Lun

Translation

On the Day of Eternal Creation, fog covered the Land of South Morning. It was thickest at the center of the Land of South Morning and would spread outwards from that spot. The fog that spread out may be slightly thinner, but it would still cause a person's vision to be clouded.

Han Mountain City was shrouded in fog. Those who stood at the top of the mountain city and looked down would not be able to see the canyons that were once visible. They would only see a sea of fog. In fact, if they looked at the fog for an extended period of time, they would sink into the false impression that they were stepping on it.

Right underneath the mountain of Han Mountain City was a gigantic chamber. The chamber was about thousands of feet in size, but there were few who knew about it.

Stacks of bonfire were burning dimly and quietly around the chamber, and they looked as if they would continue burning forever. It caused the place to flicker in various shades of light, giving the room an eerie feeling.

Gullies covered the floor, forming a giant circular picture. That picture looked rather complex and had an aged feeling to it. It was clear that it had been there for a long time.

The place was quiet. Besides the light crackling sounds coming from the burning fires, there were no other sounds. Three tunnels could be seen connected to the walls of the chamber, looking like three silently gaping black mouths.

At that moment, a white light suddenly flashed on the gigantic picture on the ground. The light became stronger, and in the span of a few breaths, the firelight in the room was overwhelmed, the entire chamber having been engulfed in white light.

After a moment, when the white light reached its brightest, three human figures could be seen materialising as they gradually appeared within the light. When the three figures appeared, the light shining from the picture faded away, causing the chamber to fall into the darkness once again.

Among the three figures was a man in his thirties. This man was the guest from Tranquil East Tribe by the name of Chen. His face was pale as he fell to his knees and began dry heaving, but nothing came out. Yet it was still clear by how his body trembled that the relocation process was incredibly harrowing.

Beside him, while the old guest by the name of Dong Fang may not have been dry heaving, his face was similarly pale. Sweat formed on his forehead and he stumbled a few steps forward to the borders of the picture on the ground. Once he did so, he immediately sat down cross-legged. Just as he was about to recover his breathing, he saw Su Ming.

Su Ming stood at the center of the picture. Since he wore a black mask, no one could see his face.

At that moment, he had his eyes closed while his heart raced against his chest. A strange red flush appeared on his face under the mask.

Coincidentally, he opened his eyes at the very same moment the old man looked towards him. When their gazes met, the old man was stunned. In his eyes, Su Ming remained aloof, completely unaffected by the transportation, as if he did not suffer during the process of relocation.

"Please recover your breathing, I will protect you," Su Ming said calmly.

The old man immediately forced out a smile and after nodding towards Su Ming, he closed his eyes and started meditating.

The man named Chen also struggled up to the old man's side with harsh pants and smiled wanly before starting to recover his breathing.

Su Ming did not say a word. He walked out of the picture on the ground and stopped not too far away from his two companions. A pensive look appeared in his eyes as he observed the picture on the ground.

The picture was incredibly complex, causing the people who look at it to feel mystified.

"Brother Mo, your power is extraordinary to be able to withstand the pressure of the relocation. I'm impressed... Thank you for protecting us.

"The picture was carved by the tribe members of Han Mountain Tribe with the will of Han Mountain's ancestor. There are few who know the details of its functions. After the three tribes conquered Han Mountain City, they used the power of their statues of the God of Berserkers to modify it so that it became a relocation circle when the seal in the hidden grounds becomes weaker during the Day of Eternal Creation," the old man explained after opening his eyes...

"You're welcome. Since we're here, we'll have to take care of each other. I've only just become a guest of Tranquil East and there are many things I don't understand. I will need to trouble the two of you to explain things to me."

Su Ming averted his gaze from the picture on the ground and looked at the old man.

The old man looked at the man named Chen beside him. When he saw that he was still recovering his breathing and would be unable to recover within a short period of time, he wrapped his fist around his palm politely towards Su Ming, and with a smile, said, "I am Dong Fang Hua. Brother Mo, you may only have just become a guest in Tranquil East, but since the Elder of Tranquil East gave you a plate with the number three on it, it's clear that the tribe places a lot of value on you. In the future, there might even be times where I have to trouble you."

"A plate with the number three?"

Su Ming had made some guesses about it previously. Now that he heard the old man's words, he became even more certain of his theory.

"That's right. Brother Mo, the numbers on the plates given to the guests in Tranquil East Tribe are ranks based on our power."

As Dong Fang Hua spoke, he brought out a plate from his bosom.

"This number on this plate of mine is seven. It means that before me, there might be six other people whose power surpass mine." Dong Fang Hua pointed towards the man meditating beside him and said, "Brother Chen's number is 11, as for Zhou Yue, his number was eight."

"Then who was the one who had the plate numbered three before me?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

"I'm not entirely sure. The people with the top three numbers don't usually mix with us..."

Dong Fang Hua laughed bitterly.

"Brother Mo, I know some things about this."

The man named Chen took a deep breath and opened his eyes. He got up and wrapped his fist around his palm as a salute to Su Ming before speaking in a low voice.

"There aren't many guests in Tranquil East Tribe, the number is maintained around twenty something guests. The person who had the plate numbered three before you should have died, and he most likely died here, or else the Elder of Tranquil East wouldn't have modified the plate.

"The dangers and serendipity in this place coexist. The tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe did not lie to us. If we're lucky, then we may find serendipities here that cannot be found outside. This is also why we became guests and are willing to do things for Tranquil East.

"Brother Mo, it's best not to travel alone in this place. Once you're left behind and the guests from other tribes find you... it'll be dangerous."

The man named Chen's facial parlor returned to normal and he looked at Su Ming as he spoke in a low tone.

"Alright, since brother Chen has recovered, let's leave this place quickly. We're the third batch of people who entered this place, but we don't know what has happened here. There should be guests from Tranquil East receiving us outside the tunnel. We have to meet up with them quickly. The third batch of people from Lake of Colors and Puqiang will be here soon as well. The three tribes are wary of each other and that is why the guests from the three tribes are sent to locations close to each other. There might be a seal in the transfer circle that prevents the remnants of power from spreading out before we leave the tunnel, and the three tribes have prohibited us from fighting against each other to prevent accidents, but it's still best to avoid them," Dang Fang Hua urged them forward.

