

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 201 — I See, so I'm the One Sighing with Regret... - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 201 — I See, so I'm the One Sighing with Regret...

Chapter 201: I See, so I'm the One Sighing with Regret...

"The child really sensed a second Berserker Mark!"

Amidst the snow floating down from the sky, the old man sucked in a deep breath, and as he looked at the ground, eager anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"His first Mark was the Sky Mark. The second is snow. This snow fell from the sky, but belongs to the ground. It's caught between the sky and earth. This sort of Mark... is incredibly rare!

"The Berserker Mark reflects the soul. Unless there's a unique serendipity, most of the Marks are ordinary. This child's first Mark was the moon, and the moon was not cold, but was made of fire. It's clear that the fire moon has a large influence in his life!

"That's why when he Transcended, he sensed... the fire moon in his trance.

"As for the second Berserker Mark, it's a chilling air that turns into snow... it didn't appear out of nowhere either. There's... there's... some sort of sentimentality lying within..."

The old man mumbled in a pensive silence. A glint appeared briefly in his eyes. He stared at the two figures that were indistinct in the snow on the mountain. He looked at the two of them holding hands as if they were walking in the snowstorm, and those two figures did not disappear for a long time.

"Due to an encounter, the Moon Mark appeared, due to love, the Snow Mark appeared... This child, if he is up to my standards and becomes my disciple... then it'll be my great fortune, and also his serendipity!"

The old man sucked in a deep breath. He lifted his right hand and pressed it to the center of his brows with a grave expression on his face.

"I can't use Timeless Creation to enter the child's Transcendence thoughts anymore. Oh well, he's worth breaking one of my seals!" the old man mumbled.

A blue light suddenly appeared on his right index finger, which remained pressed to the center of his brows. That light instantly covered the old man's entire body, causing the

sea of blood behind him to turn in to a sea of blue blood. Even the stone statue inside was letting out a strange blue light.

As the blue light shone through the sky, the snow that floated down was also stained with blue. The old man lifted his right hand abruptly and pointed towards the ground.

"The Ancient's Words, Three Timeless Creations! Bucca, Taureus, Bratus!"

The old man let out a low growl. The moment he spoke, the ground trembled, and an illusionary world appeared out of nowhere, causing the area of thousands of li to start distorting as if there were multiple layers overlapping with each other.

A vast amount of energy collected from within the old man's body and a strange totem appeared on his face. That totem... was formed from three odd pictures!

The first picture was carved under his chin. Its pieces looked like the cracks on a tortoise shell, and it was filled with blue light.

The second picture was that of a two-horned bull, which appeared on the center of the old man's brows.

The third picture was that of a dried up old tree. It crawled up the old man's face, causing his face to look terrifying.

There was a sword penetrating through each of the three pictures. The three swords were dull, but as of then, one of them was glowing with blue light.

Within the cavern in the mountain covered by snow, Su Ming remained seated. His entire body was covered in a layer of frost. There was also ice crystals spread through the area all around him. He remained unmoving, but there was a hint of loneliness and forlornness on his face.

The lake had disappeared in the world before Su Ming's eyes. It was replaced with a large mirror completely formed from ice - an ice mirror.

He stood in front of the mirror and saw his own reflection. As he looked into the mirror, Su Ming heard a whisper calling out to him. That sound seemed to be dragging out his soul, causing his will to slowly blend into the mirror...

When his mind became clear, he saw an endless expanse of snow before him. The area was familiar to him.

Compared to the moon in the lake he saw before, Su Ming could see his body this time. It was as if the world within the mirror was not an illusion. It was real.

Su Ming walked silently forward in the snowstorm with a hint of bafflement. The snow was falling heavily and it covered the sky, causing him to be unable to see the stars hanging in the sky. He could only see the snow that was falling so densely that the two seemed to be connected. They danced in the sky and created a veil of snow that blocked his view and his way forward.

Su Ming walked forth without a word as he looked at the snow. Gradually, he felt as if his surroundings grew more familiar. The moment a light chuckle that sounded like silver bells traveled into his ears from afar, he immediately started trembling. He lifted his head swiftly and looked in the direction the laughter had come from.

"This is..."

Su Ming felt shaken. He stomped on the ground and flew up as the snow on the ground jumped into the air. He saw a city through the snowstorm that was not too big in the distance while he was in midair. The city looked like a slumbering beast lying on the floor in the midst of darkness...

"Wind Stream... Mudstone City..."

He could see a lot of invisible ripples spreading out from behind the city. Beneath them, he saw a sealed mountain clearly.

When he saw that, Su Ming trembled harder. He slowly turned around and cast a glance in another direction.

This was the direction to the forest. From this height, he could vaguely see five summits that looked like fingers on a hand behind the vast forest.

"Dark Mountain..."

Time trickled by slowly. He did not know how much time had passed by. When the chuckle that sounded like silver bells appeared again, this time much closer than before, Su Ming snapped out of his daze. He did now know when, but some time ago, two lines of tears fell down his face.

"Have I come home...?"

Su Ming lowered his head in anguish. He saw a girl walking closer to him on the snow as she laughed happily.

He saw a foolish looking boy behind the girl. There was happiness on his face, along with exasperation as he chased after her.

Laughter echoed in the air, and it was carefree. When the boy caught up to the girl, he played with her in the snow...

Su Ming watched all of it quietly. He looked at the naivety in the boy and his carefree attitude, observed the brightness in the boy's eyes, and the face without the scar.

He also looked at the girl, the girl who exuded a wild and untamed beauty. Her sparkling, big eyes contained a dream, her look making others intoxicated.

"Is it a dream...?"

Su Ming felt his heart clenching in pain. His body slowly descended from the sky and he stood beside the boy. He looked at the familiar people before him sitting in the snow holding hands as they uttered familiar words.

He could see them.

Yet they could not see him.

"Su Ming, what will we become in ten years...? Are we still going to be as carefree as we are now...?"

"Are you still angry?"

"Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad."

"Ten years later, we'll definitely still be as carefree as we are now... And by that time, my level of cultivation will definitely be very high!

"The elder told me yesterday that I'll be staying in Wind Stream Tribe in the future. I'll receive the same guidance as Ye Wang from Wind Stream's Elder... Perhaps in ten years' time, I'll be close to Transcendence Realm."

The words that sounded like the boy's fantasies traveled into Su Ming's ears. He sat down quietly beside them. As he sat next to the girl and looked at her, a gentle look gradually appeared in his eyes. After a long while, the pair of youths stood up. As they laughed, the boy picked the girl to carry her on his back. She buried her head in the boy's back with a shy look and the two of them went away into the distance.

"You look silly..." the girl whispered softly.

Su Ming could not hear her clearly in the past. Now, as he stood by her side, he heard her.

It was as if he could not control his own body. He followed the pair of youths and walked with them through the snow until they arrived in Wind Stream City.

He stood in the city and watched the girl sweeping away the snow off the boy's body with a shy smile on her face.

"Su Ming... it'll be an important day for me seven days later... I've always spent that day with my grandma in the past... This year, I want to spend that day with you... alright?"

"That's a promise..."

The moment Su Ming heard the words once again in his current situation, the pain in his heart reached its peak. It made his face pale and he took a staggering step back. His chest clenched in pain and his fingers dug into his flesh, as if he was trying to stop his anguished heart from beating so that he would not be in pain again.

He stood by the side quietly with a conflicted look on his face. That conflict was clearly due to grief stemmed from sorrow.

"That's a promise. Seven days later, no matter where I am, no matter what I'm doing, I'll definitely come and find you..." Su Ming mumbled, saying the exact same words as the boy by his side. He did not miss a single word, but the meaning of their sentences was different due to the difference of age and time between them.

As he mumbled his words, Su Ming saw the girl blushing. She ran back to Dark Dragon Tribe's lodge with a shy look. He looked at the boy laughing happily and foolishly as he walked in another direction.

Su Ming's laughter eventually fell silent and turned into a sigh. It echoed in the air, just like when he had heard it in the past when he did not know who eventually sighed...

"I see, so I was the one sighing in regret..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky before he closed his eyes.

When he opened them once again, he was no longer in the world within the mirror. He was standing before the ice mirror instead. A white flower appeared in the mirror.

The flower looked like snow and the white hue made it seem as if it possessed a spirit.

The whispers calling out to him were coming from the flower in the mirror. It was as if everything that Su Ming saw just now was because he fell into a trance before the mirror.

There was a faint figure behind the flower in the mirror. That figure was becoming clearer, and Su Ming could see that he was a man with white hair.

The man had a freezing presence. His white hair floated in the air. There was no scar on his face, but his features were strikingly similar to Su Ming's. He was staring at Su Ming with a cold look from within the mirror.

There was a mark of a snow flower on the center of his brows. He wore a white robe, and when his cold gaze met Su Ming's eyes, Su Ming saw mercilessness within them.

"Only when you are merciless will you be heartless. Only when you are heartless will your heart turn cold... Only when you are cold can you command the cold in the world... Only when you are merciless and heartless can your heart turn cold, and only then will you find the Path!

"Place your emotions in the mirror. When you turn around, do not take them away..."

The whispers calling out to him were indistinct. He could not discern whether they were mere illusions or he really heard them. The man in white continued looking at Su Ming with an aloof gaze, as if he was waiting for him to choose.

Chapter 202: Su Ming's Mark!

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The old man sitting in the sky outside Su Ming's cave abode was looking at the ground with bright eyes. His expression became more solemn until eventually a hint of shock appeared on his face.

"Snow Mark... Si Ma Xin's Berserker Mark was also the Snow Mark. The mark of freezing snow once shocked the entire Freezing Sky, and he proved himself to be incredibly suitable for training the Arts in Freezing Sky Clan!

"I didn't expect I'd see the same Snow Mark as Si Ma Xin's once again!"

The old man took in a deep breath and the glint in his eyes became brighter.

"As expected of a Berserker who Transcended after attaining full completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, he managed to sense two completely different types of Berserker Marks. You gave up on the fire moon, but now the mark of freezing snow... should suit your tastes.

"But from what I can tell from Si Ma Xin, the mark of freezing snow causes the person to be incredibly cold. He will freeze his emotions and his desires. It is a merciless chill... Will this child choose this...?" the old man mumbled and looked at the ground with a grave expression.

His gaze seemed to penetrate through everything, allowing him to see... the sad person sitting in the cave covered by frost.

"If he gives up on this Mark again... unless he can sense the third Mark, then he will have to choose a Mark that doesn't suit him. If he doesn't choose, then his power will forever be stuck here and he won't improve..."

A hint of worry appeared on the old man's face. He had deep knowledge about Berserker Marks. There were some Transcended Berserkers who never had any Berserker Mark in the history of the Berserker Tribe. However, these people all could not further increase their power and would forever be stuck.

Without a Berserker Mark, a Berserker cannot be considered a true member of the Berserker Tribe!

"He shouldn't give this up now..." the old man mumbled to himself, then his expression suddenly changed.

As Su Ming sat in the cave in the mountains, a phrase echoed within the world in his heart.

"Place your emotions in the mirror. When you turn around, do not take them away..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at the ice mirror and the snow flower within it, along with the man in white behind the snow flower.

"Can I put all these in the mirror and not take them away with me...?"

Anguish appeared on Su Ming's face and he sighed once again.

"I broke my promise once..."

"I can't give up on my memories and the love I felt when I was a teenager... If I do that, even if I obtain the mark of freezing snow, would I still be me...?" Su Ming closed his eyes.

