

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 151 — Counterattack -

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Chapter 151: Counterattack

Booming sounds echoed in the air and the shards shattered. Yet with a shudder, cracks also appeared on the black snake's body. The moment the cracks appeared, Su Ming retreated once again. His gaze was freezing as he spat out one word.

"Fog!"

The black snake Berserker Vessel he had just obtained immediately let out a large amount of black fog. It instantly spread outwards, causing the area to be shrouded in black.

The expression on Han Fei Zi's face immediately changed. The instant the black fog spread out, she instantaneously lifted her right hand and pointed towards Yan Guang. The white mist cloud instantly appeared around Yan Guang's body, who through his shock, had a grave expression on his face in the black fog. The white mist cloud formed a tight defence around his body.

Once she helped Yan Guang with his defence, a golden light flashed outside Han Fei Zi's body. It was the same light that had appeared when she faced Su Ming previously - the strange Art that allowed her to remain largely unscathed even after the numerous ambushes Su Ming had laid on her.

The moment Han Fei Zi made her moves, Su Ming's eyes flashed in the black fog. The mark of the sword of virescent light charged out. Its target was not Yan Guang, neither was it Yan Fei Zi, but the person of blood standing right before her.

That person of blood was Su Ming's target. If that thing was not destroyed, he knew that even if he managed to escape, there was still a possibility that he would be chased down. If that was the case, then it would be better if he destroyed it!

The virescent sword sliced through the air and turned into a strong pressure as it charged towards the person of blood floating before Han Fei Zi with a might that could even make those in the Transcendence Realm shudder in fear. Han Fei Zi's heart immediately trembled. She could not see that viriscent sword, but she could feel a terrifying presence closing in quickly from the fog before her. It even gave her the false impression that she was under the threat of death.

Her expression changed once again. Han Fei Zi quickly retreated and once she did so, she surrounded her body with mist clouds. The golden light shone through the mist clouds, and an ancient mirror about the size of her palm appeared in her hand. As light shone from the mirror, it let out banging sounds and six other mirrors apparated around her body, situated on her sides, her front and back, and the top and bottom of her body, protecting Han Fei Zi inside.

Just as she retreated, the small viriscent sword closed in on the person of blood under Su Ming's control with the Brand and sliced through its head. The moment the sword slashed down, the person of blood let out a piercing cry as if it possessed intelligence and split in half beforeshattering and crumbling apart.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was just about to control the small virescent sword to charge at Han Fei Zi when his heart suddenly jumped and his face instantly darkened.

A red mist spread out from the two halves of the crumbling person of blood and turned into a complex red picture that was about 100 feet in size. The moment it appeared, a piercing red light flashed. That red light contained a pressure that made Su Ming tremble, and when it appeared, it caused the black fog in the area to fade out. In an instant, the black fog was gone without a trace.

At the same time, the red picture started shifting and turned into a face of a woman. This woman was incredibly beautiful. She had her eyes closed, and as her eyelashes fluttered, she opened her eyes.

The instant she did so, the small virescent sword immediately trembled as if it could not get closer. A dim light shone from within the woman's eyes and a tinkling chuckle echoed in the air. There was a strange force within that chuckle, making those who heard it feel like their hearts shook like endless rippling water. It made people restless.

As the chuckles echoed in the air, the woman opened her mouth and blew at the small virescent sword. Her breath was like fragrant air, and the moment it touched the small sword, it let out a sharp, sword whistle. The sword trembled and tumbled back towards Su Ming before quickly entering his body.

A red flush immediately colored Su Ming's face. When the fragrant air rushed into his face, a mystified look appeared in his eyes. He could see a blurred figure of a beautiful young married woman. That woman's beauty gave the feeling as if his heart was going to race out off his chest. It was a feeling that made him think that if she just said the word, he would give his life for her.

The woman was looking at him with a bewitching look at that moment, as if she was calling him to go to her.

Su Ming's expression under the mask was one of bewilderment. Yet at that moment, the mysterious black piece of debris hanging over his chest let out a chilling presence into his body, just like the time when he was stunned when the Fallen God of Berserkers descended. Su Ming's body jolted, and immediately, his eyes became clear.

The moment he regained consciousness, Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood and the light in his eyes became dull. Shock appeared on his face, and he immediately retreated without any hesitation.

This might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but it only lasted for an instant.

"Hm?"

Interest appeared in the giant face of the woman in the air. As she watched Su Ming hasty retreat, she suddenly laughed.

"Fei Er, Yan Guang, I want this person alive. Go. He is already heavily injured, he won't be able to do much... Bring him to me."

As the giant face spoke softly, it gradually disappeared.

Yan Guang immediately complied. Han Fei Zi did not speak, but remained frowning while looking in the direction Su Ming had escaped in. She still felt that there was something familiar about Su Ming, yet she had only managed to cross hands with him for a short period of time. She could not find any clues from him.

Su Ming held his chest, the part where it hurt the most at the moment. It was as if his heart had been broken. Blood continuously flowed from his mouth, and the mark of the small sword at the center of his brows also became dull because of it. There was a looming red mark on the sword.

'That's Yan Luan!'

This was not the first time Su Ming had seen the gigantic form of the woman's face. He had seen this woman before, when He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain a few years ago.

'She's definitely not any common powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm! The Berserker Art she cast just now could definitely kill a person without anyone even realizing it!'

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood, and as he staggered forward, he brought out South Asunder with his right hand from his bosom and placed the pill in his mouth before continuing charging forward.

Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang were pursuing him nonstop at full speed behind him.

"Master, Yan Luan's power should be around the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm... She's one of the very few tribe leaders from all the tribes in the world that has power that surpasses the Elder of her tribe.

"Lake of Colors Tribe is also very distinctly different from other tribes. The Elder is not the head of the tribe, the tribe leader is! To think that she's here as well..."

There was obvious fear in He Feng's voice.

When Su Ming heard He Feng's words, his face became darker. He gritted his teeth and continued dashing forward without regard for his injuries. As he ran, he continued taking in a large amount of South Asunder, which allowed him to maintain his speed, but due to this continuous charge, he could not calm down and heal his injuries quickly.

Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang became increasingly more stunned as they pursued him. The both of them had thought that with Su Ming's grave injuries, he would not be able to run too far away or for too long, yet four hours had already passed by, and this guest from Tranquil East Tribe was still dashing forth at an incredibly fast pace.

Su Ming's face was pale under the mask. Even with the help of South Asunder healing his wounds, the hours of escaping still made it hard for him to recover because he did not have time to sit down and meditate to heal. It was especially so for the sharp pain in his chest. Not much of it had went away.

As he continued running, it even became much more painful, as if his heart was about to break completely.

'Lake of Colors Tribe!'

Su Ming carved the name of the tribe into his mind, but he could not stop. He was worried that Yan Luan would appear once again. Once she did, he would have a difficult time escaping.

"Master, I think Yan Luan won't appear again!"

He Feng's cautious voice echoed in Su Ming's mind with an anxiety that could not be hidden. He did not want Su Ming to die. If Su Ming died, it would be difficult for him to survive as well.

"Continue!"

Su Ming knew that his intelligence and experience could not compare to He Feng's. When he heard He Feng's words, a vague but important thought appeared in his head.

"Yan Luan's power is so incredible it's shocking. If she could appear at anytime she wanted, then none of the guests from the other two tribes who entered the hidden grounds would have been able to survive. In fact, there would be no need for them to send people to investigate the place at all..."

He Feng's mind moved at an incredible pace, and he spoke as he continued with his analysis.

"But since she sent Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang to kill you, and since we met the man in red robes and the other person when we came out of the tunnel, that means..."

"This means that either Yan Luan's power is largely limited in this place, or there's something else that's forcing her to be constantly in one place and she cannot leave. She can only use the method like just now and attack through apparitions," Su Ming immediately said.

"Incredible, Master! Also, the attack from Yan Luan's apparition was not simple, or else, she could just summon the apparition again and you wouldn't have been able to escape for such a long time," He Feng first praised Su Ming before he spoke his thoughts.

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew he could not last much longer. He might still have an ample supply of South Asunder, but if he left that sharp pain in his chest alone any longer, his body would not be able to withstand it.

'He Feng, I know you still have some tricks hidden up your sleeve. If I die, you won't be able to survive either. Don't hide anymore. Can you hold Han Fei Zi and the other person for a while?'

Su Ming took a deep breath and sent his thoughts to He Feng.

He Feng fell silent for a moment, as if he making his decision.

"Master, with my current condition, I can only stall them for half the time it takes to burn an incense stick..."

"That's good enough!"

Su Ming stopped and immediately sat down cross-legged on the ground. He brought out a few pills of South Asunder and placed one in his mouth before closing his eyes and immediately starting to circulate his Qi.

Time passed by. Very soon, a white cloud whistled through the sky behind Su Ming. When the white cloud was 1,000 feet away from him, a dim light flashed around his body, and He Feng's small form dashed out.

His face was obscured. He did not want Han Fei Zi recognizing him, which would only cause Su Ming to be displeased with him and in turn suspect him. Once he appeared, He Feng lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards the white cloud approaching from the sky.

Ripples appeared between where Su Ming sat and the approaching white cloud. The ripples quickly spread out. He Feng charged out swiftly, and the dim light around his body spread outwards.

The dim light instantly enveloped an area of 500 feet around Su Ming. He Feng sat down cross-legged in midair with his eyes closed. His entire body blended together with the light, and he disappeared without a trace. With this method, he could stop Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang to gain some time for Su Ming.

A thunderous boom appeared in the air. It was Yan Guang, who had a murderous look on his face as he continuously attacked the dim light with the long blue spear in his hand, causing the dim light to waver, looking as if it was about to be torn apart at any moment.

In just one glance, Han Fei Zi saw Su Ming sitting within the dim light. A strange light appeared in her eyes and she took action. White clouds surrounded the dim light and closed in with a great pressure, causing the area enveloped by the dim light to continuously shrink.

Chapter 152: Could Not Understand This Woman

400 feet, 300 feet, 200 feet... When the area enveloped by the light shrunk to just 100 feet, the screen formed by the light became incredibly dull. At that moment, Yan Guang let out a low growl and the long spear in his hand flashed with a bright blue light before he stabbed the dim light screen with the spear.

The light screen immediately shattered and turned into countless shards that tumbled backwards. They gathered in midair and turned into the He Feng who had his face obscured. He Feng shuddered. The moment he appeared, the spear in Yan Guang's hand let out a sharp whistle as it charged towards Su Ming.

Han Fei Zi's eyes were cold as she stood beside him. She lifted her hand and the mist clouds surrounded each other before turning into a giant hand of mist clouds that plowed forth.

He Feng was overwrought with anxiety. He understood full well that if Su Ming died, he would immediately die with him. He gritted his teeth and let out a roar. Dim light shone

from his entire body once again, and it gathered in an area of 30 feet around Su Ming's body. The moment it crashed against Yan Guang's long spear, it exploded once again, unable to withstand the force.

This was He Feng's limit. His body immediately became dull, as if he was about to scatter away. He let out a broken laugh. The moment he fell into despair, a strong absorbing force spread out from within Su Ming and enveloped He Feng's body, pulling him inside in an instant.

The same moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. A chilling glint flashed briefly through his eyes, and killing intent appeared!

The moment he opened his eyes, a red light appeared under Su Ming's feet, and a red meadow spread out swiftly. As the meadow covered an area of 100 feet, it formed a layer of protection that blocked Yan Guang's long spear and Han Fei Zi's giant hand of mist clouds.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the sky and Yan Guang's long spear was fended off. The moment it stopped, Su Ming stood up swiftly and took one step forward. He ignored Han Fei Zi and charged towards Yan Guang so quickly he closed in on him in an instant, hurling his fist towards him.

Yan Guang clashed fists with him, growling softly. With a boom, he staggered back and coughed out blood.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He charged forth to chase the man down and kill him.

When Han Fei Zi saw the red meadow, she was momentarily stunned. For some reason, she thought she'd seen this meadow before. Yet the things that had happened within the cave in the rainforest happened too quickly that day, hence she did not see everything clearly.

She was just about to take action after recovering from her shock when Su Ming swung his right hand towards her and that black snake immediately appeared once again, turning into a small layer of black fog. The head of the snake appeared within that fog and launched itself towards Han Fei Zi with its mouth wide open to swallow her.

All of this happened in an instant. Han Fei Zi revealed a cold smirk and the golden light flashed around her entire body. She did not pay any heed to the snake formed by the black fog. Instead, she took a step forward and charged into the fog with the intention of preventing Su Ming from killing Yan Guang and then capturing him alive along with her partner.

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

Su Ming's eyes flashed brilliantly. He had to kill Yan Guang first, before he could deal with Han Fei Zi. He could not let these two people join hands. When he saw Han Fei Zi charging through the fog without care, he immediately made his decision and said those words in a hoarse voice.

The moment the words were spoken, the calm look on Han Fei Zi's face immediately changed. She instinctively stopped and lifted her head. With an explosive bang in her head, the answer as to why she had the sense of familiarity when she faced this man appeared.

Yet there was a price to be paid for this answer. This price was Yan Guang's life!

The moment Han Fei Zi was taken aback by Su Ming's words and faltered, he caught up to the backpedalling Yan Guang. The mark of the sword at the center of his brows flashed, and the small virescent sword let out a whistle as it charged out towards Yan Guang. It traveled so quickly that it closed in on Yan Guang in an instant and pierced through the center of his brows.

The man let out a shrill and pained cry.

There was a bang in the air, and Yan Guang staggered a few steps back due to the remnants of the charging force from the small sword before he fell to the ground with his legs convulsing uncontrollably. His breath left his body and he died.

Su Ming panted harshly, and sweat appeared on his forehead. Blood also came from his mouth. His face was pale, and the pain in his chest grew stronger.

The chain of actions Su Ming had taken used up a large amount of his energy. When he killed Yan Guang, he almost used up all the spiritual power stored within the path of blood in his body.

Right now, he held a red spirit stone in his hand, and the red meadow traveled with his feet to cover an area of 100 feet around him. Within Su Ming's body, the souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out and surrounded the area as they let out soundless roars.

The small virescent sword became dull. There were even some red spots on the body of the sword, looking as if they had seeped into the sword itself. It was a terrifying sight to behold. As of now, the sword floated beside Su Ming, letting out a faint and weak sword aura.

Han Fei Zi stood hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. As she stared at him, a vicious look appeared in her eyes. She had been searching for the person before her for a long time but had been unable to find any clues. She did not expect to meet him now, in this place.

"You are Tranquil East Tribe's guest... then that small person in the dim light just now should be He Feng! As for this thing..."

A flash appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes, and she stared at the small virescent sword.

"This should be He Feng's great treasure. Who knew...? Xuan Lun and I have been fighting over it for such a long time, and you were the one who obtained it in the end! This is the second time we meet, and your powers have changed drastically. You should not be some insignificant person. Who are you?"

"Tranquil East Tribe's guest, Mo Su," Su Ming said hoarsely as he looked at the veiled Han Fei Zi through his mask.

"Mo Su..."

Han Fei Zi looked at Su Ming, silent.

Su Ming did not speak either. He could only pant harshly as he stared at Han Fei Zi.

"You're gravely wounded. I'm a seventh of a chance certain that I can kill you here."

After a dozen breaths passed by, Han Fei Zi spoke softly.

"I am also a seventh of a chance certain that I can take you down with me!" Su Ming stated coolly. The small virescent sword beside him let out a light sword whistle.

"I trust you."

A smile suddenly appeared on Han Fei Zi's face. Even if her smile was concealed by the veil, it could still be seen vaguely. It looked as if her face that was covered by the veil contained an unparalleled beauty with the addition of her smile.

"Now that I know who you are, it's enough for me. I'll give you a chance. I won't reveal your identity, but if you can walk out of this place alive, then you will have to fulfill one request of mine."

Han Fei Zi laughed softly. She did not even ask whether Su Ming agreed to her words before she floated into the air with the white cloud underneath her feet. Her clothes danced in the air as she disappeared into the distance languidly.

Su Ming frowned. He could not understand this woman before him.

When Han Fei Zi disappeared into the horizon, Su Ming momentarily fell into a pensive silence. He cast a glance at Yan Guang's corpse and searched through his body. Once he found his things, he took the blue long spear and quickly left the place.

Two hours later, Su Ming sat down cross-legged in a secluded area within a mountain range. The pain in his chest had become stronger. At this moment, he closed his eyes to meditate and took South Asunder to heal his wounds. He had to heal quickly. This place would only become more dangerous.

That piece of starry sky still dominated the sky in the isolation grounds belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor. Daylight would never arrive. However, this place was not dark. There was a gentle light in the area that was no different from daylight in the eyes of a Berserker.

Su Ming woke up from his meditation a few hours later and let out a shaky breath. His face was still pale underneath the mask, but his injuries had mostly healed. The most grievous injury on his body was on his heart.

If it were not for the protection of the mysterious debris, Su Ming's heart would not have been able to withstand the laughter of the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, which had been part of her Berserker Art. His heart would have shattered into pieces. He might have recovered somewhat now, but he could still feel the pain in his heart.

As he sat there, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed against the center of the mask's brows. Immediately, a green light flashed on the center of his brows and the small virescent sword appeared. Su Ming brought it before his eyes. There were three small red spots on the sword that had corroded its body, causing the aura of the sword to become corrupted and its might to be greatly reduced.

"A powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm..." Su Ming mumbled.

He lifted his left hand and tried wiping away the red spots. After a long while, he let out a long sigh. He could not wipe the red spots off.

In his silence, Su Ming's expression suddenly changed. He felt someone moving closer to him in his Branded area.

'It's him!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

It was quiet in the mountain range. Dong Fang Hua moved forward cautiously. His body was laden with injuries and his robes were soaked in blood. His face was pale, and as he moved forward panting harshly, he would continuously turn his head back with a lingering fear in his eyes.

"This accursed place! Who would've thought Lake of Colors Tribe would attack on such a large scale... Ah, the excavation this time is far too dangerous. It's a good thing I found some herbs. I should be able to obtain protection now."

Dong Fang Hua laughed bitterly and moved forward quickly but cautiously.

As he walked forth, a calm voice suddenly reached his ears.

"Brother Dong Fang!"

"Who is it?"

Dong Fang Hua's expression changed. He did not stop as he spoke, but instinctively ran a few steps forward. Only then did he realize that the voice he had heard just now was rather familiar.

"Brother Mo?"

Dong Fang Hua was momentarily stunned. He stopped, but remained alert. As he looked around his surroundings, his gaze fell upon a person walking towards him from the distance.

Su Ming walked unhurriedly to Dong Fang Hua and stopped 100 feet away from him. He looked at the currently miserable looking old man. It was clear that the old man did not have a safe trip after he entered this place.

When Dong Fang Hua saw Su Ming, he let out a breath of relief and a bitter smile appeared on his face.

"Brother Mo, I embarrassed myself when you suddenly spoke because I was too nervous. Please excuse my poor behavior."

"It's fine. This place has been taken over by Lake of Colors Tribe and it's very dangerous. I acted too rashly just now."

Su Ming shook his head. He could understand Dong Fang Hua's fear.

"Brother Dong Fang, why are you alone? I remember that Brother Chen was with you." Su Ming looked at Dong Fang Hua and spoke in a collected tone.

"Brother Chen... Ha... He was killed. Brother Mo, this isn't a good place to talk. We can't stay here for long. If you don't have another place to go, why don't you come with me to the gathering place? With your power, you won't need to be like me and gather herbs to get protection from Sir Nan Tian," Dong Fang Hua quickly said.

"Gathering place? Alright, I'll go with you."

Su Ming was moved by the idea and nodded his head. Under Dong Fang Hua's lead, the two of them quickly left the place and charged into the distance.

"More than half of the guests of Tranquil East Tribe died. Right now, besides you and me, there are only two other survivors left. One of them is Sir Nan Tian, Tranquil East Tribe's chief guest.

"The other person is Chou Nu. He has a short temper and is Sir Nan Tian's follower. He's also Tranquil East's guest. When brother Chen and I went to the gathering place, we ran into trouble. Brother Chen died, and I was saved by Chou Nu when I was in danger."

On the way, Dong Fang Hua spoke to Su Ming in a low voice of the things he had experienced once he arrived to this place.

Chapter 153: Sir Mo Su

"Sir Nan Tian is injured and needs the herbs in this place to recover. Chou Nu is protecting him, that's why he can't come and search for the herbs himself. He saved me so that I can look for the herbs out here.

"He promised me that if I take the risk and find enough herbs, then he'd bring me to meet Sir Nan Tian. He also promised that once Sir Nan Tian's power recovers, they'll escort me out of this place safely," Dong Fang Hua told his story softly.

He knew that Su Ming was incredibly powerful and made the decision to follow him in his heart, since they were currently in a dangerous place. That was also why he told Su Ming everything he knew in detail.

Su Ming nodded. He Feng's soul had fallen into deep sleep in his body due to his previous exertion. He would not be able to wake up any time soon. And without He Feng to help him analyze situations and make judgments, Su Ming had to rely on himself for everything.

The two of them charged forward for four hours under Dong Fang Hua's lead. On the way, they found three groups of people from Lake of Colors Tribe and hid themselves beforehand with the help of Su Ming's Branding Art. Once they avoided these people, they arrived outside a valley.

The valley was not big, and it was so secluded the area was covered in silence. There was not a hint of sound.

"Brother Mo, this is the place. Chou Nu promised me that once I brought the herbs here and called out to him, he will appear," Dong Fang Hua said softly and looked at Su Ming, seeking his opinion.

When he saw Su Ming nodding his head, he took a few steps forward and stood outside the valley, using his Qi to send his voice forward as he hissed out, "Brother Chou Nu, are you there?"

The valley was silent. After about the time it takes for half of an incense stick to burn later, Su Ming suddenly noticed something and turned his body to look back. The sounds of footsteps appeared in the air, attracting Dong Fang Hua's attention as well, and he quickly looked over.

A big man walked over from the distance outside the valley. That man was half-naked and built like an iron tower. He took big slow steps until he was 100 feet away from Su Ming and Dong Fang Hua before he stopped and stared coldly at Su Ming.

This man had a hideous appearance. His face was marred with scars, and he had neither a nose nor lips. Just seeing his face would make people terrified. His eyes, however, shone with a brilliant light.

"Dong Fang Hua, how dare you! How could you bring outsiders here!"

The man's voice was like a tidal wave, and as he spoke, his words held a chilling and frightening tone.

Dong Fang Hua's expression changed, and he quickly opened his mouth to explain, but the man refused to listen to him. He stared at Su Ming instead and pointed at him with a finger.

"Who are you?"

"Tranquil East Tribe's guest, Mo Su," Su Ming answered slowly.

"I've seen all guests in Tranquil East Tribe. Why have I never seen you?" the man asked with a cold sneer.

"Brother Chou Nu, don't be angry. This is a misunderstanding. Brother Mo just became a guest recently. We were both in the third batch and came together but were separated later. I saw him today when I came back, that's why I invited him to come with me. I had indeed acted too rashly, I hope you don't mind," Dong Fang Hua quickly explained.

"Oh? Take out your guest plate."

Chou Nu's expression warmed up slightly as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming did not waste any time with pleasantries. He took out his plate and with a swing, threw it towards Chou Nu. The man lifted his right hand and caught the plate without even moving an inch, remaining completely unaffected as he withstood the force of Su Ming's throw imbedded in the plate.

He lowered his head and scrutinized the plate for a moment before a pensive look appeared on his face, but he soon threw the plate back to Su Ming.

"I can't be certain of your identity yet. Gather ten herbs and come back here to see me. As for you, Dong Fang Hua, did you get the herbs?"

Chou Nu looked towards Dong Fang Hua.

The called man quickly brought out a number of various herbs from his bosom. After a moment of hesitation, he said softly, "I only managed to find so much. There are quite a number of people from Lake of Colors Tribe here. If I continued searching for more, I might have run into them, then I wouldn't have been able to bring a single one back. I'm worried about Sir Nan Tian, that's why I came back earlier."

That man had been glaring when he saw that the herbs were not enough, but when he heard the old man's words, he hesitated for a moment before he nodded his head.

"You pass. Come with me. With his protection, we can escort you safely out of this place."

As Chou Nu spoke, he turned around and started moving back, completely ignoring Su Ming.

Dong Fang Hua hesitated for a moment, then he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression remained passive. He stood where he was and wrapped his palm around his fist, bowing in the direction where the man was heading.

"I am Mo Su. Sir Nan Tian, may I come see you?"

Su Ming's voice was not loud, but his voice was manipulated with fine control. As it echoed in the area, his voice formed rings upon rings of invisible ripples that spread out.

Dong Fang Hua was momentarily stunned by Su Ming's actions. As for Chou Nu, he turned around and looked at Su Ming spitefully as a vicious glare appeared in his eyes.

"Shut up. If you're not gone within three breaths, then today, you'll..."

Before Chou Nu could finish speaking, a gentle voice suddenly reached them languidly and cut his words off.

"Chou Er, don't be rude towards Sir Mo Su.

"If an important guest is here, then it is only natural that I meet him. However, I am currently healing my injuries and cannot come forth to welcome you personally. Brother Mo, I hope you don't mind."

"Brother Nan, it is my pleasure."

Su Ming smiled. He had infused his voice with the power of fine control when he spoke just now. Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm would not be able to sense it. Only those who have Transcended would be able to feel the change in his voice.

"Sir... Mo Su?"

Chou Nu was stunned. He could hear the implications in those words. Besides, he could tell that Nan Tian was speaking amiably towards this man, as if he was addressing an equal. His heart instantly trembled and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing deeply towards Su Ming.

"I have been disrespectful towards you, Sir Mo Su. Please punish me."

"It's fine. Do lead the way," Su Ming said coolly.

"Thank you, sir... This way, please."

Chou Nu's expression was extremely respectful, his attitude completely different from before. At that moment, he had his body slightly bowed as he acted as Su Ming's guide by his side.

Dong Fang Hua sucked in a deep breath. After remaining stunned for a moment, his gaze when he looked at Su Ming became even more respectful. His estimation of Su Ming's power was originally high enough, but he did not expect that with just one sentence, he could make the chief guest of Tranquil East Tribe, Nan Tian, reply to him like an equal.

He quickly followed behind Su Ming. By the looks of it, he looked as if he wanted to become the other's follower.

The three of them did not walk too far as Chou Nu led them into a valley nearby. Su Ming saw a middle-aged man sitting on the ground.

The man was very handsome. He wore a white robe and looked calm. Six black beast bones were floating and turning slowly by his side.

Every single time they took a turn around him, a wisp of black mist would seep out of the man's mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, which would then be quickly absorbed by one of the beast bones.

The moment Su Ming stepped into the valley, the man opened his eyes and looked at Su Ming with a profound gaze.

Su Ming too looked at this man. Their gazes met in the air and a baffled look appeared on the man's face. Once he observed Su Ming, he lifted his right hand and the six beast bones by his side fell to the ground.

"Brother Mo, your powers are a little strange."

The man smiled and spoke with a gentle tone. With just one glance, he could tell that Su Ming had not Transcended, yet he still addressed him as an equal. He could feel a dangerous presence coming from Su Ming. This threat was not because the man harbored any ill will against him, but from the mutual awareness they had of each other.

The only people who made him feel as if he was in danger were either those who had reached great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm or those who had reached the Transcendence Realm.

Chou Nu took a few brisk steps forward and stood by the man's side respectfully, with his head lowered, a typical picture of a follower. Dong Fang Hua hesitated for a moment, but did not follow him. He stood behind Su Ming like Chou Nu instead, with his head lowered and with a respectful expression.

Su Ming smiled and sat down with his legs crossed. He was also observing the chief guest of Tranquil East Tribe - Nan Tian.

This person's level of cultivation was similar to Xuan Lun's, yet Su Ming could feel a calm and relaxed air around him. It was different from the sullen air around Xuan Lun.

"Brother Nan, aren't you worried that Lake of Colors Tribe will come here when you're healing your injuries?" Su Ming asked with a smile.

A smile appeared on Nan Tian's face and he shook his head, saying, "Those who can make it here will eventually arrive. Instead of hiding around, why don't I sit here and see whether Lake of Colors Tribe would come?"

"If they want my life, then they'll have to pay a price!"

A cold glint appeared in Nan Tian's eyes. Of course, that cold look was not aimed at Su Ming, but Lake of Colors Tribe.

"You aren't injured. You have absolutely no need to hide," Su Ming said slowly, smiling faintly.

Nan Tian's eyes focused on Su Ming, and he laughed after a moment.

"I can't hide anything from you, Brother Mo. You're right, I'm not injured... But I'm one against many. I don't want to get into this mess and a world of trouble."

"Aren't you here because you had the same thoughts, Brother Mo?"

"If that's the case, then this place will become even livelier in the next few days."

Su Ming fell into a moment of silence before he laughed.

"Talking with you is a pleasure. You're right. I leaked my current location and had no intention of hiding myself to tell Lake of Colors Tribe to not provoke me. If they don't come, I won't stick my nose into the affairs of the three tribes either.

"I was also telling the other guests that they could come here to avoid trouble. But they have to pay a sufficient price to avoid trouble. I was originally waiting for Xuan Lun. If he came here, then this place would become much safer.

"But it's also a joyous occasion that you're here. We might be able to get a much better gain from the trip this time."

Nan Tian spoke languidly with a smile. He stole a look at Dong Fang Hua standing respectfully behind Su Ming and continued speaking with an insipid tone.

"Since Dong Fang is your follower, then I won't receive his price. As for the others who will come later..."

Nan Tian smiled. He looked at Su Ming and kept his silence.

Su Ming had come into contact with a lot of powerful Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm. He was no longer as emotionally affected as when he first met Wind Stream's Jing Nan.

At that moment, when he saw Nan Tian looking over at him once he finished speaking, he fell into a momentary silence before lifting his right hand. The souls of the Wings of the Moon in his body flew out in their invisible forms and spun around the area rapidly until they turned into an invisible sandstorm.

Chou Nu and Dong Fang Hua could not feel that sandstorm clearly, but Nan Tian could sense a power that was equivalent to that of Transcendence. However, this strength was only similar to Transcendence. It was not the source of the danger he felt earlier.

'If that's all...'

Nan Tian frowned slightly, but the moment his brows creased, a sharp pain appeared in his mind. That pain came without warning. It made his expression change, and he also saw an enchanting look that seemed to be able to capture all those who looked into Su Ming's profound gaze.

This feeling only lasted for a moment before it disappeared. Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them once again, everything returned to normal.

"Let's share equally. What do you say, brother Mo?" Nan Tian said with a smile, his spirits lifted.

When he saw Su Ming nodding, that smile grew wider.

"Brother Mo, are you interested in the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor?"

Chapter 154: God of Berserkers!

"Brother Nan, what do you mean?"

Su Ming looked at Nan Tian, remaining seated.

Dong Fang Hua's face was filled with respect as he stood by the side with his heart racing against his chest. He knew that he had just obtained a huge chance. That chance was not of him obtaining any treasure, but it came from Mo Su sitting right before him.

'He actually made Sir Nan Tian treat him as an equal. By how Sir Nan Tian is acting, he's definitely treating him very courteously. This person... if I can follow Sir Mo Su, then it'll be serendipitous for me.'

Dong Fang Hua took in a deep breath and a determined look appeared in his eyes.

"Brother Mo, our forces are thin, and it'll be difficult for us to fight against Lake of Colors Tribe. But if Xuan Lun comes here as well, the three of us will obtain great power in this place.

"Lake of Colors Tribe has sent all of their forces here. Before this, they covered up their tracks and did not reveal any clues, which means that Tranquil East and Puqiang are most likely in the dark. This is a chance for us!

"It'll be a waste if we don't obtain something good from the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor, no?"

Nan Tian looked at Su Ming with a polite smile.

"There is room for discussion about this."

Su Ming fell into momentary silence. He did not immediately agree to it.

Nan Tian only smiled when he heard Su Ming's reply. He nodded his head and no longer spoke. Instead, he closed his eyes, and the beast bones lying around his body rose into the air once again, spinning around his body slowly. By his side, Chou Nu sat down as well to protect him.

Silence gradually fell upon them. There was a faint breeze blowing in the valley. As it blew past, the wind would lift up strands of their hair, which would tickle their faces, causing them a faint itch.

While Su Ming remaining seated, he lifted his head and looked at the starry sky over the valley. His expression was calm as he became troubled by his thoughts.

"Sir... Sir Mo Su, these are the herbs I found when I was outside."

Dong Fang Hua looked at Su Ming at his side. There was a calming effect coming from Su Ming, but for some unknown reason that Dong Fang Hua himself could not explain, he could sense a hint of sorrow from that tranquility.

Dong Fang Hua brought out almost all of the herbs on his body before he placed them respectfully before Su Ming.

"I can't promise you that you can leave this place safely," Su Ming said dully.

Dong Fang Hua let out a sigh before he spoke softly. "It's fine. Staying here is at least better than being outside."

Su Ming did not speak any longer but chose to look at the sky instead as he healed his wounds in silence. The injuries on his chest were the worst, and he would not be able to heal them within a short amount of time. However, he could still absorb the spiritual aura around him and store it into the path of blood in his body.

Yet when he made it flow around his entire body, the flow would be slightly jerky when it arrived at the center of his brows. He could feel that the three spots on the small virsecent sword were the reason why the flow of the spiritual aura had slowed down.

Time trickled by. The four people in the valley fell into silence. No one spoke. As followers, until Nan Tian and Su Ming spoke, Chou Nu and Dong Fang Hua would also maintain silence.

It was about 20 hours later. Another day almost passed by, yet the starry sky stayed up and did not change. Su Ming continued looking at the sky. These stars had already been carved into his mind.

"Brother Mo, you seem to be very interested in this piece of sky."

Nan Tian broke the silence. He had been observing Su Ming discreetly for a long time. He could tell that Su Ming had not Transcended, yet that sense of danger did not diminish even one bit. It caught his attention, that was why he had been observing silently.

"This piece of sky does not belong to the night sky of the Land of South Morning," Su Ming stated slowly.

"Of course. This sky was created by Han Mountain's ancestor by using an Art. From what I know, this sky has a direct connection to the mysterious place Han Mountain's ancestor came from.

"It's said that Han Mountain's ancestor came from another world. Perhaps the stars in this sky belong to the other world," Nan Tian said in a low tone, seemingly moved by the story.

"Other world..." Su Ming mumbled.

"I heard that the other world is a mysterious and strange place. I've never been there, but I've heard some rumors about it. Brother Mo, if you're interested, I can tell you about it to spend time."

Nan Tian smiled and a deep emotion seemed to be stirred within him.

"When I first came here a few years ago, I was also taken aback by this sky. When I went back, I searched through a lot of ancient scrolls that spoke about this, and I gradually grew to understand it somewhat.

"If we speak about the other world, we must also talk about the God of the Berserker Tribe... the God of Berserkers!

"The God of Berserkers is the most powerful person in the Berserker Tribe. He is worshipped by all of us in all our tribes. He is our deity and our protector... There is also a legend that says that the power of the first God of Berserkers has reached a level that is unimaginable by our standards. At that time, the entire Berserker Tribe was at its most glorious time...

"He led brave warriors from an innumerable amount of tribes and left our world. It was also at that moment that we obtained news of another world. There were a lot of other places outside other than the land that belonged to us Berserkers...

"I can't imagine it, and a part of me still doesn't believe... the things about the legendary era that were described in the ancient scrolls."

There was a hint of uncertainty on Nan Tian's face, but there was also excitement.

"Brother Mo, I read this in the ancient scrolls. There was one sentence that described that legendary era and the age where all detailed records were gone...

"The worship of all worlds!"

Su Ming's heart lurched. He lifted his head swiftly to look at Nan Tian. He was not the only who did so. It was clear that this was the first time Chou Nu heard about it as well. Only Dong Fang Hua had his head lowered, his expression impossible to be seen.

"The worship of all worlds..." Su Ming mumbled.

Those simple five words held a domineering and mighty force that seemed to lift a veil off a canvas in his mind. On that canvas, he seemed to see the legendary era. The God of Berserkers floated in the sky, and an uncountable amount of people from other worlds knelt down and worshipped him.

"I find it unbelievable, but I also regret not being born during that era." Nan Tian laughed bitterly. "But all glorious moments would eventually fade out. The first God of Berserkers died mysteriously, causing this worship of all worlds that is described within the ancient scrolls to only be a short moment of glory.

"Yet after many years went by, the second God of Berserkers appeared. His appearance immediately brought forth a disastrous event. It is said that the land of the Berserker Tribes was divided into five parts because of him!