When the man named Chen heard it, he nodded his head and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming before briskly moving towards one of the tunnels that looked like a gaping mouth. Su Ming followed behind him quietly with Dong Fang Hua at his side.

At the very moment he and the other two were about to enter the tunnel, the picture on the ground in the chamber suddenly flashed brightly. Yet this time the light was not white, but dark. It illuminated the chamber in an instant.

The expressions on Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen's faces changed.

"It's Puqiang Tribe!"

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he looked over subtly. The dark light only lasted for a short moment, then quickly disappeared. In the chamber, three people appeared.

The person leading the team wore purple robes and had a dark expression. He had his hands behind his back and looked incredibly relaxed. In an instant, his eyes fell upon Su Ming and the other two people. Once he swept his gaze past them, he gave Su Ming a scrutinizing look before letting out a cold harrumph, no longer taking note of them.

"Xuan Lun!"

"The chief guest of Puqiang Tribe? I didn't expect him to be in the third batch and not the first!"

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen were both stunned and instinctively took a few steps backwards. Their gazes were respectful as they looked at Xuan Lun.

The two people behind Xuan Lun both looked to be in their forties. As of then, their faces were pale and they struggled out of the picture on the ground with Xuan Lun, sitting down immediately to meditate once they reached the side.

Xuan Lun stood by the side with his hands behind his back, frustration evident from in-between his brows. He had been searching for He Feng and the man named Xu for a long time, but had no clues. His temper grew worse, and he would kill with just the slightest provocation.

When he saw the three guests from Tranquil East Tribe, he would have killed them if it were not for the wave of power that would be activated on the seal from the transportation circle if someone was killed. If any accidents happened, even he as the chief guest of Puqiang Tribe would not be able to withstand it.

"Get lost!" Xuan Lun barked out harshly.

Even if he was not looking at Su Ming and his two companions, they understood who it was meant for.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen did not dare speak. They lowered their heads and quickly retreated.

Su Ming was behind them. He was just about to leave with Dong Fang Hua.

"Wait! I've seen all the guests of Tranquil East Tribe before. Who are you? Take off your mask."

Xuan Lun pointed at Su Ming.

Dong Fang Hua's footsteps faltered, forcing the man named Chen to stop as well.

Su Ming frowned, and He Feng's alarmed voice immediately appeared in his head. "Master, don't leave immediately. From what I understand about Xuan Lun, he's not testing you. He's just throwing the question out of frustration. You can put on an arrogant air. He won't think too much into it if you do that."

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He stopped and turned to meet Xuan Lun's gaze with aloof eyes.

"If you want me to take off my mask, you'll have to win against me."

Su Ming's words were spoken coolly. Once he finished speaking, he turned and walked into the tunnel. The hearts of Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen trembled when they heard Su Ming's words. They looked at each other and hesitated for a moment before quickly following after.

Xuan Lun's eyes shone when he heard the words. He laughed coldly, but did not speak again. However, the murderous look in his eyes became clearer.

Su Ming and his two companions moved quickly through the tunnel. Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen widened the distance between them and Su Ming on the way. They had wanted to invite Su Ming to explore the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor, but after what happened with Xuan Lun, they changed their minds.

Not much time passed before they reached the end of the tunnel. There was a crack at the end of the tunnel, and dark light shone through it. The hidden grounds of Han Mountain City were outside.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen were about to walk out when Su Ming's eyes glinted and he stopped.

"Brother Dong Fang, you said before that there would be guests from Tranquil East receiving and protecting us once we got out of the tunnel?" Su Ming asked coolly.

Chapter 147: That Starry Sky

Translation

"That's right. This is an agreement made in Tranquil East Tribe to avoid any accidents from happening. We'll all... hm?"

Dong Fang Hua was stunned. As he was making his explanations, his pupils shrank and he looked carefully out of the crack.

It was quiet outside, and it was clear that no one was there to receive them as per the agreement.

"Something's wrong!"

The man named Chen's face became dark, and he took a few steps forward before placing his right hand on the wall by the side of the crack. He closed his eyes and reopened them after a while.

"There's no ambush outside, but... the guests that should be receiving us aren't here either."

As he spoke, he channeled power into his right hand and dug out a mountain rock. Then he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood on the rock before throwing it out of the crack.

The moment the rock crashed on the wall, it turned into a silhouette who looked exactly the same as the man named Chen. It went out of the crack cautiously and walked around before it returned.

"There's no ambush lying around, but why aren't they here...?"

The man named Chen looked at Dong Fang Hua while speaking in a low tone.

"Wait a bit more!"

Dong Fang Hua frowned as he looked at the silhouette formed by the Berserker Art outside the crack.

After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the silhouette loitering outside turned into blood mist and became a piece of rock once more.

Su Ming saw this, and became cautious of the man named Chen.

"Brother Mo, brother Chen, there's something wrong. When we go out later, it's best that we don't separate from each other. We have to rush northwest. I remember that place to be Tranquil East Tribe's gathering place."

There was a hint of alarm on Dong Fang Hua's face when he hissed out the words. When he saw Su Ming and the man named Chen nodding, he took a deep breath and gritted his teeth before charging out.

The man named Chen followed suit with Su Ming behind him. The three men charged out of the crack, and a gust of wind with the smell of blood rushed towards them, lifting Su Ming's hair. The area was dark with a thin layer of mist, but otherwise empty and desolate. Black mist rose from the ground and gathered in the sky above.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen turned into long arcs as they dashed northwest. Su Ming originally wanted to follow, but the moment he charged out, he

instinctively looked at the sky in this place. The moment he did so, he suddenly trembled, and the calmness and aloofness in his eyes were instantly replaced by shock. He stopped.

"Brother Mo?"

The man named Chen running ahead was stunned and turned back to look at Su Ming.

"Don't bother about him! Something must have happened here, we can't stay!" Dong Fang Hua quickly spoke, and without any hint of stopping, he ran ahead.

The man named Chen hesitated for a moment before hastily leaving as well. Gradually, these two people disappeared ahead without a trace.

Su Ming stood where he was, dumbfounded as he looked at the stars in the sky. Even if He Feng was calling out to him in alarm in his head, he did not seem to hear his voice. It was as if he had forgotten about everything around him.