"I see. I didn't expect a Transcended Berserker Mark to appear like this when I'm in a trance. The moon in the lake and the flower in the mirror..."

"They're all mere illusions. They aren't real! All of these aren't real. Even so, the flower in the mirror and the moon in the lake are not my choices!"

Su Ming opened his eyes.

"I want neither... the flower in the mirror nor the moon in the lake!"

The moment Su Ming spoke, a large amount of cracks instantly appeared on the ice mirror before him. As cracking sounds rang out, it shattered into an innumerable amount of shards. The ice flower and the person in white in the mirror also seemed to have duplicated themselves to exist within every single shard that scattered before Su Ming.

"Fool!"

When the old man in the sky saw this scene, he slowly spoke. However, he did not try to stop Su Ming as he initially wanted to do when he gave up on his first Berserker Mark. He chose to observe what Su Ming would do next instead.

'But he's bold! His personality makes him worthy of becoming my disciple. If you can really bring out the third Berserker Mark in your trance, then even if you can't become my disciple and can't pass my test, I'll still help you into Freezing Sky Clan!'

The old man watched the land silently, waiting for the third Berserker Mark that even he was not certain would appear!

Time trickled by, and very soon, it was night. However, the night sky was filled with blue and blood-red light. A strange night sky filled with blue and red light was formed.

The frost on Su Ming's body had disappeared in the cave on the ground. There was no longer any hint of ice or cold air on the walls of the cave. The entire mountain range returned to normal.

"So he can no longer do it...?"

After waiting for a long while, the old man in the sky sighed.

However, he did not leave. He remained in the sky and continued waiting. Gradually, the night went by. Even when the sky gradually brightened up, Su Ming remained seated and unmoving within the cave. No other signs of Berserker Marks appeared. It was as if they had fallen asleep.

"He gave up on the fire moon, which meant that the tribe he grew up in does not train the ways of fire. Because it's different and he did not want to give up on it, that's why he didn't choose it. From this, it can be seen that the child values family ties.

"He gave up on the Snow Mark because he did not want to be merciless and cold, which means he's someone who values his relationships...

"But people like these aren't suitable to train in my practice and learn my inheritance. He can't be a vice... he can't... overturn anything. There's no need for any tests any longer."

After three days, the old man let out a long sigh. He cast a profound look at the ground and did not continue waiting. He knew that while the time for the process of Transcendence differs for each Berserker, but the moment they wake up from their trance, then it means that the process had ended.

At that moment, he sensed that Su Ming had opened his eyes within the cave.

"If you choose to enter Freezing Sky Clan, then I will speak a word for you," the old man mumbled to himself.

He left with regret and lamentation, walking into the distance. Loneliness could be seen on his back. As he left, the blue and blood-red light gradually faded away, and eventually, they disappeared along with the stone statue within that never once opened its eyes.

"I failed..."

Su Ming opened his eyes within the cave and looked at the walls before him as he mumbled softly. It was dark all around him. Amidst this silence, he lifted his head.

His expression was calm. There was no hint of regret or any sign of other emotions. Instead, in the midst of the darkness, he sat in silence as if he was asking himself whether it was worth it to give up on two powerful Berserker Marks.

'The fire moon is not one with my tribe. If I have to give up on my tribe and no longer be a member of Dark Mountain Tribe to be one of the Fire Berserkers... I don't want that.

'The freezing snow wants me to place all my emotions in the mirror, then turn away and abandon them. I can't do this either. If that's the case, then there's no need for me to regret this.'

Su Ming could feel that once he gave up on the two Berserker Marks he obtained in his trance, his power in Transcendence seemed to have lost its vigor. It was as if his power was worn out.

"What is a Mark...?"

Su Ming did not bother himself with his power's waning. He lifted his head and looked at the dark ceiling in the cave and mumbled instead.

"The Mark is a reflection of the heart. It is a unique state that belongs solely to a person alone..."

This was what his elder had told him in the past, and Su Ming always remembered it.

"Why do we need to enter a trance when we search for our Berserker Marks...?"

Su Ming smiled.

His smile was faint, but within that faint smile was a hint of understanding that no one else could see.

"It's because the people in the world usually don't even know themselves. They don't know their hearts, that's why they need to go into a trance to sense what lies within their hearts..."

"A Berserker Mark is just a form of self-examination!"

Su Ming's eyes were serene. There was no surge of emotion within them, but gradually, a profound look appeared in them.

"I examined myself, that's why the fire moon and snow appeared... but even if the flower in the mirror and the fire moon appeared through my self-examination, they might not be what I truly want."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and placed it before himself.

He looked at his right hand and a strange light appeared in his eyes.

"On the other hand, it's precisely because I examined myself in my trance this time that I truly learned just what I truly need..."

Su Ming smiled. He placed his right index finger by his mouth and bit down. Blood appeared. This blood was very viscous, and within it was the power of Transcendence contained in Su Ming's body.

This was the blood gathered together under the power of Transcendence. This was Berserker Blood!

"Draw your Berserker Mark with Berserker Blood..."

Without any hint of hesitation, he pressed his finger at the center of his brows and swiped his finger down to his chin, making the first stroke of his Berserker Mark!

It was a mark of blood horrifying to the eyes. It started from the center of his brows, went past his nose, through his lips, until it connected with his chin.

Anyone who carved their Berserker Mark on their skins would trigger the power of Transcendence within them. The scene where a large amount of red fog covering their skins would appear, yet now, it did not appear.

"My Mark is the reflection of my will..."

Su Ming's eyes grew brighter. It was as if there were certain sights within the deep parts of his eyes. Those sights were branded in his mind, and he would never forget them.

His right index finger took another stroke on his face and went past his left eye. Yet, even when he took his second stroke, the power of Transcendence within him still remained still. It did not activate.

"It was not obtained through a trance, but a form of verification after I gave up on my trance..." Su Ming mumbled.

He closed his eyes. With his index finger, he took the third stroke. By then, there were three long lines of blood on his face, but it was difficult to see just what he was trying to draw. Perhaps only the scene that existed within his closed eyes would show just what Berserker Mark he wanted to draw clearly.

"It's not the moon of the Fire Berserkers!"

Su Ming took the fourth stroke, the fifth...

"It's not the freezing snow!"

The blood lines looked to be in slight disarray on his face. There might be a number of strokes, but they lacked a line connecting them all together, causing others to be unable to see just what picture Su Ming was trying to draw.

"It is..."

Su Ming did not know just how many strokes he made. At that moment, his right index finger came to a pause. He opened his eyes slowly, and the instant he did so, he drew a line across the chaotic blood lines with his index finger. Like a finishing stroke, it connected all the blood lines together, forming a mountain with five summits!

The mountain with five summits - Dark Mountain!

The moment that Dark Mountain Mark appeared, the power of Transcendence within Su Ming's body was drawn out of his body explosively, causing his entire body to be filled with a large amount of red fog. That fog surged into the mark of the five summits, causing that Dark Mountain Mark to look as if it was alive!

If Tian Xie Zi had not left and saw this Mark, he would definitely let out a sigh. This was the Mountain Mark, it was one of the most basic Marks among all Berserker Marks... yet similarly, the moment he finished sighing, he would definitely suck in a sharp breath, and that sigh would turn into shock.

This shock would even surpass the shock when he sensed Su Ming's fire moon and freezing snow marks by several fold. It would simply make him sink into a state of disbelief!

Berserker Marks were all simple. A Berserker Mark with two types of items was already considered complex, but this person...

Su Ming's shirt was open. His right index finger did not stop after he drew Dark Mountain. Instead, as gentleness and nostalgia appeared in his eyes, he trailed his finger on his chest, and with each stroke, he drew... a tribe!

Chapter 203: My Berserker Mark, My Soul

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Time passed by without Su Ming's knowledge. He sat within the cave, having completely forgotten everything. He had even forgotten his goal of entering Freezing Sky Clan. The only thin in his mind was chasing his memories with an empty mind.

That nostalgia spread out from his eyes and turned into a smile on his lips, but at the same time, there was also grief.

He could not differentiate what sort of emotions were within him at that moment. Su Ming's right hand drew on his body and brought out the outlines of Dark Mountain: all the plants in his memories, the familiar houses, and the familiar fences.

"My Berserker Mark, My Soul..." Su Ming mumbled.

His right index finger dripped with viscous blood as he drew on his body.

Dark Mountain, the tribe, the forest, the houses... and the bonfires that seemed to be burning. All of these were beautiful moments. However, the tribe was void of people, there was only desolation within.

Days passed by, and the blood picture of Dark Mountain and the tribe gradually grew complete. The red fog and clouds tumbled outside and within Su Ming's body as they continued to surge into the picture.

Eventually, all the power of Transcendence in his body completely turned into red fog. Once it fused with his Berserker Mark, the Mark that covered half of his body seemed to have gained a soul and looked alive.

The mountain, plants, houses, and everything on it was clearly shown on Su Ming's body, forming a gigantic picture that turned into his Mark!

A Mark of his home!

At that moment, Su Ming did not know that this sort of complicated Mark was incredibly rare in the Berserker Tribe. It did not belong to any of the three sky, earth, and world categories of the nine alterations. If Tian Xie Zi had not left, he would see it, and he would definitely be shocked.

Due to the complexity of Su Ming's Mark, it would either be categorized as a mixed Mark and the Berserker would find it hard to increase his power, ending as a joke, or he would increase his power, and once he did so, the power that would explode from him would be shocking.

After a few days, Su Ming's right index finger stopped for a moment. His eyes opened once again. He lifted his right hand slowly, and the power of Transcendence surged forth inside him with an explosive force. As it spread through his entire body, the true presence of Transcendence burst forth from within him.

That presence far surpassed all those within the Blood Solidification Realm. It even created an intimidating presence that could overpower all those in the Blood Solidification Realm. Su Ming's hair moved without wind. While he sat, the red fog on his entire body gradually disappeared. The only thing left was the Mark of Home that filled his entire upper body!

On his face, the Mark showed Dark Mountain, while on his chest was his tribe. The tribe spread out on his chest, and around it were the plants. That Mark was incredibly clear.

"Transcended Berserkers do not train blood veins. They only train their Marks... The Mark is their strength, and through the Berserker Blood in their veins, they can display remarkable abilities..." Su Ming mumbled.

Everything he knew about Transcendence was told to him by his elder over the years since he was young.

"There are four stages in the Transcendence Realm... It's divided into the early stage, middle stage, later stage, and the great completion of the Transcendence Realm. Breaking into the Bone Sacrifice Realm through great completion is much harder than reaching the Transcendence Realm through the Blood Solidification Realm."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the Mark on his face.

"There are many people in the Transcendence Realm who can't enter the Bone Sacrifice Realm their whole lives. They can't refine their Berserker Bone and can only fade away in time, leaving the world with regret."

Su Ming lifted his head and his eyes sparkled brightly. His Berserker Mark shone with a red flare as if it was moving on his body. A power that was clearly only at the early stage

of Transcendence but could already stun those in the middle and later stages of Transcendence by bursting forth from Su Ming's body.

The cave trembled. Even the mountains around the cave shook. They let out muffled rumbling sounds and a large amount of dust scattered into the air, turning into a ring that rolled outwards from the mountain.

'Transcending with 999 blood veins... Right now, the power I have...' Su Ming lifted his right hand and clenched it slowly before him. 'I wonder what is the difference between me and those in the later stage of the Transcendence Realm...?'

He took a deep breath. The moment he unclenched his right hand, a bell chime immediately reverberated around him, and an ancient bell about the size of his palm appeared in his hand!

This bell was Han Mountain Bell!