"He died and his body was divided into five parts, which were buried in the five continents of the Berserker Tribes... His head was taken away by those in the other world, and we have no idea where it went... That's how the Day of Eternal Creation came by. It is said certain people could hear a roar from far away in the land of the Berserker Tribes on the last day of the Day of Eternal Creation. That is the mournful cry of the second God of Berserkers.

"The fourth God of Berserker might come from among those who can hear the roar. All of us Berserkers have been waiting for the fourth God of Berserkers...

"But those are just legends. I've never heard the roar, and neither has anyone around me heard it," Nan Tian said in a low tone.

"What about the third God of Berserkers?"

"This is what I'm curious about. Perhaps my power is not enough for me to obtain more ancient scrolls, but among the records I found that spoke about the Gods of Berserkers, the third God of Berserkers is missing.

"It's only said that he died not long after he appeared. The only records about him are regarding the land where he came from - the Great Yu Dynasty, the Central Land of Berserkers."

Nan Tian shook his head.

When Su Ming heard it, light shudders ran through his body. He could not control these shudders. Nan Tian immediately noticed and gave him a questioning look.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing." Su Ming closed his eyes to hide his shock... and fear.

'So there's not just one God of Berserkers, but there were generations of them... but why didn't he mention the Fire Berserkers? Which God of Berserkers sealed the Fire Berserkers, which generation did he belong to...?'

'Why didn't Nan Tian speak about the big event that shocked all Berserkers... Perhaps this is a difference between regions. It must be...'

Panic rose in Su Ming's heart, a sight that was rarely seen.

He did not know why, but Cang Lan's pitying and complicated gaze as she looked at him appeared naturally in his head.

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

Su Ming opened his eyes, which became filled with a lot of red in the span of a few short breaths. He turned his head to look outside the valley.

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Nan Tian's eyes. He felt that something was wrong with Mo Su. While he was mulling over it silently, his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head to look outside the valley, which was soon followed by a shock in his heart, and he looked at Su Ming from the corner of his eyes.

'What shocking senses. He should have been affected by my words just now, but even so, he sensed that there were people outside the valley before me... If he had been calm... I should establish a good relationship with him,' Nan Tian decided in his heart.

At that moment, a ghastly and cold voice that seemed to tear through the space outside the valley forcefully traveled in, "Nan Tian, I, Xuan, am here!"

That voice was like a rumbling thunder. As it traveled inside, two people appeared outside the valley and walked in. The person walking in front was Xuan Lun. His face was dark, and there was a frown between his brows. Behind him was an old man. That

old man was covered in fresh blood. There were many wounds on his body, and his face was pale. It was clear that the fights he had endured until he reached this place had been incredibly devastating.

"I'm honored that you could come here."

Nan Tian smiled and stood up, wrapping his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun.

Xuan Lun's face had been dark since the time he came to this place. As he walked towards them, his gaze fell on Su Ming, and a freezing glint appeared in his eyes.

"You were spreading out your presence without care here. You gained the courage to do so not just to tell Lake of Colors Tribe you're here, but also to tell me you're here, no?"

"How could you be so sure that Lake of Colors Tribe won't find you first and kill you?" Xuan Lun let out a cold harrumph.

"Besides those in Lake of Colors Tribe, if I was the only one who reached the Transcendence Realm, I wouldn't dare to do this, but with you here, I would naturally have the courage to do so."

Nan Tian smiled, not at all bothered by Xuan Lun's tone.

"We can talk about your schemes later. This isn't a bad place, but there're too many people here. You, either you take off your mask, or leave!"

Xuan Lun's tone was terrifying and cold as he looked at Su Ming. He just found this person to be an eyesore. It did not matter whether it was during the first time he met him in the tunnel or just now when he met him in this place. That feeling of dislike was still there.

Nan Tian was momentarily stunned. His eyes went back and forth between Xuan Lun and Su Ming, who remained seated. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke to Xuan Lun in a low tone.

"Brother Xuan, do you have any personal grudges against brother Mo?"

Chapter 155: There Are Some Words That Should Not Be Heard

"No, I just can't stand people who hide their identity."

A glint appeared in Xuan Lun's eyes. He suddenly took a step forward and strolled towards Su Ming.

As he walked over, murderous intent immediately appeared from the old man behind him. He glared at Su Ming and went forward as well.

Su Ming did not move but remained seated in his place. Beside him, Dong Fang Hua gulped, his heart racing. Instinctively, he wanted to retreat and avoid this, but when he saw the calm look on Su Ming's face, he remembered his decision and gritted his teeth despite his hesitation.

He knew that he could not run away from this. If he did, then it would be impossible for him to become Mo Su's follower. He might even lose the right to stay in this place.

'I'll risk it! I have to risk it!'

Once he made his decision, Dong Fang Hua clenched his fists. The blood veins in his body erupted forth and he stood beside Su Ming without any signs of retreat.

"You want to fight against me?"

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Xuan Lun walking over. There was a deepness in his eyes, which shone with a strange light as he spoke slowly.

Xuan Lun stopped and his pupils shrank. The moment his gaze met Su Ming's, a sense of danger rose within him abruptly. This sense of danger came suddenly, but it could still be felt clearly.

That profound look in Su Ming's eyes was like stars. When Xuan Lun saw it, he was shocked.

If he reacted this way, then it was even more so for the old man behind him. The moment the old man saw Su Ming's eyes, a thunderous rumble immediately appeared in his head and there was a baffled look on his face, as if he had just lost his consciousness.

"I may have been injured by the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, but if you want to fight, then so be it," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

His words were spoken slowly, so slowly that it gave people enough time to think about the meaning of his sentence.

"Yan Luan, the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe? She's here too?" Nan Tian's expression immediately became serious and he asked with a growl.

"I don't know whether she is physically here. The people who fought against me were Han Fei Zi, Yan Guang, and the face that was formed by a small part of Yan Luan's Berserker Mark," Su Ming calmly said and lifted the robes over his chest.

There was a pink picture over his heart. If anyone took a closer look, they would see that the picture formed a vague face of a woman.

The moment they saw the picture, Nan Tian's pupils shrank while Xuan Lun's eyes flashed.

"You escaped from the apparition of Yan Luan's face? Brother Mo... I respect you!" Nan Tian said gravely.

He knew the might of Yan Luan's Berserker Art and that if he ran into her, even if he escaped from her, he would be gravely wounded. He would not be like Mo Su, who could still fight.

"Brother Xuan, the only people who have the battle power equivalent to that of Transcendence is the three of us. If we fight among ourselves, then we might very well die here. I didn't think Yan Luan would be here as well. Wasn't she trying to break into the later stage of the Transcendence Realm?"

Nan Tian's expression was incredibly sour. He now knew that he had not thought through his previous act of spreading out his presence. When he thought about it, cold sweat broke out on his skin.

Xuan Lun fell silent. He stared at Su Ming for a long moment before he let out a cold harrumph.

"How should I address you?"

"Mo Su," Su Ming said in a dull tone.

Xuan Lun gazed at Su Ming with a scrutinizing look before turning around and going to the other side to sit down. He did not talk about fighting anymore. This place had become dangerous due to Lake of Colors Tribe, and Xuan Lun did not have enough confidence to kill him without getting injured. If it was simply because he was an eyesore, then he would not fight with him under these conditions.

"Brother Xuan, brother Mo, there are still seven days left before this place closes. Unless Yan Luan comes personally from Lake of Colors Tribe, then the three of us will be safe here.

"But I think that Yan Luan must be aiming for something big since she appeared in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. As long as we don't get involved, she won't attack us.

"After all, she might be in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, but if she fought against all three of us, it would be impossible for her to not be injured. This will put her in a disadvantage if she wants to obtain the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor."

Nan Tian fell into pensive silence for a moment before he swept his gaze across Su Ming and Xuan Lun.

"Nan Tian, what are your plans? Just say it," Xuan Lun said with a low voice.

"With our power, it would be impossible for us to join the three tribes for empty fame, common herbs, and Berserker Arts. I won't hide my thoughts from all of you. I joined Tranquil East for the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor. The reputation of Han Mountain's ancestor was too great in the past. His legacy is highly valued and sought after by the three tribes. I'm not a talented person, that is why I want a portion of his legacy.

"It might be dangerous here, but this might perhaps be our last chance..." Nan Tian's eyes sparkled as he spoke quietly. "I know of a few secret tunnels... that will lead to the plains. If brother Xuan and brother Mo have the same thoughts as I do, then we can try taking this risk! We can share what we obtain equally."

"Secret tunnel? Yan Luan is definitely at the altar in the plains. If we go there, it'll be difficult escaping her notice. We might as well be marching to our deaths!"

Xuan Lun frowned.

"I have the confidence to not be discovered by Yan Luan. These tunnels might lead to the plains, but they branch out within. One of these branches lead straight into the tomb of Han Mountain's ancestor!

"I went there once, but I could not open the seal, that was why I had to give up. This time, Lake of Colors Tribe has definitely obtained the way to open the seal to the tomb, that's why they're making the move. When the seal is broken, we can enter the tomb secretly.

"Besides, due to the seal, unless Yan Luan's level of cultivation reaches the Bone Sacrifice Realm so she can connect with the heavens and earth, then she won't be able to detect us."

"Oh? If such a tunnel exists, you could go there on your own. Why are you telling us this?"

Xuan Lun's expression remained passive, but he was moved. He instinctively looked towards Su Ming, who remained silent.

"Brother Xuan, I won't hide it from you. Even if I couldn't open the seal, I could still feel a pressure coming from within the tomb. There is a great threat in the tomb belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor. With my own power, it'll be difficult for me to walk to the end...

"After all, no matter how great the treasures are, our lives are more important. But if we work together, we can cover each other's weaknesses. We might even be able to obtain serendipities. I've told you the truth of my plans. What will you choose, to stay or to hide? It is up to the two of you whether you want to leave this place safely seven days later or to take a risk," Nan Tian explained unhurriedly.

The valley gradually fell into silence. Xuan Lun was quiet. He had his eyes closed, as if he was thinking about something.

Su Ming lowered his head and a glint appeared briefly in his eyes. He might want to see Han Mountain's ancestor, but he wanted to see his corpse and where he died, not an ancestor who was alive and kicking.

'This small virescent sword of mine belongs to Han Mountain's ancestor, the meadow too... belongs to this person... It would be fine if he died, but if he's truly not dead... then everything that I do will be useless before him.'

This was the biggest reason for Su Ming's hesitation. It was also the main reason why he did not choose to use He Feng's method when he said that he knew of a way to enter the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

'But this might be a chance. These two people will be with me, and Lake of Colors Tribe come in force to enter the place. Even if Han Mountain's ancestor hasn't died, he'll be busy taking care of himself.

'Should I go, or should I not... Nan Tian is saying all these because he saw that Xuan Lun and I are not amicable towards each other...'

Su Ming frowned. He could not make up his mind.

He previously wanted to enter the place because he wanted to find an Art that could allow him to absorb the spiritual aura from the world more quickly. At that time, he had been under the belief that Han Mountain's ancestor was dead. Yet the moment he stepped in, a lot of things changed, and after experiencing those things, that desire was no longer as strong.

As Su Ming remained silent, Xuan Lun's gloomy voice traveled into his ears.

"We don't have to make our decisions immediately. It still won't be too late for us to choose once we enter that secret tunnel you speak of and see the seal that leads to the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor."

Nan Tian nodded. All he had was empty words. He could understand why Xuan Lun was being cautious. After all, people would only believe after they saw the truth with their own eyes. He shifted his gaze towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, what are your thoughts?"

"I am injured. Even if I want to go, I'm afraid I won't be of much help."

Su Ming did not reject him. Instead, he spoke slowly in a roundabout manner.

Xuan Lun did not speak, but a chill seeped into his eyes.

Nan Tian fell silent for a moment as he stared at Su Ming. In truth, it was risky for him when he spoke of those words. If everyone went, they would be safe, but if one of them did not, then they would face the risk of being exposed.

"This isn't a problem. Yan Luan's Art disturbs the mind and injures the eclectic energy in your heart. Brother Mo, your injury seems to be mainly on your heart's eclectic energy ..."

As Nan Tian spoke, he pointed at the black beast bone floating before him. That bone charged towards Su Ming, stopping before him.

"Brother Mo, I'll use this bone to heal you. It can reduce the pain you feel in your heart."

Su Ming looked at the beast bone before him for a long while before he nodded. His expression remained passive, but he grew cautious. He focused the Branding Art on the bone.

When Nan Tian saw that Su Ming agreed to it, he lifted his right hand and bit his finger before he pressed it against the center of his brows. The moment his finger touched his skin, the black bone before Su Ming instantly let out a dim light. Wisps of pink mist seeped out of Su Ming's chest and were absorbed by the bone.

After the time it takes to burn half an incense stick, the black bone turned pink. Nan Tian lowered his right hand from the center of his brows and pointed at the bone. The bone immediately withdrew and flew back to Nan Tian's side.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He could distinctly feel that the injury over his heart had become much better and the pain had lessened.

"Brother Mo, can you go now?" Nan Tian asked in a low tone and narrowed his eyes.

Xuan Lun smiled coldly and looked at Su Ming.

"Going there won't be a problem," Su Ming said calmly, not affected by the proceedings.

"Great!"

Nan Tian smiled. He understood Xuan Lun and knew just how greedy he was. As long as you gave enough incentive to these people, they would be moved.

Yet Nan Tian did not understand Su Ming. Unless he absolutely had to, he did not want to become enemies with him. He only did what he did after he saw that Xuan Lun and Su Ming were not in good terms with each other. That was why that thought appeared in his mind and he said those words. He believed that Su Ming would not reject him once he used such a forceful method.

There were some words that should not be heard. Once you heard them, then you must join.

"We shouldn't dally. We must leave now! This trip is dangerous. If we want to obtain serendipities, then we must be honest. I will open the path. Brother Xuan, brother Mo, please protect me."

Nan Tian stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun and Su Ming.

"We are not too far away from the tunnel. With our speed, we should be able to arrive in four hours. As for our three followers..."

"Let them follow in case they leak our plans," Xuan Lun stated coldly.

Dong Fang Hua and the other two people did not dare speak up. They merely nodded their heads and obeyed.

The six people left the place in a hurry under Nan Tian's lead.

In the distance were the plains surrounded by mountain ranges. Fog obscured the building that Han Mountain's ancestor had chosen for his isolation grounds. It looked like a giant looming mouth that seemed to be waiting for them to arrive...

Chapter 156: There Are Some Things That Should Not Be Said

The starry sky where day and night would never arrive made people lose all sense of time. They could only count it silently in their hearts so that they would not lose track and prevent accidents that they could not control from happening.

Four hours later, Nan Tian and the other five people arrived unannounced at one of the numerous valleys located outside the fog covered plains in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Their arrival in this currently clandestine place might have been noticed by others, but at the same time not.

"This is the place, brother Xuan, brother Mo. I discovered it by accident in the past. It was originally a place where herbs grew, but I subtly stopped the herbs from growing here. After that, people rarely came here."

Nan Tian stood outside the inconspicuous valley and spoke gently to Xuan Lun and Su Ming beside him.

"Go take a look."

Xuan Lun's gaze fell into the valley. There was a thin layer of fog inside that enveloped the entire area, causing others to be unable to see clearly. As Xuan Lun spoke, the old follower hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth and charged into the valley.

When he saw how cautious Xuan Lun was, Nan Tian smiled. His gaze fell upon Chou Nu. Chou Nu had been following him for years and hence could understand Nan Tian's thoughts. Once Chou Nu gave him a nod, he went into the valley with Xuan Lun's follower.

Dong Fang Hua still followed behind Su Ming. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming uncertainly. When he saw that Su Ming remained passive and his mannerisms did not change, he found that he could not figure out Su Ming's thoughts. Yet since he had already decided to follow Su Ming, he had to do something to show his worth.

Dong Fang Hua took a deep breath. He was about to head into the valley along with the other two people with a grave expression to investigate the area, but the moment he took his first step, the ground suddenly shook. Muffled rumbling sounds came from afar, causing the ground to seem to rise and fall. At that moment, it seemed like the earth was moving and the mountains were shaking.

The rumbling sounds reverberated in the air for a long time and did not disappear even after a long while. Some stones broke off from the numerous mountains around them and fell. The sudden tremors made Nan Tian and Xuan Lun's gazes travel towards one similar direction - a place that lay far in the distance.

"Sir Mo Su, the fourth batch of guests has arrived... This is the aftermath of the activation of the relocation in the tunnel," Dong Fang Hua explained in low voice.

Su Ming nodded his head slightly. His eyes were calm.

"Interesting. None of the people from the tribe came with the first three batches from Tranquil East Tribe. With the limits set in this place, only one from Tranquil East Tribe can come here. This time, the person who came is most likely Han Cang Zi!"

A smile appeared on Nan Tian's face as he spoke amiably.

"Puqiang Tribe has already sent their tribe member with the first batch. He has already died. I have no idea who came with the fourth batch..." Xuan Lun said darkly after retrieving his gaze from the distance.

"No matter who it is, I now understand why we didn't face any obstacles on our way here and why we didn't meet any guests from Lake of Colors Tribe. Looks like they've all gone to the tunnel."

Nan Tian smiled.

At that moment, from the valley, Chou Nu and Xuan Lun's followers charged out and whispered in Nan Tian and Xuan Lun's ears.

Su Ming remained as usual. Dong Fang Hua might not have been able to go in with them, but Su Ming's Branding Art covered an area of 2,000 feet. He had seen everything within the valley.

"Brothers, this way!"

Nan Tian cast Xuan Lun and Su Ming a glance before he walked into the valley with a smile. Xuan Lun and his follower followed suit. Su Ming remained silent, but he went in nonetheless.

The valley was not big, but there were dozens of giant cracks on the walls, giving them a desolate look. Nan Tian took a few steps forward briskly as his gaze swept past these cracks. He took a deep breath and raised his right hand to push at the air. Immediately, the black bones that spun around him spread out and a strong dark light shone brilliantly outwards.

Under this dark light, Su Ming immediately saw eight cracks on the right wall twisting like ripples in the water. Gradually, these eight cracks disappeared one by one until there was only one left.

The only crack left on the right wall was not too big, just large enough for a person to enter. It was dark inside, and no one could know where it led to.

Xuan Lun's eyes flashed. The old follower behind him sighed. He took a step forward and charged quickly into the only crack on the wall to their right.

Dong Fang Hua did not have time to explore earlier. He was about to follow suit, but the moment he was about to take a step forward, Su Ming, who was standing before him, raised his right arm and blocked his path.

"Sir Mo Su?" Dong Fang Hua was stunned.

When Xuan Lun saw this, a light crease appeared on his brows, and he looked towards Nan Tian.

Nan Tian blinked and a bitter smile appeared on his face. He let out a sigh towards Xuan Lun and spoke with a helpless tone, "Brother Xuan, your follower was too impatient..."

"Nan Tian, what's the meaning of this!"

Xuan Lun's face grew dark, and when he spoke, his voice became terrifyingly cold. Almost at the same time he uttered his words, a shrill, pained cry traveled out of the only crack on the right. The voice was quickly cut off.

Xuan Lun's expression instantly changed and he glared at Nan Tian. However, he was a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, which meant that he had great self-preservation and would not lose his temper without reason. He spoke coldly instead.

"Give me a reason to not attack you!"

"Brother Xuan, I didn't say that this was the crack. The crack on the right is a trap to prevent others who stumbled upon this place from discovering my setup.

"This crack is fake. Anyone under the Transcendence Realm who enters will die without fail..."

As Nan Tian smiled wanly, a hint of apology appeared on his face and he moved a few steps towards where Su Ming stood.

The moment he took those steps, Xuan Lun's pupils shrank almost unnoticeably. He was regretting his decision at this moment. He should not have revealed his killing intent and showed a hostile attitude when he saw Su Ming.

Xuan Lun was not a simple man. He could already tell that Nan Tian had used his influence to form a pressure on Mo Su so that he had no choice but to join them.

Right now, he was using Mo Su to create pressure on him, causing him to be unable to hold Nan Tian accountable even though his follower had died. After all, Nan Tian did not tell them to walk into the crack.

"If we aren't supposed to walk into the crack, then why did you open it?" Xuan Lun growled, forcing down his anger.

"Brother Xuan, don't be angry. Ah... this is my fault. I did not explain this to you beforehand. I didn't have time to stop your follower after I casted the Berserker Art. But there's a reason why I opened the crack on the right wall. If I didn't, then we wouldn't be able to go into the real tunnel."

Nan Tian wrapped his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun and bowed, his face laden with regret.

Cold sweat broke out on Dong Fang Hua's forehead. He was not young, and he had an abundance of experience. At this moment, he saw the complicated relationship that surrounded the three men. He remembered Nan Tian's slyness, remembered Xuan Lun's ruthlessness, and remembered Su Ming stopping him. Gratitude appeared in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

Xuan Lun glared at Nan Tian, then at Su Ming. As a powerful Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, he seldom met something that made him so aggrieved, and what was more, he could not even say anything about it, because everything that happened was due to his own doing.

In his silence, veins gradually popped up on Xuan Lun's face. He glared at Nan Tian and narrowed his eyes.

Nan Tian maintained a regretful look and bowed with his hands folded before him.

"You..."

Xuan Lun took a step forward, but he only managed to utter one word before he was cut off by Su Ming's aloof voice.

"There are some words that should not be said. Once you say it, you will commit wrong, and you must pay the price for your wrongdoings.

"Xuan Lun, your follower might not be dead as well. After all, we haven't seen his corpse."

Xuan Lun stopped and his expression changed, but a moment later, he took a deep breath and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Nan Tian.

"Brother Nan, I acted too rashly just now. Please lead the way."

Nan Tian smiled and quickly returned the greeting. He made a few more explanations with an apologetic look and subtly glanced at the calm Su Ming. Uneasiness boiled in his heart.

'This person saw that there was something wrong and prevented his follower from going in. From this I can tell that he's a careful person and is not one to let his people take risks... and he could also use this to obtain his follower's gratitude. This is something I can do as well.

'But did he truly see that there was danger here, or is he as I guessed, just cautious...?

'I can put this aside first. From what he said before, I can tell that the murderous intent between this person and Xuan Lun from before is not fake... But he was clearly reminding Xuan Lun just now. This is the second time he used my actions in this matter to warm up his relationship with Xuan Lun, which unknowingly increases the probability of the two of them cooperating...

'Damn it, this completely disrupts the next steps I set up for Xuan Lun, and my plans to win him over. In fact, this will make Xuan Lun become even more wary and hostile towards me, and Mo Su will just be an outsider in this...'

Nan Tian did not reveal any of his thoughts. He smiled and nodded towards Su Ming once more before he looked at the seven cracks on the wall to the left. With one single move, Nan Tian charged towards the third crack.

Chou Nu followed quickly and entered the crack after him.

Xuan Lun looked at Su Ming. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded towards Su Ming and stepped into the crack.

Su Ming followed after them calmly. He did not manage to see through Nan Tian's thoughts. He simply thought that before they went into the tunnel, Nan Tian would not want to cause any arguments that would be detrimental to his plans.

Yet an accident like this had happened—it was something that was worthy of second thoughts. Su Ming could not guess what Nan Tian was thinking, but he could destroy it.

'Compared to Xuan Lun, I should be more cautious of Nan Tian's calculative nature.'

Su Ming was quiet as he followed behind the crowd, walking into the third crack.

The crack was narrow and long. No one spoke on the way, and they moved forward silently. After a long while, a small tunnel appeared before them. This tunnel expanded to the deep depths of the ground, the path twisting around like a serpent. There were ample clues lying around everywhere that hinted that the path was manmade, making it clear that the path was hewed out by people.

"This path would not appear unless a unique method is used to open the cracks on the right side of the valley. Even if someone entered this place accidentally, a maze like path would appear in this place. It would be difficult for them to find the correct path.

"This is the unique Art that belongs to my tribe - Lost Clouds Tribe," Nan Tian explained softly.

"This path is connected to the tomb of Han Mountain's ancestor. There is a seal blocking our path at the end. Once the seal is broken, we will then be able to enter his tomb."

As Nan Tian spoke, he moved forward quickly.

The path was dark, but when Su Ming and the others looked in, they did not see darkness. Their vision might have been slightly obscured, but they could still see rather clearly.

What caught their attention the most was the ground in the tunnel. It was red, which was completely different compared to the path in the crack connected to the tunnel.

It was as if these two places were two completely different worlds.

An unnoticeable glint appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes when he saw the red patch on the ground in the tunnel. He moved forward, but the moment his foot landed on the red patch of ground...

"You... are... finally... here..."

Chapter 157: Aloof Eyes

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and a boom immediately echoed in his head. That voice was aged with the endless vicissitudes of life, as if it contained eternity, as if it had been floating in the rivers of time for many years, as if it reverberated in the soul itself.

It made Su Ming's soul tremble. In an instant, his eyes became clouded with perplexity.

The hoarse and aged voice lingered in his mind and spread throughout his entire body like a layer of ripples, causing his body to freeze momentarily.

"You... are... finally... here..."

'Han Mountain's ancestor!'

Su Ming's expression immediately changed. It was fortunate that he was currently wearing a mask and had his head lowered, so no one noticed his strange behavior.

That voice continued reverberating in his head until it eventually sounded like thunder rumbling, causing Su Ming's face to pale as if he was experiencing nightmares.

"Sir Mo Su?"

Dong Fang Hua's anxious voice traveled into Su Ming's ears from his side. Dong Fang Hua was the first who noticed Su Ming's peculiar behavior. He saw him becoming still the moment he stepped onto the red ground as if he had frozen up.

"It's nothing... The ground in the tunnel is just a little strange."

Su Ming took a deep breath and moved forward on the red ground. Before him, Nan Tian and the others were looking at him with a questioning look.

Nan Tian narrowed his eyes and took a close look at Su Ming. He did not believe in his words completely, but could not find any clues about anything wrong either.

"This is your first time here, so it's natural that you're baffled. The ground becomes even redder the further we go into the tunnel. It'll be as if we're looking at blood.

"It's highly likely that it'll be the same when we arrive in the tomb of Han Mountain's ancestor."

As Nan Tian spoke, he turned around and continued onward.

Dong Fang Hua followed beside Su Ming with his heart racing against his chest. He was standing closest to Su Ming just now, that was why he could feel something that Nan Tian and the others did not sense. During that instant, he seemed to have seen Su Ming's hair floating without wind. There were also some strange changes on the mask over his face. He could not explain that feeling, but it was as if the mask had suddenly come to life.

He did not dare say more. Instead, he followed behind Su Ming, moving forward cautiously.

Su Ming did not say a word during the entire journey. He did not even need to ask. Dong Fang Hua, Nan Tian, and Xuan Lun's expressions alone were enough to tell him that they did not hear the aged voice just now. He was the only one who had heard it.

It was faint, but Su Ming could feel a weak sensation as if he was being summoned. That sensation traveled slowly towards him from the end of the tunnel. As he got nearer, that sensation as if he was being summoned became stronger.

'I knew it. Han Mountain's ancestor is not dead. That voice definitely belongs to him, but why did he say... finally...?'

Su Ming clenched his right hand. His fingernails dug into flesh, and it hurt.

Yet compared to the confusion that was brought by the huge mystery that existed in his heart, that pain made him feel that he was real, that he existed.

He needed pain so that he did not feel empty.

He did not want to think about Han Cang Zi's pitying and her complicated gaze. He did not want to explore why Nan Tian did not mention the God of Berserkers who sealed away the Fire Berserker Tribe with the Eternal Creation Art.

He especially did not want to ponder why that aged voice said 'finally'...

'Just what happened to me? What have I forgotten? I didn't forget anything, but...!'

Su Ming tightened his fist even further.

It was just as Nan Tian had said. As they moved forward, the red ground became more vivid until it eventually reached a startling shade. It was as if they were walking on a dried up sea of blood.

Nan Tian might have come to this place many times before, but every single time he walked on the red ground, a feeling that was akin to terror would arise uncontrollably in his heart. Even if he knew that there was no danger within the tunnel, he could not help but stay on full alert and be incredibly vigilant.

Behind him, Chou Nu's face was pale, his heart thumping against his chest. The red ground gave him a vague sense of agitation, but he could still resist it.

Xuan Lun was the same as Su Ming. This was also the first time he came to this place. He tried not looking at it, but when he walked further into the tunnel, he found that he could not ignore the red ground. A vicious look appeared on his face as he continued looking at it. It was faint, but he seemed to see an innumerable amount of murdered souls emerging from the surface of the ground screaming at him in hatred.

Xuan Lun let out a cold harrumph, clearly unbothered. He was cruel by nature and had killed far too many people in his life. He made his decision. He wanted to see just how many illusions would appear on this path.

"You must focus when you travel on this path... It won't cause any real harm to us. This place is strange in the sense that it'll create different illusions in everyone's eyes, though they aren't powerful illusions. I've experienced this many times before, just bear with it, and it'll soon be over."

Nan Tian's voice traveled into their ears as if it came from a far distance, through thousands of mountains and rivers.

A smile appeared on Dong Fang Hua's face. It was an incredibly complacent smile showing a hint of obsession. He walked past Su Ming with huge steps, and as he looked at the red ground, the smile on his face grew wider.

On the red ground, he saw himself successfully reaching Transcendence. He saw himself successfully sacrificing the 13th piece of his spine, reverting it into a real Berserker Bone, then continuously reaching breakthroughs until he reached the Berserker Soul Realm.

He saw himself standing between the heavens and earth laughing with his head thrown back at the sky once he became a Berserker Soul. He saw countless people from all sorts of Berserker Tribes kneeling and worshipping on the ground. These people looked at him respectfully. They were watching him, Dong Fang Hua, creating his own statue of the God of Berserkers the moment he reached the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming walked silently onward. There was a dazed look in his eyes. As he continued forward, the red ground allowed him to see his tribe and the familiar Dark Mountain.

He saw Lei Chen laughing boyishly. He saw Liu Di leaning against a house with his eyes closed as he played a song with his xun.

He saw Chen Xin holding Bei Ling's hand with a beautiful smile on her face. Bei Ling's back was positioned towards him with the wind blowing against his hair...

He saw Wu La. The girl who was not considered very beautiful had her face covered in blood as she laid in his arms mumbling Mo Su's name.

He saw a little girl holding onto Pipi. She was blinking, and with the naive voice of a child, she whispered into his ears, "Big brother Su Ming, I have a secret. Once you're back, I'll tell you."

He saw the elder...

He saw Bai Ling standing alone in the snow and wind... He saw her hair gradually turn white. She was looking at a fang in her hands. The snowstorm was too great and it blocked his vision, but it did not manage to cover his eyes from seeing the tears on Bai Ling's face.

Su Ming bit his lips as he took in those sights. All these wonderful and sad moments were shown to him one by one on the red ground. At that moment, he suddenly shuddered. He saw a giant black hand descending from the sky on the sights on the ground. With one mighty swing, all those familiar people and familiar sights turned into smithereens.

Behind the broken shards was a dark void, and within that void was a pair of eyes.

Those eyes were looking at him coldly. They were heartless, as if all the emotions that existed in the world did not exist within them. There was also an aloofness that seemed to belong to a ruler.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

Su Ming's mind trembled. A wave of anxiety that he had never felt before surged forward, causing him to instantly wake up from his stupor. He was still on that path, and the ground was still red underneath his feet.

Nan Tian had his eyes closed as he stood unmoving. His expression was incredibly strange. Sometimes, he would smile, at other times, a twisted look would appear, and occasionally, he would look incredibly smug, as if he was enjoying the fruition of his schemes.

Xuan Lun leaned against the wall with a vicious look on his face. There was a hint of cruelty within that look, but also a hint of powerlessness.

Chou Nu knelt on the ground and could not stop panting harshly. The murderous gleam in his eyes seemed to say that he was burning with anger, but there was also a hint of weakness within that rage.

Dong Fang Hua seemed to have gone mad. He was walking back and forth repeatedly with his arms outspread as he laughed loudly with a satisfied and boastful look on his face. He was immersed in his own world and did not want to wake up.

As he looked at these people, an urge rose in Su Ming. If he attacked them now, he could kill all these people without a hitch, including Xuan Lun and Nan Tian.

'Nan Tian would not allow himself to sink into a hopeless situation, but right now, he lost his awareness and sank into the illusion... He came to this place many times before. He wouldn't make such a mistake...

'If that's the case, he's either doing this on purpose, or... a change that he doesn't know about has come to this place.'

Su Ming closed his eyes. He remembered the aged voice that had appeared in his mind when he first stepped on the red ground.

He also remembered the things he saw when he was trapped within the illusion, all of which eventually came to a stop when that pair of aloof eyes appeared within the darkness along with the words that seemed to have come from a distance.

'Did the change in this place happen because of me...? Han Mountain's ancestor, for what reason did you do this...?'

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked before him. They were already at the end of the tunnel. Right in front of him was a smooth stone wall. A complex picture carved out by numerous ravines covered the wall.

Waves of dark light shone out of the stone wall. When Su Ming looked at it, he felt a strong repelling force coming from it.

"This should be the place where the seal is," Su Ming muttered.

He swept his gaze over Chou Nu, Dong Fang Hua, Nan Tian, and Xuan Lun. Somehow, he kept having the feeling that there was something within the four people's expressions and attitudes.

'They're the same as me. They saw something unique to their sights from this red ground...'

Su Ming fell silent. That pair of eyes and the words left behind a deep impression in his mind.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

There was no hint of emotion in that voice. It was cold, like ice that would never melt.

'Those words, and that gaze... why did they appear in my illusion... Why did I become nervous after I heard those words...? I was really nervous... and very afraid...'

Su Ming did not choose to kill. He stood there instead and looked first at Dong Fang Hua. He watched him walking back and forth with a distinctly complacent look on his face.

'What we see is different, but what we experience is the same. Perhaps I can find an answer from them...'

Chapter 158: Destiny!

Dong Fang Hua was pacing back and forth before Su Ming. His loud bursts of joyful laughter were completely different from his usual careful demeanor and acts of relying on the strong. As of then, it seemed like he had become another person. That prideful look on his face and sparkling eyes revealed the secrets in his heart.

"Today, I have arrived at the Berserker Soul Realm. Since you have all come to attend my ceremony, then I will let you see how a Berserker of the Berserker Soul Realm creates his own personal statue of the God of Berserkers!"

Dong Fang Hua spoke loudly and lifted his arms, flinging them around wildly.

Su Ming looked at Dong Fang Hua quietly. He did not have a deep understanding of this person, but from the contact they had during the past few days, Su Ming could tell that this was a nobody who was as cautious as Su Ming was. He wanted to become stronger, and at the same time had the desire to be praised by those weaker than him.

'His actions right now reflect his true self... but what about this is similar to the illusions I saw just now...?'

Su Ming quietly observed Dong Fang Hua. After a long while, he shifted his gaze to Chou Nu.

Chou Nu knelt on the ground as he panted harshly with a ferocious look on his face. His low growls gave people the feeling that he was in a bout of raging madness, but the weakness and flickering light in his eyes clashed against his expression.

"If what we show here reflect our true selves, then Chou Nu... I wonder if he was born with the word Nu (T.N. meaning anger) in his name. If it's not, then it means that he believes that he needs this sort of rage the most..."

"Since he needs it the most, then it means that he lacks that rage..." Su Ming mumbled.

He had a feeling that he had caught onto something, but it was still vague, as if the thought was still covered by a veil.

'What do I need the most...?'

Su Ming closed his eyes and only opened them after a long while to look at Nan Tian.

Nan Tian was standing with his eyes closed. His expressions constantly changed. Pride, disgust, sullenness, cold sneers, these expressions fused together, but most of the time, his face showed pride.

"This is a person who likes scheming and plotting against others... I haven't been around him for long, but from the things that happened, I can tell that he is a person who is very confident of his intelligence. He always feels that he can control others with clues that he discovered about them. They would have to follow his will, and they would have no choice but to do so."

Su Ming looked at Nan Tian and the expressions on his face as he mumbled to himself.

"And him..." Su Ming's gaze fell on Xuan Lun. "He is a cruel person. This is evident from when he brought out the souls of He Feng's family and crushed them one by one when He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain.

"He's cruel, ruthless, and would kill others when opinions don't match. He's a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, way above those in the Blood Solidification Realm. With his personality, he must have killed a lot of people in his life..."

Su Ming saw ruthlessness on Xuan Lun's face, as if he loved killing and was passionate about slaughter. Yet underneath that ruthlessness was an unexpected hint of helplessness.

"I understand now..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath bitterly.

He was highly intelligent to begin with. There was in no way he would not find the answer he was searching for when he combined all the expressions and actions showed by the four people.