As he looked at the stars in the sky, bafflement filled his eyes.

He had gone through the devastation in Dark Mountain, the feelings of disorientation in the Land of South Morning, the loneliness in the past few years, and the things that had happened with He Feng - all of them had made him used to staying calm, familiarising him with indifference and keeping his silence.

Although such an expression of shock might not be rare on him, it was still uncommon. He was also currently in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor.

In a place filled with danger, his mind became blank for a span of a few breaths due to shock.

He looked at the sky. It might have been shrouded by fog, but his eyes could see through it and to the stars glimmering in the black sky. If it were not because the four manmade cracks in the sky which made the fog continue slipping through, Su Ming would have not been unable to differentiate whether the starry sky was real or fake.

"It's fake..." Su Ming mumbled.

He looked at the four cracks. Their existence told him clearly that the starry sky was fake and created by man. It... did not exist.

But he had seen this piece of starry sky before.

"Su Ming, remember this sky..."

The elder's voice echoed in Su Ming's head like a desolate wind.

He stood there, unmoving, as his face filled with bafflement. He looked at the sky and his eyes became blank. The area was quiet, but there was a voice mumbling in his heart.

'Why did the sky the elder told me to remember appeared in this place...?

'Why do his treasures incite feelings of familiarity within me...?

'Why couldn't He Feng take out that treasure, but when it saw me, it fused into my body...?

'Why did the sword open a path of flesh and blood once it entered my body? This path of blood also gave me a feeling like it had originally existed within me, but was sealed up...

'Why does the red meadow of Han Mountain's ancestor absorb other people's Qi when they use it, but is completely different when I use it...?

'Why...?

'Han Mountain's ancestor, where did you... come from...? Did you come from the place where this piece of starry sky belongs? Then where did I come from...?!'

The voice in Su Ming's heart eventually turned into a roar, but it was only in his heart and no one else could hear it. They would only be able to see that he was standing stunned outside the crack, as if he'd lost his soul while looking at the sky, with a dumbfounded expression.

Thousands of feet away from Su Ming was a small hill. There were two people sitting cross-legged there. One of them was an old man in black robes. His eyes flashed when he pressed two fingers on his right eye.

"From the three people of Tranquil East Tribe, Dong Fang Hua and Chen Nuo are heading northwest, most likely to Tranquil East Tribe's gathering place. We don't have to bother about those two. If they go there, they're just rushing to their deaths.

"There's one person left. He's staring at the sky unmoving, like in a trance. His power... is no more than 800 blood veins! I've never seen a person like this in the information provided about the guests of Tranquil East Tribe."

"If he doesn't even have 800 blood veins, then we can just take his head and get enough blood from him. Our tribe has been preparing for this for many years. It's impossible that Tranquil East Tribe took note and planned for it. This might be a new guest they took in. Lin Dong, attack," a man in his forties said coolly.

"Do it quickly. We still have to ambush the gathering place of Puqiang Tribe."

The moment the man in his forties finished speaking, he closed his eyes. He was dressed in red robes, and the face of a woman loomed on his clothes. These type of clothes were only given to the tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe in Han Mountain City.

It was clear that this man was a blood descendant of Lake of Colors Tribe!

The old man in black robes called Lin Dong nodded once he heard the words. He lowered his left hand from his right eye and stood up, then dashed forward so quickly that he disappeared without a trace before long.

Su Ming continued standing on the spot with a baffled look in his eyes. He had a strong feeling that there must be something in common between him and Han Mountain's ancestor that was incredibly similar!

Yet it was as if there was a veil before him that obscured his view when he wanted to see clearly. He could only make guesses regarding everything about this.

'I have to go to his tomb... I have... to see him!'

Su Ming closed his eyes and lifted his right hand abruptly before slamming it down on an empty space beside him.

There was a muffled boom, and ripples immediately appeared in the space beside him. An old man in black robes materialised with a pale face. Once he showed up, blood flowed out of his mouth. There might have been shock in his eyes, but he did not retreat. He seized the air with his right hand and immediately black mist surrounded his hand, turning into a black claw, which he swiped at Su Ming.

Su Ming might have still been in a baffled state, but the moment he stepped out of the crack, he had activated the Branding Art. Everything in the area of 2,000 feet could not escape from his senses, not even the grass moving in the wind.

He had sensed the stranger the moment the old man in black robes appeared.

Su Ming did not even look at the old man rushing towards him with the black claws. Instead, he lifted his head to look at the small hill not far in the distance. At the very moment he cast his gaze at the hilltop, virescent light suddenly flashed before the old man that was closing in on him at a fast speed. A virescent light appeared out of nowhere and pierced through the center of his brows, bringing with it a trail of blood that splattered behind the old man.

The old man widened his eyes in disbelief. The light in his eyes faded out, and he fell 30 feet away from Su Ming. His body convulsed on the ground a few times before he lost his breath and died.

This had happened too quickly. The man in red robes abruptly stood up on the hilltop. His expression changed, and shock appeared on his face. He did not pay too much attention to this fight because he knew Lin Dong's power well. He might only have 800 blood veins, but his Berserker Art was mysterious. He could make his body fade away and it would be difficult to notice him as he quietly approached other people. With this Berserker Art, Lin Dong had built a name for himself.

Thus, the man in red robes did not expect Lin Dong to die so easily. He did not even manage to see the entire process clearly, only seeing the person staring at the sky in a trance hurling out a fist.

Lin Dong might have been forced back after suffering that one punch, but he still continued trying to kill him, and at that moment, Lin Dong suddenly died...

A shudder ran through the heart of the man in red robes. Coincidentally, the moment he stood up was the exact moment Su Ming turned his gaze in his direction. Their gazes met.

"Retreat!"

The man in red robes was taken aback. Su Ming at that moment was shrouded in mystery in his eyes. As a tribe member of Lake of Colors, he did not want to take the risk. As he spoke, he quickly withdrew and was just about to leave.

"Don't even think about it!"

Su Ming's eyes were cold and he bounded forward at full speed. He turned into a long arc that stuck close to the ground as he charged towards the hill.