As he looked at this bell, a cold smirk appeared on Su Ming's lips.

'Si Ma Xin, with my current level power and this treasure, I wonder just what is the difference between us...'

Su Ming swung his arm, and once he put away the ancient bell, his body swayed forward, and the door to the cave instantly shattered. As it turned into a countless amount of debris that tumbled backward, Su Ming walked out calmly.

Behind him, the small virescent sword let out a joyful sword whistle. It surrounded Su Ming and eventually crawled into the center of his brows with a flash, hiding in the form of a sword mark.

He Feng was trembling. He followed behind Su Ming like a servant with extreme anxiety. He had witnessed every moment of Su Ming's Transcendence. As of now, his reverence towards Su Ming had reached its peak.

Su Ming stepped on air and walked towards the sky from the ground. He stood there, but did not circulate his power intentionally. His power seemed to have lost its weight and he seemed to have become one with the sky. He could rise into the sky at will.

The wind in midair was very strong. It could be heard moaning as it blew past. It moved Su Ming's hair and made the green robes he wore once again dance in the air.

His destination was Han Mountain City located in the distance.

Su Ming's expression was calm as he lifted his right hand to touch the center of his brows.

"Some parts are still missing in my Berserker Mark..." he mumbled. The moment he finished drawing his Mark based on his home, he understood that his Mark was incomplete.

"I can repair my Mark during Transcendence, when my Mark is complete, then I will have attained great completion in the Transcendence Realm!"

Su Ming lowered his right hand from the center of his brows. The Dark Mountain Mark on his face gradually disappeared along with the Mark of Home under his clothes.

Unless they used their full power, then those who had Transcended would not easily reveal their Berserker Marks.

'There's no need to hurry for my Berserker Mark. Right now, I need to enter Freezing Sky Clan and get the map back home!'

Light flashed through Su Ming's eyes briefly before they turned calm once again. He turned around and cast a glance at He Feng.

He Feng immediately shuddered when Su Ming looked at him. He instinctively put on a flattering look on his face and quickly bowed before he spoke loudly.

"Master, congratulations on Transcending and drawing your Berserker Mark. Master, you were born to be extraordinary, you are a bright and handsome man with shocking potential. With just a glance, I can tell that you're different from the others, you'll definitely rise up above others in the future, and with one..."

He Feng was not used to saying all these things. Some of his words did not manage to convey his thoughts, but it was still clear that his fear towards Su Ming at that moment was completely different from before.

The difference in their power caused a form of subjugation that made He Feng suppress all his inner thoughts. When he saw Su Ming frowning as he spoke, He Feng immediately stopped speaking and put on a moved expression. He was about to use another method to get into Su Ming's good books when Su Ming's words traveled into his ears.

"That's enough. Come back."

He Feng immediately nodded. The moved look on his face instantly changed to that of worship. His body turned into a wisp of green smoke that crawled into Su Ming's body and disappeared. However, Su Ming did not know that there were currently all sorts of emotions welled up in He Feng's heart.

Those emotions were not due to Su Ming becoming stronger, but due to himself.

'He Feng, have you forgotten how to be flexible, even though you learned it since you were young? It's just flattery. It's not difficult. I can definitely get used to this. When I make this boy happy, then it'll be easier to negotiate'.

He Feng made a decision in his mind.

'But this boy's power is too high now. His changes over the years are just too great. Ha... I'm to blame for making the wrong judgment. If I knew that his power would be so abnormal, then I wouldn't have bothered him...'

He Feng was a little worried as he stayed in Su Ming's body.

'I have to improve our relationship. I can't just rely on flattery. He's becoming increasingly more intelligent. Before long, I'll no longer be useful to him. He won't be so kind as to let me go so easily either... especially when his power continues growing stronger. He'll know sooner or later that Spirit Bodies like mine will increase the power of enchanted Vessels if we're placed into them and refined within.'

Once He Feng thought about that, he was immediately terrified.

'I don't have any other choice. I have to change my plans and make him know how useful I am...'

As He Feng was thinking, Su Ming turned into a long arc in the air and charged towards his destination, Han Mountain City.

He had already made all preparations. What was left was for him to return to Han Mountain City and enter Freezing Sky Clan.

'There are few who have seen how I look like in Han Mountain City. Even if I Transcended there, I still managed to hide my face, I never once revealed myself.

'But there should be some who recognized me as Mo Su from Tranquil East Tribe, but that's not a problem.

'Han Cang Zi once said that Freezing Sky Clan will only take Han Fei Zi in as a disciple this time... then if I want to get in, I'll have to follow my previous plan. I have to show off and shock them!'

Su Ming's expression was calm. Transcending in Han Mountain was in truth just part of the plan to create a chance for him to enter Freezing Sky Clan.

As he was mulling over his thoughts, He Feng's respectful voice suddenly appeared in his ears.

"Master, I have another cave abode..."

Su Ming continued charging forth. He did not bother about He Feng.

"Um, Master, I've already decided to offer this cave abode to you as a present congratulating you for Transcending... There's not much in the cave abode, just some stone coins. I obtained them using various methods in the past..."

Su Ming continued ignoring him. His speed increased as he looked in the direction where Han Mountain City laid.

He Feng waited for a while, when he saw that Su Ming was still not tempted, he laughed bitterly and gritted his teeth.

"Master, it's not just one cave abode. I have two... there're stone coins hidden within the cave abodes..."

"Three! Master, I have three!

"Four... Master, I only have four cave abodes left..."

As He Feng continued speaking, he became increasingly more anxious.

"Where is it?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly while continuing to move forward.

When he heard this question, He Feng felt a burden lift up from his shoulders. However, he could not help but feel his heart aching in pain, yet he had to improve their relationship. He had to get into Su Ming's good books, hence he quickly spilled out the locations.

'Once he sees the stone coins, he'll definitely be shocked and ask me where I found them. When that time comes, it'll be my turn to show him how useful I am.'

As He Feng thought about it, he gradually became satisfied.

Chapter 204: You Choose

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Su Ming did not immediately return to Han Mountain City. He changed directions instead and went to the four locations He Feng provided him for the four cave abodes. Once he found them and saw the stone coins hidden within the cave abodes, he was shocked.

He Feng had a large amount of stone coins within the four abodes. It far surpassed the amount he had in his storage bag. When he saw these stone coins, Su Ming helped

himself to them. He swung his arm and put away all the coins in his storage bag before turning around and leaving.

He Feng waited, but when he saw Su Ming continue charging towards Han Mountain and showing no intention of asking him, he was stunned, because it was different from what he had imagined.

He waited for a little while longer before He Feng found himself asking.

"Master, haha... Aren't these stone coins good?"

"They're not bad," Su Ming stated calmly.

"It's my greatest glory to be able to serve and please you. If you think it's good, then all is well. If you ever find yourself lacking money, then you don't have to worry. With my abilities, I will definitely be able to earn a lot of stone coins for you."

He Feng spoke carefully in hopes of drawing the topic to his plans.

"Alright!" Su Ming answered without any hesitation.

The moment he finished speaking, he no longer spoke. As he charged forward, the distance between him and Han Mountain City closed up.

He Feng felt depressed. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke once again.

"Master, I only used a few years to obtain all these stone coins. I'm not boasting about myself. I'm well versed in the art of negotiation. In truth, Master, your method of negotiating with the others previously was wrong. I'm very good in this..."

"Oh?"

The ghost of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He knew since a long time ago that He Feng wanted to say something, or else he would not have given him such a huge present.

The moment he heard Su Ming replying, He Feng's spirits were lifted. He immediately used this chance to present the benefits of having him around.

"I'm not boasting about myself. It's true, Master, I'm very talented in the buying and selling of items. We have to haggle the price when we buy things. This is something easy for me.

"I got these stone coins with this method. My status in Han Mountain City was about the same as yours as Mo Su. I've made quite a name for myself in the city.

"Master, I'm not boasting about myself. If you let me handle your finances, I'll definitely earn loads for you. If anything catches your eye, you just have to tell me and let me buy it for you. I'm not boasting about myself..."

The more He Feng spoke, the more excited he became. He even spoke about his past glorious achievements. However, every single time he mentioned all these, there would always be one sentence that repeated itself.

"I'm not boasting about myself... Master..."

"...I'm really not boasting about my amazing self... I mean... I'm not boasting about myself..."

Su Ming's kept on smiling as he listened to He Feng. He suddenly felt that this He Feng was perhaps the man's real self.

The day passed by with He Feng continuing to boast about himself. When night fell, Han Mountain appeared before Su Ming's eyes.

When he saw it, the smile on Su Ming's lips gradually disappeared. He brought out the black mask from his bosom and put it on his face, turning into Mo Su. He did not go to Han Mountain City immediately, but chose to go towards Tranquil East Mountain.

Tranquil East Mountain in the dusk was the same as usual. It gave out a towering presence. However, that mountain now looked a lot more different in Su Ming's eyes.

When he first saw this mountain, he had been nervous. He might not have been nervous the second time he came here, but it was not a place he could enter freely.

This was the third time he stood at the foot of Tranquil East Mountain. Even if he was as small as an ant before the mountain, he knew in his heart that he could now walk on it.

Su Ming did not speak. He stood at the foot of the mountain and walked up the steps. The instant his foot landed, the mountain suddenly trembled and an intimidating pressure fell on him.

That pressure did not possess any intelligence. It was clear that it was the activation of Tranquil East's Mountain Protection Art, used to prevent outsiders from trespassing into their tribe.

Su Ming's expression was calm. That presence charged towards him with a loud bang, but it came to an abrupt halt about 100 feet away from him, as if it had crashed into an invisible wall. A lot of rumbling sounds echoed in the air, but that pressure could not move any further.

With the mask on his face, Su Ming moved forward. Once he took ten steps forward, whistling sounds sliced through the air towards him. Ten people charged towards him from the mountain. All of them had respectful expressions on their faces. They stopped far away from Su Ming and bowed deeply towards him.

"Welcome, Lord Kindred Mo..."

Su Ming nodded his head and continued onward. He was not fast, but he crossed about a dozen steps with each step he took towards the top of the mountain.

At that moment, a dozen more people charged towards him. The one leading the team of people was Fang Shen, the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. Behind him were the powerful Berserkers of Tranquil East Tribe. Once they appeared, they bowed towards Su Ming deeply with conflicted but respectful looks.

"Welcome, Lord Kindred Mo."

Fang Shen moved a few steps forward, then when he was hundreds of feet away from Su Ming, an excited look appeared on his face. He wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted Su Ming.

"Greetings, sir."

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He looked at Fang Shen and spoke calmly.

"Tribe leader, there's no need for you to do this. I came here to fulfill my promise. Please bring me to Fang Mu."

"Thank you for your aid!"

Fang Shen bowed once more towards Su Ming. When he straightened his body, there was a look of shock and respect in his eyes that was difficult to conceal when he looked at Su Ming. He looked at Mo Su standing before him and remembered all the things that had happened when they met each other.

"Sir, this way. You don't have to worry about my son as of yet. Please come to Tranquil East Tower and allow Tranquil East Tribe to offer you our welcome... The Elder is preparing himself, he'll come by later to welcome you personally."

"There's no need for all that trouble."

As Su Ming spoke, he activated the Branding Art. When his power reached Transcendence, his Branding Art improved. When he activated it, the area it covered now spanned to half of the mountain, allowing him to instantly locate Fang Mu.

Su Ming took one step forward and moved on air before turning into a long arc and charging towards Fang Mu's house at the mountainside. Fang Shen quickly spoke to the people by his side and followed behind Su Ming.