"Whatever you brag about the most is what you lack the most.

"Whatever it is that you want others to know that you own the most of is what you want to possess the most.

"Xuan Lun is cruel and ruthless. His thirst for blood is ingrained within him. This is what he is proud of and also what he wants others to know about. Yet in truth, this is what he lacks the most. He might have killed a lot of people, but all of these are to cover up his helplessness. He doesn't have a sense of security.

"He doesn't feel secure, that's why he feels that he needs to boast about his kills and let others know that he loves killing so that they'll know that he is cruel. It helps him to cover up the fear he feels in his heart.

"He needs cruelty, that's why he saw cruelty. He is afraid and desires safety, that's why there's also a hint of helplessness on his face," Su Ming mumbled under his breath bitterly.

He understood now.

"Nan Tian flaunts about and wants others to know about his shrewdness and intelligence the most. Yet in truth, that is what he lacks the most..."

"He wants others to know that he's very calculative, but this also shows that this is what he desires.

"Chou Nu's name has the word anger in it. He also presented himself as a person with a violent temper. This is what he's prideful about and wants others to know... it's also what he desires, because in truth, he's very weak and faint in heart."

Su Ming looked at the terror hidden under the angry expression on Chou Nu's face as he mumbled.

'I truly understand now. Through them, I know what's on my mind.'

Su Ming leaned against the stone wall by his side and smiled wanly as he looked at the roof of the tunnel.

'I've always been aloof and made myself remain calm. This is what I lack and desire... I've always refused to think about the tribe, using indifference as a cover, but in truth, this is the most fragile memory within my heart.'

'Perhaps I've truly forgotten some of my memories... The illusions I saw on this path of blood, the eyes that appeared at the end and the words I heard, why did they make me so nervous, so aware, so afraid...? Perhaps this is what I don't want others to discover the most in the depths of my heart...'

'Just like Xuan Lun's fear and Chou Nu's weakness.'

'Then what do I need the most...?' Su Ming asked himself, but he found the answer very soon, because when he asked himself that question in his head, the image of the eyes and the words appeared in his mind.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

'So this is the real me... Then I want to know whose gaze that belonged to... Why did he say those words...? What are the memories I lost?'

'In fact... if I truly lost some memories, then could my memories have also been altered by someone...? I want to know whether it happened...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. His heart was clenching in pain and fear. He was afraid that all of his memories of Dark Mountain were changed, that some might have disappeared... that they were fake...

He had a feeling having been baptized when he walked through this path. It was as if he had transformed and changed. It was a vague feeling, but it existed.

After an unknown amount of time passed by, Dong Fang Hua stopped laughing boisterously. Instead, a shudder ran through his body and after a moment where he remained stunned, he silently sat beside Su Ming with his head lowered, a baffled look on his face.

Chou Nu also stopped growling and howling. The anger on his face disappeared and turned into a blank look as he sat by the side mulling over something.

Nan Tian trembled and slowly opened his eyes. There was a dazed look in his eyes, which only disappeared after a long while, replaced by shock and alarm. He had recovered, and some memories of what had happened returned.

From among these people, he had a vague feeling in his memories that Su Ming had seemed to have acted differently compared to himself. That man had calmly stood before him and looked at him. At that time, he was completely powerless to resist.

Nan Tian trembled. He did not know whether it was a mistake on his part. He would rather believe that all of it had been an illusion and it was not real, but when he looked towards Su Ming and saw him looking at him calmly, a shudder ran through Nan Tian's body.

'He changed...'

Nan Tian's breathing became rapid. He could not describe clearly what had changed within Su Ming, but there was an incredibly terrifying feeling coming from him now!

The fear did not stem from Su Ming's power, nor from his intelligence, but from his eyes. In Nan Tian's view, Su Ming's gaze held an imposing look that was not intentional, but seemed to have been ingrained within him since birth.

He had never expected that someone would be able to cause his heart to race in anxiety with just one look.

"Is there something wrong?" Su Ming asked softly.

"No... Nothing..."

For the first time, Nan Tian felt uneasy when he heard Su Ming speak. He quickly replied back.

Su Ming no longer spoke and closed his eyes.

Xuan Lun looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings. He woke up at the same time as Nan Tian. The feelings he had experienced were incredibly similar to Nan Tian's. He also felt that Su Ming had looked at him calmly as he was caught in the illusion.

In fact, when Su Ming looked at Nan Tian, Xuan Lun also felt his heart trembling, and his breathing quickened. Yet there were still some differences between him and Nan Tian. He believed that everything that happened to him was due to him waking up from the illusion, not because Su Ming had changed. He simply felt that something was wrong with himself.

Yet no matter what, Xuan Lun still chose to fall into silence and sat down without a word.

Time gradually passed by. Two hours, four hours...

Silence still reigned at the end of the tunnel. Dong Fang Hua and Chou Nu had completely woken up, but the dreamlike memories remained in their minds and refused to disappear.

Dozens of hours passed by. Suddenly, a tremor shook the tunnel. Muffled booms arrived from above them. Dust floated down as if the entire tunnel was about to collapse.

The stone wall at the end of the tunnel shone brilliantly, as if it had suddenly become incredibly instable and was going to crumble at any moment.

The sudden change immediately filled Xuan Lun with vigor and he trained his gaze on the seal. By his side, Nan Tian too looked at the stone wall with a grave expression as desire grew in his heart.

The stone wall was a door. It was a door that led to either the isolation grounds or the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. That door had been around for centuries, perhaps even longer, and it had never been opened.

The existence of the seal blocked off all outsiders, but now, Lake of Colors Tribe was carrying out a large scale operation. They were using an unknown method outside, trying to break the seal and rush into where Han Mountain's ancestor was.

Muffled rumbling sounds came from above them. The dark light on the stone walls flickered even more strongly, as did the one on the faces of people in the tunnel.

Chou Nu, Dong Fang Hua, Xuan Lun, and Nan Tian all had their eyes trained on the stone wall. Once Lake of Colors Tribe broke the seal outside, the seal in this place would also disappear.

Only Su Ming had his eyes closed. It was not that he did not want to open them, but at that moment, the aged and hoarse voice appeared once more in his mind.

"Come... Come here... I've been waiting for you... for a long time... for a long time..."

"Destiny..."

Chapter 159: Break The Relocation Seal

Fog shrouded the sky. The strange stars shone dimly. Giant cracks tore the sky, telling all those who lifted their heads to look that the starry sky was fake and it did not exist.

There was a gigantic building in the plains surrounded by the numerous valleys under the starry sky. That building could not be seen clearly because the fog surrounding it obscured the view of all those trying to see it.

Yet if someone got closer, they would see that this building was a gigantic object shaped like a sword. That object pierced into the ground diagonally, and the part that was revealed was about thousands of feet tall.

It was entirely black and made from an unknown material. Dense scale like objects covered its surface. It looked like a sword, yet it was also rather similar to a ship.

Three tall altars shaped like towers surrounded three sides of the sword-ship object. The altars were colored white, black, and red, and they were each different from each other.

Compared to the aged feeling coming from the sword-ship object, those three altars in the shape of towers were clearly built later.

At that moment, the white altar was empty, and so was the black altar. Only the red altar was shining with a red light. That strong light pierced through the fog and surrounded the area, causing all those who saw it to have their vision entirely covered in red, even if they were standing far away.

A few dozen people floated around the red altar. One of them was Yan Luan. She wore a red robe and her hair floated around her as she looked at the sword-ship object with sparkling eyes.

Han Fei Zi followed behind her quietly. No one could see the changes in her expression due to the veil covering her face. They could only see that her eyes were glowing.

The area was silent, yet there were occasional muffled rumbles traveling forth from afar. If anyone searched for the source of the voice, they would see the people from Tranquil East, Puqiang, and Lake of Colors Tribe fighting against each other in two spots located rather far away from the place.

"We won't be able to hide from Tranquil East and Puqiang for long. They should have already noticed the changes in this place... Our time is short..." Han Fei Zi whispered.

"Even if Han Cang Zi and the Berserker from Puqiang Tribe are held back by the previous tribe leader and the Elder... she's still a member of Freezing Sky Clan. We mustn't kill her, nor can we kill her."

Han Fei Zi's gaze swept past Yan Luan.

"I'll be careful. I won't cause delay for your entering into Freezing Sky Clan." Yan Luan chuckled and turned around to look at Han Fei Zi. "I'm curious how that new guest of Tranquil East Tribe attracted you, so much so that you would spend your last wish to make me let go of my interest in him."

Yan Luan may have been smiling beautifully, but only those who knew her would be able to see the chill in her eyes.

"You do not lack mates, but I lack a companion," Han Fei Zi said softly.

Her voice may have been pleasant to the ears, but there was chill to it as well.

"Companion? Are you perhaps thinking..."

Yan Luan covered her mouth and laughed, but she did not finish speaking. She cast a profound look towards Han Fei Zi instead.

"It's time. It would be best if you open the seal and break the mark of slave tribes so that I can leave in peace," Han Fei Zi said softly, closing her eyes.

Yan Luan smiled faintly and turned back to look at the sword-ship object. A strange light appeared in her eyes. She lifted her right hand and pressed it over her heart before she fell to her knees in midair. Her face was no longer enchanting, but filled with pious devotion.

"Align the runes!" Yan Luan said softly.

The moment she spoke the words, thunder rumbled in midair, and multiple bolts of red lightning appeared out of nowhere. They intersected with each other and pervaded the sky as they continuously traveled about.

At the same time, the dozens of people from Lake of Colors Tribe behind Yan Luan floated up as if their bodies were pulled in by the lightning in the sky; they sat down in midair with respectful looks on their faces.

The traveling bolts of lightning were originally rather chaotic when they appeared and shone in the sky, but when the dozens of people from Lake of Colors Tribe floated in midair, all of the bolts surrounded them with these people acting as the center. Once the lightning connected to these people, a complicated picture was formed in midair.

That picture was the Relocation Rune.

"Han Fei Zi!" Yan Luan called out softly.

Han Fei Zi did not say a word but took a step forward and charged towards the picture. She sat down in the center of the picture and let out a deep breath, then closed her eyes.

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

These words fell out of the lips of the dozens of people in the sky one after another. Their voices blended together and turned into a growl. As it echoed in the surroundings, in the outside world, at the mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located, which was situated beside Han Mountain City in the Land of South Morning, all tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe sat down with their legs crossed. Some of them were Berserkers, while the others were normal members of the tribe.

They all sat down with their eyes closed. At that moment, all of them bit their tongues at the same time and coughed out fresh blood. Every single drop of their blood rose into the sky and rapidly gathered in midair.

A giant contour of a face formed by blood appeared at the summit where Lake of Colors Tribe was located. It was the gigantic face of a woman filled with a dignified might. The moment she appeared, the light of relocation appeared outside the woman's face, causing her face to begin fading out despite the fact that she had just appeared.

The mountains where Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe were located were strangely silent as their people looked at this sight. They did not show any signs of wanting to investigate. At that moment, on the stage situated at the summit of the mountain where Tranquil East Tribe was located were the tribe leader of Tranquil East, the Elder, and the many powerful Berserkers of Tranquil East Tribe. Among them were three old men who seemed to have crawled out of their coffins. Their bodies were letting out a rotten stench as they stood with their tribe members silently.

They did not look at Lake of Colors Tribe, but were looking instead at the middle aged man wearing a blue robe before them.

The man's hair was very long. He had his hands behind his back, and there was the picture of a mountain of ice sewn on his robes.

"I know that your hearts are unwilling..."

The man was very handsome. As he looked at the summit of Lake of Colors located in the distance, he spoke languidly.

"But this is the decision made by leader Sun within the clan. You may feel unwilling, but you must obey."

"We would not dare to. We will definitely comply with the orders given to us by the envoy, but Han Cang Zi is still inside..." The one who spoke was one of the three rotting old men. His face was calm as he spoke hoarsely.

"Would anyone dare to harm her?"

The middle-aged man smiled faintly.

The same scene appeared on the mountain where Puqiang Tribe was located. The leaders and powerful Berserkers of Puqiang Tribe stood respectfully before a middle-aged man in black. The man had the mark of a scorpion on his face. The scorpion looked vivid, as if it was a living creature.

"Leader Wang has given the orders that Puqiang is not allowed to interfere in this matter!"

At the same moment, within the hidden grounds under Han Mountain City, Han Fei Zi and the others were sitting down cross-legged as they activated the Relocation Rune formed by the red bolts of lightning. As red light shone into the sky, a strange pressure gradually appeared. The woman's face that appeared on the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe slowly descended upon this place.

As it appeared, a large amount of ripples appeared in the sky and reverberated in the area, causing more and more powerful tremors to shake the world with each passing moment. Very soon, at the moment the light of the Relocation Rune in the sky reached its brightest peak, the gigantic face of the woman appeared completely in the sky.

That woman's face was about thousands of feet in size as she looked at the land indifferently.

"Open the Tranquil East Door!"

Yan Luan's face was piously devoted as she lifted her right hand and pointed towards the white tower shaped altar that belonged to Tranquil East Tribe in the distance.

The moment she pointed, a red light immediately shone outside Tranquil East's altar. Four people in red appeared out of nowhere. In their hands they held several heads of people who were glaring furiously even in their deaths.

These four people acted at the same time. They threw the heads onto the altar and slammed their hands on them.

The moment they did so, the heads exploded and turned into a large amount of blood that dyed the white altar red in an instant!

These heads belonged to the guests from Tranquil East Tribe who had entered this place. Once they were killed by Lake of Colors Tribe, their blood was gathered in their heads using a unique method. At that moment, their heads exploded, and their blood dyed the entire tower red.

The blood-stained Tranquil East tower rumbled and a large amount of cracks appeared. Roaring sounds traveled out from within, and a vast amount of energy spilled out abruptly.

The moment the energy appeared, the heavens and earth seemed to change their color. This was the power of all the Qi that had been accumulated overtime by the guests in Tranquil East Tribe over the centuries when the three tribes opened up the hidden grounds. Once enough energy had been accumulated, Tranquil East Tribe originally intended to use it while working with the other two tribes to open the giant sword-ship object.

Yet at this moment, all their energy was taken away ingeniously by Lake of Colors Tribe.

The gigantic woman's face in the sky opened her mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of Tranquil East tower. Immediately, this energy charged towards the woman's face and was completely absorbed by it.

"Open the Puqiang Door!"

Excitement appeared in Yan Luan's eyes. She had been waiting for this day for far too long. For this day, they had poured in too much blood, sweat, and tears.

The originally black Puqiang tower was dyed in red as the heads exploded. It crumbled as Tranquil East tower had done, and the vast amount of Qi that the guests accumulated over the centuries spilled forth, all of which were instantly absorbed by the woman's face in the air.

The final wave of energy absorbed was from the altar belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe. Thunderous booms echoed in the air, and cracks appeared on all three altars. The moment they exploded because they lost the Qi that had been stored within them, the woman's face in the air became distinct.

Yan Luan took in a deep breath and charged towards the woman's face, fusing with it in an instant. She appeared at the center of the woman's brows.

"Break the relocation seal!"

A strange light appeared in the eyes of the gigantic woman's face before it descended abruptly from the sky and charged towards the sword-ship object that was stuck diagonally on the ground.

As the face rapidly closed in, the sword-ship object immediately let out a dim light. The dim light was the seal itself. It did not spread out, but flowed around the sword-ship object like running water.

With a loud crash, the statue of the God of Berserkers from Lake of Colors Tribe crashed into the giant sword-ship object!

"The seal from Han Mountain's ancestor would be extremely difficult to break if we didn't understand its principles. This is a completely different energy compared to us Berserkers. Even if Lake of Colors Tribe understood the Relocation Art and used the power of the entire tribe, it'd still be difficult for us to break it, but...

"With the power of the statue of the God of Berserkers, the power of Relocation, and the research Lake of Colors Tribe conducted over the past few centuries, we've predicted that we can cause this seal to disappear for an instant using Rune against Rune. At that short moment it disappears, we... will enter!"

Chapter 160: Han Kong!

The sword-ship that was stuck on the ground shone with dark light that looked like flowing water. The moment the gigantic woman's face formed by the statue of the God of Berserkers crashed into it, the dark light immediately shuddered and gradually stopped flowing. It started showing signs of freezing.

At the same moment, the color on the giant woman's face started rapidly darkening. It looked as if it had used up most of its energy in the span of a few breaths. Judging by the rate of its color diminished, it looked like it could not completely make the dark light on the giant sword-ship stop flowing.

The speed of the dark light freezing had also started slowing down. Some of the spots that had already frozen up even started showing signs of recovering, beginning to flow once more.

Yan Luan's eyes flashed where she stood at the center of the woman's brows. There was a regretful look in her eyes as she lifted her hands and touched the woman's face with her fingers.

The instant her fingers touched the woman's face, it shone with a strong red light and turned into a strong red flare that rushed into the sky. The red flare charged into the starry sky, resulting into a huge impact that created a large amount of ripples that spread towards all areas. In an instant, the ripples covered almost the entire sky.

A long string of laughter traveled forth. The vague outline of a person appeared within the red flare that reached the skies. That vague outline quickly became clear, becoming almost completely distinct in an instant.

That person was an old man wearing a red robe. His hair was entirely white, but his face shone with a healthy red glow. A huge gourd could be seen on his back as he stepped out of the red flare.

The instant he appeared, the entire world shook. The starry sky looked as if it could no longer withstand the tremors and was about to crumble. The earth also trembled, causing a large amount of valleys in the area to collapse under this rumbling.

"Greetings, left preceptor Zhou!" Yan Luan said respectfully.

The moment the old man appeared, the woman's face which had merged together with Yan Luan had faded away and disappeared.

"The Relocation Art that breaks the four dimensional layers is indeed mysterious! Lake of Colors, since you've understood this Art and offered it to me, your tribe will claim all credit for this!"

The old man in red robes laughed loudly with sparkling eyes. He stared at the dark light surrounding the sword-ship, which was already rapidly recovering its flow.

"Han Kong, did you think that by hiding here, Freezing Sky Clan won't be able to touch you? Did you think that because Berserkers don't understand the seal of the four dimensional layers, that's why we can't kill you even though we know you are here?"

The old man in red robes let out a long string of laughter and lifted his right foot before taking a step towards the giant sword-ship on the ground.

"If it's a complete seal of the four dimensional layers, then I would definitely not be able to break it, but Lake of Colors Tribe has understood your dimensional seal, and now, your seal has a flaw. I... can now open it!"

The old man in red robes approached the sword-ship and lifted his right hand before swinging it in the air. A red demonic claw appeared above the sword-ship and seized it.

There was no way a normal living being could own this demonic claw. The moment it appeared, a strong look of desire and respect appeared on Yan Luan's face. She was not the only one. Yan Fei Zi and the other tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe also

looked over with respect when they regained their freedom after the woman's face disappeared.

"Berserker Soul Realm... By condensing and creating my own statue of the God of Berserkers, I will become the Berserk, and the Berserk will be me..." Han Fei Zi's eyes were bright as she mumbled.

The demonic claw closed in and seized the sword-ship. The dark light that flowed upwards on the object shuddered and let out a booming sound. The dark light shattered like shards and droplets of water. It fell off the giant sword-ship and tumbled to the side.

As the sword-ship trembled, the seal placed on it abruptly disintegrated!

"Han Kong, you came to us Berserkers 8,000 years ago and had your powers limited by the second God of Berserkers. You could only use your powers up to the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, which would mean your level is at Soul Transformation in your Immortal Realm. You're ranked in 147th place on the kill list shared among the worlds! Today, I, Zhou Shan, left preceptor of Freezing Sky Clan, will take your life on orders left behind by the third God of Berserkers!"

The voice of the old man in red robes sounded like thunderbolts raining judgment. The moment his voice spread out with a boom, his body turned into a long fire-red arc as he charged towards the sword-ship that had lost its seal.

With a loud crash, the old man rushed inside. The light in Yan Luan's eyes flickered. She too, charged in, and closely followed by Han Fei Zi and the other people from Lake of Colors Tribe.

Buried deep under the ground was a part of the sword-ship. One of the parts of the section buried underground had cut through a tunnel many years ago. As of then, at the end of the tunnel where the part of the sword-ship was, the stone walls crumbled and turned into countless shards that quickly tumbled backwards as the seal was broken.

"It disintegrated!"

Nan Tian's face was filled with excitement. He took a step forward quickly, as if he wanted to be the first to go in. Yet the moment he moved, Xuan Lun had already charged in at lightning speed, overtaking him and becoming the first to enter.

Nan Tian and Chou Nu followed closely behind him. The both of them rushed into the entrance that was revealed once the stone wall crumbled.

Su Ming opened his eyes, which were now bloodshot. He silently stood up and looked at the entrance that led into the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor. There was an expression filled with mixed feelings on his face, though hidden under the mask.

The voice summoning him was now filled with anxiety as it called out to him incessantly.

'The voice of Han Mountain's ancestor is completely different from the voice I heard when I fell into the illusion when walking through the red path. They're clearly not the same person.'

Su Ming closed his eyes and uncertainty appeared on his face.

"Sir Mo Su?" Dong Fang Hua asked in a low voice. He originally wanted to go in, but when he saw Su Ming keeping still by his side, he hesitated for a moment.

"I need a moment to think. If you want to go in, then go," Su Ming said coolly.

Dong Fang Hua struggled in his heart. He looked at the entrance and a yearning look appeared in his eyes. He wanted to become stronger, and there was a chance lying right before him at this very moment. If he gave up on it, he would definitely be dissatisfied.

He waited for a little while longer. When he saw that Su Ming remained in pensive silence, he gritted his teeth and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming before dashing through the entrance. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the place.

Su Ming was the only one left at the end of the tunnel. He stood there quietly as the anxious voice calling out to him echoed in his ears and mind.

After a moment, he opened his eyes.

"Should I risk it, or should I not...? Han Mountain's ancestor isn't dead, and it's strange that he's summoning me like this. Also, from the bizarre things that had happened on the red path, I can tell that if I go in, it'll be incredibly dangerous!" Su Ming mumbled.

"But this might be my only chance... to know just what memories I lost, and to know what exactly happened to me..."

Su Ming paced back and forth at the end of the tunnel with a brilliant shine in his eyes.

"He Feng once said that we can create a spirit body if we practice the Art of Han Mountain's ancestor. And once we have that Spirit Body, we can cast a strange Art. If I didn't completely subdue He Feng and wear that mask, I would've been caught under He Feng's Art.

"He told me about this Art later. It's called Possession... only those with Spirit Bodies can cast this Art and take over someone else's body. During the Possession, they can look through the other person's memories..."

"A person can only create a Spirit Body once they have practiced the Branding Art. Besides He Feng, only Han Mountain's ancestor has one."

Su Ming paused in his footsteps and a resolute look appeared on his face.

'I can take the risk, but I cannot put myself in jeopardy. I won't ask to be able to completely protect myself, but only when I have a certain amount of confidence in this can I take this risk! My memories may be important, but the thing about me losing my memories is just my guess. If my guess is correct, then it's fine, but if it turns out that I was just overthinking things, then it's... not worth it to lose my life over!

'Putting aside the possible connection between him and me, Han Mountain's ancestor is calling out to me so urgently mostly due to the breaking of the seal in this place... Besides, I don't think he'd be summoning me to simply just end my life.

'Then besides some other reason I don't know of, there's only one possibility as to why he's doing this, he's going to perform the Possession He Feng spoke about!

'The elder once taught me that when I don't understand certain things, I can try putting myself in the other person's shoes to guess his thoughts by going through the things that person had experienced.

'If I am Han Mountain's ancestor and I haven't gone out of this place for many years all while having to watch the three slave tribes rebelling to the point that I can't do anything... then he must be injured, and it's not a light injury... Now that Lake of Colors Tribe has broken the seal and Freezing Sky Clan is supporting Lake of Colors Tribe, then those from Freezing Sky Clan must also be in this operation.

'Han Mountain's ancestor is most likely going to die!

'There's a high possibility that he's calling out to me for the Possession He Feng spoke about! He's going to Possess my body and avoid being killed... The reason why he chose me is perhaps because I have the path of blood within me... then could it be that the small virescent sword, the red meadow, and the other things chose me because of this as well?

'He drew me here step by step...'

A chilling look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'He won't live for long. If Lake of Colors Tribe dared to break the seal, then they have full confidence in killing him as well... the safest way for me is to wait here and not go in. Before long, Han Mountain's ancestor will die.

'This is the safe way, but if I do that, then I won't be able to obtain Han Mountain's ancestor's training method, and I won't be able to obtain the answer I want. I won't be able to know just how many memories I lost...

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He sat down cross-legged and lifted his right hand before tapping his chest. Immediately, his Qi tumbled within his body like a furious wave crashing around inside him.

Almost at the instant he tapped his chest, a ball of dim light was forced out of his chest. Inside that dim light was He Feng's Spirit Body. He had his eyes closed as if he was in deep sleep.

Su Ming looked at He Feng's Spirit Body before he lifted his right hand and touched it. A wave of ripples spread out. Once they traveled over the small figure, a shudder ran through his body and he slowly opened his eyes.

"Mas..."

There was a dazed look in He Feng's eyes, who had just recently woken up. Once he took a good look at his surroundings, especially the entrance at the end of the tunnel, a violent shiver ran through his body.

"This is... This..."

"He Feng," Su Ming said slowly. His voice was low and deep, and there was an intimidating force behind it. "I need you to do something for me," he stated, looking at the small figure.

"Master, please speak. As long as I can do it, I won't dare to decline," He Feng quickly adjusted his mind to the situation and spoke cautiously, yet there was a slight nervousness in his heart. He did not know what Su Ming wanted him to do, especially when he was forcefully awakened in this place.

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Chapter 161: The Lost Memories!

Su Ming paused for a moment before he suddenly spoke.

"Possess me!"

His words were shocking, and they stunned He Feng completely. His jaw fell slack, and he only regained his senses after a moment. Nervousness and terror immediately appeared on his face, and he quickly explained, "Mas... Master, this... I... I didn't do anything wrong. I even helped you in your fight before I fell unconscious, I..."

"I'm telling you to Possess me, stop talking so much!"

Su Ming cast a cold glance at He Feng. His gaze may have seemed aloof, but he was in truth subtly observing He Feng's reaction.

He Feng was still baffled. He smiled wanly as he looked at Su Ming. After a moment of hesitation, he knelt down on the ground. There may have been no tears in his eyes, but they still glistened moistly.

"Master, I've done wrong, I truly did. Please forgive me this time. I won't dare do it again."

Su Ming's eyes shone brightly. From the small connection he had with He Feng through their souls, he could sense He Feng's nervousness and fear. There was no joy within him.

"Master, I can't Possess you. If I did, then it'd be the same as erasing your existence. If... I... If I erase you, then I won't be able to survive either. It's the same as killing myself..."

He Feng had temporarily lost his tongue, he did not know how to explain himself.

"I'm not asking you to perform a complete Possession. When I tell you to stop, then you can stop," Su Ming said languidly.

This was incredibly important to him. It was a deciding factor on whether he should go in and meet Han Mountain's ancestor.

He must first become accustomed to the Possession process and see whether he can find a way out, and whether he can obtain a certain amount of certainty to remain safe before he could take the risk.

He had chosen He Feng for this after carefully thinking things through.

"Master, I've never Possessed anyone before. I only know the method... You... Are you sure you want to try it?"

He Feng hesitated for a moment. When he saw Su Ming nodding, he gritted his teeth and did not dare oppose him.

His Spirit Body turned into a dim light that charged straight towards the center of Su Ming's brows. The instant it touched Su Ming's forehead, the dim light flickered as if it had fused into the body.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and he slowly closed his eyes.

"Master... Master..."

A voice called out to him repeatedly in Su Ming's head. He opened his eyes, and a world shrouded in fog appeared in his sight.

Only the area 100 feet around him was empty. The other parts were all covered in rolling fog, and muffled booming sounds reverberated from within it.

"This is your mind. It's also the first place that will appear during the act of Possession."

He Feng's careful voice traveled into his ears. Su Ming turned his head around and saw He Feng's Spirit Body by his side.

There was an intimidating force coming from his Spirit Body that made Su Ming uncomfortable. He lowered his head and looked at his body, becoming stunned as he did so.

At that moment, he no longer had a body. He was only a weak ball of dim light. Yet there was an even dimmer thread coming from the deeper parts of his light which connected him to He Feng's Spirit Body. It gave Su Ming a feeling that with just one thought, He Feng would immediately die.

Besides this thread, Su Ming also saw something else. There was something that was muddled in his own light. Even he himself had to pay full attention to sense it before he could notice its presence.

'This is...'

Su Ming turned his attention towards it. Once he did so, he immediately felt as if his divine sense was being absorbed into the dim light, to where the muddled object was.

That thing was a black stone piece. It was hidden away by the dim light around it, which was why it was difficult for people to see it clearly from outside.

'It's that stone...'

The moment Su Ming saw that stone piece, he felt shaken to the core, causing the dim light to flicker greatly, which also made He Feng, who maintained by his side, jump in fright.

He Feng was incredibly terrified. He was afraid that Su Ming would accidentally touch that thread in his Spirit Sphere and he would die, because if he did die here, it would only end up as a huge tragedy on his part.

Su Ming observed the stone debris. This item had been with him for many years and he always kept it around his neck. He did not expect to see that thing here.

After a moment of hesitation, Su Ming tried getting closer to it, yet the moment his touched the stone debris...!

"Brother... brother..."

"Brother... I can feel you... Brother..."

That familiar feminine voice echoed strongly within Su Ming's divine sense, causing him to tremble.

That voice seemed to have been buried in his heart for a long time. It could not be wiped off and would not disappear. In the past, when it appeared in his dreams, he would feel as if it was muddled and coming from somewhere far away, but now, the voice was incredibly loud, as if it was right before him.

Some time passed before Su Ming regained consciousness. He left the stone debris hidden in the dim light and fell into a long period of silence.

"Master..."

He Feng was already shaking in his boots as he spoke in a cautious tone.

"Let's start," Su Ming said coolly.

"Yes, Master. This is also the first time I entered someone else's mind. But Master, your mind seems to be a little different from mine. Why is there so much fog...?"

He Feng looked around him. Afraid that Su Ming would misunderstand him, he hesitated for a moment before he looked at Su Ming.

"Master, Possession is actually very simple. All I need to do is to devour the Spirit Sphere of the person I want to possess... but don't worry, I won't dare to devour it, coalescence will create the same effects..."

"Alright."

Su Ming nodded.

"Pardon me."

He Feng gritted his teeth and his Spirit Body charged towards Su Ming, but that respectful look on his face made it seem as if he was not here to possess Su Ming. The moment He Feng's Spirit Body approached Su Ming, they touched each other swiftly. He Feng trembled, while Su Ming's divine sense shuddered.

He felt as if there was thunder rumbling in his mind, and that was quickly followed by the fog around him suddenly tumbling backwards violently. The booming sounds echoing within were so loud they shook the heavens and earth.

As the fog tumbled backwards, Su Ming and He Feng's Spirit Bodies quickly fused together. This was not an act of devouring, but coalescence. Their minds would fuse together and become one. If this continued, then there would eventually be an entity that was neither He Feng nor Su Ming, but one that had both of their divine senses merged together.

Su Ming could feel himself weakening during the coalescence as if he was going to disappear at any moment, yet he paid no mind to any of these. He only stared at the fog outside.

He could clearly see the fog outside tumbling backwards ceaselessly. Some part of it began thinning out, and gradually, a large portion of the thin fog dissipated, revealing memories in the form of moving pictures that were previously hidden under the fog.

He saw himself walking into the secret tunnel with Nan Tian and the others. He saw himself walking up the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe. He saw himself falling asleep on the desolate mountain with the blood moon in the sky.

His memories moved like flowing water as they flowed in reverse before Su Ming bit by bit.

He saw himself transforming He Feng into the medicinal cauldron. He saw himself fighting against Han Fei Zi. He saw himself noticing He Feng and Xuan Lun closing in as they fought against each other while he was meditating in peace.

He saw Han Mountain City along with the Chains of Han Mountain. He saw Fang Mu delivering herbs to him. He saw himself kidnapping Fang Mu once he recovered from his injuries...

His memories continued playing out in reverse until some of those moving pictures eventually had Su Ming sitting still in the mountain cave recovering from his injuries, then they stopped moving.

"Master... I can't hold on anymore... If we continue like this, we'll really merge together into one!" He Feng's distressed voice echoed within Su Ming's mind.

"Also, Master, what's in your Spirit Sphere?! The more I fuse together with it, the more it rejects me. What... What is this...? It... It's sucking me in... Ah...!"

Terror suddenly appeared in He Feng's voice, as if he had just encountered something unbelievable and shocking.

Tremors started in Su Ming's mind. He could feel He Feng's terror. This was also the first time he realized that an increasingly stronger absorption force was coming from the stone debris in his Spirit Sphere, and it was not trying to absorb him, but He Feng, who was trying to fuse with him!

He separated a part of his divine sense to suppress the absorption force coming from the stone debris, then his faint but determined voice was sent into He Feng's Spirit Body.

"Continue."

"Master... I... This is..."

"Continue!"

He Feng no longer spoke. Instead, in the midst of his terror, he continued with the coalescence, trembling. He was feeling incredibly regretful at the moment, and also incredibly terrified. He did not know what was within Su Ming's Spirit Sphere, but the thing within made him feel a wave of terror that he had never experienced before. He had a feeling that if he continued with this, he would completely lose everything without Su Ming even needing to kill him.

Su Ming looked at the fog outside. The memories that appeared once the fog thinned out started changing once again, and the scenes where he meditated were replaced by something new.

It was daytime. The sky was covered by lightning and rain. Several vultures circled in the air. There was a person lying on the mountainside as if he was dead. The vultures hesitated for a long moment before one of them dove down and landed on the person. When all the other vultures landed on him, that seemingly dead person suddenly grabbed a vulture's throat.

He opened his eyes.

The scene changed once again. This time, the sky was still covered by lightning and rain, but it was no longer day. It was night. Bolts of lightning struck in the sky. Suddenly, a gigantic crack appeared in midair.

The crack was like a wide opened mouth that exuded a ghastly presence. Its appearance made the rain falling from the sky freeze midair in an instant. Even the bolts of lightning flashing in the sky came to a still, and they hung in the sky unmoving.

Su Ming grew nervous. He had forgotten about everything around him. The only thing that mattered was the scene before him!

A person struggled out from within the dark crack. He was covered in blood. The moment he appeared, Su Ming saw this person clearly with the light from the bolts of lightning that had frozen up in the sky. The person had his eyes wide opened, and the light in his eyes revealed his sadness.

He was laughing hollowly before he fell from the sky and rolled down the mountaintop until he was stopped by a big rock on the mountainside. He fell to the side, unmoving.

That person was Su Ming...

"Master, I... I... can't last any longer!"

The scenes in the fog changed once again. This time, it was completely black, as if it was showing neither earth nor sky.

Yet at that moment, He Feng let out a shrill cry, and the thin fog before Su Ming's eyes instantly thickened. The scenes disappeared.

The empty space of 100 feet had expanded to an area of 150 feet. He Feng was curled up by the side incredibly weakened. He looked at Su Ming in a pitiful state, terror shining from his eyes.

'If I continued on, then I'd have died... Thank goodness I was only performing coalescence, not devouring him, or else...' He Feng thought and shuddered. He looked at Su Ming and did not know what to say to him.

Su Ming fell into momentary pensive silence before he nodded towards He Feng.

"Thank you. Let's... go out."

Chapter 162: Take Me Away...

Beside the sword-ship that led to the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor was a tunnel. At the end of it was an entrance, and Su Ming sat there as he opened his eyes. There was a bewildered look in his eyes.

He Feng did not appear; he was submerged in Su Ming's body, not his mind. He was very weak. This time, he had to enter into deep sleep once more, or else he would disappear.

'My memories stopped and began at the moment I woke up to catch the vultures. I don't remember the crack that appeared during the rainy night, neither do I remember myself laughing so hollowly... When I woke up, I was already lying by the mountainside.

'Perhaps the memories I'm missing are those within the crack.'

Su Ming looked at the entrance by his side and resolution appeared in his eyes.

'He Feng didn't seem to be faking his actions. The stone debris in my Spirit Sphere...' Su Ming touched the mysterious black stone debris hanging on his neck. 'I'll risk it!'

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He stood up without hesitation and moved towards the entrance.

He had already lingered around this place for quite some time. Now that he made his decision, he could not afford to waste his time any longer. He had a strong feeling that perhaps he truly had a connection with Han Mountain's ancestor. He would be able to obtain an answer to all the things that baffled him here.

"Come... come here..."