The moment he saw Su Ming's speed, the man in red robes was alarmed. The hill was 4,000 feet away from him, but as the masked man closed in, the distance between them rapidly closed up. Even if he wanted to escape, that person would still catch up to him before long.

'This person killed Lin Dong with ease. He must be a powerful Berserker who hid his true power. I'm no match for him!'

A resolute look appeared on the face of the man in red robes as he retreated. He quickly brought out a palm-sized red box from his bosom. Once he crushed it, a spherical stone appeared in his palm.

The stone was entirely red, and there were dense marks covering its surface, forming a complex picture. The moment the man brought out the stone, a strong red light appeared on the surface of the stone, which swiftly spread outwards. The man in red robes gradually faded out, and as he stared at Su Ming closing in on him, still 3,000 feet away, a cold smirk surfaced on his face.

'Lin Dong might have died, but we discovered another powerful Berserker in Tranquil East Tribe. We can consider this mission a success... You want to kill me? Hmph!'

Chapter 148: Within Sight

Translation

"Relocation!"

He Feng's sharp voice resounded in Su Ming's head with disbelief.

Su Ming did not make a sound. He continued closing in on the man in red robes. He had already seen the red stone in his right hand and the person's body fading out rapidly, even the cold smirk on his lips.

3,000 feet, 2,700 feet, 2,400 feet... the moment there was only 2,000 feet between them, half of the man's body had faded away, and he had become so indistinct that there was just a moment before he would disappear completely under the bright red light. Su Ming then lifted his head and a chilliness entered his eyes.

He was never weak-hearted towards those who wanted to kill him. This was what the elder had taught him—he must kill all of those who posed a danger to him. If a beast showed its fangs and threatened him, then it must pay the price!

When there was only 2,000 feet between them, the mark of the small sword at the center of Su Ming's brows activated and turned into a ray of virescent light that could not be seen clearly with the naked eye. With a sharp whistling sound, it charged towards the man in red robes.

The man was already almost completely transparent. The red light was flashing brightly as it enveloped his body. Disdain appeared in his eyes, and he closed them. In his mind, when he reopened his eyes, he would not see the man who killed Lin Dong, but the people of his tribe.

Yet at the very instant he closed his eyes, a shudder racked through his body. He opened his eyes quickly to see a small virescent sword closed in on him, cutting across his transparent body.

A sharp and pained scream ran through the air, and the man's body was split in half. His upper was transported out of the place under the flashing red light, but his lower body was sliced in half by the small virescent sword, forcefully made to stay here.

Blood splattered everywhere. Half of the body of the man in red robes fell to the ground.

The red light gradually faded away and the surroundings returned to normal. The only proof of what had just happened was the body sliced in half lying on the ground.

Su Ming came forward and swept his gaze across the body.

"He Feng, what did you say?"

There was a hint of fatigue on Su Ming's face. The power of the small virescent sword was too great, and the price to use it was just as great. Su Ming had almost used up a seventh of the spirit power stored within the path of blood when he activated the sword.

Yet Su Ming could feel that the spiritual aura that could be absorbed in this place was much thicker compared to the world outside, which allowed him to recover much more quickly. It made his desire to see Han Mountain's ancestor even stronger.

"Master, the man in red robes just now was a tribe member from Lake of Colors. He's definitely not a guest. I don't know what was that stone he held just now, but it's definitely used for relocation!

"The markings carved onto the stone should be... a Relocation Rune! It's just like how you were sent in with the power of the statue of the God of Berserkers. But Tranquil East Tribe needs the help of the statue, and they must use the Relocation Rune in the tunnel. It's a forced relocation.

"But the person from Lake of Colors was different. He held a smaller Relocation Rune in his hand, and with that, he can use that stone to relocate himself anytime he wanted. He would be able to reappear in a few set locations in Lake of Colors Tribe!

"This... this proves that Lake of Colors Tribe has discovered the essence of relocation!"

He Feng had already calmed down and was analyzing the situation in detail for Su Ming.

"Not even Han Mountain Tribe had been able to fully understand the framework of the Relocation Rune left by the ancestor. We could only use what was left behind and could not make new ones...

"Lake of Colors Tribe took away a jade scroll. There are some Arts my ancestor used in there. It also has some records regarding the changes and placements of the Relocation Rune...

"Lake of Colors Tribe must have obtained a great breakthrough in their research!

"Master, this trip is dangerous! The guests from Tranquil East Tribe did not come as promised; something must have happened to them when they were here. You mustn't

go! Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen must have fallen into their trap since they left as well!"

As He Feng continued with his analysis, his words came out faster and faster.

Su Ming fell into momentary silence before he suddenly spoke. "You once said that when the people of the three tribes come here, they will face a great pressure because they are the slave tribes of Han Mountain..."

A thought arose in He Feng's mind and he immediately said, "Master, I understand what you mean. Lake of Colors Tribe must have an incredibly wild ambition this time. They must have sent a lot of people from their tribe. Besides their guests, most of them are definitely the people of their tribe. I may have never seen the man in red robes, but I could feel that the limitation on him wasn't great..."

"If that's the case, could it be that Lake of Colors Tribe has found a way to counter the limit?"

"It should be a temporary resistance."

Su Ming's eyes fell on the broken corpse of the man in red robes. The corpse was gradually withering away with cracking sounds. The bones were being crushed in a strange fashion, more of the cracks appearing as time passed. As the body withered, wisps of black mist spread out.

"This time, Lake of Colors Tribe will definitely take great action... They might really have enough power this time to open the path to my ancestor's tomb that they've never managed to crack before, and all right under Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe's eyes." He Feng mumbled.

He Feng must have thought of something, since he immediately said, "The situation in Han Mountain City is about to change... Master, we have to stop this!" Yet the moment the words left his mouth, he regretted them.

Su Ming left the place and went towards the corpse of the old man in black robes. Once he got closer, he fumbled through the body and found a few items, which he put away in his storage bag. He did not bother with He Feng.

"Master, I..."

When He Feng saw Su Ming's actions, the thoughts in his heart grew lively.

"I won't stop Lake of Colors Tribe, nor do I have the ability to do so."

Su Ming stood beside the corpse of the old man in black robes and spread out the Branding Art in an area of 1,000 feet before walking into the distance.