At the mountainside of Tranquil East Mountain was an ordinary house made of stone. Han Cang Zi was sitting cross-legged within. She was frowning and there was a melancholy look on her face. Along with her blue skirt, her troubled look gave her a different air of beauty.

Whistling sounds traveled forth and Han Cang Zi looked as if she was shocked awake. She lifted her head, and when she saw the masked Su Ming approaching in the long arc in the sky, her eyes brightened up.

When the long arc descended and turned into Su Ming once the light dissipated, he looked at Han Cang Zi and nodded.

"Greetings, brother Mo."

Han Cang Zi got up and spoke softly. There was a hint of joy in her voice.

"How's Fang Mu?"

He cast Han Cang Zi a glance, then looked at the room behind her.

Han Cang Zi hesitated for a moment before she spoke softly.

"Not too good..."

"Si Ma Xin activated the Berserker Seed in Mu Er's body beforehand, so even after he left, Mu Er remained unconscious... From what I understand about Si Ma Xin's Art, Mu Er's life force is blocked..." Han Cang Zi whispered with grief on her face.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he said slowly, "I played a hand in this."

"Sir, you don't have to blame yourself. It was bound to happen someday."

Fang Shen's voice appeared from behind Su Ming. He walked up towards them with a dejected look.

"In truth, I knew that Mu Er did not suffer from an injury, but it was because Si Ma... Xin planted the Berserker Seed within him... When I met you in the past, I did not have much hope of him getting cured. I just made others think I didn't know about it.

"I hope you will forgive me for this."

Fang Shen let out a long sigh and bowed once again towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not look at Fang Shen. He walked towards the room behind Han Cang Zi and pushed open the door. The instant the door was opened, a freezing chill blew into his face. The cold wind spread to an area of about hundreds of feet, and the floor where the wind blew through was covered in a layer of frost.

Everything within was revealed clearly when he opened the door. The room was not big, but as of then, it was filled with cold air. There was also a layer of ice in the room.

A boy lay on a stone bed.

The boy was still. His face had a purplish black hue. A lot of frost covered his body, and he looked like a frozen corpse.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he walked into the room. The instant he did so, blue lightning arcs immediately swam through his entire body, then traveled down his legs to the ground. The arcs swam across the ice around him, and as cracking sounds filled the air, the ice immediately showed signs of shattering.

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When he was beside Fang Mu, many lightning arcs swam around his body, making him look as if he was surrounded by lightning. He looked at the unconscious and nearly dead Fang Mu, then lifted his right hand. Lightning sparks gathered together in his right hand until they turned into a large amount of lightning in his hand. He was just about to tap the center of Fang Mu's brows with a finger...

"Sir, please hold your hand..." an old voice said.

A long arc charged towards them from outside the house. When it descended, it turned into an old man. That old man was the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe.

He took a few brisk steps forward and moved past Fang Shen, who looked as if he was struggling internally. He was just about to step into Fang Mu's house when Su Ming turned his head back and cast the old man a freezing look.

When he saw that glance, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe felt shaken. He sensed danger and a feeling of being oppressed rose within him, making his heart instantly race. He stopped abruptly and stood outside the house. He did not dare rush forward anymore, but chose to walk towards Su Ming and bow deeply to him.

"Greetings, sir.

"Sir, on behalf that Tranquil East Tribe has never offended you... please spare us... I will be eternally grateful if you do so."

There was anguish on the Elder's face, and he did not straighten up once he bowed down.

"What is the meaning behind your words?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

"Sir, if you save this child, then our tribe will inevitably offend Sir Si Ma. If Sir Si Ma is angered, our tribe will not be able to withstand his fury... Fang Mu is a good child, his only mistake was that he was born in Tranquil East Tribe..." the old man answered in a low tone.

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Su Ming remained silent for a while and then his gaze moved to Fang Mu, but his words were clearly directed towards Fang Shen. "Fang Mu is your son. You choose."

Fang Shen trembled, and his struggles became more apparent.

Chapter 206 I Know

"I..."

Fang Shen opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but he could not speak. He trembled. His heart clenched in pain and his face instantly turned pale. As he looked at Fang Mu lying on the bed, his struggles reached their peak.

"Brother..." Han Cang Zi looked at Fang Shen and spoke softly, but she could only utter that one word.

She could not help with his choice because she had already left Tranquil East Tribe and become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan. She could not take Fang Shen's place in making this decision.

"Fang Shen, you're the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. The fate of the tribe lies on your shoulders..." the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe said calmly.

"This day... was bound to come sooner or later..." Fang Shen looked at his son and the struggles in his heart reflected in his eyes gradually disappeared to be replaced by resolution. "Everyone will die in the end... He is my son... He shouldn't be my son..." he mumbled.

Su Ming remained silent as he looked at Fang Mu lying by his side. He looked at his purplish black face and felt as if he could feel the boy's pain. Perhaps he was only suffering from physical pain, but if Fang Mu could hear what was happening around him at that moment, then the pain he suffered would definitely stem from within his heart.

His fate lay in his father's hands, and he would have no idea how his father would choose. Would he choose to ignore the danger of offending Si Ma Xin and take the big risk of saving his son's life, or would his father... give up on him?

"He still has some consciousness left, he can hear your decision," Su Ming said languidly.

He had seen a single tear trickle down the corner of Fang Mu's eye just now, but before it managed to fall, it had turned into a shard of ice.

Fang Shen trembled even harder. He staggered forward and walked into the room. The freezing air closed in on him. This man, who did not look old, looked as if he had become old in an instant. He trembled and knelt down beside the bed, then lifted his right hand without caring about the ice and touched Fang Mu's face.

"Mu Er, I'm sorry... I'm first the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, then only am I your father... That's why over all these years, even if I knew about the source of your injuries, I pretended that I didn't know. I pretended to search for ways to cure you to hide the fact that I knew..."

"Whenever I saw you trying to prove yourself before me, my heart would clench in pain," Fang Shen mumbled and tears fell down his cheeks.

"Fang Shen, we can only let the boy die. We... can't save him, and we mustn't save him..."

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe sighed, and a conflicted look appeared on his face.

"I can't save him? That's right. I'm a member of Tranquil East Tribe..." Fang Shen's chuckles gradually grew into loud laughter. However, there was only grief in his laughter. "It's precisely because I am the tribe leader, that's why even if I knew all these, I could not tell him, I even had to put up a farce before him... Sir Mo, what are the chances of success to cure Fang Mu?"

Red appeared in Fang Shen's eyes. He turned to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at Fang Shen kneeling before him and a barely noticeable glint flashed in his eyes.

"I have no confidence, not even a tenth of it," he stated slowly. "But if I take action, even if I don't succeed, Si Ma Xin will still discover it. That's why you must think clearly."

Su Ming no longer looked at Fang Shen, but cast his gaze on Fang Mu.

'Fang Mu, I'm sorry, I didn't tell him the truth. I want to know what your father would choose to do in this situation,' Su Ming thought silently.

This situation... reminded him of himself.

Fang Shen's face was bloodless. He lowered his head slowly and looked at Fang Mu blankly.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe let out a long sigh before he spoke sternly. "Fang Shen, Sir Mo has spoken. The chances of saving Fang Mu are close to none. The outcome has already been decided!"

Han Cang Zi stood outside the house. Her face was bloodless. She leaned on the wall by her side as if she had lost all her strength. The grief in her eyes became more prominent.

Fang Shen was silent. After a long while, he stood up slowly and closed his eyes, cutting off his sight of his own son. His body was trembling as he turned around and walked out of the house as if that act itself was a struggle.

At the instant he turned around, he did not see that the ice shards under Fang Mu's eyes had increased.

Fang Shen looked like he grew much older in an instant. He took one step forward with his back towards Fang Mu.

The instant his foot landed, he felt as if his heart had shattered. Right before his eyes, he saw Fang Mu sitting happily on his shoulders as he laughed happily and innocently.

"Papa... Papa..."

Tears fell down Fang Shen's eyes as he took his second step, but the moment his foot landed, Fang Shen let out a long sigh. He stopped.

"Elder," Fang Shen mumbled.

The Elder remained silent, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes.

"I've been the tribe leader for Tranquil East Tribe for 19 years. For the past 19 years, I've been the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, not Mu Er's father... but now, I will take up the responsibilities of a father!

"I, Fang Shen, will leave Tranquil East Tribe and resign from the post of tribe leader!

"From now on, I no longer have anything to do with Tranquil East Tribe. If Mu Er lives, I will bring him with me... If Mu Er passes why, I will kill myself as an apology."

"What are you saying?! Not even Sir Mo is confident he can cure your son! Why are you doing this for a boy who lost all hope of surviving?!"

The fierce look in the Elder's eyes became sharper.

Fang Shen lifted his head and looked at the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe firmly.

"I'm his father!"

When the words fell into Su Ming's ears, a shudder ran through his body. He looked at Fang Shen, about to fly into rage, Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved it at Fang Shen.

His actions were too sudden. As he swung his arm, a large amount of lightning appeared around Fang Shen. With a rumble, Fang Shen coughed out a mouthful of blood and he was flung out of the house. He fell outside, and while stunned, he struggled to get up, but with a shock from the lightning sparks surrounding his body, he fainted.

Soon after, a bell chime reverberated in the air from within Su Ming's body. That bell chime did not spread too far outwards, only within the house. Yet when the Elder heard it, he trembled and staggered back. It was not until he retreated a few hundred feet that he managed to gain his footing.

His face was pale as he looked at Su Ming, as if he had just understood something. He silently looked at the unconscious Fang Shen before he let out a long sigh, then he lifted his right hand and slammed it on his chest. With that one strike, he coughed out fresh blood and fell to the side.

"When I first came to the Land of South Morning, I met you. That is our fate... Since that's the case, I will shoulder the responsibility of facing Si Ma Xin... You... have a good father..."

With his right hand, Su Ming tapped the center of Fang Mu's brows. The moment his palm landed, Fang Mu started trembling viciously. The ice on his body was instantly surrounded by lightning, and with a few cracking sounds, it shattered inch by inch.

Yet the moment the ice on his body shattered, freezing air spread out from within Fang Mu's body once again, as if it was going to cover his body in ice once more. When what little remained of his life force was gone, Fang Mu would breathe his last.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Almost at the very instant the freezing air appeared, he lifted his right hand again, and with a flash of lightning, a white medicinal pill appeared in his hand.

The medicinal pill was about the size of an infant's fist. It was round, and did not look as if it was supposed to be consumed. It looked like an enchanted treasure instead. The moment it appeared, an absorption force spread out, causing a large amount of the freezing air in the house to surge towards the pill, as if the medicinal pill itself was a void that sucked in all that existed.

was absorbed, a purple snow flower appeared on Fang Mu's face.

The snow flower had been buried deep within his body. Right now, it was finally forced out. As Fang "I'm his father!"

When the words fell into Su Ming's ears, a shudder ran through his body. He looked at Fang Shen, then at Fang Mu, then let out a soft sigh. When he saw that the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe was Spirit Plunder!

Su Ming might not have known about the name nor the origins of the Berserker Seed planted within Fang Mu, but from the looks of it, there was a hint of the power from a Berserker Mark hidden within, nourishing it. As long as it was a Berserker Mark, then Su Ming was confident Spirit Plunder would be effective.

As of then, the hint of power from the Berserker Mark nourishing the Berserker Seed within Fang Mu waned and withered away. There was not much power left. It was precisely because of this that Fang Mu, who had lost a large amount of his life force, could still bear to withstand its existence, still hang on to life.