The aged voice was laden with anxiety. It was much clearer and stronger than when he was outside. The voice echoed in his mind. The moment he set foot through the entrance, his vision became clouded.

Once everything became clear, he saw a piece of sky with stars shimmering in it before him. The end of the sky could not be seen and the stars let out dazzling light.

"Where is this place...?"

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. This place was covered in deathly silence, and he was the only one here.

"This is... the... third dimensional layer... come... come here... let me... see... you..."

The aged voice became clearer as it echoed in Su Ming's mind. At the same time, the stars in the sky began moving rapidly before his eyes. Gradually, a floating piece of land appeared before him once the stars finished moving.

Su Ming had never seen any of these before. His eyes became even more clouded with bewilderment, but he soon calmed down.

He moved forward silently. He did not know how long he had walked, neither did he know whether he was walking towards the floating piece of land, or whether the floating piece of land was moving towards him.

As he got closer and the floating piece of land rose before him, Su Ming stepped on it and looked around him.

The mountain ranges rose and fell around him with sounds of flowing water coming from the rivers. The ground was covered in green grass and there was a sweet fragrance coming from them. Sitting on the grass meadow was a person wearing gray robes.

This was a person whose age could not be estimated. His entire body was dried up, and there were only a few strands of hair left on his head. His clothes had almost entirely disintegrated. He sat on the ground with his eyes closed as if he was dead.

"You've... finally come..."

A hoarse voice echoed through the land.

"Are you Han Mountain's ancestor?"

Su Ming took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down before he looked at the person who seemed to be dead.

"You can call me Han Kong..."

The aged voice echoed in the air and the direction which it came from could not be determined. When the voice fell in his ears, Su Ming felt shaken.

"Why did you call me here?" Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked.

"I did not summon you here... you were the one who summoned yourself here..."

This time, the voice did not appear from all around him, but from the dried up person before him. As the words tumbled out of his mouth, this person opened his eyes.

They were a pair of eyes that were incredibly dim, but there was a profound look within them that seemed like stars, but inside there was also excitement, longing, and anticipation.

"Take me away..."

The hoarse voice came out from Han Kong's mouth. His voice sounded like two dried up twigs rubbing against each other, which made all those who heard it incredibly uncomfortable.

Su Ming looked at the skeletal Han Mountain's ancestor and fell silent.

"According to the... promise, I've completed my duties. I've waited for you for a long time... take me away..."

Han Kong looked as if it had been a long time since he spoke. He had a hard time forming his words, since he bit out each syllable. An expectant look appeared on his calm face.

"I've left my home for 8,000 years. I want to go home..."

Han Mountain's ancestor shivered slightly as he mumbled towards Su Ming.

As Han Kong spoke, the entire sky suddenly shook. The stars in the distance let out a huge rumbling sound, and the stars began fading out one by one rapidly.

"They're here... quickly..."

Han Kong's breathing became rapid.

Su Ming remained silent. There were too many things he did not understand from Han Kong's words.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he spoke languidly. "How can I... take you away?"

"You..."

Han Kong was stunned and he stared at Su Ming. Uncertainty and disbelief gradually appeared in his eyes. It was as if that simple sentence from Su Ming was out of his expectations.

"Who... are you?"

Han Kong immediately became sharp. A great pressure spread out with a boom. Under this pressure, Su Ming felt as if he was an ant caught in a rainstorm. He felt as if he was suffocating.

Su Ming took a few steps backwards. His face was pale. He looked at Han Kong and after remaining silent for a moment, when the booming sounds from afar came nearer, he spoke softly.

"I am Su Ming."

"Destiny 1... That's right, it's you."

Han Kong let out a sigh of relief. The pressure disappeared, and the sharp gaze in his eyes turned into expectation. He did not know that he had misheard Su Ming's name as Destiny.

"You are Destiny. You know how to take me away from this place..."

Han Kong spoke with difficulty. At that moment, the last star in the sky outside faded out. At the same time, as muffled booming sounds appeared where they were, the land also trembled furiously. It was as if there was someone outside using an unseen method to attack the place.

"Damn it! They're here too soon!"

Han Kong's face twisted. He struggled up and took a step towards the sky.

"They won't be able to see you here, neither will they bother you while you cast your Art. I'll stall them. You are Destiny. You will send me back... You must send me back... You have to send me back!"

Han Kong suddenly turned back and a ferocious look appeared for the first time in his eyes. He cast a look at Su Ming before he charged into the sky.

Outside the floating piece of land, the night sky that had fallen into darkness once it lost all its starlight started twisting. As Han Kong walked out, a large amount of ripples spread through the twisting sky. A loud bang resounded, and the old man in red robes from Freezing Sky Clan walked out of the ripples.

"Han Kong!"

With a low growl that echoed in the air, the face of the old man in red robes became grave and filled with a mighty presence. He lifted his right hand abruptly.

The dark sky around them was suddenly filled with colors. As they spun around, they formed a large vortex. Rumbling sounds filled the air, and the vortex circled around Han Kong with him acting as its center. It spun around him quickly, turning into a shocking power.

Han Kong let out a shrill and mournful howl. He swung his right hand before him and instantly red light appeared underneath his feet. In the blink of an eye, that red light turned into the red meadow. As he swung his hand forward, the meadow spread out through the surroundings rapidly, and in an instant, it covered an area of 100 li.

Han Kong panted harshly as if he was a wild beast that had been pushed into a corner. His eyes were fiercely lit with aversion, and he pressed his right hand towards the ground below him.

The moment he did so, the 100 li meadow tumbled about and sounds akin to roars rang out. A bundle of red mist appeared from the place where Han Kong had his right palm pressed down. That mist quickly condensed and gathered together before it turned into a three headed giant python. With a hiss, it charged towards the old man in red robes.

Han Kong pressed his left hand on the meadow right after that and immediately a battle cry reverberated through the air. Red mist rose from the meadow once again and turned into a man in red armor. That man held a blood sword. Once he appeared, his eyes were lit with fighting spirit and he charged at the old man.

Han Kong's enchantment had not ended. He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His blood splattered on the red meadow, and the meadow seemed to go into frenzy immediately. It started rapidly squirming and growing at a shocking pace, spreading outwards like hair at lightning speed.

"Berserkers! How dare you oppose us Immortals!"

Han Kong raised his arms into the air swiftly while standing on the rapidly growing red meadow. He might have looked dried up and shriveled at the moment, but there was a presence spreading out from him that was hard to describe.

When Su Ming saw this scene, his heart pounded against his chest. This was the most intense battle he had seen besides the battle of Dark Mountain executed by the shadow in the starry sky. Han Kong's Arts made him feel shaken to the core.

The face of the old man in red robes was calm. He lifted his right hand and pointed not towards Han Kong, but at the center of his brows, then from there, his finger trailed down to the tip of his nose, carving out a trail of blood.

The moment the trail appeared, a roar rose from the space behind the old man in red robes. A gigantic apparition seemed to have torn through the space and a spirit that was entirely red and was about 10,000 feet tall came forth.

It looked like a giant, but was more like a monster turned from a statue of the God of Berserkers. It wore beast skins and was half naked. The moment it appeared, it let out a shocking roar.

At the same moment, the red gourd slung over the back of the old man in red robes floated up. The cork popped out and many black shadows flew out. These black shadows were the souls of wild beasts. They howled as the giant monster seized them and devoured them.

When that three-headed giant python and the man with the fighting spirit and the red armor charged towards him, the giant monster lifted its head swiftly. There was a fierce light in its eyes. With a howl, it charged towards the giant python and once it grabbed it

with its claws, it brought it to its mouth and bit down before throwing it aside and charging towards the man in armor.

Booming sounds echoed in the air. As the giant monster continued with its slaughter, Han Kong's red meadow was still spreading out, practically covering all the space before it suddenly shrank and let out a shocking boom.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He had not even managed to recover from the battle before the space before him twisted and Han Kong walked out from within. The moment he did so, Han Kong's legs shattered and turned into nothingness. His face was filled with death, but he still flew up and seized Su Ming before he charged forward and disappeared with him.

All of these happened too quickly. Su Ming did not even have time to dodge before he was caught by Han Kong. The moment he disappeared with Han Kong from the place, he saw the red meadow spreading out like hair and covering the sky around the floating piece of land. Amidst the booming sounds, Han Kong flew up once more. He coughed out blood, but continued charging into the distance.

Behind him, the old man in red gave chase.

Destiny is 宿命, and the pinyin is (su1 ming1 (E.D Note: the numbers are for different tones, there are four different in total), which is like the homonym for Su Ming (蘇銘, by the way), very different meanings and very different characters, as you can tell. Su Ming's name is pronounced as su1 ming2, so the second character also sounds differently, but Han Kong misheard it.

Chapter 163: If You Don't Die, Then This Will Become Your Serendipity

"How would the Berserkers understand the Runes of us Immortals? This has long since not been a four dimensional layer seal, there's another half a layer left!"

Su Ming's vision was clouded. Once it became clear, he appeared in a dark place. It was a mountain cave. There was no light around him. He only had minimum vision.

"Hurry, send me back. I was heavily injured in the past and could not recover. I've given up on my real body and only have this replica left. I won't be able to last long. Once my real body dies and I haven't left this place, I will die as well!"

"Only if my replica leaves the Berserkers' domain and I cut ties with my main body using a different Law amongst the Immortals can I continue living."

Harsh pants came from beside Su Ming as Han Kong tightened his grip on his shoulder. His face was only seven inches away from Su Ming's. He stared into his eyes with madness and anxiety. At that moment, he was already nearing despair and no longer had the calmness he possessed previously.

Su Ming stayed silent for a moment before he spoke slowly. "I don't have any way to send you back."

"I'll say it once more, send me back!!" Han Kong roared and grabbed Su Ming's shoulders. Killing intent appeared on his face.

"If you don't believe me, you can use Possession on me and look through my memories to see whether I am lying to you..."

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at Han Kong. This was his goal!

When he was at the end of the tunnel outside the entrance, he understood many things. He became uncertain about whether he had truly lost some memories, so he could not ignore it. He wanted to understand everything about this.

Yet Su Ming knew that with his power, it was impossible for him to know what had happened to him. That was why he thought about Han Mountain's ancestor and what He Feng had talked about... Possession!

There was one thing about Possession - during the process, he could forcefully look through his memories!

He Feng could not do this, but Su Ming believed that Han Mountain's ancestor could.

'I want to know why there was pity in Han Cang Zi's eyes. I want to know why Nan Tian didn't mention the genocide of the Fire Berserkers in the hands of the God of Berserkers... I want to know about the aloof gaze and the words that reached me when I was walking on the red path. Why did it make me nervous and afraid...?

'I want to know whether I truly lost some memories, and if so, when did that happen...

'I want to know what happened in those lost memories...

'I want to know whether everything about the elder and Dark Mountain is just a dream...'

Su Ming closed his eyes, then reopened them. He stared at the harshly panting Han Kong.

"Help me. Tell me what I've lost in my memories, and you can also see for yourself the reason why I can't send you back to your home. You'll also see that I'm not lying to you.

"Help me... Tell me... who I am..." Su Ming whispered, and determination appeared in his eyes.

Han Kong stared at him. He did not know why, but under Su Ming's gaze, a hint of fear that he could not describe boiled in his heart. He was afraid of Su Ming's calmness. He was afraid, because he had never met someone who asked him to possess their bodies in his life.

"A simple Possession and Soulseek won't allow us to see complete memories, only fragments... If you won't send me back but offer yourself to be Possessed, then I will help you!

"This replica of mine was refined from a Berserker's body. This person had already obtained the power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm while he was alive. If you truly want me to help you, then I will have to refine your body into my replica!

"If I die, then you will die with me. If you don't die, then this will become your serendipity. I will fulfill your wish!"

Han Kong had lived for many years, there was no way he would be unable to see through Su Ming's ploys, but he no longer had any time... A hint of maliciousness appeared in his eyes. He had waited for 8,000 years, and yet this was the outcome he obtained. He could not go home, could not go back to his birthplace.

He might even die at any moment. Once his real body was located outside this world died, he would also die. Instead of dying like that, he would rather refine the body of this Destiny who gave him hope and crushed it at the same time. He would have them die together. Still, no matter what, he could indeed see all his memories.

He did not wait for Su Ming to agree. Han Kong lifted his right hand swiftly and pressed it against his abdomen. His body started trembling viciously, and with a bang, he turned into a bundle of blood mist right before Su Ming's eyes.

The blood mist dyed Su Ming's body, then let out a golden glow. A small golden person about the size of a palm charged out of the mist towards the center of Su Ming's brows. That person was Han Kong, but his power was not something He Feng could compare.

The small person had already materialized and was not a Spirit Body, but the Origin Spirit that was even stronger than Spirit Infant! There was a golden spine in his body!

The spine may have been dark, but there was a savage and wild presence coming from it. This was the first piece of bone that would be reverted by a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

This was slightly different from what Su Ming predicted, but the final result would be the same, anyway, so he did not resist. He looked at Han Kong's Origin Spirit descending upon him and closed his eyes.

'There are few plans in the world that could be made where all things are taken into consideration and attended to. Only when there are mistakes will there be chances of being right as well. I'll take the risk!'

The moment he closed his eyes, Han Kong's Origin Spirit touched the center of his brows and slipped in, disappearing in an instant. The moment he was gone, Su Ming started trembling violently. Pain appeared on his face, which was hidden underneath the mask.

The pain was much stronger than when He Feng had used Possession on him. The two levels of pain could not even begin to compare. They were like the difference between the sky and earth. Not only was his body aching like millions of bone needles had pierced into every single pore, he also felt as if there was a mountain range pressing on his mind, and it made him feel as if he was about to be crushed to pieces.

Under that great pain, drops of blood started seeping out from his face under the mask. That blood came from his bleeding nose, eyes, ears, and mouth!

It was difficult to describe the pain he felt, but Su Ming did not make a sound, neither did he fall into madness. He sat there with calmness in his eyes that seemed like still water in a well.

He endured the pain silently and quietly experienced Han Kong's act of either Possession or refining his body into a replica. He simply endured everything silently.

His vision became clouded, and he once again arrived in the place he had come to before - the world shrouded by a magnificent layer of fog, the place where there was only an empty space of hundreds of feet.

Su Ming was still that weak Spirit Sphere. As he floated in midair, the familiar sensation and his determination allowed him to not tremble and sink into fear. He turned his gaze towards Han Kong's Origin Spirit, which was letting out such a piercing golden light he felt it going to melt him.

The Origin Spirit was several feet tall. Compared to Su Ming, he was like a giant that stretched to the sky and earth. When he descended, the empty space of hundreds of feet trembled as if it could not withstand the force and was about to crumble.

That piercing golden light and the gigantic person made Su Ming feel as if he was caught in a rainstorm and that he was going to shatter at any moment, and that was before the giant even got close to him.

'What is with this mind...? Why is there so much fog here?!'

Once Han Kong saw his surroundings clearly, a shocked look appeared on the face of his Origin Spirit. He seemed to have understood what it meant since he swiftly turned to look towards Su Ming with a complicated look in his eyes.

"I will fulfill your request!"

The moment Han Kong's words left his mouth, the giant Origin Spirit opened his mouth wide and sucked in a breath in Su Ming's direction. Immediately, the Spirit Sphere that was Su Ming flew towards Han Kong.

Even if he was going to be possessed, this was still Su Ming's mind. He could still see the fog before him thinning rapidly, and the memories of his time in the Land of South Morning quickly rushing by...

"This time, will I be able to see it...?" he mumbled.

Chapter 164: Who Am I...?

The mist had thinned out and the memories flowed out like a river. As they changed, familiar scenes flashed before Su Ming's eyes.

These memories would become his most precious treasures, because these memories appeared before his eyes when he was caught in between a situation of life and death, and they were flashing brilliantly between the one possessing and the one being possessed.

Su Ming started falling into a daze, but he continued looking in front. He wanted to know what was in the memories he had lost...

Han Kong was also looking at Su Ming's memories. As he devoured Su Ming's divine sense, he would also refine his body into his replica.

Within those memories, Su Ming saw the scenes he had seen before when he first came to this place. They showed up once again as time traveled back and he went to the moment four years ago when lightning thundered and rain fell from the sky. The giant crack that caused the sky and earth to change appeared. It made lightning stop and rain freeze.

'This is it!'

Su Ming instinctively trembled. He Feng's ability had only lasted until this scene before he could no longer withstand the terrifying absorption power coming from the stone debris in Su Ming's body. The endeavor had to be given up then.

However, Han Kong had taken over, and his Origin Spirit was stronger than He Feng's Spirit Body by several fold. Su Ming hoped that he could see something different!

"Huh? What's inside your Spirit Sphere? What is this!"

Han Kong's voice suddenly reached him. There was surprise and bewilderment in his voice, even hints of alarm and disbelief.

"This is... impossible..."

The moment Han Kong's voice came, the mist before Su Ming dissipated and the scene changed abruptly. This time he saw what was within the crack that appeared during the stormy night, and time flowed forward instead of backwards in the crack.

The scene changed, and endless darkness appeared before Su Ming's eyes. Yet strangely, even though everything within sight was dark, Su Ming could still sense a body floating in this darkness.

The body was unmoving, his eyes closed as he floated inside. Su Ming could feel a familiar sensation coming from this person. He knew that this person was himself.

"I finally... saw what's in there... but I was unconscious at that time, that's why I don't have any memories of this place... This isn't considered as losing my memories!" Su Ming mumbled.

The sight before him seemed to have frozen up and did not change for a long time. When this happened, Su Ming felt as if something bad was about to occur. He became extremely nervous and had a feeling that he seemed to have understood something.

'My memories have been stuck here for a long time... Just how much time passed in this place...?'

"Damn it all! Just what is that thing! Even if you asked me, how am I supposed to possess you with this around?!"

Han Kong's alarmed voice echoed within Su Ming's mind. At that moment, Han Kong's gigantic Origin Spirit was shrinking at an incredible speed. It was as if there was a black hole within his body that was rapidly absorbing everything inside him.

Su Ming did not take notice of any of these. He looked at the scene behind the mist with a dazed expression on his face. He stared at the still and unmoving darkness and could not fathom just how much time had passed in that place.

He did not know how much time had passed. When Han Kong's angry roars became weaker, for the first time since a long while, Su Ming saw a change in the darkness!

This time, the change came from a hoarse voice speaking calmly!

"Why?"

The moment he heard the voice, Su Ming's mind trembled so strongly he felt as if he was about to crumble and dissipate. The dazed look in his eyes was instantly replaced by shock. He knew this voice well. It belonged to himself!

"When did I ever say this...?" he mumbled, and then he saw a scene that he would never forget in his life!

In that scene, he saw himself!

He saw himself standing in the darkness. Five gigantic chains pierced through his arms, legs, and head, stringing him up in the void. Those five chains then expanded into nothingness, and it was unknown where they led to.

His eyes were closed. He might have been hanging and his body might have been covered in blood, but there was no hint of him being unable to withstand that pain on his face.

"Is... that me...?"

Su Ming had never felt so shaken before. He realized that the scar that was carved on his face when he was in Dark Mountain was not on the strung up Su Ming's face.

He saw himself hanging in nothingness, and right before him was an enormous head. This head was about the size of hundreds of Su Ming added together. He had red hair and the imposing look on his face exuded ferociousness.

That head wore earrings made of snake bones. On his forehead was a mark of lightning. There were also a great number of markings on his face. It looked as if he was born with it, and those markings exuded a savage and wild presence.

The eyes of the head were open. They may have been dull and lifeless, but even though those eyes were dead, Su Ming still felt as if the sky was rendered apart and the earth opened up when he saw the head. There was an indescribable power in it that looked down upon all that lived.

All that lived had to lower their heads and worship in trembling fear before the head.

However, it was still dead. A shocking red sword was stuck in the skull. It penetrated the entire head and half of the blade had come out from the other side.

Su Ming also saw more than nine red needles stuck on the head.

With a stunned and blank look on his face, Su Ming looked at the head and at the strung up Su Ming hanging in the air. He shifted his gaze towards the direction that the strung up Su Ming was looking and saw a person sitting on the hilt of the sword in the head.

That person wore wide robes and his face could not be seen clearly, but the moment Su Ming saw this person, he felt a freezing chill fill his entire mind, which soon turned into anxiety and fear.

"This is your destiny, you cannot deny it."

A cold voice that seemed to travel from a place faraway fell into his ears. It echoed in the void as if it was a law, and it was forced onto him. That voice stayed for a long time, and all those who opposed the will of the law would be punished.

"Di... Di Tian..."

Han Kong's trembling and weak voice carried with it respect and fear as it echoed in Su Ming's divine sense. He had divided up most of the power from his Origin Spirit to counter balance the increasingly stronger absorption force. Whatever remained of the power in his Origin Spirit saw what Su Ming saw.

When Han Kong saw the giant head, he became afraid, then when he saw the person on the sword hilt above the head and heard the voice, that fear became so strong it was as if he was looking at a demon in his nightmare, one that made him extremely terrified but full of respect at the same time.

"I refuse."

Su Ming saw the strung up Su Ming open his eyes. They were deadly still and so quiet it was frightening. The moment the strung up him opened his eyes, Su Ming saw a line of blood appear underneath his eyes. That line of blood seemed to have appeared out of thin air and soon revealed itself entirely. It was the wound left on his face when he was in Dark Mountain... the one scar he did not want to lose.

"You truly... disappoint me... but you cannot refuse my will."

The person sitting atop the hilt of the sword lifted his head. His face still could not be seen, but the merciless and aloof look in his eyes could be.

When Su Ming saw his gaze, a thunderous roar ran through his mind and a sharp pain as if he was being torn apart burst forth, causing everything before him to shatter abruptly and turn into countless shards.

"Di Tian, you lied to me! You lied to me... I..."

At the same time, a shrill cry reverberated through the air. That voice belonged to Han Kong. His screams rapidly weakened until they eventually disappeared.

Everything vanished. That roar continued echoing in Su Ming's mind as if there were hundreds upon thousands of thunder bolts rumbling incessantly in his mind. It made all what he saw disappear.

The fog before him rapidly thickened until it looked as if all of those things had never happened before. Only that aloof gaze seemed to penetrate through the fog of memories, landing on Su Ming's body.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

A shudder ran through Su Ming and he opened his eyes. His entire body was drenched in sweat. The moment he opened his eyes, blood flowed out of the corner of his lips and he could not help but cough out a mouthful of blood.

Even his mask fell to the side when he coughed out blood, revealing his pale and baffled face underneath.

On his face, the scar underneath his eyes that was left behind from the time in Dark Mountain became red.

Sounds of rapid breathing came from Su Ming. He panted harshly. His eyes were bloodshot, and as he placed both of his hands on the ground, his body trembled.

"Is this part of the memories I lost...?"

After a long while, Su Ming wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth and mumbled as he looked around the dark mountain cave.

'Some of my memories have truly been wiped away... Is the person who erased my memories that Di Tian Han Kong spoke about?

'Who is he? Where did he come from? What... is he to me...?

'What was I refusing in the memories I lost...?

'That head underneath that person obviously belongs to a Berserker. Who is he...?' Su Ming trembled. He remembered Nan Tian talking about the second God of Berserkers who lost his head. 'It's just a head, and it alone gave me the feeling as if I was looking at a deity... Could that head belong to the second God of Berserkers?

'Di Tian... Di Tian... Han Kong was screaming that Di Tan lied to him before he died. Who is this Di Tian...?'

The bewilderment on his face was like a flood that drowned out all other emotions.

"Who... am I...? Destiny... Su Ming..." Su Ming asked himself quietly.

He lifted his head but did not roar or growl, he simply mumbled in a voice that only he could hear.

"Who am I...?"

He laughed brokenly in his bewilderment.

He felt lost.

He was like an injured beast that had to survive alone, like a person who had lost his memories and refused to believe what he was seeing, like a grown up tree that forgot how old it was...

... Like water in a palm that would be lost the moment it was flung out.

Su Ming knelt on the ground as if he had lost himself. He originally thought he could obtain an answer, but that answer only made him sink into deeper confusion.

'Is this destiny...? It's just like a ball of hair. The head cannot be found, and neither can the end.'

Su Ming closed his eyes. He could not wrap his head around it. He did not want to go out, preferring to sit alone in the darkness to find the answer quietly.

His mind had already overlooked the fact that Han Kong had died inside him. Besides some parts of his broken Origin Spirit that was absorbed by the piece of stone debris in his body, the rest had turned into glittering spots of light that encircled Su Ming's Spirit Sphere before they were slowly absorbed.

He also overlooked the reverted Berserker Bone of the Berserker Soul Realm that was brought in by Han Kong and was left within his body. Due to Han Kong's death, it was slowly being assimilated into Su Ming's body. As it melted, Su Ming's blood was also circulating and absorbing it at a shocking speed...

It was just as Han Kong had said, if he did not die, then it would become his serendipity!

Chapter 165: Prelude

In the blink of an eye, another month passed by.

Since a month ago, the hidden grounds underneath Han Mountain City became a thing of the past. It was no longer hidden and anyone could go in as they pleased without having to face any limitations anymore.

The secret that had surrounded Han Mountain City for years disappeared.

Besides the leaders of the three tribes and some limited amount of tribe members, very few people knew that an incredible change had happened in this place during the past month. The rest only knew what they saw, that during a night one month ago, as a shocking boom reverberated through the sky, the figure of a person rushed out from the deep canyons underneath Han Mountain City. Behind that person was a gigantic monster roaring as it chased after him.

At the same time, as the person flew out from the canyon, one person flew out from both Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe. They intercepted him and fought against him.

This battle did not last long. The person finally died and was beheaded.

Those not involved did not know who that person was, but the leaders of the three tribes knew that this person was Han Mountain's ancestor...

The death of Han Mountain's ancestor allowed the three tribes to no longer be slaves. They finally obtained their long-awaited freedom, which allowed them to be free from the chains binding them forever to Han Mountain. They could finally expand and make their tribes bigger.

Lake of Colors Tribe obtained all the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor left behind in the sword-ship. Freezing Sky Clan did not demand from them any of it. The old man in red robes took away the sword-ship with him before he left with his people.

As Lake of Colors Tribe had understood the secret behind the four dimensional layer Relocation Art, they were considered to have made a great contribution. Lake of Colors Tribe decided to migrate before the silent Tranquil East and Puqiang. They willingly gave up on the control of Han Mountain City and gave out a notice to dismiss all their guests. They would use a year to move their entire tribe away.

Lake of Colors Tribe also gave all the herbs in the originally hidden land under Han Mountain City to Puqiang and Tranquil East. The two tribes did not take away too many herbs, but left behind most of them to alleviate the tension between them. After all, the three tribes had worked together in developing the city for hundreds of years and some

form of alliance had been made between them. If it was destroyed because of this, it would not be worth it.

When the people in Han Mountain City learned about this and explored the previously hidden grounds with their curiosity towards the unknown, some of them managed to find some herbs and obtained serendipity, but most of them came back empty-handed.

Yet because outsiders could come to the place that was once shrouded in mystery and see with their own eyes the place that had bound the three tribes there, their curiosity with the mystery of the place was satisfied.

During this month, the once mysterious place received a large amount of people, more than ever before. Most of the Berserkers from Han Mountain City went there, causing the place to slowly lose its mysteriousness.

Following the act of Lake of Colors Tribe dismissing all their guests, Puqiang Tribe did the same thing as they no longer possessed any desire for the hidden grounds. They also dismissed their guests because they no longer needed their help.

Tranquil East Tribe did the same thing. The three tribes closed their doors to outsiders, which caused certain changes in some state of affairs in Han Mountain City.

Yet these changes were miniscule compared to the largely important event of Freezing Sky Clan coming to Han Mountain City to take in disciples, an event that only occurred once every couple years.

The entire Han Mountain City became lively once again. Most of the time, the only thing talked about by the outsiders was Freezing Sky Clan coming to the city to take in disciples.

It was a desire of almost every single Berserker in the Land of South Morning to either join Freezing Sky Clan or Western Sea Clan. It was also clear that those who came to Han Mountain City had chosen Freezing Sky Clan as their target.

Freezing Sky Clan was incredibly strict when it came to taking in disciples. They had a unique system for those who wanted to join.

Take for example Han Mountain City. If those not from the three tribes wanted to join, they would need to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain to show their worth.

Yet this was only to show their worth. It was still uncertain whether they would be taken in.

At the same time, during this month, one name started circulating among a small group of people until it eventually grew into a discussion of the whole Han Mountain City. This name was uttered by Nan Tian's lips, was acknowledged silently by Xuan Lun, was

searched by Lake of Colors Tribe's Han Fei Zi, and gradually, no one in Han Mountain City did not know of that name.

That name was Mo Su!

Due to the numerous discussions about that name, the people of Han Mountain City gradually became familiar with it, and from that familiarity they sensed this person's strength and mysteriousness.

He was a new guest of Tranquil East Tribe, and his level of cultivation could not be estimated. Yan Guang from Lake of Colors Tribe had died at his hands, but Lake of Colors Tribe was not holding him accountable for it.

Tranquil East Tribe had dismissed all their guests but one, and that person was the mysterious Mo Su!

It was rumoured that this person had already Transcended. One month ago, when he was in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain, he was on equal standing to Nan Tian and had managed to stun Xuan Lun. He had also fought against Han Fei Zi.

That battle had not ended in either participant's death, but once Han Fei Zi returned to Lake of Colors Tribe, she started searching for this person frequently, which made all those watching get an inkling of what had happened.

Each appearance of a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm would cause a ruckus in Han Mountain City. Besides the three tribes, there were originally only five people who had Transcended. Besides Xuan Lun and Nan Tian, there was also Ke Jiu Si from Lake of Colors Tribe.

The other two people did not join any tribes. Their goal in going to Han Mountain City was clear—they wanted to join Freezing Sky Clan.

These five people were like the brilliant sun during noon. If any one of them joined any tribe, they would all become chief guests.

Yet the sixth Transcended Berserker appeared, causing the discussions revolving around him to grow. The cause of this was largely related to this person still refusing to appear.

It seemed like the mysteriousness surrounding Mo Su increased because this person had yet to appear. The people only knew that he dressed in a black robe and that the most obvious characteristic on his person was the black mask he wore.

No one knew what his face looked like underneath the mask.

Nan Tian had even once casually said one sentence.

"Mo Su is someone I can't compare to, neither can Xuan Lun, nor any of the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City!"

The meaning behind the words itself was astonishing, but when he said it and Xuan Lun agreed to it silently, along with Ke Jiu Si, who nodded, it caused a ruckus within Han Mountain City.

This mysterious sixth Transcended Berserker in Han Mountain was the most discussed topic besides the event of Freezing Sky Clan coming to take in disciples.

Perhaps this obviously instigated discussion caused all of those within Han Mountain City to pay attention to everyone beside them. They were all subconsciously searching for that mysterious Mo Su.

Han Fei Zi sat quietly in a chamber on the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe. Sitting before her was a middle-aged man with a pleasant demeanor. This man wore a green robe. He looked at Han Fei Zi and chuckled lightly before he spoke.

"I've already done as you wished and pushed this person to the teeth of the storm, even though I don't know why you'd want to do that."

"Thank you, senior Jiu Si," Han Fei Zi said calmly.

"It's fine, I'm just curious. Just how good is this person? Not only are you looking for him, but even Tranquil East Tribe is working with you to cause a storm, all for the purpose of finding him as well.

"It's a good thing that Puqiang Tribe has closed off their tribe once they've dismissed the guests and no longer has any connection to the outside world, or else if they joined in as well, I'd be even more taken aback by this Mo Su."

The middle-aged man smiled faintly.

Han Fei Zi fell silent and did not speak. After a long while, the middle-aged man let out a chuckle he could not stifle before he stood up and left.

A short moment went by after he left, and a strange glow appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes as she mumbled, "Mo Su, I won't believe that you died. You still owe me a promise!"

Tranquil East Tribe was also searching for Su Ming. Under the persistence of the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe and his little sister, Han Cang Zi, the entire Tranquil East Tribe was called into action and started searching on a large scale, which included searching the area where Su Ming had disappeared - the once hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

Yet no one managed to find him even as another month passed by, and so Mo Su became increasingly more mysterious.

In the deep canyons hundreds upon thousands of feet under Han Mountain City, the silhouettes of people could often be seen running among the valleys underneath the ground.

During these past two months, there were plenty of people who came searching, but no one knew that a strange mountain cave existed within a certain valley.

No one would be able to notice this cave.

Right then, a mumble could be heard echoing within this cave.

"Who am I...?"

Su Ming was sitting inside the cave with his eyes open. His eyes were filled with red and his gaze was dazed and blank. He had forgotten about time and forgotten where he was. All he could think about was the question that had no answer.

The mountain cave was not dark. During these two months, red light gradually filled the cave. The red light came from Su Ming's body. Many blood veins covered his body densely and let out flickering light as they continued increasing.

The Berserker Bone within him had melted and was absorbed by his Qi as it circulated in his body, causing Su Ming's blood veins to have increased to 926!

His blood veins were still increasing, but Su Ming did not notice any of it. His whole mind was submerged in one single thought. This was the first time in his memories where he pondered about his destiny and... who he was with such a strange state of mind.

During these two months, he lived in a muddled state as if he was lost. As he continued thinking in this condition, his presence changed. This change was faint and difficult to discover, but it was there. It was just like how he had changed when he treaded through the red path and came to an understanding.

People seldom sank into a train of thought where they thought about their own identity. They would, naturally, speak out words such as "I am who I am", yet these words were spoken without prior thought, it was simply a false affirmation that the person himself could not ascertain was true because he did not know the answer himself.

"If I am who I am, then who... am I...?" Su Ming muttered.

He could not wrap his head around it. He wanted to know the answer.

The answer seemed vague and distant. Perhaps no one could explain it to him.

At that moment, it was as if he was in the midst of a crowd of people who had their eyes closed, and only he had managed to force open his eyes a slit that would close up at any moment, the second he could no longer withstand it any longer.

It was as if he was struggling to climb up an abyss, and as he was faced with the danger of falling back at any moment, he fought hard to lift his head and look at the world outside the canyon.

He did not know what he saw. He could only struggle to try and see it more clearly.

In his muddled state, he remembered a sentence left behind by someone in the beast skin scrolls that the elder had given him. It was also the sentence that he could not understand the most.

"You cannot see the world... that I see..."

Chapter 166: Completion of the Blood Solidification Realm

Su Ming could not describe what he saw. Perhaps he did not even see anything.

Yet he was still struggling to see clearly, even though he did not even know himself just what he wanted to see. The world before him was black; there was no light.

"Do I desire to see light...?" Su Ming mumbled a question that no one cared to answer. There was no answer to this, neither did he think that he required an answer any longer.

Because he suddenly understood. What he needed was neither light nor darkness.

"What I want to see... is clarity... I want to see the naked truth..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, but not just his physical eyes. He also shut down his thoughts, his mind, and his soul.

It was as if that slit that had been forcibly opened could no longer withstand the pressure and finally chose to close up once again, as if he had just struggled up to the edges of the abyss and lifted his head to see the world outside before he fell back inside.

Even so, he still managed to see something.

'If the day comes and I finally understand who I am, only then will I... be me. Right now, I am Su Ming. I... am Mo Su.'

Su Ming opened his eyes. There was still bewilderment in them, but that bewilderment was already hidden away deep within his heart and his thoughts.

He suddenly felt extremely lonely. That loneliness stemmed from his heart, as if he had been abandoned by the entire world and the entire universe. He felt as if he had just lost his soul and could not find it. He was like a lost child that could not find his way back, like a wanderer that left his home and forgot the smell of his home in this vast world.

'Wherefore doth thou cry, o blue sky...?'

Su Ming had once been ignorant about these words, and had even mulled over them. Right now, they appeared in his heart, and he gradually began to understand them somewhat.

He fell silent.

The calmness in his eyes exuded an air of loneliness as he sat quietly in the silent mountain cave. However, while his calm and silence this time may have seemed similar to how he was previously, it was in truth completely different from before.

In his memories, after he experienced everything in Dark Mountain and woke up in the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he learned how to be silent, how to be calm, and how to be alone.

Yet he had learned all these to hide. It was used to hide the true emotions in his heart. It was simply a childish disguise.

Right now, as Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the scar on his face, there was no longer any need for his silence and calmness to hide anything. It came straight from his heart, and instead of a cover, it became something that stemmed from his soul.

Su Ming lowered his head and mumbled to himself, "Have I grown up...?"

In his memories, the brilliantly smiling boy who had spoke naively and had the elder hold his hand like a child still remained in his heart.

The childhood friend who had asked him in the snow whether they would remain together until they became old, and her hair that had a slight fragrance, still remained in Su Ming's heart.