"But Master, if Lake of Colors Tribe opens the tomb of the ancestor, they will become the masters of Han Mountain City, and your safety will be affected, also..."

Su Ming looked around silently. The hidden grounds underneath Han Mountain City seemed to be formed naturally. It was dark all around them, and there were multiple barren hills that rose up from the ground. There was also fog everywhere, creating a gloomy atmosphere within the silence.

"Besides, it's unknown why Lake of Colors Tribe wants to enter the tomb of the ancestor. But once they obtain the ancestor's legacy, their power will definitely increase exponentially. Still, I think those treasures should belong to you. Master, you've already obtained the virescent sword and the beast skin. With my help, within a few years, we could enter the ancestor's tomb alone. I..."

He Feng had no choice. His heart was filled with anxiety, and he could only place his hopes on Su Ming, praying that he could persuade him.

"He Feng, what else are you hiding from me?" Su Ming asked calmly while walking forward.

The moment his words left his mouth, He Feng immediately swallowed his original words.

"Master, I'm not hiding anything from you. I'm worried about the goal of Lake of Colors Tribe. If they obtain the legacy of the ancestor..."

He Feng was just about to explain when he was cut off.

"You don't know the goal of Lake of Colors Tribe? Are you sure you don't know the goals of the tribes of Lake of Colors, Puqiang, and Tranquil East?"

Su Ming's speed was incredibly quick. While speaking, he had already arrived at the top of one of the barren hills. He stood there and felt the melancholy breeze against him as he looked into the distance.

There were a lot of barren hills in this place, and as they rose from the ground, a large number of valleys were also formed. Su Ming saw a plains surrounded by multiple valleys as far as his eyes could see.

The plains were a land filled with sand. There was a sandstorm stirring up that connected the heavens and earth. Deep within the sandstorm, Su Ming could see the vague contours of a gigantic building.

It seemed quite far away, and if he walked there, he would find that the place was located even further away than what it looked like.

At the moment, at the end of where Su Ming could see, he could vaguely glimpse three stone altars nearly 1,000 feet tall, built around the gigantic building deep within the sandstorm.

The three altars were built far apart from each other, and their colors were clearly different from each other as well. They were black, red, and white respectively.

Behind the gigantic building was the red stone altar. Right now, there were dozens of people in red robes sitting on top of the altar. The differences in their status could also be seen by how they seated themselves around each other.

The one sitting at the top of the circle was a young married woman who looked incredibly pretty. Her eyes were closed and her hair danced in the air. There was a red mole at the corner of her lips, causing this woman to have a charming air around her.

If anyone looked at the woman, they would recognize that her face was almost exactly the same as the looming face in the red mist surrounding Lake of Colors Tribe.

This woman was the owner of the voice Su Ming had heard a few years ago in Han Mountain City and whose face he did not manage to see. She was the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe Xuan Lun spoke of - Yan Luan!

Behind Yan Luan were two people. One of them was Yan Fei Zi. This woman was also wearing a red robe at the moment, but there was still a veil covering her face, the icy expression.

Beside her was a man. He did not seem to have reached his thirties and had a dignified air around him. He was built big and tall, and when he occasionally looked at Han Fei Zi by his side, a loving look that could not be concealed would appear in his eyes.

These people sat on the altar quietly, as if they were waiting for time to pass by. Yet at that moment, red light suddenly gathered on the altar. When the people looked over, a shrill cry resounded out of nowhere, and as it echoed around the altar, a blurred outline of a person formed.

This person only had his upper body as he quickly materialized from a faded out state. When his body became clear, the person who appeared before the crowd was the man in red robes who was sliced in half by Su Ming.

The man's face was pale, and when he appeared, he fell to the ground, trembling. There was no trace of his body below the waist. Only half of his body remained, and his life was rapidly disappearing. His mouth was filled with blood. He opened it, as if wanting to say something, but could not make a sound.

His appearance made most of the expressions of the people in Lake of Colors Tribe change, including Han Fei Zi's.

Yan Luan, the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, focused her gaze on the man in red robes and pointed towards him. Immediately, a gust of red mist charged forward and crawled in through the man's ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, causing him to immediately regain some liveliness.

"Tribe leader, Tranquil East Tribe has a new guest. That person killed Lin Dong instantly..."

The man in red robes only managed to utter out a sentence before his face became dark—the blood flowing out of his body instantly gathered together and flew out of the body. It floated in midair for a second, then turned into a figure of a person made of blood.

The features of the man of blood were very clear. It was Su Ming with his mask on.

Chapter 149: Han Mountain's Ancestor Is Not Dead!

Translation

"Tribe leader, it's him! Take revenge for me!"

The moment the man in red robes let out his final sentence, he fell to the ground dead, unable to hold on any longer. His corpse quickly withered and turned into ashes that were swept away by the wind blowing around the altar.

"I will take revenge for you."

Yan Luan looked at Su Ming's figure formed from the man's blood floating in the air and nodded her head.

Han Fei Zi frowned as she focused her gaze on the person. There was something familiar about him, but she could not tell where that feeling came from.

"Tribe leader, let me handle this person. He killed my people, I will bring him here," Han Fei Zi said softly with her usual cold voice.

"Alright, but you will only have two days. Don't be late."

The married woman smiled faintly and tucked away her hair that were being blown by the wind as she spoke softly.

Her actions held an indescribable allure, causing the tall man beside Han Fei Zi to stare at her, but he quickly lowered his head, not daring to look at her any longer.

"Yan Guang, go with her. If this new guest in Tranquil East can instantly kill Lin Dong, then it means he must have some power."

Yan Luan turned her back and looked at the man who had his head lowered. She lifted her right hand and caressed his face.

A shiver ran through Yan Guang's body, and he quickly stood up, obeying.

"Go. The man of blood will guide you to him."

Su Ming looked at the sandstorm and the blurred out gigantic building in the distance. He might not be able to see the building clearly, only its faint contours, but he could feel a strong pressure coming from within the sandstorm.

He lifted his right hand and tapped at the area above his heart. Immediately, his flesh and body began trembling and a dim mist was forced out of his body. It turned into a small person the size of his palm. It was He Feng.

"You don't know?"