Extinguishing a waning Mark of a Berserker Seed was not something Su Ming had confidence only once in ten times to perform. He had but absolute confidence!

The moment he brought out Spirit Plunder, not only did it absorb the freezing air around him, but the purplish black hue on Fang Mu's face also seemed to have come alive, turning into a layer of fog on his skin that started tumbling about as if it wanted to sink into Fang Mu's body and hide itself.

Yet the moment Su Ming swung his right arm and Spirit Plunder slowly floated down to stick to the center of Fang Mu's brows, the purplish black fog was immediately absorbed into the medicinal pill.

A large amount of purplish black fog was incessantly absorbed by the medicinal pill. Gradually, a layer of frost appeared on the medicinal pill, but the rate of absorption did not decrease by even the slightest. It only became faster.

After a moment, an indistinct roar came from within Fang Mu's body. Once all the purplish black fog was absorbed, a purple snow flower appeared on Fang Mu's face.

The snow flower had been buried deep within his body. Right now, it was finally forced out. As Fang Mu trembled furiously, the snow flower was drawn to the medicinal pill's side. In an instant, it was taken in.

When the medicinal pill sucked in the snow flower, its color immediately changed to purple!

Cold, chilly air spread out from within the pill. Its appearance changed drastically. Once it spun a few circles slowly on Fang Mu's head, it floated at a leisurely pace to Su Ming before landing on his right palm.

The instant he came into contact with the medicinal pill, a gust of freezing air seeped into Su Ming's body, but it soon scattered away and disappeared. At the same time, a similar presence to that of an enchanted treasure appeared on the medicinal pill.

Its color also started to change slowly, eventually returning to white once again. It was slightly transparent, and Su Ming could see a layer of purple snow sealed deep within.

"I can save you, but I can't return you the life force you lost. Take care of yourself. Now, nothing connects us anymore," Su Ming stated calmly and put away the medicinal pill.

He looked at Fang Mu, whose face no longer had the purplish black hue and whose body was no longer covered in frost, struggling to open his eyes before he turned around and left.

"Senior..."

Fang Mu opened his eyes weakly and saw an elegant back. For some unknown reason, when he saw that back, he thought he saw desolation and loneliness.

Han Cang Zi looked at Su Ming's back outside the house and lowered her head.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe opened his eyes on the ground, and in his eyes were conflict and respect. He closed them once again.

By the side, Fang Shen too opened his eyes, trembling. There was gratitude and shame within them. He had not fainted.

At the foot of Tranquil East Mountain, Su Ming walked towards Han Mountain City in the dark. His long hair floated in the wind, blending with the darkness.

"Ahem... Master, you seemed to have been tricked..."

"I know."

"Hah? Then why did you save him just now?"

Su Ming looked at the unfamiliar stars in the sky and did not reply.

Chapter 207: Two Days!

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

During the night, the faint lights from Han Mountain City would sway in the wind. If anyone walked towards the source of the lights, they would see that they led to inns that were alive with people during the night.

Su Ming walked through the streets in Han Mountain City. He looked at the familiar houses around him as he walked past them quietly.

"Many years have passed since I came here."

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. Before him was an inn. There were not a lot of guests inside at night. Most of them were drinking alone. Occasionally, they would talk to each other in whispers.

There was a table beside the door. The innkeeper was a man in his twenties. He had fallen asleep with his chin propped on his hands.

There was an indescribable feeling surrounding Han Mountain City. It was as if that feeling had turned into depression that fell upon the hearts of all those within the city. That was why there were so many people still drinking in the inns at night.

‘I’m here again.’ Su Ming looked at the inn. He remembered that when he first came to Han Mountain City, he met He Feng and Han Fei Zi in this particular inn. ‘When I first came here, I stepped into this inn. Now that I’m about to leave, I’m visiting this inn again...’

Su Ming smiled and decided not to walk further on. He stepped into the inn. The layout inside was the same as it was in his memories.

His arrival did not attract too much attention. Only the slumbering innkeeper opened his eyes slightly as if he was awakened by the wind Su Ming brought with him when he walked past. He cast Su Ming a glance.

Right now, Su Ming was walking around with his real appearance. Very few people in Han Mountain City had seen his real face before. Even if they did, they would find it hard to link him to the famous Berserker who Awakened after attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm in Han Mountain, or even the equally famous Mo Su.

He walked into the inn and went to the same table he had taken in the past and down.

Soon, the innkeeper walked over to him, yawning, but he did not take his order. Instead, he placed two pots of wine on his table and some dishes to go with the wine before he left and returned to the table by the door, propping his chin on his hands once again to doze off.

Su Ming picked up the wine pot and took a sip. It was the same wine he had drunk in the past. When it entered his mouth, the liquid would burn his tongue and flow down his throat like a trail of fire.

It was quiet all around him. Only snoring sounds could be heard rising and falling in the inn. The rest of the people, including Su Ming, were all drinking their wine silently. Some of them were frowning, and there was a helpless sort of anger written on their faces.

Even the inn was enveloped in the same atmosphere within Han Mountain City. There was also an oppressive feeling in the air.

Su Ming lowered his head and drank the wine. He did not look at anyone else. During that night, no one in the inn bothered to observe him either. They were all troubled by their own thoughts.

Time trickled by. Approximately after the time it takes to burn an incense stick later, the sounds of footsteps traveled into the inn. Two men dressed in green robes walked

inside and sat down together silently. They chose at a table by the side and sat with sullen faces, saying not a word.

"Another person came to drown his frustrations in wine. Han Mountain City has been drastically different from how it usually is for the past few days."

A middle aged man in blue robes sitting not far from Su Ming took up his wine pot and hiccupped, a clear sign that he was drunk. He laughed softly, but those who heard that laughter knew that it was one of self-deprecation.

"Everyone is disappointed because of Freezing Sky Clan this time. Who would have known..."

The silence that had hung in the air previously was now broken softly as another person put himself down.

"We're disappointed, but there's nothing we can do about it. The envoys from Freezing Sky Clan have already spoken. This time, they will only receive one disciple, and that is Han Fei Zi from Lake of Colors Tribe."

One of the men in green robes who had come in later slammed his right hand on the table.

"Innkeeper, bring us wine!"

That one slam and shout immediately woke the innkeeper, who quickly got up and sent food and wine to the two newcomers.

"What's the use of getting angry at the innkeeper? Go and look for the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan instead. They didn't say blatantly that they won't take in anyone this time."

"Humph, they didn't, indeed, but who exactly in Han Mountain City can meet their requirements to qualify entering the school?"

The man who had slammed his hand on the table laughed coldly as a helpless expression settled in his eyes. However, right till the end, the man in blue robes beside him did not speak. He sat in his seat without a word.

"Besides, it's just a qualification. Once we obtain that qualification, we still need to partake in their subsequent tests before we can get into Freezing Sky Clan. In the end, aren't they just blatantly telling us that they're only taking in one person this time?"

"Freezing Sky Clan is powerful. If we want to enter, then we can't go against their will. What else can we do..?"

A drunken old man dressed in plain clothes lying sprawled on a table lifted his head. With a drunken demeanor, he laughed sarcastically.

"I heard that Sir Nan Tian and the other powerful Awakened Berserkers visited the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan together, but they left dispirited. Sir Ke Jiu Si even left Han Mountain City in a fit of rage. Right now, the only powerful Awakened Berserkers within the city are Sir Nan Tian and Sir Leng Ying."

"The envoys from Freezing Sky Clan don't even acknowledge Awakened Berserkers. What else can we do?"

Sounds of discussions filled the air inside the inn. Anything related to Freezing Sky Clan seemed to create a resonance with the crowd. The feelings of anger, helplessness, and depression within them grew stronger.

Su Ming sat the table in the corner and drank his wine as he listened to the words that reached his ears.

'I see. Many things have happened here while I was out drawing my Berserker Mark. But no matter, I already expected that Freezing Sky Clan would do this.'

Su Ming picked up his wine pot and lifted his head to look at the people engaged in heated discussions. He got up and walked over.

He placed his wine pot on the table of the two men in green robes. Once he attracted their attention, Su Ming swept his gaze across the man who still remained silent before he looked at the man who had slammed his hand on the table.

"My fellow brother, may I sit here?" he asked with a smile.

The man frowned. He scrutinized Su Ming several times. At that moment, he was feeling peevish. He was just about to retort when his silent companion nodded his head.

When the man saw his companion nodding, he was momentarily stunned and rendered speechless.

Su Ming smiled and sat down, then picked up his wine pot and took a sip.

"I have a few questions I'd like to ask."

"Please, ask away."

The person who spoke was the silent man in green robes who had nodded just now. His voice was hoarse. This was the first time he had spoken since he came. Others might not think too much about it, but his companion, the man who had slammed his hand on the table just now, had a strange look on his face.

He knew that his companion was of high status and did not like to speak, preferring silence. There was also a prideful air carved into his bones. Usually, he would have ignored all those around him. If it had not been due to the same helplessness they felt at the moment, his companion would not have come drinking with him either.

"Was the requirement stated by Freezing Sky Clan to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain?" Su Ming looked at the man with a hoarse voice and asked languidly.

"No, ever since the Lord Divine General successfully cleared the Chains of Han Mountain, the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan declared that the requirements to enter the school will no longer be to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain," the man said hoarsely.

When he looked at Su Ming, there was a hint of hesitation and respect in his eyes.

"Sir, did you just come to Han Mountain City? How could you not know about this? Challenging the Chains of Han Mountain to enter the school is old news, the new requirements have been set.

"If you want to enter the school, you only need to do one thing. This thing is... haha..."

The person who spoke was a man sitting not too far from them. He held a pot of wine in his hands and emptied it in one swing. He laughed at himself.

"Speaking about it is easy. All you need to do is to challenge all the Awakened Berserkers in Han Mountain and the three tribes, and you can only use one hit every time you challenge them! If your challenge is successful, then you will qualify to enter the school, but that's just the qualification. Whether you can enter Freezing Sky Clan depends on their subsequent tests."

"This isn't a test, it's blatant refusal! Freezing Sky Clan has made up their minds this time, they'll only take away one person."

The sounds of discussions rose up once again inside the inn. Besides drinking their frustrations away with wine to deal with their anger towards the requirements set by Freezing Sky Clan, there was nothing else they could do to rebel against it.

"There're still two more days. Once these two days are over, the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan will take Han Fei Zi away, and their journey to Han Mountain to take in new disciples will end. If we want to enter Freezing Sky Clan, we'll have to wait another ten years."

"It's not as if there's absolutely no one who can do it!" The quiet man sitting beside Su Ming suddenly said. "If the Lord Divine General returns, he'll definitely be successful!"

"It's blatantly clear that the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan declared that they won't use the Chains of Han Mountain as a requirement just so that they could direct this against the Lord Divine General. Even if the Lord comes back, it won't be easy for him either."

"Besides the Lord Divine General, perhaps Sir Yun Zang, who went out to train in isolation, might stand a chance."

"There's Mo Su as well. If this mysterious Awakened Berserker appears, he might stand a chance. Besides these three, no one else in Han Mountain can do it."

Su Ming didn't speak any more. He sat by the table and gulped down mouthfuls of his wine. When the sky gradually brightened up, most of the people in the inn stopped talking amongst themselves. Some of them even chose to leave.

The hesitation on the face of the silent man beside Su Ming grew thicker. He looked at Su Ming, then after a moment of hesitation, he stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards him in a salute, then with his astonished companion, he left the inn.