"I grew up."

Su Ming lifted his head. The moment he did so, booming sounds instantly burst forth from within his body and reverberated around him. It turned into a large number of echoes in the mountain cave, sounding as if they had turned into low roars and howls that did not disappear even after a long time had passed.

Amidst these booming sounds, red light shone from Su Ming's body. This red light instantly illuminated the dark mountain cave in a shade of red, causing everything inside to sink into a world where everything was red.

Brilliant red!

It signified power and a person's level of cultivation. This here was a shade of red that pierced into the eyes of all those who looked at it!

With Su Ming acting as the center, that red light shone strongly outward, into its surroundings. Under Su Ming's silence and calmness, the robes he wore were shredded into pieces and disappeared into nothingness. Only the storage bag and other items remained, falling by his feet.

Once his robes disappeared, an innumerable amount of dense blood veins could be seen covering Su Ming's body. It was difficult for a normal person to tell just how many of them there were with just one glance. Only Su Ming himself knew. As of then, there were 937 blood veins on his body!

'If I don't die, then this will become my serendipity... Han Kong... thank you.'

Su Ming was not surprised by the change in his body. Han Kong's words rose up in his heart. He could also clearly feel the presence of the Berserker Bone that had assimilated into his body. He could still feel it slowly melting within him.

It should not have been so easy for Su Ming to absorb the Berserker Bone, but due to the doings of fate, the body of the original owner of this Berserker Bone had been refined into Han Kong's replica. Han Kong himself might not have had the time to train and increase the power of the replica, but it still had experienced a silent transformation due to the Berserker's influence over the years.

As the Bone melted, the power that spilled out from it was the prime reason why Su Ming's power was increasing by leaps and bounds!

He sat down and melted away all his confusion into his heart. He did not want to show it. He did not know where his path led to, but he knew one thing—only when he was powerful could he find the answers to his questions. Only then could he have the chance and time to find his own answers.

'I don't care whether this is destiny or whether my memories have been wiped out. Some day, I will find the answer, and when I find that answer... I will obtain the right to decide my own fate!'

Su Ming took in a deep breath. The blood veins in his body let out a loud bang and increased once again.

941, 943... and they continued increasing until they reached 952!

950 blood veins was a rare sight in the land of Berserkers. This state was known as the completion of the Blood Solidification Realm! Those who managed to manifest 980 blood veins would be known to have attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Those who could arrive at this state in the Blood Solidification Realm were incredibly rare!

Even if there was someone who used the same method as Su Ming and absorbed a Berserker Bone from the Bone Sacrifice Realm, without Han Kong's influence on that Bone over the thousands of years, they would not be able to obtain the same results. It was not as easy as it sounded either. The Berserker Blood within the person's body was also an important factor.

At the moment the 952nd blood vein appeared on Su Ming's body, there were nearly a hundred people in the once hidden grounds of Han Mountain. These people were either in groups of three or five, or were moving alone. They were all spread out as they searched around the hidden grounds.

This place was originally quiet, but at the moment, although the ground did not move, all the Berserkers in the place suddenly felt the blood veins in their bodies going into disarray as if they had just lost control over them.

This sudden change immediately shocked them.

"What happened!"

A middle aged man came out of a valley, which was one of the spots where the herbs were planted. His expression changed. His blood veins were all gathering together automatically in his body, causing his entire body to let out red light. It made the middle-aged man momentarily stunned before an alarmed look appeared on his face.

All the people who were gathered in the hidden grounds had the same reaction at this moment. They were enveloped by the light spreading out from the blood veins in their bodies. That blood light was not stable, as if there was an incredibly powerful absorption force dragging that light, trying to separate it from their bodies.

"What... what is this? What's going on here?!"

"I can't control my blood veins anymore. Damn it! This only happens if I run into a Transcended Berserker. Is there a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm here?"

"That's not right. This is difficult even for Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm. There aren't even 100 people in this place right now. Look at the red light around us. It's clear that everyone lost control of their blood veins..."

The people in the hidden grounds burst into a commotion and it stirred up a wave of panic and alarm within them. If they were in another place, perhaps this panic would not appear. After all, all the Berserkers who came to this place were not weaklings.

Yet this place was the most mysterious place in Han Mountain City just two months ago. Even though it was now open to the public and two months had gone by, some degree of mysteriousness still remained to it!

If such a drastic change happened in a place like this, how could they not be alarmed?

'There must be a secret here that the three tribes had not discovered. It might have just been activated, and it already made me feel as if my blood veins are going to fall apart and fly out from my body... I cannot stay here!'

A white haired old man quickly left the place to return to Han Mountain with a grave expression on his pale and ashen face. In his mind, this place was incredibly dangerous. It was not a place that he could explore.

However, he had only just started running and had not even managed to cover a distance of 1,000 feet when a rumble that shook the earth suddenly came upon the numerous valleys in the hidden grounds.

Once the tremors started, the earth moved and mountains shook, causing the wind and clouds to change. It made all the people in the hidden grounds let out cries of surprise.

That old man did not even turn back to look. His heart pounded against his chest and his determination to leave this place as soon as possible became stronger.

Quite a few people harbored the same thoughts. There were dozens of Berserkers around the area, and they were all dashing from different locations towards the exit.

However, right after the tremor, a strong wave of intimidating pressure suddenly swept through the place like a typhoon, instantly covering the entire hidden grounds. The pressure came too suddenly, catching everyone off-guard.

Booming sounds reverberated through the air, the intimidating pressure so great it shook the sky. All those who wanted to leave trembled. They could not help but stop under the pressure to immediately sit down and circulate the blood in their blood veins to resist the pressure on their bodies.

The starry sky that originally existed in above had disappeared as the seal was broken. What they saw then was a clear blue sky that stretched far into the distance. This piece of sky belonged to the Berserkers and to the Land of South Morning.

At that moment, clouds tumbled in the sky. As they gathered together, a golden light surrounded them. This strange change immediately attracted the attention of all the people in Han Mountain City. Even those from the three tribes cast their eyes towards that scene.

"This..."

"What happened? Why did the sky suddenly change?"

"Are the people from Freezing Sky Clan here already? That can't be right. They should only be here several months later according to their schedule..."

"What strong pressure... My blood veins are already going slightly out of control! Just what is the meaning of this strange phenomenon?"

"What's the meaning of this sight? The clouds are gathering, golden light is surrounding them, could it be... Could it be that a treasure has just appeared?"

Almost every single person in Han Mountain City put aside whatever they were doing and lifted their heads to look at the sky, and sounds of discussions started buzzing in the air. The people's faces were filled with astonishment and perplexity. Some of them were even showing hints of fear towards the unknown.

"This... This is..."

Within Han Mountain City was an old man who was trembling slightly. This old man stood in the crowd with a cane supporting him as he looked dumbly at the sky. In his eyes was not bewilderment but disbelief and astonishment.

"This is the God of Berserkers' Blessing that will only appear when a person who has attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm reaches the Transcendence Realm! This is..." the old man cried out instinctively.

His words were overheard by the people around him. After a short period of silence, cries of surprise that grew increasingly stronger burst forth from among them.

Chapter 167: Aim High!

There were few who could recognize that strange phenomenon in the sky, but that did not mean that none existed. There were already some who recognized this in Han Mountain City. Their words shocked the entire city, causing discussing voices to fill the air.

Nan Tian sat on a stone chair situated in the courtyard of an elegant house in the second layer of Han Mountain City. Beside him was a middle-aged man. That man had a pleasant demeanor, as if expressions of happiness and anger seldom appeared on his face. He was holding a cup of wine and was currently drinking with Nan Tian.

That was the moment when the phenomenon in the sky appeared. Faint sounds of commotion wafted into their ears. Nan Tian lifted his head, and when he saw the sight, a shudder ran through his body.

The middle-aged man with the pleasant demeanor also looked over. His eyes remained calm and his expression did not change, but the hand holding the wine cup trembled, and some of the wine spilled out.

"The Transcendence of a Berserker who reached the great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm!"

"It doesn't seem like it's a Berserker who reached great completion. I once encountered a prodigy who Transcended with 982 blood veins. The atmosphere at that time was even grander compared to this time..."

The middle-aged man was the former chief guest of Lake of Colors Tribe - Ke Jiu Si.

"But it's still a Berserker who has reached completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Once a person like this Transcends, even if he has just arrived to the Transcendence Realm, he can easily outmatch most of those in the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm and become one of the top!

"Since when did someone like this appear in Han Mountain City!" Nan Tian took a deep breath. He might be acting as he usually was, but due to the strange phenomenon, mixed feelings coupled with shock grew in his heart.

"This presence is coming out from the hidden grounds under Han Mountain... Should we take a look?"

A glint appeared briefly in Ke Jiu Si's eyes.

"No need. If this person is Transcending in such a grand manner, then he must have made ample preparations to defend himself. It's not worth it if we go and he is mistaken about our intentions. It's better if we go and greet him once he succeeds.

"It's impossible for him to fail Transcending like this..." Nan Tian stated languidly.

"Say, could this person be the mysterious Mo Su that has become famous lately?" Ke Jiu Si suddenly asked.

"Hm?" Nan Tian narrowed his eyes and looked at the strange phenomenon in the sky for a while. After a moment of hesitation, he shook his head. "I've observed that Mo Su before. He didn't seem like he'd never Transcended. In fact, he seemed like he had originally Transcended, but due to an accident, his level of cultivation had fallen... It... shouldn't be him."

Ke Jiu Si fell silent. Amidst his uncertainty, Nan Tian looked at the strange sight in the sky, and found that he could not make up his mind.

As these two people fell silent, Xuan Lun was standing in a corner at the third layer of Han Mountain City with a dark expression on his face. As he stared at the strange phenomenon in the sky, his expressions were constantly changing.

'Who is this person? If he's choosing to Transcend now, then it must be because he's preparing to enter Freezing Sky Clan... completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... Hmph, as long as you don't provoke me, I won't bother you, but if you block my path, then I'll test whether the Transcended Berserkers who had reached the completion in the Blood Solidification Realm are truly as strong as they are said to be!'

When the strange phenomenon in the sky appeared, those within Han Mountain City were not the only ones shocked and moved into hurried discussion. The change in the sky also attracted the attention of the three tribes.

Yan Luan's expression was grave as she stood at the top of the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe and looked at the sky. Her black hair swayed in the wind. She wore a red robe and looked stunningly beautiful.

'Transcending in Han Mountain City? I wouldn't have minded if it was just a normal Berserker Transcending... but you're one of those rare Berserkers who reached completion in the Blood Solidification Realm. Didn't you know that people like you are not allowed to Transcend at will at other people's turfs?'

'Who... are you?!'

Yan Luan hesitated for a moment before she lowered her head and looked at the canyons underneath Han Mountain City. She could feel that the person who was Transcending was there.

However, she did not go forward recklessly. She had come to the same conclusion as Nan Tian. Those who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm were definitely extraordinary people. It was impossible for a powerful Berserker like that to not have made any preparations for his Transcendence.

Unless they had some sort of scorching hate between them, very few people would go and seek these people when they were Transcending, much less Yan Luan, who was the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe. There were a lot more things she had to take into deep consideration.

Similarly, besides the other people from Lake of Colors Tribe watching the bizarre sight in the sky from the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe, Han Fei Zi was also looking at the sky calmly. There was uncertainty in her eyes, but no envy or shock.

'If I Transcended, this will also happen to me. But who is this...? Could it be him...?'

Han Fei Zi frowned as she fell into contemplative silence.

There was a small crowd standing quietly at the mountain of Puqiang Tribe. They were also looking at the sky, but no one was talking. No one knew what they were thinking amidst this silence.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe sat at the top of the mountain. Behind him was the tribe leader, Fang Shen, the Head of the Guards, the Chief of War, and others. All of them were looking at the sky, the expressions on their faces constantly changing between shock, envy, and uncertainty.

"Interesting..."

The Elder of Tranquil East smiled faintly.

"Besides Han Fei Zi from Lake of Colors Tribe, this is the second person who has attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... but he's not one of our Tranquil East."

Su Ming did not know that the Transcended presence triggered by the increase of his blood veins had caused a change in the sky, which forced all the people who were in the hidden grounds to sit down cross-legged and meditate to resist their rampaging Qi and the intimidating pressure that fell upon them.

Neither did he know that the change in this place had attracted the attention of the world outside. As of now, Su Ming was simply sitting cross-legged in the cave as his blood veins continued increasing. It had now gone from 952 blood veins to 963!

They were still increasing!

963 blood veins. That amount had already surpassed Han Fei Zi's. The blood veins shone with a shocking blood-red light on Su Ming's body, as if it did not want to just stop at dyeing the cave red, it wanted to turn the cave into a sea of blood.

As his blood veins increased, a faint feeling of Transcendence appeared at the bottom of Su Ming's heart. This feeling gradually became clearer. An urge that seemed irresistible slowly formed, making him want to lift his arms and draw out his very own Berserker Mark!

At the same moment as the blood veins in Su Ming's body continued increasing, the people who were near the mountain cave in the hidden grounds and could not leave turned pale. Their expressions were overcome with terror; they were nearing their limits.

Once they could not resist it any longer, what awaited them was their bodies exploding and the blood veins being sucked out!

"This... is... a Berserker who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm Transcending!"

Some of the people had already guessed the answer. Yet once they did, they lost their courage to continue resisting. Deep despair rose within their hearts.

A normal Berserker Transcending would not cause such a change in the weather and would usually quietly choose a safe place to Transcend. Only those who had attained completion in the Transcendence Realm would evoke such a change in their surroundings. At the same time, anyone who got too close and did not have a similar amount of blood veins as that person would crumble and break down, like how a sword shatters when it strikes a piece of jade, the moment he successfully Transcended.

Every single person had their eyes trained on the place, but that would not save the nearly 100 people who were dragged into this.

Su Ming's breathing grew rapid. His right hand rose up slowly. The feeling of Transcendence became even stronger and more distinct. He was even certain that if he wanted to, he could Transcend at that very moment!

However...

'I haven't found the materials suitable for me to synthesize my Origin Transcended Berserker Vessel. If I Transcend now, I can only use the item left behind by He Feng... Also, I have a feeling that if I suppress the urge to Transcend, my blood veins... will still increase!'

Su Ming's right hand was trembling. He needed an incredible amount of willpower to suppress the urge to Transcend. A brilliant shine appeared in his eyes. Within that shine was resolve and ambition!

'963 blood veins only allows me to attain completion for the Blood Solidification Realm... I don't want to Transcend at completion. If I'm going to Transcend, then I'll try

and manifest more than 980 blood veins to attain great completion for the Blood Solidification Realm!

'If I don't want to Transcend, then I'll leave it at that, but if I Transcend, then I will make sure I have no regrets!

'I only lack Sky Flute Branch for Spirit Plunder now. Tranquil East Tribe is searching for it for me. The isolation grounds for Han Mountain's ancestor's might be in disarray now, but if they want to get it, it shouldn't be a problem for them.

'If I Transcend, I wonder if this Spirit Plunder can serve as my Origin Berserker Vessel! I can't rush into this... I can't rush...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed and veins popped out on his face as he suppressed his urge to Transcend. He forced his right hand down.

The instant he forced his right hand down, his body suddenly started trembling violently. Booming sounds reverberated through the air. Suppressing that urge was akin to forcefully quelling lava that was originally going to erupt. Yet by doing so, it naturally made the explosive power that was stored in his body become stronger.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and Su Ming immediately felt as if his body was going to be torn apart. Going against the urge to Transcend and reversing the process of Transcendence to gain more blood veins was an act that was clearly not allowed.

As the rumbling sounds started in his body, Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding, but his eyes just became brighter.

"I will decide when I want to Transcend, not nature, and not any deity!" Su Ming muttered, and the moment he did so, his blood veins increased instantly by 10. They went from 963 straight to 973!

It only continued from there, 974, 975, 976...

As his blood veins increased, that feeling as if he was being torn apart became stronger, but Su Ming could sense that with each additional blood vein, his strength once he Transcended would increase.

Once the blood veins in his body increased to 979 and he only needed one more vein before he attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, that urge calling him to Transcend came crashing into his will like a wave, making him instinctively lift his right hand once again.

At that moment in the world outside, the strange phenomenon in the sky grew in size. The clouds tumbled out in all directions and let out rumbling sounds. The golden light

was so bright it was piercing, and it looked as if it was going to turn into the statue of a deity!

The nearly 100 people who sat cross-legged in the hidden grounds located in the canyons and were resisting the pressure were bleeding out of their mouths. Their eyes were filled with despair.

In the mountain cave, Su Ming stared at his raised right hand with a cold look and said slowly, "So, this is Transcendence? It's like some sort of summoning... but today, I will not Transcend! This is my will!"

Su Ming lifted his head and stared above as if he saw through the mountain cave the faint statue of a deity slowly materializing in the sky.

"Fine control!"

Su Ming closed his eyes. His blood veins stopped increasing abruptly at 979, and with fine control, they started quelling down from their irritable state, going into hiding one after another.

"I will decide my own fate!"

"I rarely hanker after things, but that's not because I don't have any desires. If I'm going to go for something, then I'll definitely aim high!"

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth, then a cold smirk appeared on his lips.

Chapter 168: Three Deity Statues!

979, 943, 912, 887... the blood veins in Su Ming's body were hidden away at a shocking speed under his will using fine control. As they were hidden away, the urge to Transcend was also forcefully quelled within him.

'If I can't even control when I Transcend, then how can I decide my own fate!'

The light in Su Ming's eyes flickered. Most of the blood veins in his body were hidden away once again under fine control.

As the blood veins in his body were concealed and the urge to Transcend was forcefully quelled by his will so that he could decide the time to do it himself, the people in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain near the mountain cave who were in despair as they

continued resisting the pressure were already without hope. Almost all of them had blood flowing out from the corners of their mouths.

They could even already feel death approaching them, see their bodies exploding and the devastating sight of their blood veins rushing out of their bodies. The will to survive made them continue resisting even though they knew that it was useless. They still wanted to search for that perhaps non-existent way to survive.

Yet when Su Ming made all his blood veins scatter, suppressing the urge to Transcend, the near 100 Berserkers immediately discovered that their rampaging blood veins were calming down, and that that intimidating pressure disappeared even more quickly.

The sudden discovery made all of those people who were originally bound to die to be overwhelmed by ecstasy. Most of them were taken aback for a moment before they started running without any hesitation. They ran for their lives in a mad dash as their hearts pounded with nervousness and fear.

But there were some who understood the situation. They may have also been fleeing quickly, but before they ran out or after they took a few steps and hesitated for a moment, they bowed towards the valley that made them so terrified.

"Thank you for showing mercy!"

"Thank you for not killing us!"

They did not mumble out these words, they were all shouted out with the power of their Qi and echoed in the surroundings. As these voices grew in number, those who were running for their lives hesitated and stopped before they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the valleys, shouting out similar words.

At some point, these voices rose and fell, turning into echoes in the air that spread out through the hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

These people had escaped death, but fear lingered in their hearts. Every single one of them who was running away from the hidden grounds of Han Mountain had the same thought. Once they showed their gratitude, they immediately broke off into full speed and fled the place.

The clouds in the sky were gathering together and golden light pierced through the clouds, covering most of the sky in its glow. The people could even distinctly see a rapidly materializing deity statue within the clouds.

Yet at that moment, when Su Ming suppressed the urge to Transcend, a shocking boom resounded through the clouds in the sky, as if there was someone inside that was roaring out of anger.

The golden light flickered and became dull. The rapidly materializing deity statue seemed to gain intelligence and looked as if it was lowering its head to gaze at where Su Ming was in the canyons that spanned hundreds upon thousands of feet under Han Mountain, which was situated in the vast land.

"I am the creation of the first God of Berserkers, the deity statue of Transcendence among Berserkers..."

There was an incredibly great, imposing force coming from his voice. Booming sounds akin to thunder spread throughout the entire land. As his voice traveled forth, the land shook, and the mountain where Han Mountain City was located trembled. Many rocks fell from the mountain, and dust flew into the air, but the moment it appeared, it was suppressed by this force.

Han Mountain City was not the only one affected. The mountains where the three tribes—Lake of Colors, Tranquil East, Puqiang—were located were also trembling. The might of the voice brought about astonishment and shock among the numerous onlookers down below. No one knew who was the first to kneel down, but after a moment, almost everyone had knelt down on the ground to worship the faint deity statue.

The crowd in Han Mountain City was like a black mass as they knelt on the ground. Their faces were filled with fanaticism and reverence as they looked at the figure in the sky. Their ears echoed with his imposing voice. Most of them had never seen the sight of a deity statue manifesting in the sky in their whole lives.

'I've once heard about the three great deity statues of the Berserker Tribe. They were all created by the first God of Berserkers, and each symbolizes the three great realms in the Berserker Tribe - Transcendence, Bone Sacrifice, Berserker Soul... I thought it was just a legend... How could I have known...? Who would have known...?

'This is real!

'The deity statue of Transcendence... This is one of the three great deity statues of the Berserker Tribe - the deity statue of Transcendence!'

Nan Tian and Ke Jiu Si could not remain calm. Both of them were kneeling down on one knee and were looking at the faint deity statue in the sky, feeling shaken to the core.

"This is the second time I've seen this deity statue. It's slightly more obscure than when I last saw it, but... this is the first time I heard the deity statue speak!"

"I may have known that the legends regarding the three deity statues were real, but this is the first time I saw it with my own eyes. It's said in the legends that only those who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm could summon the deity

statue that is enshrined within the Great Yu Dynasty. This is... the God of Berserkers' Blessing!"

Xuan Lun was also kneeling on one knee at a corner in Han Mountain City as he stared at the deity statue in the sky with a dumbfounded expression. The words it spoke echoed in Xuan Lun's ears. He clenched his fists.

"I was at my limit when I reached 913 blood veins. When I Transcended, nothing happened. Compared to this person..."

Xuan Lun clenched his fists even tighter. Jealousy grew in his heart. This jealousy was not because of the person involved, but due to the situation.

The members of the three tribes—Lake of Colors, Tranquil East, and Puqiang—were all kneeling on the ground, worshiping. Their eyes were filled with reverence as they looked at the deity statue in the sky. This deity statue was the embodiment of the entire Berserker Tribe!

"It is said that during the age of the first God of Berserkers, everyone was known as Berserk. There were no Realms to speak of nor any Ways to train... The first God of Berserkers used his great strength and an innumerable amount of time to explore his body, creating the three deity statues, and from henceforth, created the Realms that were suitable for Berserkers to train - Transcendence, Bone Sacrifice, and Berserker Soul!

"This isn't the first time I've seen the deity statue of Transcendence... but it's the first time I heard him speak!"

Yan Luan's expression was respectful as she stood on the top of Lake of Colors' mountain. There was not a hint of that usual enchanting look on her face. At this moment, she looked as pure as a bamboo slip that had never been under the knife, clean and empty of words.

As the imposing voice of the faint deity statue in the sky echoed in the air, its voice traveled into the ears of all those in the area and into Su Ming's mind.

That voice was originally intended for him. If the onlookers could already feel its might just by hearing it, then Su Ming, who was at the center of it all, felt as if the voice was rumbling in his heart like millions of thunderbolts booming in the sky. His body felt as if it was about to break down.

When he heard the rumbling voice that shook the sky and earth, a violent shudder ran through him.

Blood flowed out from the corner of his lips, but he did not stop using fine control on his body. He had his head lifted upwards to look above him. Although he could not see

what was outside, he could still feel one pair of eyes looking at him from where the voice had come from in the sky.

That gaze was filled with an imposing might, but there was no life within it. It was merely a nonliving object.

"The will endowed upon me is in accordance to the will of the first God of Berserkers. I am to assist in the Transcendence of the Berserker Tribe... All those whose blood is thicker than the Ancients' of Berserkers shalt taketh the God of Berserkers' Blessing. As long as I exist, I wilt see that tis done."

His voice was so mighty that it caused the land to shake once more.

"Wherefore... doth thou not Transcend?!"

A brilliant glow appeared in the eyes of the faint deity statue in the sky. That glow was an endless golden light that covered the entire land in an instant. As it covered the land, all those who looked would see that the earth had been dyed in gold!

The final sentence caused all those who heard it tremble, and turned into echoes in Su Ming's heart, as if there was a countless number of people howling the, as if they were all interrogating him.

Su Ming was trembling. The blood veins that he had hidden away with fine control had stormed out of his control and were showing signs of reappearing. The urge to Transcend that he had suppressed also reappeared!

It was as if there was a strong will coming from the deity statue that was forcing Su Ming to Transcend right now!

"A part of my memories have been wiped off... and I had no control over this...

"I came from Dark Mountain and was sucked into the void... I had no control over this either...

"I came to the Land of South Morning and experienced a lot of things. I mostly just went along with the flow for everything that happened, and neither did I have any control over this...

"I searched for who I am. I wanted to open my eyes and see a world that other people might not have seen, but I still closed my eyes in the end... I had no control over this too...

"All my life as Su Ming and Mo Su, from what I remember, everything that happened to me seems to have been decided by other people. They wouldn't allow me to make my

decisions, they would refuse to yield even an inch for me to change and master my own fate...

"I, who can't even walk my own path and control my own fate... will control it today! I want to walk my own path! I don't want to Transcend now, and no one can change it!"

"I will decide when I Transcend!" Su Ming stated calmly.

He might be trembling due to that intimidating pressure in his mind, but the resolution in his voice symbolized the thoughts in his heart!

"You said you're the creation of the first God of Berserkers and the deity statue that assists Berserkers in Transcending, then how did the first God of Berserkers Transcend? Was there anyone who forced him to Transcend?"

"I don't need you... to Transcend!"

The instant Su Ming's shouted out his will, he used fine control to take charge of his blood veins once again and hid them away once more.

The faint deity statue in the sky fell into a short moment of silence before he cast a freezing look into Han Mountain's canyons.

"One who defies the will of the first God of Berserkers has been found... As one who has committed the first offence, you will be given a warning!"

That voice was just as it had first appeared—there was not even a hint of his voice rising or falling.

As his words traveled out, the faint deity statue gradually faded away as if it had fused into the air. The golden light disappeared and hid in the sky along with the tumbling clouds.

The land was enveloped in silence. The bizarre phenomenon shocked all those who saw it. That shock was enough to make everyone choose to silently look at the canyons under Han Mountain City with mixed feelings.

This was the first time all the onlookers here had seen someone who was originally supposed to Transcend rejecting Transcendence.

"Who is that? Why did he do that...?"

"I knew it, he's a Berserker who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, but why did he refuse to Transcend? I don't understand it."

"Defying the will of the first God of Berserkers is something that has never been heard of before..."

When the deity statue in the sky and the clouds disappeared, long arcs charged from Han Mountain City, Lake of Colors Mountain, Tranquil East Mountain, and Puqiang Mountain towards the canyon. These people were all powerful Berserkers from the three tribes and Han Mountain City. They wanted to know just who was the person who caused such a shocking sight to happen!

Chapter 169: Uncle, There's...

Among these long arcs were Yan Luan, the Elder of Tranquil East, the five Transcended Berserkers from Han Mountain City, and many other people from the three tribes. Han Cang Zi and Han Fei Zi were among these people. However, none would be able to find anything.

Unless Su Ming wanted to go out of the mountain cave, because of the half layer within the four dimensional layer created by Han Kong that not even left preceptor Zhou from Freezing Sky Clan had discovered, no one would be able to find him.

They searched for him for several days before all of them left silently. They did not find any clues in the place. To them, the mysterious Berserker who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm had already left.

During the month after the incident happened, everything about the identity of the mysterious person who had attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm gradually became the main topic among the people in Han Mountain City. All sorts of speculations rose up, and some were so ridiculous it was unbelievable. That unknown person became the same as the mysterious Mo Su, remembered by all those in Han Mountain City.

Gradually, he became more and more talked about, and due to the mysteriousness surrounding him, his fame surpassed the original five Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City and was already as brilliant as the sun at noon.

Some theorized that Mo Su and the mysterious person who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm were one and the same, but it was only a theory. The leaders of the three tribes and the five Transcended Berserkers from Han Mountain City did not think so. Some among them had come into contact with Su Ming before, and once they compared notes, they dismissed this theory that appeared simply because it was far too easy to link both people together.

It was two months since the appearance of the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky. As nothing else had happened in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain City, some people grew bold and went to the place once more to search for possible serendipities or herbs that no one had discovered.

However, these people were few and far in-between. Nonetheless, people started appearing once again in the canyons hundreds upon thousands of feet beneath Han Mountain after it remained in deathly stillness for two months.

Qiao Da was one of the few bold people. His hair might already be flecked in white, but he harbored great interest in searching for treasures. He had already visited the hidden grounds of Han Mountain many times in the past, and he was using the chance when there were few people in the place to come once again.

This time he was not alone. He brought a boy with him. The boy was a little dense, but he listened to Qiao Da's every word. These two people ran quickly in between the valleys. Sometimes they would stop to search a place carefully to see whether there were any secrets lying around that had not been discovered.

"Uncle, there's nothing here."

"Uncle, there's nothing here either."

"Uncle, there's still nothing here."

Every single time they searched through a valley, that dense boy would whisper out these words.

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy was about to speak at the entrance of a valley, but Qiao Da, who had not been able to find anything for several days, turned around and shouted at him.

"What? Do you only know how to talk about nothing? Shut up!"

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy scratched his head, but the moment he spoke, his words were cut off, just like before.

"Stop talking... If I knew, I wouldn't have brought you here. If treasures lay at every corner of this place, would there even be a chance for us? This is an exploration. Exploration, do you get it? Boy, remember this, we're not searching for treasure, we're experiencing the journey!" Qiao Da said sternly.

The boy widened his eyes. That dense look on his face made Qiao Da think that he was talking to himself just now and he could not help but rub the center of his brows.

"That attitude of yours is wrong. Let me tell you this. Searching for treasure itself is an interesting thing. Don't keep thinking about the treasure. The process is very important. Did you think I came here to search for treasure? Then let me tell you, I came here to enjoy the process!" Qiao Da decided to enlighten the younger member of his clan. "Do you understand?"

"...Uncle, there's..."

The boy blinked, but the moment he opened his mouth, Qiao Da immediately laughed bitterly. He knew exactly what the boy wanted to say, so he shook his head, decided to ignore him, and walked forward.

"Uncle, I understand. We're here for the process."

When he saw that Qiao Da was ignoring him, the boy seemed to have understood his words and he quickly ran after. On his way, he mumbled under his breath while twiddling with his fingers, "Even if I just saw a treasure just now, you're also uninterested in searching for it. Okay, I get it now. We're here for the process..."

Qiao Da stroked his beard and nodded as he listened to the boy.

"That's right. That's exactly it. Even if you found a treasure, I still..." As he continued onward, his footsteps suddenly faltered and he turned back in one swift motion, his eyes wide-open. "What...? What did you say? Treasure? You saw a treasure?"

The boy pointed at the valley they just left with a dense expression on his face.

"It's over there. I wanted to tell you just now. There was a spot glowing over there."

The moment he finished speaking, Qiao Da charged towards the valley incredibly quickly, leaving behind a whooshing sound. The boy scratched his head, unable to wrap his head around it.

His uncle should have been uninterested in treasures. Why was he not enjoying the process now? He thought it was a very profound question and he could not understand it, but he still ran over quickly.

The moment he entered the valley, he saw Qiao Da looking all over the place incessantly.

"Where is it? Where's the glowing spot?"

"It's over there. That's the glowing spot I saw."

The boy took a few brisk steps forward and pointed towards a spot on the wall of the valley, but the moment he touched it, his finger went right through.

This scene immediately filled Qiao Da's face with ecstasy and excitement. He quickly looked around himself. Once he was certain that nobody was around, he charged towards the boy. He took a moment to observe the wall and once he did so, he lifted a hand and placed it on the wall. Like the boy's, his hand went through.

"Haha! I've finally found a secret location!"

Qiao Da grabbed the dense boy excitedly and charged into the wall. His whole body went through.

"Cloud Leaf Grass! There're so many Cloud Leaf Grass here! One Cloud Leaf Grass can be sold for 100 stone coins, I'll be rich! Rich!!"

The moment Qiao Da came in, his eyes lit up. He stared at the spot where herbs grew located not too far ahead of him, and he rubbed his hands excitedly.

"Uncle, there's..." the boy's foolish voice traveled into his ears.

"I know, I know. There're herbs here. These herbs are treasures."

Qiao Da took a few brisk steps forward and arrived at the place where the herbs grew. He crouched down and grabbed the herbs happily.

"Uncle, there's..."

There was a slight hitch in the boy's voice.

"I know, you want to ask me why I'm not enjoying the process, right? Let me tell you, the process is important, but the treasure is more important. You must remember this well!"

All Qiao Da's impatience was forgotten in the face of his joy. As he explained himself, he quickly collected many herbs.

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy's voice trembled even more, and there was even a hint of terror in it. It was a pity that Qiao Da's full attention was captured by the herbs and he did not notice it.

"Eight, 10, 13... I'll be rich. I'll definitely be rich this time... 14, 15... What did you just say? Didn't I just teach you?"

Qiao Da licked his lips as he quickly gathered the herbs.

"He wants to say that there's someone here."

A cold voice suddenly reverberated through the air. That voice appeared too suddenly, causing Qiao Da's hand to stop picking that 16th shrub and his head to whip back with a look of shock.

Standing beside the boy was a person. He was dressed entirely in black and had a clean and handsome face. There was a faint scar underneath his eyes. He was looking at Qiao Da coldly.

"Uncle, he's right. I wanted to say that there's someone here..."

The boy let out a huge breath. Nervousness crept onto his face as well.

Qiao Da's heart pounded against his chest and killing intent appeared in his heart. The value of these herbs was too great and conflict was unavoidable between them. Yet the boy was right beside him, and this made Qiao Da hesitate. Just as he hesitated, he suddenly noticed that the chill in the man's eyes as he looked at him had seemed to turn physical, making Qiao Da's body tremble, as if it was instantly encased in ice, making him turn pale from head to toe.

"Se... Senior... Senior, please have mercy!"

Qiao Da shivered and fell to his knees, quickly begging for mercy. He might not know the man's level of cultivation, but the man could make him feel as if he had been encased in ice with just one glance. This was not something a person in the Blood Solidification Realm could do. He had also just realized that he could not even manifest his blood veins before this person. This made him both shocked and terrified.

That man was Su Ming!

During these two months, Su Ming had gradually managed to suppress his blood veins. This was the day he came out of isolation. He had intended to find out how he could leave the hidden grounds of Han Mountain, but the moment he stepped out of the half dimensional layer, he appeared in this mountain cave. He was about to leave when he discovered an old man and a boy entering the place.

That old man did not see him. He went straight to the Cloud Leaf Grass that Su Ming disregarded. Only the boy stood there looking at him dumbly.

Su Ming stared at the old man with a contemplative look in his eyes.

'Did something happen after Han Kong died? The old man's power is only around the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. How did he manage to take a child in here...?'

Qiao Da's heart raced even more quickly. He was feeling incredibly nervous. A large amount of sweat formed on his forehead as Su Ming stared at him.

"Tell me all the major events that had happened in Han Mountain City in the recent years. If I'm satisfied, I'll let you have all the herbs here," Su Ming stated slowly.

Qiao Da did not dare wipe away the sweat on his forehead, neither did he try to guess why this person asked such a question. Once he heard it, he quickly spoke with a respectful tone, telling all that he knew of the past few years.

When he said that the canyons were no longer sealed and people could come as they pleased, Su Ming's expression remained calm, not a hint of change was seen on his face.

"... This Mo Su still remains as a mystery... There's the even more mysterious Berserker who attained the completion in the Blood Solidification Realm..."

Qiao Da's voice quivered as he spoke about all the topics discussed in Han Mountain City, the Berserker who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, and the strange phenomenon in the sky. Yet as he spoke, his body trembled even more harshly. As he looked at Mo Su, he began to form speculations in his head.

Su Ming stood silently for a while before he cast his eyes on the boy by his side.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Qiao Song."

The boy still had a dense expression on his face.

"All the herbs here are yours."

The moment Su Ming finished speaking, he cast a look at the boy before he turned around and walked out, disappearing without a trace.

Only then did Qiao Da dare to wipe away the sweat on his forehead with a look that said his heart was still pounding from lingering fear. He pointed at Qiao Song and started scolding him.

"You! Why didn't you tell me that there was someone here sooner?"

"I did say... but you wouldn't let me finish my sentence..."

There was a look as if he had just suffered injustice on the boy's face.

"You... you... you'll be the death of me! Remember this. I'm telling you now, next time when you speak, say everything that you need to say in one breath. Don't bother about other people breaking up your sentence, say everything in one go and don't stop!"