Su Ming averted his eyes from the sandstorm and looked at He Feng. His eyes were not bright, but when his gaze fell on He Feng, it made the little person's heart tremble.

He knew that he had been too anxious and in turn had caused Su Ming to be suspicious. He also no longer looked down on Su Ming after the things that had happened to him. At the same time he grew to respect him, having a feeling that he was seen through as the other's intelligence grew.

"I really don't..." He Feng started to answer cautiously, but he only managed to utter half of his sentence. Under Su Ming's calm gaze, he found that he could not continue with his sentence.

"The goal of Lake of Colors Tribe might perhaps be the legacy left behind by your ancestor from Han Mountain Tribe, but... they're aiming to dissolve the brand of the slave tribes. Puqiang Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe have opened the tunnel of the canyons over the centuries without any care of consequences for this as well.

"I can understand if the others don't know about this, but if you don't..."

Su Ming smiled, but in He Feng's eyes that smile was cold.

"Master... you have great vision and intelligence! These were just my guesses. About that... because I wasn't sure, that's why I didn't say it."

He Feng licked his lips. Understanding and respect appeared on his face as he looked at Su Ming and quickly spoke.

Su Ming looked at He Feng. He had never seen He Feng speaking this way and putting on this sort of expression before.

He Feng blinked nervously under Su Ming's gaze. He was just about to speak.

"I know what you're hiding," Su Ming suddenly said, and his words made He Feng's heart tremble.

Su Ming averted his gaze from He Feng's body. He looked at the sand plains surrounded by the valleys in the distance and at the building that was shrouded by the sandstorm that connected the heaven and earth. He could not hear the sounds from the sandstorm from where he stood, but he could feel the shocking power coming from within it.

"I'm not hiding anything from you, please don't be suspicious of me. This is... I'm really not hiding anything from you. I've already told you everything that I could. My life is also in your hands, I wouldn't dare hide anything from you.

"Besides, Master, you're intelligent and powerful, you can see through my thoughts with just one glance, I wouldn't dare..."

He Feng immediately laughed bitterly, but he was laughing coldly in his heart, thinking that he had seen everything in his years. There was no way he would fall for Mo Su's lie.

"Han Mountain's ancestor is not dead," Mo Su mumbled while looking at the building in the sandstorm.

He Feng's heart trembled violently. He wanted to originally hide this fact, but Su Ming's words were like a bolt of lightning striking down on him, causing everything that he had been hiding to completely crumble, revealing the true secret that he had been hiding within his heart.

This secret was his everything. It was his most important secret, and Su Ming had just mumbled it out. More importantly, Su Ming did not speak as if he was asking a question, he did not even ask He Feng, he was simply talking to himself.

"Mas... Master, are you joking... How... How could this be?"

He Feng took a deep breath. His expression might have changed drastically, but this was not proof of his guilt. He could use disbelief to cover for himself.

"How could the ancestor not have died? If the ancestor hasn't died, then how would the three tribes dare to rebel? If the ancestor hasn't died, then the three tribes would be in a state of fear and wouldn't dare to stay in Han Mountain City..."

Disbelief filled He Feng's face. When he saw that Su Ming was not paying any attention to him and had his eyes fixed on the building within the sandstorm in the distance, he knew that Su Ming knew that place was the tomb of the ancestor.

"I got it. Master, you must be thinking that the three tribes are still slave tribes and are still affected by the limits set on them, that's why you think the ancestor hasn't died. If that's the case, you're wrong. I know from the ancient scrolls that the ancestor took the blood from the three tribes and gathered it on the three stone altars in the past. If the stone altars aren't shattered, then the three tribes will forever remain as slaves.

"The three altars are connected to the ancestor. If the ancestor hasn't died, then with just one thought, he could cause the destruction of all the blood descendants of the three tribes. How could they still be around if that was the case?"

A baffled look appeared on He Feng's face and he quickly explained, though with a certain hesitation, as if he was making his explanations while thinking at the same time. He did not reject Su Ming's words immediately, but through his words, he was hinting that he was thinking and analyzing the possibility of whether this could be true.

"He Feng, I can feel his presence," Su Ming said slowly, eyes closed.

He did not lie to He Feng. As he stood there and looked towards the building in the sandstorm, he could feel a thick spiritual aura coming from inside it.

He would not have been able to sense that spiritual aura before the path of blood in his body was formed, but right now, he could sense it clearly. The small virescent sword in his body was also acting slightly differently.

The spiritual aura flowed out powerfully, and it was filled with endless signs of life. This was definitely not a tomb!

His words made He Feng's heart tremble once again, and the latter fell silent.

"Just how long are you going to hide it from me!"

Su Ming opened his eyes and within them was indifference and killing intent. He stared at He Feng floating before him and closed in on him with a step.

He Feng trembled and was just about to retreat when a virescent light flashed and the small sword flew out of the center of Su Ming's brows. It circled around He Feng once, which not only prevented him from retreating, but also stopped him from moving in any direction as it froze with its tip pointing at his forehead.

Cold air blasted out from the sword and threw He Feng's mind into a state of chaos. Under the fear caused by the might of the sword, he slowly began to laugh bitterly.

"Master, you have great vision. I was too anxious, and I gave my game away... Indeed, the ancestor is not dead."

He Feng's expression was complicated as he spoke bitterly in a low voice.

"This is the greatest secret of Han Mountain Tribe. An accident happened to my ancestor when he was training, hence he built this tomb and isolated himself inside... He once said that if he could egress within 100 years, then it meant that he reached a breakthrough, but if he did not, then we, his descendents, were not allowed to bother him.

"As time passed by, rumors that the ancestor died gradually spread. Once the three tribes prodded this a few times, they suppressed the limit of the slave tribes placed on them with the help of outsiders and took over Han Mountain Tribe.

"Yet even then they could not tell whether the ancestor had died. Over the centuries, they've opened the tunnel to the canyons multiple times to indeed get rid of the brand of the slave tribes, but they also wanted to check whether the ancestor was truly dead...

"I've been investigating in secret behind the three tribes' back, and I found traces of Freezing Sky Clan helping them. I believe that Freezing Sky Clan helped during the rebellion in the past as well. Since the three tribes are controlled by three different factions in Freezing Sky Clan, it's only natural that they're hostile to each other.