At that moment, besides Su Ming left drinking wine in the inn, there were only three more people in there. However, those three people were drunk. They lay on the table asleep, and their snores could be heard shaking the roof.

"That person has Awakened."

Su Ming's gaze fell on the quiet man from two people who were leaving the inn.

Once the man who Su Ming was staring at outside the inn took a few brisk steps forward, a grave look appeared on his face. The hesitation in his eyes turned into shock.

"Brother Yun, what's the matter? Is there something wrong with that person?" his companion asked softly.

"Quiet! Say no more. He's... That person is..."

The quiet man spoke with a hoarse voice, then he paused and took a deep breath before he turned around and looked at the inn behind him. He might not be able to see Su Ming, but there was deep respect in his eyes.

"He isn't someone we can talk about or bother. Just now, he only spoke once to me, but it made my heart jump. Even my Qi became unstable."

"What?! Then what's his level?!"

The man's companion was shocked, and his expression immediately changed.

The man named Yun remained silent for a moment before he retorted, "Even the Elders of the three tribes aren't able to make me feel so nervous. What do you think his level is?"

Chapter 208: Your Rules

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

"Since this is the rule set by Freezing Sky Clan, then I will go along with it..."

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at Nan Tian.

Nan Tian's heart pounded against his chest. He was in the same condition as Leng Ying at this moment. When he saw Su Ming, he had the impression that he was looking at a mountain. That mountain reached up to the clouds and let out a mighty and imposing presence that made people feel as if they were suffocating under its presence.

"Sir, who might you be?"

Nan Tian's face was pale. As he looked at Su Ming, he struggled to speak. Under Su Ming's gaze, Nan Tian had a feeling as if everything about him had been seen through. It was as if he was laid bare before this man.

"Su Ming," Su Ming answered unhurriedly.

"Su Ming?"

Nan Tian was momentarily stunned. He had never heard of that name before. However, the power of the person standing before him was so mighty he did not have time to think about it.

"I will attack now."

As Su Ming spoke, he took a step forward with his right foot. The instant his foot landed, the entire Han Mountain shuddered.

An invisible wave of ripples spread out from the ground. In an instant, it gathered under Su Ming's foot, causing a crack to appear right on the spot where his foot had landed as the ground trembled. As rumbling sounds rang out due to the crack, it charged straight towards Nan Tian.

Nan Tian was about to jump into the air when the ground around him crumbled and sank with a loud bang with him as the center right at the moment he was about to jump. Numerous pieces of broken stones flew into the air and spun around him.

With a groan, Nan Tian coughed out a mouthful of blood. He shuddered and did not dare move, because the broken stones spinning around him were like swords made of stone that surrounded his entire body. If he moved even the slightest bit, the stones would pierce through him.

'A Transcended Berserker with a Mountain Mark! It's just a normal Mountain Mark, and it could already produce such shocking power? This person... his power...'

Nan Tian's pupils shrank. He knew clearly that the person before him did not harbor any killing intent, for he had not used his full power!

"Do you yield?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Without any hesitation, Nan Tian answered in a low voice, "I admit defeat!"

Su Ming nodded, then looked towards Leng Ying, who was standing stunned by the side. The moment his gaze fell on Leng Ying, the man felt shaken to the core. Respect appeared on his face and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

"I admit defeat."

Su Ming did not speak another word to them. He swung his arm and walked on the air before he floated into the sky above. His actions immediately attracted the attention of all those within Han Mountain City, especially those inside the inns.

"I, Su Ming, outsider of Han Mountain City, challenge all the Transcended Berserkers from the three tribes!"

His voice was like thunder that rumbled in the morning. It immediately attracted the attention from all those within Han Mountain City, especially since it was the day the envoys were leaving!

"Su Ming? Who is that?"

"He can rise into the air. He's a Transcended Berserker!"

"I've never heard of a person called Su Ming among the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City!"

As the people discussed amongst themselves, the people in the inn which Su Ming had left earlier were all looking at the person in the sky through the window with dumbfounded expressions.

"He... He's a Transcended Berserker!!" the old man cried out, his face filled with disbelief.

"I drank with a Transcended Berserker for two days?"

"He's... brother Su?"

The man gulped. He rubbed his eyes.

At the time Su Ming's voice reverberated through Han Mountain City, the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan were sitting inside a room on Lake of Colors Mountain. Sitting before them was Han Fei Zi.

"Junior sister Han Fei Zi, once the Relocation Rune is activated, we'll leave. When we arrive in Freezing Sky Clan, you will be the left preceptor's disciple. In the future..."

The man was smiling while he was speaking, but when Su Ming's voice reached his ears, he frowned.

"Here comes another person who doesn't know his place. He thinks he can enter Freezing Sky Clan just because he has Transcended? What a joke."

"Su Ming? I remember that such a person doesn't exist among the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City. Junior sister Han Fei Zi, have you heard of this person before?"

Displeasure also appeared on the woman's face, but when she looked at Han Fei Zi, her expression turned gentle.

"Su Ming... I haven't heard of him before."

A pensive look appeared on Han Fei Zi's face. After a moment, she shook her head.

"He's just a person who's about to embarrass himself, we don't have to..."

The man ignored Su Ming's words, but as he spoke, an old voice suddenly traveled forth from the world outside.

The appearance of that voice made the man's expression change, and he swallowed his words. The woman's expression too, changed into one of surprise.

As for Han Fei Zi, after being rendered momentarily stunned, she got up swiftly and walked out of the house.

"All of the Transcended Berserkers in Tranquil East Tribe will not fight. We admit defeat..."

When the voice rang out from Tranquil East Mountain and reverberated through the area, Han Mountain City fell into silence before an uproar erupted forth in the city.

"Tranquil East Tribe admitted that they're inferior!"

"Just where did this Su Ming come from? I've never heard of him before! How did he manage to hold Tranquil East Tribe in awe?! The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe is a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm!"

"Could it be that there will be a miracle and we will see someone getting into Freezing Sky Clan today?!"

As the people discussed among themselves, all the people's gazes gathered on Su Ming in the sky. At that moment, Su Ming was not wearing a mask. He was not Mo Su.

Without covering his face, he was not the Divine General.

He was simply himself!

Su Ming was not surprised by Tranquil East Tribe's surrendered. He was in contact with the people from Tranquil East Tribe the most during his stay in Han Mountain City. Tranquil East Tribe would be the ones who understood him the most in the city.

However, it was clear that Puqiang Tribe was different. Once Tranquil East Tribe yielded, a cold snort came from Puqiang Mountain. At the same time, a person charged forth from there straight towards Su Ming in the air.

Su Ming remained calm. Almost at the same instant the person closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and swung forth. The moment he did so, the sky and earth rumbled. An illusionary mountain appeared out of thin air before Su Ming. When that mountain appeared, it was lying horizontally, and it looked like an awl when it did so. The mountain charged towards the person.

With a loud bang, that person who had laughed coldly just now let out a piercing scream. The instant the illusionary mountain crashed into him, he coughed out blood and tumbled backwards.

"It's troublesome for me to challenge all of you individually. Puqiang Tribe, come all at once."

Su Ming pointed to the sky with his right index finger, and immediately, the sky above Puqiang Tribe changed. A gigantic mountain with two summits apparated in the sky, and the size of the mountain far surpassed that of Puqiang Mountain. Once it appeared, Su Ming swiped his right hand downwards, and the double peaked mountain charged down.

Muffled booming sounds reverberated in the air. Puqiang Mountain trembled viciously, and multiple cracks appeared on the summit as it was crushed by the giant mountain.

Numerous people from Puqiang Mountain coughed out blood because they could not withstand the pressure.

This sight made all those watching suck in a sharp breath. The mountain in the sky was massive and let out a suffocating presence. As it descended, a low growl traveled forth from Puqiang Mountain, and a man who looked like a mountain of flesh flew up to charge straight towards the double peaked giant mountain.

Rumbling sounds spread through the entire area. The moment the plump man touched the double peaked mountain, he trembled and coughed out a mouthful of blood. He instantly became thinner and no longer looked like a mountain of flesh, as if this method of making himself thinner would allow him to obtain greater power. He gritted his teeth and roared before pressing both his hands against the double peaked mountain. A gigantic illusionary figure appeared behind him.

The figure was very similar to the man before he became thinner. He was built completely in the image of a man looking like a mountain of flesh sitting cross-legged.

Yet even so, the man only managed to persevere for several breaths before he coughed out fresh blood once again. With a pale face, he tumbled backwards, causing the doubled peaked mountain to continue descending with loud rumbling sounds.

At that moment, another cold snort came from Puqiang Mountain. The Elder of Puqiang Tribe, the dried up and withered old man, stood at the top of the mountain with a flat look. It was as if there was nothing that could unsettle him. He raised his right hand and pushed towards the mountain through the air.

"It's just a mere mountain. How dare you act so impudently towards Puqiang Tribe?!"

Yet at the very moment he finished speaking, the dried up old man's expression changed. With a loud bang, his right hand was torn into bloody ribbons.

At the same time, another summit appeared on the double peaked mountain!

The triple peaked mountain descended with a bang. Shocked stemmed from disbelief swiftly appeared on the dried up old man's face. He quickly took a few steps back and slammed his left hand down on the ground.

The moment he pressed his palm on the ground, Puqiang Mountain trembled, and a large amount of aura of death surged forward from the bottom of the mountain, turning into a layer of black fog that charged towards the mountain in the sky.

Rumbling sounds followed the triple peaked mountain as it closed in on the black fog made from the aura of death. When they crashed into each other, deafening sounds rang out and spread all around the area, making all those who saw the sight and heard the sound shudder with fear.

"Do you yield?"

As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, Su Ming stood in midair and asked lightly, with his usual calm demeanor.

"Puqiang Tribe... admits defeat..." a person said hoarsely, seemingly uttering the words with much difficulty.

That voice came forth from the fog covered Puqiang Mountain. When that voice spoke, the giant mountain atop Puqiang Mountain gradually disappeared. The fog from Puqiang Mountain also dissipated, revealing the Elder of Puqiang Tribe standing at the peak. He trembled and blood trickled down his mouth. As he looked at Su Ming, his eyes were filled with shock and terror.

'Who is he?! Just what sort of power does he have to make a normal Mountain Mark exude such terrifying power?! Is this... is this even a normal Mountain Mark?! Even if the arrival of the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan could attract powerful Berserkers and it's not surprising that someone so powerful would appear, but... but... why do I feel like I've seen this person before...?'

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe sucked in a sharp breath. He looked at Su Ming with reverence and bewilderment.

Uproars broke out once more within Han Mountain City. Discussions fuelled by agitation and excitement surged into the sky like waves. Within that noise, the voices from the people in the inn were the strongest.

Right till then, they still could not believe that the Su Ming that was the center of all their attention in the sky was the same brother Su who had been drinking with them just now.

"Since Freezing Sky Clan made this rule, then I will go along with it."

Su Ming still remained calm. He did not need to change the rules. Instead, he cast his gaze on Lake of Colors Mountain.

He could see that there were a number of people standing on that mountain. Among them, the most eye-catching ones were the man and woman standing right at the forefront of the crowd. They were both in the Transcendence Realm.

"I, Su Ming, challenge all the Transcended Berserkers in Lake of Colors Tribe. Will you attack individually, or will you attack all at once?" Su Ming asked slowly.

At that moment, all the people there, including Su Ming, did not notice that there was someone standing at the top of the mountain. He was watching the ground and Su Ming himself.

It was an old man - Tian Xie Zi!