Qiao Da wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead once again looked at the herbs on the ground, delight resurfacing on his face.

"I'm going to be rich! Rich!"

"Aye.I.remember.it.now.uncle.don't.worry.I.won't.care.about.other.people.interrupting.me.I'll.say.all.I.have.to.say.without.stopping.in.one.breath..." the boy mumbled, and once he finished speaking, he gasped for breath.

Chapter 170: Si Ma Xin!

There was something out of ordinary about that Qiao Song.

Su Ming walked out of the mountain cave hidden in the walls of the valley. When he turned back and looked, he found that it was indeed difficult to discover the place. Even if it was him, if he did not pay too much attention to it, he would still find it hard to discover anything wrong with the wall.

If he did not activate the Branding Art and used his naked eye to look at it, everything would seem normal. Only with the Brand could he see the dim light flashing on the wall within his mind's eye.

He averted his gaze.

Su Ming did not continue wearing the mask. He used the black robe to cover his head and walked out of the valley unhurriedly. As he walked through the formerly hidden grounds of Han Mountain, he saw people who came searching for treasures like Qiao Da. These people would usually just cast one glance at him before turning away and not sparing him an extra glance.

No one knew that the Mo Su, who had disappeared for several months, walked out of the canyons during dusk.

Neither did anyone know that the mysterious Berserker who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm and caused the change in the heavens and earth by making the deity statue of Transcendence appear was walking out of the canyons.

Everything was as usual during this day. Han Mountain City was bright with fire from lamps. As the day when Freezing Sky Clan would arrive approached, the city became livelier than before. The three mountains of the three tribes around Han Mountain City were enveloped in silence.

The three tribes had closed off their mountains and refused all visitors. Even if the person visiting was in the Transcendence Realm, they still had to turn back before middle-sized tribes like the three tribes.

The sun at dusk was red, yet it was not a burning shade of red. It was simply the red belonging to the sun before it died for the day. The land was dyed in the colors of dusk, a shade that was going to turn dark soon.

When dusk gradually left and the sun could no longer be seen by those who stood at the foot of the mountains, Tranquil East Tribe welcomed its first guest since a long time.

Su Ming placed the mask on his face once more and stood at the foot of Tranquil East Mountain. His black robes rustled in the wind as he stood there and stared silently ahead.

This was the second time he stood at this place. Compared to the first time, besides the difference in time, he also felt like a completely different man.

The last time he was here, Su Ming had to present himself as if he had Transcended. This time, he did not need to. No one could ignore him as he stood there. His presence could not be felt clearly by those in the Blood Solidification Realm. Only those in the Transcendence Realm could clearly feel the pressure formed by those who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm coming from Su Ming.

Su Ming walked calmly towards the stairs leading up the mountain. The instant his foot landed on the steps, a great pressure appeared. This was the power protecting the mountain that prevented all outsiders from entering since Tranquil East Tribe had decided to close off the mountain.

Su Ming had come into contact with this power before, and it no longer caused any effect on him even as he experienced it once more.

If he wanted to, he could completely ignore the existence of the pressure.

"I, Mo Su, greet the tribe leader of Tranquil East," Su Ming's calm voice traveled out languidly. This time, he did not infuse any Qi in his voice to cause his voice to echo in the air.

As of now, he was just speaking calmly, and his voice naturally reverberated through the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe.

As Su Ming's voice traveled outwards, the quiet mountain of Tranquil East Tribe seemed to be jolted awake from its slumber. The pressure protecting the mountain disappeared in an instant. At the same time, a few long arcs could be seen whistling through the air towards him from the top of the mountain.

Many tribe members from Tranquil East also quickly rushed down the mountain as if they had received an order. All of them stood by the side with respectful faces, forming a path to welcome him up the stairs.

There were seven to eight people in the long arcs. The leader of them was the tribe leader of Tranquil East, Fang Shen. Those who followed behind him were all his trusted followers and the Tranquil East's Chief of War.

These people rushed over and appeared before Su Ming.

"Kindred Mo, I've been waiting for you for months. This way, please!"

Fang Shen first sized up Su Ming, and very soon, joy appeared on his face. He laughed out boisterously and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. He seemed calm, but when he first cast a glance at Su Ming, he felt his heart shake.

The feeling he obtained from Mo Su now was completely different from when he had first met him. He could initially find some clues from Mo Su regarding his power, and it was due to them that he wanted to test him, being uncertain of his power.

Yet now, Mo Su was like an abyss before his eyes. He could not see through his power clearly, and neither could he get a gasp. If he tried to take a closer look, his Qi would start showing signs of being unstable, and it shocked Fang Shen.

When he remembered the rumors regarding Mo Su, and even though some of them were leaked by Tranquil East Tribe themselves, most of the them were still regarded with high importance by Tranquil East Tribe.

"You killed Yan Guang, forced Han Fei Zi to withdraw, earned Nan Tian's respect, and suppressed Xuan Lun... Kindred Mo, your name is well-known all over Han Mountain now! Kindred Mo, this way, let's talk on the mountain."

Fang Shen's smile grew wider.

Besides Fang Shen, the Chief of War who came along was also similarly shocked. The short man had already Transcended, hence the moment he saw Su Ming, his expression immediately changed. His footsteps faltered for an unnoticeable moment and he widened his eyes.

Not being able to feel the blood veins in Su Ming's body was nothing compared to the indescribable pressure he felt from the other's body. The pressure that had not existed when he first met Su Ming.

"Kindred Mo, your return is a great event for Tranquil East! This way!"

The Chief of War took a deep breath. His attitude immediately changed from how he had acted initially and with a smile, he wrapped his fist in his palm to greet Su Ming.

"There's no need to go up the mountain."

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to return the greeting towards Fang Shen and the Chief of War as he spoke calmly.

"I came here to return the guest plate and to ask of three things from you, brother Fang,"

When Fang Shen heard Su Ming's words, a serious expression appeared on his face.

"Brother Mo, you don't need to be in a hurry to forfeit the status of a guest. If you have anything to say, you can speak without worry."

"Thank you!"

Su Ming nodded. He did not mention the dangers he faced under Han Mountain. He had asked to enter the place himself; it had nothing to do with other people.

"One, due to the change in Han Mountain, I did not manage to find Sky Flute Branch, but I believe you should have found some. If you give those herbs to me, I will heal Fang Mu's injuries as quickly as possible once I've made all preparations."

Fang Shen did not hesitate and nodded towards Su Ming.

"I've found Sky Flute Branch. They were originally prepared for brother Mo to begin with. I'll have to trouble you about my son. I'll ask people to send it over now. Brother Mo, please talk about your other two requests."

As Fang Shen spoke, he turned around and cast a look at one of his tribe members who followed him. That tribe member immediately obeyed and quickly left for the top of the mountain.

"Two, I would like to take a look at the map of the Land of South Morning in your tribe," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

Fang Shen fell silent and did not immediately answer. There was a frown on his face. After a long while, he hesitated before looking at Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, maps are very important to all tribes. A single map is usually the product of the blood, sweat, and tears of multiple generations of the tribe, drawn little by little through a long period of time.

"I'll have to talk to the Elder about this."

Su Ming did not speak. He simply looked at Fang Shen calmly. His eyes were still, showing no signs of any spikes of emotions. He looked at Fang Shen quietly. That gaze may not have held any deeper meaning, but Fang Shen did not become the tribe leader of Tranquil East by acting as straightforward as his appearance would suggest.

Su Ming had been planting hooks ever since he came into contact with Fang Mu. Besides being rather fond of Fang Mu, he mainly did so to come in contact with Tranquil East Tribe with the intention of blending into Han Mountain City, but the source of it all was still for that map!

Su Ming did not use Fang Mu's injuries to force Fang Shen into agreeing to his request. Fang Shen knew about it, and that was also precisely why there were certain things he could not refuse.

Reciprocating good-will was the most important principle for a person to get along with others. Su Ming healed Fang Mu, and Fang Shen gathered herbs for Su Ming. It might sound like a trade, but deep down, Su Ming was really doing a favor for Fang Shen.

Fang Shen knew that he owed Su Ming a favor. He also knew that the reasons why Mo Su brought up the second request were for him to return the favor and because he was confident he could completely cure Fang Mu.

"Alright, I won't say more. Even if the Elder doesn't agree to it, I will still bring the map to you!" Fang Shen suddenly said.

"Thank you!" Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to show gratitude towards Fang Shen. When he lifted his head, he spoke unhurriedly. "Three, I would like to see Han Cang Zi."

"I can promise you the first two things, but as for the third, I cannot decide on my own, but I will tell my sister and let her decide," Fang Shen said languidly as he looked at Su Ming.

"Of course."

No one could see Su Ming's expression due to the mask on his face. They could only see that his eyes remained still and calm as water throughout the exchange.

He brought out the guest plate from Tranquil East and handed it to Fang Shen. Once he did so, Su Ming nodded towards the Chief of War standing nearby and walked down the stairs before he sat down cross-legged and waited silently.

Fang Shen briefly hesitated before he asked, "How long will it take before you can heal my son? And... how can I find you?"

"In three months. As for the method to find me... even if you can't find me, Han Cang Zi will be able to," Su Ming stated softly.

"Oh?" A sparkle appeared in Fang Shen's eyes, and he smiled as he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. "Brother Mo, since you're confident in it, then I will take my leave."

As he spoke, he turned around and led his followers back to the top of the mountain.

The Chief of War took a glance at Su Ming and hesitated briefly. Once everyone had left, he still remained silent for a moment before turning around to leave as well.

"Sir, if you have something to say, please do so."

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the Chief of War.

"Brother Mo, do you know Si Ma Xin?"

"Si Ma Xin? Who is that?"

Su Ming shook his head.

The Chief of War let out a light sigh and a hint of disappointment appeared briefly in his eyes.

"This person is... very similar to you... Brother Mo, if you have the chance to meet this person in the future, please tell him that Bei Xi from Tranquil East Tribe has Transcended and thus am paying my respects to him. Thank you."

The Chief of War bowed towards Su Ming and left. His back gave off a rather desolate air as he slowly disappeared from Su Ming's sights.

'Si Ma Xin... is very similar to me?'

Su Ming frowned.

He did not wait long. Someone came from the summit of Tranquil East Tribe. The person was a middle-aged man. He had a respectful expression on his face as he placed two embroidered boxes before Su Ming, then he bowed and left.

There was a hint of longing that was hidden deep within Su Ming's eyes. He lowered his head to look at the two embroidered boxes. He knew that one of them contained a map!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 171 — Another Promise... - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 171 — Another Promise...

Chapter 171: Another Promise...

Su Ming closed his eyes and calmed his emotions. He opened one of the embroidered boxes, and the moment the box was opened, a medicinal fragrance wafted into his nose. That fragrance was very light, but the moment he smelled it, he seemed to hear a song played by an unknown instrument.

The melody of the song lingered in the air and sounded very musical. It made those who heard it think that this melody could only be played by a flute made in heaven...

After a long while, Su Ming looked into the embroidered box and saw three herbs lying inside. These herbs looked odd. They looked like tree branches, but there were small little holes on them. The musical melody he heard was not an illusion, but was formed when wind blew past the many holes on the herb.

"Sky Flute Branch."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slapped it on the herbs. Immediately, the three Sky Flute Branches, along with the embroidered box, disappeared from his hand as he put them away into his storage bag.

He looked towards the second box and his breathing grew heavier. Even though he knew that the map inside the box may not be complete, it was still a ray of hope.

He placed his hand slowly on the embroidered box, and just as he was about to open it...

"If you open that box, then you must cure Fang Mu."

A delicate voice appeared by Su Ming's side. An elegant, dim fragrance also came along with that voice.

That fragrance might have appeared after the medicinal fragrance brought by Sky Flute Branch, but the two gave people two distinctly different impressions. The medicinal fragrance was like oranges, and the other was like a dream.

Su Ming's expression remained passive, no changes could be seen on it. He had long since discovered Han Cang Zi's arrival and did not stop due to her words. He calmly opened the embroidered box and saw a folded beast skin inside.

A conflicted look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he stared at the beast skin. All of a sudden, he lost the courage to look at it. He was afraid that what he would see would be different from what he knew. He was afraid that there would be... no Dark Mountain in the world!

Han Cang Zi walked softly to stand before the man in the mask and sat down cross-legged to quietly look at him. She saw the conflict that was clear in his eyes.

They did not speak. After remaining in silence for a while, Su Ming lifted the beast skin from the embroidered box and focused his attention on it once he unfolded it.

"Are you disappointed?" Han Cang Zi asked softly.

Her voice was very gentle, arousing an indescribable feeling within those who heard it. Her voice was just like her. She was a delicate beauty, but the strength in her heart far surpassed many men.

Su Ming looked at the map spread out before him—it was incredibly detailed. Not only did it include the topography of the area around Han Mountain, even the surrounding areas were drawn out in detail. From the map, it could be seen that the Land of South Morning was a vast territory.

However, while the map was detailed, it was not what Su Ming had wanted. He closed his eyes and fell silent. In truth, he himself knew that the map he wanted was not what a middle-sized tribe could provide. Yet his knowledge and expectations were two different matters.

"Somewhat."

At that moment, his heart was as conflicted as how his eyes looked just now. He wanted to see the map he yearned to see, but deep down he did not want to. This mixed feeling stemmed from the bewilderment he had buried deep within his heart.

"You can only look at the map. You cannot take it away."

A pitying look appeared in Han Cang Zi's gaze as she looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

"I know."

Su Ming opened his eyes. He did not look at Han Cang Zi, but looked at the sky that had darkened. He did not know that as of then, in Han Cang Zi's eyes, he looked lonely.

"You once said that if someday, I remember something, I can come to you," Su Ming mumbled.

"Yes," Han Cang Zi whispered back.

They fell into silence again. This time, the silence lasted for a tad longer. The moon appeared in the darkened sky, and glittering stars surrounded it.

The wind swept past the land and lifted Han Cang Zi's black hair. As her hair flew, it gave her another sort of beauty underneath the moonlight.

"What did you see?" Su Ming broke the silence and asked.

Han Cang Zi did not speak. She bit her lips instead and looked at Su Ming. There was an appealing light in her eyes. She looked at him for a long while before she came to a decision.

"Can... you promise me something...?"

The moment the word 'promise' left her mouth and fell into Su Ming's ears, he felt shaken. This feeling could not be controlled by his calmness. It was a feeling that no matter how deeply he hid it and how hard he tried to bury it, it would still trigger his sadness because of certain things and certain words.

At that moment, that wound of his was torn and it turned into a sadness that flooded Su Ming's entire body and soul like a tidal wave. He looked as he usually was, but no one knew how his heart fared.

However, even though Han Cang Zi did not know, her instincts of a woman made her immediately notice that besides the loneliness she felt coming from Mo Su beside her, she also felt grief, one that she could not describe.

"You..."

Han Cang Zi was momentarily stunned. She was an intelligent woman. Almost in an instant, she could guess that perhaps one of her words was the source of Mo Su's grief.

'Could it be 'promise'...?'

Han Cang Zi did not speak.

'Promise...'

Su Ming felt a stab of pain in his heart. His body did not tremble, but that grief still emerged without control. That word held a special meaning to him.

There was once a girl who stood in the snow and smiled as she looked at him.

"If we continue walking in this snow, can we walk until our hair turns white...?"

There was once a girl who let him carry her on his back. Their hearts seemingly beat at the same pace, and the face buried in his back turned red.

"Can we walk in circles together...?"

There was once a girl who stood in the snow and bit her lips as she swept away the snow on his clothes with beautiful eyes that shone with a wild charm.

"Su Ming, this is a promise... I'll wait for you..."

That was a promise, and Su Ming was a person who did not fulfill that promise...

'It's almost been five years... Perhaps, it's more than five years...'

The pain in Su Ming's heart grew, along with bitterness.

There were a lot of types of grief in the world, perhaps his was not the deepest, but if the deepest grief was the separation between the living and the dead and the separation due to time, then Su Ming's wound was one where it was unknown whether the separation between the living and the dead and the separation of time existed. This was a pain stemmed from a wound that was coupled with bewilderment.

"I'm sorry..." Han Cang Zi bit her lips and spoke softly. She could not understand Su Ming's pain, but she could feel the grief he felt at the moment.

"What promise?" Su Ming's voice became hoarse.

He looked at Han Cang Zi standing before him and at the face that did not belong to the one he was familiar with, covered by the black strands of hair lifted by the wind. For a brief moment, he thought he saw Bai Ling.

They were from different periods of time, from different places, and different people, but they said the same word - promise!

"Help me kill Si Ma Xin. Kill him, and I will tell you everything I saw!" Han Cang Zi said softly. The moment she said Si Ma Xin's name, her breathing instantly quickened and she clenched her right hand instinctively.

"Who's Si Ma Xin?"

Those subtle movements did not escape Su Ming's eyes.

"He's revered as the one person with the highest amount of potential in the history of Freezing Sky Clan... He heard the roar from the soul of the second God of Berserkers during the Day of Eternal Creation and is known as one of the people with the highest chance to become the fourth God of Berserkers!

"He's my senior fellow-disciple... he's also the one who injured Fang Mu," Han Cang Zi lowered her head and whispered.

Su Ming looked at Han Cang Zi calmly. He did not speak.

"I know you must be dubious. With Si Ma Xin's identity and his power, why should he harm a child like Fang Mu...?"

Han Cang Zi lifted her head. Under the moon, though she might not be extraordinarily beautiful, but she could make people's hearts pound. However, Su Ming was not one of them.

"Continue."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the moon in the sky.

"Have you ever heard of the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed...? This Art was created by the second God of Berserkers, and Si Ma Xin is practicing it. Ever since the second God of Berserkers created this Art, no Berserker had ever been able to perfect this Art and could not use it to its full potential. They could not become Heartless, that's why they could not use it to their full potential.

"Once this Art is perfected, all the power from the Berserker Seeds the caster chose will be offered to him. The second God of Berserkers used this Art in other worlds and attained his status as a God of Berserkers.

"Si Ma Xin does indeed have shocking potential. He was originally a passionate person, so he approached this Art using another way - he could plant love in another person's heart. So he separated the Berserker Seed into Seed and love, because if he had no love, then he would be Heartless!

"The Elder once observed Fang Mu's potential when he was born and recognized him as the future hope of Tranquil East Tribe... and Si Ma Xin also came to Han Mountain City with Freezing Sky Clan to choose disciples...

"Fang Mu became his Berserker Seed, and he planted love in me," Han Cang Zi spoke calmly as if she was not talking about herself. Yet the calmer she presented herself, the more Su Ming could feel the hatred in her heart.

"Fang Mu isn't injured. He's Si Ma Xin's Berserker Seed. If you heal him, then you'll offend Si Ma Xin."

Su Ming remained silent and looked at Han Cang Zi. He did not fully believe in her words.

"If Fang Mu is the future of Tranquil East Tribe, then why didn't Tranquil East Tribe do anything when this happened?"

"How can we do anything? Even my brother, who's the tribe leader, doesn't know about this. He thinks that Fang Mu is injured by someone. The only ones who know about this in the entire Tranquil East Tribe are the Elder and me.

"He won't do anything about this. Even if my brother knows about this, he will choose to remain silent. Si Ma Xin has a lot of Berserker Seeds. Becoming his Berserker Seed and offering their power to help with the birth of the fourth God of Berserkers is seen as a glorious thing in the eyes of many people.

"I don't even know whether Fang Mu would treat this as a glory if he knew about the truth... but I... don't agree to this!" Han Cang Zi lifted her head and she looked at Su Ming with her beautiful eyes.

"Don't you think so?"

Su Ming did not reply.

"Not only do the Berserker Seeds think of this as a glorious thing, even those who were planted with love like me treat this as a glory. But we are no longer the Berserker Tribe led by the first or second God of Berserkers...

"This is a sick Berserker Tribe, a Berserker Tribe where everyone is asleep, a Berserker Tribe that treats sacrifice and slavery as something glorious! Han Fei Zi won't be able to escape from this fate either!" Han Cang Zi's words started coming out rapidly.

Su Ming looked at her. Her words made him think that there was something different about this woman.

"How can I trust you?" After a long while, Su Ming asked languidly.

Han Cang Zi fell silent for a moment and a red flush appeared on her face. She took a look at Su Ming before she gritted her teeth.

Chapter 172: The Chains of Han Mountain in The Rain

"Come... Come with me."

Han Cang Zi retrieved Tranquil East Tribe's map and stood up. The flush on her beautiful face darkened, even her ears turned red, arousing a strange feeling within all those who saw her.

Su Ming was taken aback. He did not understand what was going on with this woman.

Han Cang Zi's heart was pounding as she moved up the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe from another direction. She looked graceful from the back, and as she walked, her elegance could be seen from her movements.

Su Ming lifted his hand to rub his nose instinctively, but he only touched the mask. He laughed bitterly and stood up to follow Han Cang Zi. He still could not understand why she would show such an expression.

Han Cang Zi did not say a word, and neither did Su Ming. The two of them moved along another path to the top of the mountain. Before long, a mountain cave appeared in the forest before him.

The mountain cave was well hidden. Unless someone was familiar with the area, they would be hard pressed to find the cave.

"No one will come here. I treated this place as my playground when I found it accidentally when I was young. When I grew up, I still came here often alone. I placed some Freezing Sky Clan shields here, it's very safe." Han Cang Zi did not turn her head back outside the cave. She had her back towards Su Ming as she spoke quietly.

Su Ming frowned. He looked around the area and spread out the Branding Art as he stared at Han Cang Zi silently.

"Come... Come in."

Han Cang Zi gritted her teeth once again and moved into the cave. Su Ming hesitated for a moment. Once he was certain there was nothing out of place around the area, he walked in.

The cave was not big. It was about the size of a room, but was a little on the dark side. Yet Su Ming could still see what was inside clearly, albeit not as clear as he could during the day.

"Did you bring me here to..." Su Ming frowned and spoke, but his words suddenly faltered. He instinctively took a few steps back and stared at Han Cang Zi dumbly, unable to say another word.

Han Cang Zi still had her back turned towards him, but as he spoke, she lifted her hands and removed her robes, showing off her beautiful back. During the moment Su

Ming was stunned, Han Cang Zi took off all her clothes with a shiver, revealing a perfect woman's back.

The curves, the exquisite skin tone, the thin hair which Su Ming could see rising up on her skin due to her trembling, and the curve on her back that took a breath-taking dip on her waist which later rose in a wide arc at her posterior—all drew out a picture that left Su Ming with his jaw falling slack.

"You..."

Su Ming took a few more steps back, staring at Han Cang Zi, not knowing what to say.

"This is my proof."

Han Cang Zi trembled and turned around with her arms covering her chest. Tears fell from her eyes, but she looked at Su Ming resolutely.

"You saw the Berserker Seed in Fang Mu. I didn't lie about what happened to him... As for me, Si Ma Xin planted love in me, but only in my heart.

"I can give you my body. Although it won't break the love he planted in me, it's the only way for me to make you trust me."

Su Ming remained silent. He swept his gaze across Han Cang Zi's body and did not speak even after a long time.

Han Cang Zi stood in the cave quietly as tears fell from her eyes and she waited.

After a moment, Su Ming asked calmly, "Why did you choose me?"

"Because I saw some things that I shouldn't have seen in your memories... I believe that you can do it. Even if you can't do it now, you will be able to do it in the future."

Han Cang Zi looked at Su Ming resolutely. She may have been crying, but there was a determination in her beautiful face that made Su Ming respect her.

"How can I trust that you saw my memories?"

Su Ming fell silent for a moment to calm the shock brought by Han Cang Zi's sudden actions and regain his cool.

"Void, four years, chains, refusal, the head of the second God of Berserkers!" Han Cang Zi said softly. She did not know whether Su Ming had remembered something, but she believed that he would know some of the things she just said.

Su Ming took a deep breath to quell the shock in his heart. He looked at Han Cang Zi for a long time before walking towards the trembling woman standing before him.

As he got closer, Han Cang Zi closed her eyes and waited for what would happen next. She was already prepared for it. For the hatred that she had yet to fully disclose, she was willing to give up everything.

Su Ming stood before Han Cang Zi and an elegant, light fragrance wafted into his nose, as if it was fusing into his body. He looked at this woman, who was completely different from Bai Ling, and the promise she asked of him echoed in his ears. He lifted his right hand and pressed it against the center of her brows.

Han Cang Zi shuddered. She gritted her teeth and remained still.

After a long while, Su Ming crouched down silently and picked up the clothes she removed so that he could drape them around her shoulders and cover her alluring body.

"There's no need for this. I've seen the love Si Ma Xin planted in your heart. It came from the same person who planted the Berserker Seed in Fang Mu... I promise you."

Su Ming whispered in Han Cang Zi's ear. The moment he finished speaking, he turned around and moved towards the entrance of the cave.

Han Cang Zi trembled and opened her eyes, staring at Su Ming leaving with a dumbfounded expression. More tears gathered in her eyes. She did not expect Su Ming to leave at this moment.

"Freezing Sky Clan has the map you want. I can't get it, but I know it exists!" she said instinctively, and her words made Su Ming's footsteps falter.

"Thank you. Let's meet in Freezing Sky Clan."

Su Ming did not turn back and walked out of the cave.

"Freezing Sky Clan will only take in Han Fei Zi as their disciple this time. They won't consider anyone else... Even if you challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, it'll be difficult for you to join, you..."

Han Cang Zi did not know why she said those words. She should not have, but she still said them.

"I know."

Su Ming walked out of the cave. He looked at the stars and the moon in the sky before he left Tranquil East Mountain.

After a long while, Han Cang Zi also walked out of the cave. Her expression showed how conflicted she felt, and she stood there stunned for a moment.

"I should be the one thanking you... Thank you..." Han Cang Zi mumbled.

On that night, Su Ming sat on the mountain from which he had first seen Han Mountain City. From there, he could see the contours of it.

The mountain breeze was strong. As it blew past him, the wind lifted Su Ming's hair. During the night, he sat silent and alone on the mountain. He did not look at Han Mountain City, but at the stars in the sky, though not even he himself knew what he was looking for in their glittering shine.

'Freezing Sky Clan has the map I need. I have to get into the school. Even if I'm afraid of the truth, I still need to find the map. I can't back down just because I'm afraid...

'I promised Fang Shen that I would heal Fang Mu's injuries, and it's also a chance encounter between me and that child during these years, even if I have to offend Si Ma Xin because of this...

'As for my promise with Han Cang Zi... This is a very special woman. She's not unique because of her appearance, but because of her thoughts...'

"I broke my promise once. Let's hope that this time, I will keep my promise..." Su Ming mumbled.

'I can't use the identity as Tranquil East Tribe's guest anymore, or else it'll cause trouble. Han Fei Zi will also search for me because of that. There's also the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, Yan Luan...

'Han Cang Zi said that Freezing Sky Clan will only take in Han Fei Zi this time. Even if outsiders challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, it'll still be difficult for them to join Freezing Sky Clan... As for this... I will have to make detailed preparations, and if that's the case, I'll have to use a new identity.

'Qualification... I will simply need to be qualified to enter Freezing Sky Clan. Even if that qualification has already been set, but if I use a different method to obtain it, I will also get different results.

'I will need to amaze them!'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stared at the mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe behind Han Mountain City and narrowed his eyes.

'I already have all the materials needed to create Spirit Plunder and I've also planted Sky Flute Branch. In a few days, I can start creating the medicine.

'All I lack now is the aura of death needed to create this pill... I need to quench the herbs using the aura of death, the moment this pill is created, the punishment for larceny will fall upon me, which I will use the aura to receive the punishment, and when it shatters, the pill will be created!

'I might be able to use this pill as the material for me to create my Origin Berserker Vessel when I Transcend!'

With a glow in his right hand, a black pearl instantly appeared in his palm. That pearl was the Death Essence Pearl he had obtained from the Puqiang tribe member when he had woken up from the deep slumber induced by the burning of blood.

He looked at the pearl for a moment before putting it away.

'If I challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, I must challenge Puqiang Tribe's Chain! Besides obtaining the right to join Freezing Sky Clan, once I succeed, I can also ask of something from Puqiang Tribe.

'If I use any other method, the closed off Puqiang will definitely refuse to give me the aura of death for me to create this pill. Even if they agree to it, I'll have a lot of setbacks as well...

'Only by challenging the Chains of Han Mountain will I be able to get all these in one go!'

Su Ming stared at the mountain that belonged to Puqiang Tribe basking in the darkness. He could not see its top. There was a thick layer of fog covering the top. As he continued staring at it, resolution appeared in his eyes.

On the morning ten days later, the sky was covered in grey clouds and muffled sounds of thunder rumbling in the sky could be heard. Rain poured from the sky and crashed into the stones on the mountain before they fell to the ground. There were few people walking on the streets of Han Mountain City, and even these pedestrians were wearing bamboo hats and straw capes.

Those who have stayed in the city for a long period of time knew that this sort of rainy weather would only pass after several months. Even the occasional sunny days would not last for long.

The three tribes were quiet as usual during this rainy morning. The three colored layers of fog surrounding the three mountains still filled the air and enveloped the mountains, causing them to still remain as mysterious as ever.

On this day, a person walked towards Han Mountain City from afar. He was the same as the other people; he wore a straw cape and a bamboo hat. His face could not be

seen clearly. The only thing that could be seen on him was the black robes underneath his bamboo hat and straw cape.

He quietly came forth and walked into the gates leading to Han Mountain City. He stepped on the puddles and welcomed the rain as he walked on the streets and along the mountain path until he reached the stone gate leading to the third layer of the city. It might be raining, but there were still people from the three tribes standing at the rain shelter outside the gate. They were yawning, and as usual, were selling the plates leading into the third layer of the city.

Fang Lin was also there. He was the first to see that slightly unusual person walking forth from afar. With the lesson he had learned that one time, he had become much more cautious. He looked at the person walking forth unhurriedly. Before that person entered the door, he paused for a moment and looked at him. Fang Lin immediately put on a smile on his face. This was the smile he learned to have after what he experienced that year.

Soon after, that person who wore the ordinary looking straw cape walked into the stone door, and immediately, a shocking ripple appeared on the stone door.

‘Transcendence!’

Fang Lin immediately perked up, but for some unknown reason, once he did so, the image of that person kept repeating in his head. He had a feeling that the person seemed rather familiar when he stopped just now...

Chapter 173: The Desire to Amaze!

It might have been morning, but it was raining heavily. The sky could not be seen clearly. Dark clouds covered the sky so thickly it covered the originally bright sunlight. Albeit the land was not entirely dark, it was still marginally so.

There were even fewer people walking on the streets in the third layer of Han Mountain City. Rain pattered on shop roofs and flowed down along the funnels on both sides of the roofs to eventually blend with the puddles on the ground, mixing the old water with the new.

The shopkeepers were all either dozing off or sitting cross-legged to train. There were only some who stood at the entrance to their shops looking at the rain as various thoughts raced in their heads.

Su Ming walked amidst the silence of the rain, breathing in the humid morning breeze as he traversed the streets of the third layer of Han Mountain City. No one could see his face. They could only see his slightly forlorn figure walking through the rain. He did not attract much attention as he walked past these shops.

Sometimes, however, when he walked into the field of vision of those who were looking at the rain, he would attract their attention, though it was perhaps just that he broke their train of thought as they admired the scenery.

Nonetheless, they only cast him a glance before paying no more attention. No one could guess what that forlorn figure wanted to do and what sort of shock he would bring to Han Mountain City that morning.

Su Ming walked forth in silence along the path until he reached the entrance to the second layer. He looked around him and found that he was the only one there. There was no one else around him.

There was still a huge gate serving as the entrance to the second layer. Originally, only the Transcended guests of the three tribes could enter, but now that the three tribes had dismissed all their guests, only those who had Transcended could enter.

Without accounting for the people from the three tribes, there were only five people who could enter the second layer in the entire Han Mountain City.

There was a huge bell about hundreds of feet tall to the right of the entrance. This ancient bell was entirely red-violet. There seemed to be rusted spots covering its surface, and it exuded an old and aged presence, as if it had been placed there for a very long time.

There were three bizarre and ferocious looking beasts carved on the surface of the ancient bell. One of them was the Dragon Clam, another the Alpine Dark Turtle, and the picture of the last creature had already faded out due to time. It could not be seen clearly, but the creature was clearly the leader of the three beasts. Based on their positions, it looked as if the Dragon Clam and the Alpine Dark Turtle were beneath that last ferocious beast in an act of subservience.

The bell was covered in water. Raindrops produced a soft patter as they fell on the surface of the bell and flowed down along its edges.

Su Ming stood by the stone gate leading to the second layer as he looked at the gigantic ancient bell before him. His eyes, which were hidden under the bamboo hat, gradually lit up. He had been walking unhurriedly, his footsteps slow, but every single step he took was steady and stable; he was also gathering up the Qi in his body.

He had been doing so since the foot of the mountain, and with each step he took since he stepped into the fourth layer of Han Mountain City. It was as if he was accumulating his energy, as if he was a sword being sharpened.

Right then, that energy was ready to be used, the sword was sharpened. The energy was just waiting to burst out and amaze the world, the sword just waiting to let out a bright and chilling glare!

'Besides asking the people from the three tribes for help like how He Feng had done it when he asked Han Fei Zi for help to get to Han Mountain's summit, there's another way to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. This method is for all the Berserkers who came to Han Mountain City... we have to ring this bell!

'We have to make the bell chimes spread all around the region to spread the news that we are going to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain...'

Su Ming looked at the bell silently, and the light in his eyes grew brighter. He had asked He Feng about the Chains of Han Mountain a long time ago and knew this bell would not sound for those with ordinary levels of cultivation.

This was also to prevent those who did not have enough power from dying when they challenged the Chains of Han Mountain and wasting everyone's time, along with sully the might of the Chains of Han Mountain.

"Only those who can make the bell chime nine times have the right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain... Since my goal is to amaze these people so as to get into Freezing Sky Clan, then I must go rampant!" Su Ming mumbled.

His quiet demeanor suddenly changed in the rain. A shocking presence erupted forth from within him like a sword that had left its scabbard, as if half his energy had been let loose!

As that presence rose up, coincidentally, a muffled roar of thunder rang in the sky. A bolt of lightning hidden in the sky let out a bright flash.

As that bolt of lightning lit up the sky, Su Ming lifted his right hand. He looked at the gigantic ancient bell before him and took a deep breath before he slammed his right hand against it.

Dong...

The bell's chime was like a roaring wave. The sound was muffled and contained a feeling of ancientness, as if it was a sound that came from a long time ago. A ripple that could barely be seen with the naked eye appeared abruptly from the bell, and along with the sound, it spread out in all directions.

The ripple was invisible, but it touched Su Ming's clothes, causing him to feel as if a huge force had just impacted his body, trying to push him away from the ancient bell.

The instant the bell chime reverberated in the air and spread through the entire Han Mountain Tribe and the three tribes, it startled countless people who were sitting and meditating in the quiet, rainy morning.

"Those are Han Mountain Bell's chimes!"

"Someone wants to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain! Didn't I say it? The closer we get to the day Freezing Sky Clan comes, the livelier Han Mountain City will be!"

"Hmph, it's just one bell chime. You only have to the right to challenge the Chains if the bell rings nine times, or else, you'll need the acknowledgement by the three tribes for them to send you straight to the summit to challenge it."

"Don't bother. That bell has been ringing for who knows how many times since the past few months, but no one has managed to make it past six chimes... and the bell's going to continue ringing for the foreseeable future. Joining Freezing Sky Clan is something that will make someone throw out everything they've got, after all."

Han Mountain City started getting lively. Quite a few people walked out into the streets and looked at the place where Han Mountain Bell was located at the third layer. However, as the rain was too heavy, these people only cast a glance at it before they hurried back into their houses.

The powerful Transcended Berserkers staying in the second layer of Han Mountain City, including Nan Tian and Ke Jiu Si, heard the bell chimes, but they did not go out to look. Nan Tian smiled faintly and paid no heed to it.

Ke Jiu Si did not even open his eyes. He sat in his house quietly, as if he did not even hear the bell chimes.

Xuan Lun and the other two powerful Transcended Berserkers reacted mostly in the same manner. Even if the bell rang six or seven times, it would still not catch their attention, much less one bell chime.

As for the three tribes surrounding Han Mountain City, they remained in silence in the rain. It was as if they did not react to the bell chimes, and that was the truth. Most of the people from the three tribes did not pay further attention to the chime once they heard it.

Among these people were the leaders of the three tribes, including Yan Luan. Even Fang Shen only broke off from his meditation and opened his eyes for a brief moment before he closed them once again and resumed meditating.