"This time, Lake of Colors Tribe has mastered the Relocation Art, and their ambition grew. If they could open the ancestor's isolation grounds... It would be fine if the ancestor had truly died, but if he had not..."

When He Feng spoke to this point, his expression fell and he paused.

"If Han Mountain's ancestor hasn't died, then with Lake of Colors Tribe's actions this time, the power in Freezing Sky Clan behind would definitely also learn about it. And if that's the case, then they will appear and kill Han Mountain's ancestor," Su Ming stated languidly.

He Feng silently agreed to his words. After a moment of hesitation, he looked at Su Ming as if he made his decision and spoke in a low tone.

"Master, I have a method with which you can enter the ancestor's isolation grounds without needing to break the seals. If you can go in earlier, perhaps you can gain more benefits than Lake of Colors Tribe."

Su Ming's gaze landed on He Feng. He did not speak.

"Fang Mu's aunt, Fang Cang Lan, is a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan. If she can return at this moment to Tranquil East Tribe... then the power behind Han Fei Zi and Lake of Colors Tribe can also send people here..."

"No wonder Han Fei Zi asked to defer even though she could already enter Freezing Sky Clan. It's highly likely that it's related to this place."

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the obscure building in the plains surrounded by the numerous valleys. He took one move, but he did not move towards the plains in the distance, but rather to his left instead.

"A change will definitely happen in this place. If I go to the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor too early, it'll cause a lot of trouble... Even if Han Mountain's ancestor really hasn't died, the subsequent moves that will be taken by Lake of Colors Tribe against me for entering the place will be difficult to handle enough by themselves, and that's not accounting for the troublesome fact that I'll have to explain that I didn't enslave the three tribes.

"It's better if I search for Sky Flute Branch first and gather all the herbs necessary to create Spirit Plunder before making my decision."

Su Ming fell silent and spread out the brand to an area of 2,000 feet, then disappeared into the mountain range.

Time passed by. An hour later, a white cloud appeared within the fog in the sky, whistling past.

Han Fei Zi had her face covered with the veil, but her eyes held an air of elegance and lightness. Behind her was the tall man called Yan Guang. Before them was a person of blood, their guide.

Han Fei Zi lifted her hand and pointed at the person of blood with her eyes closed. After a moment, she opened her eyes and spoke coolly.

"This person stopped here an hour ago..."

Chapter 150: Pursuit

Translation

The area surrounding the place which may be the grave or the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor could be said to be hidden hundreds of thousands of feet in the deep canyons under Han Mountain City, but it could also be said to be connected to the city with a secret tunnel. It was a strange dimension that was created by people.

This place was not too big, but if someone wanted to travel through this entire place, they would still need at least ten days even if they traveled with Su Ming's speed.

This place was covered by mountain ranges, but it was not too humid. The air was incredibly dry, but there was an extremely thick spiritual aura within it that normal people would not be able to feel clearly.

This spiritual aura enveloped the entire place, and Su Ming could feel it tumbling around like waves in the air. As for the others in this place, they would feel refreshed to the point they could almost forget their fatigue.

Perhaps it was precisely because of the spiritual aura in the air why there were a lot of plants growing in the mountain ranges. These plants also seemed to be more spirited and livelier compared to the plants in the world outside. There were even some precious herbs here that would be difficult to find in the world outside.

The locations of some of the precious herbs were stated clearly in the list that was given to every guest in Tranquil East Tribe, and the map of the place was also drawn alongside the list.

This map, it would prevent people from getting lost in the place.

Su Ming held the bamboo slip given to him by Tranquil East Tribe and memorized everything drawn on the slip in his heart. Then he dashed forward cautiously along the mountain ranges.

As he traveled, Su Ming spread out the Brand and kept an eye out on all the movements in the area. He knew clearly that something had happened in this place and he might run into danger at any moment. This danger came from Lake of Colors Tribe, and he did not know whether Tranquil East and Puqiang had formed an alliance. If they did not, then this place would eventually fall into chaos.

'Among the guests of Tranquil East, the strongest is the chief guest, Nan Tian... This person has already Transcended, and he was best described in the bamboo slip Fang Mu gave me.

'He was among the first batch of people who had entered the place. I wonder where and how he is now... Tranquil East Tribe's Nan Tian, Puqiang Tribe's Xuan Lun, and Lake of Colors Tribe's Ke Jiu Si... These three people are the strongest guests among the three tribes.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. His feet made no sound as he traveled, and after the time it takes to burn an incense stick, he saw a gigantic ravine that looked as if it was formed by a mountain that was split in half.

'Serene Spirit Grass is here!'

In the list of herbs Su Ming had memorized from the bamboo slip Tranquil East Tribe had given him, nearly a seventh of the herbs were that he did not know about, and in that list, besides Sky Flute Branch, the other herbs were useless to him at that moment.

However, since he was already here, Su Ming did not want to give up the chance to collect a much wider variety of herbs. After all, they might prove useful when he needed to create other pills that would come after Spirit Plunder.

As he looked at the ravine in the mountain, Su Ming became more cautious. When he approached the place, he focused the Branded area of 2,000 feet and scanned it multiple times. Once he did so, he charged forward and turned into a long arc that stuck close to the ground. With a flash, he rushed into the ravine.

The ravine was very deep, its end impossible to see, which made it seem like it went down to the very center of the earth. Su Ming touched one of the walls when he was in the ravine and took a deep breath.

‘This is manmade... By the looks of it, it’s as if it was sliced in half by a person using a blade... Just what level of cultivation did the person have to reach to be able to do this?!’

Su Ming quietly walked down the ravine, and as he moved, he calculated the distance he traveled.

After a while, he stopped. He saw a crevice within a rather deep part of the ravine. That crevice was not big but dark inside. It looked as if it had been a tunnel once, but was cut apart by this ravine.

‘This is the place.’

Su Ming walked forward carefully and spread out the Brand before slowly making his way into the crevice. He took a step forward, and the moment his foot landed, a faint white mist spread out from inside. That mist appeared out of nowhere and immediately enveloped Su Ming.