"A Mountain Mark... That's not right. This isn't a normal Mountain Mark... This is..."
Tian Xie Zi mumbled and his eyes gradually brightened up. His disappointed heart burned with anticipation once again.

Chapter 209: This Mountain is Named Dark!

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan stood on Lake of Colors Tribe and looked at Su Ming standing in the air as his words echoed in their ears. They looked relatively calm and did not seem to be bothered too much by it. The people of Freezing Sky Clan had their own pride.

Besides, this was not anything special in their eyes. The person called Su Ming was simply slightly more powerful.

However, there were simply too many people in Freezing Sky Clan who had this level of power. They did not pay too much attention to him.

The only thing that caught them slightly off-guard was Tranquil East Tribe admitting defeat voluntarily. They immediately surrendered without even crossing hands with this person despite having the pride of their tribe challenged. This was unreasonable.

"Even if this person has some relationships with Tranquil East Tribe, there's no need for them to do this..."

The man from Freezing Sky Clan furrowed his brows slightly before relaxing once again. To him, this was not something that required his attention either.

The Elder of Lake of Colors Tribe was not among the crowd on Lake of Colors Mountain. The person standing in front leading the crowd was Yan Luan. There was a murderous look in her eyes as she looked at Su Ming in the sky.

They were different from Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe. This time, Freezing Sky Clan was only receiving one disciple, and it was decided that it would be Han Fei Zi. In Yan Luan's eyes, all those who challenged them to obtain the right to enter the school were all a threat towards Lake of Colors Tribe.

"Sir, you have extraordinary powers. Since you offered to challenge all the Transcended Berserkers in my tribe, then I will fulfill your request."

A smile that was akin to the winds of spring appeared on Yan Luan's lips. That smile was enchanting, and even the man from Freezing Sky Clan felt his heart racing when he saw that smile. He quickly averted his gaze.

With her power in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, when she fully activated the Charm Art, its power far surpassed the one Su Ming encountered in the past in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming remained calm in the face of the smile that would make hearts race from Yan Luan's beautiful face. Not a hint of change could be seen on his face as he looked at Yan Luan quietly.

Before Su Ming's calm gaze, Yan Luan's pupils shrank. Yet she was in a situation where she did not have the luxury to think. She took one step forward and flew up like a red butterfly.

"All Transcended Berserkers of Lake of Colors Tribe, come forth!"

Yan Luan's voice was delicate, but there was valiant tone to it. As it echoed in the air, six figures charged out from Lake of Colors Tribe.

The six people were three men and three women respectively, and they were old. As they flew out and stepped into the air, they appeared by Yan Luan's side in the blink of an eye and charged towards Su Ming together.

Su Ming was still calm. He did not act, but chose to look at the seven people charging toward him as whistling sounds sliced through the air.

At that moment, when all the people from Han Mountain City saw the sight in the air, their breathing quickened, even though they did not know Su Ming. However, Su Ming's appearance during this moment gave them an outlet for their frustrations after all the depression they suffered for the past few days.

Most of the tribe members standing on Puqiang Mountain, including the Elder, were looking at the sky silently. They looked as if they were conflicted. It was especially so for the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. He was still watching Su Ming, and as he did so, the sense of familiarity he had about him grew stronger, but he simply could not piece together where that sense of familiarity came from.

Tranquil East Mountain was silent, as if they were completely cut off from this battle and were turning a deaf ear towards it.

"That person is a little too arrogant," the man from Freezing Sky Clan said flatly on Lake of Colors Mountain.

The woman by his side smiled faintly and nodded her head before she spoke. "He's indeed arrogant. Even if he managed to use the power of a Mountain Mark to suppress Puqiang Tribe, I heard that their Elder and tribe leader were previously injured and could not use their full power. But Lake of Colors Tribe is different."

"Let's watch it first. The Relocation Rune is still in the process of being activated, it's still in the stage of preparation. At least while we're waiting for the Relocation Rune to be activated, we get to be entertained. It's great, isn't it?"

"That's right. Even if he marginally wins, it'll still be alright. We can give him the right to enter the school, but just a right. I can still give him a few tasks for him to fulfill. Once he completes one, there will be another, and this will continue right till the Relocation Rune is activated. Just thinking about it is pretty exciting."

The woman may not have the most beautiful face, but she was still pretty all the same. She smiled, but there was contempt in her smile.

Han Fei Zi stood by the side and frowned as she looked at the calm Su Ming standing in the sky. She was feeling the same way as the Elder of Puqiang Tribe at this moment. She, too, felt that there was something familiar about Su Ming.

As the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan spoke, Yan Luan and the six Transcended Berserkers in the sky had already closed in on Su Ming, and then with a great display of teamwork, they suddenly spread out and surrounded Su Ming.

"Seven Images Movement!"

Yan Luan lifted her hand and tapped the center of her brows. The other six Transcended Berserkers did the same thing. Then these seven people shuddered, and immediately, the illusions of their Transcended Berserker Marks appeared behind them.

Those illusions appeared in the air, and when they did so at the same time, it immediately caused the world to tremble, the weather to change, and a silver stream to appear in the sky.

That stream was an illusion, but the sound of flowing water could be heard. That river was one of the seven's Berserker Mark!

In that stream was a golden fish. There was a pair of wings on that fish's back. It leapt about in the water and let out hissing sounds as it chased after a pearl that was about the size of a head before it. There was a layer of purple fog inside that pearl, and that fog continuously changed into various faces of anger. Some of those faces were of men and some of women, some of them were old and some young.

That golden fish and the pearl were also Transcended Berserker Marks!

A giant gourd could be seen at the end of the stream. That gourd was entirely green. From the distance, the water in the stream seemed to be gushing out from that gourd, flowing endlessly.

A child sat by the gourd. That child was wearing a short sleeved shirt and held a fishing line in his hands as he played by the gourd. If anyone took a closer look, they could see that the fishing line in the boy's hand was attached to the pearl with the purple fog. As he played by the gourd, the pearl moved continuously, baiting the golden fish to chase after it.

There was a big tree behind the child. It was a lush tree, and it was letting off a presence that seemed to be brimming with endless life force.

The gourd, child, and tree were all illusions formed from Transcended Berserker Marks!

These six Berserker Marks formed an illustration that used the sky as its canvas, causing all those who watched it to feel drawn in, and they would find it hard to pull out from that sensation.

This was one of the three most mysterious Berserker Arts in Lake of Colors Tribe - Berserker Illustration: Seven Images Movement!

Right now, there were only six images in that Berserker Illustration. The seventh image appeared in the blink of an eye on the sycamore tree behind the child.

It was a girl. Her face could not be seen because her long hair covered her features like a veil. Her head was lowered. As she sat on the branches of the tree, she hummed out a song. When that song entered all the listeners' hearts, it made them feel as if their souls were about to be sucked into the illustration.

The sounds of the girl's song, the flowing water in the stream, the child's laughter as he played around, and the golden fish patting against the surface of the water fused together and turned into an impact that could not be seen, spreading towards the sky and earth, the entire area, as they charged towards Su Ming.

They attacked with one of the strongest Berserker Arts in Lake of Colors Tribe, which showed just how strong Yan Luan's determination was to not let Su Ming obtain the right.

The moment when that invisible impact was about to crash into Su Ming, he closed his eyes, as if he was listening to it. The air around him twisted, and the illusion of a double peaked mountain appeared, surrounding him inside.

When the combined sounds that formed the wave touched the mountain, it turned into a giant rumbling sound akin to thunder. It spread in all directions and did not disappear even after a long time.

"It's a very nice song," Su Ming said softly, opening his eyes.

The moment his words left his mouth, that wave of sound and the mountain shuddered viciously. This was a battle between Berserker Marks. If the mountain did not shatter, then the sound would die away.

The child's laughter was abruptly cut off!

The pattering sounds made by the golden fish immediately disappeared!

The water in the stream instantly froze, and sounds of flowing water could no longer be heard!

The girl sitting on the sycamore tree stopped singing. She lifted her head swiftly, revealing her breathtakingly beautiful face underneath. However, there was shock in her eyes.

"Marks of the Seven Images, Move!"

The girl gritted her teeth and stood up on the sycamore tree. As she spoke, the child flung out the fishing line, bringing along the pearl containing the purple fog to charge towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the child's face became twisted with viciousness as he stormed towards Su Ming at incredible speed.

The golden fish in the water let out a howl and suddenly jumped out of the water. Its body lengthened incessantly, as if it was about to turn into a dragon. However, before it completed its transformation, it turned into a creature that looked like a dragon and a snake. It rushed towards Su Ming.

The stream flowed backwards abruptly, then as if it came to life, it surrounded Su Ming and moved to strangle him.

The final one to act was the girl. After she stood up, the sycamore tree beneath her immediately withered away as if it was offering her all its strength, causing the girl's body to twist, and she turned into a phoenix that charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

"The Seven Images Movement has great power... If a person could actually cast this Art alone, then the power..." Su Ming mumbled.

He had not chosen to act just now because he wanted to see the casting of the Arts using Berserker Marks. It was something he had never seen before.

After all, he had just stepped into the Transcendence Realm. He did not have most of the knowledge regarding how he should use Berserker Marks. Once he saw the casting of this Seven Images Movement, he gained a little bit of understanding.

The images in the sky were enough to make a person dazzled. This was the first time Su Ming had such a complete experience regarding the battle between Berserker Marks. When all those remarkable powers closed in on him, a bright light appeared in his eyes.

"This Art is extraordinary... If that's the case, then I will return the favor with a mountain!"

The double peaked mountain around him suddenly changed, and on the top of the mountain, the third, the fourth, and the fifth summits appeared!

The five summits appeared at the same time, turning into a startling mountain that looked like fingers of a human hand!

"This mountain... is named Dark!"

This was the Dark Mountain present in Su Ming's Berserker Mark. This was its first time appearing in its complete form in a battle! Before Su Ming, there were no other Berserker Marks in the world that were formed from Dark Mountain!

The instant Su Ming uttered his words, a sound seemed to travel out from the five fingered Dark Mountain.

"Dark..."

"The Sound of Soul Creation! The quintessence of all Berserker Arts is creation! The Berserker Mark itself is a creation, and as it is continuously merged together, it would be created in a more complete form... but to do so, we need enchanted Vessels. He... did not use any Vessels, but with just the Berserker Mark to create, the Sound of Soul Creation appeared... this is the ability of the God of Berserkers spoken in the legends!"

Tian Xie Zi shuddered in the sky and shock appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 210: What a Breathtakingly Beautiful Face

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

That sound could not be heard by everyone. Besides Su Ming, who was momentarily stunned when he heard the sound, only Tian Xie Zi could hear it among all the people in the area. The others did not have the right to hear it. Their power was not enough!

Yet even if they could not hear it, an incredibly powerful oppressive presence burst forth from the five fingered Dark Mountain that appeared in the air, spreading out a mighty pressure that suffocated others.

This pressure far surpassed that which had descended upon Puqiang Mountain earlier. In the face of this pressure, the Berserker Marks formed from the Seven Images Movement Art from Lake of Colors Tribe crashed into the five fingered Dark Mountain with a loud bang.

The booming sound reverberated in all directions, and the child shuddered. The fishing line in his hands instantly snapped, and as he trembled, he flew sideways as if he was swept away by a typhoon before he disappeared without a trace.

The golden fish that had turned into a creature that looked like a dragon and a snake let out a shrill cry the instant it crashed into the five fingered Dark Mountain. Its body cracked inch by inch and eventually shattered.