Only Han Fei Zi stood at her window and looked at the rain that seemed to be connecting the sky and the earth, and at the obscured Han Mountain City. The light in her eyes flickered.

There was another woman besides her who was also looking at Han Mountain in the rain silently. She was Han Cang Zi.

The first bell chime was just like a small stone being thrown into water. It only induced a few ripples before the water returned to stillness. In fact, once half the day passed by, very few people would remember the bell chime they heard just now.

Su Ming's expression remained passive. The ripple that was formed when the ancient bell before him trembled had dissipated the instant it fused into his body. It did not have any effect on him. The bell chime still lingered and echoed in the air, but besides this lingering chime and the sound of rain falling on the ground, there were no other sounds in the area. Not only did no one come out into the rain to see who rang the bell, even the shopkeepers whose shops in the third layer were close to the bell did not walk out to take a look.

Everything remained silent.

Su Ming lifted his right hand from the bell, and without any surge of emotions in his heart, he placed it down once more.

Dong...

The second chime reverberated in the air, and at the very moment it rang out, Su Ming's gaze became as sharp as a sword out of its scabbard. With a freezing glint in his eyes, he slammed his right hand onto the gigantic ancient bell once again.

Dong... Dong... Dong... Dong...

Four consecutive chimes rang in the air. With the previous two chimes, it was now six chimes. The ancient sound that exuded a presence of age seemed to have joined together to turn into a sound that shook the hearts of all those who listened. It even replaced the rumbling thunder in the air, becoming the only sound that surrounded the entire Han Mountain City and the mountains of the three tribes at that moment!

Han Mountain City was shocked!

The expressions of those who had already returned to their houses changed immediately once they heard the bell chimes that were seemingly blended together. Even the shopkeepers in the third layer of Han Mountain City felt shaken to the cores. Some had walked out and cast their eyes towards the entrance leading to the second layer, where the bell was located.

Seriousness appeared even on Nan Tian and the others's faces in the second layer. The meaning of sounding the bell in sequence and sounding the bell multiple times in one go until the chimes seemed to blend together was completely different. There was also a huge contrast in the rebound that the person had to suffer!

The three tribes in the mountains were also in an uproar when these bell chimes reverberated through the air.

Yet at that moment, the seventh bell chime rang out, and at the very instant it emerged, the eighth and ninth bell chimes arose with the might of a whirlwind sweeping away the clouds in the sky and the force of a great flood from the ancient bell in Han Mountain City, echoing in the sky with a power that caused the sky to shake and the earth to tremble.

The people in Han Mountain City only recovered from the shock after a moment. They burst into an uproar, like a wild beast that was jolted awake from its slumber.

"Nine chimes... Was... was that really nine chimes? It's too sudden!"

"Those aren't just nine chimes, but nine chimes that were practically fused together when they appeared. This person... this person is definitely not some common lightweight. We have to watch this person challenging the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"Who is it? Who could that person be? Could it be one of the five Transcended Berserkers?"

Most of the people from Han Mountain rushed out of their houses and were all looking towards the third layer in the rain. Some had even ran out to see who was the person who had made the bell sound nine times!

At the same time, Nan Tian and the others in the second layer of Han Mountain City stood up promptly. With one swift move, they left their houses and stared at the exit leading to the third layer. Behind that stone gate were the giant bell and the person who had sounded it.

In the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe, Yan Luan stood up. With a calm expression, she walked out of her house and looked at the city submerged in rain. With her power, she could vaguely see layers upon layers of ripples spreading out from Han Mountain City and pushing the rain. In that instant, Han Mountain... was without rain!

"Finally, there's someone who's actually good challenging the Chains of Han Mountain. Send orders for someone to send a plate allowing the challenger to the top of Han Mountain..."

Her tone was relaxed, as if there was nothing that could excite her, but also as if even if there was someone who managed to ring the bell nine times, it would still not be able to make her amazed.

However, that was the extent of her speech. Before she completed her sentence, for the first time, a sound that made her expression change rang out from Han Mountain City!

Dong... Dong... Dong...

11, 12 chimes reverberated in the air suddenly!

At the same time, the howl of a beast could be heard in the dark and cloudy sky above Han Mountain City. The sound shook the sky, and as the howl started, the apparition of a gigantic ferocious beast with the head of a dragon and body of a clam manifested before everyone's eyes!

"What is this person's level of cultivation? How did he manage to sound the bell twelve times and summon the shadow of Han Mountain's sealed beast?"

Yan Luan's breathing quickened and a bright glint appeared in her eyes.

Chapter 174: Alpine Dark Turtle

On the mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located was Han Fei Zi, who stood in her house, looking as if she could see the person who was silently sounding the bell in the city. There was a bright glint in her eyes as she stared at Han Mountain.

The person may have been hidden by the fog, but she could already vaguely guess that this person might be the Mo Su she had been looking for a long time!

"Is it you...?" Han Fei Zi mumbled.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe remained calm as he sat at the top of the mountain. His expression was like the still water in an ancient well. His thoughts were unknown to others. Sitting by his side were the Chief of War and Tranquil East's tribe leader, Fang Shen.

These three people were silent as the lingering bell chimes echoed in their ears.

"Could it be our guest, Mo Su?" the Elder of Tranquil East spoke unhurriedly with a slightly hoarse voice.

"I can't be certain, but I've already sent people to take a look." Tranquil East's tribe leader replied in a low voice.

"Elder, should we have someone give this person the plate?" The Chief of War hesitated for a moment before he looked at Tranquil East's Elder. The old man, whose face was covered in wrinkles, had his eyes closed. He did not refuse what the Chief of War said, but neither did he agree to it.

On the mountain shrouded in black fog was Puqiang Tribe. At that moment, there were dozens of obscured silhouettes of people standing in the fog looking in the direction of Han Mountain City. They did speak, but only looked into the distance indifferently.

Compared to the silence in the three tribes, when the gigantic apparition of the Dragon Clam appeared in the dark, cloudy sky above Han Mountain City, the people in the city were completely shaken. Numerous people from Han Mountain City rushed out into the rain to see the Dragon Clam in the sky. All of them felt shaken to the core, and in their ears were the bell chimes that still refused to leave.

"12 chimes. Han Mountain Bell sounded 12 times. This person... this person is really powerful!"

"He already obtained the right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Right now, he just needs to wait for the three tribes to send their plates, then he can go to the top of the mountain with the plates and challenge the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"I thought that one bell chime was just an accident, but now it's gone past nine chimes and sounded 12 times!"

"Who is that? By the looks of it, he's not going to stop just yet. Just how many times will he sound the bell?"

People ran through the fourth layer of Han Mountain towards the entrance to the third layer. Fang Lin and the others who were waiting at the entrance to the third layer were all shaken to the core when they heard the 12th chime. It was especially so for Fang Lin. He felt his mouth dry up and his heart race against his chest. He had a strong feeling that the person who had sounded the ancient bell twelve times could very well be... the familiar figure he saw just now!

The people arrived and rushed past Fang Lin, charging straight towards the stone gate before they disappeared inside. Those with the right to enter the third layer went in that morning with only one purpose in their mind - they wanted to see who the person who sounded the bell was!

The shopkeepers in the third layer of Han Mountain City were the first batch of people who saw Su Ming standing under the bell wearing his bamboo hat and straw cape. The

moment that sight of the unfamiliar person fell into their eyes, these people stopped 1,000 feet away from him.

At the second layer's exit were the residents of the second layer, Nan Tian, along with Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and the others. They knew that the person who sounded the ancient bell twelve times was behind the stone gate, but they did not go over.

Nan Tian's gaze fell upon the apparition of the Dragon Clam in the sky before he spoke unhurriedly. "Twelve chimes, eh...? I heard that from among the people who finished walking through the Chains of Han Mountain in the history of Han Mountain City, there were three who have been able to summon Han Mountain's sealed beasts after they went past 12 chimes!"

Ke Jiu Si, who was standing beside Nan Tian, suddenly said, "Brother Nan, you forgot one more person."

The moment his words left his mouth, Nan Tian's expression immediately changed. He did not speak. Xuan Lun also heard his words, since he was not standing too far away. His face turned slightly pale as he remembered something.

There were four people in the second layer. There was a middle-aged man wearing a green robe standing by the side. This person's clothes were odd. The weather in Han Mountain City was hot. Even if it was the rainy season, the weather was still hot. However, this person's clothes were extremely thick. It was as if he still felt cold even in such sweltering heat.

"Brother Ke, is the person you mentioned..."

When the middle-aged man in green robes spoke, a white puff of air left his mouth, a clearly different sight from the others around him. If anyone else saw it, they would immediately recognize that this person had the same status as Nan Tian and the others. He was the fourth Transcended Berserker in Han Mountain City - Leng Ying.

"Si Ma Xin?" Leng Ying asked slowly.

"Brother Leng, Brother Yun, the both of you have only come to Han Mountain City recently, so you might not really know this person."

Ke Jiu Si cast a glance at Leng Ying and nodded.

There was another person called Yun Zang among the five Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City. He was the 'Brother Yun' Ke Jiu Si spoke of. This person had just left for isolation a month ago to make the final preparations to join Freezing Sky Clan.

"Si Ma Xin came to Han Mountain City along with Freezing Sky Clan in the past and sounded the ancient bell... Most outsiders don't know the details. Only the leaders of the three tribes and the three of us know about this."

The person who spoke was the pale faced Xuan Lun.

"Oh? Why is it that most outsiders don't know the details if he sounded the bell? The moment this bell chimes, everyone in Han Mountain should know, and if someone like Si Ma Xin sounds the bell, he'll definitely be remembered."

Leng Ying frowned and looked towards Xuan Lun.

Xuan Lun fell silent for a moment. He was about to speak when another chime rang in the air.

Dong...

Su Ming stood beside the ancient bell. His expression remained passive, but the light in his eyes, which were hidden underneath the bamboo hat, were flickering brightly. The rebound coming from the bell was running foul in his body. He saw the crowd gathering 1,000 feet away from him, and he also saw the people dashing towards him from further away.

The gazes were all gathered on him through the sheet of rain.

"Twelve chimes will only startle Han Mountain City... the three tribes aren't really reacting..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the Dragon Clam that appeared among the clouds in the sky. Besides the initial howl when the beast's apparition appeared, it remained like a being without life, floating in the air unmoving. However, there was still an imposing pressure coming from it.

'This doesn't fit into my plans. Looks like twelve chimes is not enough to create the shock I want. Then...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand. This time, he did not slap his hand down. He punched the gigantic ancient bell instead.

The instant his fist fell, the 13th chime rang out mightily, turning into invisible ripples that spread out in all directions with a boom. That ripple could not be seen originally, but in the rain, they could see the raindrops gathering together to form a gigantic ring that was spreading outwards swiftly. This ring was spreading out as if it contained the strength of a typhoon that led the wind and rain to turn into a howl that was hidden under the bell chime. All those who were touched by the ripple would find their clothes flapping and their hair dancing.

As the sound of the 13th chime still lingered in the air, Su Ming's lifted his fist and brought it down once again. This time, he struck the bell four times!

'If this isn't enough, then I'll make it enough!'

The straw cape on Su Ming's body was torn into pieces with a ripping sound, revealing the black robe underneath. The bamboo hat on his head did not move an inch and continued blocking his face.

The bell chimes shook the sky and the earth. The four consecutive chimes formed four ring shaped ripples that spread outwards towards the one ring that was located the furthest away from them and was still traveling out, causing the world to look as if it was a water surface, and Su Ming was the center of those ripples!

Han Mountain was trembling, and numerous rocks broke off from the mountain and fell. It felt as if the earth itself was shaking. As the ripples spread out, the crowd standing 1,000 feet away from him withdrew as their expressions changed.

At that moment, a muffled roar came from the sky. Life appeared in the Dragon Clam's eyes. It started moving, and with Han Mountain City as its center, it took a few spins with its gigantic body, causing some of the dark clouds in the sky to dissipate. The roar that came from its mouth shook the ground, and it was so loud it was deafening.

A bright sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he rammed his fist onto the bell once again.

The moment his fist touched the bell, the 18th chime sounded with a loud crash. The instant the bell chimes resounded, the Dragon Clam also reached its limit as it roared. Its body shuddered, and right before the people's eyes, it disappeared without a trace. Yet the moment it dissipated, a piercing howl traveled out from the void in the sky.

As the voice thundered, a mountain in the sky that could not be described appeared. The size of the mountain surpassed Han Mountain, and all of the other mountains in Su Ming's memories.

This mountain covered the sky and the earth, appearing as an illusion in the air. The top of the mountain could not be seen. The only thing visible was the gigantic turtle underneath the bottom of the mountain. It was carrying the mountain that was as great as the sky on its back!

The turtle looked incredibly ferocious. Its face was twisted, and there was the picture of a malicious spirit on it!

The turtle was like an evil spirit!¹

It was Han Mountain's second sealed beast carved on Han Mountain Bell!

All the people in Han Mountain City who saw this felt their breathing quicken. The things that happened this morning made them feel shaken. It could even be said that most of them had never seen something like this before.

If anyone wanted to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, they would need to sound the bell. However, sounding the bell itself was a hurdle to many people. Making the bell chime nine times was already the limit for them. However, they just heard 18 chimes with their own ears and saw Han Mountain's legendary sealed beasts appearing in the sky with their own eyes!

"Alpine Dark Turtle!"

"It's said that Han Mountain Bell didn't originally belong to Han Mountain Tribe... When the bell chimes, illusions will appear!"

"I've been in Han Mountain City for many years, and I've heard other people talking about Han Mountain Bell before. There're three ferocious beasts carved on the bell, but only two can be seen clearly. The last one has faded out. Now... very few people know how that third beast looks like."

"This person looks unfamiliar, but judging from his power, he must have Transcended, or else he wouldn't be able to sound the bell 18 times!"

"18 times... by his looks, he's clearly relaxed... Look, someone came from the three tribes! It's Lake of Colors Tribe!"

The crowd burst into an uproar, and they started discussing amongst themselves amidst their shock. Suddenly, someone let out a cry of surprise. A person charged towards the city from the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe. The person who came forth was an old man. This man walked in the air. His expression might have seemed calm, but the shock in his eyes was difficult to disguise.

"Who is the person who sounded Han Mountain Bell? Do you know what the consequences of sounding the bell are?"

The old man stood in the air and his voice traveled out like thunder.

Chapter 175: Priceless Treasure!

"To challenge the Chains of Han Mountain!"

Su Ming did not turn his head back. Instead, he lifted his right fist once again and punched the bell, causing the 19th chime to ring in the air!

The moment the bell chime resounded, ripples reverberated through the air, gravel rolled down the mountains, and the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky let out a sharp howl once again.

"19 times! Just how many times is he going to sound the bell? What is his limit?"

"Does he still want to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain? If he gets hurt when he rings the bell, then he'll definitely die when he challenges the Chains!"

"This person is running rampant! Look, Lake of Colors Tribe has already sent someone here, but he still made the 19th chime when he answered!"

Sounds of discussions whirled up like a typhoon. As the sounds reverberated through the air, the old man from Lake of Colors Tribe cast a deep look towards Su Ming before he took out a plate from his bosom and threw it to him.

"By the orders of the tribe leader, we have acknowledged your right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Lake of Colors Tribe awaits your arrival!"

When he saw Su Ming accepting the plate, the old man turned around and turning into a long arc that charged towards Lake of Colors Tribe to report back.

The people who had been silent in the three tribes found themselves unable to remain silent any longer. Right after Lake of Colors Tribe, a long arc also whistled into the air from the mountain belonging to Tranquil East Tribe. The person inside the arc was the Chief of War!

He came personally, and as he closed in on Han Mountain, the crowd gathered around the area immediately looked up.

"Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War!"

"He came personally!"

"Of course he would. This is the person who sounded the bell 19 times!"

As Tranquil East's Chief of War approached, he did not stand in midair. He descended and stood 100 feet away from Su Ming. He looked at him and light flickered in his eyes. After a long while, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"By the orders of my Elder, we acknowledge your right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Tranquil East Tribe awaits your arrival!"

As he spoke, Tranquil East's Chief of War brought out a plate and handed it to Su Ming respectfully. Once he did so, he gave Su Ming a profound look before he turned around and charged back.

He recognized this person before him, it was Mo Su!

However, he did not want to offend this person, especially since he sensed that there was a startling similarity in the presence between the current Mo Su and Si Ma Xin. A thought emerged in his head, and it made him even more reluctant to offend him.

"There's only Puqiang left from the three tribes!"

"By right, Puqiang Tribe should be sending someone here by now."

"It's a pity that once Puqiang sends someone here, this mysterious challenger might stop ringing the bell and we still won't be able to see the third beast on Han Mountain Bell."

Su Ming stood by the bell and did not sound it again. He could feel that the rebound from the bell was becoming stronger. The 20th chime would definitely not be easy. Once he sounded the bell, that rebound would affect him.

The time it takes to burn an incense stick passed by in the blink of an eye. During that time, more people gathered around the area. Eventually, most of those who could not enter the third layer clustered outside.

Their gazes gathered on Su Ming and did not move for a long time. It was as if they wanted to see through the bamboo hat and the black robes to get a clear look of his face, and to see just who he was!

"He sounded the bell 19 times. If he is successful in challenging the Chains of Han Mountain, then this person's fame will definitely be as bright as the sun at noon. He might even be able to enter Freezing Sky Clan!"

"There's no need for that. He's already famous!"

"It's odd though, why hasn't Puqiang Tribe sent anyone here?"

The sounds of discussions buzzed in the air. Many people cast their gazes towards the black fog shrouded mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe.

Su Ming frowned slightly. He had waited for the time it takes to burn an incense stick, but Puqiang Tribe still remained silent.

'I don't have much contact with Puqiang Tribe, and I don't really understand this tribe, but I can feel that this tribe is very mysterious...'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe. The fog in the mountain was very thick and filled with the air of death.

They waited for a little while longer, and gradually, the crowd realized that something was wrong. They looked towards Puqiang Mountain. Even the leaders of Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe cast their gazes towards Puqiang.

‘They’re imposing their might using the situation!’

A freezing look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes as he stared at Puqiang Mountain. He had a vague inkling of Puqiang Tribe’s goal. They wanted to use this chance by not giving him the plate to show off the tribe’s mysteriousness and power.

The more Puqiang remained silent, the more they would catch the people’s attention. They would not refuse him the plate, but they would make Su Ming wait longer to elevate their own status.

"Puqiang Tribe has gone overboard," Yan Luan averted her gaze from Puqiang Mountain and said calmly.

The same words were spoken by Tranquil East Tribe’s Elder.

At that moment, the black fog surrounding the mountain of Puqiang Tribe tumbled, and someone walked out from within. That person wore a black robe. He had an obstinate look on his face as he charged towards Han Mountain City, then he stood in the air above Han Mountain and lowered his head to cast a glance at Su Ming standing beside the bell below him.

"The Elder is still in isolation. Please wait for a little while longer."

Once he spoke, the crowd immediately fell silent and cast their gazes towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not speak. His face, which was hidden under the bamboo hat and the black robes, caused them to be unable to see his dark demeanor, but they could still feel a chilling air gathering around Su Ming.

"Isolation? If that’s the case, then I’ll just have to wake him up."

Su Ming’s hoarse voice echoed in the air. This was the first time he spoke since he came to the place. The moment his words left his mouth, Su Ming swiftly lifted his right fist and punched the bell.

Dong!

The 20th chime!

The ancient bell trembled, and under that one punch from Su Ming, it swung to the back, and a strong sound that surpassed the volume of all the other previous chimes resounded in the air. The sound traveled in all directions, and the 21st chime followed soon with a sound that shook the sky and earth!

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly with shock in his eyes. The force of the rebound crashed into his body, and he staggered a few steps back. The bamboo hat shattered into pieces with a bang, but his black robes continued hiding his face, and the people still could not see it.

‘How could this be...?’

Su Ming felt shaken.

The two bell chimes fused together and spread out in the air above Han Mountain City like a roar. At the same moment the ripples rolled out horizontally, not only did the rain still, even the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky trembled and howled as a strange glow appeared in its eyes.

The direction in which it howled... was Puqiang Mountain!

As it howled and the two chimes blended together, the two sounds turned into one that came out of thin air, a vague existence that did not seem to belong to the world and seemed to come from a distant place.

"Nine..."

That sound was like a bell chime, but also like the howl of the Dark Turtle. It sounded muffled, but the moment it spread out, a shocking boom came from within the black fog of Puqiang Mountain.

The entire fog enveloping that mountain instantly burst apart when this sound resounded. It turned into countless black wisps that tumbled backwards, revealing most of Puqiang Mountain, which was usually hidden under the fog!

The sudden change shook the hearts of the crowd. Amidst their shock, they fell into dead silence. They did not know what had happened. They did not know why the bell chime this time would hold such astonishing power.

The fused sound contained a power that dissipated half of the power protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe!

The entire area was in silence. The Puqiang tribe member in black robes in midair was dumbstruck. There was disbelief on his face, even a hint of fear.

Yan Luan widened her eyes on Lake of Colors Mountain. For the first time, she trembled. Her expressions changed rapidly and her breathing quickened as she stared at Han Mountain City.

"He... He activated Han Mountain Bell's power!"

Han Fei Zi's eyes were sparkling on the same mountain at the same time. She felt shaken when she felt that burst of power. Without any hesitation, her body swayed, and white clouds appeared under her feet after which she charged towards Han Mountain from Lake of Colors Mountain.

She wanted to see whether this person was the Mo Su she had been waiting for!

On the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe, the expression of Tranquil East's Elder was originally calm, but at that moment, his pupils shrank. He stood up swiftly and stared at Han Mountain's summit as he took in a sharp breath. A brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

'I've always thought he was very similar to Sir Si Ma. Sir Si Ma managed to activate Han Mountain's power in the past and obtained his serendipity. Mo Su also managed to do the same thing!

'Han Mountain Bell, o Han Mountain Bell... you've been in Han Mountain for numerous years, and even Han Mountain's ancestor had been unable to obtain your inheritance and your blessing. Many years passed, and only Sir Si Ma had been able to obtain part of your inheritance that year. And now, this Mo Su...'

On Tranquil East Mountain, Han Cang Zi clenched her fists. A thrilled look appeared in her beautiful eyes. She knew that this time, she did not choose wrong!

On their mountain, Puqiang Tribe was also in a state of shock. Commotion erupted among the people in the mountain. As the protective mist dissipated, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe found himself unable to continue maintaining his cool. The skeletal old man in purple robes had an astonished look in his dull eyes.

"Give him the plate!"

Su Ming's heart raced against his chest. He looked at the lightly swaying Han Mountain Bell before him and took a deep breath. The moment he hurled his fist forward and his punch landed on the bell, he could clearly feel that some of the Qi in his body was sucked into the bell in a mystifying manner.

He had only sounded the bell once, but two bell chimes resounded instead!

He also did not expect the two seemingly normal bell chimes would fuse together and burst forth with a force so powerful it dissipated the fog protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe!

This power was definitely not something an ordinary Transcended Berserker could do. An incredible and unthinkable amount of power would be needed to dissipate the power protecting the mountain of a middle-sized tribe in one go... Su Ming's heart raced even faster.

'This Han Mountain Bell... Could it be... could it be a priceless treasure?'

At that moment, when Han Mountain City was in a state of shock due to the bell chimes, there was a mountain shining with the seven colors of the rainbow in a spot located far away from Han Mountain in the Land of South Morning. The seven colors constantly shone brilliantly no matter the time on the mountain.

The light from the seven colors had replaced the colors of the sky.

At the foot of the mountain was a pavilion. Black and white chess pieces spread on the stone table in the pavilion like the stars in the sky. A man and a girl sat inside and were both looking at the chessboard. The man wore a green robe. His face was as fair as jade, his eyes like stars, and he had an extraordinarily handsome face. There was also an indescribable air around him, making him seem lonely, but it was also like an air of serenity. There was a red line about the length of half a finger at the center of his brows.

He took a white piece and was just about to place it down when he suddenly frowned and looked towards the horizon in the distance.

"Big brother Si Ma, what's wrong?"

The girl's chin was resting on her hands. She lifted her head, revealing a face that was not exceedingly beautiful but had something wild about it...

If Su Ming was there and saw the woman, he would definitely be so shocked he would seem like lightning had just struck his soul, and be filled... with disbelief!

Chapter 176: Nine-headed Dragon

The girl's eyes were big and sparkling with a charming light. There was a wild beauty in her eyes that made all those who looked into her eyes feel enchanted.

"It's nothing. Someone touched something that belongs to me. But that person can't take it away."

The man in green robes smiled faintly and no longer looked at the horizon. He lifted the chess piece and placed it down on the board instead.

At the entrance to the second layer of Han Mountain City, Nan Tian and the others looked at the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky. Their expressions were grave, with a hint of amazement hidden within. They heard the sound just now and saw the fog protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe dissipating because of that sound.

After a long while, Nan Tian took a deep breath and spoke slowly. "Brother Leng, you have your answer to your question now..."

Leng Ying was silent as he nodded.

"When Sir Si Ma came to Han Mountain City, he came for Han Mountain Bell... He observed the bell for several days and only sounded the bell three times. That's why if any people heard it, they forgot about it quickly. Very few people know that he sounded the bell before," Xuan Lun said hoarsely from the side.

"Three chimes... I was with the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe at that time, and I saw it with my own eyes," Ke Jiu Si mumbled softly.

"Sir Si Ma fused twelve chimes together with the first chime. No matter how you hear it, it's just one chime, but if you saw it yourself, it'd be different..."

"At that time, a sealed beast also appeared, but before that beast had completely manifested, it was shattered by Sir Si Ma's second bell chime. The Alpine Dark Turtle was the same. Before it even manifested, it was shattered by the third bell chime.

"As for the third bell chime... Sir Si Ma bled a little, but no other sealed beast appeared. After that, he stayed by the bell for several days before he left."

A strange light appeared in Leng Ying's eyes. He looked at the stone gate lying not too far away and a frenzied look appeared in his eyes.

Nan Tian cast Leng Ying a glance before he spoke coolly. "Unless you want to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, then don't try it. The three tribes know that this bell is a priceless treasure... but it belongs to Sir Si Ma."

Leng Ying remained silent, but the frenzied look in his eyes gradually disappeared.

Su Ming stood by the bell and looked at it. The scene just now made him feel shaken, causing him to form a new speculation regarding the bell!

‘Han Mountain Bell is definitely a priceless treasure! He Feng might not even know about this, but it’s been here for years, and no one took it. There’s definitely something out of place about this!’

‘There’s only one explanation to this. This bell has a spirit. Unless someone obtains its acknowledgement, then no one can take it away... Han Cang Zi once said that Si Ma Xin came to Han Mountain City in the past. I wonder if he realized the secret of this bell.’

The light in Su Ming’s flickered. Right then, the sound from the bell was still echoing in his head.

Nine... The two bell chimes and the Alpine Dark Turtle’s howl had formed that word once they fused together as if it contained a great mystery. It surrounded Su Ming’s heart and made the light in his eyes grow brighter.

At that moment, another long arc traveled out from the mountain of Puqiang Tribe that had most of its fog dissipated. There was an old man within that long arc. He had an incredibly respectful look on his face and was already in the Transcendence Realm. He approached the city quickly and did not dare stand in midair. He descended on the ground 100 feet away from Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming before he bowed deeply.

"By the orders of the Elder, we are to deliver the plate to you. We hope you will not mind what happened before."

As the old man spoke, he took out the plate and placed it on the ground before taking a few steps back with a conflicted look on his face and turning around to leave.

Su Ming did not look at the plate on the ground. His gaze was still fixed upon Han Mountain Bell. The light in his eyes flickered. He could already tell that the number of times the bell sounded was not the source of obtaining the acknowledgement from the tribes.

‘What they want is...’

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He had somewhat understood it, but the whole idea behind it was still a little obscure to him.

"I would suggest that you don’t do it."

As Su Ming was still mulling over it, light suddenly flashed on the stone gate that led to the second layer by his side. Four people walked out from within!

The appearance of these four people immediately made the crowd who was originally silent burst into commotion once again.

"Nan Tian, Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying! Besides Yun Zang, all the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City have appeared!"

"This is the first time I saw the four of them together!"

"He's Sir Leng Ying. I heard about him before. Now that I see him, he's just like the rumors described him. As long as he's around, even sweltering lava will freeze in an instant."

Su Ming turned around and looked at the four people walking out of the stone gate. A faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips, which was hidden under the black robes. From the group, he had already met Nan Tian and Xuan Lun before.

The one who spoke was Nan Tian.

Nan Tian looked at the man in black robes who had his face covered. The man had his head lowered and he could not see his face, but he had a feeling that he had seen the outline of this person's body before.

"Sir, what do you mean?"

Su Ming did not want to be recognized by others at this moment. This was not according to his plans to enter Freezing Sky Clan, that was why he asked in a hoarse voice.

Nan Tian took a close look at Su Ming. After a while, he frowned and spoke slowly. "It's nothing, just a reminder. Perhaps the owner of this bell won't like it."

Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Puqiang Tribe's plate instantly flew up into his hand from the ground. At that moment, he had the plates from the three tribes. He had obtained the right to go to Han Mountain's summit. He could go there and challenge one of the three Chains of Han Mountain that led to one of the three tribes.

Nan Tian smiled faintly and withdrew half a step. Ke Jiu Si and the others did the same and opened up a path to the stone gate.

Su Ming looked at the stone gate. He knew that the gate led to the second layer. There would be no more road blocks if he went further up. He could go straight to the summit. However... A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked at Han Mountain Bell.

"It doesn't mean I can't snatch it... even if it has an owner!" Su Ming mumbled and jumped up. He lifted his right foot and spun around, landing a kick on the bell!

Su Ming's actions focused Nan Tian's attention on him. By his sides, Ke Jiu Si and Leng Ying's eyes also became bright. Only Xuan Lun stared at Su Ming, as if he had just recalled something.

"The bell sounded again! 22, 23, 24..."

"This person must have Transcended, but that's odd... The bell chime this time doesn't have that shocking feel just now."

"25, 26, 27... Just how many times is he going to sound the bell? The rebound is too strong!"

The crowd was in an uproar. Most of them had even instantly retreated. With Su Ming and the bell as the center, layers upon layers of invisible ripples spread out, causing the ground in Han Mountain to shake. It even made the leaders of the three tribes in the mountains around the city focus their eyes towards the place.

Su Ming stopped in midair. Just as he was about to land on the ground, he lifted his head swiftly, as if he had finally found a vague sensation. He lifted his right fist and hurled it towards the bell.

The instant his punch landed, a shocking rebound landed on his body. It caused blood to trickle out of Su Ming's mouth. He fell to the ground, and once he took seven to eight steps back, he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Dong!!

The 28th chime surpassed the previous chimes, even the fused sound that had dissipated the fog enveloping Puqiang Mountain. It turned into one single sound that replaced everything in the world and shook all hearts. It made all those who heard the sound tremble furiously. No matter what level of cultivation a person had, the mighty sound appeared in their minds and made their heads blank!

The ringing of that sound made the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky howl towards the heavens. As it howled, its body shattered. Its body was not the only one that shattered, the mountain on its back also crumbled!

The crumbling sounds caused a huge crash that fused with the bell chime, making all those who heard it to be unable to differentiate whether the bell chime was real, or that it was multiple bell chimes that had blended into one single sound that was difficult to tell apart. At that moment, the sounds mixed together and caused the sky and earth to change. That muffled voice that seemed to have come from the distant past rang out once again!

"Nine... Headed Dragon..."

This was the only sound in the world. It reverberated, floated, and spread out, causing all those who heard the voice to feel dazed as if they had just lost their minds. It was as if at that moment, their consciousness had been absorbed by that sound.

Yan Luan fell into that state, the Elder of Tranquil East fell into that state, everyone, without exception, fell into that state!

Su Ming had the strongest sensation. A boom resounded through his head, and his mind was left in a blank state.

A gigantic bell flared up gloriously in his mind. It was Han Mountain Bell!

That booming sound was replaced by bell chimes that reverberated through Su Ming's mind, causing him to not know just how much time had passed until he slowly regained consciousness.

The moment he woke up, his ears still rang with the lingering sounds of the bell chime. He could clearly see that the people around him were all still standing around him with dazed looks on their faces, still and unmoving.

Su Ming breathed rapidly. Then, as if he sensed something, he lifted his head swiftly and saw the illusion of a ferocious beast in the sky that only he could see clearly!

It was a gigantic beast. Its features were still obscured, but he could still tell that the beast had nine heads. Each head had a different look. Some of them looked like they belonged to dragons, some to snakes, and some to humans. They were all incredibly bizarre, but what made Su Ming take in a sharp breath was this sight - out of the nine heads, he saw that six of them had their eyes closed, and only three of them had their eyes opened!

Out of the three heads that had their eyes open, one of them was looking at him gently. Su Ming could see himself in its eyes.

The other two heads were looking at him with an arrogant and cold air, and Su Ming saw an extraordinarily handsome person in green robes in their eyes!

At that same moment, at the foot of the seven colored mountain located far into the distance from Han Mountain City, the man in green robes placed the white piece in his hand down.

"Big brother Si Ma, you lost this round."

The girl by his side laughed happily. Her laughter sounded like tinkling silver bells and was very pleasant to the ears. She quickly placed the black piece in her hand down, and her petite face was filled with delight and happiness.

"Lost...?"

The man in green robes smiled faintly. His smile looked very gentle, but the chill in his eyes could not be seen by the girl, neither could the voice in his heart be heard by her.

'That might not be the case.'

Chapter 177: That Might Not Be the Case, Might it?

Su Ming looked at the illusionary gigantic nine-headed beast in the sky and saw the person in green robes in the eyes of two of the three heads. Their cold and arrogant gaze seemed to have connected with Su Ming's gaze for the first time even though they were separated by a great distance.

A faint smile appeared on the lips of the person in green robes. There was a hint of disdain in his smile. He gradually disappeared along with the nine-headed beast in the sky. As it disappeared, the dark clouds returned and rain fell once again.

'That might not be the case, might it...?'

Su Ming's expression was calm. He suddenly understood the meaning of the gaze that belonged to the person in green robes.

He did not know who that person was, but Su Ming knew that Han Mountain Bell was still without an owner. That person had not managed to completely obtain the bell either. He had only managed to obtain two of the nine heads!

When the illusionary beast in the sky completely faded out and disappeared into thin air, the people on the ground snapped out of their daze and opened their eyes, no matter how strong or weak they were. Even Yan Luan, the Elder, and the others from the three tribes also opened their eyes at that moment.

Very few knew what had happened. The sky was covered by dark clouds, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The crowd fell into a brief period of silence before they burst into an uproar.

"What... happened just now?"

"I felt my mind go blank, and I can only remember the bell chime echoing in my head..."

"That's not right, something must have happened just now, or else it's impossible for all of us to react the same way!"

The sounds of discussions became louder. The crowd's gazes all turned to Su Ming under the bell. They only saw his back. Su Ming had his head lowered, and the black robes covered his head so neither his face nor expression could be seen clearly. The watchers could only feel an indescribable presence coming from his back as he walked towards the stone gate leading to the second layer.

By the stone gate, Nan Tian and the others stood with shocked expressions on their faces. They looked at Su Ming walking over. Even if they were all powerful Transcended Berserkers, their minds had been blank during the span of the few breaths. They did not know what had happened, but Ke Jiu Si still instinctively took a few steps back when Su Ming approached them. A respectful look appeared on his face.

The others might not know what had happened, but Ke Jiu Si had seen Si Mi Xin sounding the bell in the past. It might have only been three chimes, but the same situation where all of their minds turned blank had happened. He still remembered it. That year, when he woke up, he saw Si Ma Xin's back as he looked at the bell quietly. That memory had just overlapped with the mysterious person before him!

Nan Tian's breathing became rapid. He might not know as much as Ke Jiu Si, but he still knew that the bell belonged to Si Ma Xin. However, when the strange blank moment in his memories appeared, it still made him feel respectful towards the person walking towards him.

'He's fighting against Sir Si Ma for this bell... This person...'

Nan Tian lowered his head.

Xuan Lun was silent. There was a conflicted look on his face. He had recognized Su Ming. At that moment, Su Ming had just become a tad more mysterious in his eyes. This mysteriousness was so thick it made Xuan Lun instinctively choose to move back.

'Mo Su's power is not as great as mine, but he still makes me feel dread... He dared to fight against Sir Si Ma for this treasure, and... Mo Su seemed to have gained something... just what other secret does this person hold? Is he really just challenging the Chains of Han Mountain to obtain the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan...? Thank goodness he's not the Berserker who attained completion for the Blood Solidification Realm a few months ago...'