He did not dodge, but immediately brought out Tranquil East Tribe’s bamboo slip. The descriptions given regarding the location of the various herbs were very detailed. These herbs were gathered and planted by Tranquil East Tribe in certain locations over the years of entering this place.

They also protected these herbs and did not take them all out in one go. They would instead allow the herbs to grow in these locations before they came and collected them next time.

The bamboo slip was necessary for locating and entering the place. With this item, he could open the seals Tranquil East Tribe had placed over the locations where they grew

the herbs. Yet over the centuries, it was unavoidable that there would be times when Tranquil East Tribe's bamboo slip would be snatched away by the other two tribes.

However, cases where Tranquil East Tribe snatched away the other two tribe's bamboo slips also happened. With this happening often enough between these three tribes, almost a ninth of the places where the herbs were planted were known to all the three tribes.

However, to avoid the herbs going extinct over all the fighting and snatching, a strange balance was formed between the three tribes. Besides a few locations where incredibly rare herbs grew and it was necessary for the three tribes to fight over them, the rest of the locations were divided equally amongst the three tribes before they opened up the hidden grounds.

The white mist tumbled before Su Ming, and once it touched the bamboo slip in his hand, it gradually dispersed and the path inside was revealed. Su Ming lingered around for a moment before he went in cautiously.

He did stay inside for long before charging out of the crevice in a flash. He dashed towards the exit of the ravine and soon arrived outside. He stood by the edge as a glint appeared in his eyes. After a moment of pensive silence, he lowered his head and looked at the ravine underneath his feet once again before making his decision.

He did not leave, but rather charged into the ravine once again. This time, he did not go into the tunnel in the crevice, but went down at a rapid speed. It was dark deep below in the ravine, but with Su Ming's Branded area, he could still sense the things around him, even if his eyes could not see.

Time trickled by. After a moment of running, the ravine before him started narrowing down, though the end still could not be seen. In fact, there were a lot of places that were so narrow he needed to position his body sideways before he could go through.

At that moment, Su Ming saw something within the Branded area.

'I knew it!'

Su Ming stopped before he started moving towards the object he had sensed through the Branded area. Before long, a corpse without a head appeared in front of him.

It was stuck in-between the walls of the ravine. He did not have a head, and he wore a blue robe. Many wounds covered his body, and there was one slice on his chest that had almost cut through the body.

There was a plate on his waist, and it was one belonging to a guest of Tranquil East Tribe!

Su Ming observed the corpse for a few moments, then searched his body, but there was nothing left behind. However, he could tell that this person had only died a few days ago from the signs on the corpse.

‘He lost his head and his blood...’

Su Ming stayed silent, then charged forward. Very soon, he left the ravine. He did not stop, but quickly moved further into the distance.

A few hours passed by, and Su Ming had already gone to five of the locations where the herbs grew, his expression growing darker. As he stood by a gigantic mountain rock, he touched the bamboo slip in his hand and fell into contemplative silence.

‘All of these places have herbs!’

This was not a good thing for Su Ming. This meant that the two batches from Tranquil East Tribe that had come to the hidden grounds before him did not have much time to collect the herbs. Even if they did manage to find them, they ended up like the person in the ravine - as corpses.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. After a moment of pensive silence, he made his decision. He was just about to continue onward when the whistling of a sword echoed in his ears. He turned around abruptly and immediately saw a white cloud charging towards him from the distance.

There were two people standing on the white cloud. One of them—the one with the alluring body—was Han Fei Zi!

Su Ming’s pupils shrank and without further ado, he immediately withdrew and hid behind the mountain rock. He did not want to meet Han Fei Zi. In his mind, her presence in this place was not exactly a surprise, but if he could, he still wanted to avoid her.

As the white cloud whistled through the sky and got closer to him, its speed gradually slowed down. The person of blood floating before Han Fei Zi suddenly let out a piercing red light.

The moment the person of blood let out that red light, it instantly caught Su Ming’s attention. He thought Han Fei Zi was just passing by, but the speed of the white cloud under her feet was slowing down as if it was going to stop. He also saw the person of blood letting off that red light. When he trained his eyes on it and saw its face, Su Ming’s heart trembled. It was him when he wore the mask!

‘This is bad!’

Su Ming immediately knew that Han Fei Zi's presence here was not an accident. She was using a strange, unknown Berserker Art as a guide to look for him!

'It must be that man in red robes from Lake of Colors Tribe!'

Su Ming immediately retreated, yet the moment he withdrew less than 30 feet, the mountain rock he was previously hiding behind instantly let out an oppressing chilling air. A few rumbling sounds resounded, and the rock was instantanly covered in frost. In the blink of an eye, it turned into an ice block.

The ice block exploded with a boom and turned into countless ice shards that charged towards Su Ming.

At the same moment, a chilling glint appeared in Yan Guang's eyes, who was the tall man standing behind Han Fei Zi on the white cloud in the sky. He took a large step forward and turned into a long arc using the force of his descent from the sky to charge towards Su Ming.

"Guest from Tranquil East Tribe! You killed one of my people, now do you dare fight against me?!"

Yan Guang's voice was clear as it spread through the area. As he closed in, a piercing sound rose up and a long spear materialized in his hand. That spear was entirely blue and let out a mysterious light. He held the spear in his hand and charged down with it. In an instant, he closed in on Su Ming.

'The later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, around 850 blood veins!'

As Su Ming retreated, he saw through the man's power from behind his mask. If he had encountered this man alone, he had the confidence that he could win, but Han Fei Zi was right beside him.

Su Ming could afford to not be bothered by the man, but he had fought against Han Fei Zi before. This woman had a lot of skills and tricks. If they both attacked at the same time, he would have no way of fighting back.

Various thoughts passed thorough his mind in a flash while he dashed backwards. He lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards Yan Guang descending from the sky.

At the same time, a black snake appeared in Su Ming's left hand. That snake hissed and charged out towards the ice shards closing in on him from the front.

The moment Su Ming's fist connected, his body immediately trembled, and he staggered a few steps back. His face, which was hidden behind the mask, became slightly pale. Yan Guang, who was still in the sky, was in an even worse shape. A strong

force came crashing towards him as he descended, causing him to tumble hundreds of feet back before he managed to stop himself.