The layers of stream water that were charging forth to strangle him looked as if they were boiling and turned into white mist that spread outwards in all directions before completely dissipating. Even the gourd suffered many cracks, and with a loud boom, it turned into an innumerable amount of shards that disappeared without a trace.

Eventually, even that girl who had turned into a phoenix could not withstand the might that appeared once the five fingered Dark Mountain materialized. It twisted once again and turned into a wisp of black smoke that scattered into the air.

The moment Dark Mountain appeared, the Berserker Illustration from Lake of Colors Tribe completely shattered. The strange sights in the sky vanished and returned to normal. Only the five fingered Dark Mountain remained aloft in the sky, making all those who saw it feel shaken to the core and want to bow down to worship it.

Blood trickled out from the corners of Yan Luan's mouth. With a pale face, she retreated hastily. The six Transcended Berserkers from Lake of Colors Tribe around Su Ming were also in a pathetic state. Their faces were filled with terror as they escaped.

Right till the end, Su Ming had not made any moves to attack, he had only defended himself. At the moment the crowd retreated, a frosty glint appeared in his eyes.

He took a step forward. His specialty was speed to begin with, and now that he had Transcended, his speed had increased by several fold. Even if he was in the sky, with just one single movement, he turned into a long arc and charged towards one of the six.

That person was an old man. There was terror on his face as he retreated. Su Ming was still far away when he looked over, but a strong sense of danger filled his entire body soon after. Before he could react, a cold fingertip landed on the center of his brows.

With a boom, that old man coughed out a mouthful of blood and tumbled backwards grievously wounded.

Su Ming did not kill him, or else he would definitely be dead!

He retrieved his finger and took another step forward. The instant a shadow of him appeared when he dashed forward, a middle aged woman in the distance let out a muffled groan. The bloody mark left behind by a fingertip appeared at the center of her brows.

Yan Luan was terrified and began to deeply regret her decision. She had absolutely not expected that Su Ming would be so powerful. His strength did not just stem from his level of cultivation alone, but also that Mountain Mark of his that threw her into disbelief.

In her eyes, this was an ordinary Mountain Mark. So how could it have such shocking power?!

Another pained cry landed in her ears. It was from another fleeing Transcended Berserker from Lake of Colors Tribe, and the sound appeared when Su Ming's finger tapped the center of his brows.

Yan Luan retreated hastily, but before she could withdraw much further, another shrill cry rang out. Her heart trembled. She knew that this was not the moment for any sort of hesitation. The moment that cry came, Yan Luan bit her tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

She lifted both of her arms and flung them forward.

"Lake of Colors Statue of the God of Berserkers, please come forth!"

There was a sharp quality in Yan Luan's voice. At that moment, she might still look breathtakingly beautiful, but the color of her face had already changed.

The instant she cried out, the entire Lake of Colors Mountain trembled with a loud rumble. A large amount of red fog appeared out of nowhere and turned into a gigantic face. The face was that of a woman's.

At the same time Lake of Colors' statue of the God of Berserkers appeared, Su Ming had left a bloody print on the center of the brows of the last person with his right hand, grievously wounding him. Only then did he turn around and look at the gigantic face behind Yan Luan. He lifted his foot and walked on thin air towards her.

At that moment, the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan on Lake of Colors Tribe had a drastic change of expression on their faces. They stared at Su Ming, and even though they were trying their hardest to remain calm, there was a storm raging within their hearts.

"What is that Mark?!"

"By the looks of it, it's a Mountain Mark, but Mountain Marks are simply one of the many types of World Marks. There's no way that it could have such incredible power!"

On Puqiang Mountain, the Elder and the slim man looked at each other before taking in a sharp breath. Shock appeared on their faces. They suddenly felt fortunate. If Su Ming had used the complete Mountain Mark before, when he was fighting against them, then they... would definitely have been unable to withstand it.

"Dark... It's name is Dark..." the Elder of Puqiang Tribe mumbled.

Tranquil East Mountain still remained silent. It was as if they had predicted this in the first place so not even a single cry of surprise rose from there.

Instead, cries of surprise broke out within Han Mountain City. When all the people in the city saw what was happening, they felt shaken, especially the people who had been drinking within Su Ming in the inn. They were incredibly excited.

Compared to this excited crowd, when Yan Luan saw Su Ming looking at her and walking towards her, she felt as if a loud boom had rang out in her head. Her face was pale and bloodless. As she retreated hastily, she lifted her hand and pointed behind her, towards the gigantic face hovering above Lake of Colors Mountain.

Immediately, that woman's face moved with incredible speed towards Yan Luan. It passed through her body and charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming remained calm, but his footsteps faltered for a brief moment. In his eyes, that gigantic face that passed through Yan Luan's body had opened her eyes, and the moment she did so, the face changed.

The face turned into one that Su Ming was familiar with, a face that was carved into his soul. That face was filled with wild beauty - Bai Ling's face.

With a soft sigh, right at the moment that gigantic face closed in on him, the Dark Mountain behind Su Ming appeared once again and with a loud bang, it crashed into the woman's face.

Layers of ripples spread out. Su Ming's Mountain Mark dissipated, and along with it the woman's face.

Su Ming walked forth amidst the ripples. His expression was flat as he moved towards Yan Luan.

"You lost!" Yan Luan screamed out as she retreated. "The rules are that you can only use one move for all Transcended Berserkers! You used one move just now, and if you attack again, then you lose!"

Yan Luan landed on Lake of Colors Mountain. The moment she landed, blood flowed out from the corners of her mouth. There was terror in her eyes as she looked at Su Ming. Yet even if she was terrified, the pride in her soul did not disappear due to her escape.

"If you attack, you lose. If you don't attack, you will also lose, because I, Yan Luan, have not lost!"

Yan Luan breathed rapidly where she stood at the top of Lake of Colors Mountain. Standing not too far away from her was the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan, along with Han Fei Zi.

Su Ming walked on thin air as he moved forward to land on Lake of Colors Mountain. He landed on the mountain that he had never traversed before, and the moment he did so, the entire Lake of Colors Mountain fell deathly still.

All the gazes were trained on Su Ming's body. Han Fei Zi was staring at him. The man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan beside her were also doing the same thing.

And so was Yan Luan.

Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and at her beautiful face. He still remembered that he had once fought briefly with this woman in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming did not reply to Yan Luan's words. He simply walked forward.

Yan Luan did not know why, but when Su Ming walked towards her, she felt reverence growing within her, the same reverence that appeared when she was before her Elder. This had nothing to do with their power. It was an indescribable feeling. She instinctively retreated, then gritted her teeth to force herself not to move. However, an enchanting look appeared in her eyes before she cast a glance towards the man from Freezing Sky Clan.

As Su Ming walked towards Yan Luan, the man from Freezing Sky Clan took a step forward and shouted at him in a cold voice, "You lost! You've failed to obtain the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan! Stand back now!"

Su Ming did not bother with the man. He approached Yan Luan until he was right before her. As he looked at the pale face before him, Yan Luan too, stared at him. There was a delicate look in her eyes, one that would make others pity her.

"How dare you?!"

A cold glare appeared in the eyes of the man from Freezing Sky Clan. He was just about to lift his foot and walk over when Su Ming turned his head around and looked at him coldly.

"You talk too much!"

The man's legs shuddered and a bang resounded in his head. To him, Su Ming's gaze was like sharp arrows that pierced through his eyes and straight into his mind, turning into the four words in his body that swept through his will like thunder, causing him to snap out of his daze as he trembled.

Yan Luan trembled. She took a deep breath and forced herself to remain calm, but the man before her was like a mountain, causing her to feel as if she was suffocating when he moved in closer proximity to her.

"What a breathtakingly beautiful face..." Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and whispered softly after a long while. He lifted his right hand and caressed Yan Luan's face gently.

"Do you really not want to yield?" Su Ming asked softly, and a smile appeared on his face. The Branding Art seeped into Yan Luan's body through his hand.

Yan Luan trembled viciously. That tremor was not due to her body, but because of her heart. A dazed look appeared in her eyes. That dazed look rarely appeared on her, and that sort of bafflement that was born due to a man had never happened to her before.

An indescribable feeling blossomed within her, as if it was forcefully pushed onto her, not allowing her to refuse.

"I... yield... Let me... go..."

Yan Luan bit her lip and a conflicted look appeared in her eyes. Within her bafflement, terror grew.

Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and averted his gaze after a moment. He turned around and looked at the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan.

"All the Transcended Berserkers in this place have admitted defeat besides the two of you. Are you two included in the challenge?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Under his gaze, the man's face turned pale. He looked as if he wanted to say something, but did not manage to speak.

"Sir, your power is great. We are no match to you. You have obtained the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan. However..." The person who spoke was the woman beside him.

The woman looked at Su Ming and her pupils shrank, though it was barely noticeable.

"However, you have only obtained the right to enter the school. You still have to go through a series of tests."

"What are the tests?" Su Ming asked flatly.

"The first test isn't exactly a test. We're just testing your identity. The rules to join Freezing Sky Clan have changed. We won't receive anyone who has just become a new addition in a tribe.

"That is why, sir, you have failed the first test," the woman smiled and said softly. There was still a hint of contempt in her eyes.

She was not afraid that Su Ming will get angry. She had Freezing Sky Clan behind her. If he dared to harm a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan, then there would be no place for him to stay in the Land of South Morning.

"Sir, you have extraordinary powers. Perhaps you should have come earlier when Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples, else you might fail the tests even after you've obtained the right."

The woman continued smiling as she spoke languidly.

"I don't remember there being a rule like this before."

Su Ming frowned and gave the woman a look.

"There wasn't. But my word is law for the enrolment this time. If I want the rules to change, then they will."

The woman's smile remained, and a hint of arrogance appeared alongside the contempt on her face.

Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he glared at the woman coldly.

"Then will Mo Su be able to pass the test?"

As Su Ming spoke, he brought the black mask that had shocked the entire Han Mountain from his bosom with his right hand and put it on his face.

The instant he placed the mask on his face, Su Ming's entire presence changed abruptly. The presence akin to that of a mountain turned into a strange atmosphere, and it looked as if there was black fog seeping out of his body that surrounded the area, causing Lake of Colors Tribe to instantly be cast in a gloomy air.

"Han Fei Zi, it's been a long while."

With the mask on, Su Ming's voice turned hoarse. That hoarse voice spread in all directions. It was Mo Su's voice!

The moment Su Ming wore that mask, Han Fei Zi shuddered and stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression. Her breathing grew rapid.

Yan Luan almost cried out in surprise. She had not expected that the man before her, the man that she was forced to beg to release her would be... would be the same person she had met in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor, and the same person who she had taken a fancy to and wanted to take as her mate!

"You... you..."

Yan Luan instinctively took a few steps back and a look of disbelief appeared in her eyes.

The entire Han Mountain City burst into excitement at that very instant. The uproar reverberated through the air. The person that countless people had been searching for, the Mo Su who was known to be the most mysterious of all Transcended Berserkers now appeared among them in this manner. This shock was enough to throw them all off balance.

"My god... He's actually Mo Su?!"

"No wonder Tranquil East Tribe lost. This person was previously a guest in Tranquil East Tribe. He's... He's actually Mo Su!"

"Mo Su, whose actions have shocked all those within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain and whose face had never been seen, is him?!"

Nan Tian was completely stunned where he stood in Han Mountain City. He stared at Su Ming on Lake of Colors Mountain and found himself speechless even after a long minute, because right at that moment, a theory that made him shudder began growing within him.

"I've been in Han Mountain City for many years. Will this identity be enough?"

Su Ming turned and looked towards the woman from Freezing Sky Clan.