Xuan Lun hesitated for a moment. He became slightly uncertain of his thoughts.

Su Ming walked over calmly right under these people's gazes. He did not stop for even a moment at the stone gate leading to the second layer. With one step, he crossed over.

The stone gate suddenly let out a bright flash. At the same time, the three plates Su Ming had on his body also let out bright lights. With a flash, he disappeared into the stone gate.

When Su Ming stepped into the stone gate, an old woman appeared behind Yan Luan on Lake of Colors Mountain. That old woman coughed as she walked. Her face was filled with wrinkles. As she coughed, a sickly red parlor appeared on her face.

Two girls supported the old woman on both of her sides. Their faces were filled with worry.

Yan Luan turned around, shifting her gaze to the old woman. She immediately took a few steps forward and personally held the old woman's arm.

"Tribe leader, the Elder insisted on coming... we..." one of the girls immediately said.

"It's fine. You can both leave now."

Yan Luan nodded and carried the old woman to the edge of the mountain. That spot allowed them to have a better view of Han Mountain City.

"Luan Er, someone obtained a part of Han Mountain Bell's inheritance just now, yes...?"

There was a dull light in the old woman's eyes. Her voice was hoarse and held a hint of weakness. If she did not have Yan Luan's support, she would surely fall.

"Yes," Yan Luan was silent for a moment before she answered softly.

"That bell has been in Han Mountain for too long... Han Mountain Tribe was even named after that bell. Han Mountain's ancestor was the one who gave the bell its name - Han Mountain Bell. But in truth, no one knows where it came from, and what its true name is.

"It's better if it's taken away. If it continues staying here, then some day, it'll bring about a catastrophe... It doesn't matter whether it's Si Ma Xin or that person just now, let whoever can take it away do so. Don't interfere."

"But Fei Er still needs to enter Freezing Sky..."

Before Yan Luan could finish speaking, the old woman turned her weak body around and looked at the beautiful woman before her. She did not speak, but only looked.

After a long while, Yan Luan lowered her head.

"Elder, I'll remember it."

"Luan Er, Lake of Colors Tribe is only a small middle-sized tribe. Si Ma Xin is not someone we can provoke, but is the person who dared to fight against Si Ma Xin for the bell someone we can provoke?"

"Elder, I'm worried about Freezing Sky Clan. Si Ma Xin is the disciple they value the most in Freezing Sky Clan... Fei Er still needs to join Freezing Sky Clan, if I don't do anything now, I..."

"You're still too young..."

The old woman lifted a trembling hand and patted Yan Luan's shoulder. The intelligence left behind by time could be seen in her dull eyes.

"You can say that Si Ma Xin is Freezing Sky Clan's disciple, but can you say that Si Ma Xin is the only disciple in Freezing Sky Clan?"

The old woman turned her head and looked at Han Mountain with a profound gaze.

"This..."

Yan Luan was stunned. There was a slightly confused look on her face.

The old woman sighed softly. She did not look at Yan Luan as she whispered, "Let's change a perspective, you can say that Lake of Colors Tribe is a tribe in the Land of South Morning, but can you say that Lake of Colors Tribe is the only tribe in the Land of South Morning...? Do you understand now?"

Yan Luan fell silent for a moment before she nodded.

"I've already given up too much for Freezing Sky Clan. The four dimensional layer Relocation Art can protect our tribe from not dwindling for 1,000 years. Don't provoke this person. If he wants to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, then we will support him." As the old woman spoke, a tired look appeared on her face.

At the same time, the eyes of Tranquil East's Elder sparkled at the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe. His expressions changed repeatedly, as if he was uncertain. He would even occasionally cast a look at the Lake of Colors Mountain. When he saw that Lake of Colors Mountain remained still, resolution appeared in his eyes.

"Among the three tribes in Han Mountain, I respect the Elder of Lake of Colors the most. This old woman may not be incredibly calculative, but her intelligence can occasionally be very useful in major events. If she doesn't take action, neither will we!"

"Han Mountain Bell will belong to whoever takes it away. This bell never belonged to the three tribes to begin with. Once we understand this, we can be at ease," the Elder of Tranquil East said in a voice as if he was mumbling to himself, but he also seemed to

be talking to the tribe leader of Tranquil East, the Chief of War, and the others standing behind him.

Puqiang Tribe was also silent. The three tribes had adopted a strikingly similar attitude towards this. They chose to ignore it.

There was only a little time left before the afternoon, but the rain was still heavy. It poured down mountain ranges and flowed down the rocks, causing the floor to be incredibly slippery.

This was Su Ming's first time being in the second layer of Han Mountain City. Behind him was the stone gate that blocked the path to the third layer. Before him, the first layer of Han Mountain City was located high above. It was also the top of Han Mountain. That place was not too far from where he was. There was nothing above the first layer. Only the three Chains stretched out and connected the mountains of the three tribes over there.

"The Chains of Han Mountain..."

A brilliant glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his feet and moved through the quiet second layer at a moderate pace. He walked along the winding mountain path, and after the time it takes to burn half an incense stick, he stood at the highest point of Han Mountain City!

At this place, the mountain breeze whistled in the air and rushed madly at his face. It caused Su Ming's robes to dance in the air, but the wind did not manage to lift the robes covering his face. The three Chains connected to the summit swayed in the wind. The canyons that spanned hundreds upon thousands of feet were right underneath them.

The wind was piercing cold. There were even droplets of rain in it.

Su Ming stood right there at the top and took a deep breath.

He did not know whether powerful Transcended Berserkers would die once they failed the challenge and fell into the canyons. However, if the Chains of Han Mountain had existed for so many years, then it would definitely not be easy to challenge them. Even if those who had Transcended could walk in the sky, they would still only have a slim chance of surviving.

Su Ming stood at the summit and looked into the distance. As far as he could see it was filled with dark clouds. The sky and earth seemed to have connected together and there was no difference between them. The rain was like a curtain that caused everything in sight to be blurred and indistinct.

Sometimes, thunder would rumble in the sky. Bolts of lightning that could not be seen clearly would also flash. Sometimes, a part of the bolt of lightning would appear among

the layers of clouds. If someone kept their eyes towards the sky for a long time, they would feel as if their eyes were flickering.

"He's going to start the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"Which tribe's Chain will this person choose? I think it's going to be Lake of Colors!"

"No matter which tribe's Chain he chooses, I just want to know whether he'll be successful. There're nine sections to the Chain, how many sections will he be able to walk? If he walks past the seventh section, then he can already be considered to have made it!"

"In the past, the standard was for the challenger to walk up to the eighth section of the Chain for Freezing Sky Clan to take that person in as a disciple. The criterion for each person is still different, but there're just too few who manage to walk up to the ninth section of the Chain."

"The ninth section is nothing. From what I know, the nine sections that are open to public now are only the first section of the true Chains of Han Mountain! The true Chains of Han Mountain are connected to eight mountains. Up till now, the complete chain had only appeared twice thousands of years ago!"

The rain may have been heavy, but it did not stop the people from paying attention to what was happening.

Su Ming stood at the top of the mountain. Before him was the Chain connecting to Lake of Colors Tribe. The Chain to his right was connected to the mountain belonging to Tranquil East Tribe in the distance. To his left was the Chain that connected to Puqiang Mountain, dripping wet with water as it bathed in the rain.

Three Chains, and three different mountains.

Su Ming stood at the peak, and he could not help but recall the first time he came to Han Mountain City a few years ago. He had been standing at the third layer and had his head lifted to look at He Feng standing at the top of the mountain.

That scene had remained in his head for a long time.

"A few years have passed since then. Time flies..." Su Ming mumbled.

He took a deep breath and looked towards the Chain connecting to Puqiang Mountain. A bright glint appeared in his eyes and he took one step towards the Chain to his left!

Chapter 178: The Chains of Han Mountain

"It's Puqiang Tribe!"

"He didn't choose Lake of Colors or Tranquil East, but Puqiang!"

"Puqiang Tribe has always been mysterious, and there are few who challenge the Chain of this mountain. Why did he choose that mountain? Lake of Colors and Tranquil East had clearly shown their willingness to receive him just now. Only Puqiang remained indifferent, and they were even in conflict earlier!"

As Su Ming moved forward, the entire Han Mountain City burst into an uproar. Almost everyone talked about it. They could not understand his actions.

By right, all the mountains that were connected to the Chains of Han Mountain were the same. Freezing Sky Clan did not designate a certain mountain for the challengers for when they chose disciples.

If it was anyone else, they would not choose Puqiang Tribe over Tranquil East Tribe, who sent their Chief of War over, or Lake of Colors Tribe, who had been the first to send their plate! The two of them were even in conflict just now, especially when the bell chime broke the fog protecting their mountain.

Not only did the crowd not manage to wrap their heads around it, even Nan Tian and the other three Transcended Berserkers were baffled when they saw Su Ming's actions. Nan Tian looked at Su Ming's figure at the summit. He could not understand why he would make such a choice.

Only Xuan Lun's pupils shrank. He was a guest in Puqiang to begin with and was incredibly familiar with the tribe. So even though he might no longer be a guest, the friendship they had formed over the years was still around. When he saw Su Ming's decision, he had no idea why, but his heart lurched.

'He must have another plan!'

Xuan Lun narrowed his eyes and stared at Su Ming standing at the summit without a word.

Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe were also puzzled. The Elder and the rest of the people in Tranquil East Tribe stood at the top of their mountains and looked at Han Mountain. When they saw Su Ming moving towards Puqiang's Chain, the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, Fang Shen, frowned.

A glint flashed through the Elder's eyes before he spoke slowly. "Kindred Mo seems to have another goal besides obtaining the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan..."

On Lake of Colors Mountain, a piercing glare came from the originally exhausted Elder. She looked at Han Mountain with a pensive look on her face.

Beside her, Yan Luan also frowned.

"We can give him everything that Puqiang can provide... but he still chose Puqiang. This person has a goal and has made preparations for it. He must have made his decision before he challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. His goal is not Han Mountain Bell, but... Puqiang!" the old woman said in a hoarse voice.

The light in her eyes became brighter.

The old woman fell silent for a moment before she mumbled uncertainly, "The only thing we can't provide is the aura of death that Puqiang gathers with their unique Berserker Art..."

Puqiang Tribe was even more shocked by this compared to Tranquil East Tribe and Lake of Colors Tribe's bewilderment. Almost at the moment Su Ming chose the Chain to Puqiang Tribe, a strange glint appeared in the eyes of the skeletal old man sitting cross-legged at the summit of Puqiang Mountain.

Seven to eight people sat behind him. There were even people rushing to him quickly from below the summit.

"Elder..." someone spoke hesitantly in a low voice beside the old man who looked like a skeleton.

"No matter. I'd like to see whether this person can make it here," Puqiang Tribe's Elder said calmly, touching the bone bracelet on his right wrist with bright eyes as he stared at Han Mountain in the distance.

Right at the moment Su Ming's right foot stepped on the swaying Chain battered by the rain connecting to Puqiang Mountain, muffled booms reverberated through the air and covered all voices from the people in Han Mountain like muffled rumbles of thunder. The earth also trembled as if it was shaking. Eight giant pillars of 100 feet thickness rose up from the canyon underneath the Chain.

The eight giant stone pillars, decorated by cracks and numerous green plants, rose up from the canyons with rumbling sounds and immediately supported the swaying Chain whilst dividing it into nine sections!

As the eight stone pillars rose up, dust clouds soared up from within the canyon, but the moment they appeared, they were immediately washed away by the storm. Thunder rumbled in the sky like it was showing its might.

Each of the nine sections of the Chain were very long. They connected with each other, forming a bridge-like chain path between Han Mountain and Puqiang Mountain!

Rain continued washing down the Chain, causing it to look incredibly drenched. If it was a normal person on top, they would perhaps not dare to take even a single step. Even if they did take that step, they would still fall to their deaths due to carelessness.

The loose and swaying Chain not only brought danger to a person's body, but also shock to the soul. People would feel as if the canyon was right before their eyes and they would retreat instinctively. Even if someone pushed them from behind, they would still struggle to move backwards.

This sort of shock to the soul was hard to bear even for people who claimed to have strong willpower.

Su Ming's right foot landed on the Chain, but it did not stop swaying because his foot landed on it. It continued swinging in the storm, causing his right foot to sway along with it.

Su Ming had an incredibly solemn look on his face. He had never underestimated the Chains of Han Mountain. The slippery feel was even clearer when he stepped on the Chain, and it was difficult for him to stand firmly.

'No wonder He Feng always took a few steps in one go at that time, even if he stopped, he would wait until he was steady on his feet before he...'

Su Ming was not the only one serious. At that moment, almost all of the people in Han Mountain City were the same. They looked at the figure in the rain and looked at the swaying Chain underneath his foot. They could not help the nervousness growing within them.

"Just how far... can a person who struck the bell 20 something times go?"

"He chose the wrong time. The Chains of Han Mountain are much more difficult in the rain."

"It's not a problem of timing. It'll continue raining in this season. No matter which day he chooses, it'd still be the same."

The sounds of discussions gradually grew louder as the people's breathing quickened.

Su Ming could not hear any of it. He lifted his left foot, and the moment he steadied his right foot, he took a step forward.

This step might have seemed small, but it meant that both Su Ming's feet had left the ground and left Han Mountain. At that moment, it could be said that his entire being was standing on the Chains of Han Mountain!

The mountain gust whistled in the air and blew past Su Ming's body as if it wanted to push him off the Chain. It caused Su Ming's robes to flutter and made the Chain sway even more.

Even breathing was difficult in this windstorm. Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Puqiang Mountain located in the distance. Even his vision started swaying as he stood on the Chain.

'If that's the case, it's not really that difficult.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he stood straight before he moved forward. Each step he took landed squarely on the swaying Chain. No matter how much the Chain moved, it would seemingly move under his feet on its own to allow him to step on it.

He moved forward steadily. Gradually, half of the first section of the Chain was traversed. 2,000 feet away from him was a pillar of 100 feet that symbolized the end of the Chain's first section.

The people in Han Mountain City were all staring at Su Ming with utmost attention as he traversed half of the first section in midair, walking towards the first stone pillar.

"We might not be able to see his face, but his footsteps are very stable. The first section shouldn't be much of a problem for him."

"That's right. But there're nine sections to the Chains of Han Mountain. The farther you go, the stranger the Chain will be, or else it wouldn't be so famous, neither would it be used as the test for Freezing Sky Clan to choose their disciples."

"I wonder how many sections this person will manage to conquer..."

The sounds of discussion gradually calmed down and numerous pairs of eyes focused on Su Ming's body up above. It was not just the people of Han Mountain, the tribe members and leaders of the three tribes were also looking at him. Due to Su Ming's appearance, the day where morning had passed by in the rain became different.

Su Ming completed the first section of the Chain with a nonplussed attitude. When he was at the end of the first section and was about to land on the first stone pillar, he suddenly trembled.

The moment he trembled, his body started swaying. The sudden scene immediately made all the people gathered below cry out in surprise.

"This... This is just the first section, and he can no longer handle it?"

"Impossible! He made the bell chime 20 something times, how could he not be able to handle the first section?!"

"That's impossible, unless..."

Cries of surprise rose and turned into an uproar in an instant.

Even the people from Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe had their full attention immediately captured by what they just saw.

A glint appeared in Yan Luan's eyes and she spat out coldly, "Cur!"

The old woman by her side did not speak. Instead, she looked towards Puqiang Mountain.

On the summit of Tranquil East Tribe, the Elder of Tranquil East also cast a profound gaze towards Puqiang Mountain. He smiled faintly and did not speak. However, behind him, a piercing glare appeared in Fang Shen's eyes.

"Since when did Puqiang become so petty?"

There were dozens of people sitting on Puqiang Mountain. The Elder sat at the top amongst those people, and they were all silent.

"Give me a reason," the Elder of Puqiang Tribe said languidly.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. At the moment his foot landed, a strong wave of power instantly appeared from the chain and surged into his body from his right foot without warning. That power was filled with the aura of death, as if it wanted to freeze his Qi. However, Su Ming had already obtained 979 blood veins. It would be difficult to freeze his Qi even for a normal Transcended Berserker!

He let out a cold harrumph. He did not lift his right foot, simply taking another step on the Chain with his left foot. At the same moment, the full force of all the Qi from the 979 blood veins in his body spread out abruptly and fused into the Chain, crashing into the incessant waves that kept charging towards from him hundreds of feet away.

The first stone pillar was in between the two waves of power. The stone pillar shuddered and a large amount of debris fell off, but the pillar stood tall and did not fall.

Su Ming noticed it before. There was a strange force on the pillar that strengthened it. This force was rather familiar to him. It was the presence of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Even if the presence was faint, and even if Han Mountain's ancestor had died, but the presence that was left behind on the pillar could still make sure it did not shatter.

The two forces of power crashed into each other and formed a muffled sound that was covered by the rumbling thunder, causing the other people to be unable to hear it clearly. On Puqiang Mountain, a middle aged man shuddered among the dozens of people sitting on the summit. Blood flowed down the corners of his mouth and he looked at the Elder of Puqiang Tribe.

"He touched the treasure left behind by Sir Si Ma in this place. Sir Si Ma may not think it's worth it to be bothered by the likes of someone like him, but he has committed an offense and must be punished!"

"You bit off more than you can chew..." the Elder of Puqiang Tribe said calmly.

Chapter 179: Change in Personality

"You're to be punished with three years isolation and you're not allowed to come out!"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe did not even look at the middle aged man as he spoke unhurriedly.

The middle-aged man fell silent. He wiped off the blood at the corner of his mouth and got up to bow towards the Elder. He hesitated for a moment, as if he wanted to say something, but chose to remain silent in the end and left respectfully. Yet at the very moment he walked to the edge of the mountain and was about to go down...

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe looked at Su Ming standing on the Chain of Han Mountain in the rain and spoke once again. "You acted too rashly, spoiled everything and achieved nothing. Three years is too few, go isolate yourself for six years and do not come out!"

This time, the middle-aged man not only did not harbor any resentment, he became more respectful and bowed towards the Elder once again.

"Thank you, Elder."

As the person left, Puqiang Mountain sank into silence once again.

Su Ming looked towards Puqiang Mountain. A cold glare appeared in his eyes. He could feel a chilling aura incessantly traveling forth. He could already tell that once he walked past the first stone pillar, the chilling aura would seep into his body with each step he took and cause his feet to increasingly stiffen up more.

'The further I go, the difficulty of the Chain will increase, and what happened just now is definitely not a coincidence...'

Su Ming's eyes grew colder and a chilling smirk appeared on his lips. He stood at the end of the first section of the Chain and lifted his foot, landing right on the first stone pillar. An incredible force erupted from his body and turned into an impact that traveled down his right foot.

The moment that force landed on the stone pillar, a huge boom came from it. Cracking sounds resounded and rifts appeared beneath Su Ming's foot, which continued spreading down until they penetrated the entire pillar.

The stone pillar had existed for many years. It had never shattered because no one dared to destroy it when they challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. There was also another reason to it, once it was destroyed, they would have no place to rest, and the challenge would become more difficult.

More importantly, there was a strange power within the pillars. This power made them nigh impossible to destroy for other people. However, Su Ming was not one of those people!

That power belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor. It was a power that was similar to the power of the Branding Art, and since Su Ming possessed the power of the Branding Art, the power within the pillars was not a problem to him.

It would not have worked if Han Mountain's ancestor was still alive, but since he was dead and most of the strengthening force in the pillars had already disappeared due to time, with Su Ming's Brand, a crack immediately appeared in the force once he pushed the Brand in, allowing the power of all 979 blood veins in his body to crash into the pillar.

Tremors shook the stone pillar, and as everyone stared at it with their mouths agape, the stone pillar under that Chain crumbled and shattered!

When it shattered, the Chain sank down, but Su Ming was not affected albeit he was standing on it. The moment the stone pillar crumbled, he straightened on the Chain and looked towards Puqiang Mountain located in the distance!

'Each time you attack me, I will destroy one of your stone pillars!'

Su Ming did not utter the words, but his cold gaze delivered his message.

He did not use words to threaten them. Instead, Su Ming chose to use his actions to respond to Puqiang Tribe's schemes. He was telling them outright that he had the power to destroy their stone pillars!

When the crowd in Han Mountain City saw what happened, a great uproar immediately broke out among them. They had witnessed many challenges to Chains of Han Mountain, but they had never seen or heard of anything like this, much less thought that the stone pillar that had existed for so long would crumble right before their eyes.

"One of the eight stone pillars from Puqiang Tribe has crumbled!"

"It's said that the stone pillars were built by Han Mountain Tribe in the past and are incredibly sturdy. They're very difficult to break! Just how did he do it?"

"What just happened must be Puqiang Tribe's doing, but... that's just not worth it. If the stone pillar crumbles, it'll just be more difficult for the challengers. They won't have any place to rest."

"You're wrong. This doesn't really make things more difficult for him, but this is completely out of Puqiang Tribe's expectations. Right now, the one who is panicking is not him, it's Puqiang Tribe!"

"Shattering the stone pillars is not against the rules for the challengers of the Chains of Han Mountain. No one can say anything about it. But unless Puqiang Tribe can build the stone pillar like how Han Mountain Tribe had done, then this will be a permanent scar for Puqiang! This is a damage to their reputation. He's slapping them in the face, and they can't say anything about it! And this will also be remembered by other people!"

On Lake of Colors Mountain, a sharp glint appeared in the old woman's eyes. She cast a deep look at Su Ming, who was standing on the Chain in the distance.

By her side, Yan Luan smiled faintly. She did not speak.

Tranquil East Tribe was acting in a similar fashion. They were all looking at the silent Puqiang Mountain.

At the very instant Su Ming destroyed the first stone pillar, besides the Elder and two other people, the others all stood up on Puqiang Mountain. Their expressions were filled with animosity as they glared at Su Ming standing on the Chain of Han Mountain.

"How dare he ruin Han Mountain's stone pillar!"

"Elder, we must punish such an impudent person!"

"Elder, tribe leader, our tribe's reputation is ruined because he destroyed our stone pillar! We can't take this lying down!"

"Enough!" The Elder of Puqiang Tribe frowned and spoke unhurriedly. The moment he spoke, the area immediately fell silent. "It's just a stone pillar. If it's destroyed, let it be. We'll talk if he manages to come here."

The Elder's expression remained passive and his voice was calm, but there was a chill in his eyes.

There was a plump middle-aged man sitting beside the Elder. He looked like a mountain of flesh sitting on the summit. He smiled and narrowed his eyes as he spoke.

"It's not a bad thing that he destroyed the pillar. Compared to the other two tribes, Puqiang's Chain will become more difficult for other challengers in the future, and it also sets us aside from the others."

Su Ming could not hear the shock in the three tribes or the uproar of the crowd in the city. He stood on the Chain that was missing the first stone pillar with a calm demeanor, not in a hurry to continue. Instead, he chose to recover his breathing.

After the time it takes to burn an incense stick, thunder rumbled in the sky and the rain became heavier.

At that moment, it was as if there was a basin pouring water from the sky. Rain landed on Su Ming's body, causing his robes to stick to his skin. The wind also became stronger, but Su Ming was prepared. He did not want others to see his face. The robes covering his face were set in place firmly.

He walked forth once again in the rain. This time, he did not stop. Even if the chill underneath his feet was getting colder, he still took quick and steady steps towards the stone pillar at the end of the second section of the Chain.

Time trickled by. Right at the moment Su Ming closed in on the second pillar and the crowd wondered whether Su Ming would destroy the second stone pillar as they stared at him, suddenly, a lackadaisical and delicate voice traveled forth from Puqiang Tribe.

"Sir, please destroy the rest of Han Mountain's stone pillars from our tribe. We're sorry we have to trouble you with this. And if you possess more extraordinary power and strength, then you can try cutting off this Chain so that our tribe will not be bothered by outsiders from now on."

The voice held a velvety tone to it that made it seem as if it held no strength, but when the words fell in people's ears, it made them feel enticed, as if they were targeted by poisonous snakes.

As the words traveled out, the crowd in Han Mountain City immediately fell silent and looked towards Su Ming. Nan Tian and the others were looking as well. The light in Nan Tian's eyes flickered. To him, the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain this time was completely different from what he had seen before.

'Puqiang Tribe's words have just forced this person to his doom. If I were him, what would I do...?'

A cold smirk appeared on Xuan Lun's lips. He looked at Su Ming, who stood at the Chain suspended in midair, and that sneer on his lips became colder. He could already imagine Mo Su's hesitation. His actions and subsequent counterattack just now had just turned him into laughing stock.

Su Ming stared at Puqiang Mountain coldly. He lifted his right foot and stepped on the second stone pillar. Once he sat down, he closed his eyes, as if he did not hear that voice. He paid no heed to them and started resting.

At that moment, everyone in Han Mountain City fell silent. All of them were looking at Su Ming. Even the ones from Lake of Colors and Tranquil East were staring at him, waiting for the moment he chose to give answer to the statement.

After a while, Su Ming opened his eyes and got up to the move to the third section of the chain. The instant his feet landed, an imposing abruptly pressure spread out from the Chain. That pressure held an aged presence that seemed to have existed for a long time. It would appear each time someone came forth.

The moment the pressure fell upon him, Su Ming faltered for a heartbeat. He circulated his Qi, causing most of the pressure to dissipate. He lifted his foot and moved forward along the Chain.

The more steps he took, the stronger the pressure grew. Su Ming only took five steps forward, and he could already clearly feel a slight decaying sensation in his body due to this pressure. It was as if his entire being was gradually growing older.

'So this is the true might of the Chains of Han Mountain...? No wonder even those who Transcended will shrink back in its presence... Even power will rot in the face of time.

'The third section of the Chain will be difficult for those at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but I can still handle it.'

Su Ming walked forth silently. The instant he took his 15th step, the delicate voice traveled out once more from Puqiang Mountain.

"Sir, about the thing we asked of you..."

The moment the voice came, the second stone pillar behind Su Ming suddenly shook and crumbled into a lot of debris. As it let out muffled rumbling booms, it shattered.

The voice instantly froze, as if it had just swallowed its subsequent words.

Right till the end, Su Ming did not open his mouth to answer the words from the delicate voice. Even if the second stone pillar behind him crumbled, he still did not turn his head back, and neither did he stop. The Chain sank abruptly, but he still continued onward

towards the third stone pillar, facing the pressure brought by time as he approached the pillar.

His silence made all those who saw the stone pillar crumble stunned. It was not only because of the stone pillar shattering, but also due to their suspicions towards Su Ming.

"What's his name...? He's definitely not some ordinary person!"

"This person's personality is scary!"

"I wonder what Puqiang Tribe will do next..."

As the people discussed amongst themselves in low voices, Su Ming was already standing on the third pillar. He only stood there for a moment before continuing onwards.

Rumbling sounds came from behind him, and the third pillar crumbled.

He was still silent as he walked past the fourth and fifth pillars.

When the fifth pillar crumbled, Su Ming's footsteps on the Chain slowed down. His breathing had become slightly ragged. The aged feeling had enveloped his entire body, causing him to feel as if he had just turned into an old man.

Chapter 180: The Secret Behind the Chains of Han Mountain

Half a day had gone by. It was already noon. The gentle sunlight should have been bringing about a scorching heat at that moment, but it was blocked by the thick, dark clouds in the sky that refused to leave. It could not shine through.

The rain was still falling heavily and created pattering sounds along with the whistling wind that swept through the mountain ranges under the heavens.

It might have still been raining, but it did not stop anyone in the crowd in Han Mountain City from watching. All of them wore straw capes and bamboo hats as they continued staring at Su Ming walking on the Chain swaying in the wind in midair!

The wind may have been strong and the rain heavy, but it did not at all stop them from watching the person who had sounded Han Mountain Bell twenty odd times, who completely shattered the five stone pillars he walked through, and who had walked up to the sixth section of the Chain.

Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to describe this person and this incident as something that would only happen once every thousand years, but it was inadequate to describe it as a sight that happened once every few centuries.

"He's slowing down at the sixth section of the Chain! There's definitely something strange in that section!"

"It's a pity that all those who successfully conquered the Chains of Han Mountain chose to keep the secret of the Chains to themselves. Most of those who failed the challenge died, and even those who survived by a stroke of luck chose to remain silent... It only makes people wonder why the Chains of Han Mountain are so difficult."

"Hmm? He stopped!"

Discussions broke out and multiple pairs of eyes gathered on Su Ming through the curtain of rain. Even Nan Tian, Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying all looked towards him with shining eyes.

Su Ming no longer continued onward on the swaying Chain. Instead, he sat down, looking as if his body was glued to the Chain. As it swayed, his body too, moved with it.

His breathing had become rapid. There was a bright glint in his eyes, but he was not looking at Puqiang Mountain. He was staring at the Chain beneath him instead. This Chain may have been bathed in rain, but signs of rust could still be seen in certain places, which proved the rumors that the Chains had been around for many years.

'The pressure that makes it feel as if my time is flowing away is not coming from the land, neither is it coming from Puqiang, much less the stone pillars that I destroyed... It's coming from this Chain!'

Up to this point, as the pressure from time and age became stronger, Su Ming also felt that his life force was being sucked away by the Chain bit by bit.

The speed at which his life force was being absorbed was not quick, but the farther he moved along the Chain, the faster his life force was being absorbed.

Su Ming could still resist against it at the moment. After all, he had 979 blood veins. If he just circulated all his blood veins, it would provide his body with a vast amount of Qi. The circulation of Qi was part of his life, and it could cover up the portion that was absorbed.

However... Su Ming looked at the Chain that still spanned far into the distance before him.

'I'm only at the sixth section right now. There's still a lot to go... Just what is this Chain? How does it have such shocking power... and why is it absorbing life force!'

Su Ming chose to sit in this exact place because there was a particular portion of the Chain before him that had a lot of rust. It was also the one portion where the rust was the most obvious to the eye. Some of the rust would even break off from the Chain as rain fell on it.

Wind whistled by his ears and brought a lot of rainwater onto him. Thunder also rumbled in the sky. At times, lightning would flash. Beneath Su Ming were the canyons whose ends could not be seen. When he lowered his head, what entered his sights was the rain falling into the canyons like millions of arrows that were let loose.

Su Ming recovered his breathing for a while and lifted his right hand, tapping a finger on the rusted portion of the Chain. The surface of his finger touched the rust.

The instant he did so, Su Ming's face started paling. Very soon, his right index finger turned white, all signs of red being lost. This was not a sign that his blood was absorbed, but a sign that the life force formed when he circulated his Qi and the life force used for his organs to work in his body was slowly being sucked away.

Time gradually passed by. Su Ming had already been sitting on the Chain for a long while. His right hand was still on the Chain, and he allowed his life force to be taken away as he remained still.

The people in Han Mountain City gradually discovered that something was afoot. However, they could not think of the reason. They could only speculate.

"Is he tired? The time it takes to burn an incense stick is already over, and he still doesn't seem to be getting up."

"Looks like the sixth section of the Chain is his limit. It's a pity... a real pity..."

"He already did pretty well for going up to the sixth section of the Chain. After all, the Chains of the Han Mountain are unlike the bell. Your life is at risk if you challenge the Chains. I think that right now, he's also uncertain whether he should continue..."

"But can he even withdraw anymore? He already destroyed all the stone pillars behind him. Even if he chooses to walk back, it'll be difficult..."

The discussions spread in the rainstorm. Su Ming's actions had captured a lot of people's eyes and attention.

"Perhaps right from the moment he destroyed the first stone pillar, he chose not to give up..." Nan Tian looked at Su Ming sitting on the Chain and mumbled to himself.

After a little while longer, a bright glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his right hand slowly. He stared at that portion of the Chain and his pupils gradually shrank.

'It's just as I expected. The Chain absorbs life to repair itself.'

Right before Su Ming's eyes, the part that had most obviously rusted had started recovering. A part of the Chain had returned to a normal shade of color!

'The Chains of Han Mountain were created by Han Mountain's ancestor... He came from another world to the land of Berserkers. I can understand why he supported Han Mountain Tribe. By doing so he could have a place to stay.'

'But why did he create the Chains of Han Mountain?! Just what was his real goal...? Did he create this Chain personally, or did he find the Chain somewhere in the land of Berserkers, or perhaps... it's something he brought from...?'

Su Ming had met Han Kong. It could even be said that Han Kong's death was directly related to him. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Han Kong died in his hands.

That was the reason why these series of thoughts and speculations that people rarely thought about appeared in Su Ming's head.

The crowd in Han Mountain City and the Transcended Berserkers were not the only ones showing concern to Su Ming pausing in his challenge, the three tribes were also paying close attention to him.

The old woman on Lake of Colors Mountain stared into the distance and frowned.

"This person could fight for Han Mountain Bell against Si Ma Xin. I won't believe that he can only go up to the sixth section," Yan Luan said softly by her side.

The old woman was silent for a moment before she spoke languidly. "He's mulling over the Chain, just as we did in the past,"

The Elder and the rest were sitting cross-legged on Tranquil East Mountain. They were also puzzled by Su Ming's actions. As they pondered about it, Han Cang Zi appeared from the stairs on the side and walked to the summit. She did not pay attention to any of them, but chose to stand at the edge of the mountain and look towards the Chain of Han Mountain in the distance with a calm expression.

Puqiang Mountain remained in dead silence. All of their gazes were focused on Su Ming sitting cross-legged in the distance. Those gazes were filled with sullenness and uncertainty.

'What is he doing?' was the question practically in everyone's thoughts.

'Just what are the Chains of Han Mountain...?'

Su Ming lowered his head and cast a glance at the canyons down below. Darkness filled everything there and looked like the mouth of a beast just waiting for people to fall down for it to swallow. Su Ming knew what laid at the pit of the canyons, and it was precisely because he knew that he was feeling doubtful about the Chain.

After a long while, he stood up slowly and took a step forward with his right foot, then he walked towards the sixth pillar standing before him.

At the very instant he stood up and moved, Han Mountain City burst into an uproar. All the people that had been watching Su Ming began discussing amongst themselves when they saw him finally moving forward.

"He stood up!"

"We've waited for long enough, and now he's finally starting to move again. I'm curious though, why did he stop just now?"

Su Ming took a deep breath and moved forward. His footsteps had become much slower. With each step he took, some of his life force would be sucked away every single time his foot came into contact with the Chain, even though it was still the same Chain that he had walked on previously. It made him feel uncomfortable, and he started weakening.

In his mind, he was no longer walking on the Chains of Han Mountain, but walking through his lifespan. Each step he took felt as if he had just finished walking through a part of his life. This sort of feeling was difficult for others to understand. Only when their lifespans were passing by would people occasionally sigh for the time they lost.

Yet the Chains of Han Mountain shrank the total amount of time for a person to finish living his life, causing that wave of melancholy to be brought forward.

When dusk arrived, while layers of clouds still covered the sky, the rain had let up slightly. It was no longer a rainstorm, but started becoming a gentle shower. Su Ming finally managed to walk to the end of the sixth section of the Chain after an entire afternoon passed by. The sixth stone pillar lay 100 feet away from him.

At that moment, Su Ming's face had become pale. He might be circulating his Qi to stimulate his life force, but the absorption of his life force became stronger as he moved along the way. He could no longer remain balanced. He could practically feel the Chain howling in excitement as it was absorbing his life force to strengthen itself.

It was only a distance of 100 feet, but Su Ming used the amount of time it takes to burn an incense stick to walk slowly through those final steps. The moment he arrived on the sixth stone pillar, he let out a long sigh and sat down cross-legged, staring at the seventh, eighth, and ninth section of the Chain lying before him, and at Puqiang Mountain, which was connected to the ninth section of the Chain. This distance might

seem short, but it gave Su Ming a feeling that it was very far away. He could already imagine that the difficulty of the final three sections of the Chain would far surpass the previous ones.

"This Chain is somewhat familiar to me..." Su Ming mumbled with his eyes closed.

He had that feeling suppressed at the very bottom of his heart, and it only appeared in his mind when doubts and speculations arose, and he connected all of them with Han Kong.

The moment Su Ming stepped on the sixth stone pillar, a huge wave of discussions passed through the crowd in Han Mountain City.

"The sixth stone pillar! That's the start of the seventh section of the Chain!"

"Can he finish traversing the seventh section of the Chain...?"

"I don't think so. He was already staggering when he was walking on the sixth section. It'll be very difficult for him to finish the seventh section..."

"From what I know, all the previous challengers of the Chains of Han Mountain failed at the seventh section... This section might be different from the rest!"

When the discussions started, Su Ming was seated and unmoving. After a long while, when the sky turned completely dark and the moon peaked out from the clouds, he opened his eyes.

"Night has come..." he mumbled.